THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA.

THE HOTEL WAITER.

There's a waiter who waits on the numerous guests
At a house where the travelers stay;
He quickly responds to your slightest behest
And never accepts any pay.
He always looks handsome and tidy and trim,
And you feel well assured you'll find
That the orders which you have intrusted to him
Are carried out just to your mind.

He's always around when you chance to desire
Some service which he can perform,
He'll trot back and forth, never seeming to tire,
And he'll see that your dinner is warm;
He brings what you send for every time;
He's always extremely polite,
And if you should offer a quarter or dime
Why you'd surely insult him outright.

"Where is this phenomenal waiter?" you ask
You do not believe there exists
A hotel employe who attends to his tasks,
And in duty's path bravely persists.
Yes, those who from travel are care-worn and gray,
Will doubt, though they do not complain,
Yet he lives and will live for many a day—
In some wondrously fanciful brain.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE OLD HAIR TRUNK.

The Ancient Romance Clinging to It and Its Owner.

For the last forty or fifty years an old hair trunk had occupied one corner of the garret. The dark shade of the old corner, low-down under the roof made it look more like some crouching animal than old relic. It was peculiar in shape, peculiar in color, peculiar in general appearance. Its shape was unlike any modern trunk though I do not know that I can just define its shape, unless I say it was a cross between a mammoth "Saratoga" and a woman's "work-box." In color it was between a grayish brown and a bluish red, if you know what that is. Something like a crushed strawberry tint, I think. When they built it they first made a frame, just as frame houses are built now-a-days. Next it was sided up, that is, they built the walls, floor and roof of the trunk. Then over all this they fastened leather covering. The leather was tanned with the hair on and this left on the outside. Hence its peculiar color, and its animated appearance. It was about sixty or seventy years old. Grandfather said he could remember when it first came into his possession, only by referring to the date of his marriage, and then grandmother would blush—perhaps you doubt that so old a lady can blush, but she did.

We all clamored to hear the story. Grandfather had told us all the stories he knew, he said, time and again, but we did not remember one in which occurred either the old trunk or his marriage. We all knew that when he was a young man he had been connected with some sort of a coast guard, or life-boat crew, or something else like that, but he was always singularly silent concerning that period of his life. We had often wandered at it, but had never said any thing. Now before going any farther he looked at grandma, and asked rather hesitatingly, we thought, whether he should proceed. She blushed assent and so the story started.

"You see when I was a young man, I was connected with a life-saving station on the coast of Maine. In that day these stations were rare and usually each one had considerable business, as the districts were large. Many is the wreck I have helped board and save the crew and passengers from certain destruction against the rocky shores. Only the most daring and intrepid men were employed. They were mostly middle-aged men who had lost their families in some sea disaster, and had given up their citizenship in the active world to devote their lives to the saving of others.

"When your grandmother was a girl, years ago, it seems to me, I fell in love with her. Her people were wealthy, while mine and I were poor, and were struggling farmers. For a long time she and I enjoyed our lives in blissful ignorance of the future before us. Our farms adjoined, that is, her father's and mine, and we saw each other almost daily. I was about eighteen then, a big, bony, strong boy, accustomed to labor on the newly-cleared farm from sun to sun. It had had but one effect on me. I had never been to the city. I had only a slight knowledge of the world or society in general. I could read and write, and had often written short, painful letters to a distant brother of my father's. I had read all the books in the neighborhood, but unfortunately for my advancement, in other than a spiritual way, they treated only of religious topics.

"She was then but sixteen, a lovely little lass, bright blue eyes and light hair—there, Mary, don't interrupt me: you know you were the prettiest girl in that whole county. She had been to New York with her father several times, and had spent one winter in Boston with an aunt. But for all that she liked me, and when she found me so passionately fond of her, she really fell in love with me, a great rough boy.

"As I said before, not one thought of what the 'squire, her father, would say when he discovered the intimacy had crossed our minds. While we were wandering about in the woods Sunday afternoons, I had become quite used to looking at her, and murmuring her name; I had become quite accustomed to calling her my darling; I had even begun to calculate how much it would take to start us in a farming way, when one day the old 'squire came to me as I was plowing a big piece of corn land. I had felt uneasy all day, for poor oxen had failed to track as often as I thought they usually did. My plow kept catching into old roots and jerking me about. I was tired and nervous, when along in the middle of the afternoon after I had turned in my furrow and started back for the other side of the big lot, I saw the 'squire leaning against my rail-fence, examining my work rather critically, I thought. But I did not have much fear, for I could turn the straightest, handsomest furrow of any man in the country.

"I was wondering what he could want of me, for he seldom came over to our place except on business, when it occurred to me that but the week before my father had placed a mortgage on his place to pay a city doctor for curing my mother's life. The 'squire held the mortgage and was undoubtedly over to see how things were running on our place, so when I came up to him I stopped my weary oxen and said pleasantly to him something about the weather as I wiped the sweat off my face. But I saw immediately something was wrong; I was a little frightened then, for it dawned upon me like a flash that my little Mary was the cause of the 'squire's visit. I said nothing but waited for him to open the matter, when I saw him look at me so intently and sort of critically, as if he were mentally measuring up the amount of man in my frame, I grew about an inch taller; I brushed my hair back off my sun-burned brow with one hand and I am certain a defiant glance came into my eyes.

"'John,' said he, 'I want to say a few words to you. I am sorry that I must, but my duty as a father commands it. I can look back about fifty years and see myself plowing and hoeing, working half-cleared fields from morning till night.' Then he hesitated as though he had said something he wished he hadn't, but continued. 'To come to the point, I have discovered your unfortunate attachment for Mary, and I came over this morning to tell you it must end, but your mother said you were plowing the "back lot"—and I've come this afternoon to tell you that your intimacy must end.'

"There isn't much to tell now. The story is soon ended. After the 'squire left me, I did not make the least reply, but went on plowing. I guess the poor oxen thought I was going to work all night for I had plowed on until almost dark before I noticed what time it was. Then I went home, in a sort of dazed condition, I put up my beasts and went in and sat down and ate supper. Mother noticed there was something wrong, so she was more than usually careful of me. She said nothing. When the other men had come in and sat down, I called father aside and told him I was going away that night. He wanted to know why, and I told him all. Then he said he understood why the 'squire was going to take his daughter away.

"That night I left, and after wandering around for several months, I happened upon the coast and joined the saving crew. I thought, perhaps, I could meet the fate I prayed for so long.

"One wild, windy night, after we had been lying idle for several days, and I had been with them nearly two years, we received signals of a sinking ship. We immediately put off for it. Struggling against the wind and waves, I thought that night of the long ago—as it seemed to me. After a long pull we came up to the ship, but she was past helping. The whole crew had left and only one or two passengers were remaining undrowned. With some of my companions, I went aboard to help them enter our boat, when I saw the form of a woman crouching behind an old hair trunk. I clasped her, but found she was fast, so I drew them both to the side and my comrades took her and the trunk in. The other men we saved too, but I was so blinded with salt water and ice, I could see nothing. When we pulled in, I helped the young woman to alight, when a flash crossed and I recognized my Mary. You youngsters can imagine the rest, as I see grandma is getting weary. The 'squire did not object that time—that's all."—*Albany Argus.*

It Caught Them Both.

A boy about ten years of age was walking along the street of a Dakota city as fast as he could run when he happened to meet his father.

"Here, hold on!" cried the parent, grasping him by the arm, "you'll make yourself sick running so on such a hot day. Come on home to dinner."

"Let-leggo o' me, dad!" panted the half exhausted boy, "there's a bully dog fight down there and I wanter go an' ——"

"Dog fight!" exclaimed the father, getting excited. "Great Scott! what are you standing here for! Go on quicker 'n lightning and show me where it is!" and the boy dashed away making frantic efforts to keep from getting stepped on by his parent tearing wildly behind.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

A Careful Station-Master.

A impudent-looking fellow was standing on the railroad track, apparently paying no attention to the fact that a train was rapidly approaching.

"Say," said the station-master, "you had better get off that track, or you will get run over."

"Honey that is my own affair, if I get run over," was the reply.

"Well, I reckon so; but who is going to pick up the mess afterwards? It's your funeral." And reaching out his right foot he kicked the indifferent man fifteen feet and nine inches by actual measurement, just as the express train whizzed past. — *Drake's Traveler's Companion.*

— Smith—"I saw you carrying home a couple of nice-looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?" Brown—"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."—*Exchange.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A GOOD-BYE.

No, no, not for me—I ain't drinking to-day,
It was not for that I called in on my way.
But to bid you good-bye. Going West? Well, not quite,
But I'll journey as far as St. Patrick's to-night.
Say, what ails you, old man, that so wildly you stare?
Can't make out what on earth is a-bringing me there?
Well, I mean a new life and new comrades to try,
And so, Mr. Barman, I'll bid you good-bye.

Let me see, I've been hanging around here three years,
And going down hill all the time, it appears;
I was then a smart fellow and handsome—somehow
I don't look as spruce and as go-ahead now.
There ain't the same fashion and cut in my clothes,
And I'm rather ashamed of my rubicund nose.
I've been thinking things over a trifle, and I
Have come, Mr. Barman, to bid you good-bye.

I bear you no grudge, though at last I've discovered
That our treaty of commerce is all on one side,
That I give you the best share of all that I earn,
And get only sickness and rags in return.
I have parted with happiness, manhood and health,
And lagged far behind in the struggle for wealth.
Misfortune is o'er me: destruction seems nigh:
So it's best, Mr. Barman, to bid you good-bye.

I know I've gone down on life's slippery track,
But I don't think I've lost every chance to turn back
I'll mount up the ladder; if one rung I climb
'Tis better than sinking the whole of the time;
But to keep right ahead I must carefully pass
Your glowing temptation of bottle and glass.
No poison my brain in a saloon must lie;
So adieu, Mr. Barman, I bid you good-bye.

—*Irish World.*

THE QUESTION OF MARKET.

How Farmers Have Been Fooled by the Fallacious Argument of Distillers.

Once upon a time I chanced to stand in a meat market soon after six o'clock Saturday night. Men from the machine shops were there getting supplies for Sunday dinners. I noticed with surprise how little some of them bought. One in particular took only a bit of liver, remarking as he handed over the few cents asked for it: "This is all that is left of my week's wages." Just then in came Charley, the rotund saloon-keeper whose saloon is on the street leading from the machine shops to the market. He is a big, pompous fellow, and walking up to the counter with a "I-am-monarch-of-all-I-survey" air ordered the nicest roast in the shop, pulled out a big roll of bank bills, handed one to the clerk to pay for the meat and went out. I saw that Jim, the liver buyer, stood watching him moodily, and that a peculiar look came over his face as his eye rested on the bill Charley paid, then glanced from the nice, juicy roast which was to be Charley's dinner to the insignificant bundle in his own hand.

As Charley passed out, Jim turned to his shop-mates and said: "See here: don't you know we're fools! That bill Charley paid for that roast is the very one I paid him for liquor not half an hour ago. It's gone to buy his family a good Sunday dinner, while mine can have nothing but liver. Next week I am going to keep away from his infernal saloon and see if my folks can't have roast beef for their Sunday dinner." "Let's all try it," they said, and went out discussing the question of Sunday dinners vs. whisky.

Curiosity led me to the same market at the same time the following Saturday. In came the same people; but I noticed that every one of those shop men bought a roast of beef, and great was the chuckling among them when Charley walked in with a long face, saying: "I never did see such luck as I've had this week; never had such a poor week for trade in my life; believe I won't indulge in a roast, but will take some of that *liver.*"

All of which set me to thinking. We were near neighbors to Peoria with its mammoth distilleries. My work took me much among the farmers; every where among them my Temperance appeals were met with: "We don't drink, nor wish to; but if you Temperance folks shut up the distilleries there'll be no market for our corn." I knew they were wrong, but could see no way to prove it to them, till the incident in the meat market let in a flood of light upon the question. I begun to investigate. The first step was, to write to the Internal Revenue Commissioner at Peoria, to see how much whisky was made out of a bushel of corn. Waiting his answer I asked Jack, Charley's son, who was a pupil of mine and my good friend, how many drinks there were in a gallon of whisky. "Well," he said, "that depends on how big the drinks are; but near as I can calculate they run about fifty to a gallon." The commissioner replied: "I have the honor to say that a fair average production of spirits from a bushel of corn for the period of one year is from 16¾ to 17¼ quarts.

Then I went to figuring. Allowing each man to take but four drinks a day at five cents each, a low average you will allow, he would spend each day twenty cents for his whisky. In the course of the year that mounts up to over seventy dollars, or just about as much as a whole beef would cost him, bought at the market along as he needed it during the year. My housekeeping experience convinced me that a medium-sized family would consume that amount of beef in a year—if they could get it.

The next thing to figure on was the amount of corn used in making the whisky. Four drinks a day give 1,460 a year; taking Jack's average of fifty drinks to a gallon this calls for twenty-nine and one-half gallons of whisky, 117 quarts. To make this amount will require, according to the commissioner's figures, not quite seven bushels of corn. This, mind you, on the supposition that there is no "crookedness" in the whisky, nor any adulteration in the drinks; we give the distiller all the benefit of the doubt.

The next step was to discover how much corn would have been consumed to make the beef. This was harder to ascertain, for farmers do not keep records as strictly as the internal revenue does. By diligent inquiring and comparison of results as given by many farmers, I arrived at the conclusion that fifty bushels of corn was a low estimate for the amount eaten from the time the calf commences to eat corn until its appearance as beef in the market: that is, more than seven times as much corn goes to make a beef than is used to make the whisky which sells for the same amount of money. Now I was ready for my farmer friends, for they knew and I knew that the chances for a man's family having plenty of beef to eat are in inverse ratio to the quantity of whisky he drinks. So whenever they confront me with the question: "Where should we find market for our corn if distilleries are closed?" Yankeelike I reply with another question: "Which pays you best, to put one bushel of corn into whisky to make a man worse than a brute, and bring his wife and children to the poor-house for you to support, or to put seven bushels into beef to make good blood and brawn and brain for that man and his family so they can support themselves?"

There is another thing about this distilling business by which farmers are badly fooled. It is the competition into which it brings their honest, corn-fed beef with distillery-fed cattle. The distiller can fatten cattle literally upon nothing, so far as cost to himself is concerned. He gets big money back for what he pays you for corn, in the whisky, while on its leavings, which otherwise would be utterly valueless, he fattens beef and pork, and of course he can undersell you in the market. This competition so lowers the price of beef you sell to the butcher that on the amount you receive for it you lose more than the profits of all the corn you can sell to the distiller. And this loss to you is no gain to the consumer. The butcher asks his customer just as much for the distillery-fed beef as he does for yours; so whatever money is made in the transaction besides that made by the distiller goes into the middle-man's pocket, not into yours.

We rise no higher now than the level of your pocket-book. There is a sanitary and moral phase to the distillery-beef question that we advise you to study up in the loathsome stalls where distillery-fed cattle are kept. Aside from all that, have I not made out a case strong enough to convince you that the market for your corn will not be destroyed by shutting up the distillery?

The distillers have fooled you long enough by their cry: "No market for corn without distilleries." They fool you in regard to the proportion of corn used in their nefarious business. The number of bushels so used, given in the aggregate, seems enormous, and, without comparing it with the whole amount raised in the State, you are sure to think the proportion much greater than it really is. But comparing it with the entire crop, the amount used by distilleries is but as a drop in the bucket. By careful computation in Illinois it proves to be one peck for each man in the State. Are you willing to let the distilleries run and take the risk of ruin to your neighbors' or your own boy, which their running entails, rather than to endanger your chance to find a market for a peck of corn? If so you would better use that peck in making starch to stiffen your backbone.

In Iowa, before it adopted prohibition, George Woodford's calculation showed that the land used to raise corn for distilleries would not furnish room to bury the victims of the distillery's twin brother, the saloon. Do away with saloons and distilleries, and you will not need so much ground for graveyards.—*Union Signal.*

POSITIVE OPINIONS.

Strong Testimony Against Alcohol by Competent Witnesses.

Men who drink whisky are sure to go to the wall sooner or later on the street. I always win when I have whisky for my competitor.—*Henry Lewis, the banker.*

The evils of brandy and soda in India need only to be remembered to prove how pernicious is the suicidal habit of indulgence in drinking alcoholic liquors in hot climates.—*Henry M. Stanly.*

To make or sell ardent spirits for common use is as wicked as to make and sell poisons for the same purpose. The blood of murdered souls will be required at the makers' and dealers' hands.—*Judge Doggett.*

I am utterly unable to understand how it is possible for any man, with any sense of decency, or any appreciation of manhood, or any sentiment of honor, or any one having any hopes or aspirations for respectable social, or moral standing in the community, or having any regard for the confidence and respect of his fellow men, can reconcile himself to the idea of becoming a common vender of intoxicating liquors.—*Judge John Martin, Kansas.*

For the pitiful sum a dime he [the owner of a groggery] furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is particeps criminis in the deed.—*Judge Johnson, California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal.*

During a term of seven years as prosecuting lawyer in the Federal service at New York City, I seldom, during those seven years, knew a case of criminal violation of law by violence and force of arms that was not either conceived or committed or aggravated by the use of intoxicating liquor. I have been present when the chairman of the board that examines jails and poor-houses and asylums of New York went through those places; and I know it is the simple testimony of thoughtful, truthful people that liquor, in some form or other, is responsible for three-fourths of the pauperism of the State of New York.—*Stewart L. Woodford.*

The Sabbath is emphatically "the poor man's day." It is the best conservator of home, the guardian of the public morals, and the only guaranty in this busy day and world of some due attention to the cultivation of that spiritual nature in man, which gives life and force even to his work among material things. But the liquor traffic and the Sabbath are in natural enmity. It is no chance association which leads to the cry: "Down with the Sunday laws and the liquor laws" in so many parts of the country. The traffic wants the day. It wants the Saturday night wages. It wants opportunity and the temptation to drink on the day of rest. It has the day in Europe; it covets it in America. It will have it, unless the political power of the traffic be broken.—*Judge Robert C. Pitman, Massachusetts.*

The worst effect of all, and that which ought to make every man, who has the least sense of his privileges tremble, is that these houses are become in many places the nurseries of our legislators. An artful man may, by gaining a little sway among the rabble of a town, multiply taverns and dram-shops, and thereby secure the votes of tapster and retailer and of all; and the multiplication of taverns will make many, who may be induced by flip and rum to vote for any man whatever. I think it would be well worth the attention of our Legislature to confine the number and retrieve the character of licensed houses, lest that impiety and profaneness, that abandoned intemperance and prodigality, that impudence and brawling temper, which these abominable nurseries daily propagate, should arrive at last to a degree of strength that even the Legislature will not be able to control.—*John Adams, 1765.*

SECOND-HAND DRESSES.

A Scheme Which Is Widely Practiced Among City Society People.

Every body knows that impecunious men hire dress suits sometimes for an evening's use, but every body hasn't tumbled to the cold truth that the business of renting clothing is greater among women and than among the trousered sex. The Philadelphia agent of a New York house was asked about it, and here is what he said:

"We have in New York hundreds of dresses which are practically new. Some of them are entirely new. A lady customer who wants to spend two months at the seaside comes in and tells us what she wants. Perhaps it is four fine dresses. Ordinarily walking and lounging dresses she has. We don't hire such. It would not pay. We take her measure, and if we can fit her, even by altering the dresses we have on hand, we fix her up with one or two elaborate ball-room outfits, a dinner dress and so on, as she may desire. If she should attempt to purchase such an outfit as we could furnish her it would cost her not less than $1,000. We charge her $500. She don't wear the dresses often enough to do them serious injury, and at the end of two months she has had her full of the finery, and would not wear them a second season if she owned them, while we have our $500 and our outfit damaged probably $250 worth. She has saved $1,000; we have had a profit of $250. Ain't that all right? Our New York house has unlimited capital and branches here and in other cities. Now, here is another instance which actually occurred in Philadelphia not long ago. A lady who has a very fair fortune was about to take a trip to Europe. She proposed to travel on the continent, and to do it in fine style but as cheaply as possible. But the cost of a wardrobe of fine dresses which she thought necessary made her hesitate. The outfit she desired would cost her, in addition to the every-day dresses needed, about $6,000. The upshot of the matter was that we furnished her the outfit, new, made to her order, charged her $3,200 for the use of them for fourteen weeks, and got the dresses back almost as good as new. Since then those dresses netted us more than they cost, and we sold them to a customer recently for $900. He will use them for one night ball-room 'rents,' or for making up in fancy dresses. No one knows, nowadays, in the society of a richly-dressed woman, whether she be rich or not, whether her splendid toilet is her own or has been hired. The seaside resorts, and especially Long Branch, Saratoga and such places, are crowded with ladies who are sporting hired finery, and the diamonds and jewels which flash from their bosoms and arms are paid for at so much a week for the season."

"Do you rent out jewels also?"

"No, we leave them to the fashionable jewelers. There is not a jeweler in this city, probably, who has a large stock and capital enough, who does not, as a common practice, rent out jewelry by the day, by the week or by the month. Of course it is an expensive luxury, this hiring of jewels. But it is done by the rich, and often by the poor. A young lady who is about to get married, or has an invitation to a swell ball, if her parents are known to be responsible, will go to a jeweler and hire a diamond necklace, or a diamond charm, or something of that sort which she can not afford to own, and for a few dollars can look, for one night at least, as resplendent as an Empress. If she has not the credit she may, for instance, get $100 worth of diamonds by depositing that amount for the security of the stones, pay a rental of $3 or $5, and the next day get back the $100 deposit. This is done every day, and jewelers are, of course, glad to get trade of that sort. They run no risk and the profits are great. The whole business is a good deal like borrowing money from a pawnbroker at an enormous per cent. a month, and it is getting to be almost as common. In Paris and London the practice is such a matter of fact thing that no "bones" are made of it, and very little secrecy observed. The nobility are especially guilty of the practice, and old family jewels which have been sold for years are regularly hired upon great occasions and worn to disguise the unhappy state to which the family exchequer has been reduced.—*Philadelphia Record.*

ASHAMED OF HER.

A Good Woman Who Fails to Appreciate Current American Humor.

Man (to wife who justly despises puns)—My dear, I saw something to-day that shocked me very much.

Wife—Tell me about it.

Husband—I was standing on the street when along came a well-known loafer, a regular free-lunch fiend. He stopped and would have doubtless spoken to me but just then a man rushed up, seized the loafer and threw him down. Immediately the man who had thrown the loafer was arrested and taken to the police court which happened to be in session, where he was charged with being an Anarchist.

Wife—An Anarchist?

Husband—Yes.

Wife—Why, how could they bring such a charge against him?

Husband—Because, you see, he had thrown a bum.

Wife (indignantly)—You miserable thing. I've a great mind never to speak to you again.

Husband—Yes, but don't you think it is a pretty good pun?

Wife—I might have thought so when my grandfather told it to me as a reminiscence of his early life. If you want any supper you'll have to cook it yourself.

Husband—(crestfallen)—There you go. Never saw the like. Why, your lack of appreciation of American humor makes me ashamed of you.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A rich strike has been made on the Silver King mine in Eastern Oregon.

A REMARKABLE TABLE.

A Piece of Furniture Made of Human Muscles, Hearts and Intestines.

The *Northwestern Lancet* gives space to a remarkable story taken from *L'Univers*, relating to an attempt made to secure for the exhibition of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia a most remarkable table at present in the Patti palace in Florence. Of this table *L'Univers* says: "It was made by Giuseppe Sagatti, who spent many years in finishing it. So far as one can see, it appears to be a curious work of marble of various hues, for it looks like polished stone, and yet it is composed only of the muscles, hearts and intestines of human bodies. One hundred cadavers were required to make it.

"The table is round, one meter in diameter, with a pedestal and four clawed feet, the whole made of petrified human flesh. The author of this work died fifty years ago. After having passed through the hands of three owners, the last of whom committed suicide, and sprinkled the table with his blood, it reached the Patti palace.

"Sagatti succeeded in solidifying the bodies by plunging them into many mineral baths. He obtained the cadavers from a hospital. The intestines serve for ornaments of the pedestal; the claws are made of hearts, livers and lungs, and preserve the color of those tissues. The table is made of muscles artistically arranged; around it are a hundred eyes and ears, which produce the most strange effect. The eyes, it is said, seem to be alive, and they look at you at whatever point you place yourself. This was the most difficult work of the artist. He was satisfied with his achievement and communicated his methods to scientists.

"The last owner of this table, Giacomo Rittaboca, had placed it in the center of his salon, and took pleasure in showing it to guests, saying that it was the work of an original sculptor; then in the evening he would explain its real origin. One Christmas night he had gathered together some friends, and they were playing cards on this table. Rittaboca lost, and the eyes of the table fascinated him; he became pale, agitated; at last he rose and walked about with hurried steps, then came and sat down again and lost still, disconcerted by the fixity of the looks which followed him. It was proposed to change their place, and the importunate eyes were covered over. 'It is useless,' said he, and he told his friends the whole story of the table being made up of parts of human bodies. 'It is not marble,' said he, 'it is flesh, real eyes, real muscles, real hearts. See! they are still alive. The eyes speak to you. I can not endure them, they make me mad.' Then suddenly he seized a dagger, and before any one had time to stop his arm, he had stabbed himself to the heart, exclaiming to his friends: 'I am rid of them.' His blood poured over the table and his corpse rolled upon the floor. His heirs were glad to sell the piece of furniture to the Government, and if the guardian of the Pitti palace is willing to lend it to the exposition, Americans who are fond of strong emotions may be satisfied."—*L'Union Medicale.*

SMALL-POX CONTAGION.

How the Spread of This Loathsome Disease May Be Avoided.

1. On the first appearance of the disease the patient should be placed in a separate apartment, as near the top of the house as possible, from which curtains, carpets, bed-hangings and other needless articles of furniture should be removed, and no person except the medical attendant and the nurse or mother should be permitted to enter the room.

2. A basin containing a solution of carbolic acid or chloride of lime should be placed near the bed for the patient to spit in.

3. Handkerchiefs should not be used, but pieces of soft rags instead, for wiping the nose of the patient. Each piece after being used should be immediately burned.

4. A plentiful supply of water and towels should be kept for the use of the nurse, whose hands, of necessity, will be soiled by the secretions of the patient. In one hand-basin the water should be impregnated with Platt's or Cody's chloride, by which the taint on the hands may at once be removed.

5. Outside the door of the sick a sheet should be suspended, so as to cover the entire door-way; this should be kept constantly wet with a solution of lime. The effect of this will be to keep every other part of the house free from infection.

6. The discharges of the bowels and kidneys of the patients should be received into vessels charged with disinfectants, such as the solution of carbolic acid or chloride of lime, and immediately removed. By these means the poison thrown off from internal surfaces may be rendered inert, and deprived of the power of propagating disease.

7. The garments and bed clothing of the sick should be placed in a disinfecting fluid until boiled in the wash. Such a fluid may be made thus: Dissolve together in water in the proportions of four ounces of the zinc sulphate and two ounces of salt to the gallon of water.—*Phrenological Journal.*

—When the patent granolithic sidewalk pavement is first put down it is very sticky, but it hardens quickly. This is why a young couple of Bridgeport, Conn., who stood on a fresh slab of the composition while bidding each other good night had to be dug out with a pick-axe. Their shoes were ruined, but they were very grateful to the night-watchman who released them, and who promised not to tell.—*Hartford Post.*

—An innovation in minstrelsy has taken place in Montana, where a negro is playing an engagement in which he "whitens up."

—"Wh[illegible] fat?" asked [illegible] neighbor. "[illegible] pected reply. —*Telegraph.*

—"Are you wel[illegible] your mother tongue, [illegible] the school-teacher of [illegible] "Yes, sir" answered th[illegible] "Ma jaws me a good deal."

—"Father, are the hogs [illegible] Cincinnati ill?" "No, my ch[illegible] do you ask?" said the father. "[illegible]cause the papers say that th[illegible] cured there."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Schulze—"And how do you like [illegible] parrot I sent you?" Muller—"It was [illegible] bit tough." S.—"What have you eaten it, then? Why, the creature could talk." M.—"Well, why didn't it say so then?"—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark. "My friends-ur. I wish to say a few words-ur on this occasion-ur," etc.; but then we must remember that to ur is human.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Sallie and Bill.—

"Over the valley the soft winds are blowing,
Kissing the shadows asleep 'neath the hill;
While under the trees, without any one knowing
Sweet sweet Sallie, is kissing her Bill.

—Johnny—"What is the difference between sense and sensation, papa?" Papa—"When I come down-stairs, Johnny, to whip you, you usually bolt out of the door. That is sense. When I grab you and apply the whip, that is sensation."

—"I understand your son is married, Mrs. Todger?" "Oh, yes, the dear boy has quit scattering wild oats and settled down at last." "Did he do well?" "Do well? Why, bless your sweet life, ma'am, he married a girl from Boston who wears gold specs and talks as though she had bolted a dictionary. Do well, I should twitter."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Lawyer—"You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?" Witness—"Oh, nothing of consequence—a 'beggarly account of empty boxes,' as Shakespeare says!" Lawyer—"Never mind what Shakespeare said. He will be summoned and speak for himself, if he knows any thing about the case."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—It is announced that several European noblemen will soon visit America; whereupon a Kansas editor shouts: "John! Ooch, John! Count over the family silver immediately, put an extra lock on the mahogany sideboard, take the editor's jewel-pangled gold inkstand down to the bank and secure a guard for the editorial rooms; then we shall be ready.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—"Mamie," said a young man in an ice-cream saloon, toying with his cheek, "do you know that a chemist has discovered tyrotoxicon in ice-cream?" "Has he, though?" answered Mamie, manifesting pleasurable surprise. "I wondered what made it taste so good. I could eat another plate of it." And the young man mentally cursed the lamentable failure of his scheme.—*Norristown Herald.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Oregon has more school children than Florida. Florida's number is 66,798, of whom 28,687 are colored. Oregon's number is 82,857.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The fact that a cab driver was robbed in this city Sunday afternoon has its satisfactory features. One cab driver at least knows how it feels himself.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The largest barn in the world is that of the Union Cattle Company of Cheyenne, near Omaha. It covers five acres, cost $125,000 and accommodates 3,750 head of cattle.

—Charles Fitzmorton, a student waiter at White Mountain, says his vacation has been blighted because somebody at dinner addressed him in Latin as follows: "Me eta bita beef. Cutarara. Ego lika beef a thata way, you know!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Two creole negresses have built up a large custom in New Orleans by catering to families on a most economic principle. Two hot, comfortable meals a day are furnished to a family of four persons for five dollars a week by these clever women.—*N. O. Times.*

—A parsimonious individual went into a drug store the other day to have a prescription put up. "Be sure that you give me generous measure," said he to the druggist, fearful lest he might not get his money's worth. Said the druggist: "If I should give you one-sixteenth of a grain more than this prescription calls for you would be dead in five minutes after taking a dose."—*Boston Post.*

—It is suggested by a well-known sculptor, who has the absent mindedness to be always losing his umbrella, that this useful article should be provided by the city, just as pavements and sewers are, in which case, he observes to his friends, the pedestrian on a rainy day would be able to seize an umbrella from a public rack in whatever street he might be, and to get rid of it by returning it to another rack as soon as the clouds rolled by.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Eight hundred and sixty-six miles in four and one-fourth days is the record of a Newark (N. J.) pigeon. It was liberated at Montgomery, Ala. This time, it is claimed, is the fastest ever made in the world by a pigeon for 800 miles or over, the best previous record being nine to ten days, also in this country. This bird was hatched April 5, 1884, from some German military stock. Before it was six months old it flew in different races under club rules the great distance of 1,582 miles, the last race being from Morgantown, N. C., 535 miles air line, this being the farthest distance young birds were ever shipped.—*N. Y. Tribune.*