THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUTZ, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE BLIND MAN.

Behold a blind man! no learned dog hath he:
But he hath gold, and stocks, and lands in fee.
Sharp are his wits; his optics clear and bright—
As sound an eye as ever saw the light;
And yet not blinder is the creeping mole
To Nature's charms, than is his sordid soul.

In truth, for him the world in light arrayed
Is little better than a jungle's shade;
And all the thousand charms of Earth and skies
Are blanks or blotches in his bat-like eyes.

In vain for him the morn, in beauty clad,
Trips o'er the hills and makes the valleys glad;
In vain for him the verdure of the world,
Or radiant cloud-wreaths round the mountains curled;
He sees no glories in the effulgent Sun,
Which, smiling earthward when his course be run,
Sets all the world aglow with tintings rare,
And crowns with splendor all the heights of air.

In vain for him doth Nature's royal hand
Paint all the zones with pictures rare and grand;
Unheeded all the Autumn's matchless dyes;
Unseen the squadrons of the Summer skies,
Star-gems, far gleaming from the depths of night—
The mountain's vastness, and the ocean's might—
Or myriad flowers, sweet favorites of God,
Which, ever smiling, deck the grateful sod.

These wake no joys within his darkened mind.
His eyes, they see; yet lo! the man is *blind!*
E. W. Blatchly, in Chicago Tribune.

THE OPIUM POPPY.

The native country of the poppy is unknown; its history is obscure; but it is an inhabitant of many warm, and some temperate climates, and there is a curious theory held about it by the botanists of the eastern borders of Scotland, that it was imbedded in the gravel knolls which were deposited at the end of the glacial epoch, and that the seeds of primæval crops there lay dormant, until the hillsides being cut through for engineering purposes, they were again brought within the influence of vivifying agents. At all events, seeds of the poppy, buried for years, have been known to remain fruitful; and every traveler in that district may remark for himself that the sides of the railway cuttings between Tweedmouth and Kelso are literally clothed in scarlet.

There the provincial name is *Cocheno*, from *Coch*, Celtic for red, which would of itself denote a far-distant antiquity.

Our own familiar corn-rose is an annual found in fields, and sometimes in barren and waste places, during the summer months. It is, however, especially a plant of cultivation; and the ruthless plow that turns it upside down, and the wild winds that scatter the petals and bow down the heads, would appear to be, like the poet's view of afflictions, "but blessings in disguise."

It is our only really scarlet wild flower, and many attempts have been made to utilize it as a dye, but hitherto without success, the brilliant hue being too delicate and too fugitive.

It may be noticed that, according to the doctrine of signatures, which must always possess a singular interest to the inquirer, the Poppy is good for all diseases of the head, as its crown somewhat represents the head and brain of man.

An old herbalist thus writes: "Nature, methinks, does seem to hint some very notable virtue or excellence in this plant, from the curiosity it has bestowed on it. First, in its flower: it is of the very highest scarlet dye, which is, indeed, the prime and chiefest color, and has been, in all ages of the world, most highly esteemed. Next, it has as much curiosity showed also in the husk or case of the seed as any one plant I have yet met withal. Thirdly, the very seeds themselves the microscope discovers to be very curiously-shaped bodies. And, lastly, Nature has taken such abundant care for the propagation of it, that one single seed, grown into a plant, is capable of bringing some hundred thousand seeds."

Linnæus says that 30,000 seeds have been counted in the head of a single red poppy.

In very early times the flower was held in high esteem: the ancients, regarding sleep as the great physician and consoler, crowned their statues of Somnus with a garland of poppies; it was dedicated to the rich and beneficent Ceres; poets sang of its beauty; philosophers extolled its mysterious power.

Theocritus mentions it as a love charm. Chiefly used as a medicine in our own country, it is valued as a narcotic indulgence by almost all other nations, and the quantity consumed in the East is said to be so immense that a statement of the amount would appear quite incredible. Here it is evidently on the increase. It is chiefly cultivated in Europe and Asia, but it is also grown in Australia. Large quantities of it are raised at Mitcham, in Surrey, but our uncertain climate must prevent our ever being able to grow it profitably, although British opium has been found to contain more morphine (its most valuable constituent) than the opium of commerce.

In the South of France, and Germany, the experiment might be more successful, for it would appear that it is not mere heat of climate which causes the juice of the ripening capsules to be rich in Morphine; and the poppy cultivated for its seed, affording a valuable oil, may be so treated as to yield a harvest of opium, at an expense which need not exceed one fourth of the market value of the drug obtained, whilst the seed can ripen uninjured by the incisions made in the seed vessels. Warmth and dryness are necessary to the setting of the juice, which shall be of a reddish color, a waxy luster and a strong, disagreeable scent. The best opium is procured during the northwest, or dry winds, and the worst during the moist, or east northeast, when the drug imbibes moisture, and a watery, bad solution collects in cavities of its substance called *passewa*, according to the absence of which the opium is generally prized.

In India the poppy is grown in large fields, said to resemble carpets of dark green velvet, or a green lake studded with waterlilies. It flowers in January, and capsules are nearly ripe early in March, when incisions are made in them downwards, with a small knife consisting of three or four minute blades fastened together; the milky juice which exudes is allowed to thicken and dry for four and twenty hours, and is then scraped off. The greatest yield of good opium in our Indian possessions is stated to be forty-one pounds per imperial acre, and the average to be twenty to twenty-five pounds. Dr. Hooker's description of his visit to the Opium Godowns (stores) will be found interesting:

"At the end of March the opium jars arrive at the stores by water and land, and continue accumulating for some weeks. Every jar is labeled and stowed in a proper place, separately tested with extreme accuracy, and valued. When the whole quantity has been received, the contents of all the jars are thrown into great vats, occupying a very large building, whence the mass is distributed to be made into balls for the markets. This operation is carried on in a long, paved room, where every man is ticketed, and many overseers are stationed to see that the work is properly conducted.

"Each workman sits on a stool, with a double stage and a tray before him; on the top stage is a tin basin, containing opium sufficient for three balls; in the lower, another basin holding water. In the tray stands a brass hemispherical cup, in which the ball is worked. To the man's right hand is another tray, with two compartments, one containing thin pancakes of poppy petals, the other a cupful of sticky opium water, made from refuse opium. The man takes a brass cup and places a pancake at the bottom, smears it with opium water, and with many plies makes a coat for the opium. Of this he takes about one-third of the mass before him, puts it inside the petals, and agglutinates many other coats over it; the balls are again weighed, and reduced or increased to a certain weight, if necessary. At the day's end each man takes his work to a rack with numbered compartments, and deposits it in that which answers to his own number; thence the balls (each being put in a clay cup), are carried to an enormous drying room, where they are exposed in tiers, and constantly examined and turned to prevent their being attacked by weevils, which are very prevalent during the moist winds; little boys creeping along the racks all day for this purpose. When dry, the balls are packed in two layers of six each, in chests, with the stalks, dried leaves, and capsules of the plant, and sent down to Calcutta.

"A little opium is prepared of very fine quality for the Government Hospitals, and some for general sale in India; but the proportion is trifling, and such is made up into square cakes.

"A good workman will prepare from thirty to fifty balls a day, the total produce being from 10,000 to 12,000 a day. During one season, 1,353,000 balls are manufactured for the Chinese market alone. The poppy petal cakes, each about a foot radius, are made in the fields by women, by the simple operation of pressing the fresh petals together. They are brought in large baskets, and purchased at the commencement of the season.

"The liquor with which the pancakes are agglutinated together by the ball-makers, and worked into balls, is merely thickened opium-water, the water for which is derived from the condemned opium, *passewa*, the washing of the utensils and of workmen, every one of whom is highly laved before he leaves the establishment. Thus not a particle of opium is lost. To encourage the farmers, the refuse stalks, leaves and heads are bought up to pack the balls with."

Indian opium is thought inferior to Turkish, and, owing to peculiarities of climate, will probably always remain so. It never yields more than five per cent. morphia, whence its inferiority; but it is as good in other respects, and even richer in nicotine.

As a narcotic indulgence, opium is taken in three different ways: In tinctures, such as our common laudanum, or smoked in pipes, or swallowed in pills. It is in the latter form that it is taken in Turkey and France; whilst the Chinese prepare it for smoking by extracting all that water will dissolve, which is generally from one-half to three-fourths of the whole weight.—*The Argosy.*

Lion Killing a Quagga.

I once had a rare chance of seeing a lion catch and kill his prey in the open in daylight. While on a short hunt to the north of Waterberg, in the Transvaal, in the winter of 1874, with a Dutch Boer, we saddled up one afternoon to shoot a couple of quaggas (Burchell's zebra) for our followers, quagga meat being preferred above all others by the natives of that country. We had ridden a considerable round without falling in with any, but about an hour before sundown we came across a troop of about fifty. Galloping up within shot, we fired, when one mare dropped. Reloading and mounting, we started after the troop, which had now disappeared over a ridge. On gaining the rise we saw the quaggas tailing out in the hollow and commencing to ascend a second slope, one or two stallions bringing up the rear, as is usually the case. Cantering on, my companion suddenly pulled up and pointed out to me a lion trotting swiftly up across the quaggas' line of retreat, behind a few scattered bowlders and low bushes dotting the slope, evidently with the intention of securing his supper. We moved slowly forward, when the hindmost stallion, thinking we were getting too close, started after his companions at a smart canter. It was now exciting. The quagga was close to the line of the lion's approach; a couple of seconds more and the dark mass of the lion's form shot out from behind a stone on his prey. In a moment the quagga was on the ground. The lion left him instantly, moved a few yards distant and lay down with his head away from the quagga, twitching his tail nervously from side to side, as much as to say: "I have done that properly." The whole thing was done so quickly and suddenly that it is difficult to describe. The lion had not yet seen us, but on riding nearer he turned and faced, looking rather put out at our appearing on the scene. At first he seemed inclined to bolt, but at last lay down facing us, evidently unwilling to give up his game. Being anxious to examine the quagga, and knowing my Boer friend to be reliable, we rode up to about fifty yards and dismounted. I held the horses, keeping my double rifle in reserve in case of accident. The lion, not liking the look of things, got up and walked a few steps toward us, growling savagely. I told the Boer to shoot straight, which he did, hitting the lion with his old six to the pound on the point of the shoulder; the bullet, passing out behind the other shoulder, dropped the lion on the spot. On examining the quagga it would appear from the claw mark that the lion's left forearm was thrown over the wither and the claws fixed in the shoulder, the right forearm's claws in the chest, the left hind claws had been driven into the flank a little below the level of the hip-bone, the right hind foot evidently on the ground, thus holding the animal as if in a vice, while the teeth had met in the neck about three inches or four inches behind the ears, smashing the bone as effectually as a two-ounce bullet. My two front fingers met in the bite-hole. Death was instantaneous. The lion was a full-grown male with perfect teeth. On a previous occasion a riding mare belonging to a friend of mine was killed near Wonderfontein, Transvaal, one night, close to the wagon, while on a blesbok hunt. The mare was hobbled when caught. The claw-marks and bite that killed were identical with those on the quagga. From all testimony that I could gather from old hunters during seventeen years' residence in the Transvaal, and my own limited observation, I would say that the lion uses his claws as a holding power, and kills by bite.—*London Field.*

Mrs. Partington.

An "old man with a cane" is not an uncommon object in the city streets; but when that man is the person and that cane the auxiliary limb of one who has contributed largely to the reading public's enjoyment, who was for many years the bright particular star of almost numberless social gatherings, and whose fun was always fresh and crisp and never unkindly, the man and the cane are a pleasure and a benediction. We feel that we but echo the sentiment of all his old friends and admirers when we express the hope that the affliction which he inherited from his wife's family will henceforth treat him more leniently, that Benjamin P. Shillaber and his trusty cane may be oftener seen taking their walk abroad, and that his sunset days may be as bright and genial as the thousand and one good things that have come from his ready pen.—*Boston Transcript.*

Violins.

Louis Blumenberg, the violoncelo virtuoso, has been spending his between seasons here at his home. When the *Sun* correspondent dropped in he was contemplating his instrument with a dissatisfied air. The amber varnish on the violoncello shone with its wonted mellow luster, its long neck was firmly erect, its carved head thrown back in true Stradivarius pose, and the strings, as they were fretted by the virtuoso's fingers, emitted sonorous notes.

"What is the matter?" was asked.

"I can't tell exactly," was the reply. "It is tired and needs rest. If I lay it aside for a week or so, it will regain its perfection of tone, without anything else being done to it. It is a hard thing to explain, and it is a fact familiar to every artist. If you use an instrument too much it loses its tone—not enough, perhaps, for the average auditor to perceive, but the artist knows it."

"May be the trouble is then with the artist himself—losing the precision of his touch from over-practice," said the caller.

"That is the explanation which most naturally occurs to one, but it is not good. The trouble is with the instrument. Every artist meets with it, and has to keep more than one in use. Wilhelmj has to lay his Stradivarius violin aside occasionally, and use his Gennunder until the Stradivarius is rested. Every man who uses a razor knows that it gets tired from too much use, and regains its temper from being laid aside for a while, and it is the same with musical instruments. Tone is a puzzle anyhow. A crack in the belly of a violin or 'cello you might think would be fatal to tone from its interception of sound vibrations, but sometimes cracks seem to cause an improvement. Instruments that are well treated improve by age. It may be that the rich tones of a fine Stradivarius or Guarnerius are due largely to the range, and the exquisite mellow quality which we find in them is the acquisition of years. Guillaume, who was, in his time, a celebrated Paris maker, is now in disrepute because the fine tone he imparted to his instruments was not lasting. He had some process for medicating the wood of his instruments that gave them strength and softness of tune, but age, instead of improving them, impaired their quality. Then, again, the tune of instruments seems to result from happy chance adjustments of their parts which cannot be repeated with any certainty. The masterpieces of the Cremona school now in existence may be strokes of good fortune that the old makers themselves could not always certainly effect. You see that the bridge of my 'cello here is not a particularly fine-looking bit of wood. Some time ago when I happened to drop into an instrument-maker's shop, he said: "I have got a splendid piece of maple one hundred and fifty years old, just the thing to make you a new bridge." Well, he made the bridge and it looked right, and seemed to fit right, but when I tried it the strings didn't sound right. I worked with it some time, but finally had to give it up. Then the bow has a great deal to do with the tune. Its wood must be strong, and at the same time slender and light; it must be firm without being rigid, and must have perfect evenness of texture, so as to give the same quality of percussion from whatever point it may be applied to the strings. There are celebrated makers of bows as well as of instruments. The Lupot bow is famous. The maker is a Frenchman who flourished in the first quarter of this century. He got hold of a fine lot of Pernambuco wood, and all his bows were made of selected pieces. A good Lupot bow is worth one hundred dollars. An ordinary bow, which would look as if it were just as good, can be bought for five dollars.

"It is a hard thing to get hold of a fine old instrument," the virtuosa went on, the 'cello strings now sounding in melancholy chords under his straying fingers. "I believe I told you that Wilhelmj plays a Stradivarius. Remenyi has quite a collection, but generally plays an Amati. Ole Bull had a large violin by one of the earliest makers of the Cremona school, Gaspard de Salo. Some fine instruments are in the hands of amateurs. Assistant-Secretary-of-State Hunter has a violoncello of Stradivarius tone, if not of that make. Ex-Mayor Havemeyer, of New York, although not himself a 'cello player, I believe, paid about $2,500 for a Guarnerius. It is the rich amateur who runs up the price of such instruments until they are out of reach of the poor artist. There is a manufacturer of garden tools in Hartford who has a splendid collection of violins, and yet, so far as his own playing is concerned, an ordinary fiddle would do him just as well as a Stradivarius. In his collection is the famous King Joseph Guarnrius violin. It is a wonderful instrument. I can't describe to you the power, softness, and sweetness of its tones. They are exquisite. I suppose he could get $4,000 or $5,000 for that violin at any time. It is almost impossible to appreciate the value of such an instrument. He has a collection of fifteen bows that would bring from $1,500 to $2,000. No instruments could be better cared for than those of his collection; but, strange as it may seem, there are persons with a mania for collecting instruments who don't know how to take care of them when they get them. I knew a Baltimore collector who had violins all over his house, often in places where they were liable to be broken at any time. I was up-stairs in his house once, and was going to sit down on a bed, when he shouted to me to look out—that a violin was in there. Sure enough, a violin was stuck under the bed-clothes because he was too careless to get a bag for it. I once came across a fine 'cello in a town in Central New York, owned by a man who can't play it, doesn't take proper care of it, and yet won't sell it. If it were not for such men artists would not have to make great sacrifices to get instruments with which they can realize their conceptions. Of course they must have fine instruments. Nothing less will content them, even though audiences should be just as well satisfied to hear any well-made instrument as the divine voice of a Stradivarius."—*Baltimore Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Air Bubbles.

I have described, when writing of the anatomy of the guillemot, the wonderful bubbles of air that invariably follow that bird when under water, and I have explained how the air is stored underneath the feathers, and given out when the bird is diving. In the otter, a somewhat similar phenomenon can be observed. As he swims along under water he is followed by a train of the most lovely air-bubbles, which appear exactly like beads of quicksilver. The origin of this air I cannot quite make out. A large proportion of it comes directly from the lungs. This is important; the otter evidently has some difficulty in sinking in the water—he therefore lets out the air to enable him to go down, but at the same time a good deal of air comes from underneath the fur. When the seal dives, no air appears to come from underneath his coat.—*Frank Buckland.*

—A steamer that was sunk in eighty feet of water two years ago in Lake Huron has been raised, and her cargo, consisting of 500 barrels of porter, fifty cases of gin, and 100 cases of brandy, all imported goods, has been found unharmed, task having lain so long under water, has escaped duty. The present owners paid $2,000 for the steamer and cargo, and $6,000 for the work of raising.—*Chicago Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—President Arthur celebrated his fifty-second birthday a few days ago.

—The first book containing engravings is a copy of Dante's poems, printed at Florence in 1481.—*Detroit Post.*

—Herman Marks, of Harrisburg, was a passenger on the Mosel when she ran aground on Lizard Point, off Liverpool. He has returned home with hair perfectly white, a result of the nervous fright caused by the accident.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—At ex-Governor Leland Stanford's recent dinner in San Francisco to the nabobs of the Pacific coast and their wives, the latter were presented with gold baskets filled with roses, the baskets costing fifty dollars each.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—On the 100th anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Lucy Kline, of North Egremont, Mass., she was taken to the Methodist Church, where more than 300 persons were gathered, among them twenty-five old persons whose united ages amounted to 2,000 years.

—One of the most beautiful women in England is the young writer known as Miss Helen Mathers, the author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and other novels of the modern type. Miss Mathers is now Mrs. Henry Reeves, the wife of a popular London physician.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Prof. Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, who has been teaching Greek at Harvard for more than thirty-seven years, is now seventy-five years of age. He lives a retired, quiet and simple life, spending much time with his pets, of which he has many—principally chickens and pigeons.

—Hubert H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, expects to prepare thirty volumes of coast history before he drops his pen. Mr. Bancroft is very wealthy, having made his money in the mercantile business in San Francisco, whither he went from Ohio in 1852. His private library cost him more than $600,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Dr. R. W. Lovett, of Screven County, and Judge Thomas Merriwether, of Morton, Ga., were schoolmasters who, in young manhood, married twin daughters of Bishop Andrew. Both girls died, and the two friends then married two daughters of Bishop Price. These two ladies also died, and the twain married two daughters of Thomas Smith, of Green County; and with these they are living happy.—*Detroit Post.*

—Adelaide Phillips, whose death was announced recently, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in 1833. She was brought to Boston during her childhood, and when ten years old she appeared on the stage of the Boston Museum. Three years later, in 1846, she appeared at the Walnut-street Theater, Philadelphia. She was for several years a favorite member of the Boston Museum Company. She possessed a fine contralto voice, and from 1852 to 1854 she studied in Italy, soon becoming a successful prima donna. She appeared in Italian opera in Milan and Paris and in many cities in this country, and was well known as a concert singer.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

—"Hannah," said a lady to her servant, "when there's any bad news, always let the boarders know it before dinner. Such little things make a great difference in the course of a year."

—They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

—When spelling is "reformed," she'll write:

"I'm sailing on the oshun,
The se is hi, no sale in site,
It fits me with emoshun,"
But one spell will not change its name,
For she'll be seasick just the saim!
—*Exchange.*

—There is a rumor that fashionable ladies are now tinting the tips of their ears with pink, and a fashion paper takes occasion to condemn it. Why shouldn't they do it as long as the men tint the tips of their noses?—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—"Oh, Mr. Smith," exclaimed Gertie, "may I go with you and see your nice little puppies?" "What do you mean, Gertie?" exclaimed her father in astonishment. "Why, papa," said Gertie, "didn't you say Mr. Smith was going to the dogs?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—Have you no love for the beautiful, then?" queried she in winsome tones. "N-n-o, but I think I should have if I only dared." "Have courage, young man." "Oh! I wasn't thinking of you, at all, I—" But she hustled out of the room, hating herself for having sprung the trap too soon.

—Stranger in city (with hands spread over mail-box attached to lamp-post): "Begorra, an' the man that lites the fires in these little stoves shud be discharged; I've thried to warrum me hands this half hour, an' niver a bit of hate there is in thum, at all, at all."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A sailor in the congregation, thinking the preacher was too slow in making his point, shouted: "Come, sir, crowd a little more sail there." The preacher pleasantly replied: "I will as soon as I have weathered this point." The sailor and the congregation smiled satisfaction.

—A gentleman, whose nose and cheek had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table: "You must eat bread, my boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied: "Father, what lots of bread you must have swallowed."

—A youth was heard to remark to a jolly and fat Teutonian as the circus pageant passed the City Hall, recently: "Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar?" "Is dot so?" said Hans. "When you got so old as me your face will look familiar, too," and strolled up Delaware avenue, humming: "Embdy is de baby, his gradle's gone."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Don't swear so, John. What if you should be struck dead with such horrid oaths on your lips?" said his wife soothingly. "Swear so? Jimminy crickets, by all that's great, I'm not swearing, but I am going to express my opinion of this confounded, nine-cornered bazoo of a blamed rickety infernal bit of stove-pipe——" Exit the wife with her hands over her ears.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Southern paper says the alligator destroys millions of mosquitoes by letting them settle on his jaws and then swallowing them. Ladies who are annoyed by the pests might rid themselves of the nuisance by keeping an alligator in the bedroom during the night, but there are some women who would prefer the mosquitoes. They would as soon have a mouse loose in their chamber as an alligator.—*Norristown Herald.*

Meteorological Item.

There had been a heavy thunder storm the night previous, and the school-teacher asked little Johnny:

"Were you not frightened, Johnny, at the thunder and lightning, last night?"

"No, sir, not a bit."

"That's right, Johnny. You are a good little Sunday-school boy. You know who causes the storm, don't you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir, my grandfather."

"Your grandfather! Why, Johnny, I am shocked at you. God makes the thunder and lightning and the storm."

"May be so, but the day before the storm came up, my old grandfather said he felt it in his bones."—*Texas Siftings.*

Temperance Reading.

WHAT CAME TO DILLY'S HOUSE.

Dilly was perched on a fence-post, her light hair flying about her face, as usual, and her little red hands clasped behind her back. The three or four small toes that peeped out through her ragged shoes were red also, for the autumn day was cold; but Dilly was used to such trifles. Toodles, the baby, who could not climb the fence, contented himself with looking through. He was bundled up—in an odd fashion of Dilly's own inventing—in an old shawl; and, if the round face that peered between the fence rails was roughened by the chill wind, he, like Dilly, had grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard, however, that their situation was scarcely agreeable. He looked up from the stick he was trying to split with his new hatchet, and asked: "What makes you sit up there such a day as this? Why don't you go into the house and keep warm?"

"'Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you," said Dilly. "Tain't no fun in the house."

"Well, I wouldn't think it was any fun out here, I can tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and scarf, and these thick boots," remarked Freddy, displaying the pair of red tops that were his pride.

Dilly looked at them, and an old, vague wonder awoke as she did so, and grew more and more distinct, until, presently, it took shape in words:

"Why don't I have such things, too, Freddy Burr—shoes and new clothes, and something to wear on my head?"

"'Cause your father drinks 'em up," answered Freddy, promptly, and without the slightest hesitation in disclosing the truth.

Dilly pondered a moment, and as promptly denied.

"No he don't, either. Folks can't drink such things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason yours don't get any for you is 'cause they all go into old Barney's rum barrels, down at the corner. That's the way of it, true as you live, Dilly Keene, and its awful mean, too," declared Freddy, growing indignant as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called Freddy, and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddles, with their amusement of watching ended, turned slowly away.

Dilly surveyed the baby and herself thoughtfully, and sat down upon an old log to meditate.

If what Freddy Burr had told her was true, something ought to be done about it.

And the longer she pondered the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"'Cause other folks has things and we don't, and it must be ours go somewhere else," she reasoned. "They can't be any good there, either. I'm just sure they can't. Mebby I've got a hood—mebby it would be a nice red one, pretty and warm. Wish I had it now. Wish Toddles had—"

She stopped, as a brilliant plan flashed suddenly through her brain. Wouldn't her mother be surprised if she could do that—poor mother, who was out washing, and who would be so tired when she came home at night.

"Toddles, let's do it!" she said, springing up, excitedly. "Let's go and see if we can't get some of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddles, contentedly; and taking his hand Dilly opened the creaking gate and led the way down the street.

There was a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store, with a curtain across the lower half of the front window. Dilly saw them when the door opened, but she was a determined little body when once she had decided upon the proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddles' hand closer, and walked in and up to the counter, making an extra effort to speak distinctly, because her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir, have you got anything of ours a-soak here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout of laughter from the men.

"Well, now, that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours wants to know if Barney has you in soak here."

An old slouched hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrank back abashed.

"Oh, I didn't mean him!"

"What did you mean, then?" asked a coarse, red-faced man, advancing from behind the bar and speaking in tones not at all gentle and amiable.

"Shoes and coats and such things," faltered Dilly. "Hoods—I'm 'fraid it's spoiled with the whisky; but mebby ma could wash it out. Wouldn't you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Barney? We need 'em awfully bad."

"I should think as much," muttered one of the bystanders, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but Mr. Barney's wrath was rising.

"What barrel? Who sent you here?" he demanded, angrily.

"Your rum barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground desperately, though with a little catch in her breath that was just ready to break into a sob. "Ma works all the time, and she looks so sorry; and we don't have any nice dinners at our house, like Freddy Burr's; and no new shoes, nor caps, nor anything. I asked Freddy where our good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our house, and he said you had 'em down here in your barrels. Please do take some of 'em out, Mr. Barney. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink taste a bit better to have a poor little boy's and girl's new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You are right there, Sissy; it's nigh about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group at the counter, putting down his glass with a queer, perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the bar-keeper's look. That was wrathful.

"We've had enough of this nonsense! Now you leave, you young ragamuffins, as fast as your feet will carry you, and never let me catch you inside these doors again."

He stepped toward them, as if to drive them out, but the man behind the stove suddenly arose.

"Take care, Barney! You'd better not touch them. You've knocked me about often enough, but you'd best let them alone."

There was a fire in the eyes under the old slouched hat, before which Mr. Barney drew back.

Both children were crying by that time, but the father took a hand of each.

"Come, Dilly; come, baby;" and without a word or look to his companions, he passed out into the street.

It was a very silent walk.

Toddles' tears were dried as soon as the stranger, whose loud voice had awakened his baby terror, was out of sight.

But poor little Dilly's heart was sore with disappointment and fear. She had failed in the scheme that she had thought promised so fairly. No hood nor shoes had she seen after all her bravery in venturing into that dreadful store; and who could tell how angry her father might be.

She stole shy glances up under the old hat, but she only saw a sober, downcast face, and he said nothing, not even when they had reached home.

He heaped up some fuel and made a better fire; and then sat down before it, with his hand between his hands, and bade the children to their own devices.

But two weeks later Dilly completed the story, confidentially, to Freddy Burr.

"See here!" she said, pushing the toes of a pair of stout new shoes through the fence.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Freddy.

"And see here!" continued Dilly, bobbing up for an instant, to show the hood that covered her yellow hair, and touching it significantly with her finger.

"Where did you get 'em?" repeated Freddy.

"My pa worked and bought 'em, and brought 'em home; and they didn't get into nobody's barrel," explained Dilly, with great pride and little regard for grammar. Then she pressed her face close against the fence for a prolonged interview.

"You see, the billennium has come to our house."

"The what?" questioned bewildered Freddy.

"The billennium. It's a pretty long word," said Dilly, complacently; "but it means good times. Anyhow, that's what ma called it, and I guess she knows. It was just this way, Freddy Burr; when you told me Mr. Barney had all our nice things down to his store in a barrel, I just went right down there and asked him for 'em—me and Toodles."—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

Temperance Items.

ONE public library in a town is worth more than a hundred drinking saloons, yet in many places the saloons appear to have the call.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE Chicago *News* thinks that the arrest of two hundred women at a single police station in that city in one month, is a pretty good argument for Prohibition.

FOUR German churches in Cleveland, O., have a Prohibitory clause in their body of discipline, requiring all members to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

THE Queen of Madagascar has ordered that a Prohibitory law shall be framed prohibiting the manufacture of brandy or its importation into her Territories. The penalty is the forfeiture of ten oxen and a fine of ten dollars.

THE young ladies of Topeka, Kan., have organized Red-Ribbon Clubs, the members of which pledge themselves to reject all attentions from young men who use intoxicating beverages. This is practical Prohibition.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THERE is nothing like a snug farm that is *yours*. Temperance is the friend trying to get it for you. Let the wind roar down the chimney! There is plenty of wood on the fire. Let the feet multiply under the table! There is food enough for every plate.

IT is noteworthy how much more respectful and even friendly the most influential of our daily papers are latterly in their treatment of the Temperance work. As there has been no change in the object sought to be attained, the altered manner of treating it must be accepted as no mean evidence of the substantial advancement of the work.—*Pittsburgh Workman.*

THERE are many boys who spend nearly all their earnings for beer, and are drunk nearly every Saturday night. And some who do not earn any money themselves are spending their fathers'. Boys who drink thus at fifteen can hardly reach thirty, and will probably not reach twenty-five years. They will die some shameful death long before they reach their prime.—*Dr. Story.*

AN increase of ten per cent. in the use of tea in Great Britian between the years 1875 and 1881, a decrease of nearly twenty per cent. between 1874 and 1881 in the use of alcoholic liquors, and a notable increase in the annual amount deposited in the popular savings-banks, are a few of the evidences, certified by Mr. Gladstone, of the Temperance revolution now in progress in Great Britain.—*S. S. Times.*

LIQUOR dealers and others interested in the liquor traffic are making a great outcry against the "Sumptuary laws," as they call the Prohibitory amendments. Dr. F. R. Lees, in reply to an inquirer, puts the case as follows: He says: "A 'Sumptuary law' is a law against 'luxury,' but a Maine law is a law against crime. No law can accurately dictate or define what is 'luxury' in diet, dress or furniture, and, therefore, it would be folly to attempt to put it down by law. But drink-selling, or public gambling, or dealing out poisons, is capable of strict definition and universal application—is, in fact, one of the many forms of wrong-doing, and therefore within the theoretic province and the practical jurisdiction of the law. Social liberty really consists in the exercise of our faculties under protection from all such wrong-doing; and we cannot have true liberty, therefore, except by suppressing the causes which abridge our liberty, tax our labor and endanger our life."

How Dr. Guthrie Became a Teetotaler.

In a journey in Ireland in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. "By the time we reached a small inn we were soaking with water outside, and as those days were days not of tea and toast, but of toddy drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we ordered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,' but the car driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. 'What objection have you?' Said he: 'Please, your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat and went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a poor, humble, uncultivated, uneducated carman, and I said, if that man can deny himself that indulgence why should not I, a Christian minister? I remember that; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

Quite a Difference.

The Chicago *Tribune* having stated that there were "820 retail liquor-dealers" in Maine, and having drawn the inference therefrom that in Maine prohibition did not prohibit, and that West Virginia was freer from liquor than Maine, an intelligent correspondent gives the *Tribune* some information which badly unsettles its inference. This correspondent says: "The Prohibitory law of Maine provides for an agent to sell liquor for medicinal and mechanical purposes in each town. The town owns the liquors and elects an agent to buy and to sell them, and these town agents and a few druggists are your "820 retail liquor-dealers" of Maine. Uncle Sam is no respecter of persons. He gathers in his tax from every one who sells liquor, and he doesn't stop to inquire whether it was wine sold to the deacons or sod-corn to the heathen. And so in the table you quote from, these Maine agents who sell a few gallons a year for communion and for 'camfire,' and have to keep a record of every pint of it, are set down as retail liquor-dealers, but they run an altogether other kind of ranch than the West Virginia one."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Our Young Readers.

PROCRUSTES' BED.

A long time ago lived Procrustes. The name
Was a dread and a horror throughout his domain:
Was feared, and his country was sorely afflicted
By the dreadful guidonts to which he was addicted.
For he murdered and robbed in a horrible way!
Ah! he was a terror, by night or by day!
A terrible creature, a bold and a bad one,
And money he had, health he's said to have had one.
That was worse than the rest and a cruelty and one.
And you, when you hear it, will surely admit
That he had not the smallest good reason for it.

He had an idea, this very bad man,
That he was the only right pattern and plan
Of stature. That one who was taller than he,
Procrustes, or shorter, must certainly be
Too short or too tall. So he said: "Let me see.
For the life-built man who is taller or shorter
I'll do what I can, for I feel that I ought.

"I've hit the idea. I'll have me a bed
That shall measure exactly my length from my head
To my feet, and the man who don't fit upon that
Must be a poor, miserable figure. That's flat.
And so, when they lack the proportions of duty
I must set them aright, for it's plainly my duty.
The man that's too short must be stretched till he's fit,
And the man that's too long must be cut off a bit.
So I'll measure them all by this bed, and their height,
Where it differs from mine, I will quickly set right.
In the way that I mention." You cannot but say
That this was a very original way
To settle the matter. No two men will be
Exactly the same in their stature. Ah! you,
But he was determined to make them agree.

And so, when his captives were fettered and brought
Into his strongholds, as quick as a thought
They were laid on that bed the bad wonderful strength,
To see if they were of the requisite length.

Such stretching, such sawing, such trimming! What pains
Did they all have to bear, the right length to attain!
"Here's a man that's too long. Cut him off!" with a shout.
"Here's a man that's too short. Stretch him out! Stretch him out!"
And when they arose from their beds, what a sight!
'Twould have made the heart ache to have seen their sad plight;
For the worst of it was that, when all was done,
They were not at all like Procrustes, not one;
There was not one like to the other, and none
Was himself as he was intended to be;
As bad a state, surely, as one need to see.
How they hopped, how they limped, how they hobbled about,
The man who was lopped and the fellow stretched out.
Procrustes looked on, and he said: "Without doubt,
'Tis bad; but my height is just right to a thread,
And the man is all wrong who don't fit on that bed.
Since that's beyond question, it isn't my fault
If it makes them all crippled and crooked and halt."

How long he'd have kept at this work I don't know.
But, at last, he encountered a powerful foe,
Who cleverly gave him the long-deserved blow.
He met Theseus, of Athens, one day, and they fought;
And Procrustes went down in the dust, as he ought;
For Theseus most boldly and openly said
He didn't acknowledge the right of the bed
As a standard for him. He declared, quite at ease:
"I've a right to be tall or be short, as I please.
Procrustes may grow to be tall as a tree,
But why should that make any difference to me?

"He has made a most perilous and murderous bother;
His stature is good for himself, and none other;
Besides, while he's mangled and maimed at his pleasure,
He has not brought one of them all to his measure.
Every man his own fashion of growing must keep on,
And the bed that fits him is the bed he must sleep on."

I do not insist that this happened just so;
It