

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

LOVE, THE BEGGAR.

"Child, beware! have a care!
Love is false, and Love is fair!
Says the grandame at her weaving;
Or with bold words pursuing;
Listen not, he is deceiving.
For your future hurt and grievings—
Love is false and fair!"

"Love is false! Love is fair!
Trust to me to have a care!"
Says the maiden: "I believe her,
And if Love, the bold deceiver,
Dares to come with lips a-smiling,
Or with honeyed words beguiling,
I will hiss him! I will shout him!
All who will believe her saying,
Says the maiden, gayly smiling,
"Trust to me to have a care!"

"Let me in! O let me in!
For sweet pity, let me in!"
Cries a voice in woeful pleading;
Quickly now the maiden, speeding,
Opens the door, and there is lying
Beggars-boy a-sobbing, sighing.

Locks of gold wet with dew,
Rosebud mouth, and eyes of blue,
Seeking hers in mute appealing,
Dimpled hands in hers a-stealing,
To her breast, silken nest,
Tenderly the maiden folds him,
Crouching softly as she holds him,
"Till he gently sinks to rest."

"Have a care! child, beware!
Any semblance Love can wear!"
Cries the grandame at her weaving;
"Watch him well! let him tell
(Though for that there's no believing)
What his name, whence he came,
For mayhap 'tis Love deceiving!"

"Naught care I what his name!"
Says the maiden to the dame,
Flaming up in sudden passion.
"Scemler I trow 'twould be
If your speech took other fashion
Than to rail at charity!"

As for this poor babe a-sleeping,
Even now in dreams a-sweeping,
(Pretty, dear! have no fear,
Nought to harm shall come a-near!)
If 'tis Love—as you say—
"He will show his wings some day;
To your ruing and undoing,
Show his wings and fly away!"

"Wings the fleetest! hush, my sweetest!
I will bind past all undoing!"
Says the grandame, softly sighing:
"I will hold him, safe and sound—
Love shall never fly away!"

"Love is false! Love is fair!
Silly maidens to ensnare!"
Sighs the grandame at the weaving;
"Love brings ever bitter grieving,
And a weary weight of care!"

"Love is true! Love is fair!
Every ill of life beguiling!"
Sings the maid with lips a-smiling,
"Love is tender, true and fair."
—Good Housekeeping.

A TREASURE CAVE.

A Wrecked Sailor's Adventure on Penang Island.

For two weeks, upon a certain occasion, I, James Tar, able seaman, belonging to the port of Plymouth, and having scarcely been taught to read and write, was worth my millions. I had more clear treasure under my hands than would have bought the Astors, the Goulds, and the Vanderbilts combined. It is a curious story, and though I can tell it only in a plain, sailor-like fashion, it may be of interest.

The Straits of Malacca, as you all know, is that narrow body of water between the island of Sumatra and the Malay peninsula. Beyond are the Java Sea, the islands of Java and Borneo, and of your sail far enough about will bring up at New Guinea. As you enter the Straits from the northwest you have Acheen Head on the right, being the butt end of Sumatra, and Penang Island on the left, this latter lying off the Malay coast, and being for years the rendezvous of pirates. Up to 1858-9, at which time British cruisers shelled this island so often and so vigorously as to kill off even the monkeys, from 500 to 1,000 Malay pirates lived on Penang, and preyed on the commerce passing through the Straits. They had a sort of government of their own, a fleet of fifty light craft, and they often sailed a hundred miles out into the Indian Ocean in search of merchant vessels.

In those days nearly every merchant vessel carried an armament and extra men, and a tussle with pirates was counted on with as much certainty as a change of weather. Between 1853 and 1858 no less than thirteen English vessels were captured within fifty miles of Penang Island. Include in this list those taken from the Americans, French, and Germans, and the total number would be at least twenty-five. In 1856 the pirates attacked a Russian corvette which had anchored in the Straits to repair damages, and although she finally beat them off, it was only after a conflict in which she lost half her crew. They became so bold before they were driven out that nothing was too big for them to attack, and they were utterly reckless as to danger.

Well, sir, in the summer of 1855 I was a foremast hand on the Liverpool ship Castle Groat, bound through the Straits and beyond, and we came within sight of Acheen Head without having noted a suspicious craft. We had six cannon, plenty of small arms, and a full crew aboard, and for the last two days we had been ready for any thing which might turn up. I can remember that we rather hoped for a scrimmage, for we knew that a murderous set they were and wanted revenge, but it was the opinion of the officers that we should go through without a shot. The pirate fleet seemed to be away on some expedition, and the best glasses aboard failed to make out any thing of a suspicious character.

We came up with Acheen Head about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the wind all at once died away. The tide was against us, and the ship was allowed to drive over within a mile of Penang Island before being brought up with the anchor on a sort of middle ground, which gave the iron a good hold in five fathoms. It was proposed to wait here for the tide to turn and for a favoring breeze, as the channel was not then thoroughly surveyed; but in less than half an hour the clouds began to bank up, and it was seen that a storm was at hand. Just before sundown we got it from dead ahead, and it came with great fury. The heaviest gale could not have kicked up much of a sea in that spot, and as we had every thing snug aloft, no one felt any uneasiness. Ten minutes after the storm struck us, and while everybody but the watch on deck was under shelter from the vapour of rain, I was ordered out on the jibboom to secure the flying jib, which had been carelessly stowed. I felt as safe as I do this moment sitting in my chair, but I had not yet performed my task when a sudden heave of her bows, accompanied by a shake to starboard and port, as if the ship was an angry horse, loosened my hold and dropped me into the boiling sea. One can never tell how these things occur, but personal carelessness is at the

bottom of them. I was in the water before I realized that I had let go my hold. It was raining and blowing tremendously hard, and as I cried out, which I have no recollection of doing, no one on deck heard it. I was swept away from the ship in an instant. Indeed, when I fought my head above the foam and sprang up in the water to look around, the rain and spray had hidden the ship from sight.

I had no doubt that I was driving straight out into the Indian Ocean, but I do not recall that I was frightened or in despair. Sailors take more close shaves than any other class of men in the world, and as a rule, they depend more on luck to bring them safely through. I turned on my back, being a good swimmer, shipped as little water as possible and thanked my stars that the uproar had temporarily driven the sharks to deep water. In almost that very location, a year before, I had seen a shark of such dimensions alongside the ship that every one aboard had been called up to view the monster. His length was estimated at twenty feet, and he could have bitten a bullock in two at a snap. I fought off all thoughts of my peril, knowing that if I got rattled I should soon go under, and in about half an hour I felt sure that I heard the noise of waves breaking on shore. It wasn't five minutes later when I was driven over a coral reef outside of Penang Island, and in five minutes more was on the beach of the island itself. The last of the tide, aided by a current, had carried me to the pirates, headquarters instead of out into the ocean. The storm still held, making the afternoon as dark as evening, and though I had carefully husbanded my strength, and had been in the water only half an hour, I crawled up beyond the run of the waves, and lay on my back a long time before I could walk about. By that time night had set in, and there was little danger of my being discovered unless I ran against somebody. At this point the forest came down almost to the water's edge, and my first move was to get under cover. I had hardly moved back into the woods when I heard voices, and knew that several men were patrolling the sands. Had I been three minutes later they would have found me.

The loss of a foremast hand to a ship with a full crew is of little consequence—nothing to be compared to the loss of a sky-royal or a few fathoms of a new rope. In his case he is logged as gone overboard, and his effects are sold at auction. In a week he is forgotten, and the chances are that no one ever receives the back pay due him. If a sail is lost, the money to replace it comes out of the owners' pockets, and they may criticize the seamanship of the captain. I could be paid by the mate after a few minutes, and he would report that I had been shaken into the sea and drowned. No boat would be sent out after the storm abated, and no boat would coast Penang Island on the chance of my having reached it. The ship would proceed on her way as soon as possible, and whatever was done for me must be done by myself.

About eleven o'clock that night the storm abated, the sky cleared up, and a light wind came out of the northwest to help the ship on her way through the Straits. I distinctly heard them weighing the anchor, and but for fear of sharks would have swam out to her. She was too far off to make my voice heard, even had I dared to raise it. As soon as the rain and wind ceased I heard voices plainly enough all around me, and a shout or two from me would certainly have resulted in my discovery. Bedraggled, chilly and disconsolate, I wore the night away, and at the first signs of dawn I crowded further and further into the woods. The island to-day is mostly cleared, having been burned over several times, but at that date it was a solid forest. The tropical vegetation was needed by the pirates as a cover. They had erected several barracks and storehouses, and these were in a natural opening about half a mile below the spot where I was washed ashore. At that spot was an opening in the reef, with a natural harbor. Before moving I looked for the ship and found her gone, and then I knew that I must depend solely upon myself to get out of the scrape.

I went back into the dense woods for a mile before coming to a halt. There were parrots, monkeys and snakes in plenty, and the vegetation was so dense that I could hardly penetrate it. I saw from the first that there was an abundance of wild fruits and coconuts, and in going the mile I came across two fine springs. No matter how many people there were on the island, I stood a good chance of escaping them as long as I held to the woods, for there were no beaten paths, and the sameness of the birds and monkeys was proof that they had not been much disturbed. The sun came out hot after awhile and dried my clothes, and when I had picked up a breakfast I sat down to plan. I had been through the Straits several times, and I knew the narrowest part was at least two hundred miles below me. There, opposite the islands of the north coast of Sumatra, the Straits were not over twenty miles wide, and the channel ran within five miles of the Malay coast. If I was to get off by way of a ship, I must first get to sea or reach the mainland and follow the coast down. I, however, failed to settle fully on any plan, and finally went to sleep, and though the monkeys and parrots chattered in my ears, and a dozen snakes may have crawled over me, I slept like a log for many hours, and awoke to find the day nearly gone. I therefore hunted about for supper, hid myself away in a lot of vines, and put in another night. Next morning I had a narrow escape. I was moving about in search of breakfast, being now very sharp, and had climbed a tree to get at some wild fruit, when I heard a person making his way through the forest, and soon thereafter a Malay passed directly beneath me. He was fancifully dressed, heavily armed, and without doubt one of the pirates. He was moving cautiously, but not like one in search of any body, and after a minute I dismissed the fear which had arisen at sight of him. I had not been seen, and it was hardly possible that my presence on the island was suspected. As may be supposed, I kept very quiet until the fellow had passed out of hearing. What troubled me most was the fact that he disappeared in the direction I intended to take, thereby giving rise to the fear that there were settlements on both sides of me. However, after about an hour, I headed down the island, and when I had gone a couple of miles and found no break in the forest, I was somewhat reassured.

The country soon became very rough and steep, and although this rid me of the thicket, I had to cross some ravines which tried my legs exceedingly. When I had crossed two I descended into a third, and, as it seemed to trend to the east, which was very nearly my direction, I followed it instead of clambering out. At the bottom was a rivulet, which probably became a river after a long spell of wet weather. I kept a sharp lookout around me, but there was not the slightest evidence that any one had ever passed that way before. After a walk of about a mile the ravine bore off to the left, and I selected a spot to climb out. It was right among the thick bushes, in order that the noise I should make would frighten away any lurking serpents, and I had drawn myself up about fifteen feet, when a boulder on which I stepped sank under my feet into the earth, and as I went over backward I heard a smothered yell from the earth. I was terribly scared for a moment, and as I picked myself up I listened for a minute or two to

see if the sounds would be repeated. All was quiet, however, and I seized a bush and pulled myself up to where the stone had sunk. There was a hole in the earth as large as a bushel basket, and I saw that a cave of some sort existed below. It took five minutes of looking around to find it, as the mouth was cunningly hidden by vines, but as soon as I found it I knew that human beings had been there. It was a hole about twenty feet long, and at the spot where the cave was about twenty feet high. I could enter the mouth only on hands and knees, and I did not go far in until the light which came down assured me that it was vacant. And yet it was not. As I crept in to where the rock had crashed through I found that it had fallen upon a man—very probably the native I had seen early in the morning. He had been sitting down, and the big stone had fallen upon his head and crushed him out of shape. The yell I heard was his death cry. I was ready to crawl out and take to my heels as I made this discovery, but another determined me. The fall of the rock and the knock over a torch which the man had lighted, and now a bit of flame flared up at a sudden to show me that the cave contained boxes and baskets. I dug out the torch, blew up the flame, and became dumb with astonishment. It was a treasure cave—the receptacle of the pirates' plunder.

I have been told by Malays, who may have been Penang pirates, that under the rules which bound those rascals together a treasure was chosen for every gang. Every thing of value was turned over to him to care for, and once in about every two years he made a division of the spoils. This treasure had to be zealously guarded, and in this instance it was so carefully hidden that no one but the treasurer could have found it. He had come in advance of me to add fresh plunder to the great store, and there were jewels in his hands as he lay there a bloody mass.

Some of you may doubt what I am going to tell you, but there is abundant proof in the Royal Museum, in the old office of the Times, and yet in my own possession. The treasures of that cave amounted to millions upon millions of dollars. It must have been probably been several years since a division was made. Many of the baskets and boxes were of European make, but there were many of native manufacture. The pirates had not stored away silks and velvets and laces. They had no such common stuff as that. The treasure consisted of money, watches, diamonds, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, watch chains, charms, and whatever else could be called jewelry. There were crosses and badges and medals by the score, and no less than six jeweled hilts of swords. There were at least fifty gold chronometers, and I verily believe the number of gold watches would have reached five hundred. Unlettered and unlearned, and brought up to look on a £50 note as a fortune, I would not have believed that the world held so much money as I found here. There were English, American, French, German, Russian, Swedish, Belgian, and all other sorts of paper money, and gold and silver was heaped up until my eyes were ready to answer for hot pegs.

Strange how human nature works! Before finding this wealth I would have given a year of my life to know that I could make the next hundred miles in safety. I had no sooner got my eyes on the great wealth than I began to figure on how I could keep every shilling of it. I would not go without it. A quarter of an hour ago I was alarmed at the slightest sound. Now I would have faced and fought the whole pirate gang. I never suspected I had such determination, or that I would care so much for money. It took me a good while to cool off and calm down, and then I found myself in favor of sticking right there. I was like two men arguing. There wasn't one chance in a thousand of my getting off with a tenth of the plunder, and to remain there was to invite discovery. Then the other came as it were, argued that I was a fool to leave such wealth behind, and that I had only to remain in the cave to be hidden from any search that the pirates might make. As a result I stayed. There was fresh water at hand, plenty of wild fruits around me, and the only unpleasant thing was the corpse. As soon as my mind was made up to stay I pulled it out from under the stone and buried it in the bank as well as I could with a stick and a piece of wood. I had no time to invite discovery, and to remain there the next day I had no sooner eaten a hasty breakfast and returned to the cave than I heard men in the woods. From an hour after sunrise to sunset the pirates were constantly coming and going through the ravine, calling to each other and to the missing man. It was the same for the next three days, and the hunt was given up or extended far beyond me. They may have reasoned that the man had sailed away from the island, and I had no doubt that the searching parties were started out by sea as well as by land. I had to lie quiet now, and during the three days I suffered much from hunger and thirst. I knew the fellows would not give up as long as there was any hope, and it was well that I was over cautious. On the fifth day a hundred or more of them were in the ravine for several hours, pulling down rocks, uprooting bushes, and passing so near the mouth of the cave that I held my breath. This minute search assailed them and no one came near me again.

It was two weeks to a day before I continued my journey. On the second day after burying the body I exhumed it and stripped it of outside clothing, and when ready to go I left my sailor's togs behind me in place of them. After handling every thing over and over again I fought down my avarice and used judgment in determining what to take. I unspooled and took over eighty diamonds, upward of £16,000 in English paper money, about £2,000 in English and American gold, and a little over £1,000 in French notes. The paper money was all bills of large denomination. I wanted to load myself down, but I had sense enough to realize the tramp before me. I could not, however, resist selecting three of the finest gold watches, one of which can to this day be seen in the Royal Museum at London. It is of French make, but has never been further identified.

It was a terrible trip I undertook. For six days I lived on fruits and berries, and was often without water, and in this time I picked up at sunrise next morning I was being constantly alarmed and paying no heed to the compass points. On the sixth night, about midnight, I came to a beach and a settlement. It may have been the one near which I first landed, and probably was. After making sure that no one was about, I approached the beach, hunted out a canoe-like craft which I thought I could manage with a paddle, and I launched it and put out into the Straits without raising an alarm. Wind and tide were both in my favor, and at sunrise next morning I was picked up by the Lord Nelson, an English ship inward bound, fifteen miles below and off the island. Two or three years later, when we had the pirates on the run, I headed a party to secure the rest of the treasure, but we found only an empty cave. Accident or search had in last revealed the storehouse to others.—N. Y. Sun.

—The Government ornithologist at Washington estimates that the surplus in the United States treasury would be sufficient to pay the bounty for exterminating the English sparrows in New York State.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—When stung by a bee or a wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

—To gorge an animal with food only serves to overwork the stomach in the attempt to digest more than it is really able to, and as a result much is avoided by the animal, and goes to waste.

—English Bread: One large cup bread sponge, two-thirds cup milk, two-thirds cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup English currants, one-half cup raisins. Mix stiff as bread, knead, let rise twice and bake in one long loaf.

—Rich Currant Pie: One tea-cup each of green currants, sugar and sweet cream, mixed. Line a piepan with crust, beat an egg, stir into the mixture, pour in the pan, lay over bits of butter, cover with an upper crust and bake. Let cool and sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

—German Pudding: Butter a pie-dish and put in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of apples, pared and quartered, then a layer of brown sugar, a layer of very finely chopped suet, or butter. Repeat the layers till the dish is full, having bread crumbs at the top. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Serve, with sauce, or with sugar sifted over the top.—Good Housekeeping.

—A refreshing and nourishing drink for an invalid with a weak, irritable stomach is barley water. Wash two ounces of pearl barley in cold water. Put it in a half pint of boiling water; boil five minutes. Pour off this water and add to it two quarts of boiling water; boil it to one quart and strain. Flavor with fresh lemon juice and sweeten slightly.

—Where one has no refrigerator and can get ice regularly, it will pay to make a rough substitute. Take two second-hand dry goods boxes, one from three to four inches smaller than the other. Put sawdust in the bottom of the larger one and place the smaller one on it, and pack around with the same. Put a tin spout through the bottoms for a drain pipe. Put shelves at the ends of the inner box, leaving a space for ice in the middle. Fit tops with hinges to each box, and set the whole upon a block at each end so that a pan can be set under to catch the drip.—N. Y. World.

NOTES ON CUT-WORMS.

Suggestions by Clarence M. Weed, Ohio's State Entomologist.

There are few insects more troublesome to the gardener than cut-worms, and few which are more difficult to fight. Although there are several species of them, their life histories are in general similar. They are hatched from eggs laid by night-flying moths and feed upon various plants, especially attacking the stem just above the ground. After eating a few weeks these worms go into the ground, where they change into the chrysalis state, and a short time afterwards emerge as moths, or "millers" to lay eggs for another brood. These pests do most mischief in spring, as they winter over in a half grown condition, sheltered under boards, stones or rubbish, and are very voracious after their long fast. These cut-worms are not allowed to increase entirely unmolested, but are preyed upon by numerous enemies. I have found that they constitute a large percentage of the food of young birds before leaving the nest, and that they are eaten by toads and frogs. There are also numerous spiders and beetles which devour them, and other insects which deposit eggs within their bodies, the eggs hatching into small parasitic grubs that destroy the unfortunate worms.

But the most destructive enemy which checks the multiplication of cut-worms is a bacterial disease, a kind of insect cholera, which sweeps them off by thousands. Last year this disease was exceedingly destructive in Southern Illinois, where the cut-worms had become extraordinarily abundant, and one could hardly walk across many of the oat-fields without seeing at every step the dead and dying worms lying upon the ground.

Of the dozens of methods that have been recommended for destroying these pests there are three which I believe are of special merit, and are easily applied to garden practice. They are, first, the poison method. This consists in killing off the worms before the crops are planted, by sowing over the soil bunches of fresh clover or cabbage leaves, which have been treated with London purple or Paris green, either by dipping them into a solution of the poison, or dusting it on after dampening the leaves. The half-grown worms prowling about in search of food eat of the baits thus set, and are destroyed before doing any harm. This method has proved a practical success with many gardeners, and is well worth practicing where there is likely to be trouble from these pests. Of course children and stock of all kinds must be kept away from the poisoned baits.

The second remedy is using boards as traps. Last spring I wished to obtain a large number of cut-worms for experimental purposes, so I went to a pasture where many loose fence boards were lying about, and found the worms beneath them by scores. The boards were frequently visited during the spring and many pints of cut-worms were collected. This experience convinced me that the method could often be used to advantage in gardens. The third plan is digging out the worms where plants have been cut off. This is practicable in most gardens and will pay well, for although the worm has destroyed one plant it will soon go to another, and may keep it up for a week or more if his career is not checked.—Ohio Farmer.

A PERSECUTED WOMAN.

What She Had to Say for Herself in a New York Police Court.

She sat on the prisoner's dock, and every once in a while she mopped her eyes with a dirty handkerchief. She was fat, more than forty, but not fair by any manner of means.

Justice—You may as well give up trying to shed crocodile tears, for they are entirely lost on me, madame.

Prisoner (sobbing)—Nobody has—has any pity for a poor, broken-down woman.

"According to the testimony you stole a pair of stockings from your neighbor, Mrs. Smith."

"I hope I may fall to pieces if I did. I hope I may be run over by the cars if I did. I hope I may take"—

"Another pair of stockings?"

"No; I hope I may take the small-pox if I did."

"Unfortunately, you admitted to the policeman who arrested you that you stole the stockings," replied the justice, with a very cynical smile.

"He caught me by the arm where I had my vaccine, and it hurt so that I was out of my head. I didn't know what I was saying," replied the unfortunate female.

"You are a tough one. Don't you admit being in Mrs. Smith's room on the 20th of June?"

"Yes, your honor, I called on Mrs. Smith and she went out and got some beer and we drank it, and then I left the house."

"Yes; and as soon as you left she missed a pair of her husband's stockings. She got a policeman, followed you into a store, found the stockings in your pocket, and you owned up that you had stolen them."

"As I told your honor before, the cop pinched me on my vaccine, and I was out of my head when I said that."

"Your brazenness beats any thing I have ever seen. Have you forgotten that the stockings were found in your pocket?"

"Why, Judge, then were my own stockings."

"What were you doing with two pairs of stockings—one on your feet and one in your pocket?"

"I suffer from cold feet."

"The pair you had in your pocket didn't keep your feet warm. Besides, the weather is not cold in June. Again, the stockings were marked with Mrs. Smith's husband's initials—W. S. for William Smith. What have you got to say now?"

"Judge, I marked them letters there myself."

"Your initials are not W. S."

"No; but that's the way I mark all my stockings. Half of 'em I mark W. S. and the other half S. S. This pair in my pocket I marked W. S."

"Why did you do that?"

"S. S. is my mark for summer stockings, and W. S. means winter stockings. I put this pair of winter stockings in my pocket because I read that there was a cold wave coming, and I thought—"

"This beats any thing I ever heard in my life, and I have talked by the hour with Colonel Ochiltree and Eli Perkins. I shall hold you in a \$500 bond to await the action of the grand jury."—Texas Siftings.

TRUE POLITENESS.

A Pretty Story Strikingly Illustrative of Perfect Etiquette.

In Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's "Reminiscences" there is a story told by Mr. Charles Collette which is beautifully and very strikingly illustrative of true etiquette. A young soldier in an English regiment had been promoted from the ranks and given a commission in another regiment. Before joining his new command he was, according to custom, invited to a farewell dinner by the officers of his old regiment, placed, as the guest of the evening, on the right of the Colonel and helped to all the dishes first. He was a fine young fellow, but little used to the ways of the polite world and the manners of other dining tables than the humble mess of those days in ranks. The Colonel, one of the truest types of gentlemen, did his best to put his guest at his ease. The soup was served and then came a servant to the guest's side, holding a large bowl which contained simply lumps of ice. The weather was hot, for this happened in India, and cool drinks were an unspeakable boon. The new-made officer stared at the bowl. The servant asked: "Ice, sir?" The Colonel chatted merrily to him on his left. Others of the party began to see the dilemma.

"Ice, sir?" again asked the waiter.

The guest, in ignorant desperation, took a portion of the ice and put it in his soup. A smile played lightly on the faces of some of the younger officers, when the bowl was offered to the Colonel, who went on chatting to the guest, and without moving a muscle of his face also dropped a piece of ice into his soup. Those who came afterward, however, took their cue from their Colonel or let the bowl pass; and the young man breathed the sigh of relief as he thought that after all he had done the right thing. If ever a soldier deserved the Victoria cross the Colonel of that regiment did!

Caution for Talkers.

Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed they would do something toward making a perfect man:

1. What thou shalt speak.
2. Why thou shouldst speak it.
3. To whom thou art about to speak.
4. Concerning whom or what thou art about to speak.
5. What will result therefrom.
6. What benefit it can produce.
7. Who may be listening.—United Presbyterian.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A law prohibiting the distillation of liquor goes against the grain in the West.—N. O. Picayune.

—Mr. Softleigh—"What, in your opinion, is the limit to love?" Mr. Hardy—"Matrimony."—Life.

—First Lady—"Has your husband quit smoking yet?" Second Lady (just returned from the far West)—"Well, he ought to by this time; he has been dead six months."

—Professional gamblers have a great many superstitions. One of the most practical is that if they deal the cards themselves they have a much better chance to win.—Somerville Journal.

—"What was the text this morning, John?" inquired a druggist's wife who had been unable to attend church. "To err is human," replied the arsenic expert; "and it was a mighty sensible sermon."—N. Y. Sun.

—Time was when the college professors used to box the ears of refractory freshmen. They would have to take a four years' course in sparring before they could do it now.—Burlington Free Press.

—President—"Yes, Mr. Snapper, the faculty have decided that you have broken the rules, and there is no course for us but to suspend you." Student—"H'm; how about suspending the rules."—New Haven News.

—Miss Pounder (who has been having a wrestling match with the keyboard of the piano)—"Have you a sensitive musical ear, Mr. Tympanum?" Mr. T. (more candid than polite)—"Yes, I am sorry to say I have."—Boston Budget.

—A physician has discovered that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the young men know every thing and the old men know nothing.—The Sturdy Oak.

—A Colorado judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when away from home. It would save many a man trouble if he would do just that without any order of the court.

—Seaside hotel proprietor (to searper in search of an engagement)—"No, I don't think I shall have any use for you this season; I've got the promise of a society actress, two bogus lords, a political convention, and a scandal in high life, and my bill of attractions is about full."—Life.

—"Do you know if Brown is a man of ability, Dumley?" "I don't know any thing about Brown, or his ability either, and don't want to know. He refused to lend me twenty-five dollars six months ago, and I haven't noticed him since."—"He seems to be a man of financial ability, Dumley."—The Epoch.

—First Tramp—"If I had my way I'd have 365 national holidays in this year." Second Tramp—"You would, eh? And then there would be one working day in every four years. O, you are a nice one, you are! You would make a galley slave of the poor laboring man, wouldn't you?"—Texas Siftings.

—"Why can not women make good lawyers?" asks an exchange. We never gave the subject much thought, but we suppose it is because they can't sit on the small of their backs, pile their feet on a table, spit half way across a room in a box full of sawdust, and charge \$15 a minute for it. There may be some minor reasons, in addition, but these appear to us to be the principal obstacles in the way of her success at the bar.—Burdette.

UNPROFITABLE WORK.

Julian Hawthorne Explains Why It Does Not Pay to Write Books.

We may talk about the hardships of American literature (having assumed, for the sake of argument, that such a thing exists), but what would be the state of that alleged literature if there had been no American magazines? Suppose I, as an American author, write a novel, and arrange with a publisher to bring it out at the price of \$1 a volume, or 50 cents paper. If he has confidence in the book, the first edition will be 1,000 copies; my share of the proceeds on the ordinary 10 per cent basis is \$100, payable at the end of the year. If I live by my pen I must subsist during that year on nothing at all, and when I get my \$100 I must pay out of it my debts for that last year, and probably my present funeral expenses, for who can live on 35 cents a day, even if he were not obliged to starve to death before he could enter upon the enjoyment of that princely income? But let us be extravagant and utopian—let us say that my edition is 5,000 copies, instead of 1,000. In that case—which perhaps occurs as often as once in a thousand times—my reward amounts to the sum of no less than \$500—assuming, of course, what is never the fact, that all the copies sold are in the dollar cloth form, and none in the 50 cents paper. Five hundred dollars a year for a successful novel! How many of our authors make twice that? How many ten times as much? How many twenty times as much? I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than \$1,000 a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all their want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterwards, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit \$1,000 to the Home for Imbeciles if \$25 does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them.—Julian Hawthorne, in Belford's Magazine.