RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

UNCERTAINTIES.

Pink linen bonnet. Pink cotton gown. Roses printed on it. Hands burnt brown Oh! blithe were all the piping birds, and th go den-befted bees: And blithe sang she on the doorstep, with he spron full of peas. Sound of scythe and mowing. Where buttercups grew tall; Sound of red kine lowing. And early milkmaid's call. Sweet she sang on the doorstep, with the youn peas in her lap. And he came whistling up the lane, with the ribbons in his cap. "You called me a bad penny That wouldn't be sent away-But here's good-bye to you. Jenuy, For many and many a day. There's talk of cannon and killing-Nay, never turn so white ! And I've taken the King's shilling-I took it last night Oh! merry, merry piped the thrushes up in the

cherry tree. But dumb she sat on the doorstep, and out through the gate went he.

Scent of hay and summer; Red evening sky; Noise of fife and drummer:

Men marching by. hay will be carried presently, and the The

cherries gathered all. And the corn stand yellow in the shocks, and the leaves begin to fall.

Perhaps some evening after. With no more song of thrush. The lads will cease their laughter, And the maids their chatter hush; And word of blood and battle Will mix with the sound of the figil, And lowing of the cattle, And clink of the milking pail; And one will read, half fearful, A list of names alond: And a few will starger tearful Out of the little crowd: And she, perhaps, half doubting, Half knowing why she came, Will stand among them, pouting, And hear, perhaps, his name Will weep, perhaps, a little, as she wanders up the lane. And wish one summer merning were all to de

-May Probyn, in Macmillan's Magazine.

A TRUE STORY.

What the Writer and Others Think It Shows.

The following story is better than most stories are, because it is exactly true, excepting the names given to the parties and places. The gentleman Shom I have called "General Glover" has permitted me to put it in writing, that it may give the same courage to other persons which it has given to him and to me. But, at less and less until it was nothing. his request. I have changed every name in the story from those which he gave me; and I as of property and dress which they could sell, Glover.

Office, telling them when action would be taken on his claim. He remembered that I was the person who originally introduced him into the navy, and he thought a letter from me might obtain an answer where he bad failed.

"I recalled, as well as I could, the circumstances in which he first came to me, and I said, in a short letter, what I could do to his advantage, in order that he might tso my recommendation, so far as it went, in his application, and then I went on with Ly other letters.

ence, when something which I do not understand, and you do not understand. made me take this letter to him out from tae pile. I opened it, looked at his letter again, and looked at the letter which I had written to the Pension Bureau. Clearly, I had done all he asked me for, and I folded both envelopes again and sealed them. I went on with my other work. Still, I was haunted with the feeling that this thing was left unfinished, and I opened both the letters once more. I read his letter again, I read my letter to the Pension Bureau, and I read the note which I had written to him. This time, after reading his letter to me and mine to him once and again, I inclosed in my envelope to him some money, without saying why, for indeed I did not know. This 'finally finished' my correspondence, as I supposed; I sealed the letter again. and, finding that I could do nothing in my office, put on my coat, took ail the letters I had been writing, passed from my private

the letters for the mail. "But I was not permitted to leave the door of the office. In obedience to the impulse which I had now obeyed twice, I went back to the mailing box, took out my letter to him again, went back to my private office and read it once more; read his letter now for the third or fourth time. and this time wrote a new letter to my old friend Colonel Sharp, who lived in the town from which the officer had written to me. I asked Sharp to be good enough to tind him, to find what his condition was, and that of his family, and if he found that they needed any help, to render it to them at my expense, if it should be necessary. I sealed and stamped this letter, added it to my mail, and this time I was permitted to leave my office and go to my home.

"We had a nightly mail. at that time, from Xeres to Abydos, which was the city in which he was living, and, as I learned afterward, my letter to him arrived the next morning. It will save trouble if 1

"I had finished the whole correspond-

room through the counting room, and left

give you a name for him. We will call him Needles, though that is not his name.

"Thir y-six hours after I had written, I received his reply. I have it now, and I

will show it to you at some time. It was a most modest and simple narrative of the steady decline of his fortunes, since the accident which I have described. It seemed he had a wife and four or five children, of

whom he spoke with pride and confidence. But he had been educated as a sailor, and he knew no arts but those of a sailor; he had no way of earning a living now that he could not go to sea, and he had gone through all the misery of sickness, enforced idleness, of his income becoming "He and his wife had, sold every article

ceived every day from very deserving people; but he would put Mr. Needles' name on the list, and would send for him the first time he had an opportunity.

"Colonel Sharp said, at this, that he was very glad Mr. Needles interested Mr. Hill, that neither of them were much occupied, and that they would stay in the private office until the opportunity should occur. At this announcement that the office would need three permanent chairs for some time, Mr. Rowland Hill was more startled. 'In short,' said Colonel Sharp to him, goodnaturedly, 'the official methods will not anver in this case. Mr. Needles deserves the place; he must have the place; General Glover and I both mean that he shall have the place; and you may as well give it to him now as to give it to him next week." There are men who can say such things, who have earned the right to say them by long and distinguished service to the country. Mr. Hill knew perfectly well that this was one of those cases, and when, therefore. Mr. Needles walked home that morning to his wife, it was to explain to her that he was go on duty in the post-office of Abydos, with a proper salary, that after-

"All this he explained," said General Glover, "in the letter of which I told you, which I received thirty-six hours after I inclosed the bill to him."

Here ends the first half of General Glover's story to me, as he told it on the train. I wish the reader to observe, however, that this first haif is accompanied by a second half, which transpired several years after. Mr. Needles did his work so well in the new office that every one liked him. Had it not been in-door work, and he a sailor. needing out-docr life, this story would end here. But the close confinement of the office was bad for him, and the doctor told him that he could not stand it. He did not repeat this to General Glover till he had found where he must go. Then it proved that in a burcau which is under the treas ury, which I will call the Bureau of Red Tape, they needed an out-door invoice man. It was work that he could do, and he applied to be transferred there. He wrote to General Glover to tell him why he wanted to remove, and asked for his nelp at Washington.

Help at Washington, indeed! The head of the Treasury had been at the General's side in those old days of '61 and '62, and as soon as the mail could send it, the new appointment was made secure.

And from that time, I know not for how many years, there was no correspondence between General Glover and his friend. Years passed away; I do not know how many. General Glover, who is a man of a thousand duties, all of which he does well.

went hither, went thither, and may not have thought of the letter or the answer once in a month. Needles never wrote to him. He never wrote to Needles. As I said, borrowing his phrase as we flew along in the express train, one such man, till the letter came, did not differ from another. more than one post in a rail fence from that which is next to it.

But the letter, and what come from it made a difference. Yes, and the memory of that letter, and the picture of the stove. and the chairen, and their mother sleeping iate, and all the rest which I have told you, did sometimes come back to General from Washington to be the head of our Bureau of Red Tape.

And every man in the office knew that all their certificates had been examined on Wednesday, and that all Governor Oglethorpe's men would be dismissed on Friday. It was now Thursday evening. "I only heard of this to-day," said the

officer we are interested in. "I would not tell my wife. But the knew something was the matter. But when the evening paper came, I saw yo1 were here at the Esterhazy, and then I knew it was all right."

"All right, dear friend?" said the General, in real distress. "It is all wrong. I do not know this Clodius-have hardly heard of him. I am out of polities these five years. None of them know me or care for me. I can not help you."

"O, yes, you can help me," said the man. simply and confidently. "And you will That is why I came. I told my wife it was ail right-and it is."

"My dear fellow, you understand nothing about it. Even the people at Washington do not care for me now. They have forgotten me. I would gladly help you; but I am is powerless as a child."

Still he was touched-how could he help being touched !- by the man's simple faith. "Of course I will write a letter for you. But it will do no good. Your Mr. Ciodius cares nothing for me or mine. Stay here, however, and I will go and write it.

So he crossed the hotel floor to the private office, where, not the "gentlemanly clerk," but Mr. Mann, the wise director of the whole, was sitting.

"Mann," said the General, "do you know this Clodius!"

"I should think I did," shid he. "He sat in that chair half an hour ago. William," and he struck his bell, "see if Mr. Clodius 1s in 75."

"No, no; I do not want to see him. But who knows him well enough-well, to tell him a story !"

'I should think I did. I have got him this office in the Red Tape Bureau. He would not be there but for me." "Is that possible ?? said the General, a

little awe-struck. "I want to tell him about one of the people in it." "There is paper and ink. Write a note

to me and it shall go to him. Man to be kept inf He shall stay in. If there is any thing Clodius wants, it is to oblige me. At least, those were the last words he said to me when he left this room."

The General wrote his note, in a few lines, as such mea can. Mr. Mann indorsed it: "Please see to this." The waiter took it to 75.

There came back a card, with "All right. Mr. Clodius." And filteen minutes after General Glover had left the reading-room, he returned with this card to his friend. "I told you so," said the man, eager, modest and simple in his gratitude. "I told you that it would be wrong for me to do

any thing without consulting you." And General Glover wout back to Mrs. Fonblanque, and told her the end of the story.

I told a story somewhat like this to a very wise man last week, and he forced himself to say: "Yes, it shows how closely we are all jumbled together in this little world." But he forced himself to say this, and at the bottom of his heart he was wondering if it did not show a great deal more.

And those of us who write stories some-

them in, the story would not be true to Life.

-Edward Everett Hale, in N. Y. Independent.

THE RHINE FALLS.

Ctilizing the Water That Flows from

Constance to Schaffhausen.

Visitors to the Rhine are well ac-

quainted with the Rhine Falls, situated

at Schaffhausen, these forming the

largest cataract in Europe. Some

twenty miles below the point where it

issues from the Lake of Constance, the

Rhine, with a width of 350 feet and

an average depth of about 21 feet,

plunges over a barrier of rocks vary-

applicants are Messrs. 3 G. Nethers,

hausen, who ask for the privilege of

constructing a dam from Laufen Mill

to the railroad bridges, a length suf-

of seventy-five cubic meters per second.

If this is granted they propose to estab-

aluminum, furnishing employment at

first to 500 workmen and latter to

their works at an equivalent of 1,500

horse power and submit with their ap-

plication the necessary maps, plans

and drawings. They further announce

that a company with a capital of 12,-

000,000 franes (about £48),000) is pre-

pared to conduct the enterprise, and

they offer all reasonable guarantees

against any marring or defacement of

the natural beauties of the falls. The

proposition is being met with a strong

opposition, this being led by the hotel

keepers, men of influence in Switzer-

land and many others who are depend-

WEARY WANDERERS.

The Ways and Means of Honest and Dis-

Since the panic of 1873, when thousands of men were thrown out of employment and began their desultory wanderings from city to city, the name of "tramp" has become a significant term in our language.

At first, tramps were in the main honest unfortunates, and every farmhouse along their wearying march generously and willingly gave to them at least a morsel of food. Worthless wretches and thieves who never gained support for a fortnight through honest labor, noted the success of those seeking work and saw in it a glorious opportunity to travel over the country, upon a borrowed reputation and without display of means. The plan became popular and these peripatetic tourists became as plentiful as the Kansas grasshopper. Then followed in rapid succession so many horrible outrages, bold thefts and daring deeds. of deviltry that to call a man a tramp meant no less than "thou dog" among the children of Judea. The newspapers vied with each other in heaping upon them every invective and following up their machinations, realizing that life and property were not safe with this lawless class wandering hither and thicher at will. In most of the States rigid laws were enacted for the purpose of suppressing this pest, which was be-

coming alarming in proportions. Such was the reputation established for tramps, and long will they have to for one another. bear its stigma, and yet there is one appeals to pity.

Winter being the season for these father. transient guests, a reporter asked Chief Hadley Clack, of the Nashville police, for some information concerning them. "Those who come to the stationfrom unfortunate circumstances. Usunight during the winter months we tache. keep one or more of them over night, called the "charity book."

"The mere fact of their coming to great criminals, because they would fear that their deeds and description of

· SENATORIAL WHISKERS.

How Some of Our Statesmen Wear Their Hirsute Adornments

Wade Hampton has shaved off his whiskers and with them has gone his resemblance to Kaiser Wilhelm. His rosy face looks smaller and fatter and the only hair on it is the little whiskers of frosted silver which shine from under his nose. You would hardly know him for the same man and his face loses much of its character by the change.

Senator Hoar looks like Greeley, only better dressed.

Cockrell, of Missouri, with his long. straggling blonde beard, his tall frame. is the counterfeit presentment of Uncle Sam, save that his breeches are not made of the American flag nor are they fastened down under his patent leather boots by straps.

Senator John W. Daniel has the face of Edwin Booth, save that the nose is a trifle larger and the forehead broader. His hair is brown and his eyes are gray.

Senator Joe Brown looks like a Jewish patriarch or a typical Mormon. but his words show him to be neither. He is up to the times and his gray head is full of practical brains.

Cullom has often been compared with Abraham Lincoln, and he is fully as tall and nearly as angular. His resemblance, however. comes from his characteristic gesture and expression. Senator Cush Davis looks like Ben Butler, and the two have been token

Senator Dolph, of Oregon, with his class of these folorn wanderers which long, sable silver beard, would make a splendid representative of Hamlet's

Senator George Edmunds ; could make his fortune by sitting as a model to painters for pictures of St. Jerome. Blair, of New Hampshire, looks like house," said he, "are not tramps by President Hayes, and he sympathizes profession, and appear to be such only with him in his temperance principles. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, Paddock, ally they are endeavoring to reach some of Nebraska, and Butler, of South certain point where they have relatives Carolina, resemble each other, and or prospects of work. Nearly every each has a rosy face and gray mus-

Matt Ransom is handsome, but he registering their names upon what is has no counterpart in history or public life.

Chace, of Rhode Island, though he is such a place and asking to stay over by no means a bad-looking Quaker, night indicates that they are not very could, in the words of the old joke, "Be worshiped without breaking the Commandments," for he is like no one themselves were furnished to the police. in the heavens above or the earth be-They come usually just about six neath, or in the waters under the earth. o'clock in the evening, as soon as it Speaking of beards, Senator Allison begins to grow dark, and do it only to wears a full set of reddish brown get off of the street, knowing that they whiskers into which a few gray strands And General Glover chinks, and Mrs. Fon- would be picked up by the officers dur- have crept. They are stiff and straight burn's chief ornament is a fierce mustache. Don Cameron had a red mustache. Blair has hair of sand and silver all over his face. Daniel is smooth shaven, and Edmunds' whiskers are as white as the cotton bursting from the Post Department. Eustis, of Louisiana, has a full beard of iron gray. Frye sports a gray mustache. George, of Mississippi, has blonde whiskers, and A. P. Gorman keeps his face as smoothly shaven now as it was when he attended the sessions of the Senate as a page. Gray, of Detroit, has a black mustache. Eugene Hale sports a full beard. Harris waxes the ends of his long mustache. Manderson wears a brown imperial, and Mitchell. of Oregon, has the longest, glossiest, dearest brown beard in the Senate. Senator Morgan's mustache is white. Morrill has side whiskers, and H. B. Payne keeps his face as bare as the crown of Senator Sawyer's bald head. Stanford has a full beard, and he could probably cash a \$10,000 check for every hair in it.

sure the most curious reader or critic that he will find it impossible to ascertain by any conjecture who are the parties described. No meident, however, in the story, is drawn in 24e slightest degree from imagination. I tell the tale as it was told to me, and print it after it has had the revision of "General Glover."-E. E. HALE."

I was riding across the country to Duluth when my old friend General Glover came into the palace car. We two were born at very nearly the same time; we like each other and respect each other. We have knocked about the world a good deal, and do not meet each other as often as we wish did, but when we meet we begin where releft off and enjoy the meeting. At east I am sure I do, and I think he does. As soon as the first inquiries were passed I said to him: "I want you to tell me again your story of the letter you wrote to a stranger. At the time you told me I repeated it to my wife, and afterward to one or two other persons; but now I am afraid to tell it, it is so strange, and I am always thinking that my imagination has added

General Glover looked at me with a surprise not wholly of amusement. It was quite clear to me that the story was a serious matter to him, as it was to me; and he told it to me for the second time. I think it is four years ago since I heard it first, and it speaks as well for my memory, as for his, that I should recognize each slightest detail, as a thing which had impressed itself upon his careful mind, so that this parrative was identically the same as the first was. It was as if you had struck a second impression from a stereotype plate which you had not used for four vears.

something to it."

"I was sitting at my desk at Xeres," he said, "and working through my daily mail. My custom was to attend to the business of the firm first, and to leave the rersonal etters to be answered in the afternoon, Jt was now afternoon, and I turned to the six eight letters which I had for answer.

"Among these was one from a man for whom I had secured a place in the navy in the outset of the civil war. If you remember, I was then at the head of the Bunting Board, and had a great deal to do with the enlargement of the navy. Also, I was my self connected with the service. I had been to service on the seaboard all my life and knew, naturally enough, a great many sailors in the merchant marine. Hundreds of such men came to me, and it was with my recommendation of them that they received their places in that volunteer serv ice which was of such infinite advantage to the country in the war. Among these hundreds was a good fellow who had been.

I should say, in the coasting trade; but] to not remember what he had been. He wanted to serve the country, and, at my recommendation, he was appointed, as other men were appointed, a master's mate. As a master's mate he did his duty, rose to be a master, afterward obtained a lieutenant's commission, and so went well-nigh through the war, until, by an accident-not, J think, a wound-he was so far disabled that he could no longer go to sea. I did not know this at the time; there was no reaso, why I should know it : I had nothing to do with him and he had nothing to do with me. He was to me no more than one post in this rail fence which we are passing now is as distinct from another. I had signed the papers, I suppose, during tue service, of thousands of men who had more or less to de with our Bunting Board. and this man, his name or his affairs, made no more impression upon me than the rest of them did.

"But, among the letters of this particular atternoon, as I said, was a letter from this man. It was a gentlemanly letter, short and to the point, in which he told me received his appointment on my that h ndation, that, after some years of recos te had been obliged to cease going Servic account of the accident of which to sea. e now asked me if I were willing of mine and his. I speak.

for the food and clothing of their children. They had been obliged to withdraw their children from school, because they could not present a proper appearance there. It w24 under such circumstances that, needing his pension, of course, he had written to me the modest letter which I had received, asking for my assistance in hasten-

ing the decision of it. "On the night before his present writing -that is, on the evening which immediately followed the afternoon of my writing to him-he and his wife and children were cowering around the little stove which warmed their lodging. The fire in it was maintained by coals and cinders which the children had picked up in the street. He had not a cent to pay for any article of food, and he and the children were all hungry. They reviewed the position as well as they could, and it was then that his wife said that she was sure that brighter imes must be before them. For she still believed that God did not mean that people should perish who had not intentionally offended Him, or lought against His law. She knew that they had done their duty as well as they knew how, and she believed that God would carry them through. She had

no ground for this belief excepting her cortainty that neither she nor her husband nor her children had intentionally done what was wrong. With such comfort as they could get from such expressions as hers. they all went te bed, the earlier because they had nothing to eat, and perhaps because the fire was not very satisfactory.

"For the same reason they slept, or stayed in bed late in the morning. One is not tempted to rise early when he has not hing to do and nothing to eat. But they did rise, though late, and were rekindling th fire. I think, when the postman stopped at

the door and brought in the letter which I had three times opened, and in which I had finally inclosed the money. "Needles wrote to me that when the bill

fell to the ground from the letter, as it did. he felt as he should have felt if it had dropped from the hand of an angel. He had not asked me for money; he had not asked anybody for money. He asked me for my influence in the Pension Bureau. Without asking, the money had come. He felt, and his wife felt, as if it had come in answer to their praver."

As General Glover told me this story, 1 was reminded of a phrase of my friend Mr. Naylor, who used to say that there was no condition in inuman life in which a check on New York would not answer most pur poses. It was clear enough that the crisp greenback which had been inclosed in Gen eral Glover's letter had been quite as valuable a workman in that starving family as Aladdin's slave of the ring would have been.

A skillful child was at once dispatched to buy the materials for breakfast, and they were well engaged in the first meal which they had eaten for several days. when another party appeared upon the stage. This time it was not the postman: it was Colonel Sharp, to whom General Glover's fourth letter had been written. I wish I could give the reader an idea of General Glover's description of Colonel Sharp's methods. He sat, cheering all parties by his lively talk-I wish I were talking with him now-and when he saw that the breakfast was well finished, he took Needles with him to the great postoffice at Abydos. Colonel Sharp was pretty important person in that city, and, breaking all lines of defense, he soon found himself with Mr. Needles in the private room of the post-master, whom, for the purpose of this story, we will call Mr. Rowland Hill. General Glover wept on to describe the interview.

"Sharp told Mr. Hill that there was a deserving man, who had served the country, and that I was interested in him, and Hill shook hanos with official cordiality, and said he should be interested in any friend

Aud so, when, as I sav, years had gone by, as he was one day making a visit in the great rearing city which I have called his wife thinks, and I think, that it shows Abydos, he told the story, as he told it to a great deal more. We think that outside the people that me, and as I have told it to you. He was

write letters and put them in the postmaking a call at the Hotel Esterhazy on office there are unseen people who tell them Mrs. Fonblanque, whom perhaps you know, what to say." We think that behind you and he told this story. and me, who come and go, there are some

"You say he lives in this city!" said she very much interested in the story. "Do times unseen hands which show us where you never go to see them?" to go and where to come. "No," he said; "I have never been to

see them !" "Might I see them! Where do they live!

that in which Jane Eyre hears the cry of What is his name!" she asked, somewhat her lover, though he's two hundred miles away. But we do not put in such things eagerly. And the General confessed, that since he merely to serve the purpose of the story. We put them in, because, if we did not put began to tell the story, he had been feeling

for the name, but it had escaped him. "If you had not asked me, however,] think I should have caught it. Queer that

1 can not fecali it." "And you have not seen him?" said she. "No. I should not know the man from Adam if he came in at that door." And. at that instant, as if the man were coming

a knock was heard at the door. A servant entered with a card "For General Glover. The General read it, and bade the man say he would see the gentleman in the reading-room. He turned to Mrs. Fonblanque: "What were you asking me?" "I was asking the name of the man whose

story you told me." "Yes, you were. And I did not know it."

"You said," continued she, "that you should not know him if he came in at that door.

"I did so. And here is his name." "Do not tell me that this is that man's card."

"It is his card, and I am going down to see him." So he left Mrs. Fonblanque to her reflections.

Sure enough, there was his friend. H was twenty years older than when, as a young man, he flung hunself into his country's cause. There were the marks of his accident, and there were the marks of his twenty years' work. And both these men went back, in memory, to those eager days when the war began. But it was not of them that the younger had come to talk. He was in trouble again. "You will think I am always in trouble, and yon will think always fall back on you."

General Glover is not one of those pro ple who turn over their own benefactions like savory bonbon-; he does not often think of them indeed. He said, cheerily, that, quite on the other hand, it was long since he had beard from his friend. "Nor would you hear from me now,"

Sons & Company, iron workers at Schallsaid the other, "if I could help it. But I can not help it. I come to you, of course. My life is all to chauge, and I do not know how. I come to you to ask. I should do ficient to furnish them with a volume

wrong," he said, very seriously, "connected as you and I have been, if I did any thing without your advice, nay, without your permission."

The General looked at him with surprise. lish works for the manufacture of But the man was not weak-he was not chattering compliments. He was speaking with the deepest seriousness. "My life, double that number. They estimate since I entered the navy, has been all wrought in with your instructions. I the water power requisite to carry on should be wrong if I did not come for them now."

Then he unfolded his budget of miseries and explained that he was worse off than he had been that day of the postman and the letter. Worse off, because a second fall is worse than the first.

This was the story: At the time when he was transferred

from the post-office to the Bureau of Red Tape, at the General's intercession, it had been necessary, under such Civil Service rules as then existed, that he should file a proper certificate of character, and he had

Now this certificate, alas, was headed by the most distinguished of General Glover's blanque thinks, and Needles thinks, and ing the night, and being without money. | and about two inches long. Joe Blackthey have no place to go. Early in the morning they are turned out and that is the last we ever see of them."

"How is it then, that they are supposed to be of desperate character?"

"The thieving and lawless tramps only visit the city during the day, and sleep at night in some barn or strawtimes put into them such tales of crisis, as stack outside of the corporation. Often they build a fire, using some farmer's rails, and keep warm in that way. These do about all of the villainy, and continue their depredations to the country and edges of the city. They make their living in this manner, and have no desire to secure work."

"What do the tramps usually have, and how do they act when they come here?"

"Well, nearly all of them are men. it being extremely rare for a destitute female to come for lodging. They never have any money, you may be assured, or they would never rest content with such accommodations as are furnished them in this old trap. Neither have they any good clothes, for every ing in height from 45 feet on the right article of value would be pawned for food, lodging or drink. Except in very few cases they are extremely ragged, but you never find one that does not carry a needle and thread fastened in his coat collar. Most of them have some kind of a little bundle tied up in a handkerchief, a walkingstick, and very often a little coffee pot.

"When they walk into the office they at once tell what they want, and we always permit them to sleep here. We tell them that they will have very rough accommodations, but they are satistied with any place of warmth and safety."

"Of what color and nationality are they usually?"

"They are always white. A negro tramp would never come here. It tions and maps, has been recently told would be hard to tell which nationality predominated, the German, Irish and by one of the American Consuls. The American being about equally divided.

"Now and then something amusing develops when we search them prior to putting them in the cell. An old Irishman, small and feeble, came here not long ago and, after he had thoroughly warmed by the stove, he was asked what he had on his person. Not a cint; not a cint. All Oi have is just this little bit of a firearms,' he said, pulling out from his hip pocket a small pistol. When it was explained to him that to carry weapons was against the law he replied: 'And I didn't know that. They told me that this was a dangerous country for a man to travel all alone, and that there's some queer doin's goin' on here, so I just got that little bit for protection.' He was as innocent as a child about it, and being sould he was simply advised of the risk run and told to dispose of it.

"Most of the tramps come from the North, and are trying to reach points still further South. They do not talk much, and rarely attempt to tell us any of those pitiful stories with which the triends in that city, Covernor Oglethorpe, ent on the tourist business. Their public is burdened. From what I see

Stewart's full whiskers are straw mixed with frost.

John Sherman's whiskers are stiff and white. George Vest's blonde mustache overhangs his mouth.

Walthal has glossy brown hair which curls as it touches his collar. Quay has a dark mustache. Ingalls shaves every day and nurses tenderly his little mustache and the bit of hair on his chin. Looking them all over and sizing up their intellectual strength the amount of whiskers seem to have nothing to do with their amount of ability, and had Delilah shaved Samson instead of cutting his hair he woald never have been conquered and blinded by the Philistines. -- Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times.

A Wave Power Motor.

An engine has been invented and constructed, which is moved by the fluctuations of the sea. This new machine has been erected in San Francisco, by E. T. Steen. It is a very simple contrivance, but it is capable of exerting great power. A bridge is built across a chasm in the rocks on the shore. From this is suspended a large paddle, and this is moved back and forth by the action of the waves. Connecting with the upper part of the paddle is a plunger pump, which has a stroke of nine to twelve feet, and this is attached to a suction pipe, extending out into the water. When the fan is worked back and forth by the waves, the water is forced into the suction pipe. The force with which the water is drawn up is sufficient to raise it 350 feet above the tide level. The water drawn out of the sea by this engine will be atilized for various purposes. The cost of running the engine is very small, as it needs little or no attention. - Demorest's Monthly.

-Deacon Jones (to country minister) -"Some of the members of the con-

bank to about 60 feet on the left. Including the rapids, the total fall within a distance of a little over a third of a mile is estimated at 150 feet. The volume of water passing over the falls per second varies from a minimum of

118 cubic meters in February to a maxmum of 502 cubic meters in July, when, in consequence of the melting of the snow in the mountains and the rise in all the tributary streams and brooks, the Rhine reaches its highest point. In this practical age of inventions and progress very few will be surprised to hear that an applica-

tion has been made for concession to utilize these magaficent falls for the manufacture of aluminum, the story of which, with numerous illustra-

