THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

ROMANCE.

She didn't like me when we met—
But turned away and pouted;
'Twas very cool, I own, to get
At first a snub so final, yet
I clung to hope, and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks
Confirmed my sanguine guesses;
I came to understand her freaks,
And even dared to kiss her cheeks
And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew
To know each other better,
She bravely learned to kiss me, too;
And when she strangely tried to woo,
Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine
With kiss her lips to smother;
Still round my neck she likes to twine
Her soft, white arms. I'll drop a line,
I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy—strife,
Within your reason, may be;
So let me take a leaf from life:
Her mother is my darling wife,
And she my blessed baby.

—*F. D. S., in Life.*

HOW THE OLD LADY BEAT JOHN.

We had been driving out some miles in the afternoon, and, coming home in the twilight, passed a substantial looking, though very old, farm-house, with comfortable barns and out-buildings, indicating a well-to-do householder. The rich bottom lands which stretched away a half mile from the river to the hill slopes covered with abundant fresh and maple were luxuriant with grass and corn.

That evening, when we were sitting in the library, after dinner, smoking and chatting, I asked the Judge: "To whom does that farm we passed on the level belong?"

The Judge is not and never was on the bench. Yet long as I had known him, and that was a long time, he had been called "Judge" by all the country people, because it was an established fact of ancient date that he decided most of the disputes and differences, commercial and social, which arose in that part of the country. It is frequently the case, as here, that one man in a scattered community is the recognized adviser to whom people can go. My old friend had inherited this position from his father, who had been to a former generation what the son now was to his neighbors. They came to him on all occasions when they needed counsel, and he did the work of a half dozen lawyers. No one had died or could die comfortably and leave property, unless his will had been drawn by "Judge ——." He had the perfect confidence of all. Living from youth up among them, known to be a man of extended education, whose life was passed in study, but who was also a practical farmer of great skill and success, having large property, and always giving his advice and service as a matter of friendship and neighborly kindness, and not for fee or reward, his position was one of commanding influence. His influence was commanding too for the reason that he almost never exerted it. He took no prominent part in politics, but in the old times, before the war, there were at least two hundred voters in the town, and many more in the country, who could give no other reason for their votes than this, that they voted as the Judge voted.

I have said that he drew the wills for people who had property. This was no small generosity, for it involved much time and often great inconvenience. But the Judge was an essential part of the social structure in that town, and quietly performed what he regarded as the duty and pleasure of his position.

When I asked him who was the owner of that farm he laughed outright, and after a moment's pause said: "I will tell you a story."

"One stormy winter night, after midnight, I was sitting here reading, the rest of the family having gone to sleep long before, when old Dr. Strong thundered at the door-knocker, and made noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. It is a way he has; and neither my wife nor the girls, who were roused out of slumber, nor I myself, had any question who was at the door. I let him in myself, and a tempest of wind and snow with him. The blast that drove him into my arms also put out the hall lights, whirled into the library and flared the reading-lamp so that it broke the chimney and blazed up to a colored tissue-paper affair which Susie had put over the shade, set it on fire, and for a moment threatened general conflagration of papers and books on the table. 'Shut the door yourself,' I shouted, and rushed back here to put out the fire. That done, I went back and found the old doctor out of breath, in the dark, trying to shut the door against the wind. It took the strength of both of us to do it. Then I told him to find his way to the library, for he knew it, and I went off in search of another lamp.

"When I came back he was just recovering his wind, and after a gasp or two told me his errand. 'Old Mrs. Norton is dying. She can't live till morning. She's alive now only on stimulants. She wants to make a will, and I have come for you.'

"'A nice night,' I said, 'for a two-mile drive, to make a will for a woman who hasn't a cent in the world to leave. Why didn't you tell her so and have done with it.'

"'Now look here,' said the doctor, 'this is a case of an old woman and old neighbor and friend, and she wants you to do something for her, and you'll do it, if it's only to comfort her last hours. Get your things and come with me. We shall not find her alive if you don't hurry, and you'll be sorry if that happens.'

"The upshot of it was that I went. We had a fearful drive out to the farm-house on the flat, which you are asking about. Mrs. Norton was the widow of John Norton, who had died forty odd years before this. John Norton, when he married her, was a widower with one son John. He was a man of considerable property, and when he died left a widow, that son John by his first wife, and two sons by his second wife. The elder son John had never been on very warm terms with his step-mother, and for some years had had no intercourse with the family.

"I found the old lady lying in the big room, on a great bedstead on one side of the room, opposite to the broad chimney in which was a roaring fire, the only light in the room. After the doctor had spoken to her and administered something, a stimulant I sup-

[illegible] Judge? I'd like to know what you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Norton, your husband, gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children get the village houses."

"And when I die John Norton is to have this house and farm whether I will or no?"

"Just so. It will be his."

"Then I ain't going to die," said the old woman, in a clear and decidedly ringing and healthy voice. And so saying she threw her feet over the front of the bed, sat up, gathered a blanket and coverlid about her, straightened up her gaunt form, walked across the room and sat down in a great chair before the fire. The doctor and I came home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady's alive to-day. And she accomplished her intent. She beat John after all. He died four years ago, in Boston, and I don't know what will be left. But whoever comes into the farm-house when she goes out it will not be John. And since John's death the farm has been better kept, and everything about it is in vastly better condition for strangers than it would have been for John." — *From "Lonesome Lake Papers," in Journal of Commerce.*

Italian Doctors.

Physicians have, like judges of the criminal courts, no social position and no knowledge of medicine, according to our ideas. They are, as a rule, far behind the age. They still cling blindly to bleeding—unless they have changed during the last few years—and weaken their patients by the old system of dieting. I have seen cases conducted with such ignorance of the commonest laws of nature as would make any of our physicians faint with horror. Heat, starvation and dirt are their general remedies for almost everything. In cases of scarlet fever—which are not common, however—they order the doors and windows to be carefully shut, that no breath of air may get to the patient—absolutely drawing the bed-curtains around them; forbid washing of any description, even to the hands and face, and no change of bed or body linen during the entire illness.

There is one malady prevalent in Italy which I sincerely believe to be produced, nine times out of ten, by their doctors, and that is miliary fever. Unless a patient's symptoms in the beginning of an illness indicate the disease very clearly, the doctor, on the principle of "when in doubt play trumps," pronounces it "miliare;" but there being no eruption, which is an evidence of that disease, they regard it as suppressed, and so, very dangerous. They then proceed to produce a rash by covering the poor sufferer with as many blankets as he can bear, excluding every breath of air from the room (canning him, so to speak), and then forbidding any nourishment saving the weakest of weak broths. Now, as this special fever is usually brought on by overheating, and consequently should be treated by a cooling system, they succeed in producing the disease in its full glory, rash and all, and they then set about curing it, which, of course, becomes a doubtful undertaking, so weak is the patient from heat and fasting.

A friend of mine, spending a few weeks in Florence, was taken ill with what proved afterward to be an internal cancer. She sent for Doctor Z——, one of the most noted of the Florentine doctors. It was August and very hot, and his orders were not only to shut out the air and cover herself with blankets, but to remain entirely immovable—not to stir hand or foot. She carried his wishes out faithfully for twenty-four hours—not even raising her hand to brush a fly away—and then, becoming nearly crazy with nervousness and weakness, she sent for an English physician. If you had seen his look of horror when he came into the room!

"Open the window," he almost shouted; "take off those coverings; get right up, and lie on the sofa. In a week you will be able to go on to Paris."

And in a week she did go on to Paris.

The Italians love medicine, and have the greatest faith in it. They take it not only for every little ailment, but after a fit of anger or grief.—*Century.*

Some Peculiarities of Tigers.

The quickness of hearing is in these animals admirably supplemented by the complete silence of their own movements. A man when walking after game has to stand still in order to listen for other sounds, as his own passage through the bushes and his footfall on the ground make it impossible for him to perceive whether fur or feather is astir in his neighborhood. But the tiger—though walking over dead leaves and twigs that rustle loudly if a lizard glides across them, and which crackle under the light step of the jungle fowl or the fox—is absolutely noiseless. It comes into sight like an apparition, and vanishes with the same ghostly stillness. Sometimes, therefore, in an excess of audacity, either from hunger or despair of other means of escape, the great carnivora will double back upon their pursuers, and trust to silence in passing to carry its conspicuous hide unharmed through the very midst of its enemies. Thus, on one occasion, a man-eater, which had killed an officer's servant, was tracked up, and, the body being found, it was determined to punish the murderer. A "machan," therefore, was prepared in a convenient tree, but while all were at work, the tiger came back, and in spite of what was going on, carried off the corpse!

The tiger in this wonderful quietness of its approach shows itself a true cat, but in other respects, besides its objections to climbing, it differs from its family in its tastes. Thus I have seen a tiger take to water of its own accord, and paddle about in it with as much apparent pleasure as a Newfoundland dog. Indeed, the beast has been frequently shot when swimming, and it is supposed to be a curious fact that the body sinks at once and never comes to the surface. But as there are generally crocodiles in the neighborhood, I do not think there is room for much surprise at the non-appearance of the carcass. Nor in the hatred of the wild dog for the tiger is there anything adverse to the usual theory of the relations between the canine and feline species. But it would hardly be believed that the tiger, in the combats that ensue with these jungle-packs, sometimes gets killed. Several sportsmen, however, have found corpses of dead tigers with the corpsies of wild dogs killed in the battle scattered around it. Nor do other animals besi-

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in a whisper: 'Hurry up; she's very weak.'

"I had brought paper and pen and ink with me. I found a stand and a candle, placed them at the head of the bed, and after saying a few words to her told her I was ready to prepare the will she wanted to do. I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and bending over toward her said: 'Now, go on, Mrs. Norton.' Her voice was quite firm, and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said: 'First of all, I want to give the farm to my own heavy and farmer; just put that down.' She paused, 'you can't do that, Mrs. Norton; the farm isn't yours to give away.'

"'The farm isn't mine,' she said, in a voice quickly stronger than before, 'the farm is mine; I own the farm, and have for years. You and all the lawyers can find no flaw in my title. My husband died seized of the farm, and I have kept it all these years. It is mine, and I have a right to give it away.'

"I saw the old woman was right, and that, generally, it is a business of very great importance. On the Saturday of that week in the week that Barnum's Museum was burned down, I had given up the farm, and, in a little more than a month, I had given up my office of Judge. I had made a fair fight—notably the wild beast. A case is in my recollection where a party, being out in the jungles after miscellaneous game, came upon a huge bear lying dead, and tracking up the blood which led from the scene of the struggle, found a fine full-grown tiger with a score of wounds, ripped up and lifeless. It must have been a grand night to have watched that woodland duello. Bears also will sometimes dispute the path with the tiger, but they have no chance, and the tiger generally ends by cutting up as much of the bear as it wants.—*London Telegraph.*

—One of the most important of the mercantile institutions of Berlin is an Egg Exchange. As the city consumes more than 12,000,000 dozens of eggs annually it is a business of very great importance. On the Saturday of each week in the week the Egg Exchange is busily given up to the sale of eggs, and a market price is established. Upwards of [illegible] dozens of eggs are sold in the course of the day, and the business done amounts to [illegible] marks.

Among the Mountains of North Carolina.

Mount Mitchell, the highest peak of Black Mountains, is four hundred feet higher than Mount Washington; in fact, it is the highest point of the whole Appalachian range. Mitchell, the surveyor, for whom it was named, lost his life by falling over a precipice while wandering on the mountain after nightfall. When he was found dead the following day it was proposed to bury him where he lay, but an old mountaineer objecting that his spirit would not rest well in the valley, they wrapped his body in a blanket and bore it to the summit of the famous peak that will bear his name forever. Every visitor to this spot carries a stone to place upon his grave, thus helping to build his monument.

Living on these mountains are people who never saw a wagon or wheeled vehicle of any kind. Bridle paths lead to their homes, and all they know of the world is contained within an area of a few miles. There is an old mountaineer in this vicinity who is living on the farm where he was born. For a hundred years his ancestors have tilled the same soil. The reward of this century of toil is fifty acres of cleared land, a log-house, now sadly out of repair, a smoke-house, nine apple trees, and one grape-vine.

One of Raphael's cherubs walked in this morning as we sat at breakfast. His face was almost angelic. Eyes as blue as violets, regular features, exquisite complexion, and bronze-brown hair. He said he had come "ter borrer two quarts o' Indy meal." He was twelve years old and could scarcely read, having attended school but three months. He said he never expected to go again.

The young ladies spend their leisure moments in making ornaments of mica. The mica is cut into numerous oval or square pieces, which, after being fringed with the scissors, are sewed on pasteboard crosses or frames.

There is a woman near here who has made blackberries pay. Her husband started out with her one afternoon in search of berries, but soon becoming tired, stretched himself in the shade of the bushes and fell asleep. His wife continued the fruit-picking, but was soon attracted by a large piece of mica lying on the ground beside her. Waking her sleepy lord, she told him she believed she had found a mica mine; but he only laughed at her and turned over to take another nap. The next day the woman took a pick and shovel, and returning to the spot, succeeded in uncovering a fine vein of mica, from which they realized twenty thousand dollars. This woman formerly dug ginseng in order to furnish her husband with money to buy tobacco. He chews the finest cut now.

A well-known artist, who is making sketches of primitive life in the Black Mountains, has hard work persuading the natives to "pose" for him. One day he came across a picturesque log-house, with loom and spinning-wheel upon the porch, but the fair spinner objected to being sketched. She said she was an orphan and had no friends, and didn't want to be "put in." However, a silver dollar overcame her scruples.

Black Mountain Station, which consists of a small hotel and little else to speak of, has been the scene of a romance such as no summer resort need be ashamed of. It is an old and threadbare plot in novels, but one unusual in real life. Last spring a young lady from the North came down here for her health. It so happened that her photograph was sent to friends in England and there met the eyes of a young Englishman, who exclaimed: "If that girl is as good as she looks I should like to marry her."

Coming to America, he, too, sought the sunny South, for his health, also, and here in the mountains of North Carolina, among these primitive people, the aristocratic Englishman met the young lady whose face he had so admired. Novel-like, it was love at first sight; nor was the city girl daunted at the prospect of becoming a farmer's wife; for her lover proposed that they settle upon a small farm in this self-same county.

Surprised at the gift of a magnificent diamond ring, she thought it necessary to begin Caudle lectures at once, for surely such jewels were quite beyond their means. Finally came the confession that has so often trembled on the lips of the heroes of yellow-covered novels. That he might first gain her love he had deceived her. He was worth six hundred thousand dollars. A few weeks ago the minister rode over from his home, twenty-five miles away, and the romance ended with a quiet morning wedding.—*Cor; Philadelphia Press.*

Insulting an Agent.

When a Detroiter removed to Denver eight or ten years ago and went into the grocery business he naturally bethought him of insurance. One morning he called at the office of the "Great Consolidated Insurance Companies" and asked of a dapper little man who sat reading a paper if the President was in.

"Yes, I am the man," was the reply.

"And is the Secretary here?"

"I am the man, also."

"Perhaps you are likewise the Treasurer?"

"I am, sir. And to prevent further loss of time I will add that I am also the board of directors, actuary, adjuster and cashier."

"Then you are the whole company?"

"Certainly, sir. We have tried it both ways and we find that these Western people want some one to shoot at when an insurance company doesn't toe up. By consolidating everything into one man it makes a great saving of ammunition."

"What are your assets and liabilities?"

"What!"

The question was repeated.

"See here, stranger," said the astonished agent, "you must be a tenderfoot! When it is known all over Colorado that I'm raking in about $8,000 per week from my three saloons and two poker-rooms, the idea of asking about liabilities is an insult. I don't want your risk, sir! Good-day, sir!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Friend in Need.

A man's best friends are not always those of his own household. Jake Bolybug is in very reduced circumstances. He is likewise in bad health. His clothes are in such a sad condition that he has often been mistaken for a member of the press. Jake Bolybug used to go to school with Samuel Sandly, who is known to be exceedingly economical. Jake called on Sam the other day, and

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not as a subsidy, but merely as a loan.

"I haven't got any money for you," was the rude response.

"I'll pay you, Sam, before very long."

"I've got no money, I tell you. It takes every cent I've got to support my poor old mother and my bed-ridden sister," and the voice of the supposed hard-hearted man grew husky, and a pearly tear trickled down his macadamized cheek, up to mask.

"But, Sam, I happen to know that you make your old mother chop wood and do the housework, and you don't contribute a cent to your bed-ridden sister, for you had her carted over the hill to the poor-house! Don't wrong the mother of them, Sam, you can't afford it."

"You know that, do you?"

"Yes."

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fair fight—notably the wild beast. A case is in my recollection where a party, being out in the jungles after miscellaneous game, came upon a huge bear lying dead, and tracking up the blood which led from the scene of the struggle, found a fine full-grown tiger with a score of wounds, ripped up and lifeless. It must have been a grand night to have watched that woodland duello. Bears also will sometimes dispute the path with the tiger, but they have no chance, and the tiger generally ends by cutting up as much of the bear as it wants.—*London Telegraph.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—John Cockerell, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has finally settled down as managing editor of the New York *World*.

—It is said that Charles Reade, the English novelist, is engaged in writing a series of lives of the patriarchs of Scripture.

—General Grant's life has been published more times than that of any other President except Washington.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Mr. B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) is said to be much improved in health since the beginning of the summer. He has returned home to Chelsea.—*Boston Post.*

—Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has recently added to his already large and remarkable collection of clocks one that used to be owned by the first Napoleon, and for which he paid $1,500.

—Ex-President Polk's widow was recently made the recipient of a large, flat bouquet, skillfully arranged with the figure eighty in the center, on the eightieth anniversary of her birth. It was from her neighbors in Nashville, Tenn.

—Mr. L. N. Fowler, one of the original phrenologists who could tell from the bunions on a boy's head whether he was to be hanged or to be a missionary, has arrived in this country and will lecture during the winter.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the English story-writer, is a pleasant-faced lady of sixty years, with gray hairs and spectacles. She spends her winters in Rome, and is a general favorite in society because of her brilliant conversational powers.

—Arabi Pasha is devoting his hours in exile to literature. He writes a beautiful style, and although his manuscripts look like fly-specked wall-paper, they read as smoothly as the flow of sorghum molasses from a two-inch spigot.—*Chicago News.*

—The widow of the late Phillip Speed, of Louisville, died recently at Coburg, Ontario, having survived her husband only a few months. She was the daughter of George Keats, a brother of the poet, whose name is familiar to all readers of Lord Houghton's "Life." Mrs. Speed herself wrote poetry, which she refused to have published during her life-time, but which is to be given to the world as a memorial of her by her family.

—The Chinese Minister recently celebrated the event of his little daughter reaching the age of four weeks, according to a Chinese custom, by a dinner served in American style. Covers were laid for twelve, and all the Chinese Legation in Washington were present and toasted the youthful heroine. Miss Mi Ju is the first Chinese child born in Washington. She receives the name Mi, which means America, as a compliment to this Government.—*Washington Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—A nipping air—The one the mosquito sings before he bites.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—When a hen retires for the night, it is quite proper to speak of her as a rooster.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—Colorado has no "Sleepy Hollows," but has plenty of material for such a place. Its mountains are full of Canyawns.

—Philadelphia ladies are learning base-ball; one of them has caught her husband out several times already.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—"Well," said Amy, after patiently trying for an hour to drown a worm in Horse Creek, without being rewarded by even a nibble; "well, fishing isn't what it's cracked up to be." "More slang!" exclaimed the high-school girl; "you should say: 'Fishing is not pulverized according to the original intention.'"—*Oil City Derrick.*

—"How is it you can tell such whoppers?" asked a caller, addressing the editor of the fish-story department. "Well, you see," replied the editor, "our wife's name is Anna." "What has that to do with it?" "A great deal. When we are writing fish-stories we usually have Anna nigh us to help us." The caller was carried to the hospital.—*Chicago Times.*

—The old gentleman met him at the door, almost before Hernandez' hand had left the bell-knob, and with one courtly gesture of his paternal hand waved the young man in the general direction of the front gate. Hernandez obeyed, with infinite tact and courtesy, remarking as he moseyed down the deserted street, that he knew the signal service had predicted a cool wave from the northeast, but he had no idea it would get along so soon.—*Detroit Post.*

—Five or six couples had been invited in to play cards and listen to music, and peaches had been passed with other refreshments. The party was just ready to break up when the terror of the family entered the parlor and called out: "There, pa, what did ma tell you?" The "governor" probably knew what was coming, but before he could get the youngster out of the way he shot off the other barrel with: "Ma said if we bought clingstone peaches we'd save at least half, and we have."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Little Mary, who is very much interested in studying "the laws of health" since school began, had been asking Mr. Rattler all sorts of questions about diseases and their remedies. "Now, papa," she continued, "if you neglect a bad cold you lay a foundation for the consumption, don't you?" "Yes," answered her father. "And consumptives are thin and pale, ar'n't they?" "Yes." "What other signs are there in, well, in quick consumption, papa?" "Five minutes for refreshments, posted in railroad stations," responded R. The examination closed.—*Boston Courier.*

The Romances of a Millionaire.

There were three romances in the life of the late Joshua Sears, the millionaire grocer of Boston. The first was when he was a poor young man. He started a flirtation with a wealthy beauty on a railroad train, called on her afterwards, and finally found that his suit was in vain, because he was poor and she was rich. He became engaged to a dashing young widow. One of her friends asked her: "What are you going to be married to that old fellow for?" "For his money, of course," said she. Sears heard of this. "For my money, eh?" he said; "not

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lawyers, and was told [illegible] his suit. He didn't want a lawsuit, so he [illegible] a confidential friend $10,000 [illegible] told him to go and see the widow and fix things up;" which was done, accepting the bribe and giving [illegible] his freedom. The third time [illegible] an old man. He found himself [illegible] Irish, but thought: "[illegible] I am done, as I soon shall be, [illegible] enjoy it all!" So he went to his [illegible] Alderman Hardy, and said, "[illegible] I'm thinking of getting married. [illegible] you think, sir, eh?" Hardy [illegible] for humor to body, who would [illegible] "Well, then, Hardy, you [illegible] enough." So Hardy [illegible] congratulations and then was sorry [illegible] Sears and Hardy [illegible] "Hardy, I don't know [illegible] married; but I know this, if I ever [illegible] I'll make it a point to call [illegible] I can." Years passed [illegible] Sears died, and Hardy [illegible] I'm [illegible] Sears." On [illegible] Hardy [illegible] Sears [illegible] Hardy [illegible] Sears [illegible] Hardy [illegible] Sears