RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

MR. BOWLES' EXPERIMENT.

The little room was stuffy, the little room was

There was nothing disagreeable that the little room was not:

boys were more than half asleep, the teacher gave a nod, en roused himself to rattle up a youngster

with his rod. "Now, boys." he said, "just follow me; for

once I think we ll vield To summer's overwhelming power, and seek

the pleasant field:

There Nature spreads her treasures; open

And look on Nature's wonders: learn her so crets and grow wise.

The boys made no objection, so they trooped

out in a mass: They perched themselv tled on the grass

While Mr. Bowles, the teacher, showed, in low impressive tones.

lessons to be gathered from the leaves or mossy stones.

The boys thought this quite gloomy; they were vearning to be free.

lessons and the meadow

So Simpson Junior watched his chance, an slipped away unseen: The gentle zephyrs wandered

Then while the learned teacher went softly

maundering on The boys stole slyly out of sight till five o them had gone:

But still the teacher lectured on with scientific And showed the way the ruminants digest

their grassy meal. But Short, and Tommy Jones, and Dick wer stripping for a swim:

without more aid from him, And Robinson was hunting for some non-exist ent cegs.

And damaging his nasal tube, and barking both his legs.

Yet Mr. Bowles dilated on the progress of the

Within the switch he carried, and he laid it on his lap. And produced a pocket micros

fully explained The extraordinary methods by which Nature's ends are gained.

Next he lifted up his spectacles to ask his little Some questions on the method of the growth

When, lo! the sight that met his eyes abruptly No boy was left but Jenkins, who was eleeping

So Mr. Bowles determined his new system

If boys preferred to climb a tree to learning how it grew.

He thrashed them all next morning, and they had no further chance Of leading learned Mr. Bowles another such a

-Paul Blake, in Golden Days.

JOCKEY TODD.

How He Showed His Heart to Leona as Plain as Day.

Jockey Todd was always sent with his pair of bays on the perilous journey of the torpedo-man. He was in the employ of a torpedo company, and it was his business to take the nitro-glycerine to the oil well, pour the fluid into the long cylindrical shell, lower it to the rock, and drop upon the cap the weight that would release the explosive to read the petroleum stratum.

One day on the Custer road he gave the bays the whip. They broke into a wild run, and the Custerites have a vivid memory of Jockev Todd's dash through the town. He came down the main street like a whirlwind. and they held their breath, waiting for the explosion. As he rushed upon them they lived an age. But Jockey Todd sat on the box as carelessly as if he were winning a race in a walk. In the post-office door stood a girl of twenty. She had run out of the street to avoid the team. She had hardly time to turn around before the bays shot past, yet her quick eyes noted the calmness of the man at the lines. "Oh!" she cried, "the Sandy !"

The Sandy was only a small mountain stream that flowed into the Tuna, but the bridge had been torn up for repairs. The plunge into that narrow ditch would be fatal beyond doubt to the driver, and he did not seem to know about it.

The spectators, fascinated, could not flee. Their hearts beat hard and their eyes projected as they looked for the explosion. The bays cleared the ditch, and the wagon dived into it. The Custerites could not believe their eyes, for there on the ground stood the driver, unharmed, and away down the road, with the wagon tongue bumping on the ground between them, the bays were running at full speed toward Harford.

Every spectator shouted and ran to the bridge. Leona Jervis went with the crowd, and when she saw Jockey Todd coolly answering questions she feil in love with him. Noticing her, he remembered that he had seen her in the post-office door, and he smiled as he recalled her frightened look. Meeting his gaze, she blushed, and his smile quickly gave place to a scowl. Daring always, he strode to where she stood, and asked in a harsh tone:

"Did you think to see a man in bits, blowed in every direction by the glycer'n' !"

"No: I come hopin' to see him clear the ditch as easy as he come to it." "I ask your pardon. My name is Todd-

"And mine is Leona Jervis; I live there."

pointing to a house on the hill above the l'una. From that impulsive beginning the ac

quaintance of Jockey Todd and Leona Jervis ripened into a mutual affection. Some days after this, Jockey Todd pulled up the bays as he was passing Leona's home.

She was getting breakfast for her brother When Jockey Todd was leaving, Leona

threw her arms around his neck and said: "Give it up. Hiram; I am so afraid all the

"I will, Leona. I will never drink again." But that was an evasion. She clung to him tighter, and pleaded: "O, Hiram, I for a moment after his declaration that he can't let you go back to it. The terrible glycerine will surely take your life some day if you keep on handlin' it, and I'm worried to death all the time. Why, I never hear an explosion, if it's only an empty can, without jumpin'. My heart just stands still while I wonder if it's you or-or-"

And she stammered into silence, hiding her face on his shoulder. He filled out the sentence, whispering in her car-"Or Grip." Her face pressed his shoulder in assent.

Grip was a moonlighter-one who torpedoed oil wells in the night at the risk of arrest and imprisonment. The torpedo comr which Jockey Todd worked had a of torpedoing oil wells, so that all persons | your clothes, and come in your Sunday suit. | erect "Who's that!"

engaged in clandestine operations with the torpedo at the well were in danger of the law. Such persons were called moonlighters. Grip Jervis had long been suspected by the torpedo company, and detectives had been employed to watch him; but he was cunning, and had never been caught. Leona's admission to Jockey Todd was the first reliable evidence obtained by any one in the company's employ that Grip was

actually a moonlighter. Jockey Todd loosed her arms and jerked open the door. Leona's face blanched. "You're not goin' to tell on Grip, are you! He carries a pistol, and would kill you." "I ain't goin' to do nothin' now. I'll shoot

back. I'll most likely give it up." "O, I'm so glad!" Leona exclaimed. forgetful of her brother in the joy of having a half-promise from her lover that he would abandon his dangerous business.

this well, and think things over on the way

"'Tisn't because I'm afraid of gettin' killed. When a feller's got to die he'll do it, no matter what his business is. Neither me nor Grip's goin' to get hurt till our time comes. No; it's because I'm a regular and Grip's a moonlighter that I'm bothered. I'm mixed between duty and love. Say,

"I didn't quite tell you. You guessed it, and I couldn't lie." "Well, kiss me good-bye, and we'll fix

Leona, what did you tell me for?"

things up somehow. She watched him drive up a small hill in the road. The shadowy appearance of the team and driver in the for when they reached the top of the rise, almost made her ery out in anguish. With superstitious foreboding she returned to the house.

Jockey Todd drove slowly; there was tur moil in his mind. He possessed a sense of honor, and it troubled him to be deceiving those whom he served. He felt that if he withheld from the company the evidence that Grip was a moonlighter he would be treating them unfairly. He was very glad when he reached the oil well that he had come to torpedo. The exciting task that he was about to perform would for the time divert his thoughts. He stopped the horses a short distance from the derrick, and jumped to the ground. Then he opened the box to get the glycerine. There was none there! The box was empty, yet he himself had seen the cans placed there at the factory before he started. He shut the lid with a slam.

"It was mean, durn mean, of Grip Jervis to steal my stuff while I was in his house courtin' his sister."

He put his foot on a hub of a wheel, and leaning an elbow on his knee, became thoughtful. He could not go back to the factory and declare that the box had not een filled, for he had signed the receipt and it was already filed as a voucher for the quantity he had taken. If he reported to the company that he had lost the glycerine he might be accused of conniving with the moonlighters. At last he saw a way out of his difficulty. Being on good terms with a man who manufactured glycerine, and whose trade was largely with the moonlighters, Jockey Todd resolved to go to him and try to buy enough of the explosive to 'shoot" the well. He hid the shell under some bushes, and drove to the factory. where he succeeded in purchasing the amount of glycerine he needed. He also bought a shell.

When he returned to the well, curiosity led him to look under the bushes where he had secreted the other shell. It was gone. "Grip is tryin me mighty hard," he mu tered, as he swung a can of glycerine care-

lessly from the box. It was not long until the torpedo was at the bottom of the deep well, and then Jockey Todd picked up the three-cornered weight. "I'd like to drop this on Grip's head," he said, between his clinched teeth, as he stood over the casing through which the oil was soon to spout.

"Now git!" he said to the men employed on the lease, who were standing in the derrick. They fled, and he dropped the "godevil" into the casing. He heard it strike the petroleum, and a second later a sound like the snapping of a percussion-cap reached him. Then he ran from the derrick floor. He was only a few paces from it when a column of oil shot over the top of the der-

He was always proud of a successful shot, and a quick response on the part of the well, but this time his pleasure was momentary As he turned to look at the flow, something flashed in the sunlight. He shut his ever quickly, but not soon enough to avoid seeing Grip Jervis lying under some low-hanging bushes, and beside him the shell Jockey Todd had brought to the well that morning. He became angry and jumped on the box, forgetting his reel. He took up the lines and spoke to the bays. They started off at a rapid gait, and he let them go. The sur-face of the road was soft and muddy, and there were many deep ruts. Into one of these a front wheel sank, and he went out on his shoulder into a puddle. The horses ran on, passed the Jervis home, and dashed into Harford.

Leona saw them and the empty wagon, and her heart stood still. At last it had come, and Grip would soon return with the news of Hiram's death. She stationed herself at a window from which she could see up the road. A great weight of dread oppressed her, and there was a lump in her throat, but she did not weep. She had al-ways prided herself that she was not "one of the cryin' kind." Presently she uttered a glad exclamation. She saw Jockey Todd on the top of the little hill. He was walking along rapidly, and she knew at once that he was angry. But she did not mind that,

and ran to meet him. "O, I'm so glad you're not hurt!" she said, running into the middle of the muddy

He was covered with mud and presented a sorry appearance. Leona's reaction of spirits was so great that, unheeding the scowl on his face, she laughed at him.

"Do you think it's funny!" he snarled. "It wouldn't be if you had been hurt," she replied, softly, as she looked fondly upon

This, however, did not appease him. "That brother of yours was the cause of t. I'm comin' to see him to-night." Her smile faded and her face grew pale.

With trembling lips she asked: "Are you comin' alone!"

"Do you think I'd bring anybody!" "I don't think you'll find Grip." "I will if you've got confidence in me." "Well, what if I have!" "You won't tell Grip I'm comin' for sup

They had been standing in the mud in the middle of the road, but both were so earnest that neither thought of the ludicrous side of the situation. She looked steadily at him meant to come for supper. Had he caught her hand and held it, or attempted to coax her, she would have doubted him, and would have said that she would tell Grip to expect him. But she saw he was still angry and

termined to meet Grip if possible. "Well," she said, deliberately. " you come you needn't be surprised to find prates only for two."

was asking no favors, although he was de-

"That 'll be enough, if they're for Grip and me."

With that he left her and went splashing through the mud toward Harford.

If you and Grip eat together, you might need your good clothes to be buried in." Leona had a high temper, and when it was

aroused her tongue was reckless. Jockey Told did not reply nor look around. Leona returned to the house, called herself a fool for running into the mud to meet Jockey Todd, and resolved to inform Grip that he could expect a visitor for supper. But the day passed and Grip did not come home. She began to be un easy about him, fearing he and Jockey Todd had met. She had not begun to get supper when she saw Jockey Todd coming up the road. She was so angry at him that she did not laugh when she noticed that he wore his Sunday suit. Something serious was impending, and she wished she could warn Grip; but it was too late, for there he was talking to Jockey Todd at the gate. She had not seen her brother approach the

Grip was laughing, but Jockey Todd's face was dark. "You had no business to play me that

trick, Grip." "The company can stand it," said Grip.

He was reckoning on Jockey Todd's love for Leona. Leona went to the open door, and could

hear all that was said "But if I report it the com pany won"

"But you won't report it," said Grip, still laughing. "Mebbe I will, and mebbe I won't,"

Grip put his hand to his hip pocket and tapped the butt of a revolver. "If you tell the company I stole the glycerine, I'll put a hole in you." Grip had ceased laughing, and assumed a threatening air.

Leona ran down the steps. "What are you two fightin' about!" she asked. There was no reply.

dercely on him. "Grip's got to quit moonlightin'," he an

"What is it Hiram Todd?" She turned

"I guess he'll do as he pleases about that," she said, sharply. "Well, all I've got to say is that I've warned Grip.

At this Leona's eves flashed, and she shook her fist in Jockey Todd's face. "If you tell on Grip, I hope he will kill you. Now you can go your way and I'll go mine. You're a coward to come here and threaten

"Well, you've got my word for it, Grip. Quit now, when you've got a chance. Reember the givcer'n'

"Remember this, Jockey Todd," Grip replid, and laid the revolver across his arm. "I will, and get one for myself." Jockey Todd turned his back on the brother

and sister, and started toward Harford. "She never was as pretty as when she was shakin' her fist at me. I think she could make life interestin', but I have to Thus mused Jockey Todd as he went hi

way in obedience to her command. The brother and sister-she in no amiable mood toward him-went into their house, and soon sat down to supper. There were plates for two, and for some reason, when she was washing them after the meal,

Leona's eyes became moist. The next morning Jockey Todd went to the company's office and resigned his position, giving as a reason for leaving their employment that he was afraid the glycerine would soon number him among its victims if he did not stop handling it. A few days fterward be got work as a lease on the hill just above Leona's home. He could sit in the engine-house do, r and

see her moving about in the yard. One day Grip came home with the news that Jockey Todd had quit shooting wells and gone to pumping them. Leona stared at Grip a moment, and when he smiled said: "You needn't think he give up his job because he was afraid of you. He couldn't stay with the company and not tell on you." "Oh! he was afraid, though," said Grip,

with an air of bravado. "Some of these nights you'll find out that Hiram Todd don't fear any thing. Mind what I say, Grip.'

Grip only laughed. When Jockey Todd took up his abode in the engine-house on the Krohm lease, he was surprised that the silence of the woods after night was agreeable to him. He found comfort in the quiet that was broken only by the stroke of the pumping-engine and the rattle of the rods. These sounds were so regular in repetition that he grew to consider them a part of the stillness. The flaming gas jet threw at the whim of the wind changeful shadows across the cleared space in which the derrick stood. The trees nearest him in the encircling woods were distinctly brought out by the flickering light, and when it beut before the breeze, it gave him glimpses of grim trunks that were in the darkness when the flame stood still, but beyond was the dense night of the deep forest. He got into the habit of watching this change of light and shadow, and of gazing at the impenetrable

darkness. "Leona acted accordin' to her light, but she couldn't see any further into my heart than I can into the woods. May be I can show it to her some time as plain as day." Thus he mused upon Leona, and waited for the time to come when she would fully

understand him. Leona began to regret her hasty action, as day after day went by and no harm came to Grip. He was still free and lighthearted, while her spirits drooped, and she went about her work in a listless, preoccupied manner. Often in the evening she she stood in the door and looked up at the gas jet. In the distance it was only a point of light, but she knew that under it Jockey Todd was sitting, and between him and her the night intervened. At last the sense of the injustice she had done him was so heavy upon her that she resolved to right it. One evening, just after the night fell, she threw a light shawl over her head and started up the hill. She knew the way, and did not need the guidance of the gas jet that sud-

denly went out. Jockey Todd was leaning back in his chair in the engine-house, and wishing he when, after a few minutes, he opened them, the derrick and the cleared place were lighted only by the rays of a moon not' yet in the third quarter. Supposing the strong wind had blown the light out, he got up to relight the gas. When he stepped to the door he saw a man going to the derrick. He became cautious at once, and remained in the engine-house. The intruder walked all around the derrick, and Jockey Todd, watching his actions, concluded he was a moonlighter. He knew the well was to be shot that night, but for the moment had forgotten it. 'He had been away in the early evening, and had not learned where

the glycerine had been concealed. The moonlighter examined each part of the derrick in turn, and did not seem to discover the marks left by the glycerine man who had hidden the explosive. At last the moonlighter struck a match. By its light Jockey Todd recognized Grip Jervis. More-

over, he saw that Grip was drunk. Soon Grip found what he was searching for, and turning his back to the derrick, began to pace off a distance, counting aloud, "One, two (hic), three-" Then Jockey Todd ran out of the engine-house toward

"Me-Jockey Todd."

"Stand where (hic) you are." Grip felt for his pistol, but in a second Jockey Todd was on him and held his hand in a firm grasp. There was a sharp struggle of a moment and Grip staggered back unarmed. Jockey Todd put the pistol in his pocket 'Now, Grip, listen to reason; you are too drunk to shoot this well. You:sit down and I'll do it."

"I ain't drunk, I shoot this well myselfmind that. You never was nothin' but a well-butcher, anyhow."

"I tell you if you pick up a can of glycerine to-night you'll drop it, and that'll be the end of you." "Stand out of my road."

Grip made a lunge forward. Jockey Todd woided the blow and returned it. Grip fell back on a stone and lay there still. Jockey Todd soon found the giycerine and the shell. He carried the explosive to the

derrick floor, then quickly fitted together the joints of the shell. In a few minutes the torpedo was filled and lowered to the rock, and he dropped the weight. On going out of the derrick to avoid the

flow of the petroleum he was met with the command: "Hands up, Grip Jervis! I've caught you at last."

Leona, crouching behind a clump of bushes, heard the words, and shivered in fear, for it would be like Grip to show fight, and perhaps be killed.

"I'm not objectin' to hold up my hands; but I'd like to inform you, Mr. Perkins, that you've got the wrong name." "Well, I'll be torpedoed." exclaimed the

detective, "if it isn't Jockey Todd!" "The same."

"Well, I'm done up!" Perkins ejaculated, putting away his revolver. "I was sure I had Grip Jervis," he con tinued. "You see, Grip was in Harford this afternoon, and got drunk. He did a lot of talking, and said he was going to shoot a well on the Sextuple Tract to-night. I followed him, but he gave me the slip. So I could do nothing but watch the gas jets from the top of the hill. When I saw this one go out, I made a bee line for here. I

you, thinking you were Grip. Hang it! I wish it had been him." Leona was both relieved and distressed She was glad that Grip was free, and troubled because of Jockey Todd's arrest. "Well, I guess you'll have to come along

got here just as you were lowering the shell;

after you dropped the weight, I went for

with me, Todd." "All right, Perkins. Wait till I get my

He led the way to the engine-house, care ful to keep the derrick between Grip and them. Entering the engine-house, he reappeared in a moment with his hat on, and a coat over his arm. "Guess I'd better light up," he said.

Striking a match, he fired a long pine stick, which he thrust into the stream of gas he loosed from a pipe, and instantly the scene was brilliantly yet uncertainly lighted. Leona peering through the bushes could see his face. It was determined.

After the detective and Jockey Todd were out of sight, Leona entered the open space. meaning to follow them. She jumped when she came near stepping on a man, and uttered a low scream when she saw Grip lying before her.

Bending over him, she caught him by the shoulder to wake him. It was hard to do, but at last he grunted and opened his eyes stupidly. "That you, Leona! Breakfast

"Get up, Grip. You have fallen and hurt Staggering to his feet, he looken around in a dazed way. Presently he said, "O, I

know! Where's Jockey Todd!" "Gone."

"He got afraid and run." "Why!" "We had a fight, and he knocked me down was tight, or he couldn't have done it." Leona became strangely excited, yet she seemed calm, and her voice, although constrained, was even when she said: "You came here to shoot the well, and Hiram wouldn't let you, because you were too drunk. You fought him, and he knocked

"Yes, that was . . . way; but I'll get even

with him." "What for!-keepin' you from bein' ar rested!"

"What do you mean!" Grip stared at her blankly. "That Perkins arrested Hiram for shootin' this well. Perkins thought he had you

"And didn't Jockey Todd squeal on me.

"Never said a word about you. Went

right along, and kept Perkins from lookin' around." Grip hung his head and was silent a long while. When he spoke again he said: "Well, that's what I call the square thing. A man can't come it over me that way. though. I'll tell Rogers the whole story, and I know he won't push Jockey Todd." Leons id only : "Come, Grip, let's go

Grip was so taken up with Jockey Todd's enerosity that he never thought to ask eona what she did there.

Next day Grip did tell the whole story to Colonel Rogers, and, as he had predicted, Jockey Todd was not proceeded against. Grip was offered and accepted a position with the torpedo company. That night he, Leona and Jockey Todd sat down to supper together .- Alexander L. Kinkead, in Harper's

Benefits of Early Rising.

No reasonable being, remarks a medical contemporary, can deny that a habit of early rising, conscientiously formed and steadily persisted in, is distinctively conducive to health, happiness, usefulness and longevity. Doddridge says the difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a could see Leona. His eyes were closed, and man's life. Franklin tells us that the morning hour "has gold in its mouth," and he also tritely remarks that he who rises late may trot all day and not have overtaken his business at night. Dean Swift avers that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning, while good old Jeremy Taylor advises us to let our sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature, and he further bids us to sometimes be "curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the East." In "Paradise Lost," Milton speaks of Adam's sleep before the Fall as "airy light from pure digestion bred," and that he was awakened from it by the "shrill matin song of birds on

every bough.-Christian Inquirer. -A hen-pecked husband says that any for which Jockey Todd worked had a Leona was angry, thoroughly so, and him. Grip stopped and faced about. He atent entitling them to the exclusive right called after him: "I s'pose you'll change was seintoxicated that he could not stand he pities the man who ever gets his guess you've struck a strawberry, sah." widow's might. - Boston Post.

ON THE PLANTATION.

CLOTHES FOR SOLDIERS. A Pleasant Landscape Sketch on the Banks How Uncle Sam Supplies His Army With Good Goods at Cost. of the Mississippl. The autumn was struggling for recog-The largest clothing, boot and shoe nition and was making an impression store in this country is run by the upon all but the midday hours. In the United States though they sell things morning the air came cold and crisp, down at cost prices and there is no full of incentives to work. In the evenprofit in it. Every army recruiting ing the soft languor and dreamy inertstation is a branch store where supplies ness of summer had been driven away by are dealt out. It is different from ora wide awake activity, with good resodinary stores, in that the United States lutions and plans of future energy to treasury furnishes the money that buys be discussed inside closed doors and the boots, hats, blankets and clothes, windows into late hours of the night. and the money that buys from the The roses in the garden bloomed pale United States also comes from the and listless after their exhausting sum-Treasury. Besides his pay each soldier mer season, shivering perfumelessly in in the regular army has an allowance the practical October breezes. The for clothing which varies from \$178.85 trees were in the full glory of their to \$228.49 for his five years' term. This rich green foliage. The cane in the is only from \$35.77 to \$45.69 a year. If fields stood in thick, solid maturity, the soldiers had to go around and buy their own clothlng at ordinary rates with long, green, pendant leaves curling over and over in bewildering they would not have a new coat more luxuriance. The sunset clouds, burstthan once every other year, and they ing with light and color, gilded the would have to sleep in their undertops of the boundary woods and ilclothes to keep warm. lumined like a halo the features of So the United States have gone into plantation life. The Mississippi river, the business of supplying their ordinary reflecting and rivaling the sky above, things to soldiers at the bottom price rolled, an irredescent current, between at which the contracts for them can be its yellow mud banks, cut into grotesque made. There is no rent nor salesmen's silhouettes by crevasses and steamsalaries nor insurance nor profit to be boat landings as it dimpled in eddies paid by the Government. As a result, over shallows, boiled and swirled the prices at which clothing is sold to in hollow whirlpools over depths, or the soldiers are so low that many workrushed with inflexible, relentless ing-men who are paid four times as rapidity, following the channel in its much wages as the soldiers are not angular course from point to point. clad as well. The blue coats cost \$3.38. The day's work had come to an end. They are made of good material, well The plantation bell rang out its discut, and are better fitting than the missal and benediction. The blackuniform of the average policeman, for smith laid down the half-sharpened which he pays several times what the cane knife and began covering up the soldier pays. His caps cost 49 cents. fire. From mysterious openings on all His stockings cost 9 cents a pair, and sides of the sugar house workmen they are better than those the Bowery issued with tools in their hands. The stores sell for a quarter, while the 49stable doors were thrown open, and the cent caps are as good as any man could hostlers, old crooked-legged negroes want. For his blue trousers the solhurried about with food for the mules. dier pays \$2. They are so cheap that The cows tinkled their impatient bells he can buy half a dozen pairs with his outside the milking lot, while the franmonth's pay, which is more than many tic calves bounded and bleated inside. young men who look down on soldiers Along the smooth, yellow road through can do. the field came the "gang" with their The two bits of extravagance are the mules and wagons, plows and hoes. In fannel shirts and the blankets. The advance walked the women, swaying themselves from side to side with characteristic abandon, lighting their rude pipes, hailing the truce to toil with loud volubility. The men followed,

happy in the thoughtless, unconscious

enjoyment of the short moment that

yet separated them from their hot, dull,

heavy, dangerous maturity. The an-

own skill from the finely cultivated

stand of cane on each side of them; the

past expiations of plowing, ditching,

weeding, hoeing; the freezing rains;

the scorching suns; but, above all, the

approach of the grinding season, the

spirits, and their voices, in joke, song.

laugh and retort, sped down the road

before them to the quarters and evoked

responsive barks and shouts from the

dogs and children there .- Grace King,

GIRLS' SCHOOL DRESS.

Some of the Points That Can Be Urged in

Favor of Plain Costumes.

timately associated beneath the same

roof and in the same work, ending

foolish and oftentimes bitter rivalry

between those who can, and those who

While girls are in the school-room

ures incidental to harmonious develop-

opment of good, sound limbs and mus-

cles; but keep rich fabrics and fine

Keep the girls young, and with some-

ing is more disgusting and dishearten-

ing to thoughtful people than the blase

iewels for the social debut.

Annie Jenness Miller, in Dress.

-Omaha World.

in Monsieur Motte.

viduality in dress.

shirts cost thirty-eight cents more than the trousers, but they are as good shirts as can be bought at any price, and they do not shrink into a woolly ball when they are washed. The aggressively masculine, heavy limbed, blankets are sold for \$4.28. It is east slow of movement on their hampered, enough to go to almost any dry goods shod feet; wearing their clothes like shop and buy cheaper blankets than harness; with unhandsome, chaotic the soldiers have, but these blankets faces, small eyes and concealed natures. are wool and weigh six pounds. One They watched the women with jealous pair of them is enough in cold weather. interest, excluding them from their and they are warmer than several hilarity and responding grudgingly pairs of cheap blankets. The United and depreciatingly to their frank over- States consider the health of their soltures. The water carriers, half grown diers, and though they economize on boys and girls, idled at a distance, the caps and trousers they supply the balancing their empty pails on their best woolen shirts and blankets. bare heads-quick and light on their There are various kinds of shoes, that feet, graceful, alert, intuitive, exubersell from \$1.76 to \$3.04. Then there ant with life and spirits, they were are heavy stockings that sell for more

than the nine cents that the summer stockings bring. There are underclothes for sale, that are of such a good quality that the officers wear them in ticipations of cheer and rest, the subtle preference to the underclothing that satisfaction of honestly tired bodies; they can buy in the usual way. the flattering commendations of their The United States go further and supply all the necessities of the soldiers at cost prices, and their cost rates are frequently lower than those at which a private storekeeper could buy, as the United States buy in large quantities and are sure pay. It also tends to inroulaison with its frolics, excitements crease a manufacturer's outside trade and good pay, all tended to elate their

if he gets large garment contracts, and

a big manufacturer, with a large stock

on hand, can afford to sell to the

United States at cost. If he sold at the same rate to private sellers they might cut retail rates, while the United States sell to nobody but soldiers. When a recruit is sworn in the sergeant takes him into the clothing-room and fits him up with a full outfit. The No doubt the faculty and trustees of cost of it is taken from his pay, though any girls' school would do service to at the rates at which the Government universal womankind by insisting upon | sells it does not take him long to pay a plain, sensible costume to be worn up. No one may buy clothing in this by all pupils during the school years. way from the Government except sol-Many points can be urged in favor; reddiers, and it is a crime for any clothing gard for physiological needs of devel- to be given or sold to any one else. If oping girls, the freedom of the cos | the Government were to sell to everytume, the sisterhood, which would at body at the same rate the business of

in dress during the years they are in- would be ruined .- N. Y. Sun. Hanged with a Woman's Hair.

ouce put all young ladies, rich and the furnishing goods stores in the

poor alike, on the footing of equality neighborhood of recruiting stations

Among the strange things which have found their way into the rooms can not, afford to dress richly; and, of the Natural History Society is a perhaps, no less important point than sparrow which was hanged by a the others, reserve the pleasures of woman's hair. It was discovered by beautiful costuming for the entrance T. A. Lamson, of 24 Florence street. upon social life, which is really the Near his house is a large number of beginning of the necessity for indipine trees, and he saw at the end of a limb on one of these trees a sparrow suspended from a branch. He could their minds should be occupied with its see nothing by which the bird was work and the simple, healthful pleashung, and it was a very curious sight. His son, who was called, went up into ment of the bodily aud mental powers the tree and carefully sawed off a which are to make the grand women small portion of the limb. The whole later, and a simple costume, varied in secret was then revealed. On the color to save monotony, would conduce twig was a neatly built nest, in which greatly to the benefit of a school or there were three speckled eggs. When college course. Make this regulation examined they were found to be cold. dress pretty and attractive, light in which showed the home had been weight, refined and graceful, always broken up for some time. The male bearing in mind the freedom for develsparrow was hung by a woman's hair which was placed around his neck just as neatly as though it had been done by human hands. The other end was fastened to the nest, being a part of it. thing always in anticipation, for noth-The eggs were on one side of the nest. while on the other side was a hole just large enough for the bird to go through. miss of sixteen, who knows every thing

It may be, perhaps, that he had been and doesn't see much in life anyhow.attacked by an enemy and took this way of escaping, only to meet his -Restaurant guest-"Whew! The death. In going through the nest the cook must have dropped her vinaigret hair might have caught around the into the short-cake." Waiter-"I "chippers" neck, and thus caused the bird to choke to death .- Worcester (Mass.) Spy.