

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

## THOSE SUN-LIT HILLS.

Oh when I gaze upon those sun-lit hills  
That lift their heads on high,  
A gentle breeze and pure my bosom fills  
That God and Heaven seem nigh.

How still! how gloriously calm they rest!  
To gaze upon them  
As some fair infant on its mother's breast  
Lies in its joy supreme.

At noon, at noon, at night, always the same  
Bright, from all spirit broods  
And greets my soul with its celestial flame  
And does not bid me roam.

Embrace those waves upon the stormy sea,  
And those that rise and fall,  
That toss and moan, they bring sweet peace  
To me, their spirit makes me glad!

When worn and weary with this earthly strife,  
And when I feel I lack  
From storms and waves on the sea of life,  
To them I turn my eyes.

O hills! types of the infinite repose!  
How long to sleep  
Within your bosom where forever flows  
Cool fountains of sweet peace.

—W. W. Crafts, in *Chicago Inter Ocean*.

## A BREAKFAST DISH.

Story of the Loss and Recovery of a Valuable Jewel.

"And it was the most beautiful stone that I ever saw in a finger ring. None of those paltry things you can't wear till candle-light on account of the yellow there is in them. So white, so clear, so brilliant, pellucid as a water-drop and sparkling as a star! It was all but big enough, too, to have a name of its own, like those that the royal diamonds have—'Star of the Four Points of the Compass,' 'Light of the World to Come,' 'Glorious of the Middle of the Earth,' 'Mother of the Moon.' Why under the sun," cried Mrs. Torrance, the pretty creature in a bewitching gown, pouring coffee for her husband, the little burly having been dismissed by Mr. Torrance—in fear of the wrath to come, perhaps—"shouldn't our diamonds have names as well as those of kings and queens?"

"You ought to have one," said her husband, quietly. "It would be suitable to call now; it's in the vocative, you know."

"Well, I must say I don't believe any man was ever so undisturbed by the loss of such a thing as that. An heirloom that was worth a thousand dollars."

"Really I ought to be aware of the fact, dear, if any body is. You have offered to sell it and procure that sum for my necessities every time I have been hard up since we married. And if I have Mildred arrested for it, as you suggest, it will cost an other thousand before we are done with it. For she would certainly be proved innocent, and then a libel suit would be the next thing in order."

"But, Arched, Mildred can't be proved innocent. How can she be, when I know she took it? And there was no one else to take it." And Mrs. Torrance paused with suspended cup, her great wondering eyes searching space for a reply. "If ever anything lay in a straight line, it is the evidence against that girl," she continued. "The other day when the ring fell on the floor she was in the room, and she asked me what was such a thing that I said: 'I suppose you think it's wrong for me to wear a thousand dollars on my finger?' And she said: 'I was just thinking of it. I have Mildred arrested for it, as you suggest, it will cost an other thousand before we are done with it. For she would certainly be proved innocent, and then a libel suit would be the next thing in order.'"

"He is quite a missionary," said Mr. Torrance, peering up his newspaper. "And the worst of it is, she is right."

"Now, Arched, don't, for mercy's sake, go to reading!" said his wife. "I do think the morning news might wait for once. It's nothing but dynamites blowing up the British Empire, and Arabs making munitions of the British army—all abstractions; but my ring is something positive, tangible, here at hand."

"I wish it were!" said Mr. Torrance. "And then I could be allowed—" But as he glanced at the lovely creature opposite, with her reproachful brown eyes in which stood two tears as big as the diamond she had lost, her color going and coming with her breath, as you might say, and the rose-colored ribbons of her morning cap all a-tutter with her earnestness, he folded his paper, and said: "Well, my dear."

"Well, my dear," mimicked Mrs. Torrance, in derision. "I should say it's anything but well when a man hears of a servant insulting—actually insulting—his wife, and says she's in the right."

"Now, Janet, I will submit it to your own judgment if that's a fair interpretation."

"You needn't do anything of the sort. It isn't fair to suppose I have any judgment, if what I say concerning Mildred—perfectly ridiculous cognomen. Who ever heard of Mildred for a servant's name?"

"Why not Mildred?"

"Why not Gwendoline, then, or Frolongonde, or Thelmsda? How would it seem to be telling Gladys to brush the dust off my shoe? And Mildred is just as bad. If I had my way, all the cooks should be Noras, and all the second girls should be Elens, and if they came from England, then they should be Elens and Mary Anns, and it wouldn't sound as if you were taking a liberty with your superiors when your own name is just plain Jane. I ought to have been Fosomund myself, you know," said Mrs. Torrance, absently, twirling the grains in her cup, "or Katherine, or Eloise, or something. But I'm sure I have trouble enough with the people without being troubled with their names. And I don't believe her name is Mildred, anyway. I believe it's just plain Maria, and she took the Mildred. If she took my diamond, she wouldn't stop at taking a name. Or may be it was just Milly."

And here Mrs. Torrance paused, not for breath, but in amazement to see her husband's eyes twinkle, and he himself lean back in his chair, as he pushed his plate away, with a laugh he could repress no longer.

"If she took your diamond, well, my darling, I am glad you have arrived at the diamond once more. I began to think it had been lost again. But don't tell me about the incoherence of a woman's mind. Its workings are labyrinthine, but the thought

always comes out at the place it went in. Now, let us be business-like, if we can, Janet. What makes you think that this pretty Mildred of ours took the diamond?"

"Pretty Mildred! Well, perhaps because she is pretty," said Mrs. Torrance, looking like a satirical parrot. "At all impossible," said her husband, gravely.

"You don't mean to imply that I would denounce a person as a thief because you said she was pretty?" cried Mrs. Torrance, half rising to her feet. "I've as good a mind to leave the table as ever I had to eat. I would, if the buckshot cakes had come up."

"My dear child!"

"You treat me exactly as if I were a child," cried the outraged wife. "What do I care whether my maid is pretty or not? Being pretty, apparently, doesn't keep her hands off my pocket and stealing. I know she stole my diamond just as well as if I had seen her do it."

"But what would she do with it?"

"What a question! As if that sort of person didn't know where to dispose of things easily and take care of the poor—oh! I would if Patricia is never going to send those cakes up."

"How is the ward did our cook come to be called Patricia?"

"I called her so myself when she came. Her own name was Hannah, a combination of sounds I utterly detest, and wasn't going to have ringing in my ears all the time. And she is so tall and erect she justifies Patricia. Don't you think so?"

"All right," said Mr. Torrance, thinking it best to make no reference to the Noras of a few minutes since. "But we were speaking of Mildred."

"I did think very well of Mildred, I will confess, before this," said Mrs. Torrance, with judicial calmness. "She is educating her sister, who has a voice—such a voice!—for a church singer, when she will have a salary that will be worth to them, and give some lessons besides. And she was wrapped up in her. And I took an interest in them myself, and gave her a silk dress to make over, and got a new cloak, that I don't really need, so as to give her my old one. And I saw she had the good taste to take off some of the trimmings, and lots of my old music. And out of her own wages Mildred has to hire a room and a piano and pay for her lessons, somebody gives her her board till she can pay the debt, and it takes every cent of her earnings, and you see it is quite natural that she should look about her to find where she can turn a penny."

"An honest penny," said Mr. Torrance. "A girl who is doing that for another is not one that would be likely to turn any other sort of penny."

"How do you do to interrupt me, Mr. Torrance? It really seems as if you couldn't bear the sound of my voice! I was going on to say, before you took the words out of my mouth, that recently this sister of hers has been advised to take lessons of another master, who asks all creation, but is really worth it. And he says he can make her voice a fortune to her. And they have been dreadfully cast down because they couldn't do it. And now you see where the diamond comes in. If she can get for that stone anything near its value, her sister Mabel can take her lessons. And her voice is delicious, just perfectly delicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Torrance, forgetting the diamond again. "Mildred had her come here and sing to me. And I can't describe it to you. I never heard a lark or a nightingale, but a lark and a nightingale. It was sweet and satisfying and penetrating as the odor of some flower, and yet soft as the velvet side of the petal of the flower. Angels would sing so, may be, if there are any. And I was just carried away. I forgot all about her sister's being my maid. I cried and I laughed, and I felt as if I had found her. And now I will solemnly tell you, Arched, dear, and she bent across the pretty china service, transfixing him with her radiant eyes—

"I looked at my ring, and I turned it and turned it, and I said to myself: 'I had had the good of it ever since Grandfather. He never gave it to me, and everybody knew I had it, and my position was pretty well established, diamond rings or not, and when you were able to afford a real grown-up utter, you would probably get me plenty; and if I sold it now, and gave this poor dear of the money to secure a career, what a blessing it would be to her, and what a joy I should be giving to the world in her, too; for of course she wouldn't be confined to a church choir in that case, and if she were, in what a heavenly fashion could those tones of hers swim out over a prayerful and once, and just take the prayer on their silvery strength, and lead it up, up, up, and anybody who is the means of producing more of them, and so brings down the price of prima donna in the market, is a public benefactor, to be sure, any way; and I was just on the point of saying that I would speak to you, and if you approved, as I knew you would, I could have a thousand dollars or thereabouts for them to day, when Mrs. Veasey happened in, and so, as I didn't want Mrs. Veasey to know anything about it, and he taking the way I had out of my side, I told Mabel to come again to day, and I would have something further to say to her. And so I shall!" cried Mrs. Torrance, taking breath with renewed vigor. "I shall have to tell her that her sister has been arrested for a thief, and she may go to the penitentiary. That's what I'll tell her, the wicked, ungrateful girl!"

"Which?" said Mr. Torrance.

"I don't know how anybody can be so unfeeling," cried his wife. "It really seems as if you were more interested in the troubles of two beggarly girls base enough to rob your wife than in your wife's troubles. Look!"

"But rebury is a very harsh term, Janet darling, when carelessness may be the whole thing."

"There it is again. My carelessness, not their dishonesty. When I went to the wash-stand I turned the ring on my finger again, and there was the stone gone."

"And how many times have I told you that the careless habit of washing your hands in your rings wear off infinitesimal fractions of the gold till the stones are loosened in the setting, and drop out without your being aware of it?"

"You are always so wise after the fact! How do you know I wasn't going to take my rings off? You are so ready to find me at fault! But I thought at first the stone must have washed out."

"So it seems you did wash your hands with the ring on!" said the turning-worm.

"Yes, I did. There! And I sent for the plumber immediately, for I knew if it had washed out, it must have caught in the first trap; and he took up the pipe, but it wasn't there. And he said if he made a real job of it, and went down to the main something, he might find it there; but I thought that would cost more than the diamond itself."

"Wise woman," groaned Mr. Torrance. "And so, you see, I didn't accuse Mildred in the first place. I searched, and took every precaution. I didn't think of such a thing till I saw her stand there turning more colors than the lady in the lobster."

"You don't say that you really have accused her?"

"Well, what if I have? I must lose my diamond that my dear grandfather gave me when I was married, and that I treasured so, and endure it all in silence for fear some of the neighbors will be hurt. My feelings are of no consequence at all! It isn't to be reckoned to my account that I was ready to give her the diamond—and I love diamonds. I don't think there's anything so beautiful in the whole world. There's no other one thing that holds so much in so little, and that's so hard to lose. It is the concrete essence of sunshine—really, materially. Once that identical stone of mine, ages before man was made, was nothing but a flood of sunshine, married to the wet air as it reached one spot of the earth, and a wonderful and mysterious that married, and flourished and flowered and grew a great strong marvel of growth that belongs to those past ages when the earth itself was but half crystallized out of its gases, and that grows now no more. For they can't find any substance that ever produced it. And that's not all, but it's so hard to lose. Or else, even if it is not that, it is the very expression of that ancient atmosphere, almost all carbon, which hung over the earth in that first mysterious of chaos. And at any rate, it is of the purest physical perfection known to-day, and the simplest chemical composition. So."

"My love, how much you know! You take my breath away. It seems to me woe-wearer to have stolen your diamond to steal the Koh-i-noor!"

"It is the Bible-say, Nathan talked to King David, and he stole the Koh-i-noor. And that was all the diamond I had. It would seem so to you, really, if your head clerk had stolen it, or an anybody had stolen it, but this pretty Mildred—"

"But, Janet, you are always so positive."

"How can you say so? What am I ever positive about? You wouldn't have me distrust the evidence of my senses? And if ever I saw guilt on any face—"

"There is nothing more fallible than the evidence of your senses."

"I beg your pardon. I can see as far, and hear as clearly, and taste as keenly as any one alive. And for you to begin to run down my eyes now—perhaps they're not so bright as they have been—but I never thought—to hear you twisting me of growing old—in this way, all of a sudden! (trying hard to swallow a hard lump in his throat) interested—in my servant maid!"

"For Heaven's sake, Janet, think what you're saying!"

"I do think what I am saying," she cried then, in a fury. "And I say, whatever the evidence of my senses may be, I have a right to know your own care nothing at all for my feelings, and can see me robbed without lifting your voice, and—and oh, a husband ought to love his wife, and protect, and take her part." And here Mrs. Torrance hurriedly and pushed over her chair, and was about to rise, when her eyes were so constantly, Max, she said, as she came in the room. "It does no good."

"She is such a cowardly baby," he said, by way of an excuse.

"She is not a baby. You boys torment her so she can't help crying. I don't know if all sure she is such a coward as you imagine. Many people who are afraid of imaginary things are brave enough in the face of real danger," was his mother's reply.

Max was not to be convinced, but refrained from teasing Jennie any more that day, because his mother expressly forbade it.

Mrs. Carter felt very sorry to have her little daughter afraid of the dark, because she knew it was foolish, but she did not see any way to help it, and hoped in time Jennie would outgrow it.

She felt that the boys could do no good with their teasing, and put a stop to it whenever she heard them.

One day the children were all invited, with their mother and father, to take tea with their grandmother.

Of course they were in a great hurry to get ready, and they all allowed them to go some time before she did. Jennie had charge of George, and mother gave her many charges about him.

"I am so afraid something will happen to him. I think he had better go and go with me," she said, anxiously.

But at this time Master George's began to pout, and there were significant tears—an event always avert if possible, in the Carter family. George's "crying fits" were apt to stubborn things.

"Don't worry, mother dear, I will take care of him," said Jennie.

And when she made a promise, a mother knew it would be kept, and then go.

They walked along the street very happily, the two boys in front, and Jennie a few steps behind with George. Suddenly they heard a great roar and people calling. Looking back they saw a horse with a wagon attached him coming furiously toward them the dew-lark.

"Run, run!" shouted Rob, as he saw Max started for the steps of a house nearby.

Jennie could not run with her brother, and she never thought of leaving him. In fact, she never thought herself at all. She had promised to take care of little George, and would do her best.

Stepping quickly behind him, so she should not get half between him and the danger, she threw her arms about him, as if, poor child, her frail body could save him from the danger that was coming.

She shut her eyes, and a great crash. She was conscious of nothing save a sharp pain about her neck, and then knew no more.

When she came to herself she was lying in bed, with her head bandaged, and a queer, stiff feeling in one arm. Just then her mother came to her bedside.

"My dear, have little girl!" she said, as she kissed her.

"Was George hurt?" Jennie asked, faintly.

"No, my darling. You have saved his life by your courage and presence of mind."

Jennie was niled, and there being nothing better to do, she fell asleep.

Jennie was a long time recovering from the injuries she had received. The horse had, just as he reached the children, suddenly taken to the street. In turning, the wagon had dashed violently against a tree and been broken. Some portion of it had struck Jennie, bruising her head and breaking one arm.

Little George was unharmed. The courage of his little sister had saved

# FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE FLOWERS' REPLIES.

"They willow-wally! I wish I were a daisy, A tree, a laughing daisy, a little maiden. Then they willow-wally! little maiden, draw to them, Keep a tight spirit, the daisy say replied."

"They willow-wally! a buttercup I'd like to be, A bright, golden buttercup, the little maiden sighed. Then they willow-wally! little maiden, draw to them, Life's golden sunshine, the buttercup replied."

"They willow-wally! that I could be a clover, A sweet, crimson clover, the little maiden smiled. Then they willow-wally! are the youth is young, Treasure all its honey, the clover sweet replied."

"They willow-wally! if only I could be a rose, A daisy, pretty, wild rose, the little maiden sang. Then they willow-wally! every little maiden. How to be a rosebud, the daisy rose replied."

—*Edna C. Thompson, in St. Nicholas*.

## WAS SHE A COWARD?

How Jennie Proved Her Bravery in the Face of Real Danger.

Jennie Carter was a very bright, good-natured little girl, about twelve years old. Being the only girl in the family, she was naturally a great pet. Indeed, her brothers had but one fault to find with her, but they managed to find her a great many uncomfortable moments on account of that one fault. The fact was, she was afraid of the dark, and this her two elder brothers could not understand.

Little George never did anything to put her on the subject, but as he was only two years old, he could hardly be expected to have an opinion about the matter. Rob and Max, however, the elder boys, seldom lost an opportunity of teasing Jennie about being cowardly, and of submitting her to very unpleasant and disagreeable tests.

"And that was all the diamond I had. It would seem so to you, really, if your head clerk had stolen it, or an anybody had stolen it, but this pretty Mildred—"

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him. Rob and Max were very kind and attentive to her during her illness. They never called her a coward after that. Their father had a very serious talk with them the day Jennie was hurt, in which he showed them how truly brave their sister was.

They had nothing to say, for from the danger she had faced so bravely they had run away.—*A. M. Talbot, in Golden Days*.

## THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

A Father's Last Words—You're Always Been a Good Boy to Me.

"I had a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town."

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, handing me a bundle.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for going to school."

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his cheeks. 'Father, I'm home!'

"Your father," he said, held dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed, since that hour that those last words were spoken. 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is a young man of remorseless heart, the bitterness with which he repents his neglect of old folks, which we have shown to loved ones who are dead."

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you a out the same hearts. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured grudging, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath."

And after all it is such a little way that we can go together.—*Day's Weekly*.

## CHARACTER.

How Good and Bad Qualities Grow and Are Developed.—The Right Time to Had for the Future.

You know, dear, there are shops or large cities where one can go and buy a suit of clothing all ready to put right on and worn, but have any you ever heard of a shop where 'read-made' characters were for sale? No, you wouldn't. Character is something that grows and develops in every boy and girl little by little every day, goes with their growth and strengthens with their strength, until, at last, like a clove or coat, it envelops them. Look at people of high rank and position, and you will find conscientious and reliable in business and at home tender, affectionate and unobtrusive. Now, do you suppose he was until he became a man to develop the qualities? And did mamma gain her wisdom and gentle manners, her prudence and fortitude, and her growth to womanhood? No, my dear, these admirable traits were cultivated youth and encouraged until they came fixed and permanent qualities. Show me a boy who likes to be able the morning, who is always behind breakfast late at school, neglectful

# A LESSON FROM THE WOODS.

How a Woodcock Protected Her Young from a Dog.

Unable to resist the subtle influence of the rainy south wind of yesterday, redolent with cherry blossoms and fore-runner of many such days to come, I was strolling along one of the less frequented roads in the immediate vicinity of the village. My four-footed companion—a satin-skinned pointer, associate of many a happy day, with rolling passion strong, explored every corner and thicket, regardless of a scratched body and a bleeding tail, could be but gain one whiff of that intoxicating odor, far dearer to him than all the 'Satan' odors from the spicy shores of Arabia the best." After an absence somewhat more protracted than usual, a casual search in the thicket I had last seen him, revealed him pointing as I expected. The character of the ground, a rough hillside, covered with tangled cat brars and white birches and rigorous to a deep sward swamp, left little doubt as to the nature of the game, while the glancing eyes, the quivering neck and the rigid stem left no room for doubt as to the few feet or passage inches that separated the educated animal from his natural prey.

While admiring the beautiful picture and hesitating to interfere, a very large hen bird flapped heavily up, clearing the brush with a rattling noise, and dropping a sounding that a bird or two advanced. Almost at the same second the smaller but more vigorous cock bird with the familiar ringing whistle sprang twenty feet into the air and away over the tops of the budding birches, across the brook, starting a wild, howling, not passing rest facing until with a sudden start, and a turn he wheeled sharply into a copse of alders and swamp maples, quite a different species of bird apparently from his starting mate. The latter, naturally a shy and retiring bird, appeared to have lost all fear of man or beast in her anxiety for her little family's welfare, each one of whom and doubtless sought shelter at once under some protecting leaf at the very first indication of danger. So thoroughly, indeed, were the little youngsters stowed away that, although the redoubt of the four broken shells were in plain sight, no trace of them did a rather careful search reveal. And now began a series of amazing antics on the part of that decoy parent that must be seen to be appreciated. Around and around the stanch dog she whirled and whirled, feathers disordered, and her legs for all the world like a duck's duck in the gloaming of the autumn evening as he fearlessly prepares to alight on his favorite feeding ground.

After several minutes thus consumed in completing the circle, of which the sorely-tempted canine was the center, that ever loved—*Lawson's Journal*.

—Some of the recent (and not pleasant) ones, I believe, of his very near, and I don't doubt that the turn of the tide will be turned, and the old fisherman will be able to catch some more of them.

—President George Washington, of Robert College, Constantinople, declares that the European nations all fear and hate one another, and when they make alliances it is for the sake of love, but simply because they can combine in their hatred of some other nation. "It is a sad fact, but it is a fact," he writes.

—Miss Victoria Hill, the first honor graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a light, sensible young woman, was born in the village of Northampton, Mass., and was educated with the girls, and her excellent qualities have not taken any of her girlish femininity from her. Out of books she can cheerfully do her best in her papers, and she is a new class in the department of literature.

—John McLaughlin, the Irish-American, is a man of great ability, and is a very pleasant one. He is a very pleasant one, and is a very pleasant one.

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