THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

The old man sits at his cottage door,
In the gloam of the dying day;
His heart is calm as the silent shore,
When the winds have passed away;
His thoughts are as the fragrant breeze
That whispers of peace—the azure seas.

He is the beauty of earth and air,
The glory of the twilight hour;
He feels that glory everywhere
In breathing from woodland flowers;
And his heart grows young, though his years
are old,
At the wonders—sight of the sunset gold!

For Memory comes with a gentle hand,
And bears him Family a wreath
His thoughts—to her own immortal land,
Where the past forever sleeps—
Of joys that brighten of the fair days fled,
Ere friendships faded with friends long dead.

And the Past, though sad for the loss that is
gone,
Is sweet to the old man's soul;
Like the birds that sang in those years, have
flown
The hopes he hath left behind;
Yet Memory brings from each by-gone day
Some gift of peace for his Lonely way!

And the children love that old man dear,
As he sits in the door near there
Listening a minute they cannot hear
From the sea and the sky, full air;
And gather around, like glorious flowers,
As he tells them tales of the vanished hours.

And so the Present is made more bright
By the lessons the Past hath taught;
As the East reflects the resplendent light
Of the West, by sunset brought;
And though his vision is growing dim,
God makes the pathway bright to him.

He sees in peace—yet he loves to think
That a sleep is then earth can know
Shall be his, which his triumphs shall shall
drink
Of a deeper twilight glow.
In that happier Home, where his thoughts at
last
Shall years no more for the distant past!

N. F. Jones.

NEW FINDS AT POMPEII.

I was anxious to see what was doing at the new excavations, but I knew that the best things would be at once transferred to the museum at Naples, so I went there first. I found one room entirely devoted to the newest frescoes. There are about five pictures, averaging four feet square, each full of quite romantic interest; some of these have only been there a few weeks, and none of them are yet labeled. The colors are fresh, the drawing is equal to most things at the Royal Academy, and the effect of these buried relics of the first century (A. D. 79) so suddenly lifted into the daylight of 1881 is, I confess, a little ghostly. I should not have been surprised on turning round to find a Pompeian of the arrested life of the period looking over my shoulder at some of his old haunts. One of the largest pictures gives a sort of bird's eye view of the theater at Pompeii, with a wild-beast fight going on. You look down upon the arena from some height. You also command a view of the street with the passers-by and a few booths, from one of which a thief has stolen something and is making off. The velarium, or vast awning, is half drawn over the top of the theater. It is, as far as I know, the only contemporary representation of the thing ever discovered. We know that sailors were considered to stretch a similar awl, supported by poles, over the top of the Coliseum, but exactly how the thing was managed I believe has puzzled antiquaries. They may get a hint from a closer inspection of this amazingly vivid bit of contemporary history. Two long flights of steps outside enable the spectators to reach the top seats without going inside the theater. This is surely an admirable idea, worthy of our imitation. The next day at Pompeii I puzzled over the ruins of both theaters. I could not make out where these external stairs could have been placed. In the painting they rise from a public square, but the Temple of Isis is built close against the big theater, and the small theater is also completely hemmed in by houses. Is it, perchance, the theater of Herculaneum?

A large painting of a sleeping bacchante, watched by a satyr, might have been designed to title in drawing, color and perspective, it is a masterly study, showing besides a great deal of feeling for landscape painting, which, for some reason or other, the ancients are not supposed to have cared for; but the more we concerted creatures know of them the more evident it is that they knew quite as much about color and drawing as they did about sculpture. Look at Pyramus and Thisbe on the other wall, or Mars and Venus, and a capital study of Europa mounting the bull, surrounded by her maidens. All these are highly preserved, and show a perfect ease, vigor and freshness of handling that many a modern artist might envy. The new find in bronze is an exquisite seated statuette figure of "Abundantia," about a foot high, holding a patera, or cup. Her chair is adorned with horns of plenty, and the pressure of her body and the set of her drapery over the cushion on which she sits is so realistic that one expects to see her move upon her chair or rise at any moment. Beside her is a slave boy, in backward attitude, about a foot and a half high, pouring wine into a cup. This is also new.

I visited Pompeii next day and went straight to the diggings. The only wonder is that anything is ever dug up at all; the process is ridiculously slow, even for Italy. The directors sit all day on the rubbish heaps smoking, and dozens of children file up and down with their little baskets of earth, while a few idle peasants shovel up a few lazy spadefuls at a time. Still, the first thing I saw was the side of a dining-room, uncovered only a few days ago. On one side was a bright picture of a fine cock and hens in a great state of excitement over a large basket of grain and red cherries all upset. Landseer could not have done it better. The fondness of the Pompeiians for birds and beasts and fishes is very apparent, and they always seemed to be dining. The wealth of cooking apparatus in the museum is astonishing. You have saucepans perforated with countless holes in most elaborate patterns, every conceivable kind of boiler and caldron, casts for jellies, representing the prostrate hare and suckling pig; ladles, spoons, skewers, dishes for roasting six eggs or a dozen eggs at once, toasting-forks, gridirons and fancy machines for pastry and delicate confectionery, what in Elizabeth's day were called "conceits." In Pompeii itself the oil-pots and wine amphorae let into slabs, and of mosaic work of colored marble, are among the quaintest features of the ruined shops. I saw in another new part a fine dining-room, found three months ago, with some of the liveliest animal painting imaginable. The first section of the walls all round represented the boldest scenes under the sea—a conger struggling with an octopus, a shark pursuing its prey, a shoal of fish flying through the water, all glittering and fresh. The middle section dealt with birds and wild fowls floating, flying, quarreling, diving, and the upper and largest section gave fierce hunting scenes—a horse pursued by a lion, an ox in desert scenery sprung upon by a tiger, and all these were set in scenery of great force, variety and character—woods, rivers, rocks and green hills. The corridors and ante-rooms of this house are equally rich, the walls copiously vignetted with figures—dwarfs on stilts, street scenes, animals. In one room there is a perfectly white suite of marble steps *in situ*, belonging to a fountain. The whole thing stands as though finished yesterday, without a soil or chip or scratch.

They seem now to be coming to some of the richest houses, and have broken into the outer court of one in which stands a beautiful fountain capo-la and niche of elaborate mosaic work, representing gods and goddesses in the deep blue heavens half veiled with fleecy clouds. The house is still imbedded under thirty feet of earth, but if this is the back yard, what must the halls and corridors be? The plan now adopted is to leave as much as possible *in situ*. Specimens repeated themselves, and it is needless to go on removing similar mosaics or frescoes, of which there are plenty in the Naples Museum. As a rule, therefore, all the latter excavations are more interesting than the old ones, because they have been left unpeopled of their treasures. I should like to spend a week at Pompeii every year, if only to watch the uncovering and report in the new finds.—*Cor. London Pall Mall Gazette.*

How to Advertise.

The following is taken from an address by Mr. A. E. Borkhardt, a Cincinnati merchant, before the Commercial Club of that city:

In my own business career, advertising, advertising largely and unceasingly, has been an important factor. It is not my plan to advertise sparingly, for a brief period in the trade season, and then stop. My business has been kept steadily before the public to a considerable extent the year round. I believe it is better to occupy one square every day for a year than to cover a page with letters three inches long for a week and then discontinue it altogether. In this respect I might almost parody the old saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and remark, the same thing of advertising. A little of it is certainly an expensive thing. Rightly managed, constant and wide advertising is the most economical method a merchant can adopt to win customers. But advertise constantly, or do not spend a dollar. Now, as to the general results achieved. I have cast my mind's eye hurriedly over my experience in Cincinnati, and I am fully convinced that in fifteen years, with the advertising I have done, I have pushed my business to a standing that would have taken thirty years to reach without advertising. In truth, it is doubtful if I could have at all attained the results I have without the aid of newspapers. First and last of all as a means for a merchant to make himself known are the leading newspapers. If I were asked to name the mediums best fitted, I should answer, the live newspaper. A hand-bill or a circular may reach a thousand persons, nine-tenths of whom throw it away without reading, but a well-worded advertisement printed in a leading paper, which is bought for the news it contains, will reach fifty or a hundred times as many persons, and in a way to commend itself to their attention.

It is said to be a constant surprise to publishers that men of good business ability and habits, who regularly spend large sums of money in the newspapers, give the subject so little thought and attention. It is not at all uncommon for a concern whose business in other respects is carefully taken care of, with a watchful economy practiced in all its departments, almost neglecting its great expense in newspaper advertising, giving it only hurried and careless attention, or handing it over to some young clerk, almost any one being thought good enough to take charge of perhaps one of the large expenses the house is subjected to. Such mistaken economy should be laid out so as to insure, at least, a dollar hundred cents' worth of publicity, and to this end three points should be especially considered.

First. The nature of the thing advertised.

Second. The special public to which the advertisement may be advantageously addressed.

And third. The particular organs best calculated to reach that special public.

A further subject worthy of comment is the wording of your advertisement. As advertising costs money, it is important that it be condensed so that every, every word shall be made to count. To do this is an art, indeed it is an art that but few possess. I believe there are men in almost every community, if they could only be sought out and their best endeavors obtained, who could take a given sum of money and so judiciously expend it as to produce almost startling results. Whereas, the same amount expended after the plan so frequently pursued by the average merchant or manufacturer might not produce any perceptible result whatever.

All our merchants and dealers unite in eulogizing the general result. Agreeing upon the important principles I have given you the general experience testifies to the value of a newspaper advertising as an enterprise. They acknowledge the results to be good, sometimes long deferred, as cases are recorded in which vast profits have accrued, and were directly traceable to advertising, years after the announcement appeared; but, as a general thing, the good effect is realized almost immediately.

Advertise. Advertise freely and constantly. Advertise in regular newspapers, and give the godly to all flash and sensational outside devices and tricks for temporarily catching public attention. Devote time, care and brains to the preparation and wording of your advertisements. Above all, select that medium which will most certainly and effectively reach the constituency you want to reach. Never advertise anything but honest wares, eschew humbugs, and get rich!

—A correspondent asks for a recipe for making good black ink. The following is given as an excellent recipe: Aleppo galls (well bruised) four ounces, clean, soft water one quart; macerate in a clean corked bottle for ten days or longer with frequent agitation; then add one and a half ounces gum arabic dissolved in a wine-glassful of water, lump sugar half an ounce; mix well and add one and a half ounces of sulphate of iron crushed small. Agitate occasionally for two or three days, when the ink may be decanted for use, but it is better if left to digest together for two or three weeks. This will make one quart of ink writing pale at first, but turning intensely black.

—One of the strongest cements, and very readily made, is obtained when equal quantities of gutta percha and shellac are melted together and well stirred. This is best done in an iron capsule placed on a sand-bath, and heated either over a gas-furnace or on the top of a stove. It is a combination possessing both hardness and toughness—qualities that make it particularly desirable in mending crockery. When this cement is used the articles to be mended should be warmed to about the melting point of the mixture, and then retained in proper position until cool, when they are ready for use.—*Exchange.*

—At Taunton, Mass., the other day, John Wilson was fined ten dollars and costs, and put under one hundred dollars to keep the peace for six months, for cruelly abusing a twenty-year-old daughter. The evidence showed that he had several times placed a rope about her neck and dragged her until she had promised to obey his commands. So badly had the poor girl been used that she is now in a state bordering on insanity.

—"That pictur'," remarked Mr. Goldbug, "has got the finest camera-obscura I ever saw." "Jim," remarked his old friend and fellow-citizen from Pumpville with a look of intense pride, "sens you got to be a millionaire your culture's jest wonderful."

Scolding.

No woman who would retain her true ascendancy in her family can afford to scold. It is the most undignified, belittling, disenchanting, self-disrespecting performance that any one can engage in at any time, or under any circumstances, but it is especially so in the case of a mother and housekeeper.

Scolding may be distinguished from the giving of reproof, for which there is often occasion in the best-regulated families, by its being an expression of personal irritability, and by its natural effect of producing irritation and discomfort on those around. Its most frequent form of expression is a sort of generalization which is usually taken from some difficulty which is immediable except by specific action. "You children are the most disorderly creatures I have seen, you leave your things in the place and your books anywhere, and keep me forever picking up after you," says the petulant mother. "If you don't pick up your things better I will ——" and here follow the ineffectual threats of the scolding mood. The words are worse than thrown away, they do positive harm. The child who is at fault, on the occasion escapes contrition through the general accusation and blame thrown upon all, while the children who are not at fault are irritated and resent the injustice. A moment's reflection would convince a sensible mother that such petulant, needless complaint would effect no good, but that it really not for object. She feels uncomfortable, disappointed and irritated, and disposed to make others around her the effective of her irritability by making them sharers in her discomfort. The true way to remedy disorder and untidiness in her children is kindly but firmly to compel each one to pick up and put away and take care of his own things. To accomplish this may often require severe reproof and even punishment, but it should be administered individually, and if possible privately, with tone and manner free from personal irritation, and with especial care not to blame disorder on those who are not responsible for it.

Some of the scores and hundreds of sermons in hands the wretch are the temper of the mistress. If the cook is careless and sets the meals on the table improperly prepared, how needless and how inexcusable for the mistress of the house to utter a general tirade against cooks during the progress of the meal. How worse than useless above all, for her to tell the cook that her sermons are worthless, wasted and impertinent; that they don't earn their wages, and to indulge in harsh epithets and threats. There is no quicker way to lose the respect of servants and to demoralize them than to scold at them in a general way when irritated. All faults charged should be specifically named and the reprimand made results are that such faults must be remedied. This is the only way cook or servant, with the dignity of a mistress, and it is manifest, rendered inquisitive by the fact that mistresses are not in a position to present an alternative. They are more dependent upon servants in our present condition of household service than servants are dependent on them. But at all events scolding only makes matters worse, not better.

Scolding is, in fact, the weak expedient of other of a character to work to energetically remedy or remove evils, or it is the weapon and defense of the inferior.

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there's none;
If there is a remedy, try it,
If there is none, never mind it."

Here is a loud and who has certain habits which irritate and discommode us, or, for instance, persons who are avoiding, and by declaring that he always does such things, that all men are naturally selfish and mean, and more would to the same effect, which is irritation only. Nothing could be more derogatory to a wife's influence than such a course. She should decide either to force an issue by firmness and determination, and compel a respect for her rights and wishes in family matters, or she should make up her mind to overlook such peculiarities and arrange her life accordingly. Either she must endure the evil or adapt herself to it, but by no account may degrade herself to scold about it.

But if a scolding woman is so disgraceful and discordant a factor in a family, what shall be said of a scolding man? The man who, because business has gone wrong, or customers have deceived him, or employers have cheated him, comes home and vents irritability on his family, is wholly inexcusable. It is amusing to notice how a scolding man displays in an exaggerated form the very weaknesses and follies that are usually charged more particularly to women. He, too, will generalize from one fact in a most womanish way. If the room is too warm he will declare that it is always like an oven; if it is too cold, he asserts that his wife never has enough fuel put in the fire; if the table is not up to the standard, he will wonder why he can never get a decent meal at home; if the children are fretful, they are the crossest, worst-trained children ever known; if the servants make a mistake, the whole race of servants are denounced, and the denunciation is usually wound up with the declaration that women are not fit to manage servants anyway, and that their insubordination and failures are all owing to women's incompetency to train and govern them. A man, by a single evening's scolding, can disseminate enough discomfort and irritability, through a household to make everybody uncomfortable for a week.

Everywhere and under all circumstances, scolding has this distinguishing characteristic; it is intended to wound somebody, to hurt somebody, to make somebody uncomfortable, not with a remedial design, but simply as a relief to an inward personal irritation. Its effect on family life is like throwing sand into a delicate machine; it causes all the parts to grate upon each other; it does no good, but only evil, and that continually.

The scold, whether man or woman, in family or social life, in the church or in the State, for the same characteristic distinguishes scolding everywhere, is an unmitigated nuisance.—*Mrs. H. P. Sturrell, in Western Magazine.*

Acceptances and Regrets.

An acceptance or regret should be addressed to the person named within; but, should the invitation be in the united names of the host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Jones, for instance), while it should contain a recognition of both, should be addressed (on the envelope) to the lady only. An answer must correspond somewhat in style to the invitation sent. The invitation should be written for a small dinner, and read thus:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hasting Whitmore request the pleasure of Mr. William Smith's company at dinner on Thursday evening, May 22, at eight o'clock.

"400 Lakeville Avenue."

It is important that a dinner invitation should be answered at once. It is not courteous to send an acceptance or regret on a card. Plain or unruled paper of pearl-white or cream-white, with envelopes to match, is decidedly to be preferred. Tinted paper is a violation of good taste. An acceptance of a dinner invitation will usually read:

"Mr. William Smith has much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. Hasting Whitmore's kind invitation for Thursday evening, May 22.

"Metropolitan Hotel, Tuesday, May 6."

It is considered courteous to state a reason for non-acceptance, no matter what the invitation may be. For example:

"Mr. William Smith regrets that, owing to the sudden illness of his brother, he is unable to accept Mr. and Mrs. Hasting Whitmore's kind invitation for Thursday evening, May 22.

"Metropolitan Hotel, May 6."

In other instances that something happens after an invitation has been accepted to prevent attendance. In such a case a regret stating the facts as well as circumstances is not being able to be present should be sent at once. But should anything occur at the last moment, perhaps even when it is the morning of a regret the day after the party, Mr. and Mrs. Smith persons are charitable and just enough to make allowance for a kindly giving a sick casualty to distinguished guests whom social attention. What a comfort it is to be able to say, "Yes, there is a sickness in the family, and I am so sorry I can't come." Or, "I am quite well myself, but I have just received a telegram that my mother is very ill, and I must go to her at once." Or, "I am very well