THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I had a bright and happy boy,
His step was light, his heart was gay;
With whistles, marbles gun and toy,
He played each fleeting, livelong day.

Gold play he was a train of cars,
And, swiftly gliding down the street,
Would stop for neither fence nor bars,
Or any one he'd chance to meet.

He whistled for the crossings loud,
Nor would he look to left or right;
His thoughts soared higher than the clouds,
Or swallows in their homeward flight.

He brought me comfort every day,
For he was such a little man;
And in the future, far away,
He'd picture many a treasured plan.

Sometimes my heart grew strangely sad,
While gazing on his little form,
And yearned to shield him from all bad,
From every tempest, cloud and storm.

I prayed for help each passing day,
To guide his little, busy feet,
And lead him in the Heavenly way,
At last to walk the golden street.

One day, when all the flowers had gone,
There came, as only angels can,
A messenger, and carried home
My noble hearted little man.

—*Toledo Blade.*

THE LETTER THAT WENT WRONG.

A Poor Man's Experience in Chicago in the Panic of 1873.

Mr. John Olson, a well-to-do business man, was at his office engaged in opening and reading letters. Mr. Olson had made the long journey from his residence to his place of business in a very comfortable frame of mind. The steady, cold rain had kept many people at home, and he had had a seat in the car all the way down, a something that did not occur very often. With his whiskers still damp from the short walk from the point where he left the car to his office, with his feet comfortably near the fire in the grate, with the drafts, money-orders and bank notes turning up frequently in his letters, Mr. Olson was happier, possibly, than if no storm had been raging outside. The contrast caused him to feel delightfully secure in his comfort, and he smoked his morning cigar and leisurely read letter after letter.

Mr. Olson was an enthusiastic and energetic business man, but there were times when he liked to take things easy, and this morning was one of them. He could not recall a morning, as he read a letter inclosing a check for fifty dollars, when he had felt more inclined to take his ease, or enjoy his cigar and fire and easy chair. The next letter, opened lazily and with eyes half shut, did not contain any money, and the opening words, "My dear Husband," caused a general change of attitude on the part of the reader.

"Mistake. Not for me," thought Mr. Olson, as he looked again at the address on the envelope. "Yes, it is. John Olson, Esq., plain as the nose on a man's face. And Olson is not a common name. Our family was the only one in our State, in the East, and since we came here, seven or eight months ago, have not heard of a man of the name. Let's look at the signature."

This was the tenor of Mr. Olson's thoughts, as he took up the letter again, turned to the last page and read: "Your loving wife, Mary J. Olson."

"My wife's name. What's my wife writing to me for?" questioned the man, in a confused way, and for the moment entertaining only the thought that the letter was from his wife, he was reading:

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have not the heart to write much. It is all trouble here. I am distressed beyond endurance. The men came last night and took away the sewing-machine, and talked horridly to me because I insisted we had paid twenty dollars, when they said we had only paid five dollars, and I am sure you told me twenty dollars. I never thought men could talk to me as they did. Then the man who owns the house abused me and threatened me, and even our old butcher and grocer have bullied and insulted me. I have no money—not a cent, when I pay postage on this letter—and there is scarcely a thing in the house to eat. I tried to pawn my bracelets and pin this morning, and the man offered me three dollars for them and you know they cost fifty dollars. And he bullied me, and I thought I should go distracted. Oh! it is terrible, John. I don't see why all the bad luck comes to us, while others prosper. I wish I was dead—that's what I do. Do send me a little money, if it's only a dollar, and tell me what to do. Your loving wife,

MARY J. OLSON.

John Olson, of the easy chair, was shocked beyond measure. He pushed the letters with money aside for his book-keeper, and thinking the man to whom the letter was addressed must be found immediately (Mr. Olson had resolved to go to him, explain how the letter came into his possession, and help him, if need be,) he called:

"Mr. Bradford, take the directory and see how many Olsons there are in town, will you?"

Mr. Bradford, from behind his high desk, in the next room, said: "Yes, sir," and there was quiet. Mr. Olson had been married two years. Here was a woman who wrote almost as good a hand as his wife—in fact, the writing of the two was very much alike—destitute and desperate. He could not imagine what his wife would do under like circumstances, and yet, with bankrupt firms all about him, he understood that present prosperity afforded little guarantee against poverty. He absolutely shivered as he thought of the little woman who had followed him to the door that morning to kiss him and caution him about going down the steps and about getting on the cars—he shivered as he thought of her, desperate and destitute, and subjected to rudeness, and he was shaking his fist, mentally, at the offending ruffians, when the crisp voice of Mr. Bradford ejaculated with statistical bluntness: "Two hundred and seventy-five, sir."

"What do you mean?" questioned the unrealizing Mr. Olson.

"That there are two hundred and seventy-five Olsons in town, sir."

"What?"

There was so much astonishment in this tremendous "what" that Mr. Bradford came forward to explain.

"How many John Olsons?" questioned the thunderstruck owner of the much-used name.

"Two, four, eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, twenty-four—no, twenty-three, sir. Two artists, one blacksmith, four carpenters, five clerks, two book-keepers, one glazier, seven laborers, two merchants and——"

"That will do. Let me take the directory, please."

One glance at the directory convinced Mr. Olson that Mr. Bradford had stated the case correctly. He looked at the long list of Olsons in stupid astonishment, not unmixed with indignation. Here was a muddle. How could he find the right man in such a town? He settled one question, however. He inclosed five dollars in a sheet of blank paper, and putting this in an evelope mailed it at once to the unfortunate Mary J. Olson, saying to himself that he would look up Mr. John Olson at his leisure. He returned the letter to the post-office, with the indorsement, "Opened by mistake by John Olson, 215 Blank street," and forgot the man for the day.

He told the story to his wife that evening, and she was intensely interested, and, practical little woman that she was, she proceeded to consider plans for finding the man. It was finally agreed that the campaign should be opened by inserting an advertisement in the morning papers. Mr. Olson knew that thousands of persons were out of employment and that all of those who could find opportunity eagerly scanned the "want" columns of the great dailies in hope of finding promise of something to do. And one morning, not long after, thousands of eager eyes read: "Mr. John Olson, formerly of Pittsburgh, is requested to report at 215 Blank street, where he will learn of something to his advantage." Mrs. Olson wrote this advertisement herself, and she prided herself on the little track of putting in that little word "advantage." This, she argued, would surely bring the man, whereas a cold, unpromising statement would not.

The second morning after the appearance of the advertisement, three men were waiting for Mr. Olson when he entered his office. One of these entered his private office with easy assurance, before he had removed his overcoat, and placing the advertisement he had clipped from the paper on Mr. Olson's desk, stated that he had come in answer to the request contained therein.

This man was not shabbily dressed, and he affected the air of a superior man, compelled by circumstances to do what he would not do were he not in distress. Mr. Olson had imagined that his namesake was a shallow man, with tremendous promise on the surface, like the smooth-faced, soft-haired individual now before him, and he was about to tell the story of the letter and say plainly that he was ready to assist the man to help his family, when a glance from Mr. Bradford caused a change of programme. This glance had the confidence of "figures won't lie" in it, and intimated that the visitor was a fraud. Mr. Olson, without accepting the estimate, resolved to be on his guard. The man stated that his name was Olson, and in answer to a direct question, said his wife and two small children were in the city and in a condition bordering on destitution. He disliked to admit it, but such was the case; he had come from Pittsburgh just after his marriage, and had been quite well to do until the panic spoiled all his plans.

Mr. Olson informed the man, who was much inclined to enlarge upon his woes, that he was not the person wanted, and was at once appealed to to give the applicant enough money to purchase a breakfast. The money was given, and with a profound bow of thanks the man departed, apparently in a very happy frame of mind. Mr. Bradford explained that the man's name was not Olson, and that he had made a business of answering advertisements where assurance and a pathetic story could easily be made to do duty.

Mr. Olson was, therefore, indignant when the second man entered and stated that Mrs. O'Brien's boy had told him while he was putting in Mrs O'Brien's coal, that John Olson was wanted at 215 Blank street, and here he was. He was a laboring man, had always lived in the city, and knew nothing of Pittsburgh. He departed with: "No harm done, stranger."

The third man was stout and hearty, except, as he remarked, in the matter of clothes. Mrs. Smith had told his wife about the advertisement, and as he came from Pittsburgh about '59, and as his wife had insisted that it might mean him, he thought he would call. He didn't expect a gold mine, or anything of that kind, but thought somebody had a job of work that would bring in a few cents for the babies. After answering several questions he received the announcement that he was not the man in the best humor. "I thought so. I never am—but wife, you know, she thought I ought to come." This time Mr. Olson said: "No harm done, sir. Leave your name and I may be able to throw some work in your way." And the man departed in great glee.

Mr. John Olson was disappointed, and as he laughingly related the circumstances to his wife, he asked: "Well, what will we do next?"

They did nothing, although they felt keenly that something ought to be done. Two days afterward, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, a lady in waterproof suit entered Mr. Olson's office to report that, as one of the ladies' benevolent society, she had found in her district a man who answered to the name of John Olson, and who, she had ascertained, had lived at Pittsburgh. This man had been very sick for three weeks, and was still very low. He had been cared for during this time by a family in not the best circumstances, and although they had borne the extra burden without complaint, if the man had relatives or friends they should look after him. Her attention had been called to the advertisement by a man who the day before had shoveled the snow from the sidewalk in front of her house, and she had called with the hope of finding help for the invalid and relief for the family.

Mr. Olson stated briefly the relations he held to the case, and then went with the lady to the house—a house with three rooms, sheltering man and wife, several children and the invalid. The man had been for a few days a fellow-laborer with the master of the house, and when taken sick they took him in. They knew little about him, and had not known, until the fever left him, that he was married and that his wife was living.

The sick-bed scene was not an unusual one, and yet it startled Mr. Olson when he entered the room. The attitude, expression, and general appearance of the man suggested an almost forgotten something that he could not recall. There was some element in this picture that had been present in some other picture—and yet, he could not recall any features of the other picture. He simply entered the sick room with more superstitious uneasiness than he had ever felt before on such an occasion.

The invalid was very weak, and he spoke with touching humility and tenderness of his wife. He seemed a very child in his over-anxiety to have the listeners think well of her. His one great desire now was that some one should write to his wife and say that he had been sick—not that he was sick—and this fact explained why he had not written to her. She was very excitable, and he hoped some one would write very carefully so as to not needlessly alarm her. He had thought the matter all over, and he desired his wife to dispose of their little property in the Eastern city and go to his father's, who was a farmer, and remain there until he was able to start new in life.

The letter was written and mailed, and Mr. Olson became much interested in the sick man. The bearing of the invalid was peculiar. It was evident that he had been greatly disappointed and made desperate by misfortunes, and that he was now suffering from remorse and busying himself with new resolves. He did not grow stronger, and it was generally believed he would not. When Mr. Olson had read the complaining letter from the wife of the man now an invalid he thought the case was bad. When he could not find the man addressed, it had seemed to him much worse. When he did find the man, sick and helpless, and remembered that a wife destitute and desperate in one large city was appealing to a husband not only destitute but dangerously sick in another large city, he knew it could not be much worse. And in all his consideration of the case he thought most of the woman.

One evening as Mr. Olson was about to leave his office a woman entered hurriedly, and, announcing that she was Mrs. Olson, wife of the sick man, desired to be informed where she could find her husband. Her agitation, the misery expressed on her face, the eager, pitiful questioning of her eyes, almost called tears from the man, who answered her inquiries and then asked:

"You received my letter containing the directions dictated by your husband?"

"Yes. But did you suppose I would do it? I was nearly frantic. I determined to come to John if I had to walk every step. The people helped me and here I am. Is he very sick? Poor fellow, and I didn't know it? Why didn't you write me sooner?"

Mr. Olson explained and went with the woman to see her husband, thinking that the features of the case did not improve. After meeting her husband the woman was so much distressed and agitated that it seemed as though the family were to have two invalids on their hands instead of one.

A week of anxiety passed, and the man was pronounced out of danger. Something had caused him to take a more cheerful view of life, and he was already considering plans for the future and talking incessantly about them. He was coming up from his sick bed a changed man. He had been suspicious, defiant, reserved through all the previous years of his life from boyhood. He had been uniformly unfortunate, even in his married life. The great trouble had been that he had convinced himself that his wife did not love him. His jealousy once aroused, he attached great weight to every trifling circumstance, and many of his projects failed simply because he had no great desire to succeed. His wife's complaints were reproaches that maddened him. And finally he left home with the intention to never return. He sent what little money he earned home, but his wife's complaints followed him in her letters. He forgot that she did not understand his intentions and took a mournful satisfaction in denying himself that he might send her money. Finally there came a time when he could earn no money, and the frenzy incident thereto made him one of the wildest of the working men, appealing for aid, and the excitement and exposure incident to his destitution ended in sickness and despair. He had gone down with a heart full of bitterness and suspicion. He came up with a heart tender from its over-fullness of thankfulness. The fact that his wife had overcome so many difficulties in coming to him and had exhibited such anxiety as to his recovery, and such untiring devotion, had cleared his vision wonderfully. A woman who could so care for a man must love him, and, casting all suspicions aside, he had resolved to commence life anew in more ways than one.

This confession was made to his friend, John Olson, when the latter told him the story of receiving the wrong letter.

There were several happy people in that little house when John Olson, invalid, took his first step, supported by John Olson, his friend. That they was a nearer relationship they did not know until the grandmother of the latter, weeks afterwards, traced it out, and then were all the mysterious, shadowy suggestions of the sick-bed scene explained. And this good old grandmother says, very reverently, that God's hand was in the letter that went wrong, and that both men had to recognize it. And while the young men take a slightly different view, they thank God all the same.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The Healthfulness of Humor.

A wise physician, who never studied medicine, says that a laugh will cure anything, from hypochondria to the mumps. I believe it. If a man can get up enough vitality to laugh he is in a fair way to throw off disease. The only way that health is ever restored is by vital reaction. Drugs do not repair the system—they only produce the proper conditions under which it may repair itself. And laughter does this better than drugs. It is itself part of the restorative process. It stirs the blood and wakens up the slumbering forces of life, and send the very thrill of health along the benumbed and feeble nerves. Come to us with cheer, ye faithful servitors of the sick, and ye shall wake us from the very slumber of death. How many sinking ones have been saved by the blessed influence of a laugh!

But there is a sickness of the mind which is ministered to by humor, as well as a sickness of the body. The soul has pulses that need quickening. The man who is not susceptible to genuine humor, or who shuts every avenue against it, is in a fair way to become a hypochondriac and a suicide. The human mind needs the enlivening influence of laughter. I believe that every man ought to have at least three good laughs a day, to keep him in moral and intellectual health: and I would have these laughs come, if possible, at the table. Three times a day we all relax the active powers of the mind and body, and seek to refresh and recuperate the energies by food and pleasant conversation. I think the latter is almost as much an energizer as the former, because it brightens and warms and strengthens the mind, just as the food ministers to the body. We must have healthy minds as well as healthy bodies, in order to be at our best. The man who has a depressed feeling mentally, can hardly enjoy the highest physical vigor. Table humor is one of the most healthful things in the world. And how natural it is, when the mind is in its normal condition—a very provision of nature for the happy assimilation of bodily and mental vigor at the same time. If one of the family has a good story, or a pleasant bit of news, or a little personal quip coming to him in a moment of relaxation, does he not save it in his memory, like a bit of uninvested capital, until the hour when all are gathered again about the table? He will not waste his treasure by expending it before the time. When he invests he wishes to be as large a shareholder as possible in the general mirth. And he gains a double share of profit by holding his contribution until the right time. It is appreciated to the full, blessing both him who gives and him who receives. The mind is lightened, and perhaps cleared of little depressing cares by its influence; pleasure and surprise, twin elements of humor, send a flush to every cheek, and brighten every eye. It quickens both mental and physical appetite, and puts the whole system in better condition to receive benefit from food and rest. Humor is certainly most healthful when it is enjoyed at the proper season, and there could be no more fitting season than the times of natural rest and refreshment.

There are some people who are always bubbling over with humor, in season and out of season—everything is turned by their Midas touch to sparkling merriment. What unconscious physicians these people are! It doeth one good like a medicine to hear their voices, and to see their funny faces, always running over with laughter, like a mountain spring. The healthiest and the longest lived persons almost always have a tang of humor in their make-up. There is something wonderfully preservative in laughter. A man who can not laugh is like a tree from which the worms or the winds have stripped all its leaves. It soon grows feeble and sapless, and dies before its time. The healthy tree laughs with its myriad leaves for generation after generation, sound at heart and beautiful to look upon; and when it dies, the woodman cuts it down, and finds the allotted number of rings in the firm white wood, and a core as sound and sweet as the sapling's. So it is with the man whose disposition is one of sunshine and laughter. He lives merrily, and dies cheerily, and the world is better for him. His memory does not pass away, like that of the sour, glum misanthropic. There may be grander things about a man than his humor, but there is nothing by which he will be remembered so long. After his wisdom and his learning are forgotten, if he ever laughed, that laugh will be his memorial. It will go ringing on, when every other utterance has died away. Happy are they who indulge in happy laughter.—*Paul Pastnor, in Chicago Interior.*

A Pleasing Experiment.

Every time I try to improve my mind with science I resolve that I will never do it again, and then I always go and do it. Science is so dreadfully tempting that you can hardly resist it. Mr. Travers says that if anybody once gets into the habit of being a scientific person there is little hope that he will ever reform, and he says he has known good men who became habitual astronomers, and actually took to prophesying weather, all because they yielded to the temptation to look through telescopes, and to make figures on the blackboard with chalk.

I was reading a lovely book the other day. It was all about balloons and parachutes. A parachute is a thing you fall out of a balloon with. It is something like an open umbrella, only nobody ever borrows it. If you hold a parachute over your head and drop out of a balloon, it will hold you up so that you will come down to the ground so gently that you won't be hurt the least bit.

I told Tom Maginnis about it, and we said we would make a parachute, and jump out of the second-story window with it. It is easy enough to make one, for all you have to do is to get a big umbrella and open it wide, and hold on to the handle. Last Saturday afternoon Tom came over to my house, and we got ready to try what the book said was "a pleasing scientific experiment."

We didn't have the least doubt that the book told the truth. But Tom didn't want to be the first to jump out of the window—neither did I—and we thought we'd give Sue's kitten a chance to try a parachute, and see how she liked it. Sue had an umbrella that was made of silk, and was just the thing to suit the kitten. I knew Sue wouldn't mind lending the umbrella, and as she was out making calls, and I couldn't ask her permission, I borrowed the umbrella and the kitten, and meant to tell her all about it as soon as she came home. We tied the kitten fast to the handle of the umbrella, so as not to hurt her, and then dropped her out of the window. The wind was blowing tremendously hard, which I supposed was a good thing, for it is the air which holds up a parachute, and of course the more wind there is, the more air there is, and the better the parachute will stay up.

The minute we dropped the cat and the umbrella out of the window the wind took them and blew them clear over the fence into Deacon Smedley's pasture before they struck the ground. This was all right enough, but the parachute didn't stop after it struck the ground. It started across the country about as fast as a horse could run, hitting the ground every few minutes and then bouncing up into the air and coming down again, and the kitten kept clawing at everything, and yowling as if she was being killed. By the time Tom and I could get down stairs the umbrella was about a quarter of a mile off. We chased it till we couldn't run any longer, but we couldn't catch it, and the last we saw of the umbrella and the cat they were making splendid time toward the river, and I'm very much afraid they were both drowned.

Tom and I came home again, and when we got a little rested we said we would take the big umbrella and try the pleasing scientific experiment; at least I said that Tom ought to try it, for we had proved that a little silk umbrella would let a kitten down to the ground without hurting her, and of course a great big umbrella would hold Tom up all right. I didn't care to try it myself, because Tom was visiting me, and we ought always to give up our own pleasures in order to make our visitors happy.

After a while Tom said he would do it, and when the wind blew hard he jumped.

It is my opinion, now that the thing is all over, that the umbrella wasn't large enough, and that if Tom had struck the ground he would have been hurt. He went down awfully fast, but by good luck the grocer's man was just coming out of the kitchen door as Tom came down, and he lit right on the man's head. It is wonderful how lucky some people are, for the grocer's man might have been hurt if he hadn't happened to have a bushel basket half full of eggs with him, and as he and Tom both fell into the eggs, neither of them was hurt.

They were just getting out from among the eggs when Sue came in with some of the ribs of her umbrella that somebody had fished out of the river and given to her. There didn't seem to be any kitten left, for Sue didn't know anything about it, but father and Mr. Maginnis came in a few minutes afterward, and I had to explain the whole thing to them.

This is the last "pleasing scientific experiment" I shall ever try. I don't think science is at all nice, and, besides, I am awfully sorry about the kitten.—"*Johnny Brown,*" *in Harper's Young People.*

The Clock of Strassburg.

The late transit of Venus curiously proved the accurate calculations of the ancient makers of that famous horological curiosity, the Strassburg clock. A few days before the transit, the *American Register* tells us, visitors to the cathedral, inspecting in the planetarium attached to the clock, noticed that one of the small gilt balls representing Venus was gradually moving toward a point between the sun and the earth, and on the day of the passage the ball stood exactly between them. Old Conrad Dasypodius, the Strassburg mathematician, superintended the manufacture of the clock and its accompanying planetarium some time between 1571-74, the dates differing according to various authorities; and it is interesting to note that, after three hundred years of existence, the clock faithfully fulfills the calculations of its dead inventor.

A correspondent sends the foregoing, which is quoted from the London *Graphic*, expresses doubts of its correctness, and asks for information. One of our astronomical correspondents sends us the following notes:

The construction of a machine which could exhibit accurately the motions, distances and magnitude of the planets, and could be kept in running order for three hundred years, is an impossibility. Such a piece of mechanism would require the skill of the Great Architect of worlds.

The history of the Strassburg clock and the planetarium connected with it bears witness, like everything else, to the imperfection of workmanship, and the frequent necessity of changes and repairs.

The clock stands in the cathedral, and dates back to 1352, when it was put up under the patronage of Berthold de Buchek, at the time Bishop of Strassburg. As time passed on, the clock got out of order, and in 1547 three distinguished mathematicians were commissioned to put it in repair. They all died before the work was finished, and Conrad Dasypodius undertook the responsible task, which he completed in four years. The clock worked well until 1783, the year of the Great Revolution, when it struck for the last time.

It was left undisturbed for nearly fifty years, and fell into a dilapidated condition, mournful to behold. An effort was then made for its restoration. This was found to be impossible, for the works were rendered almost useless by rust and verdigris. Finally, Schwilgue, an artist and mathematician of Strassburg, undertook to repair, modify and reinstate the clock. He commenced the task in 1836, and, after working four years, completed it in 1840.

A mythical story is told of him, which does not redound to the honor of his fellow-citizens. It is said that he had engaged to construct a similar clock for the capital of one of the Swiss cantons, and that his ungrateful townsmen put out his eyes to prevent the fulfillment of the contract.

Schwilgue placed the mechanism of the old clock in the old casing, after skillful improvements and alterations, where it continues to be a source of proud satisfaction to the inhabitants of Strasburg, and an unfailing object of attraction to travelers from all quarters of the globe. Besides the remarkable performance connected with the regular clock-work, it shows the sidereal time, the movements of the planetary system and the precession of the equinoxes. It is claimed that the mechanism is so perfectly elaborated that it marks the 29th of February in every leap year.

It is not impossible that the planetarium may have marked the transit of Venus on the 6th of December last, for if the inclination of the orbits of Venus and the earth to the ecliptic is accurately represented, Venus must sometimes be at a point directly between the earth and the sun, and consequently make a transit over his disk. The possibility of such an occurrence probably never entered the mind of the ancient Conrad Dasypodius; much less had he power to make the accurate planetary arrangement to bring about a result, after a lapse of three hundred years, depending on contingencies then unknown. It was not until the seventeenth century that Kepler so far improved the planetary tables so as to predict that a transit of Venus would occur on the 6th of December, 1631.

We have no means of knowing what improvements Schwilgue made in the ancient piece of mechanism, but it is safe to say that absolute perfection was not attained. If Venus did actually wheel into line between the earth and sun on the 6th of last December, we are inclined to think it must have been a simple coincidence rather than a result of profound mathematical calculation. If such were not the case, why did we hear nothing of the transit of Venus in 1874, nor of the six transits of Mercury that have taken place since the planetarium was put in order in 1840?—*Scientific American.*

Making Shoes in Haste.

A few years ago it was by no means an uncommon thing to see advertisements by tailors proffering to make entire suits of clothes in forty-eight hours, or even less, competition forcing reduction to thirty, and in at least one instance to twenty-four hours. Whether it was that there were so few persons who demanded entire suits in such haste that the tailors found their expedition was uncalled for, or that the tailors found they could disappoint a customer just as well on a basis of a week as a day, those advertisements of active work faded gradually out of sight. The last traces of them were proffers of "a pair of pantaloons made in six hours," or "a vest made in four hours," and even those are seen no longer. But at their best the tailors really did nothing so very extraordinary. The feats have been accomplished of shearing wool from the sheep, carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, and making it into a suit of clothing complete within a single day, and in a like space of time an entire suit of clothes has been made from cotton that was in the bolls when the day began. It is hardly to be expected, however, that the best results were attained in such limited time. The latest advertisement of this sort is put forth by a Broadway shoemaker, who promises: "Shoes made to order in twenty-four hours."

"Oh, I can do better than that, if I want to," he said. "I can turn out a pair of shoes in twelve hours, or even less. It is now ten o'clock, a. m. Give your order for a pair of shoes now, and I'll warrant they will be ready for you at six o'clock this evening. How do I do it? By team work. It could not be done by single work. There are five distinct steps or processes in the making of the upper of a shoe, and no less than eleven in putting on and finishing the sole. In team work each of those sixteen processes is intrusted to an individual who does nothing else but that one particular thing all day long and week after week. In the dull season I work only one team, but in the busy season two teams. Each team can turn out one hundred and ten pairs a week. The dull season runs from the end of June to the middle of September, and from the middle of December to the middle or end of February. Team work has several advantages. It enables the men to earn better wages regularly than they would by single work—say ten dollars to fourteen dollars per week by the former and seven dollars to fifteen dollars by the latter—and at the same time renders the employer comparatively independent of the whims and possibly the intoxication of workmen, which is no small matter. Then a team turns out more work than an equal number of single workers could, and with better finish—since each man is expert on the one thing he does—with a uniformity that could not otherwise be obtained, and cheaper withal. But an employer must have a large business to justify him in keeping a team at work."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Outer Hebrides.

One mile from Mingalay lies South Bernera, the southernmost of the isles, a bold mass of gneiss, about a mile in length and half a mile in width, sloping gradually downward toward the east, but presenting to the western waves a precipitous front of about seven hundred feet in height, crowned with a magnificent light-house of granite and iron, such as may defy the wildest storm and warn all mariners to keep as far as possible from this deadly coast. It is said that this blessed light can be discerned at a distance of upward of thirty miles, but practically the height of the crag on which it has been placed is found to be a disadvantage, as its light is often shrouded in mist, while all is clear below.

Lonely indeed is the lot of the men in charge of this beacon light, left to their own resources on this uttermost isle, their only communication with the outer world being when, twice a year, the light-house stores are brought by a steamer, which can only lie to for a few hours, for there is no manner of anchorage, and the only possible landing-place is a shelving ledge of rock, on which if he who would go ashore he must spring at the moment when his boat rises on the crest of a wave, and then make the best of his way to the summit by scrambling up a slippery, shelving rock.

Once a year, too, a priest from Barra comes here to visit his little flock, numbering about two score—a fine, hardy, self-reliant race. Their isle supplies pasture for cows and goats, so they have the blessing of good milk; otherwise the sea-birds who congregate on the cliffs—puffins and auks, guillemots and kittiewakes—supply their larder with fresh meat in summer and salt meat for winter use; also, with oil for their lamps and feathers for bedding. When fishing is possible the boats go off to wrest a harvest from the sea—cuddies, haddock, herring, flounders, lythe and sythe, rock-codlings and skate. Eels they will not touch, but dog-fish are welcome, and are salted and dried for winter store.

In the spring time thousands of eggs are taken by bold cragsmen, who adventure and sometimes sacrifice their lives in this quest.—*All the Year Round.*

All About Tea.

In a great wholesale grocery on a large round table stood fifteen or twenty tin boxes filled with various brands of black and green teas. Close by two big brass kettles were singing over a kerosene stove.

"How do you judge of the quality of tea?" was asked of the salesman.

"By the feel," said he. "You see that green tea in that box labelled 'Suez Canal?' Well, that's a 'fixed up' cheap tea. You will notice that the curled leaves have a smooth, glazy look."

But the observer could not notice it. That particular tea looked to him very much like the green teas in a dozen other open tin boxes near by.

"Well," said the salesman, "we can. Of course it comes of long practice. We can tell the quality even by sight. That peculiar smooth look of the leaf is caused by treatment by machinery. It is probably done by whirling the leaves rapidly in a close box by means of fans and a dust mixture of some sort which coats the leaf.

"Are your country grocery buyers really any judges of tea?"

The salesman laughed. "No," he said. "Not one out of twenty. They come here and taste of the different decoctions as drawn for them, look wise over them and then end by offering a cent less per pound. How can you expect them to know anything of the flavor of a good cup of tea, when, as in so many American families, the tea is actually boiled or remains steeping on the stove for an hour until all the volatile essence—the real aroma and strength of the tea is gone—is stewed out of it and all that's left is dregs and tannin."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A Pleasant Kitchen Adjunct.

A lady writes from Australia to an English paper: "I constantly see in the papers sent me from England accounts of strange inquiries put by servants to their employers. While arranging with a cook some time ago I had a most extraordinary request made to me. The woman asked if she might bring her baby, which, she added hastily, would be no trouble, as it was pickled. It turned out that the poor little scrap was born and had died while its father was absent on a voyage from which he never returned. The mother, anxious to preserve the remains, and being ignorant of any other method, pickled the infant. She became so attached to her child in this state that she objected to be without it. I confess I felt a sympathy for her, and granted her request. I have never regretted it; she is a capital servant, and her poor little relic is quite unobjectionable. I feel sure your readers will view with horror the idea of such an inmate—yet, when rich people incur vast expense to embalm, and even cremate their dead, great sympathy is often felt with them, and no repugnance shown toward the expensive remains. My poor cook felt all the sentiment of wishing to have her beloved dead. Was it her fault that her way of having it was necessarily cheap and original?"

—"Annabel Jane."—Of course a woman can keep a secret. A great deal better than a man can. One little secret will last a woman through a two-hour shopping excursion, a mite society, a missionary circle, ten calls and a household-furniture auction, and there's enough of it left to tell her husband when he gets home. Now, a man would forget three-fifths of both ends of it before he could get half so far with it. A woman keep a secret? Annabel, she can keep it on the dead run more miles in more hours than a man can make it walk.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A standing army is needed to keep peace among the laborers on the Panama Canal. There are 8,000 laborers of all nationalities, and more than twenty have already been killed in faction fights.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The Marquis of Lorne, passing between a double tile of Niagara hackmen recently, raised his hat the entire distance. This, somebody explains, was the homage which nobility pays to wealth.—*N. Y. Times.*

As old butcher way out in Missouri,
With neuralgia, he suffered like fury,
St. Jacobs Oil banished
The pain which all vanished—
And prevented a coroner's jury.

A cranky old man named Blake,
Says St. Jacobs Oil "takes the cake."
He gave it one test,
And says its the best,
Cure in the world for backache.

"WHEN I was a young man," he said, as he walked up and down the platform, "we did not depend on our fathers. We made our own start in life. There is a much better show for young men to-day, and yet none of them strike out for themselves." "Do you know of a good opening?" timidly inquired a young man with a sample trunk under him. "Yes, sir; go to Tennessee, sir; there are mountains of iron in that State which can be had for fifty cents an acre." "Is that so?" "It is." "I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the young man, as he bit off the end of a twenty-center, "if you'll buy two or three of those mountains, set up a blast furnace, and get things booming, I'll come down and engineer it for a set of books for you at $150 per month. The self-made man took a walk down the track to hide his disgust.—*Wall Street News.*

A LADY writes: "Painful menstruation was the bane of my life. I dreaded those feelings of bearing down and that pain in the side and loins. Of late I got in the habit of using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It goes right to the spot, gives me strength and frees me from all pain. I think it is worth its weight in gold."

THE Conundrum Club's latest: "Why is death like the tag attached to a dog at the canine show in this city? Because they are both bound to a cur."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

IF your horses have sore shoulders, scratches, cuts or open sores of any kind, use Stewart's Healing Powder.

A "TOURIST" combination is playing in this city. The name is a pleasing one. Two wrists, when they are white and slender, make a combination with the back of a fellow's coat collar that few men can resist.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

HIGH praise—the applause from the gallery.

"I HATE to think of you as a dead-beat," observed a creditor the other day after vainly dunning a citizen who owed him a small bill. "Oh, as to that, don't hesitate a moment, sir!" was the reply. "If you only knew what I thought of you, you wouldn't have the least hesitation in letting yourself loose!"

A REPORT states that "the Maine trout brooks are lined with fishermen." That's nothing strange. Brooks where fish are known to exist are generally lined for rods. Are you fly enough to catch on to this?—*Boston Star.*

THINGS worth doing—Invitations to drink.—*Boston Star.*

"MAMMA," asked a little boy, "how can God hear me pray when He's so far away?" Before the mother could reply, the lad exclaimed: "But I know. He's got telephones runnin' to every place!"

AN English traveler thinks that we have mighty comfortable quarters in our sleeping-cars. Yes, we generally do have a pocket full of 'em, when we start, but we lose 'em all out to porters before we get there.—*Burlington Free Press.*

ONE of the "doubtful States"—the state of the weather.

A GOOD deal of comment has been bestowed upon Red Cloud and his gold mine. If the darkest cloud may have a silver lining, why shouldn't a Red Cloud have a gold one?—*Boston Transcript.*

UNPOPULAR soldiers—Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

WHY are hares like trees? Because we love them best when they leave.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

E. V. FRENCH, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was diagnosticated on the Atlantic Ocean, and thereafter and to present caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending much of fortune with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, to less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours, WM. RYGER, 47 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"WOMAN'S DOMAIN" seems to worry some controversialist greatly. The thing seems simple enough. A woman's domain seems to embrace the new cook on baking day.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THOUSANDS of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a marvelous remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

NOW THAT Arthur Sullivan is knighted, we shall expect no more musical works from him, for the good book tells us that when the knight cometh, no man can work.—*Boston Transcript.*

Wrecks of Humanity,

who have wasted their manly vigor and health by youthful follies and pernicious practices, inducing nervous debility, impaired memory, mental anxiety, despondency, lack of self-confidence and will-power, weak back, and kindred weaknesses should address, with three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving unfailing means of cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PEOPLE who think themselves smart go about asking questions like this: "Was a pope walk?" We say, yes—when it is tacked.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

A GENTLEMAN from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already effected a number of cures here. F. F. Hyatt, M. D., Bordentown, N. J.

THE Grecian authorities now exclude American pork. Greece without pork would be almost as bad as pork without grease.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Case of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could not live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was effected.

A MAN in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without breaking his word.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Post.*

"Bucho-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

VAULTING ambition—The design of the bank burglar.—*Boston Star.*

REMARKABLE for overcoming diseases caused by impure water, decaying vegetation, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

WHAT did the paper weight for?—*New South.* Probably for its ink-compose.—*Georgia Major.*

ONCE try Christitson Collars and Cuffs and you will wear no other kind. They fit so well and feel so nicely.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

A CALIFORNIA man choked himself to death with a tape measure. The Coroner's verdict was that he died by inches.—*Burlington Free Press.*

NEW BERN, N. C.—Rev. G. W. Offley says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters, and consider it one of the best medicines known."

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

THIS will be a year when harvest apples won't contain any colic. The main thing will be to get the apples.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rheumatism Positively Cured

in the shortest time. Write for free 48-page pamphlet on rheumatism, to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

FRED says that there is in New York a horse so bal