THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD - - NEBRASKA

THE LOST BABY.

"I'm lost!" Could you find me please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind lifted lossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered: "May be,"

"Tell me your name, my little maid;
I can't find you without it."
"My name is 'shiny-eyes!'" she said.
"Yes, but your last name?" she took her head;
"Up to my house they never said
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Just 'shiny-eyes.'" A bright thought came
Yes, when you're good, but when they blame
You, little one, is it just the same
When nursuma has to scold you?"

"My mamsum never scolds," she moans,
A little bitish mourning.
"I get when I've been throwing stones,
And then she says—the naughty ones—
'Mehitable Seraphina Jones,
What ma you been a-doing?'"

—*Anna P. Burnham.*

AN OBLIGING GIRL.

Nona Takes Her Lover's Advice and Turns Fashionable.

A lovely afternoon in the spring, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day even on Broadway, Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual uptown stroll, have a comfortable dinner at the Westminster, and a little Stratton with Jessie Mabin afterward, or to cross the river and take a train for his brother's lovely place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the cherries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air and country milk. But he knew of a far better reason yet, if he would have acknowledged it, and what is more, other people knew it too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's remarkable access of fraternal affection, and little Nona Zdaiska herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of cherries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be finally the more powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety they were taken off again, that the wearer might clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of heart or eyes could desire to see. What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the cherry-trees and the evening-star probably know, but it was very delightful, and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any cherries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "strawberries" now when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry excuse did just as well as the cherries. But as the weather grew hotter, the subject of summer resorts became apparent. Philip's mother and sister were going to come fashionable Virginian summers, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them. To tell the truth, he did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did. That would perfectly satisfy him, he thought. Yes, Nona Zdaiska dressed like Jessie Mabin would leave him nothing to desire. He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters easily acquire. A little present from Tiffany's and a modest check "just for spending-money," made his sister Cecilia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecilia," he said. "All she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you desire, Philip, why do you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecilia, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, fresh, loving heart."

"It seems to me—" But here Cecile stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona delicately understand his wishes, and induce her to accept the invitation sent her by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close to his heart that he had no fear of not securing attention if argument or explanation became necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good." And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I go to please you, Philip. I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh! but I don't mean about your health, Nona. You little witch! who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment, and those kind of things."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and upon the whole I am glad you have never understood so far. You see, when we are married we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country, will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses, and your frank, familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remarks and unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—as—well, as Jessie Mabin."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purpose, mingled with kisses and compliments, was said, but nothing in it deceived the wounded woman's heart. For Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood not only what had been said, but also all that had been left to be inferred. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged that once a month he was to pay a few days' visit to the springs, and in the intervals be refreshed and comforted by regular and plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually, until several days passed without any token of Nona's faith and memory. Still, he did not feel much troubled. He thought that he quite understood Nona's reasons, and at any rate he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays in his own proper person could not fail to make.

This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners. He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation, for of two things Philip was certain first, that her interest was "pretended," and second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish." Then he felt unaccountably and (as he very well knew) unreasonably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly and nonchalantly extended the tips of her gloved fingers to him, drawling out the while a pretty little assurance of being "so glad to see Mr. Hays," with the information that "Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train."

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you too, Nona?"

"Oh dear me, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect any thing. One at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his rights as her betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them, and so, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change! I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose *you* are the cause. Do you know that she is really *the belle?* Jack Christie and Ed Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are, Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know. Very first families, and all that kind of thing, you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter. Mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all. Very far from it. That night at the hop Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen, her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie audibly declared to be "just the thing," yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and gems and jewels flashing from her head, her throat, and her wrists. All in vain, however, Philip pleaded for a dance, Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home. He bade his mother and Cecile good-bye, and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity and many kind wishes for his pleasant journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, the ladies did not expect to see him again before his departure. As they passed out of the parlors Nona turned a moment, and a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough; but in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the great passion, which had grown to deeper intensity in his suffering, bursting out in one imploring whisper of "Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all, his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone forever. The tangled curls, the short dresses, even the little ruffled aprons, never more looked homely in his eyes. Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable; and she to this day, when Philip is in the "opposition," reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way if he got it, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he can do.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Barbers at Findlay, O., refuse to shave customers during a thunder storm.—*Cleveland Leader.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

OUR BOY.

Our boy is learning to whistle;
It is always something new
He begins first thing in the morning,
And he stops last thing at bed-time,
And he keeps it up at intervals
The day through.

And pray who is his teacher?
We have not decided quite
Whether it is the thrushes,
The bobolinks in the meadow,
Or the swallows round the barn eaves,
Or Bob White.

What is the tune he likes best?
Well, 'tis between a rail
And the shriek of the wind in the chimney,
Or a gale in the tops of the pine-trees,
For, in fact, don't tell it is no
Tune at all!

Go ask his little playmates,
And ask the housemaid, too,
If they like that sort of music,
They'll say, "Oh, dear!" "Good gracious!"
Now ask me if I like it—
Yes, I do.

—*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, in our Little Ones.*

THE WORK OF A BEETLE.

How It Secured Freedom and Life to an Eminent French Scientist.

One day, nearly a hundred years ago, in the old French seaport town of Bordeaux, there was a little stir in a certain dark corner, and a beetle walked out to take its first look at the world. It was not a specially handsome or remarkable beetle in appearance, and yet it had quite a work to do. Not the ordinary work of such insects, however, though that is an important one, the beetles of this family being scavengers, but the principal life-work of this beetle was to save a man from death. Perhaps when King David in his Psalm called upon all "creeping things" "to praise the Lord from the earth," he may not have thought especially of beetles, yet this little insect was to be the cause of much thanksgiving.

The house under which this beetle had its home was a prison, known as the Grande Seminaire, and in one of the cells of the prison was the man that was to be rescued by the beetle. His name was Pierre Latreille. Little had he dreamed, as the cart that bore him and his companions to prison crept along the road to Bordeaux, that he should ever live to be free again in his native land. For these were evil days in France. Even the good-natured, honest King himself, poor Louis XVI., was powerless to shield his wife and children from the fury of the French people. The royal family were already in danger, and the deputies of the two previous Louis were being visited on their comparatively innocent descendants. All of the nobility and clergy who refused to take their oath on the new constitution were thrown into prison, and it was for this reason that Pierre Latreille and his companions had been imprisoned at Bordeaux.

It is small wonder that Pierre was sad as he sat in his prison cell with no one to keep him company but an old sick Bishop. No doubt Latreille often thought, during the dreary prison days, of his past life, his young boyhood in his native town of Brive, in the rich plain by the river Correze. His family had been poor, though distinguished, and Pierre himself owed his education to the kindness of friends. One of these, a merchant, lent him some books on natural history, and it was from reading these that Pierre first came to love the study of insects. When he was sixteen he was sent to Paris, and there studied theology, but upon his return to his native town he began the study of insects again with great zeal. He had even published some of his discoveries about insects, and now, to all appearance, this study must come to an end.

Out in the harbor of Bordeaux ships were making ready to take the prisoners away from France. They were condemned to exile in South America. Still the prisons were emptied slowly, and although it was June when Latreille was first taken to Bordeaux, yet the days and months crept by and still he lived within the Grande Seminaire. The little beetle lived there, too, although the prisoners did not know it.

One day a surgeon came to see the old Bishop in Latreille's cell. The prison authorities had allowed the surgeon to come daily and dress the wounds of this aged man. This particular day, while the surgeon was in the cell, the little beetle came out of a crack in the boards and crawled into the room. Latreille, looking around, spied the beetle, caught it and began to examine it. He seemed so happy over his discovery that the surgeon looked up and said: "Is it a rare insect?"

"Yes," said Latreille, who knew, from his previous studies, that it must be so.

"In that case you should give it to me," said the surgeon; and he went on to explain to Latreille that he had a friend who had a fine collection of insects, and who would probably be much pleased to receive a rare one.

So Latreille gave up his beetle to the surgeon, and told him to carry it to his friend, and to be sure and ask him the name of it.

But when, the next day, the surgeon made his visit to the cell, he brought the news that his friend had looked at the beetle, and had given it as his opinion that this was a new kind of insect that had never been described. Latreille rejoiced at this answer, not so much because of the discovery of a new beetle, as because the word brought back showed that the surgeon's friend was indeed a learned man.

"In that case," thought Latreille to himself, "he has probably read my book, and will be friendly toward me."

So, as Latreille had neither pen nor paper to write a note, he begged the surgeon to go once more to his friend, whose name was Bory de Saint Vincent, and tell him who the prisoner who had sent the beetle was, and say that this prisoner was about to be sent to Guiana to die there as a convict.

The surgeon faithfully delivered the message, and as soon as his friend heard it he immediately set about trying to have Latreille released, for he recognized his name as one of the scientific names of France.

Meantime the prison-ship was making ready in the harbor. The prisoners went on board, but Latreille was not among them, for vigorous efforts were being made in his behalf. The ship at last set sail, but it was never to reach the South American coast. The vessel foundered before it was out of the Bay of Biscay, and every prisoner on board was drowned. No wonder that Latreille afterwards, in one of his great entomological works, when describing the kind of beetle that he found in his cell, and speaking of it under its scientific name of Necrobia ruficollis, calls it "an insect very dear to me, for in those disastrous times, when France groaned tremulously under the weight of endless calamities, this little animal was the marvellous cause of my liberty and safety."

After this providential escape, Latreille's friends were so far successful that he was permitted to come out of prison as a convalescent, although it was stipulated that he was to be delivered up whenever the authorities wanted him. After a time, however, his friends managed to have his name taken off from the list of those who were to be exiled; and so, though even King Louis himself was put to death by the furious French people, yet this man was saved to become "the Prince of Entomology," as he was surnamed. But, although he was one of the greatest scientific men of France, and published numerous works on his favorite study, and became Professor of Zoology at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, yet he never forgot his marvellous deliverance—and, after his death, an obelisk raised to his memory at Pers la Chaise bears upon it a large figure of the little beetle that had been guided by a Divine hand to visit his particular prison cell and become the means of his deliverance from death.—*Mary E. Lonsdale, in N. Y. Observer.*

A FAITHFUL BOY.

The Success Which Crowned His Saving Habits, His Honesty and Devotion to Business.

Last week, in Philadelphia, Pa., the semi-centennial anniversary of the entrance of Mr. Edward O. Knight into business was celebrated. Mr. Knight began his business career as an errand boy, on a salary of two dollars per week, and saved something every week, and while still a very young man opened a grocery store with a capital of two hundred dollars saved from his earnings. Two things, certainly, Mr. Knight did as a boy. He kept his eyes open, and learned every thing he possibly could learn about the business; he did not waste any money. It is not at all probable that he bought cigarettes, or owned innumerable neckties, or wore large brass rings or pins, or drank many glasses of soda water.

Another thing. It is not at all likely that he got to the office five to fifteen minutes late three mornings in the week, or just got inside the door every morning at the last possible minute. He was there on time, and had risen early enough in the morning to reach business neatly and carefully dressed, and ready to commence the duties at once.

It is not at all likely that he watched the face of the clock the last half-hour of the day, doing the work that came to him in a half-hearted spirit, or as a boy of eighteen, a stock clerk, did to the writer during the last week. The large store where he is employed closes at six p. m. A customer hurried in to purchase goods to match some purchased a week before. The stock clerk was asked by the salesman for the goods, and answered in the most nonchalant manner: "All gone." "What! why, there was a roll of it yesterday." "All sold." But the salesman hurried along the line of goods three or four times, saying, in a puzzling tone, "It's very strange." The stock clerk said nothing, but stood frowning at the clock. "Why, yes, of course, here it is," and the salesman tumbled a large roll to the floor. A flush of shame passed over the stock clerk's face, and he turned his back. He knew he had stolen nearly fifteen minutes of his employer's time, and wasted that much of the customer's, rather than disturb the stock, which was in good order. That young man will be a clerk all his life. He does not attend to business in a business-like spirit.

Another thing: Mr. Knight never reasoned in this way: "I'm not going to kill myself. He only pays me two dollars a week. I am not going to kill myself for that. If he wants me to work harder just let him pay me more money." Foolish boy! Do you suppose that a boy who does two dollars' worth of work is going to be paid three dollars for doing it? No! When you want three dollars a week, do five dollars' worth of work. Remember that your employer expects to make a profit on your labor. He buys your time, and every minute of the working hours belongs to him.

Another thing: When Mr. Knight was a boy, he must have watched the business methods about him, and received many valuable hints that enabled him to transact his own business intelligently. If boys would only remember that their entrance into business is an entrance into a new school, they would learn very much more than they do.

Mr. Knight says: "I cautioned my clerks to give good weight, and I always represented goods as they were. Honor is indispensable in mercantile life. In fifty years I have signed every note sent out by this house." Honesty and devotion to business—two indispensable foundation stones to a successful business life.

To-day Mr. Knight is rated among the millionaires of Philadelphia. Remember, he began as a poor boy on a salary of two dollars per week.—*Christian Union.*

HOME DRESS-MAKING.

Stylish Wool Suits and Becoming Draperies for Stuff Dresses.

Plain wool suits for travelling dresses and for general morning wear are made of the pin-checked woolens sold for seventy-five cents of one dollar a yard, and of which ten yards are required. These are especially popular in blue or brown, and are also liked in dark red with white. The taller the lady is, the more for her is trimming a row of gimp in squares, arabesques and curves, with edges neatly straight, passed down the front and around the back of the neck. The skirt may have a deep apron drapery pointing low on the right side, and taking themes in plaits that form the bars of the entire skirt, with pointed wings set in down the side.

Another drapery for stuff dresses that is commended to the home dressmaker for wearing with a kilt skirt has a short wrinkled apron and long swinging back. The apron, though short, is very full, and is carried far back on the sides to give handsome hips and leave a very narrow space to be covered by the back drapery. The drapery is made of a large square of the material, formed by sewing together two breadths of the single-width goods usually sold, as three quarters of a yard wide, though it seldom measures so much. Each corner of the square is then cut off round and one cut with the side next it is faced, as the rounded corner can not be neatly hemmed. The opposite end and side are then laid in plaits, all turned one way and sewed to the belt. This makes the seam joining the two breadths pass diagonally across the back, and if the material is striped, this effect is considered very stylish. The plaits drop down almost the whole length of the drapery, and each has no loops catching up the sides it is only fastened on the sides, low enough to hide the joining of the apron below that, it swings and curves loosely on the kilt-plaitings, which must then be confined a very high up the back.

Kilt skirts are now made in wide-seamed plaits to prevent them from being heavy and to save the material. A good plan is to lay the plaits seven inches wide, and fold them not quite three inches beyond the edge. Each plait is then tacked to two or perhaps three bands of strong wide tape that pass around the skirt on the wrong side, but this tacking must not show on the outside, as the plaits should hang easily, as if they were loose folds merely pressed there. A hem four inches deep, held by two or three rows of stitching, is sufficient finish for the kilt skirts of plain stuff dresses. But the kilt is now used for more dressy fabrics, such as canvas, vailing, cashmere, or grenadine, and may then be laid in very fine plaits, and bordered with four or five rows of inch-wide ribbon sewed on before the plaits are laid. For cashmere or etamine, watered ribbons are used, but those of plain satin or gros grain are less expensive, and are quite as popular for vailing; velvet ribbons are used for foulards and other summer silks. When long draperies are used, these ribbons only show in front and high up one side. Very pretty white canvas dresses with rows of white watered ribbon are gotten up at small expense for summer afternoon wear. Dark blue canvas dresses have the kilting trimmed with rows of red or of white wool braid of a new kind that is woven in open lace-like patterns.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A COOL HOUSE.

A Statement Which Contained Just Enough Truth to Be Misleading.

Battleton advertised a house for sale. A man who had read the advertisement and who had examined the house called on Battleton.

"My idea," said he, "is to purchase a beautiful place."

"The very house you want," said Battleton.

"My greatest difficulty is in getting a place where I can sleep comfortably at night."

"I think that my house will suit you."

"I want a cool place."

"Then you are fortunate in selecting my house."

"Plenty of air?"

"Plenty."

"You say it is cool?"

"Coolest place in town."

The man bought the house and paid for it. Shortly afterward he sought Battleton, and in an excited manner exclaimed:

"You have told me a falsehood."

"How so?"

"You said that the house which I bought of you is cool."

"Well?"

"But I find it to be the hottest house I ever saw."

"This is June, my friend."

"Yes."

"Well, I say that the house is cool—cool in January. You forgot to mention the month. Goodday."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A New York furniture dealer, speaking of bogus antique furniture, says: "I know men who can take a modern wardrobe and in a few hours make it look as if it were built a century ago. Some dealers buy up all the old furniture they can around at auction sales and fix it up a little, and then sell it at a high price. There is a kind of stain made which, if used properly, will transform a hemlock plank into a good imitation of English oak."—*N. Y. Times.*

—A woodchuck was captured in Coram, Mass., the other day, having teeth of a peculiar malformation. Its upper teeth were of extraordinary length and curled inwards, terminating in the roof of its mouth. The lower teeth were fully long, but shot upward outside of its mouth. On account of this curious development the animal had no use for its teeth, and in consequence had evidently starved when caught.—*Boston Journal.*

FULL OF FUN.

—She: "And the [illegible] Major. Did you get it during a [illegible] engagement?" He (absently): "Engagement? No; the first week of our honeymoon."—*Frank's Sun.*

—There is a gentleman in this city who almost wholly lives on strawberries in their season. The rest of the year he lives on his mother-in-law.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Another [illegible] said the young man, when his [illegible] and three cousins standing in front of an ice-cream saloon [illegible] him to come out.—*Chicago News.*

—A little boy [illegible] running into the house and told his father he had killed another boy. "Why did you not stop and take the consequences?" inquired his mother. "Oh," he replied, "I took the consequences before I killed him."—*Middletown Citizen.*

—Young Mr. [illegible]—Mary, what do you mean by [illegible] the soles of my boots? Mary—Well, ma'am, the fact is I have a pair of boots exactly the same as yours, and I like mine best, and I challenged yours so that I would know the difference when yours and mine [illegible].—*Chicago Times.*

—Customer: "Aren't you afraid to leave all those clothes hanging out on the sidewalk with nobody to watch them? I should think you would be afraid some sneak would steal them." Dealer: "Sneak steal clothes? Vy, mein friend, I tell yes. I sells dose clothes so cheap that it doesn't pay to steal them."—*Detroit Journal.*

—"Talk!" triumphantly exclaimed Bumble, from his perch on top of a chair [illegible] Algernon's head. "What does not talk?" doubtfully asked his sister Maud. "Why, you and Alg were talking about that grass was growing on top of his head, and there isn't any there." Here Maud collapsed, the situation is unknown.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The following said a New York lady to her little Boston niece, "will you see how high the thermometer is, please?" "Yes, aunty, it is just even with temperate zone." "Thank you," said the Philadelphia aunt, who was equal to the occasion, "and now will you see how high the mercury is?" "Sakes alive, Fan, there's their aunties," replied the Boston niece.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A woman called at a grocer's in South Troy the other day and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart, to be put into the same jug. "And why not ask for half a gallon, and done with it?" said the grocer. "Och! Bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "it's for two persons."—*Troy Times.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Kirmess is a festival or fair. If we are good to make it a permanent institution, the New York *World* says, some step should be taken to settle the orthography of the latest foreign fad. Now in Washington they call it Kirpes, and in some highly aristocratic circles there is a disposition to spell it Kirmess. Let us compromise on Kirpess.

—A curious sight is that in a library at Paris. It is the entire written not printed. Every letter of the text is cut into the leaf, and as the alternate leaves are of blue paper it is as easily read as the best print. The labor required and the time necessary to cut each letter may be imagined. The work is so perfect that it seems as though done by machinery, but every character was made by hand.

—As Lawrence Kas., a child of about three years old, while playing about the yard, stumbled and fell down, striking his chin on a rock, cutting a portion of its tongue nearly off, the piece hanging out of its mouth. A doctor was called to attend the case. After making the examination he administered chloroform to the child and sewed the piece back into its natural position.

—In London there have been taken to procure a pleasant home for horses. The object of the home, as set forth at a meeting of those interested, is to enable the poorer classes—cabmen, tradesmen and others—to procure, on moderate terms, rest and treatment for horses that are failing from overwork or accidental causes, and which are worth to be benefited by a few weeks' rest and care.

—When the steamer Heartburn, from Philadelphia, was passing Alsevoon the other morning, a large flock of canvas back ducks and other birds flew onboard and took refuge in the rigging and the houses on deck. As soon as the vessel reached Atlantic Docks, Brooklyn, the birds began to fly ashore, and a swarm of boys caught many of them. The birds are supposed to have escaped from some aviary on the Jersey shore.

—A hen owned by John Bartlett, of Old Colony, Mass., has adopted an assured method of paying her board. Nearly every day she comes to the house cackling in a peculiar noise, and, on being admitted, goes to the lounge and deposits an egg. Having thus put the family in the actual possession of the "root cash," she again finds the door, and, by a peculiar note, asks to be let out, going about her business apparently feeling that she has made adequate return for her keeping.—*Boston Herald.*

—The following is a curious Creole remedy for sore throat. In swelling of the glands of the throat the swollen gland should be well rubbed with tallow and then tallow smeared on thoroughly melted by holding close to the gas, without actually touching it, the face of a knife heated in the flame of a lamp or candle. Some say the point of the heated blade only should approach the skin, and that the pons only should be moved so as to describe a circle immediately over the gland. The last is a purely superstitious idea.

POINTS FO[illegible]

Interesting Things Which Women Want to Know.

Hoop ear-rings are again [illegible].

White cashmere will be fashi[illegible].

Tennis costumes are gayer than ever.

Rough straw hats continue in fashion.

Lace fans are among the season's craze.

Velvet will appear in summer costumes.

Wraps are, for the most part, tight fitting.

Cluster rings have made their appearance.

Soft rests of crinkled crape are stylish with silk costumes.

The straw-lace bonnets for summer show the hair and its arrangement.

New buttons are like rounds cut from a rough walking stick, bark and all.

Tweeds and cheviots find favor with women who incline to the English style of dress.

Imported sun-shades are seen of embossed leather, with a leather fringe around the top.

Silver jewelry continues to be much worn on the street and with mourning dresses. It will also be popular with travelers.

It is the correct thing to wear common-sense shoes for walking, though narrow soles and high French heels are retained for house wear.

The modern extreme fashion in furnishing is to have the corners of a room cut off by curtains, screens, low couches, a table or the like.

White costumes of flannel, nun's vailing, wool crepe and French bunting are being made up for general use at the mountain, seaside and other summer resorts.

Furniture needs cleaning often. It may be washed off with warm Castile soap-suds, a small place at a time, quickly rubbed dry and then gone over with an oily cloth.—*N. Y. World.*

AN OLD DOCUMENT.

A Bill of Lading Relating to the Stone Work of a Montreal Monument.

Mr. R. W. Tyre in looking on some old papers the other day came across the following interesting document, the accounts of which will be read with interest. It is not generally known, it is believed, that the stone work of the monument was imported from England, but such, it will be seen, is the case:

"Shipped by the grace of God in good order and well conditioned by Inglis, Ellice & Co., in and upon the good ship called the Ewcretta, whereof is master, under God, for this present voyage, Alexander Patterson, and now riding at anchor in the River Thames and by God's grace bound for Quebec and Montreal with convoy, 17 containing ornamental stone work, a pillar to be erected at Montreal to the memory of the immortal being marked and numbered in margin, and are to be delivered like good order and well condition at the aforesaid port of Montreal (the act of God, the King's enemies, fire and all and every other dangers and accidents of the seas, rivers and navigation, of whatever nature and kind soever, excepted) unto Messrs. Forsyth, Richardson & Co., or to their assigns, freight for the said goods being paid here, with primage and average accustomed. In witness whereof the master or purser of the said ship hath affirmed to three bills of lading, all of this tenor and date; the one of which three bills being accomplished, the other two to stand void. And so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety. Amen. Dated in London, 20th March, 1808. Contents unknown to Alex. Patterson."—*Montreal Gazette.*

A FIERCE STRUGGLE.

Discussing a Trade Twenty-One Hours for the Sake of Principle.

A rainy day had housed us up in a cabin of a Tennessean, and about nine o'clock in the morning a man who was addressed by our host as Uncle Billy came riding up through the steady pour on a mule. The animal was placed in the stable, and, as the two men entered the house, our host observed:

"Well, Uncle Billy, how'll you trade mules?"

"Oh, 'bout three dollars tew boot," was the answer.

They returned to the stables and talked until noon. Then we had dinner, and they talked until four o'clock. The rain let up a little then, and we went out to see a calf, leaving them talking mule. We returned at six and they were still at it. We had supper, and the interrupted conversation was resumed and kept up until nine o'clock. We went off to bed with Uncle Billy saying:

"Tell ye what I'll dew. I'll trade for three dollars tew boot."

It thundered about midnight, and I woke up and heard that mule talking on going. At six o'clock I got up. Uncle Billy was just riding away.

"Well, how did you come out?" asked of our host.

"Beat him down to two dollars and a three bits," he replied.

"So you saved two shillings?"

"Exactly, though I wasn't working for that. It was the principle of the thing which I looked at."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Making Duck Water-Proof.

When duck is preferred to rubber-cloth for the wagon covers, sides and tops of business wagons, it can be made impervious to water, and yet as pliable and durable, by grinding six pounds of English ocher with boiled oil and adding one pound of black paint. An ounce of yellow soap, dissolved by heat in water, is mixed with the paint. This mixture is laid upon dry canvas as stiff as can conveniently be done with the brush. Two days after, a second coat of ocher and black paint (without any soap) is laid on, allowing this coat time to dry, the canvas is finished with a coat of any tinted color.—*Scientific American.*