THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. NEBRASKA

EIGHTEEN.

Eighteen years of blooming Mays,
Eighteen summers' sunny glow,
Eighteen autumns' purple haze,
Eighteen Christmas-tides of snow!

Happy maiden, debonair,
Golden hours round thee dance!
Sparkling eyes and rippling hair,
Temples, blush and winsome glance!

Sweet the fruit that ripens slowly,
Coolest is the rill that hides,
Purple clusters hanging lowest,
Safest harque in haven rides.

Wait the years, nor speed them fast,
Be I equipped who fairest dare;
Gods at last shall speak at last,
God's own hand will point the ways.

—*George W. E. Price, in Current.*

A MAN AND A BROTHER.

A True Story of the Gallant Act of a Fettered Prisoner.

The chief told the story. He said it was important whatever else might be said of him, no one had ever accused him of telling a falsehood willfully in his life. A regal disciplinarian, and something of a martinet in the service of the great trading company at whose head he stood in America, in his own house he was simply the perfect host, the most courteous and the most hospitable of men. When he entered a talk he came from the interior to the capital, his presence was their natural property so when the business of the day was done. Twice I heard him tell the story that I am about to repeat here, each time it is the same words and with the same gestures. I believe it to be true, and when he said he felt, passed the incident which is the center of it, I have no doubt whatever but that he did see it. It is a story full to overflow with that human interest which appeals to all hearts. I have never thought of it without feeling that there is a grandeur and adequacy in life that fits to counterbalance its apparent meanness and its too evident sin.

The story itself takes us back a dozen years or more, to somewhere about 1869, when the Northwestern States and Provinces were in the first dawn of the development that amazing vigor which has astonished and astonished the world. Chicago, standing on the eastern edge of this vast territory, had not yet triumphantly emerged from its baptism of fire. The smoke of Milwaukee lying like a cloud over the western shores of Lake Michigan. St. Paul and Minneapolis, young twin giants of lusty growth, were rapidly rising into importance in the higher waters of the Mississippi, while four hundred and fifty miles north of them Fort Garry, on the banks of the Red River, had hardly as yet begun to show the promise that its descendant, Winnipeg, more than holds of being the capital of Central Canada.

That day of beginnings had features of its own, some of which have disappeared already, and all of which are fated eventually to pass away. For one thing, the "Western man" is fast dying out, the railways, rather than the saloons, have killed him. To some extent he still survives in the cowboy of Montana and the Rocky Mountains, but no writer has so far had either the sincerity or the strength of imagination to invest him with the picturesque and sometimes tender coloring of that romance in which the Westerner has been painted for us.

Among these features so rapidly passing away none was more constantly a part of the scene, and none more characteristic and not comely, than the flat-bottomed, heavy-looking, stern-wheel propeller—the true pioneer in the West of civilization when as yet railways were not. Creeping up the shallow waters of some stream hardly larger than the steamer itself, crashing through the overhanging branches, shooting rapids and jumping sand banks, never safe from "snags," with its driving-wheel gashed and mangled by the floating drift-timber, it held bravely on its way, carrying supplies for the distant settlements. Time was no great object, so long as it got there. The present writer well remembers in 1874 spending three days in getting over sixty miles of the winding bends and tortuous twists of the Red Lake River from Crookston to Grand Forks, in Northern Dakota, in just such a steamer. Now the railways have driven it away far northward and westward, north as far as the Saskatchewan and the Peace River and west as far as the smaller tributaries of the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

During the summer of 1870, we will say, one of these steamers was making its way down the Red River of the North for Fargo. In design and appearance it was of the usual Western type. And the Red River is of the same general order as most streams of the West—a shallow zigzag of a stream, apparently going nowhere in particular, but, for all that, in sluggish leisurely fashion, knowing its own business very well as it heads northward for Lake Winnepeg, now wide, now narrow, with here a bluff of poplar or oak upon its banks, and there a belt of willow bending down into the yellow-brown waters, with a few solitary log shanties at wide intervals tell of the settler's presence.

There are but few passengers on the cabin deck of the steamer—one or two officers of the Hudson Bay Company going on to their posts in the wilderness, a number of farmers and emigrants intending to take up homesteads in Manitoba. One of the Hudson Bay Company's officers has with him his young wife and a child, a tiny girl three years old—a pretty, prattling, fearless, fascinating young woman. She is everybody's pet, from the rather dandy wheelsman, who tries to entice her up to his pilot-box, which towers above the vessel, down to the grizzled, grimy deck hands, whose acquaintance she has somehow or other made on the lower deck.

On the floor of this lower deck, whither she has been taken by her nurse, she has seen three men lying bound, chained hand and foot. They are on their way to be tried at Fargo, and the Sheriff, who has affected their capture, never leaves them, for they are known to be desperate. Certainly there is no lamb-like innocence about them. They constantly talk to one another, and to the Sheriff, whom they call Bill, and who, to do him justice, enters fully and sympathetically into all of the exploits of the "boys." They are confessed ruffians and bullies, and they don't seem ashamed of it. They guess the game is up, and they accept their fate, not cheerfully, but as a matter of course. They swear, in a copious and characteristic vocabulary of their own, against their ill luck; but they have go *there* at last, and they know it.

The little child came to them and looked at them curiously; they looked silently at her. They had probably never seen anything so dainty or so sweet before. She saw nothing in them to frighten her. So she advanced and spoke to them in her broken words, she even touched the fetters on the hands of one of them, and smiled in his face, and asked him what they were. The man smiled, too, without replying, and the child moved away. As she walked there was a sudden quick jerk of the whole ship, its further side ground jarringly against some unyielding substance hidden in the water; it tilted over slightly, the child lost her balance, and, with a scream, fell over the side into the water. The vessel for an instant was stationary. The three prisoners saw her disappear. The prisoner to whom she had spoken, and whose handcuffs she had for a moment touched, exclaimed "God! don't ye shoot, Bill!" Then quickly rolling himself over and over, he dropped into the water beside the child. As his hands were bound behind him, he caught the child's dress in his teeth, and *treading the water with his fettered feet*, kept the child above water until help came. As everybody's attention was directed to the opposite side of the steamer, it was some time before the boat from the vessel reached them. But the child was saved.

"Splendid," said the chief, with flashing eyes.

"Yes, it was splendid, magnificent, noble. Needless to relate the thankfulness of the poor young mother or the gratitude of the father.

"I guess you are a white man Bill, after all," said the Sheriff.

A pot-se was made up among the passengers for the man, whose name was Erkir, a Scandinavian by birth.

It was afterwards learned that the Sheriff told the story to the "sledge," and the Judge, with Western freedom, and that admiration for a gallant act which covers a multitude of sins, so arranged that when it was found that Erkir had mysteriously disappeared, no hang was done beyond a little official blunder, and he escaped.

It would be interesting to know what was the result of the episode upon the man. Was the mission of the child to reclaim the man? It of course so. But nothing has ever since been heard of the fate of Erkir.—*Harper's Magazine.*

TAKING COLD.

Precautions That Should Be Taken Against Becoming Chilled.

Among the causes of taking cold, says Dr. Rumbold in "Hygiene of Catarrh," "are sitting up late on a cold night after the fire in the room has gone out, then going to bed with cold feet, getting out of the bed during the night with bare feet and in night-dress, to wait on a child that is sleeping in a cold room; making a fire in the morning of a cold day, in an undressed condition; standing in an open doorway during cold or damp weather, with the head and shoulders insufficiently protected, to speak a few words to a friend who is too slow in taking his or her departure; stopping to speak to a friend on the sidewalk long enough to allow the feet to become cold, and to experience a sensation of cold chills between the shoulders; making a call on a friend, who receives company in a cold parlor, or in a parlor in which the fire is started on your entrance; receiving lessons or giving lessons on a piano, in a cold room; seeing a friend out to the gate and then standing there until warned of the impropriety of the act by a sneeze or 'cold streaks' coursing down the back.

For the protection of those young persons who can not forego the pleasure of the "parting at the gate," I would recommend, adds Dr. Rumbold, that their guardian should have a movable gate constructed and placed in a room adjoining the parlor.

Some are more liable to take cold than others, because the system is not able to command a sufficient amount of heat when demand for it is made by exposure to a lower temperature. Thus we find that a person who leads a sedentary life, and confines himself in an atmosphere artificially from seventy-five to eighty degrees Fahrenheit, accustoms his system to habitually produce little heat, because little demand is made for it; or one whose digestive apparatus is out of order, will not properly digest his food, and can, therefore, not produce sufficient heat by oxidation of the food; or one who is deprived, voluntarily or involuntarily, of the necessary amount of oxygen, be it by being confined in close rooms, or on account of disease of the lungs; or finally one who does not take exercise, and so does not produce heat by muscular motion, will easily take cold from the slightest exposure; while on the other hand, a person who lives an out-of-door-life, and thus exercises his heat-producing faculty, takes cold but rarely, even when much exposed.

"To guard against colds, therefore, a person should maintain as good health as possible, guard against such exposures as those indicated above, take much out-door exercise, if living a sedentary life, at all seasons of the year, and especially avoid sleeping in a close room.—*Sanitary News.*

A RECLUSE.

The Hidden Things Which Untimely Death Brings to Light.

Death brings many things to light. When the Williamsburg Literary recluse, William Wilberforce Mann, was found dead in his shabby room, with piles of books and newspapers all about him, very little could be said by anyone about his antecedents. It was generally supposed, though, that he had lived and died unmarried. Now, however, a woman of nearly thirty, employed as a servant, comes forward as a claimant for the little property he had left, on the ground that she is his daughter. It appears that long ago, when Mann was well off, he spent some time in France, and was married there to a woman of strong temper and a will and way of her own. They did not go on together at all, and after separating, as they soon did, neither cared what became of the other. Mann owned a couple of good houses in New York, and operated not a little in Wall street. He sold the houses, was wrecked in Wall street, and retired to obscurity in Williamsburg. His alleged daughter says he knew she was living, but took no interest in her nor she in him. Though the effects left by the old recluse are of very little value, there is a prospect of a stubborn fight over them in court. Mann was originally from New Hampshire, but he grew up in the South. In his old days he was cranky in the extreme, and the people living about him were as ignorant of his history as if his miserable home were in Central Africa.—*N. Y. Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A COLD DAY.

He Had Reason to Feel Discouraged and Broken Up.

The young man took the seat beside me, and as the train rolled on he unwound about twelve and a half yards of bright red and green and yellow and blue knit comforter from around his neck. Then he took off his fur cap and pulled off the knit cap which was nestled down close over his ears. Then he took off his big woolen mittens and a pair of gloves, and then he drew off one pair of articles. It is not an fact even in the land of the blizzard, to wear more than one pair of articles on the train. He then shrieked off his ulster and unbuttoned his buffalo overcoat. The rest of his wraps he did not remove, as he was going to get off in about forty-five miles. His countenance, when his face began to thaw out, were an expression of profound dejection.

"Stranger," he said, "do I look all broke up?"

I told him that he bore the appearance of a man whose entire system was one permeation of laminated fractures, from withers to hock. I always talk that way out West. You see I want these guileless children of the "rowdy West" to understand that I am now residing in a land of superior culture, where we look proud and talk through our noses.

He looked at me for a moment, and then reached for his hip pocket. As I dropped under the seat and crept behind my valise he dives out his tobacco-box and I came in the front again, remarking that I was looking for my collar but.

"Oh, you kin talk English, too?" he said, in a tone of admiration. "I wish I knowed more'n one language. But leume tell you. I don't look half as broke up as I feel 'er else you'd be ashamed to set by me. You know love all killin' cold it was Saturday night."

I felt my frozen ear tenderly and nodded.

"Well, I got on a freight train and rode up to Hubbleson's siding, forty-three mile that night, to see my girl. I allowed to visit with her folks all that night and Sunday, an' come home on the passenger Monday mornin'. She lives six mile from the station, an' I tumpled out to the hoss sa in all that blizzard, and got there 'long 'bout leven o'clock Saturday night. An' I'll be totally cow-kicked by a bull-rush if there was a livin' soul to home! Old folks, it seems, had gone away to Lincoln to stay over Sunday, my girl had went down to Grier's Island to stay a week, the hired man had taken the only hoss left on the place and gone down to a dance on Brassley's branch eleven mile away, an' there I was, left over Sunday where I wouldn't know a soul. Went to Deacon Mumler's and told him who my father was, an' he kept me. Deacon's stone blind and has the asthma so bad he can't talk; his wife's so deef she can't hear it thunder, they have no children an' don't keep no help, an' don't cook anything on Sundays. I went to church three times that day and went to two funerals; the deacon goes to bed at eight o'clock and so I shivered on a straw bed under a cotton quilt in a north room for thirteen hours. Now thing of all that when a feller 'd ben expectin' a turkey dinner, singin' 'Hold the Fort,' by a melodeon all afternoon and hugg'n' the purtiest girl in all Nebraska, from sundown till one o'clock in the mornin', and tell me if I ain't got more right to feel broke up than any man this side o' the kingdom? Say 'no an' I'll slam you on top o' the head with this oversho!"

I didn't say "no."—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A REMARKABLE FIND.

The Tablet Lately Recovered from the Ruins of the Temple at Jerusalem.

While many ruined cities have been explored, and various memorials of the past brought to light, Jerusalem, the Holy City, has been passed by. To do away with this reproach to a Christian people, and in order to make a scientific exploration of the Holy Land, the "Palestine Exploration Fund" was formed in England, and a party of Royal Engineers was sent out to explore the ruins of Jerusalem.

Much of interest was the result of this investigation, but very few memorials of the past, or inscriptions, were brought to light. On examining the east wall of Herod's Temple, on one of the stones were found three letters painted in red. On stones in other parts some letters or characters were seen resembling the letters H and S.

On making this discovery the exploring party communicated with the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the late Emmanuel Deutsch, an Oriental scholar then employed in the British Museum, was sent to examine the inscriptions. He pronounced the characters Phœnician, some of which were quarry signs, but the exact meaning could not be determined.

The most important discoveries was made by Clermont Ganneau, who was a Commissioner of the Society. While examining a portion of the Temple, he had occasion to pass through a graveyard near the spot, and noticing a slab on the ground, he cleared away the soil on its face, and found there an inscription in Greek, not pure Greek, but such as was used in Jerusalem. On deciphering the inscription he found it read: "No foreigner to proceed within the partition wall and enclosure around the sanctuary; whoever is caught in the same will on that account be liable to incur death."

Josephus, in describing the Temple, says: "When you went through these first gates into the second court of the Temple, there was a partition made of stone all around, whose height was three cubits; its construction was very elegant; upon it stood pillars at equal distances from one another, declaring the law of purity, some in Greek and some in Latin letters, that no foreigner should go within that sanctuary, and was ascended to by fourteen steps from the first court."

Here, then, after being buried nineteen centuries, came to light once more this warning tablet of Herod's Temple, which forbade all foreigners to penetrate beyond the Court of the Gentiles. In this court were the animals required for the sacrifices, and other sacrificial requirements which were sold for the purpose. The money-changers sat here, and once when they intruded beyond the limit the Saviour drove them out of the Temple.

On one occasion Paul took with him to Jerusalem an Ephesian named Trophimus. It is not known whether he introduced him into the Israelites' court or not, but this was the supposition of the Jews. A great uproar ensued, and Paul was roughly handled by the mob, being rescued with great difficulty by the Roman guard.

This tablet explains a passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians to the effect that Christ had "broke down the middle wall of partition between us," that is, Christianity was offered to Jews and Gentiles alike. Paul had seen this tablet threatening death to all strangers that dared to pass beyond the partition which separated the Court of the Gentiles from that of the Israelites. The tablet, placed on the partition, was plainly visible, and doubtless was in the Apostle's mind when he used the simile.

In the Temple of Solomon only Jews were admitted, but when Herod rebuilt the Temple, anxious to conciliate the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks residing in Jerusalem, he added an outer court in which they could assemble, but the warning tablets prepared them for the consequences if they penetrated beyond.

It will be seen, by reference to the tablet, that all the letters are in capitals, and, with few exceptions, the words are not divided, but run into each other. This tablet is the most important of the discoveries yet made in Jerusalem.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

THE JUDGMENT.

A Faculty That Needs to Be Faithfully Cultivated.

There is probably no human faculty that is more in need of faithful and patient cultivation than the judgment, for there is none that has more conditions to deal with or more difficulties to overcome. Nevertheless, there is perhaps none which receives less systematic discipline or upon which people generally are less willing to expend time and thought. They train their children in memory, exercise their powers of expression; school them in habits of industry, endurance, patience and self-control; but seldom discipline their judgment or teach them how to draw correct conclusions. Time, they suppose, is something which time and experience will do for them, yet when they see what hasty opinions and ill-advised judgments are continually formed by older people, they must infer that some definite education in this respect was necessary for both young and old.

There is a universal tendency to believe as really true that which is desired to be true, and to resist that tendency is perhaps the most essential step in the kind of mental discipline. Some new theory is propounded which excites human sensibilities. It is hoped it can be established, and with the feeling those who like it proceed to investigate it. Although they doubtless mean to be impartial, they yet welcome the evidences in favor of it with anxiety, and listen to the objections against it with reluctance. Unless they are very much upon their guard against this influence, they will accept the theory upon insufficient evidence, and, whether it be true or not, their belief in it will only prove their weakness. Or some proposed reform is presented to them, against which their accustomed habits of thought and their prejudices rebel. Perhaps it may involve duties which they should dislike or sacrifices they are not ready to make, and they sincerely hope it may prove to be wild and visionary. Now with such a bias they are in danger of deciding against it, simply because they do not like it, although they may imagine they have given it the most impartial consideration. A charge is made or a report is circulated against their friend or their favorite candidate. How indignantly they resent it, and, when proofs are offered, how they struggle to refute them! But let similar charges be brought against their foe or the candidate of the opposition party, and how willingly they listen to them, how easily they can be brought to believe them! One man is by constitution and habit of mind conservative, he clings to old ideas, old habits and old fashions, and his impulse is to reject new notions and new customs because they are new. Another by birth and training is radical, he lets old things slip from him without a pang, and receives all novelties with open arms.

Now all these impulses are natural and not to be condemned, but they are impulses for which due allowance should be made in forming any judgment and in drawing any conclusion. All preferences impose an obligation to give more weight to the opposite side. As men know they will be influenced by their wishes, they should hesitate upon dwelling longer and more carefully on the arguments that thwart them. They should practice a whole-some self-abnegation as far as possible, resisting the forces that agree with their wishes, and welcoming that which opposes them, thus doing all in their power to restore the balance which an instinct has destroyed. Prof. Faraday, to illustrate the rarity of impartial judgments, alludes to the very common amusement of fastening a ring to a long thread and holding it suspended over a glass to notice its movements, and see whether it will tap the glass at the mention of some name or letter, or other signal. Though every one who tries the experiment disclaims the possibility of any involuntary motion of the hand in the desired direction, Prof. F. said he had rarely seen any one who was willing to put it to the proof by screening the object from sight and having its position then changed. Yet it would seem that any one really desiring to discover the truth about even so trifling a matter would eagerly welcome every means that could throw light upon it.

One effect of resisting inclination in the exercise of judgment will be to prevent hasty decisions. There are emergencies when rapid judgments must be made and speedy action must follow. But it is likely the larger number of conclusions would be improved by delay. It is an easy thing to accept as true or best what we wish to be so without weighing or sifting the evidence. But to judge wisely and well takes both labor and time. Suspension of judgment at certain times and for certain periods is the best mental state men can be in. When we remember how many complex conditions are involved, and how difficult it is to understand and appreciate those conditions, and to accord to each its proportionate value, we may well pause and reflect before committing ourselves to judgments which may prove to be wrong. When men attain a true conception of the knowledge, thought and wisdom that are required to form wise opinions, or draw correct conclusions upon even ordinary subjects, they will be in less haste to proclaim their ignorance by forming rash judgments and when they realize the importance of bringing energy, patience and self abnegation to the task, they will be come better fitted to bear the responsibilities and arrive at the decisions that life requires at their hands.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—There is a widow in Birmingham Ala., thirteen years old, and she attend the public school.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—George Bancroft, the historian, says that George Washington was the wisest man that ever lived.

—The men and women who are born to write can not be kept from writing. The things they have to say compel utterance.—*Golden Reward.*

—W. D. Howells says that all the female characters in his stories are taken from one model, his wife, whom he photographs from different angles.

—M. Dalin, who was given $20,000 and two years' time to model the design for the Paul Revere statue for the city of Boston, did the work in three weeks.—*Boston Journal.*

—Irving's Washington receipts for one week were $14,500. Washington Irving's receipts for one week were different. However, Irving isn't Irving.—*Montana Tribune.*

—United States Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Senator W. M. Evarts, of New York, are cousins, both being grandsons of Roger Sherman, who died a Senator in 1793.—*Troy Times.*

—Two were published in England, last year, 4,832 new books against 4,107 in 1887. Besides this there were 1,041 new editions of older books. As for several years, theology leads the list in point of number. In the United States fiction is most numerous.

—Osman Digna's original name was Alphonse Vinet, he being a full-blooded Frenchman. He was at one time sold as a slave to Mohammed Ahmed el Mahdi, but quickly rose in that prophet's favor, and became his son-in-law. He is now about fifty-three years old.

—The report that Jefferson Davis, of Lyons, had been seriously injured in New Orleans was incorrect. His full name is Jefferson Davis Bell. The names of two of his brothers are Lexington Constitution Bell and Kansas-Nebraska Bell. All are sons of Hon. James A. Bell, of Lyons.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

—The Princess Colonna's (Miss Eva Mackey's) wedding outfit, all the forty-three traveling, town, come-to, matinee and dinner dresses, came from the skillful hands of an obscure but artistic couturiere. On this Mrs. Mackey is said to have wittily remarked: "I like to employ a dressmaker for what she is worth, and not because she is 'Worth.'"

—A Georgia paper relates of William Jones, of Hall County, who is nine-ty-two years of age, that his hair has been perfectly white, but seven or eight years ago it began to change, and now is perfectly black and luxuriant, while his beard is still white. Mr. Jones was in the war of 1812, and served four years in the late unpleasantness.

HUMOROUS.

—Girls who wish to have small, prettily shaped mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish of Francis Fowler's father."

—Edith: "They sat in the gloaming" means that they occupied one chair. A gloaming may be obtained at any fashionable furniture store. No parlor is complete without it.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"I say, Jim did your sister know you at the masked ball last night?" "Well, I think she must have done so, for when I patted her on the shoulder she turned round and said "You donkey!"—*Chicago Journal.*

—There is no blank so blank as the blank that appears before a man when he gets up in public assembly and forgets what he is going to say—unless it is the blank which appears before an amateur in a skating rink worn his ice skates in to spread and he don't know which one to follow.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—When Mrs. Olio, the boarding-house mistress, was told that the inspector of provisions had seized 468 pounds of veal, 92 pounds of poultry, 52 pounds of bear meat, 37 lambs, six barrels of peas and 200 boxes of herring, he remarked: "Pretty good appetite, but no thing to some of my boarders. You'd ought to see them when they are good and hungry.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Heralde Demdye: "I suppose I shall be an old maid all my life," sighed a young woman of twenty-five. "That's a gloomy conclusion," responded an old bachelor. "Very," again sighed the maiden. "Do you want to cure it?" "Of course I do." "Take me for a husband." "Do you mean it?" "Certainly." "Well, desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and I guess I'll try you." They fell to on each others neck.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—There are some people who talk without thinking. Mrs. Beasly is that sort of a woman. Her husband one night recently dropped a quarter. "I can't find that piece of money I've lost," he said, groping around on the hall floor, when Mrs. Beasly opened the door. "Of course you can't, if you look for it out there in the dark. Why don't you hunt for it here in the light where you can see. Nobody can find anything out there in the dark."—*Ex Sharps.*

—One of the crack military companies of Houston was out one day last week practicing target-shooting. One of the members was told to shoot at the door of a deserted barn. He did so, but missed the entire barn. The Captain was very angry and told the young man how bad it would be, in case the enemy were shooting from behind the door, that none of them would be hit. "Yes, but wouldn't the hostile enemies that were coming around the corner of the barn catch fits?" replied this Texas Bogardus.—*Texas Siftings.*

Conant and the Affected Author.

Conant, the last editor of *Harper's*, had an ardent dislike of sham, and when, one night, there entered the author's club rooms a man of world wide reputation, who wearily remarked, on opening a letter asking for his autograph, that he was bored to death by such requests, the provocation to expose the humbug was not resisted.

"How many letters begging your autograph do you get every week, on the average?" Conant inquired.

"Not less than fifty," was the ostentatious reply, "and they make my life miserable."

"How long does it take you to write your name on a sheet of paper, fold it, seal an envelope and address it?"

"Well, I really don't know."

"Let us see," and Conant laid his watch on the table, while slowly going through with the process. "That took just fifteen seconds. Answering the entire fifty polite, complimentary requests for your autograph—if you are so fortunate as to receive that number of tokens of popularity weekly—would occupy no more than a quarter of an hour."

The lesson was a sound one. There is no sillier affectation than that of being bored by the autograph fiends.—*N. Y. Star.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

ONLY A STEP.

'Tis but a step—nay, hardly so far—
From one pleasant hall, with its gilded bar,
Where the sparkling alcohol in glasses fine
Seems not to be poison. The poet sings wine;
'Tis but a step—aye, that maddest divide
From manhood's prime to the felon's cell side.

'Tis but a step that leads within
Those gilded walls of death and sin,
Where much and oft it is lost—ay or won,—
And woman's virtue and fair form undone;
'Tis but a step—aye, mark it well,
It maddest down to a drunkard's hell.

'Tis but a step—we'll enter there,
Where misery dwells with untold despair,
Where wretching mothers lament her fate,
While sobbing children crave for bread;
'Tis but a step from a cheerless room
To the drunkard's cold and cheerless tomb.

'Tis but a step, young man, beware!
Lingered while yet there may be a share,
'Tis but a step to grave's narrow bed,
And hard thy bed, if thou diest dead;
'Tis but a step, aye, but little more,
From gilded hall to the prison door.

'Tis but a step—we'll enter now
Where grief is lavished on drunken row;
Where drunkard's curses fill the air,
And wretchedness is their portion share;
Aye, 'tis but a step—the road is free
That leadeth to the gallows tree.

Aye, there's another step—it leadeth well
Beyond the gallows and the prison cell;
Beyond the road and beyond the grave,
It maddeth straight to the pearly door;
'Tis but a step—a trembling step at best,
Why will proud mortals take it thereby!

—*J. H. Hassell, in Public Ledger.*

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS VICTIMS.

The Hold the Drink Habit Gets Upon the Strongest Minds—How Nations as Well as Individuals Have Been Destroyed.

The history of the numerous victims of intemperance, or for that matter, intemperance itself is the most melancholy of all instances, and one of the most important, lessons we can learn not only individual warnings and so forth, but the successes and failures of nations as well. Every page is charged with warning, every chapter reveals the folly of the world, and the world's great men and rulers, and proves it true that the wise and wisest have taken more strong places than you or I ever.[illegible] Intemperance is habit and habit is not habit, and a habit, too, against which nature continually revolts at first but to which she in the course of time and support on subsists, and of which she finally becomes fond. It is only by the forgetfulness of the laws of nature, of herself, and of her laws, because pleasant, for these are not anything the real wants of nature, but are purely artificial.

Habitual and long-continued use of intoxicating drinks gains an inroad for influence over both the mental and physical powers. The moral qualities become weak or blunted, the mind angry and all the physical functions disorganized and impaired, and instead of the harmony that nature intended to have with man there is continual strife with the tormenting fiend, appetite, for which we know men passing well.

"Boundless intemperance on
In nature is a tyrant crime;
The law made emperor of the happy throne
And full of many kings."

Now the familiar and well known evil effects of indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks the habit is one of the most enervating exercises, is a tyrant to dominate over the mind, and so in the keenest consciousness of the wrong and of the temporal and spiritual consequences have not the slightest influence. Most of us believe that any habit can be conquered but there are instances which overthrow such theories, instances where loss of character, friends and wealth, and the greatest physical and mental anguish, count as nothing, if only wine may be had. Dr. Chase, a celebrated physician of Boston, tells a story of a man of his acquaintance, of wealth, popular and wealthy, who had contracted the habit of intemperance. Every effort was made to reclaim him in vain. His friends implored him to abandon the vice and regain his moral influence and his health. In answer to them he finally said: "I am convinced that all you say is only too true, but I can not resist. If a bottle of brandy stood at one hand, and the pit of hell yawned at the other and I knew that if I took but a swallow of the brandy I would be pushed in, I should drink it. You are all very kind. I should be grateful for so many kind good friends, but you may save yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me—the thing is impossible."

Drunkenness is a prime factor in the source of the infatuation. Aristotle says he would be for ninety days at a time in a state of intoxication and the frequent recurrence of the habit deprived him in time of his energy. The Emperor Zeno was in the habit of drinking himself into an insensible condition, and when in that condition one day his Queen, Ariadne, had him taken to a tomb, the horrors of which he fully realized when after some hours his senses returned to him. But his pleadings and cries were not heeded. He died an agonizing death, hated by his wife and his people. He was indeed a victim of intemperance. Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, when he went to Rheims in order to treat with Charles VI on some important National questions, was so under the influence of the wines of that country that he made excessive and ridiculous demands upon his royal host. A certain monarch of Africa resigned his right to the throne rather than leave the Portuguese colonies where the wine was so pleasant to him, and his opportunities to drink so favorable. Queen Elizabeth's contemporary, Prince Ivan Vei, drank forty at least five hundred tons of wine in his cellar at Dorpt, and he died drunk of an incurable complaint. His servants were obliged to bury him in the dead of night, and secret, since the strange infatuation, effect he excited had upon him.

Babylon was the mightiest nation on earth on it she became a slave to luxury and dissipation. Her active and warlike habits were laid aside for those of sensual indulgence, and soon her name had become a reproach. In Jeremiah "The mighty men of Babylon have left off to fight, they remained in their holds, the mighty hath failed, they became as women."

Cyrus was the avenging Nemesis for outraged nature. Whilst Belshazzar was engaged in one of his licentious feasts, Cyrus, whose plans were made in the knowledge of Belshazzar's habits, entered the city, supplied the people, and slew the King and his companions and the great empire of Babylon passed into his possession. Cyrus was the founder of the Medo-Persian Empire. At first he possessed a country containing only 18,000 square miles, but by his temperance and simple habits he soon made it almost the mightest in extent and most powerful in power. But his victories, in their turn, introduced to his people the same habit of luxury and sensuality that had made many other nations fall so easily prey to his courage and military tactics. Luxury and its effeminacy succeeded the plane to national prosperity, and after the union of the Medes and Persians, and the fall of Babylon and its possession by Cyrus, corruption seized upon the Persians. They became intemperate and effeminate, and when the Macedonians King marched against them, they fell, as did Babylon.

The Macedonians were warlike, and under Philip and Alexander successful in all their enterprises. Alexander is esteemed a greater man and General than Philip, but Philip was what would be called in this age a shrewd politician, and with the superior executive ability, superior discipline, and wonderful command over men he might have excelled his son in greatness but for the habit of intemperance. Philip finally fell by the hand of an assassin, the victim, although indirectly, of intemperance. Alexander, justly called "the great," nearly fell a victim to his love for drink. In the beginning of his remarkable career he was temperate in all his habits. Once when the Queen of Caria sent him some choice and sumptuous dishes of food, together with some of her best cooks and bakers, he said: "I do not need them; I am supplied with better cooks by Leonidas, march before day to dress my dinner and a light dinner to prepare my supper." Plutarch defends him against the charge of excessive drinking. He says he was not so much given to it as was said, that, although he sat long at the table, it was more to talk than to drink. "Every cup contained some social converse," and he cites as an instance of his moderate habits, the occasion when he was surprised, when, after he had conquered Darius, he examined the tent Darius occupied, and said: "I am surprised that such effeminacy should occupy the attention of a King." Had Persian luxury never corrupted Alexander, he would have remained unsurpassed in all the attributes that make a man great. Later on Plutarch admits that he became grossly dissipated. His entrance into Carmania was a mere bacchanalian procession. His visit to Persia and his conduct near the tomb of Cyrus disclose one of the most degrading scenes in his life. He offered rewards prizes to those who drank to excess, and one man named Promachus, the winner of the chief prize drank four congius (fourteen quarts) English measure of pure undiluted wine, dying from the effects a three days after. Thirty more in their efforts to win prizes fell on the spot, and soon after six more followed to death. Plutarch, on the authority of Chares, says that forty-one persons died from excessive drink and the severely cold weather.

Alexander's habits caused his death. At a wild carousal, gotten up by Nearchus, he drank all day and night, consuming fourteen quarts of wine, in drinking to the health of Proteas. This brought on a fever from which he died, Seneca says of him: "This hero, invincible by all the tribes of prodigious weapons, by all the dangers of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes of heat and cold, has conquered by his intemperance."

The Thracians and Scythians were notorious for their intemperance. Both, but more especially the Scythians, were celebrated for moderation and strength in the early part of their history, but in the latter, part they were known as "hard drinkers." After Cleomenes, Prince of Sparta, visited the Scythians, he remarked to a Greek who was conversing with the Scythians had accustomed him to drink wine, and that was why he had become mad. "When persons school to drink wine, they become madmen, they said "Let us drink like Scythians." Both Herodotus and Scythians considered Cleomenes happy only when filled with unmixed wine, and then poured it upon the skirts of his garments. The "Thracian war of drinking and the "Scythian war" of a thing, are equal to drink quantities of pure wine, and not to be a measure or a fool.

The history of the Thracians contains the story of the vile treachery of Rhœsporis, and he murdered of his neighbor Cotys, who attempted to find a remedy for the "Thracian way of drinking," and for the "Scythian way of acting."

The history of the Gaul is full of instances of the evil of indulgence in strong drink. Diodorus Siculus the Gaul, invaded the Roman Empire and took the Capitol, but they drank so much of the wine of Italy, and of Campania, and Campania, the Roman force, drove them out of Italy, and they were so drunk that they did not remember to Arpina, where they were slain, and know to the contrary, surprised them and put them to death.

Anthocus, a Gaul, his experience over the Macedonians, and he perished, drunk, in their intemperance. In the Gaul, Gaul, Gaul,