

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

THE PRESENT DAYS ARE BEST.

The past is dead and buried, and I have locked the door.

Open its joys and sorrows, to open never more; Its key is safely hidden on memory's faithful breast.

And to my heart I whisper: "The present days are best."

Think not I have forgotten the cherished friends of yore,

Call them not lost, my loved ones, they're just within the door:

And often when I'm lonely, they share my evening rest,

And their dear voices whisper: "The present days are best."

O golden days of childhood! O girlhood's sunny hours!

When in the fragrant wildwood I plucked the summer flowers,

Your very memory cheers me like some dear, welcomed guest;

Yet chide me not for saying: "The present days are best."

Dear are the friendly faces that meet me on the way,

Sweet are the roadside blossoms that smile on me to-day;

A few bright sprays I'll gather, and wear them on my breast,

For they, too, softly whisper: "The present days are best."

To do the work appointed by Him who rules my life,

To face with dauntless spirit, the world's opposing strife,

Or, if, in utter weakness, e'er noonday I must rest,

God wills it, and I answer: "The present days are best."

O friends, who count your dearest among the silent dead,

Sit not within the shadows, mourning the joys now fled;

The living claim your service, and they indeed are best.

Who help to make for others the present days the best.

—Angeline De Lande.

TREAN;

OR

THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KERR.

[Written While Living in Utah.]

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Meantime the Prophet, with his train, had gone on his way with a balmier forgiving exterior but a cold and ratcheting heart. He had said with a holy smile of commiseration as his carriage was starting, "that the Lord would avenge the insult given His servant, and cut off the wicked in His own good time," but to Parley he had said: "Pick out a man to do the work if Beam fails; Rockwell and my men will attend to the fellow if he comes over to the city! you had best manage some way to send this very smart young sister over to Smoot's too, and I will see personally to her case."

And the Bishop had assented with great deference, but when the Prophet's carriage had gone, and he stood alone in the tithing office, he glowered darkly at the floor for a long time in silence. At last he threw himself heavily into a chair and brought his fist down on the desk with a crash.

"Who else, I'd like to know, is going to get between me and that girl?" he snorted. "Here's Arsen and Beam, both under me, and this infernal Yankee, that I've got no control over, and now who but the President of the Church himself, with his foot on my gullet, has his nose pointed in the same direction! Now, blank me, if somebody ain't goin' to get fooled in this little affair; and if it's me I think the rest 'll find 'emselves in the same boat when the game's over, or my name's not Hyrum Parley!" and he glowered more blackly than ever.

At that there came a timid tap or two upon the door, and he growled, roughly: "Well, come in!" In response to his surly invitation one of his wives entered, a tall, well-formed, young Scandinavian woman, with light hair, fair skin and blue but not very intelligent eyes. She was his latest acquisition, one of a band of Mormon immigrants sent to settle about Mooseneck. She had come without parent or relative, having been decoyed away from her pleasant home by the specious promises and saintly wiles of a Mormon missionary. Upon the arrival of the company she had at once been chosen by the Bishop as a servant, as is much the custom, and presently became his wife. For a time she had reigned as acknowledged favorite, but her charm for her lord, which in such a case could hardly be else than of questionable and ephemeral character, had begun to wane.

"Well, what is it now, Cistene?" he asked, without looking up.

"Lucy hafe whipped my chile!" she cried, with quivering lip.

"Lucy was the first wife, and rather old and acrid, and the Bishop's brow grew puckered and thundery. He made a movement as if to rise, then a thought seemed to intervene, and he smoothed the tresses out of his brow, and, with a rather sheepish blandness, drew the weeping girl down on his lap and kissed her.

"Cistene," he said, "I am thinking of taking another wife soon, a girl who will make these fussy fools keep to their knittin'! Of course, Cistene, I shall always love you best, and I am going to build you a little house on the empty lot across the street there so you may live unmolested. Of course I want your consent, though," he added, coaxingly.

The poor thing looked at him through her tears. "Why, iss there not now enough?" she implored. "Why do you need more when there iss so much tears now and misery?"

"Oh, that is the way the Lord's kingdom is built up, you know, Cistene! Besides, the Lord has shown Brother Young that it is my duty to take another wife; that I am to marry a certain party for His name's honor and glory. She will take your apartment in the house, Cistene, but you are to have the little new house over the way when it is built, you know."

The girl disengaged herself and stood up. "You hafe stop the love," she sobbed. "When I hafe put away and leaf over there you not come or care for me any more!" And she started toward the door. The Bishop got up and put his arms about her and began to coax and wheedle again. Among other cheerful things he told her it was the Lord's command that she should acquiesce willingly, and not complain to the neighbors or make unseemly scenes, and that the greater the number of his wives the more certainty there was of her own salvation and the higher her place in Heaven, since her salvation depended upon him, and his position in glory depended upon the number of his queens and increase.

He did not trouble himself about the other wifely partners in the ownership of his heart; they had all been displaced one by

one, and would be pleased enough to see this blue-eyed favorite pushed from the seat of preference.

"Come, now, Cistene, I will go with you and see about this trouble," he said, cheerfully, and she followed him from the tithing-office across the yard to the long dwelling and through that to the back yard. The large inclosure was divided into little squares of ground, into each one of which a back door entered from an apartment. Here in these little yards an attempt was made to keep the children of each wife separate, and each wife was forbidden to punish the children of another. Back of the yards were large gardens, and on either side orchards; beyond the garden were barns and cowsheds, and beyond those were pastures and fields, and in all of these the wives and older children worked, in large measure supporting themselves.

Indeed, the keeping of this establishment was not nearly so taxing to its head as, to glance at its proportions, one might suppose. Almost every thing consumed by mouth within its precincts was produced from the soil by the wives and their offspring; great ricks of dead timber for fuel were "snaked" with oxen from the mountain sides without cost; two of the other wives were supplied with wool upon which the wool from a large flock of sheep was woven into cloth, supplying in great part the apparel of the family, while the Bishop in handling the tithes had the free permission of the Head of the Church to convert these large quantities of butter, eggs, grain, beaves, etc., into cash, and, after turning a certain sum into the church treasury, to reserve the remainder for himself. Thus the taking of another wife was to the Bishop of small import beyond the act itself, as indeed with most polygamists among these mountains owing mainly to the same ignoble cause.

When Cistene, weeping, and her lord, now with a thundery front, entered the back yard an angry scene ensued, a scene of accusation and denunciation that shall remain unpictured here, save a glimpse as it closed of a man seizing a woman with gray hair and faded face by the throat, and roughly thrusting her backward through a gate and slamming it after her, with the rather heated injunction that she keep it and her mouth closed.

He had loved her once, when she was young and slender and fair, and had sworn to love and cleave to none other than she. But had she been faithful! Yes, as only a woman can be; had crossed a continent through suffering and peril to please him; had watched with him in sickness, borne him children, toiled at the loom to clothe children that were his but not hers, and had been worn out in his cause, yet had long been cast off and spurned about like an outworn garment.

But the doughty Bishop had placated Cistene, and that was the main point; the light flick upon the ear of her naughty child by a toil-worn grief-tortured woman, whose place the child's mother had usurped, had been avenged. Six times the first wife had seen her throne in her husband's heart and home taken by a fresh and young wife, each change felt by her as a push farther and farther into debasing service and neglect. Yet she was obedient. She had no other home, no other shelter; her life here and, she believed, hereafter, hung upon the humble endurance of a perpetual outrage. In short, hers was the common lot of elderly women in polygamy, the most soul-staring, heart-breaking life that can fall to womanhood.

The next morning, which was the second after Elchard's departure, the Bishop, clothed in his best apparel and most agreeable countenance, came in through Burt Hartman's gate and tapped respectfully at the door. Trean came in response, and with a start and change of expression betrayed her fear and dislike of their visitor. Very bland and obsequious he was, however, as with hat in hand, his black hair plastered smoothly against his temples and his eyes twinkling, he stood before her.

"Good mornin', Miss Hartman!" he said, with explosive affability, putting out his fat hand, "how's your father?"

"He is not very well, thank you," said Trean, but she did not put her hand in the one extended toward her. If the penalty of refusal had been her life it seemed to her she could not; no, not after Paul Elchard had held her hand in his loving and unpolished palm and kissed it. But she placed a chair for the Bishop and invited him to be seated with what decency of speech and manner she could command.

He accepted it without affecting notice of the affront she had proffered him, but with a smoky look about the eyes.

"When was Brother Hartman taken sick?" he inquired.

"Sabbath mornin' just before meeting."

"Ah, yes, I remember I did not notice him there." He might have added, had it been an interview less charged with a purpose

personal to himself, that the lady before him had in his opinion shown just ground for censure on that sacred occasion, and would be expected to disclose the spiritual condition of her heart to him, and that if too little faith and humility seemed in the keeping of that organ, its owner would be set apart for discipline. But the Bishop, for the moment at least, felt this course inimical to his purpose, and only added in effect that Dr. Dubette had apprised him of Brother Hartman's illness but the evening previous; that he would be glad to see him.

Trean went into the adjoining room, and putting back the curtains from the little window that a stronger light might enter, bade the Bishop come in, then went about her household duties. When he came out she was sweeping in the porch. "Your father's feelther than I supposed," he said, pausing by the door with hat in hand.

"Yes," faltered the girl, with a pitiful look. She was standing back in the long, narrow porch, over which morning glories and grape vines ran, and her fine figure was starred with flakes of sifted sunshine. "Yes, I'm 'fraid he's not long for this world," said the Bishop, coming toward her with his small greedy eyes on fire with any thing but sympathy. "You will soon be alone in the cold world, Miss Hartman, and without a home. Let me offer you a place in mine," and he put out his arms as if to embrace her. The girl drew back as from something horrible. For a moment there

was an expression of fear and loathing on her face, then she stood clear and erect, pouring a level freezing look into his eyes.

"No," she said, "I can't even thank you for such an offer, much less accept it. I'd rather go into my grave than enter the filthy debasing union you hold out to me!"

In an instant Parley's heavy face was purple, "But," he said, "coming near or putting your hands in a mollifying way, 'your goal' too far now! What I offer you is the best place in the neighborhood. It's accordin' to scriptures, and the Prophet's indorsed it. I tell you you'd better take up with it on more accounts than one!"

"Stand back! don't touch me!" and the girl's face was white with anger. "There is the gate, sir! I am mistress here; you have invited me to a life of shame; go!" and with a curse the Bishop turned, and viciously grinding the gravel of the walk under his heels, passed out the gate and down the lane.

He seemed to grow shorter in stature, and to widen out with venom like a toad, as he walked along sinking his freshly-polished boots deep in the dust and muttering angrily. His little eyes had a muddy, bloodshot cast, and the lower part of his face seemed to settle upon his thick neck in a way that made it look puffed and swollen. His anger changed him, not as some are changed as by a white fire, but as if he had taken poison. His blood seemed to run thick and turbid, and the evil awakened in his nature darkened and deformed him. When he reached the Tithing House he locked the door after him, and going at once to the cupboard behind the desk, added further fuel to the evil that envenomed him. Then for a long time he walked up and down the room with fiery eyes and a livid face, revolving such thoughts and laying such plans as are surely common only to the under-world.

That evening when he went to call upon Orson Beam he still looked roily and unsettled, but his disordered feelings were collected in a purpose, and he was pursuing it with an eager if rather unsteady aim. When he paused at the door of the cottage the young man, still white and weak from the previous day's life of shame, was pacing slowly to and fro within. His mother was sewing in the lamp-light, and saying that he should soon return, he walked out with Parley into the moonlight.

After they had gone a little way in silence, the Bishop said, in a low voice: "What success?" Beam had his hands behind him, and he drew the fingers together in a quivering knot and swallowed as if his throat were parched; then he said, huskily: "Failed."

"Well," said the other; then after a moment: "Well, we'll get him yet. You wasn't discovered, I s'pose?" The young man's fingers unclenched as if he would throttle the man by his side, but he replaced them again, and looking straight before him, answered in the same husky tone: "I don't know, I think not."

"Well," and the Bishop had all but said, there's another job to be done; but the other party must be disposed of, when he changed his mind, and said: "You may've been caught, but I s'pect you'd better go south, or to the old country, on a mission for a year or two."

The young man's hands fell to his sides. "Yes, I would like to go!" he said, and drew a deep breath of relief.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FUTURE.
The day that brought Bishop Parley to Trean Hartman with his unfortunate matrimonial offer, also brought her sister, Mrs. Smoot, from Salt Lake City. Like most of her people she was tall, and would have been pleasing to the eye had not the unnatural burdens of her life robbed her of freshness. Sweet health, which once had rounded her form and plumped her cheeks, had been wasted in a serfdom as absolute as ever disgraced the Orient. Within the few short years that followed by Parley's departure, the man who held her heart in his keeping, and who had vowed never to wed another, cast it aside and profaned their home and destroyed their sacred relation by bringing into it a second wife.

He had entered the Priesthood, and had been "counseled" by the Prophet to enter polygamy also, that inhuman license being considered an especial virtue in the Holy Order. It may be mentioned, though not in any sense extenuating such a crime, that the plural marriage was a portion of the royal road to favor in Zion, and that disobedience to "counsel" was dangerous to ambition and sometimes even life.

Near sunset of the day following her arrival, Mrs. Smoot and Trean, leaving Elchard's man beside their sleeping father, went up the path that led from the orchard and sat down in the cool fragrance at the edge of the pines. For a year they had not been together, and their sister-hearts were heavy with experience. What passed between them in love and confidence shall here remain inviolate, save such portions of the elder sister's revelation as seem pertinent to this chronicle.

"Trean," she said, after a silence, "I am going to tell you something which, at least while we are in Utah, is only for yourself. Some of the things I may tell you I once obligated myself never to reveal, but those vows were made under conditions which were heavy with experience. What passed between us, and for a long time I haven't considered them binding. For two years my heart hasn't been with this cause. Books read secretly, the help of other than Mormon faces, and my own cruel experience, have liberated my mind. I am no longer a Mormon, Trean, and when the right time comes I shall take my children and leave it behind me."

When she paused the girl was leaning toward her, glad, half incredulous, her whole lovely form animate with expectancy.

"It is true," said Mrs. Smoot, "I have suffered enough!"

"Then we will go together," cried Trean, "for I disbelieve it, too!" and she put her arms about her sister's neck and kissed her, with tears welling into her shining eyes.

"Yes," said the elder woman, with heaving bosom, "when the right day comes, and I hope it is not far away, we will leave this region of slavery. Oh, Trean, I have suffered so! For ten years life to me has been like a heavy nightmare, and she drew her hand across her forehead as if her brain were numb with a dull and weary dream. "I am but a young woman in years," she went on, "yet, look at me! hair sprinkled with gray, sunken cheeks, and old in spirit! The brand of polygamy! Love has been trodden out of my life; its strengthening, sustaining sweetness denied me. For ten years I have lived in a house of shame, believing that for me a life after this hard, joyless journey depended upon it. O, how cruel it is!"

"I can't tell you, Trean, how glad I am that you have determined never to enter it. I have been troubled for years lest you should believe it your duty, as we are taught. The death that gives would be better, dear; for polygamy to a pure woman is living death. I am glad you will never know its misery."

"Six months after Edgar and I were married he began courtin' a young lady who lived but a few streets away. Every other evening he would dress himself carefully and go over and visit her as he used to me. No language can picture my anguish as I sat alone at home through those terrible weeks with love and hope on all that I had expected of the future, dying out of my

heart. Insanity often seemed very near, and the first fruit of our love, a little life which had begun to feed upon my own, perished in my grief. After my sickness I arose, but to meet with fresh suffering. I could scarcely stand alone for weakness when the day was set for Edgar to be married to the young lady he had chosen. Words are poor things to express human feelings with, and I can only tell you of my racked and tormented heart; I can not show it to you.

"At length the day came, and I went alone to the Endowment House to meet my husband and his bride. If I should live a thousand years I could not efface that day from my memory. Its moments were not moments to me, but thousands of thorns over which I walked to meet the end of all that then to me seemed dead. That day my love was murdered.

"The ceremony took place in the old Endowment House, a building now abandoned, which stands at the west end of the Temple Block. All the chamber ceremonies of the Priesthood were until recently enacted there.



"WE ARE," SHE SAID.

When the great Temple is finished the Sacred Orders, endowments, celestial sealing, baptism for the dead, and plural marriages, will be administered in it; until then they are being given in the Temple at Logan, a town north of Salt Lake.

"I may as well describe the Endowment House rites from the beginning. Trean, for I do not wish to probably never know what they are like. It is the Freemasonry of Mormonism. No marriage is considered binding, you know, if in the beginning or afterwards it is not celebrated there or in a Mormon Temple. No matter how long two persons may have been wedded, their marriage is not considered lawful and binding, nor their children legitimate, until they have been remarried and have partaken of these disgusting mysteries. Even then their children, born before, must be adopted by their parents or they are not looked upon as legitimate. This is according to the highest Mormon authority. It is with this as with the general laws of mankind, to our people they are as nothing if not indorsed by the Priesthood. Trean, it is shameful!"

"Well, at seven o'clock in the morning I arrived at the door of the building, and found my husband and his new love waiting in the anteroom. My limbs would hardly support me when I saw them, and such a weight seemed to descend upon me I could only stagger to a chair and sink into it, gazing at them with horror and misery. It seemed to me I should never rise again. But Brother Lyon, our Mormon poet, came forward and reasoned and talked with me, showing me how it was my duty to go on with the ceremony, and Edgar came and kissed me, saying that he would always cherish me, and that his new wife and I should always be exactly equal in his affection. O, bitter, hollow mockery of a woman's love! So I got up with my burden, with my sick soul and broken heart, and went forward, hoping to win Heaven by a life of sorrow and the outrage of my better self.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONCERNING SALIVA.

Importance of the Thorough Mastication and Insalivation of Food.
The saliva is a mixed fluid, secreted and poured into the mouth from no less than three clusters of glands—the parotid, under the ears, the submaxillary, near the ends of the lower jaws, and the sublingual, under the tongue. Still another secretion is poured from numerous separate glands throughout the mucous membrane which lines the cheeks. From one to two quarts of this mixed saliva is secreted daily.

In former times it was supposed that the only use of saliva was to moisten the mouth, and to aid in swallowing the food. The most eminent physiologists looked on it as of no more value than pure water. The prevalent modern view is that it is one of the digestive fluids, containing a powerful element which converts starch into sugar. It is believed that in man this digestive element is contained mainly in the parotid secretion. This secretion, but clear and liquid. The submaxillary secretion is viscid, and the sublingual still more so. The fact that saliva—or rather its constituent element, called ptyalin—converts starch into sugar, has been proved by careful experiment. It has also been shown that severe digestive disturbance results from a deficiency of saliva.

There is one peculiar quality of saliva to be mentioned, namely, that if a large quantity of it is introduced into a large quantity of boiling water, the power will be at length arrested by its own product—sugar. In, now, water be added, the action of the saliva will begin again, and so on indefinitely, by successive additions of water, until the whole is transformed. While the action of saliva will go on in the presence of a weak acid, it is wholly arrested by a strong one. Hence its action in the stomach on starch-food is arrested within ten or twenty minutes by the increasing acidity of the gastric juice, and then the gastric juice begins its digestive action on flesh-food.

Quite recently a German chemist has published results of experiments which are believed to prove that saliva has another important function—that it assists the stomach to secrete the pepsin, the chief element in the gastric juice. Not that it simply stimulates the stomach to the production of its own secretion, but that it actually assists in the complex process by which the active constituents of the gastric juice are formed. This work, at any rate, will emphasize the practical importance of thorough mastication and insalivation of food. —*Youth's Companion.*

An expert and experienced official in an insane asylum said a little time since, that these institutions are filled with people who have given up to their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to give up to his feelings.

"Did you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?" "No, what for?" "For breaking into song." "Is that so?" "Yes. He'd got through two bars when some one hit him with a stove."

KINGSLEY advises us to do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation and do not to weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them.

Among the only class who have no use for Government bonds—jail birds.

WOMAN'S BEST CHOICE.

Dr. Holland Taken to Task for His Advice to Young Men.

The advice of Dr. Holland for young men to select a wife from the female society above them would be more valuable if the learned doctor had defined in just what the wife was to be the superior. That he had a clear idea in his head seems manifest. But does he mean superior in social position? Does he mean that the coachman shall always aspire to the brilliant and accomplished daughter of his employer for a wife? Does he mean that the gardener's son should always aim to win the Countess on the ground that love makes all things even? Does he mean that the Judge shall always pass by Maud Muller for a lady of high degree—that the aim of the noble Lord in the selection of a wife shall be the daughter of a King—that the young mechanic should seek for his bride in the home of the coal kings and iron barons and blue-blooded first families? If this is his meaning his advice is worthless, for in common every-day life such marriages, in nine cases out of ten, prove to be among the most unhappy and usually end in divorce. A man of brains has a better chance for peace and comfort in a marriage with a woman who is a good-natured dunce than a woman of intellect could ever hope for in a union with an ignorant, clod or thick-headed boor. The reason is obvious. The man has the world of business and society open to him for the pursuit of happiness. He need use his home only as a place to sleep and eat, while the wife wedded to a boor has a life-long sorrow, a deal weight of woe, and a penitentiary for a home.

But the gifted women who have married inferior men and have had any sort of a fair chance for happiness we fail to remember, while Mrs. Hemans, Miss London, Mrs. Norton, Fannie Kemble and others stand out as awful warnings. Dr. Holland's line of advice, if carefully followed by men, might give comparative happiness to men. Marrying above themselves in wealth, social position, intellect and piety might perchance not be bad as world goes, but what of the women who thus come down to wed men of low estate in each or all of these things? In former days such stuff and cant might have been accepted as sense and wisdom, but nowadays no such ignoring of women will be counted as gospel. A marriage to be really happy must be a union of true friends and real lovers, who have a fair endowment of reason and common sense between them. Two fools with but a single thought will be happier in marriage than an angel married to a Tommy Noddy, no matter what Dr. Holland says. All the talk about "angelic superiority" may be set down as cant, or what the English call "rot." —*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

IN YUCATAN'S CAPITAL.

The Streets, Churches and Convents of the City of Merida.

The streets of Merida cross each other at right angles, and eight of them lead out of the Plaza Mayor—two in the direction of each cardinal point. In every street, at the distance of a few squares from the center, stands an ancient gateway, arched high above the pavement, and just beyond are the *barrios*, or suburbs. Not long ago the now dismantled niche over each great gateway held its Christ or saint or Virgin, before which people were always kneeling and crossing themselves. Formerly all the streets were distinguished, in a manner peculiar to Yucatan, by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners, and many still retain the ancient sign. For example, the street upon which we are living is called La Calle del Flamingo, because of a huge red flamingo painted on the corner house. Another is known as the street of the Elephant, and the representation of it is an exaggerated animal, with curved trunk and body big as a barrel. There is the street of the Old Woman, and on its corner is the caricature of an aged female, with huge spectacles astride her nose. The street of the Two Faces has a double-faced human head, and there are others equally striking. The reason for this kindergarten sort of nomenclature was because when the streets were named the great mass of inhabitants were Indians who could not read, and therefore printed signs would have been of no use to them, but the picture of a bull, a flamingo or an elephant they could not mistake.

As in all Spanish-American cities, Merida's distinguishing feature is its churches. The great cathedral, erected in 1667, is of quaint and attractive architecture; and besides there is the church of the Jesuits, the church and convent of San Cristobal, the church and convent of Mejoralta, the church of Santa Lucia and the Virgin, the chapel of San Juan Baptista and of Our Lady of Candelaria, the convent de las Monjas, and others too numerous to mention. Though now impoverished, and some of them in decay, a number of them still retain enough rich ornaments and vestments to furnish suggestions of former grandeur. Since the expulsion of the Jesuits, nearly a quarter of a century ago, all religious processions have been prohibited on the streets, much church property has changed ownership and even the names of streets and places have been altered to suit the present sentiment. Thus one of the pleasantest squares, formerly known as the Plaza de Jesus, is now called Plaza Hidalgo. In the old days this park had an exceedingly quaint and beautiful center, which, said to say, has been replaced by an ordinary statue of the hero whose name it bears. —*Fannie B. Ward, in Troy Times.*

Back wheat is recommended for self-infested with wire worms.

WAS ACCOMMODATING.

A Genuine Tennessee Mountain After-Dinner Appetizer.

A weary traveler stopped at a wayside clapboard store, among the East Tennessee mountains, and addressing an old fellow who nodded at him, said: "My dear sir, I am exceedingly hungry, having ridden all day without anything to eat. What have you got?"

"Well, I dunno. Ain't took stock lately."

"Got some cheese, havn't you?"

"Did have 'bout er ha'fer box yrs ago, but my ole hen got ter layin' in the box, an' now she's a-settin' on the eggs an' got sich a good start that I don't want ter interfere with her."

"Very singular."

"Did know that it is, fur I've key' sto' far er good while, an' I have noticed that a hen would rather git in a box an' lay on the crackers than patty nup anywhar else. Seems like she ken lay better. Pears ter be suttin' erbout the crackers that inspires her."

"You have some dried herrings, I suppose."

"Yes, some of the finest I ever see'd, but, you see, the cat has got in the habit of draggin' 'em over the flo' at night. She chaws a little bit on one an' then on another, an' has made some of 'em look sorter wasted, still, ef you think you ken find one that's above suspicion, w'y, go 'round thar an' help yo'self."

"I don't care to take any chances."

"Just ez well not, I reckon, fur the flo' ain't so mighty clean an' I'm putty sartin' thar she's drag the most ov them fish around even ef she hain't nibbled at 'em much."

"Have you got any fresh eggs?"

"Well, I did have some uv the freshest I ever seed, but I wouldn't like to risk 'em now."

"Great goodness, can't you give me something?"

"Thar's a middlin' uv meat over thar. You kin cut you off a few shess and brile 'em here on the coals."

"I thank you for the suggestion."

The traveler cut off several slices of meat and soon had them broiled. After satisfying his hunger, he said:

"I don't know what I should have done had it not been for that bacon."

"Comes in mighty handy when a feller's sorter hangry."

"Yes, and although I have eaten many a better meal I must say that I never enjoyed one more. How much do I owe you?"

"Nothin' a tall."

"You are surely very accommodating, but you can not afford such liberality."

"O, yas, in this case I could, fur you see the meat wa'n't no use ter me. Old Bill Hinsley's dog drug it outen the smokehouse tuther day an' wuz draggin' it 'cross a field, when one uv the boys made him drop it. The meat was fetch back ter me an' ez the dog went mad the next day I was sorter 'fraid ter eat—w'y, I'm sorry you 'pear ter be snatched, stranger. Well, good-bye. When you air passin', drap in."

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

An Ingenious Time-Piece.

A patent for a new clock or chronometer has just been granted that is attracting considerable attention here. It is the invention of W. H. and J. D. Gray, of Maryland, who claim it can be made to run, if necessary, for years after once wound up. Other special features of this time-piece are that it is absolutely noiseless when in operation, and does away entirely with the pendulum balance wheel now used in clocks and watches. The running gear, including both the striking and time mechanism, consists of but six wheels, and it requires but one spring to propel both of these attachments. By the use of a patent self-winding spring connected to two of the wheels the inventors utilize the power wasted by friction in other time-pieces, thus enabling the clock to run a much greater length of time with the same motive power or by once winding it up. The inventors threaten to work a revolution in clock-making by the introduction of a time-piece, which, they say, because of its simplicity, can be manufactured at low-priced time-pieces manufactured in this country to-day. —*Washington Letter.*