THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE SONG OF THE ADVERTISER.

I am an advertiser great!
In letters bold and big and round I
The praises of my wares I sound—
Prosperity is my estate.
The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow—
They buy my goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate:
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where never is heard a human tread—
Where trade is paralyzed and dead—
With never a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go—
But never there—
They do not know
There's such a shop because it's the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which, I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late:
If I have goods, I advertise!
The people come
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate
I am an advertiser great!

—*Denver Tribune.*

LIVING STATUES.

No more interesting way of spending an evening, or more successful means of making money for church or charitable purposes, can be found than in this delightful pastime, which has been justly considered very difficult of execution. The simple processes which have long been kept secret are now given to the public for the first time, and if carefully followed by persons of taste and judgment, these plain directions will enable them to almost rival classic marbles.

The actors must, of course, be graceful, and also have a clear conception of the sentiment of their parts, as the expression of face often shows through the powder which covers it.

After a long trial of many articles for whitening the face, nothing is found superior to the velvet chalk which, packed in square boxes, has the size and shape of a ball two inches in diameter, and is sold for ten cents by all druggists. No gelatine or other substance is used upon the face before applying the chalk, which must afterward be rubbed off dry, and then a coat of cold cream or any lubricating substance will prevent any future roughness.

MODELS.

The best cast for most performances is four ladies: one of them very tall, one short, and two of medium height, one large, muscular man, and one girl about ten years old. These performers can fill all the parts, as they resemble each other so closely when whitened that little is gained by substituting others for the various groups.

The man wears a suit of cotton tights, with cotton gloves sewed on the sleeves, a kilted skirt of cotton flannel reaching to the knee and a skull-cap of the same material. Two cotton sheets will be needed for his drapery; a hole is ripped in the middle of one, through which his head is thrust. The corner of the sheet is brought to the front, and the sides looped up to the shoulders, thus forming a Roman toga.

The child wears a plain night-dress, the waist being bound by a tape over which the dress is allowed to fall until it takes up enough to only reach the knees. Cotton gloves are sewed into the sleeves, and a tight cap made of cotton flannel covers the head.

The ladies wear tight white cotton waists high in the neck, the sleeves being made of the legs of cotton stockings with cotton gloves sewed firmly into them after they have been tightly fitted to the arms.

The caps are made of cotton cloth and braids; bands and waves are made of cotton wadding to change the *coiffure* when needful.

DRAPING.

In draping the first sheet is tied around the waist over a tape to form a scant skirt of the lower or inner half of the sheet, the hem of which touches the floor. The left-hand corner of the front half of this sheet is then fastened to the right shoulder, and the other corner is then also brought up in front, and the end carried to the back and fastened at the waist. A large knot is then tied in the corner of the second sheet, which is fastened in front of the left shoulder and the sheet is drawn across the knees in front, and the end fastened in the same way as the first sheet. Beautiful folds will be the result, which can be stroked into such positions as may be desired after a study of drapery from any good models, and when the figures are placed in different attitudes the drapery thus arranged will constantly fall into new and graceful folds of itself.

As a variety of good subjects may be found in art journals and photographs, it will only be needful to add a few examples of different groups.

Two tables four feet long are placed in the center of the room with another table of the same size upon them; a box two and a half feet long and one foot high stands on this table, and another box of about the same size stands on the floor in the center of the room in front of the whole. The pedestal is draped with cotton sheets, and a black curtain or shawl is hung behind it.

The following are some specimen groups:

THE MONUMENTAL GROUP.

The man stands on the top box in an attitude of making an address, with his right hand extended, his left slightly curved and heavily draped with a sheet thrown over it in straight folds. On the top table at his left a female figure sits representing History writing on a tablet, and at his right, on the lower table, a tall figure stands at a high cross with her left arm behind it, and her right hand holding to the bar. At the other end of the long table another lady stands bending forward as if strewing flowers, with her right hand, from a large basket which she holds in her left. On the lower box in front a lady bends above a child which clings to her with its arms around her waist.

SIMPLE SIMON IN THE ART GALLERY

The stage represents an art exhibition. On the top table is a man with a huge spear. On the lower table at his left, a lady with hat and rake like a gleaner is seen, while at his right another lady is placed behind a table which stands on end so that her head and shoulders alone are visible. This table being covered with sheets makes her look like a classic bust. The two other ladies stand near the front of the stage, one on the right, and the other opposite her on the left, each being posed on a small box covered with white.

Simon enters left, meets Pieman right, asks for pie in motion by pointing to his mouth as if hungry. Pieman wants money, Simon nods his head. Siezes pie and runs of. Pieman pursues him, but he hides behind statue at left and Pieman sadly goes off.

Simon comes gaily forward eating pie. Being then pleased at sight of the statues, he puts pie on the table, takes out a catalogue and studies the figures carefully. The male statue slowly picks up pie and eats it. Simon sees him just at the last moment, and climbs up to try and get to the pie. He shows fight; statue is immovable, but when Simon turns his back the statue pushes him down to the floor.

Simon is very angry, but the statue is perfectly unconscious.

DENOUEMENT.

Simon goes forward, takes out snuff-box and opens it in front of stage. Statue at right sneezes; Simon pauses, when statue at left sneezes. Simon then goes to look at the classic bust, when the man statue knocks his hat off with his spear; Simon tries in vain to find who did it, as the statue is immovable again. As the statue pays him no attention, Simon picks up his old hat, and places it on the head of the classic bust and contemplates it with delight: but as soon as his back is turned the bust stoops down into the frame, and the hat disappears with her. Simon goes for his hat, is much surprised not to find it, climbs up and looks down after it.

The man pushes him with his spear and he rolls over on to the stage. The gleaner rakes him with her rake and he looks up, but she is again still. Simon advances with great consternation to the front, when the right statue glides slowly toward him and seizes his arm. Left statue also advances, puts her arm around his left, and the trembling Simon is led off at the right mid shouts of laughter from the audience, who cannot resist the curious spectacle of the solemn statues thus in motion.—*Youth's Companion.*

Pleading for His Papa.

The pleadings of a little boy not more than five years old, who struggled and kicked to free himself from the brawny arms of a policeman, made last night's late pedestrians on Chestnut street, near Fifth, stop and wonder what offense such a child could possibly commit. A few paces ahead walked another officer, having in charge a lazy-looking man, with his head bandaged in a bloody cloth, who belongs to that type met with after dark on any of the populous thoroughfares. At the Central Station the officers told the sergeant in charge that the man and his child were found begging, and they thought, for the child's sake, the two should be held until investigation could discover whether the little fellow was properly cared for or not. The man began to beg in the familiar way for his liberty, and was making a very slight impression on the sergeant, when the little fellow, who could restrain his feelings no longer, spoke up in a straightforward fashion that surprised the group of officers:

"Say, Mister Policeman, p'ease let papa go. I promise you that we won't get caught again. Please let him go."

"Does he treat you well?" asked one of the officers.

"Oh, yes, sir; he's a good papa he is—better than anybody's papa here that I know."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, sir; but she don't live at home. Please, sir, let papa go."

"Can't you like her?"

"No, sir; because papa doesn't like her. I declare you won't never see me again if you'll let papa go," he said, with emphasis, as he put a tiny hand in an old, patched mitten on the big policeman's arm.

"Can your father support you without begging?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, yes, sir; papa generally has money. See that nice new hat on his head? I made him buy that for himself. I did. He's a splendid papa; 'deed he is. Won't you let him go?"

The earnestness of the child won its way to the sympathies of the sergeant and he ordered their release. The little fellow's face lit up with delight. He pulled off one of the torn mittens from a chubby little fist, spat in the palm "for luck," and extending the blackened digits like a thankful man said:

"There, Mister Policeman: shake hands." The officer hid the little hand in a big muscular one. "You're the right kind of a man, you are, and I say God bless you. God bless you all."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Revised Fables.

THE MISTAKEN TRAMP.

A Tramp, who had not tasted Food for twenty-seven days, and who was Anxious to reach Buffalo in time to see his Mother die, knocked at a Door, and asked the Woman for Heaven's Sake to give him some work whereby he might Earn an Honest Quarter.

"Walk right around to the Back Door," she Promptly replied, and in About four Minutes the Tramp was introduced to a Pile of Hickory Wood and a Buck-saw. Then his Heart gladdened, for he meant to steal the Saw and Ax, but as he made for the Alley Fence a two hundred pound Dog played with his Coat-Tails and rolled him over the Ash-pile until the woman came out and Chided him for his Impulsiveness and said to the tramp:

"Now you Climb! and as you Pursue your weary way through Life's Cold Paths, remember that Truth is Mighty and Honesty is a Big thing on Ice."

THE FOOLISH GOOSE.

A Goose having been placed in a Pen and fed until she could scarcely Breathe happened to catch sight of a lean old Hen on the Fence, and called out:

"You can now see which of us stands highest in the estimation of our Master. Here I am provided with a Warm Pen and fed until my Crop is bursting, while you have to Roost anywhere and have not an Ounce of Fat under your Feathers."

"That's all right, my friend," replied the Hen, "but while your Goose will be cooked for Christmas, I shall live to see many Months yet."

IMAGINATION.

Three or four Doctors who had heard a great deal about the Effects of Imagination in cases of Disease put up a Job on a Sailor. After he had Lodged for the Night in a certain bed they Conspired to tell him that it had Previously been Occupied by a Small-Pox Patient. Did the Bold Tar stand or begin to Shake and Tremble and Prostrate himself and Develop a Genuine Case of the Disease? Not for Joseph! He at Once Shed his Jacket, gave his pants a hitch to Starboard and sailed in and knocked those Doctors Stiffer than Crowbars, and Taught them a Lesson in Physics which they Remembered all their Lives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fish in Great Lakes.

The white-fish in Lake Erie average three and a half pounds, but occasionally one or more are taken weighing ten to eighteen pounds. I speared one in 1844, at Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, that weighed twenty-five pounds. On the north shore of Isle Royale, Lake Superior, the white-fish average fourteen pounds. The lake herring are the most uniform in size of all our fishes, averaging less than a pound in weight, and this average will hold good if you count them by the millions; but, nevertheless, I have had brought to me specimens that would weigh three, four and even six pounds. The white-fish of the Yonkon River, Alaska—so say the Government reports—weigh as high as forty pounds. The sturgeon of the "Great Lakes" average fifty pounds, but now and then one is taken that weighs 100 pounds and over. I saw myself, at the Sault Ste. Marie, one taken that weighed 129 pounds. The catfish of our lakes are of most superior quality, bringing in the Southern markets a better price than any of our lake fishes, whether fresh, salted, or smoked. The average size is twenty pounds; but yet I saw a specimen taken with a hook and line that weighed fifty pounds. In the waters of the Mississippi Valley it often attains double that weight.—*American Angler.*

—One of our exchanges recently contained an elaborate editorial entitled "The Bright Side of Journalism." The editor had just heard that a rival had failed!—*Boston Post.*

The Wood Fire.

There isn't a tile around this fire-place that has a picture to be compared, for brilliancy, with the sparkling play of fire-works upon the andirons, framed in so harmoniously by the dull terra-cotta color of the inclosing brick-work.

Happy are they who, having old apple trees on their grounds, can utilize the dead limbs in this charming fashion. It is fascinating employment to pile the twigs and twisted branches in such fantastic shapes that the whole, fired up, presents a fairy liveness to the grotesque and arches and freited woodwork of some old temple, outlined in rosy lines of color, just before it falls—parapet and bartizan—a scintillating, glowing heap, upon the bed of ashes, which, unmolested, soon commences to draw its curtain of cremation in gray gathers around the edges.

The fire light is a wonderful necromancer. In the enchantment of its light and shade pater familias, stretched at ease in his great reclining-chair, with his slippered feet on the fender, looks like a gay young man again, as he tells how on his father's farm he and his brothers used to fill the great fire-place in the old dining-room with a pine stump, and surround it with hardwood chips and rails of fetch-back, and then watch the grand illumination with boyish delight. He looks across the hearth rug to the low rocker, from which the mother is smiling at him, her face, in the flickering, mystical light, looking fresh and fair as that of the young girl who is leaning her head against her father's knee, and watching, with dreamy eyes, the dancing sprites of flame.

A neighbor comes in. "Sure," he says, "one couldn't have the blues here. Did I ever tell you about our famous fires last year, the first of the summer season, when Ellen and I went into the country to board for our health? A good many days were cold and wet, and intensely disagreeable. Ellen had to walk the floor to keep warm, or lie all covered up with wraps on the lounge. Stoves had been banished from every room except the summer kitchen, at the extreme end of the house. Not a fire-place in the building; but in rambling around I found at no great distance a small, old-fashioned, unpainted cottage, unoccupied save for storage. This house was a paradise for fire-places—one in every room—and I rented one of the farmer, selecting what had been used as the parlor. There was still some green paper on the walls, and I had permission to use all the wood I could cut, or pick up and prepare for myself. The next rainy day we had a perfect carnival of blaze, and defied the weather to longer affect our spirits. In the evening the farmer came over to see us.

"'You wouldn't believe, now, a fire would feel so good this time o' year—why, it's June,' said he.

"'Just as much needed now as in January,' I responded.

"'Wal, I dunno but 'tis. Ennyway, I've allers ben sorry I didn't build in a fire-place inter the new house; but Dianthy sed she'd had enough of fire-places in her day, and that they was awful dirty places, and hard to keep clean; and for her part, she wanted air-tights and soap-stones. And so we had 'em; but they ain't near so comfortin', and the farmer looked sadly into the fire.

"'They're right in style nowadays. All the new houses have them,' said Ellen.

"'Yer don't say so! Wal, they do take a mighty peart lot of wood, and stoves is more economical.'

"'But why should you study economy with all your woodlands, and more timber than you can possibly exhaust in your day?'

"'Hard to cut—hard to cut, and wages so high—don't pay to hire—reckon ye never sawed and split many cords yerself!' and the farmer looked rather pityingly on my hands.

"Well, I did cut and prepare a good deal of wood while we were there, and left quite a load for the farmer's wife to use in kindling her fires. She said she should remember me for it, and she never would have believed I was so clever."

"Did you experiment with the different kinds of wood, and which burned the best?" inquired parterfamilias.

"Everything we saw, from pine cones to the tough and inscrutable elm; but I like oak, red-heart oak, the best."

"Not so good as hickory, sir, or the white oak, that burns straight on without any quips and quirks, in splendid style." Then followed a brisk discussion: and beeches, birches, poplars, alders, hemlocks, maples, willows and tough old buttonwood passed in quick review, and their combustibles were praised or condemned. In the midst of it all some one exclaimed that the fire was out.

The ashes were hastily raked open, more apple-tree limbs put on, and the bellows applied. A thin, blue smoke curled upward, growing darker and more dense, like a thunder cloud before the lurid lightning leaps out. The music of voices ceased. A hiss like the stroke of a bell; the curtain of smoke rolled upward; the flames burst merrily out, crackling and snapping in lively performance, sending rays of inflorescence out into the room. The spectators applaud and conversation is resumed again.—*Boston Transcript.*

Rare Twin Diamonds.

Carefully guarded in the safe of a Maiden Lane diamond inspector are a pair of old Indian mine diamonds cut in cushion shape, weighing eight and a half carats. Each are of a remarkable pale-blue color. Their tint is far deeper than "steel blue," but much lighter than the sapphire blue of the celebrated Hope diamonds. They are so full of fire that many a pure white diamond is dimmed by contrast with them, and so absolutely perfect that the slightest flaw cannot be discovered in either by the aid of the most powerful magnifying glass. They are alike beautifully proportioned, and the peculiar shade of blue is precisely the same in each. In all respects the quality of the two is identical. The early history of the twin diamonds is wrapped in mystery. That they are very old can not be doubted, as stones of their size have not been mined in India for two centuries. They were undoubtedly royal treasures, and it is said that they passed into the possession of Warren Hastings when he was Governor-General of India. They returned to native ownership, and came to light again at the time of the Indian mutiny.

They were then carried to Europe, where they were bought by a Russian nobleman, who had the gems recut in Amsterdam, greatly increasing their luster and beauty. They attracted great attention among diamond dealers, and offers were made to purchase them for the Czar, but the owner refused to part with them. Getting into political trouble in Russia the nobleman left the empire, taking his jewels with him. At the gaming tables of Monaco he played high and lost heavily. He staked and lost one of his blue diamonds, which passed into the hands of M. Blanc, the noted gaming-house proprietor, whose daughter was married two years ago to Prince Roland Bonaparte. The Russian nobleman's other blue diamond found its way into the hands of a Paris jeweler. After a while efforts were made to find its mate, but all clew to the other stone had been lost. The Paris stone was bought by the Duke of Brunswick, who, unable to find the twin gem, sold it again. Its counterpart had all this time been in possession of the Blanc family, and about a year ago it was sold with other jewels belonging to Mme. Blanc, and was bought for a large sum by the agent of the New York diamond merchant. Some years before this the Paris stone—the one which had been owned by the Duke of Brunswick—had in its turn disappeared, vanishing completely from the knowledge of the trade. It is supposed that it shared the fate of many other noted gems and was stolen.

The purchaser of the Blanc diamond had no hope of discovering its mate, but held it on its individual merits. He was not in any hurry to sell it, and after the hat of diamond-dealers with the finest stones, kept it very close from inspection. About two months ago a member of his firm made a business trip to the Western States, in the course of which he visited Chicago. By mere accident he encountered there a certain wealthy pork-packer, and with mingled feelings of amazement, hope and delight, saw gleaming on his shirt-front a large blue diamond, which seemed to be a wonderful match for the rare stone locked up in the home office. He telegraphed immediately to his partner here, and after the exchange of a few dispatches a trusted clerk hastened from this city to Chicago, bearing with him the Blanc diamond for the purpose of comparison. The matter was so important and delicate, however, that the clerk was not informed of the true object of his mission, but believed that the diamond was sent on to be sold. When the traveling partner received it he compared it furtively with the pork-packer's stud, and saw that, beyond doubt, the latter was its long missing mate. He telegraphed the fact to the head of his firm, and received prompt instructions to secure the pork-packer's gem at any price. Concealing his eagerness, he entered into negotiations for its purchase, and finally became its possessor for a sum which, though large was much below its value as one of the remarkable pair. The pork-packer had worn his diamond for several years in entire ignorance of its history and of the fact that its exact duplicate had ever existed. During a visit to England he had bought it from a Hebrew diamond dealer in London. For obvious reasons the prices which the stones have fetched singly at different times are not mentioned by the persons who have been most interested in tracing their history. As a pair it would be very difficult to estimate their value, and no price has been named for them by their present owners. The news of their reunion has excited some diamond merchants in Paris, who are very anxious to secure the gems, and they have been sending cable messages on the subject for the past few days, but it is not believed that the glittering candles will be permitted to leave this country.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago News.*

Oil "Mysteries."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, writing from the oil regions on the fabulous fortunes made and lost in the petroleum speculation, says: The country has again gone mad with oil on the brain. But the great bull movement and advancing prices last week received a set-back by the striking of a large well in new territory. The new well is located in Forest County and is owned by the Anchor Oil Company. The first reports sent out from it reported it flowing at 1,000 barrels per diem. Since then, however, the best reports rate the daily production of the well at 300 barrels. It has been the custom for several years back to board up the derricks of "wildcat" test wells in important locations and place an armed guard around them to prevent trespassers from gaining access, in order to keep the result of the wells a secret from the public until the owners have had time to buy or sell adjoining lands and prepare for the effect of the well on the market. Such a well, in oil region parlance, is termed a "mystery," and the frequent occurrence of "mysteries" has resulted in the employment by leading brokers and large producing firms of men thoroughly versed in all matters pertaining to the petroleum industry, who are aptly termed scouts, as it is their duty to learn the condition of such wells by strategy or force. This new well is no exception to the rule. As soon as it began flowing heavily the owners secured the services of fifty Swedes, employed in peeling hemlock tan-bark in the vicinity, and set them to felling trees around the well, which is located in the midst of a vast forest. A plot eight hundred feet square, was marked out and the logs and brush cut were piled upon the lines of this square, forming a high palisade around the well, which was located in the center of the square, and then the Swedes were put on guard within the inclosure to prevent any one gaining admittance. The scouts arrived in due time, and began skirmishing around outside the fort, trying to gain an entrance, but while daylight lasted they were unsuccessful. When the friendly shades of night had fallen though, three of the most daring ones silently scaled the wall and cautiously crept through the trees and bushes, inside the inclosure, to the tanks into which the well was flowing, where they remained several hours, listening to the flows, and measuring the contents of the tanks, after which they silently stole away again. While the three were in the tanks, two others drilled a hole in the pipe line laid to convey the oil away from the well, and on which a pump was working, by which means they learned that no oil was passing through the pipe. On Saturday night they again gauged the tanks, twenty-four hours after the first measurement, and as no oil was pumped away, they knew the exact output of the well for that day. Luckily, the scouts were not detected at this work, or they would have been roughly handled.

Perhaps the most notable of oil "mysteries" was the well on lot 646, Cherry Grove township, in Warren county, which was drilled to the sand last March. The well was a rank "wildcat" of great interest to the trade, and as it was generally understood it would be made a mystery scouts were detailed to watch it some time before it reached the oil-bearing level. None of them succeeded in getting any reliable information from it, though, except one, "Si" Hughes, who had made his way through the picket line and lay under the derrick floor for forty-nine hours without food, in freezing weather, and in a position where he was deluged with water every time the sand pump was used. The result of the well, which started in May with a production of 1,000 barrels a day, is well known, and Mr. Hughes received from various parties $50,000 for the information he suffered such hardships to gain. He also was given an interest in the oil company, which purchased lands adjacent to the well, from which he realized a handsome sum. This company was the Anchor Oil Company, which owns the new Forest County mystery. The scouts are men chosen on account of their thorough knowledge of the oil business, their activity, their daring and their training to close observation of minute details. They are not only employed to watch "mysteries," but also to compile statistics of the production of the oil fields and report the capacities of new wells which are not guarded, and among them are found most of the oil reporters of the oil region newspapers. Their pay is various. Some of them work for salaries ranging from $100 to $200 per month and expenses, while others work for brokers and receive one-half the profits made on all transactions made on the strength of their information. Some of these have made snug fortunes during the past two months. Taken as a class, they represent some of the best intellects in the region.

—It is always "put up or shut up" with the umbrella.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—David Dudley Field is in his seventy-ninth year, and is the oldest practicing lawyer in the State of New York.

—The wardrobe of the Chinese Minister at Washington is valued, according to a correspondent, at $150,000. He never appears twice at receptions in the same dress, and they are all of the richest silks and satins.

—Colonel Willoughby Williams, of Nashville, owed about $300,000 at the end of the war. Though then nearly seventy years old, he went to work, and before his death, which occurred recently, he had paid every cent of his debts.

—The success of American magazines in England has led the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to arrange with a firm of London publishers to issue their monthly in London a few days later than its appearance in Boston.

—Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" did not sell well, and his publishers returned 706 copies of an edition of 1,000. Thoreau stored them in his attic, and then boasted that he had a library of nearly 900 volumes, of which 700 were books he wrote himself.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Each of the daily newspapers of Richmond has lost through death its chief editor within about one year. Alexander A. Moseley of the *Dispatch*, Captain John Hampden Chamberlayne of the *State*, and lastly James A. Cowardin of the *Dispatch*.

—Anna Dickinson has withdrawn from the stage and is living with her sister and aged mother at Honesdale, Pa. "She and her family," says a friendly writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, "are poor, but proud as ever." Anna has been importuned by her friends to return to the rostrum, but she will not listen to anything of the kind.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who has been elevated to the judicial bench, is the author of a treatise on "The Common Law," which has been pronounced by the foremost British authorities to be "the most original work of legal speculation which has appeared in English since the publication of Sir Henry Maine's 'Ancient Law.'"

—Abdul Kerim Pasha, who is coming to America to make arrangements for the emigration of some of Arabi Pasha's followers, is one of the most famous oriental scholars. He is a graduate of Cambridge University and an eloquent lecturer. He has translated "Homer" into Arabic, and several works into English, and has been decorated by Italy, Russia, France and Turkey.

—Rev. Joseph Cook has lectured round the world, and he did not find that the vaunted metaphysical acumen of the Brahmins of India amounted to much, but socially the better classes throughout the East delighted him. "Their reasonment," he says, "astonished me very much. I attended a dinner party given by a Chinese millionaire, at which each of us partook of two cups of birds'-nest soup, which I learned cost him five dollars a cup."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Thurlow Weed," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "was the last of the great editors of the old school. Crosswell, Ritchie and Prentice passed away long before him. Greeley, Raymond and Bennett came between the old and the new—with much of the personality of the former and something of the broad journalistic grasp of the latter—and they, too, went before the master spirit of the earlier day."

HUMOROUS.

—When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella, they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half, they are married.

—"Almost a bad disaster" is a heading in an exchange. We are now engaged in a wild search for a good disaster.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

—Plug hats cause baldness. But it is worth something to be a gentleman—which you cannot convince a man in a plug that he is not.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Ah, excuse me," exclaimed an Arkansaw man as he knocked down a stranger in the street. "I thought that you were a friend of mine. My eyesight is failing me, so that I'll have to wear glasses."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—One cannot but view with alarm the reported growth of sponge culture in Florida, for any one who has suffered from the experience knows that the cultured sponge is the very worst of the whole species.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Prof. Tyndall says there will be a wonderful change in the appearance of Niagara Falls in five thousand years. It is quite likely that there will also be a remarkable change in ourselves by that time. Any how, we shall see.—*Norristown Herald.*

—It was but a simple pin, *Puck* says, on a chair, and the little boy did grin like a bear when the teacher took a seat, and in manner very fleet flew a half a hundred feet in the air. This the teacher didn't th annoy, and he chants, and no pardon to the boy quick he grants. But he grabs the indiscreet little boy and him doth beat till he rather spoils the seat of his "pants."

—When he had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose and said: "Gen'len, if it wasn't for de wheels on a wagon the wagon wouldn't move. When de wheels is on, den what?" "Grease!" solemnly exclaimed an old man. "Kerrect!" whispered the President, softly rubbing his hands together. "We hez de wagon an' de wheels. We will now pass de bat aroun' for de grease."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A white man not long since sued a black man in one of our courts, and while the trial was before the Judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court. "A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the Judge; "it must be in writing. "Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the reconciled parties, "pray what does your honor want more than this?"—*Chicago Times.*

—The man who offers to pay his landlady fifty cents a week extra if she will see that a butter plate is always before him at dinner, may be said to have undertaken to make an extradition treaty. We own up to the badness of that pun, but it isn't so bad as one a friend of ours made when he said the clothes worn by the University students, and which seem intended to advertise their wearers as collegians, have a five cent, that is, "Harvard I'm."—*Boston Post.*

—"I wish I was the trapper and was tied to the stake, going to be burned alive by the Indians," said little Johnny Fizzletop, who was reading a dime novel on the sofa. "Why do you wish to be in such a horrible predicament?" asked his mother. "Because, in the last chapter, the trapper scalps Jeewhillikins Jim, the Jumping Jackass of Juniper Jungle, and his Indian allies, and carries off White Fawn, the lovely maiden, in triumph to his mountain fastness." "I think there is too much fastness, anyhow, about the boys of Austin," remarked his mother, thoughtfully.—*Texas Siftings.*

Supposing a Case.

He said he didn't intend to stay a minute, had just dropped in to ask a little advice on a business matter.

"Suppose," he continued, that I wanted to raise a thousand dollars to meet a sudden emergency?"

"Yes."

"I would naturally go to the bank?"

"You would."

"I would give a note for ninety days, and it would have to be indorsed?"

"Exactly."

"And in case you indorsed it for me—"

"I should expect to be obliged to pay it! Good morning."

Our Young Readers.

GOOD RESOLUTION.

What shall be motives be
This year of the present year?
Shall they be for evil,
Or shall they bring good cheer?

Shall the Angel Reapers
Find search for wheat in vain?
Or shall they find a store
Of ripened, golden grain?

Shall my heart be growing
A crop of evil deeds?
Or cared-for produce
A harvest of good seeds?

Shall my hands cease labor
Because the work is hard?
Or shall I with new vigor
Discouragements discard?

Shall my life be wasted,
And time be spent in vain?
Or, constantly improve
Each moment for my gain?

Shall I cultivate the thorn
And let the roses go?
Or strive root in the five,
That flowers sweet may grow?

With careful watch, I'll give
The tares and thorns no room;
Herb grasses from the spheres
Within my heart shall bloom.

That, when the Angel Reapers
Bind up the golden grain,
They find in me a harvest—
A life not spent in vain.

—*Ada S. Cummings, in Golden Rule.*

TINKEY'S FAIRY WISHES.

Tinkey lay under a wide-spreading apple-tree, upon a bed of half-dried grass, that was not yet hay, but smelling not the most delicious perfume of clover blossoms. The thick leaves of the tree made a cool shade where Tinkey was lying. He's ecluded as to which or Mrs. Davidson would have ice-cream at the party to which Tinkey and his brothers and sisters were invited that afternoon.

"It must be be very rich to be able to do it," thought Tinkey, lastly, "and I might have had as much money once, if I had only wished for it. If I had another such a chance—"

"Well, what would you do with it if you had?"

Tinkey sat bolt upright and stared. That clear, clear voice was certainly one he had heard before, and right in front of him, daintily balanced upon the tiniest of hay-ricks, was the little old woman fairy, in her red cloak and pointed cap.

"Oh," said Tinkey, "are you going to let me have another wish?"

"Well," said the fairy, "you don't seem to make much out of one wish. Suppose I give you a dozen or twenty."

"Oh!" cried Tinkey.

"Yes," said the little old woman. "I am going to see to-day how much you are to be trusted with having your own way. So, between now and sunset, I am going to let you have everything you wish for. Only, remember this: you can have but one wish for one thing. No 'takings back,' you understand. So if you wish yourself a goose, a goose you will have to remain. Good-bye."

Tinkey tried to decide upon the treasures he should collect between that hour and sunset. To test his power, he said, with an air of command:

"I wish for a plate of ice-cream."

There it was, right in his hand, cold, white, delicious, and, to Tinkey's amazement, no matter how fast he ate, the white heap upon the plate did not grow any smaller; but when he had had enough, and put down the plate on the hay, it melted in a second—spoon, plate and cream vanishing like a dew-drop in the sun.

But, while he was still thinking of that, the dinner-horn sounded faint and far away.

"Oh dear!" sighed lazy Tinkey. "I wish I was at the table."

The wish was scarcely formed before he felt himself lifted up and shot across the meadows, in at the kitchen door, and plump into his chair, with a whizzing rapidity that took his breath away, and raised a serious doubt in his mind whether walking was not preferable to this sort of fairy locomotion.

There was a great confusion of voices all through dinner, the children hurrying through the meal to dress for Mrs. Davidson's.

"Your clothes are all on your bed," Tinkey's mother said, as he went up-stairs, "and remember your new suit must be your best one all summer."

Tinkey rushed to his room, entirely forgetting the fairy and her promise.

The new suit, a pretty light gray, lay upon the bed, while on a chair were his new shoes. Tinkey took up the pretty pair of gray pants. It was the very first city-made suit he had ever possessed, his usual dress being the outgrown clothing of his older brother. But this one suit was all his own, made for him, fitting him, and he handled it carefully. It was still buttoned up, as it had come home, and, taking his seat upon the side of the bed, Tinkey unbuttoned one button, a second, but the third seemed to be too large for the button-hole, and would not come through. He twisted it and pushed it, coaxed it and jerked it, pushed it to the right, pulled it to the left, till he got red in the face, lost his temper, and cried out:

"Bother the old pants! I wish they were in Jericho."

One jerk freed them from Tinkey's hold, and they soared into the air, as if with wings, escaping his outstretched hands, and flying through the open window like some huge, awkward bird, the new blue suspenders dangling provokingly out of reach.

Tinkey was ready to cry, but, instead, said:

"I wish for another pair of pants."

But the wish was unheard or unheeded in fairyland, and he never obeyed that he could not have two wishes for any one thing.

"Why can't I remember to think before I speak?" thought Tinkey, ruefully taking up his every-day pants, thrown aside with such contempt.

"Perhaps they won't show much with a new coat and vest," thought Tinkey.

A call from down-stairs hurried him.

"We're all ready, Tinkey! Come!"

All ready! There was no time, then, to lose.

Tinkey caught up his new shoes and thrust in one foot. Voices from down-stairs were impatiently shouting: "Tinkey! Tinkey!" as he tugged violently, but without avail, at the shoe his mother had thought had better be "one size larger."

"Oh, come on!" said Tinkey. "I wish the shoes were twice as big!"

On slipped the shoe as easily as if it had been greased, Tinkey's foot lost in its suddenly increased size. Twice as big! To the round eyes gazing at them they looked as big as the barn, and if any little reader doubts it, let him measure twice the length and breadth of his boot, and put a foot upon the measure.

Tinkey kicked the shoe into the corner of the room with a passionate sob.

"I won't go!" he cried. "I won't wear my old pants and shoes with a great patch on them!"

"Are you never coming?" shouted Bob from down-stairs.

"I'll walk over! Don't wait for me!" Tinkey answered, and could hear them all laugh as Fannie said:

"Tinkey's prinking! Won't he be fine?"

Should he go? Mrs. Davidson's annual party was not to be lightly set aside, and was one of the great pleasures in Tinkey's quiet country life. Perhaps, among so many, his dress would not be noticed. Very listlessly he took up the blacking-brush, and polished his old shoes to such perfection that, after all, the patches were scarcely seen, and with a lighter heart, Tinkey sprang to complete his dressing. The mirror, by the aid of which he arranged his collar and neck-tie, did not reflect his pants, and the pretty silk tie was very becoming. Actually, Tinkey was whistling when he took up the comb to part his hair.

Now, Tinkey's hair was what old nurses call "stubborn," and the more Tinkey brushed, the more persistently it stuck out. He parted it on the left; he tried a parting on the right; he made a lovely white line down the middle; he "banged" it over his forehead, and each way looked worse than the last.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't any hair!" cried impatient Tinkey.

Was there a rain of feathers! What was that flying into his eyes, up his nostrils, tickling his ears, down his throat, the moment he opened wide in amazement! Hair! half a hair! The whole room seemed to be full of it, flying here and there, as if every hair was a fairy laughing at Tinkey's dismay. And when at last it had all swept itself with one grand rush out at the open window, Tinkey's head was as bald as a china door-knob.

He gave one despairing glance at the mirror, caught up his old coat, crammed his polo cap tightly over his bald pate, and rushed out of the house. Nobody noticed him as he ran, not to Mrs. Davidson's, but into the woods, into the deepest shadow he could find under the tall trees, where he threw himself down and cried like a baby.

"No wonder father says: 'Think first, speak afterward,'" sobbed Tinkey. "A pretty looking object I have made of myself, and I cannot imagine what mother will say about my shoes and pants. And they must be having such a nice time now, playing all sorts of games. I've half a mind to wish it would pour rain. No, I won't! I am not quite such a beast as that, anyhow! Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish—no! no! I don't wish anything. Dear me! I was just going to wish I was in a snow-bank! Now, I won't make another foolish wish; not one! And as I can't go to the party such a guy, I'll just think, as hard as ever I can, of real sensible things.

"Oh, what shall I wish for first?" he thought, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk. "I wonder if it isn't best to wish for a million dollars, and then I can buy everything I want. I don't believe I would get it. I wish for a dollar!" he cried aloud, and felt in the palm of his hand a pressure of something round. There it lay, a bright silver dollar, shining as if it had just left the mint.

"I do believe I can have them!" thought Tinkey, who had been rather "scared at the magnitude of his proposed wish, but I must hurry up; the sun is certainly going down." He stood up and waved his arm aloft.

"I wish for a million dollars!" he cried. In a second the great silver dollars rained down upon him, as if every leaf in the trees above his head had been turned into coin. They flew into his face, striking him with their sharp, dentelle edges, bruising his cheeks, his nose, his eyes; they piled up around him, each one hitting a blow as it fell; his feet were jammed fast, his legs his knees, he was being hoisted up in a silver prison, and yet the air was full of this metal shotstorm.

"Oh, I shall be smothered, buried alive!" cried poor, frightened Tinkey, trying vainly to run away, and throwing out his arms in every direction, as he tried to break the stinging, bruising pieces of coin, that were threatening to cover him entirely.

"Oh, what shall I do? Stop! I wish you to stop! I shall be killed!"

Then he heard a mocking little laugh, and on one silver dollar that balanced itself in the air, just before his eyes, he saw the fairy lady, laughing at his dismay.

"Stop!" she cried, moving her crutch, and the dollars settled down upon the trees, the bushes, the grass, on Tinkey's shoulders, on his cap, and on the pile in which he already stood waist-deep.

"So you don't want a million dollars!" she said. "I can't find out what you do want. I give you everything you wish for and yet you are not satisfied!"

She cast down on the dollar that rocked gently in the air.

"There is nothing like a million dollars here yet," she said, "but you can have what is wanting to complete that suit in your bible."

"No! no!" cried Tinkey, seizing the crutch lifted. "What is the use of a million dollars if you are buried alive in them? I wish you would go away, and let me alone!" he burst out