THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

E. LUTZ, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

SEEKERS AFTER THE CURRENCY.

I care not if her eyes be black,
Or blue, or gray, or green, sir,
Nor if a horrid length of nose
Pick out a feet between, sir.
Enough for me to know that she
Has got the plump tin, sir;
For cash, like charity, will hide
A multitude of sins, sir.

Don't talk to me of ruby lips,
Nor cheeks like lilies fair, sir,
Nor snowy brow, nor pearly teeth,
Nor flowing golden hair, sir.
The only gold that takes my eye—
For it my spirit bankers—
Is that which jingles in the purse,
And passes at the bankers.

Give me the girl that's got the cash,
A fifty thousand cool, sir;
I care not if she's young or old,
A Port'a or a fool, sir.
Be she as meek as any saint,
Or as the dickens bold, sir,
I'll shut my eyes to every fault,
If she has got the gold, sir.

A NIGHT WITH SATURN.

When the reporter entered the observatory of his friend the astronomer on Tuesday night he was surprised to hear the man of science, who had leaned back in his observing chair, sad was carefully wiping the field lens of an eye-piece, repeating, with an air of abstraction:

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, white as a stone."

"Are you going to drop science for poetry?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no!" the astronomer replied, laughing; "but I should be sorry, indeed, to be obliged to banish poetry. I'd almost as willingly shut up the observatory and use the telescope for a stove-pipe. I am not a mathematical machine, and I find as much romance as calculus in the heavens. I don't mean romance as contrasted with reality, but the romance that surrounds the most amazing realities that the human mind ever grasped. It just occurred to me how strikingly those lines of Keats, intended to describe the old god Saturn in his lonely retirement, represent the actual condition of the planet Saturn in its relations with the solar system. There, look at him with his pale, leaden, unflickering light—a star without its twinklings, an almost banished world in its solitude and remoteness. Saturn is so far away in the shadowy deeps of space that the sun, which to us presents a disk as big as the moon, blazing with unbearable splendor and extinguishing every other light, appears from Saturn only as the chief of the stars. Saturn receives from the sun only about one hundredth part of the light and heat that the earth receives. From the distant orbit, the earth, Venus, Mars, and even Jupiter, must seem a happy family, basking together in the light and warmth of the sun. Then what an impression of solitude and repose comes from the slowness of his orbital motion. While the near planets are speeding like racers around the sun, Saturn remains year after year in the same constellation, and nearly a whole generation passes while he is making a single circuit."

"I have heard that Saturn is now closer to the earth than he has been before in nearly thirty years," the reporter said.

"That is true," the astronomer replied. "To-night the two planets are not much more than 750,000,000 miles apart. The motion of the earth in its orbit will rapidly increase its distance for six months and then they will approach again and be still nearer next fall, and nearer yet in 1884. After that Saturn will swing further away from the sun and the earth, and astronomers will have to wait another generation before they can have as favorable views of Saturn as are now presented to us. The rings are now opened out so widely that a mere spy-glass will reveal them. The fact is that any amateur who has a modern four or five-inch telescope, made by one of our best makers, can now obtain finer views of the wonderful ringed planet than Sir William Herschel ever had even with his gigantic telescopes. When Herschel, in 1782, went with one of his telescopes to King George's house to show him the wonders of the heavens, he offset the disappointment of a cloudy night by cutting a model of Saturn in pasteboard, fastening it at the bottom of the garden wall, and having it illumined with lamps. Herschel says of this device, that the effect was very fine and so natural that it might have deceived the best astronomers. Nobody who has ever seen Saturn with a modern telescope could be deceived by any device of that kind.

"Now look at Saturn through the telescope," the astronomer added, "and I will point out to you some of the things for the study of which astronomers all over the world will seize this favorable opportunity."

The reporter looked, and saw in the field of the telescope a golden ball surrounded by two broad concentric rings, inclined to the line of sight so that their general outline was a long oval. There were delicately shaded zones on the ball, the color around the pole which was not hidden by the rings being a faint blue, while the equatorial zone was light yellow. The rings, too, bore delicate markings, the division between them appearing as a heavy black line. Circling outside the rings were several of the planet's moons.

"Look sharply along the inner edge of the inner bright ring," said the astronomer, "and you will see another ring, which is one of the most mysterious objects in all the heavens. It is not bright, like the others, but dark, resembling a strip of gauze stretched against the sky; and yet that gauze-like ring is 8,000 or 9,000 miles broad, and more than 100,000 miles in diameter. There is no record of its ever having been seen earlier than the year 1838, although Saturn had been studied with some of the best telescopes in the world for half a century before that."

The reporter saw the mysterious ring, and was surprised to perceive that it was partially transparent. The astronomer explained that this had been accounted for on the supposition that the rings are composed of a multitude of little satellites revolving in about the same plane, and that in the gauze ring these satellites are comparatively so few in number that the ring appears transparent. "But," he added, "the fact is we don't know what these rings are, and if anybody is able during the present favorable opposition of the planet to throw any light on the question, all astronomers will unite in thanking him. But there is one strange and startling thing about those rings which possesses especial interest. Some thirty years ago the astronomer Struve collected data which seem to show that the rings are rapidly approaching the planet, and will touch it or fall in upon it about the year 2150. If such a catastrophe should occur, some of our great-great-great-grandchildren may live long enough to witness it."

"Do you suppose Saturn has any inhabitants?" the reporter asked.

"Well, that's a question that has been a good deal debated," was the reply. "The possibility of such a magnificent planet being inhabited is something that has had a powerful charm for the human imagination ever since the invention of the telescope. Swedenborg said Saturn was inhabited by an upright and modest race, and his description of how they lived, taking little care for food or raiment, but subsisting upon the natural productions of their planet, and beholding those wonderful rings as a strange whiteness in the sky, is very curious reading. The doctrine of physical astronomy, as at present understood, seem to indicate that the inhabitants of the solar system are collected upon the inner and smaller planets, of which the earth is the chief, and that the outer and larger planets like Jupiter and Saturn have not yet reached an inhabitable condition. Some of the reasons, however, which lead us to think that Saturn is not an inhabitable world do not apply to his eight moons. If they have inhabitants, a celestial scene unmatched so far as we know in the whole universe is opened to their view. This is particularly true of the satellite which is furthest from the planet, for its orbit is so inclined to the plane of Saturn's equator that the inhabitants, if there are any, behold the great globe of the planet and the magnificent rings suspended in space be ore their eyes, and covering a large portion of the firmament.

"The truth is we are not very likely to find out whether Saturn supports any inhabitants or not. At best we can only ascertain whether the planet is in a condition which would make it inhabitable according to our ideas. But, inhabited or not, Saturn must possess great interest for us. Distant as it is, it belongs to the same family of worlds with our earth. The sun is carrying these worlds along with it in its flight through space, and, in a large sense, they all have the same destiny. When we attempt to reach out into the universe with our telescopes, we find it so inconceivably immense that even the most distant members of the solar system seem like near neighbors—companions in our journey through space. If the earth is ever to be destroyed, I believe its ruin will only be a small part of a grand catastrophe which will involve the whole system of which the sun is the center; and so we cannot entirely separate ourselves from there other worlds. We are not merely denizens of a world, but of a system of worlds, all obeying the gravitating power of one sun. Like sailors on a ship at sea who gladly welcome the sight of other ships pursuing the same course, though they can communicate with them only by signals, we can derive a sense of companionship, amid the vastness of the universe, from the presence within the range of our vision of other worlds which we know are going along with us in our illimitable voyage."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dress Bonnets With Flowers.

There is an attempt to restore flowers to favor as a garniture for bonnets instead of the feathers that have so long been in favor. At day weddings, receptions, and on first nights at the theater, the very small bonnet is the fashionable choice, and is now made very narrow from back to front, but with full broad effect like that given by the Alsacian bow. The entire front, with its puffed-out sides, is made of small flowers on the newest Paris bonnet, and the crown is of plain velvet, either shrimp pink, rose, pale blue, Nile green, or the palest shades of strawberry or terra-cotta red. Other bonnets are entirely of velvet of some quaint shade, perhaps rather dark for evening, and are brightened by a cluster of natural-looking pink roses; the strings are of pink China crape, or else of ottoman ribbon. Wall-flowers, chrysanthemums and many larger flowers with looser petals are made of plush on the inner side, and silk outside the petals, for trimming velvet bonnets of somber colors. Strawberry red in two or three shades is one of the most popular selections for a velvet bonnet. Black velvet is brightened by a silver cord on its edge, folds of white satin, two or three small white ostrich tips, or else black ones powdered with silver, and loops and strings of white Japanese silk crinkled like crape. A single white bird trims black or dark-colored velvet bonnets handsomely; red birds must be colored very dark in order to find favor as trimming. White embroidery done in silk floss on an open ground is also used for the bow or handkerchief trimming on the brim of velvet bonnets. All these full front trimmings are made stiff by crinoline inside them. There has seldom been a season when a bonnet could be made more easily, or of more varied material and of smaller pieces, without the appearance of being made by inexperienced hands. The full crowns are easily covered by two or three lengthwise box pleats, or by more irregular pleatings cut to suit the cloth on hand and may be of a different material from that on the front. The edge of the brim has a puffed velvet binding, or is finished with a row of plush striped ribbon, or with metal braid, either silver or gold, or else a piece of beaded galloon will serve this purpose. Across the front is some bias velvet held in puffed-out folds on each side, with a metal clasp in the middle, and the flowers or tips are stuck outward low on the left side. If the brim is covered smoothly, wider Japanese silk passes across it, and is lengthened into strings. Bits of embroidered velvet in many colors, or in a single color like the dress trimmings, are used for crowns, and also for entire bonnets. The larger bonnets and round hats are banished from the theater, opera or church, but are seen on the promenade and with visiting costumes. The fish-wife poke, with its high pointed front, is found to be very becoming to young ladies, as it displays the hair far back on top of the head, yet frames the face in a picturesque way. These are also easily made at home, as the velvet is irregularly puffed in the frame; but if it is desired to have a smoothly covered frame, the untrained needle-woman will find this difficult to do, and instead of the risk of spoiling good velvet, it is better to buy a felt poke of this shape, put a velvet puff on its edge, and two or three bias bands of doubled velvet around the crown, with a small faceted buckle like silver, gilt or bronze on each band, and some clustering plumes on the left side. A pole cap of cloth, with the sides bordered with Astrakhan or other fur, is worn with cloth suits, or with a pelisse of velvet, matelasse, or brocade, the fabric of the dress serving as the top of the low crown. The English walking hats of felt have proved very popular with young ladies who can wear severe styles. They have a high tapering crown, with narrow brim closely rolled on the sides, and are worn back on the head, just as turbans now are, to show the fluffy frost hair.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Freeholder.

When I was a young man I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Port Gibson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to Court to get excused. On my name being called, I informed his honor the Judge that I was not a freeholder, and, therefore, not qualified to serve. "I am stopping for the time being at this place." "You board at the hotel, I presume?" "I take my meals there, but I have rooms in another part of the town, where I lodge." "So you keep bachelor's hall?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you lived in that manner?" "About six months." "I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the Judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The Court does not excuse you."—*Tioga Agitator.*

—In some countries the fig is regarded as emblematical of intemperance, because of its seediness.—*The Judge.*

Peculiarities of Insects.

Prof. Pickmore gave the sixth of his series of lectures on zoology at the American Museum of Natural History, the other morning. His subject was "Spiders and Grasshoppers." As usual, a large number of specimens and slides representing the life and growth of the subjects were exhibited, including two plates in which the actual cast-off skins of grasshoppers and cockroaches were shown. The lecture revealed a number of peculiarities of common insects which are not generally known. It was asserted that the dragon fly, or "knitting-needle," as it is sometimes called, is not at all dangerous, but is an inoffensive insect, the long tail of which is but a harmless attachment that has no sting. In fact, the dragon fly was shown to be a beneficial sort of an insect, because it destroys gnats and other small flies which are ordinarily a pest to humanity. This same fly has a peculiar construction, the lower jaw being a movable organ which reaches out when the animal desires to obtain food, and brings it to the mandibles, and when not in use for the purpose of capturing food, closes back over the head. The head of the dragon-fly, like that of other insects, seems to be mainly a place for the eyes, the brains of the fly being in the chest instead of in the head. The common centipedes of this country were shown to be harmless, as were the so-called ear-wigs. In the class treated of were included the marine mites, whose stomachs are a series of cells attached to their legs. Other insects were shown to the auditors, which have lungs "from their boots to their hats," as the Professor explained. A number of peculiar bugs of the spider class were shown, where the two anterior legs had developed into long and delicate feelers, yet the animals are able to move about readily, as they have six legs left with which to walk. Several specimens of the tarantula and scorpion were exhibited and the difference in their method of stinging explained. The tarantula bites, as the rattlesnake does, with a pair of fangs, which are in its jaws. The scorpion's sting, however, is an attachment in the form of a fish-hook at the end of its tail. Among the peculiar things described was the way in which the spider builds and uses its web. The nest is in the center of the spiral web woven, and the lines radiating from this center to the exterior edges are really a telegraphic system by which the spider tells when any legitimate prey walks into its parlor, is entangled, and so becomes food for the wily weaver. The scorpion found on the earth in this region, the Professor explained, is a sort of aerial lobster, a false scorpion, whose appearance is much worse than its bite, which is not at all dangerous. A peculiar array of insects which take on the color and the form of the leaves and twigs on which they live were shown, and excited much curiosity. These are commonly known as leaf and stick insects, and are a subject of much comment because of their peculiar character. The grasshopper was treated of at length, and the most peculiar thing about it shown was the method by which it sheds its old coat and takes on a new one. When the grasshopper leaves its coat it goes out of it backward, first bursting its old shell at the back between the wings, and crawling out in that way, by the back door, so to speak. The encasement abandoned has all the form of the animal, but loses its brilliancy of color.—*N. Y. Times.*

Going to School.

"Class in geography, come forward, and in case any of you drop a pencil, look out of the window, or utter a cough, I will keep the whole school in at recess. Now, then, where is Green Cheese Creek?"

They give it up.

"What! None of you able to answer that question? Here are twenty boys who expect to become business men, and seven girls who will become wives and mothers, and not one of you know that Green Cheese Creek rises in the southeastern part of Hindostan, and flows in a northwesterly course for seventeen miles and twenty-two rods and empties into Ham River! You boys would look nice starting out as lawyers, doctors and book-keepers, wouldn't you? Go to your seats, and as a punishment each one of you must write fifty words and give me the name of every President of the United States.

"Class in arithmetic, step this way, and be careful how you step or you won't get any dinner to-day. Now, James, what is a rhomboid?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't? You are expecting to grow up and become a clerk in a clothing store and you don't know what a rhomboid is! A rhomboid, sir, is a parallelogram whose opposite sides only are equal, and whose angles are not right angles. Take your seat, and don't you dare look up until you have committed seventeen pages of history to memory.

"Now, Thomas, what is the amount due on a note for $467.19½, given for one year, one day, one hour and nine-tenths of a minute, and bearing seven and three-elevenths per cent. interest? Come, now, answer off-hand."

"Can't do it, sir."

"You can't? Only yesterday you told me that you intended to run a grist-mill when you grew up, and here you can't answer a simple question in mathematics! You'll never be able to run one end of a corn-sheller, and I might as well tell you so now. Go to your seat and cipher out 160 examples in vulgar fractions.

"Class in ancient history, now advance. When was the first rebellion against the Assyrian King Sardanapalus?"

No answer.

"James, Henry, Charles, Samuel—what! None of you able to answer this question! You are preparing to go out into the world as insurance canvassers, telegraph operators, bank clerks and Board of Trade speculators, and behold your ignorance! What would any of you do in case you were walking through an alley on a dark night twenty years hence and some one should suddenly stop you and ask you this question? The class is dismissed. How the next generation will manage to run stores and factories and keep the wheels of commerce and progress moving I don't know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

High Timber.

Firewood is very dear in Austin just now, as illustrated by the following incident. One of the wealthiest citizens bought a bottle of bitters yesterday, and told the clerk to charge it to his account.

The clerk smiled a pitying smile, and said:

"I would prefer the cash."

The indignant nabob, who is worth millions, flushed up and slammed down a dollar. The clerk, with a most astonished expression, took up the coin, examined it, bit it, and otherwise intimated that he believed it was a counterfeit.

"Isn't that dollar good?" asked the nabob.

"I believe so, but I'd like to know how you came by it. I heard you bought a load of wood last week, but it must be a mistake, or you would not have a dollar left."

It was a mistake, for the nabob had not bought the wood, for wood has never been so dear within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Miss Annie Wilt, an Oil City girl of sixteen, is the coming musical wonder. She has a bass voice running with a full round tone as low as D flat on the bass clef.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Jennie Lee, who played to empty benches in "Poor Joe" while in this country, went to Australia, and cleared $6,000 a week for nine successive weeks at the Melbourne Theater.

—Alvin Hawkins, the present Republican Governor of Tennessee, who was defeated for re-election, has eight brothers in Tennessee, all of whom voted against him at the election.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. W. C. Depauw, of New Albany, Ind., who is to endow Asbury University with over $300,000, was left an orphan without a cent at sixteen, and has been a merchant, a grain dealer, a millionaire and a banker.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Christine Nilsson has met Christine Nilsson Wheeler, aged thirteen, of West Haven, Conn., and sent her an autograph portrait of herself. The child was named after her. At the interview the singer showered her namesake with kisses.

—The London *Academy* understands that Mr. Browning has finished enough fresh minor poems to form a thin volume like the last two that he has published, but it is probable that he will keep them back till he has completed a longer poem to come out with them.

—Colonel Fornequet, who at the age of eighty-eight years is the sprightliest citizen of Summit, Miss., was a personal friend of Alexander Hamilton and knew Aaron Burr intimately. Colonel Fornequet saw Bonaparte at the head of 30,000 men in Paris in 1811, and five years later was with General Jackson at New Orleans.

—A former Hartford cabinet-maker, L. J. Toobey, has recently been elected Judge of the Superior Court of California. Leaving Hartford twenty-eight years ago, he studied law at Cincinnati, became one of Secretary Chase's confidential clerks at Washington, served through the war on General Fremont's staff, and then settled down in San Francisco, where his abilities as a lawyer have won him honor.

—Portsmouth, R. I., is rated with a population of 2,000 in the census of 1870, and is probably no more populous now. Within her borders, it is claimed, live more nonagenarians than in any community of equal numbers in the country. Here are their names and ages: William Manchester, 101; John Burrington, 94; Elizabeth Braman, 99; Cynthia Corey, 92; Henrietta Allen, 95; Mrs. Sarah Gibbs, 98; Mrs. Green, 99; Bridget Cogswell, 92; Peleg Almy, 90; Mrs. Wilcox, 94; Ruth Barker, 93; Ruth Cogswell, 90; Mary Slocum, 93; William Sisson, 93, and Margaret Sisson, his wife, 92.—*N. Y. Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—Translated from the omnibus: Housewife—"Before I you employ, must I you ask: 'Have you a lover?'" Servant-maiden—"One? I should smile!"

—When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him up-stairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.—*Exchange.*

—The largest bar of gold ever cast in the United States weighed 450 pounds. An invitation to walk up to the bar would have been accepted by almost any man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An article is again going the rounds asking: "Who Struck Billy Patterson?" We admitted a couple of years ago that we struck him, but our confession appears to have been discredited in some quarters.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Dear me!" exclaimed Lucinda, "what a tiresome talker that Dr. Jelker is! His long talks would tire *anything!*" Whereat her brother Tom, the wheelwright's apprentice, said: "I'd like to see him talk long enough to tire a wagon wheel!"

—A poetess in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "I ask no gems of him I love." Step right up this way, dear; top floor, second door to the right. You're the girl we've been in search of ever since we could afford to get married.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A young gentleman who was pledged to take a young lady to a party remarked to her on the afternoon previous to the event that he was going home to take a sleep, in order to be fresh. "That's right," she replied; "but do not sleep too long." "Why?" he asked. "Because," she answered, "I do not want you to be too fresh."—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

—"Yes," said old Hi Newton, as he scraped the mud from his No. 15 boots with a chip, "this is muddy, but it's nothing to what I saw down on the twenty-mile creek when I was running a mill there. Why, I've hauled logs there with oxen, when all you could see of the cattle was the tips of their horns sticking up through the mud; and it wasn't much of a time for mud either."—*The Judge.*

—The following is an address to the barber: "I want a close shave. I am in a hurry. Do not put any oil or grease upon my hair. I never use bay rum or cosmetics. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not wish my hair trimmed or cut. I do not want any hair tonic or skin medicine. I do not want any shampoo or a bath. I have not heard the latest news from Egypt, nor do I want to. I care nothing for politics or crime or society. I do not care for stock or market reports. I am not a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a professor in a deaf and dumb institute, and I am glad of it. Go ahead and shave me."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Swiss Hurricane.

Pastor Strasser, of Grindelwald, gives in the *Oberland* a graphic account of the terrible storm which wrought such havoc in the Grindelwald Valley on Friday, October 27: "The 'fohn,' as to whose orgin meteorologists are not yet agreed (he writes), which all summer brought with it nothing but rain, has just played us a prank that was little short of tragical and will be remembered in the valley for generations. It began to blow at four o'clock in the morning and went on for nearly twenty-four hours with a terrific violence of which those who did not witness its effects can have no conception. There have been fierce 'fohns' before, but never anything like this. The heaviest roof stones were blown off like chips; lumps of rock weighing one hundred pounds apiece were sent spinning through the air like cannon balls in a battle. Inside the houses there was no safety, outside nobody could live. Windows were blown in, roofs carried away bodily, and many families fled in terror to their cellars. In the afternoon a few brave men, at the risk of their lives, went on the roofs and tried to repair damages. But it was impossible to do anything. As fast as they replaced the stones they were dislodged and several of the men thrown to the ground. By a strange caprice the storm left more than one rickety building unharmed and destroyed the newest and strongest. As night set in the storm raged still fiercely. Shortly after twelve there came a lull, followed at a short interval by such a foh-rain as was never seen before. The winter provision of forage, already scattered by the wind, was completely drenched and spoiled past using. It is a wonder of wonders that we have no loss of life to deplore. On the day of the hurricane the road from Interlaken to Grindelwald was exposed to such a shower of missiles—tree branches, stones and tiles—that no one could traverse it without the risk of fatal injury."

Our Young Readers.

TIRED OF WAITING.

I said: "When will the summer come?
Mamma, is it not late?"
She smiled, and answered: "Why not try
Be patient, child, and wait."

I asked papa if he would buy
A new wax doll for me.
He pinched my cheek, and said: "Do now;
Be patient, and I'll see."

"Nurse, tell me when my dear rose-bush
A blossom red will bear."
"Oh, by and by, my dear. Don't fret.
Come, let me brush your hair."

"When shall I grow so tall, papa,
That I can reach your hat?"
"Quite soon enough, my little one;
Wait patiently," he said.

"Dear me!" I thought: "they all say 'Wait.'
I'll put my dolls away,
And go and sit upon the stairs
As long as I can stay."

Now I have waited patiently
For hours and hours and hours,
And yet the dear doll has not come,
The summer, nor the flowers.

I have not grown a single bit,
And now I know it's late,
I'm going up to tell mamma
It does no good to wait.

—*Margaret Johnson, in Harper's Young People.*

MAKING ONE'S OWN FACE.

An Open Letter.

A few days ago, my dear Kitty, I saw a little girl making a new face for herself, although she did not know what she was doing. Indeed, I often see boys and girls tracing upon themselves lines that, after a time, become as distinct, though not colored, as the tattoo markings of the South Sea Islanders. In fact, you were the little girl who was changing her face, and I thought that I would write you "an open letter" about it.

You have heard the saying that "beauty is only skin-deep," and there is another that may be new to you, that "God makes our faces, but we make our mouths." Now, like most proverbs, these are truths, but they are not complete truths. But I think I can show you how in great measure we do make our own mouths and our own faces.

You know very well that a blacksmith's arm is not only strong, but large, because hard work has developed its muscles; and it is a general truth that all muscles increase by exercise. But you do not see how a black-smith's arm illustrates anything in a little girl's face.

What does our skin, so soft and smooth in childhood, and often so harsh and wrinkled in old age, cover? You say, flesh? Yes. And some other little girl adds, fat? Very well. And the boy who is studying physiology adds, nerves and tendons? True. And then you all know that bones support the human structure—are the frame—just as the beams and timbers of a wooden house, or of a ship, are its frame. But what is flesh? Is it merely so much softer fabric thrown over and fastened to the bones in a thick sheet, like the soft seat on the hard frame of your parlor sofa? Not at all. The flesh is separated into several hundred divisions, or little bundles, called muscles.

Muscles and flesh are different names for the same thing, just as the bricks and the wall of a house, or the stones and the pavement of a street, are the same. Only the muscles, unlike the bricks and stones, are changeable as to size within certain limits; for each muscle is attached to the bone beneath it by the tough, inelastic tendon. Now, you know the bones can neither bend nor change their length. But how, for example, does your hand reach your mouth when you eat? Because your arm is jointed, and some large muscles are fastened by one end to its upper part, near the shoulder, and by the other end below the elbow. The muscles contract, which, as your Latin reminds you, means "draw together," and thus grow shorter, and by means of the elbow-joint the lower part of the arm (for the bone can not shorten) is carried around and toward the shoulder or the face, as the case may be. But, becoming shorter, the muscles must become thicker, just as, when a stretched piece of India-rubber contracts, you see it grow thicker and shorter as it grows shorter. By putting your hand upon it, you can feel the muscle of your arm swell as it does its work. But you already know that continuous and forcible exercise causes the arm—that is, its muscles—to grow much more marked and bulky. Let us stop a moment to see exactly what muscle means. Your Latin dictionary will tell you, if you don't already know, that *mus* means mouse, and *musculus* a little mouse. The old anatomists who began to pry into Nature's secrets were impressed with the mouse-like outline of these tissues when contracted, and so called them little mice-muscles. So all our flesh is muscle, and it is the little mice running under the skin that are the tell-tales of what is going on or has been done.

Now, your dear, soft face has its many muscles, too, much finer and more delicate than those of the body, by the exercise of which you express the emotions you feel. It would take too long to explain how or why certain of them respond to and illustrate certain feelings, and for the present you must accept it as a fact. Now, the secret of our first proverb lies in the further fact that around the mouth is one of the few muscles in the body that is not attached to bone. It is a muscular ring, to which other muscles are fastened, and moves in whatever direction it may be influenced, retaining the seat and fashion into which it may be drawn. And as the bony parts of the face, the nose, the forehead, the cheek-bones, the jaws, the whole fixed contour, are what we have inherited, we can not of ourselves make much alteration in them. So, also, we inherit our mouth, but this, as well as a part of the surface of the countenance, we can, and often do, materially alter; and it is to these alterations—this making of faces—that we all, old and young, should give heed.

I will not tire you, my darling, by going into those details which belong to a study that is beyond your years, but I want you to remember that those who are peevish and knit their eyebrows and wrinkle their foreheads—cloud their brows, it is called—do so only by the operation of little muscles, that work more easily and grow a very little every time they are so employed. There is a set of snarling muscles that draw up the corners of the mouth and expose the canine teeth, which, in the savage flesh-eaters of the forest and jungle, are coarse and strong, and always at work, and which, I am sorry to say, are sometimes too well marked in boys and men. There is a little, but mischievous muscle, called *superbus* (which does not mean "superb," but "proud"), that, with a human helper, draws down and pouts out the proud and sullen lower lip. But, regardless of names, what I want you to particularly bear in mind is that, as every expression the features can assume becomes easier the oftener it is repeated, so the little mice run away with beauty and goodness of face when these expressions are unkind; and, in like manner, they are fairy messengers, bringing pleasant gifts for both present and future use, when the face becomes the mask of a good and willing heart.

Your affectionate UNCLE ALFRED.

—*St. Nicholas.*

An Unbelieving Little Girl.

I think Violet was the most unbelieving little girl that ever lived.

She did not believe at all that her dark brown hood was dark brown, but black, until she had compared it herself with a piece of black cloth, though her mother had told her all along it was brown.

And she did not believe you could catch a robin, even if you did get the salt on his tail.

And she did not believe but what if you just kept on walking, you would get to the end of the world after a while—the very edge of the end, where it stopped—and nothing was left but air to step on.

She did not believe that was true at all, what the big Watson girl said, that you couldn't get to the end because there wasn't any end. She said she meant to start to walking herself some day and see.

"You'll wait until you get through going to school, won't you?" asked her brother Ed. "I heard you say the other day that you wouldn't have Nellie get ahead of you for anything. But she will, if you don't look out; she'll be clear through the eighth grade before you get even half way to the end of the world! May be she'll be through the seventh and into the sixth by the time you get back. And then she'll be two grades ahead of you all the rest of your days."

Violet could not help feeling rather worried at this dreadful prophecy of Ed's.

"Perhaps it wouldn't take me as long as all that," she said. "I don't believe it would. But I guess I'll wait, anyway. It makes me tired enough to walk over to Aunt Nancy's—and, of course, the end of the world is a great deal farther than that. So I will wait till then. I'll be stronger then, I suppose."

"You'd said Ed, "and more sensible, *let us hope.* By then perhaps you won't be quite such a goose."

"Oh, I don't believe that," answered Violet, quickly.

You see for yourself, don't you, how unbelieving she was?

Well, this being so unbelieving was what got her into trouble. Up to her very waist in trouble, as you shall see.

Violet's folks lived in a mining region, and about two blocks from her home there was a great space of ground where the miners had been digging for copper ore.

But they had recently abandoned this claim, and they left it looking like a pond with the water all dipped out of it—a pond with a very muddy bottom.

This mud was dangerously deep in some parts, and I don't see why under the sun the place was allowed at all, especially in a town where such unbelieving little girls as Violet lived.

But there was a rickety old fence around three sides of it, and on the other side was the brook from which the miners had obtained their water.

So you see there was no danger of any one *falling* in, and I suppose the inhabitants of that town never dreamed that any one would deliberately climb the fence and try to *walk* on the mud.

That very thing happened, though! Violet Swinton tried to walk on that mud; she didn't believe she would sink.

You see, the hot sun shining on the mud had caused a thick crust to form on the top, and the heat had also made the crust crack all over into—what Violet called, "dear little angles, squares and things, just like the teacher made on the blackboard."

"This is a right angle," she said, cautiously stepping between two cracks near the edge.

"This is a circle," taking another step, "'cept it aint round enough; this is a square and this is a——"

"O Violet! *don't* go any further," cried Nellie, who was looking on over the fence in great concern. "You'll sink in the mud *sure.* Ed said this morning it wasn't safe."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't believe it," said Violet, putting forward her foot to step on a right-angled triangle.

"This is a—what-do-you-call-it—a—Oh my! I *am* sinking! I *am!* Oh! Oh! Oh! Nellie, come over and pull me out *quick!*"

Then poor little Nellie, who had done her best to keep Violet off from the mud, crawled through the fence and tried to rescue her friend.

But she only sank herself—clear to the tops of her shoes. And there was Violet sinking deeper and deeper. She was in over her knees already.

"Let's scream!" cried Nellie, frantically, "let's scream like everything!"

And then they screamed. Now, once in a while, screaming is a very good thing; this time it was.

For the neighbors came, before the echo died—almost, it was such an awful scream. And they pulled out Violet just as she had got to her waist in the mud, and Nellie wriggled herself out, when she saw them coming.

And Violet's mother took her home, and gave her a bath, and put her to bed, and scolded her and kissed her and scolded her some more.

And after a while, when Ed came in, Violet confided to him that "whether there was any *end* to the world or not, she didn't believe there was any *bottom* to it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Habits of Bees and Wasps.

Yesterday Sir John Lubbock read to the members of the Linnean Society an account of his further observations on the habits of insects made during the past year. Some bees were trained to come to honey which was placed on a musical box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window, and only about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however, did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came to it readily enough. Other experiments with a microphone were without results. Every one knows that bees when swarming are popularly, and have been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by clanging kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists are now disposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John suggests that even if it has, with reference to which he expressed no opinion, it is possible that what the bees hear are not the loud low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing. As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning, (at four o'clock,) and worked on later in the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of the wasp, as it might be that they are less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bee's proboscis is admirably adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey is exposed, as in this case, the wasp appears able to swallow it more rapidly. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till 7:45 in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John 116 visits.—*London Daily News.*

The Twins' Fingers.

Henry Bancroft, of Fullerville, has twin boys about ten years old, viz: Doll and Lester. Last week Tuesday Lester went into Sprague's mill and put his finger on the buzz saw to see if it was in motion, and when he took his hand away he found he was minus the end of a finger up to the first joint. A boy acquaintance, who heard of the accident, met the twin brother Doll an hour afterward, and telling him the story said: "Now you ought to have your finger cut off so as to be like your twin brother." Doll's finger was lying on a board, and his companion, having his knife out, without further ceremony struck his finger with the knife and cut off the end of the corresponding finger, so that the twins are alike in the loss of the first joint of the "big" finger on the right hand.—*Gouverneur Herald.*

—Newton Ashton, aged twenty-four, committed suicide at Martin's Ferry W. Va., recently because Katie Powe wanted to postpone their wedding.

Temperance Reading.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG.

The following is the concluding portion of a recent sermon by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago:

And yet there is a blunder of our race more cruel than that of the sword. It is rendered less impressive from the fact that it has been lectured upon and wrangled over in all parts of the land, and has often been rendered an unwelcome theme of remark by the quantity of ill-advised speech and action that have grown up around it. But notwithstanding the unpopularity of Temperance lectures the truth stands that when the human mind learned to distill and brew drinks it committed a greater folly than when it invented the weapons of war. The cup is more destructive than cannon and musket, not only carrying more persons to the grave, but to a life and death of a greater dishonor, for the poets have always sung some sweet strains over the last resting-place of the soldier, but no poet has ever had the courage to cast any flowers upon a drunkard's grave. The dual quality of the very soil is illustrated in these fatal drinks of the human race. The grains which will make the bread for the table of the home will also help compose a drink fully capable of scattering forever those want to meet at the table in a supreme contentment. Not only were Adam and Eve ready to fall into sin, but the field of corn or wheat stands ready to become a harvest of sin. Strange earth! equally ready to grow the opium that kills, or the fruits and breads that enrich and cheer the mind; equally ready to produce drinks that will crush the heart, or the food that makes man great and happy! In the far East, where thousands of acres of roses are grown for the joy of their perfumes, there as many acres of poppies are grown for the delirium and ruin of the multitude. Mark the two fields: the one of roses from which the attar is extracted that fragrance may be carried over the world and that the noblest of all flowers may seem to bloom in the midst of winter—in the room where the cultivated mind reads, or talks, or sleeps. As the note-book holds the music of Beethoven, as language retains the genius of Homer or Virgil, so this attar holds the spirits of roses that are dead. A true perfume is the immortality of the rose. When the eye sees many thousands of acres of these flowers growing thus to honor, it blesses the hidden majesty of sun and soil and the genius of man; but when the same heart beholds the same human mind planting 10,000 acres of poison-plants which will extract money from the Chinese or other victims of folly, then does it realize that there are two paths across this world—a path of right and a path of infinite wrong. As the Orient yields thus its two harvests, one of rich perfumes and one of the opiate poisons, so the vast West grows the grains that create a powerful race and the drinks that hasten to destroy it. When Xenophon was writing down the customs of some wild tribes, through which he had to make his long march, he stated that in the mountains of Armenia the natives made a popular drink from fermented barley. "In their homes under the ground this drink was contained in large vessels, and when one would drink he must put his mouth to a reed and suck like an ox. Without any admixture of water it seemed harsh, but was good to any one who was accustomed to its taste." In these words we find the common beer of to-day, and see that twenty-four hundred years ago it was getting ready for an invasion of Germany to trample it under foot more cruelly than did the armies of Cæsar. Pliny describes also the coming enemy in these words: "The natives who inhabit the West of Europe made a drink from grain and water with which they intoxicated themselves. The people of Spain so brew this liquor that it will keep good a long time;" and then Pliny adds these words of great meaning: "So exquisite is the cunning of mankind in gratifying their vicious appetites that they have thus invented a method to cause water itself to produce intoxication." Thus we see a Roman scientist noting the fact that the human mind was as cunning to invent evil as to invent good, and that the genius that can discover the telegraph and the properties of steam, and thus help make civilization, can discover opium, and whisky and beer, and thus be a Medea who can at once be the mother and the murderer of her sons. This path of private and public wrong has so broadened that the German Nation has abundant company in these years in the English and Americans who have accepted of the genius that can make water into a poison.

When one cannot advocate total abstinence as a duty and may admit