

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

If you don't like it, lump it; don't blow your own horn.

Too big for his buttons; acknowledge the corn.

Standing water's unwholesome - a standing debt, too.

And only give honor where honor is due.

As clay in the potter's hands; might maketh right.

Do not be the tail to another one's kite.

The sweet bread of idleness methinks is crust; He eats humble pie; he takes nobody's dust.

A Jew's consistency; all fiddle faddle; Strike the dog in the manger; your own canoe paddle.

Nursing trouble don't mend it; speak not than speak ill.

The still pig's the one which gets most of the swill.

Upon its own bottom each tub ought to stand; Christmas cometh but once in a year; hand in hand.

The children of old maids and bachelor's wives Are perfect; shank's mare; or the fittest survives.

Any port in a storm; going off like hot cakes; In your pipe put and smoke it; sly boots; no great shakes.

Some old two-and-sixpence; too good to be true; Never trust in another your duties to do.

Competition's the life of trade; sharp as a tack; As dead as a door nail; a hard nut to crack.

Lockers on more than players see; slick as a whistle; Heavy as lead; just as light as a thistle.

A ragged cap often may crown golden brains; What one person loses another gains.

A pot many owns is ill stirred and worse boiled; By one rotten apple a barrel full's spoiled.

Domestic infidelity is a thorn in the flesh; Happy go lucky; whipped cur breeds the lash.

If a woman drowns hat her up stream; splitting hairs; The wits are wool-gathering; putting on airs.

All moonshine; blue Monday; some pumpkins; high jinks;

A chain's only strong as its weakest links, As cool as a cucumber; thicker than mud; As long as a piece of string; nipped in the bud.

Telling the truth is more easy than lying; The sweetest of joys from us always are flying.

-H. C. Dodge, in *Godall's Sun*.

ARTHUR MAY.

How He Became Spriggs & Co.'s Chaplain - Not a Love Story.

[Written for This Paper.]

Spriggs and Company, proprietors and operators of sundry coal mines, furnaces and rolling mills in Western Pennsylvania, sat in the "snuggery" at the rear of Spriggs and Company's office.

John Spriggs, who is "Spriggs," and Peter Spriggs, who is "the Company," invited the snuggery with an eye to their enormous business. In the snuggery no books, no desks, no any thing were to be found, save and except a pair of immense armchairs, two pipes and a huge earthenware jar of smoking tobacco. In the snuggery Spriggs and Company held their cabinet councils, when they planned and sifted matters which they considered too exclusive even for the ears of their manager and their head book-keeper.

Perhaps the most unique matter ever discussed and cordially settled by two wealthy business men was under Spriggs and Company's consideration in their snuggery some few years ago.

"He's saved us a clear hundred thousand in buildings and machinery, Pete, to say nothing about loss of orders," said Spriggs to the Company.

"Not a cent less, John," responded the Company.

"We can afford to do something handsome," continued Spriggs.

"We can," echoed the Company.

Since ensued for a few moments save only for the steady puffing of Spriggs and Company on the brace of conscious pipes. Down came Spriggs' hand upon his broad knee, and he bent forward as he exclaimed with considerable emphasis, "I have it!"

"Have what?" queried the Company.

"I have a good idea by which, if carried out, we can help the person and do ourselves and the boys no harm. We'll build a church - a church that shall be a credit to the Lord and to Spriggs and Company. There's a good lot near the old mill, and we might build a parsonage as well without crowding either the church or the mill. Then we might set aside a percentage of the profits each year to help run that church. I tell you, Pete, this young May has grit, and knows how to handle our men better than we do ourselves. So we'll appoint him chaplain in charge of Spriggs and Company's church."

"What do you say?"

"I cordially agree with you, John. We are young May more than ordinary recognition; besides which, I feel sure that a church, with such a parson, in connection with our works, will be a better thing for all of us than we can properly appreciate at present."

After which prophetic remark Spriggs and Company adjourned to consult with their bookkeeper in regard to ways and means.

Such a convention, tending to such a very practically an advisory conclusion, requires some explanation; and therein lies our story.

Arthur May was, by all his acquaintances and many of his friends, considered a crank; as a matter of fact he merely had some very decided notions and opinions of his own. For example: Upon coming of age he relinquished a fairly large fortune - bestowing it upon sundry charities and scientific institutions - merely retaining sufficient to supply his absolute needs from time to time. People said his ideas were wild, visionary and utopian - some even asserting

that Arthur May was a socialist, nihilist and anarchist combined. When he announced his intention of studying for the ministry his friends said he was crazy, as no May had ever been known to bind himself to any creed or canon. That was true enough, and Arthur was May enough to refuse to trot in the traces of orthodoxy. He entered no theological seminary and subscribed to no confession of faith. He studied his New Testament with his own common sense for commentary and concordance. He thought that the love of God and love for his neighbor made a strong combination for a preacher, without the aid of "ologies and isms. When he was twenty-five years old he left his mother's home - de-



THEN DASHING THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FLAMES.

termined to find a field of labor - and he found it. Found it in the dirt-begrimed region of Ironvale, where a thousand men with dependent families earned their bread by the sweat of their brows - men who worked like horses six days a week and loafed away their Sundays - men who said so much that was black and dirty and unpleasant that most of them came very near forgetting that they were men. And that, by the way, was one thing which Arthur May never proposed to overlook. He had started out to do his life-work as a preacher and teacher, but he never intended to forget that he was also a man.

Arthur May made his first public bow to the Ironvale population under rather favorable, if risky, circumstances. While in Johnstown he had heard of the place, and sauntered over (a matter of ten-mile walk) one day in the fall. The more of dirt, squalor, misery and degradation he beheld in the streets and homes, the more he became convinced that it was the very place for practical Christian work - a place where a few simple sanitary and hygienic lessons would be more to the point than hypothetical discussions on such questions as conditional immortality and the personality of the devil. So he decided to stay, and established his headquarters at the none too sweet and clean hostelry dignified by the name of the Ironworkers' Exchange.

Opposite to the hotel was a three-story frame building, apparently rented out on flats. On the first night of his advent to Ironvale, Arthur May was about to retire when he noticed smoke entering his own half-open window. He peered out into the night and beheld a small flame slowly spreading itself over the front of the dining tenement house across the street. Without waiting to don his coat and vest, he hastily ran down stairs and gave the alarm. All the inmates of the tenement were soon in the street, but as there was not even the pretence of a fire department in Ironvale, the meager furniture of the house was doomed and the building itself was soon enveloped in flames. Suddenly a small, slender figure in a white night-dress appeared at a window on the top-story; it was apparently a little girl of seven or eight years, and although not a word that she said could be heard in the crowd, it was easy to see that she was greatly terrified and crying for help.

"Great God!" said a woman, "it's Tim Doolan's little Em! She's all alone, poor young'un - her mother dead three weeks ago, an' Jim, the night watchman, over to the sheet iron mill!"

Other women in the crowd screamed and wrung their hands; some of the men became alarmed at the lack of a hook and ladder, while others, with hands in pockets and gaping mouths, watched with lazy unconcern or idle curiosity the fate of the helpless child.

But while the crowd talked, cried and gaped, Arthur May hastily endeavored to comprehend the plan of the burning house and its stairways. Then, heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the men, he rushed into the ill-fated building. With great difficulty he found the child and wrapped her in an old shawl which he saw lying in the room. Then, dashing again through the smoke and flames, he emerged once more on to the street, where he greeted with a loud hurrah and almost deafening hand-clapping. Arthur gave up the motherless girl to some of the women and quietly returned to his lodgings. But several of the Ironvale people followed him, and in the office of the hotel - his sleeves rolled up, his hair and mustache singed, and his face, hands and arms blackened by the smoke - Arthur May held quite a reception, in the course of which he took occasion to introduce himself and explain his object in coming to Ironvale. When he said he was a preacher and wanted the men to come and hear him talk to them next Sunday, they all promised to be on hand, for they thought a man who wasn't afraid to risk his life, as Arthur had done, was worthy a hearing, whatever he might have to say. One thing was assured - Arthur's popularity with the women folk; and that was a great thing in Ironvale, as indeed it is in any community.

Another method was necessary in Ironvale to secure the lasting regard and esteem of the men, and the opportunity to bid for the respect of the Ironvale masculine population came in Arthur's way on the first Sunday in the smoky town.

There was no church in Ironvale; there was not even a hall, so on Sunday afternoon Arthur took up a position just outside of the big mill belonging to Spriggs and Company. Somehow or other he had managed to make it pretty well known that he was going to preach, and quite a crowd assembled to hear the young fellow who had so gallantly rescued "Jim Doolan's little Em."

Arthur was a fascinating speaker, and being a good judge of human nature and possessed of his full share of common sense, he made himself more than interesting to these rough men, who gave him a respectful hearing. There was one man in the crowd, however, who objected to the preacher. This was Jerry Burke, a big, burly fellow, who worked very little and drank a great deal. He was a chronic grumbler and especially objected, on general principles, to anything like an innovation likely to better the moral condition of things in Ironvale. This same Burke was a sharp thorn in the side of Spriggs and Company, who only tolerated the fellow about their works, fearful of possible mischief which he might perpetrate should they disengage him. Physically, Burke was a powerful fellow, standing six feet high and tipping the scale at two hundred pounds. He was never satisfied with either the wages or the hours of work, though as a matter of fact he had small cause for being discontented. In short, he was a bully, a sneak, and un-

reasonably lazy. Still, among the Ironvale men he had some sort of a following: the weak-minded and more ignorant workmen looked upon Burke as the champion of their rights, and an additional reason for their tolerance of Jerry as a sort of unknown object leader was the fact that they knew he could "lick" any one of them.

Now about the time that Arthur May came to Ironvale, Burke, with some other restless spirits in a neighboring iron center, was secretly arranging plans for a strike among Spriggs and Company's employees. Of course, so far as Jerry Burke was concerned, he cared nothing about bettering the condition of the "boys"; he was looking to his own aggrandizement as a "labor leader," and to the easy acquisition of money by means of assessments which would be levied on the boys to further the strike.

Now Burke had a fairly good idea that a sensible young fellow like Arthur May would not naturally assist him in his schemes, so he resolved to inform the preacher that he must "git." Arthur had almost finished his "talk" when Burke, who was in the crowd, rudely interrupted. "Most through, parson!" "Yes," said Arthur. "Are you tired?" "O, you can finish your say this time, but you can't talk here any more. Preachin' all right, mebbe, but we don't want it here. Savey!"

"Well, my friend, no one else seems to object, and if you don't like it just stay away. Still, I would rather have you come and listen. I may as well announce now, my friends, that I shall be here next Sunday afternoon. Perhaps before the cold weather comes we can get a hall or church built."

"We don't want no hall, nor no church, nor no parson," said Burke. "If you try to shoot off in this part of the country again, you'll be sorry, that's all I have to say!"

"If I do, what then?" inquired Arthur.

"Only this: I shall knock a few of your teeth down your throat to sorter choke you off."

All this time none of the couple of hundred men assembled uttered a word, though once or twice the women cried "Shame on ye, Jerry!" or "Give the parson a show!"

Arthur sized up the situation in a moment. He saw at once that his would-be persecutor was a bully, so often found in communities of ignorant men, and understood that Burke must be summarily disposed of if he hoped to stay and do any good in Ironvale. Now if there was one thing Arthur May had been proficient in at college it was boxing and wrestling. Still, he was not a powerful man, and weighed less by fifty pounds than Jerry Burke. So the resolution at which he arrived was a risky one.

"Boys," said Arthur, "this man says he will lick me if I stay in Ironvale. Now, I ain't got no coat on me, and as well like me now as later on, I don't much believe in fighting - never saw any fun in it; especially it looks bad on a Sunday and in a preacher. Sometimes, however, it is necessary. It is necessary now, I think, and I guess you boys will stand off and see that a stranger gets fair play!"

Of came Arthur's coat, and stepping down from his impromptu platform of rough stone he walked briskly over to Burke, who was at that moment the most completely surprised man in Ironvale.

"I'll take that licking now, Mr. Bully!" Burke had no coat on, and as he was already standing in his shirt-sleeves, he was repelled by giving Arthur a back-handed slap in the face.

Well, some of the Ironvale men tell, to this day, how it was the "prettiest" thing they ever saw - "the way that the parson knocked out Jerry Burke," who, in ten minutes from the time he first interrupted Arthur, had as much as he could do to sneak off like a whipped cur.



ARTHUR ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

From that time on, with the exception of half a dozen malcontents like Burke, every man, woman and child in Ironvale was Arthur May's admirer. As for Jerry Burke, he found it vastly more pleasant to reside in a neighboring town.

Yet, although Mr. Burke removed from Ironvale, he by no means relinquished his various schemes for bringing about a strike at Spriggs and Company's. But, in view of the fact that thousands of men in adjoining districts did not find many of the men very enthusiastic about striking, and when Spriggs and Company, getting wind of the efforts of the Burke gang, voluntarily raised the wages ten percent, the professional grumblers felt that they might as well withdraw from Ironvale. Burke was the angriest and most disappointed man in Western Pennsylvania; all his chronic ill will and bad blood was focused in a determination to wreak vengeance, first on Spriggs and Company, and then on the "poor fools" who could be pacified with a "paltry ten per cent. so."

Somehow or other Arthur May got to know that Jerry Burke occasionally found his way to Ironvale, and certain sly and underhanded actions of the fellow made Arthur suspect that Burke's motive in visiting his old haunts were other than ordinary, so he resolved to watch him closely.

One night, about two months after Arthur May's first appearance in Ironvale, the parson (as every one called Arthur, and he rather liked to be called) was making his way to his humble lodgings. As he passed Spriggs and Company's engine house - the only building belonging to the firm which could lay any claim to substantiality or architectural beauty - he noticed a man steal up to one of the windows, which he opened and entered. He noticed that the man carried a small package. A minute later the man emerged from the same window, minus the package, and Arthur then saw that it was Jerry Burke.

Now Arthur, for prudential reasons, carried a small revolver, and this Mr. Burke suddenly found within about two yards of his eyes.

"Burke, you are up to no good!" "What's that to you?"

"Now, my lad, you know you can't bluff me. You ought to know I am not afraid of you at even odds. With this weapon I absolutely command you to explain your presence here."

"I don't have to. 'Tis a man can't move about without telling his business to a d-- preacher!"

"Now, Burke, I mean what I say. Ret on you refuse to tell me any thing, I must find out why you were in the engine house. You will lead the way through the door, not through the window. You know me. If you disobey me I shall feel compelled to shoot. Go on!"

Slowly and sullenly Burke led the way. The door was open, and just inside sat an old man who did duty as watchman. "Ah, Walker," said Arthur, "bring your lamp, will you?"

The old watchman was surprised, but asked no question as he complied with Arthur's request. The building was large, built of red brick and stone. It was divided into two portions, one covering the six immense boilers and the other the two powerful engines.

The window which Burke had entered was on the side farthest from the doorway and just behind one of the engines. All was quiet at this hour, work being slack, and consequently no night shift being run.

"Look around a little, Walker," said May, as with pistol in hand, he closely watched Burke.

But Walker discovered nothing unusual. "Ain't you glad?" asked Burke, sneeringly. "Why were you here, Burke?" inquired Arthur, very sternly.

"'Cause it suited me," was the rough reply. Arthur wondered what he should do next. He still kept Burke well covered, but his thoughts were very busy. For a minute or two all was as still as death - so still that Arthur could detect what sounded like the muffled ticking of a clock.

"Is there a clock in this building, Walker?" queried Arthur.

"Yes, sir. But it stopped this two weeks and more."

Arthur noticed a queer expression pass over Burke's features, and an inspiration seized the parson.

"Burke, that ticking is of some infernal machine which you have brought here - I know it. I have both read of and seen such things."

"Yes, curse you, and if you don't hurry out of here we shall all be to hell in a few minutes!" "Scoundrel!"

Arthur still watched his man, and still thought. He thought of the costly engines which he destroyed would throw out of employment a thousand men for several weeks. He thought of a possible terrific explosion and the loss of life, probably, in the cottage which stood only a stone's throw away; he thought of his own life, and of old Walker, and even of Burke himself.

"Burke, you are not a man. You are a devil. If you will pick up that package and carry it down to the creek you shall have that chance of your life: if you refuse I shall shoot you in a moment - shall I kill you?"

The fellow began to whine like a baby and said it was almost time for the horrible machine to do its work. Said it was only set for fifteen minutes. Coward that he was, Burke begged for his own life, caring nothing for the lives or property of others.

"At once, fellow, at once - pick up that filthy and take it to the creek. When it is in the water I will see that you have a chance to escape - and then, never show your face near Ironvale again!"

Seeing Arthur in earnest, Burke tardily took the ticking package from the machinery of the engine and made his way out of the building, followed at a short distance by Arthur - who was himself running a great risk.

Once outside, the villain walked briskly toward the creek, which lay some three hundred yards distant. He soon reached the banks and hurried the package, which was evidently heavy, into mid-stream. But one thing both he and Arthur had forgotten, or had been ignorant of. There was thick ice on the water, and as the package struck with considerable force there was a tremendous explosion which shattered the ice and splashed the water in all directions.

Arthur was fifty yards or more from the creek, but was thrown down by the shock and severely stunned. As for Burke, a dozen large pieces of ice struck him - dealing him a fearful death.

It isn't necessary to go into any more particulars - but that's how Arthur May came to be Spriggs and Company's chaplain.

W. H. S. ATKINSON.

BEES VERSUS INDIANS.

A Touching Story Told by a Veracious California Pioneer.

Many readers are familiar with Wall's extraordinary feat, in 1849, in driving, according to his statement, a swarm of bees across the plains. A day or two since, as one of our business men was coming down town, he happened to discover a large bee quietly resting on Wall's shoulder, as preparations were being made for sprinkling the court-house lawn. "Say, Wall, what are you doing with that bee on your shoulder?" Wall was startled for a moment, but, recovering his usual composure, spoke with gravity, carrying conviction of untarnishable truth. "I'll tell you, and it's the solemn truth, if ever I spoke it in my life. That bee is the queen of the swarm I drove across the plains. She has been hunting me for years, and knew me the moment I called her name. You see, she is getting a little gray, but I knew her on sight. She piloted the swarm, and I used to feed her from my own molasses can. That bee is the last of her race, and I shall take care of her in her old age. I tell you, John, that bee brings up many reminiscences of that memorable trip. Several times that swarm stood by me in an hour of peril. They could scent an Indian several miles away, and they got to really enjoy an Indian attack. The fact is they understood tactics as well as the best-trained soldiers. When the queen sounded an alarm, every bee was under arms ready for fight. First a skirmish line was thrown out, and you could see more or less uneasiness among the red-skins as one and another would claw at his ears, eyes or nose, but when the order to 'charge' was sounded, and the bee battalions began to move in 'double quick,' a route and stampee always followed. It is a fact, John, if ever I told the truth in my life. What I am saying is true. Those bees fought all my battles across the plains, and this is my old 'queen.' - *Napa (Cal.) Register*.

"I never should think of allowing you to buy me ice-cream, dear George, for I know ice-cream is often poisonous," said the young lady, tenderly, and George's heart grew glad until she continued: "but I really don't believe that we should run any risk if we went in and tried a little sherbet, do you?"

Journal of Education.

WESTERN DUGOUTS.

The Homes of Early Homesteaders Claimants in Kansas and Nebraska.

To begin with, the habitation of the homesteader is either a dugout or a house built of squares of sod taken from the prairie - Nebraska or Kansas brick, as they are facetiously termed. The dugout consists of a hole dug in the side of a canyon or any sort of depression on the prairie which will serve as a wind-break. This hole is roofed across, about on a level with the prairie with inch boards, and these are covered with sod. A foot or so of stove-pipe protruding from the roof is the sole indication of a human habitation. One room generally serves all the purposes of the homesteader and his family. If he prospers for a season, he adds to the front of his abode by erecting walls of sod on the sides and putting in a new front, the old one serving as a partition between the two rooms. This is considered a commodious dwelling. After riding over the quarter section looking for an owner, espousing such an abode, and guiding your team carefully down a break-neck descent to the front door, would it surprise you, upon entering this hole in the ground, to find, for instance, a very modern organ with an imposing cathedral back towering high in one corner of the room? But this is no cause for astonishment - very frequently organs and ornate designs in furniture are to be found in the dugouts. Or, if the lady of the house should invite you to remain for the meeting of the literary club there in the evening, would you stare at that? Not at all. Literary clubs, which the members ride all the way from five to twenty miles to attend, and where they discuss with great earnestness every thing from the latest political problem to the most abstruse point in metaphysics, are quite the regular thing with our homesteaders. But to behold this life so full of paradoxes in the height of its incongruousness you should be a spectator in the dugout when a neighborhood dance is in full blast. The earthen walls have been skillfully tapestried for the occasion with calico, and when the fun begins, the clay floor speedily responds to the capering of the many twinkling feet, and there arises a cloud of dust that would stifle an Indian. But, bless you! they don't mind a bit of dust. A polished floor and most perfect system of ventilation attainable could add nothing to their enjoyment.

The homesteaders are very honest. You can leave a house unlocked at all times and your stores are perfectly safe - with the exception of what liquor you may have on hand for medicinal purposes. In other words, the homesteader will steal whisky every time. As a class they are neighborly, kind to one in distress, and exceedingly hospitable.

But it must not be supposed that all homesteaders live in dugouts or sleep six or seven in a room; such experiences attach to the first year or two of frontier life more than to any later period. Many sightly, commodious and comfortable sod houses have been built. The walls are usually two feet in thickness, the roof shingled, doors and windows set into the walls, and the house plastered inside, sometimes outside, altogether making a very neat and desirable residence. These structures, too, are free from the annoyances of dugouts, in which are found all manner of insects and rodents. Occasionally a rattlesnake will burrow through the earthen sides and coil himself snugly in the bed-clothes, where you will find him on a cold morning. Such intruders are rare, but there are some people who strenuously object to even rare visits of this sort; such are usually energetic enough to get out of the old house and into a new one before spending many months in an abode so uncomfortably near to nature's heart. - *Frank H. Spearman, in Harper's Magazine*.

ADVICE TO BATHERS.

A Few Suggestions Concerning When and How to Bathe.

Bathers should enter the water swiftly, not allowing the lower limbs to become chilled, thus driving the blood to the head. Most of our boys plunge into the water head foremost; but this is not necessary. To submerge the body up to the neck is enough. After this the body resumes an even temperature, and when this course is followed injurious results are rare.

The common belief that it is necessary to wet the head upon entering the water is based upon the assumption that otherwise too much blood is impelled upward. This is not true if the rest of the body is quickly immersed. Ladies can not be expected to soak their hair every time they bathe, nor is it necessary that they should do so.

A common error is that of remaining in the water too long. Blue lips, shivering limbs and subsequent headaches should be sufficient warning. A nap after bathing is advised by physicians. Sea bathing induces drowsiness, and has the effect of a sedative and nerve tonic; hence a dip in the salt water just before retiring for the night generally insures sound sleep. When the water is colder than usual postpone the bath. Because some robust people can bathe in and out of season, and stay in longer than others, should not induce sensible people to imitate them. Fifteen minutes is quite long enough to remain in the water under ordinary circumstances, and for delicate persons even that short space of time may be injurious. Too violent exercise in the water should be avoided. The extreme fatigue which follows is in itself sufficient evidence that it is injurious. - *Dr. Bailey, in People's Health Journal*.

PUNY IT PARAGRAPHS.

- A shoemaker at Atlanta, Ga., lately completed a pair of shoes that are fourteen inches long, 5 1/2 wide and 8 1/2 deep. - The one-story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprenticeship as a tailor is still standing in Columbia, Tenn. - True it is what "the good men do is oft interred with their bones," but it is not frequently necessary to enlarge the coffin for that purpose. - *Boston Post*.

- A human subject without collar-bones has been met with in a St. Louis dissecting room. This structure is that of most of the vertebrates, such as lions, bears, etc.

- Bobson says that Snagsby is so rascally that he should think he would be afraid to count his own money for fear some of it would be missing when he got done. - *Burlington Free Press*.

- The man who was kicked out of his landlord because he couldn't pay his rent says his experience shows that three removes are not one-tenth part as bad as one "fire." - *Journal of Education*.

- Wife - "John, the new maid told me that you tried to kiss her this morning." Husband - "What! And I paid her a dollar to say nothing to you about it. Discharge her at once. Such a person is not to be trusted." - *N. Y. Sun*.

- Lambrequin - "There is Brown crossing the street; let us turn down here and get out of his way." Robinson - "What's the matter? Do you owe him any thing?" Lambrequin - "No; but he has just got back from a week's fishing excursion." - *Life*.

- Rich host (to poor relation) - "The duck seems to be pretty much all gone, James. How would you like some of the dressing?" Poor relation - "That will do nicely, sir; and if there is any left you might give me a small piece of the quack." - *Texas Siftings*.

- Happy man (to fair widow) - "And shall we have a rousing wedding, darling, a fine supper, dancing, music, and all that sort of thing?" Fair widow - "N-no. I think not, John, dear. We must remember there was a funeral in the house only a short time ago." - *The Epoch*.

- A married lady declined to tell a maiden sister any of her troubles, saying: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." "Yes," replied the sister, "and I've come to the conclusion that when singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

- Nothing else is so calculated to work on man's sympathies as the sight of a young man's painful effort at unconcern while he is scratching his brow with the hand with which he would have tipped his hat to a young lady if she hadn't cut him dead. - *Judge*.

- Dying benedict - "I bequeath every dollar to my wife. Have you got that down?" Lawyer - "Yes." Dying benedict - "On condition that she marries within a year." Lawyer - "But why insist upon that?" Dying benedict - "Because I want somebody to be sorry that I died." - *Harper's Bazar*.

- A man out West fell in a dead faint the other day and the people thought at first that it was heart disease. Afterward the man recovered, and it was found that he had sent for a plumber the day before to do a little work, and the plumber had come punctually at the time he said he would. - *Somerville Journal*.

- Mrs. Blunt - "I can't abide that Smith woman; I believe I actually hate her." Mr. Goode - "But, my dear Mrs. Blunt, you ought not to feel so. Doesn't the Bible tell us to love our enemies?" "O, yes, it is all very well to say love your enemies, but how can one love them when one's enemies happen to be one's dearest friends?" - *Boston Transcript*.

- "Non-explosive dynamite." Well indeed, Henry, we never heard of such a thing and consequently can't tell where to find it. But we have no doubt that should the Government advertise for 50,000 pounds of high proof, double force dynamite for torpedoes, some patriotic contractor would find a way of furnishing at about one-tenth the explosive force of wet sand. - *Burlette*.

Destruction of Forests.

General James L. Brisbane has just published a book on "Trees and Tree Planting." He gives an interesting account of the variety of trees to be found in the virgin forests of the United States and the ranges of soil in which they will flourish best. But what is of most importance are the facts he furnishes of the annual destruction of our forest trees. Coming eastward, after a four years' tour of army service on the treeless plains of the West, the contrasts of forest growth and the rapid disappearance of densely-wooded tracts during his sojourn on the frontier induced him to gather statistics on the subject and print them as a warning of the consequences that must speedily ensue. Computing the enormous quantity of timber cut for building purposes, for railroad ties and for the fencing in of farms, the statistics that he gives shows that "every year we strip 8,000,000 acres of trees and plant less than 1,000,000 acres to replace them. The end," he says, "is so plain even a fool may read it as he runs." And the work goes on. The greater part of the Northern pine is gone, and the hemlock is fast disappearing. Resort is now had to the Southern pine forests, heretofore scarcely touched by the woodman's axe, and the hardwood forests of the North Carolina mountains. This incessant slaughter is not only changing our climate, but is drying up the sources of our navigable rivers. - *Baltimore Sun*.