RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

THE FRIEND OF AGES AGO.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
—Yes, if you'd just as lief as not.
JOHN PAUL.

There are several things that trouble one's age,
And work for a man much woe,
Such as gout—and doubt—debts that will run,
And rhyme that will not flow.
But when all has been said, do we not most dread,
Of the many bores that we know,
That ubiquitous ban, the woman or man,
Who knew one "ages ago?"

In youth—you were young; and foolish perhaps:
You flirted with high and with low,
Had one love on the hill and one down by the mill—
Yet never were wicked, ah, no!
And this friend knew you in a far-away way,
In a way that was only so, so—
Just enough to give hue to the cry about you:
"O, I knew him ages ago!"

You are married now and quite circumspect,
Your pace, like your speech, is slow;
You tell in a bank, keep silent in church—
Are one it is proper to know:
But this vigilant friend will never consent
That your virtues unchallenged shall go—
Though she never demurs, but only avers
That she knew you "ages ago."

And sure I am that if ever I win
To the place where I hope to go—
To sit among saints—perhaps the chief—
In raiment as white as snow,
Before me and busy among the blest—
Perhaps in the self-same row—
I shall find my ban, this woman or man,
Who knew me "ages ago."

And shall hear the voice I so oft have heard—
Do you think it is sweet and low?—
As it whispers still with accent shrill
The refrain that so well I know:
"O, you needn't be setting much store by him
This new angel's not much of a show.
He may fool some saint who isn't acquaint—
But *I* knew him "ages ago!"

—*Charles Henry Webb, in Century.*

BOB AND ALICE.

The Story of Mr. Heath's Last Ten Thousand Pounds.

PART I.

On a wet, gloomy afternoon in the April of 187- Mr. James Heath sat in a house in Adam street, Strand, and in the curiously furnished apartment which he called his office. The very dirty window curtains of the room were of the richest silk. The costly Turkey carpet was covered with dust and littered with bundles of old law papers and newspapers, besides letters and other documents which, having been torn up, had evidently lain on the floor untouched for weeks or months. On the walls of the room were hung a number of valuable oil paintings, water colors and engravings. Madonnas and Holy Families of the early Spanish and Italian schools, pets of the ballet and the prize ring, Dutch boors, landscapes, portraits and racing scenes—mingled as they were without the least regard to style or subject, the general effect was altogether novel and surprising. About the chamber were a number of chairs and couches, mostly of antique patterns, but all of them made of the most costly materials, and covered, like the carpet, with dust. In the corners of the room were piles of well-bound volumes, and two massive side-boards—one of oak, the other of ebony—were piled with miscellaneous heaps of books, glasses and silver plate. Every thing about the chamber, in short, was dirty, costly and incongruous.

Finally, muffled up in a thick overcoat, and with his back to the fire-place, in which there was no fire, sat Mr. Heath. He was a rather stout man of about sixty, with keen, gray eyes, white hair and a very rubicund complexion. On the table before him stood among a number of papers, a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, and he was engaged in reading a long letter, which was written in a rather scrawling, boyish hand.

"Dear Sir," the letter ran. "I must have £500 by Monday, and I want at least £500 besides. This, with what I owe you at present, will make £4,000. I propose, in consideration of that £1,000 which I now ask you to advance, to assign to you the whole of my life interest in the £15,000 3 per cent. consols, together with the whole interest under the policy of assurance for the £3,000. The premiums on the policy only amount to £200 per annum, so that the £450 odd which accrues from the consols will leave a balance of about 250 per cent. interest on the £4,000 until the policy falls in. In other words, for £4,000 you get an absolute reversion in £10,000, together with £250 a year until the reversion is realized. I am aware that I could do better than this, but I want the money at once and I am ready to submit to the sacrifice for immediate payment. I shall call on you to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, when I hope you will let me have a check. Yours, faithfully,

"ROBERT OSWALD."

Mr. Heath read the letter very carefully through two or three times, after which he laid it on the table and poured out nearly half a tumbler of brandy. Having mixed this with a very little water, he drank it off and leaned back in his chair, while he indulged in a soliloquy which he muttered half aloud.

"Yes," he said, "the terms are good enough. The young fool is in consumption already, though he's barely twenty-three, and this season will kill him. Chapman says his right lung is nearly gone—lucky I got him to insure for the big sum at once. Wants the money, I suppose, to meet his losses on the City and Suburban. What's he going to do, I wonder, when he has parted with his interest in the £15,000? Fall back on his mother, I suppose. She's supposed to be wealthy, but her money is all in American stocks, they say, and if report is true she knows how to keep it. The widow of a Scotchman, who made a fortune in America, they came back to England about five years since to get into society and put young hopeful through Oxford. The father died three years ago, and the mother has been leading a rather retired life since, so they say. But, nonsense, what has all this to do with me? Young Mr. Oswald, who has got himself into consumption through dissipation, is practically offering me £10,000 for a further advance of £1,000. Even if I had to wait a few years it's good enough. But he hasn't twelve months' life in him. Three months more, at the rate he is going at present, ought to finish him! And then?"

Mr. Heath poured some more brandy into his tumbler. Having drunk it, he continued almost aloud, and in an excited manner:

"Then I have made the £100,000 which it has been the ambition of my life to be worth. This is the last ten thousand. With this I shall be worth almost exactly one hundred and two thousand pounds in hard cash, besides the good will of this accursed business and all the things connected with it, which I shall dispose of at once. Why, I ought to have nearly one hundred and ten thousand pounds; but never mind, once I cash. I shall give up. To that I have made up my mind. And then? Well, I shall go on the continent for a time. I'd be pretty well forgotten in the course of two or three years, and my name is not in particularly good odor just now—hasn't been for years past. Never mind that—when a man has four or five thousand a year, people are not too particular about his antecedents. I may take a place a little way out of London—be a sort of county magnate for a bit—and work my way into a decent club. Let them say what they like behind my back, they'd be bound to be civil to my face, and that's all that any one need care. Half the peers in England would go crazy if they only knew what their servants were saying about them. Fools, we're all, more or less, tarred with the same brush, thinking vermin as we are, if this new theory of evolution, or whatever it's called be true. No, if I once get foot into a good club, they could not get it out again, if I can only afford to act respectably. Let them whisper what they like behind my back, all that I have to deal with is what is said or done before my face, and the hounds would be silent, for they can prove nothing. If the brutes have to lick me what do I care if they would like to bite. 'Heavens, what a contemptible thing is human nature!' the great Napoleon used to say when he was a young man starving in Paris. Contemptible is not the word. Worthless—indifferent—unworthy of even contempt—poor wretched puppets. You band together, and club your wretched selfishness into what you call respectability. Respect! Why you will have more real respect for me, who'll force my way, and walk alone among you, than you have for the sleekest creature of your pack. Yes, 'Lions walk alone, jackals herd together,' as Pitt used to say, and one can play the Pitt or the Napoleon in private, as well as in public life, if need be. Yes, I have only to wait now till Mr. Oswald smashes up the little that's left of his constitution. Not many months at the furtherest. Strange that the last 10,000 should come altogether in this way: I might have been three or four years getting it together. Perhaps longer. Who can tell? We make more bad debts than people think, and, like the snail crawling up the post, I might, now and then, have slipped down at night twice as far as I had crawled during the day.

"But here, the whole thing is done. The last ten thousand made, as the saying is by a stroke of my pen. And yet it's curious how I have had a suspicion from the first moment I set eyes upon this brat that he'd be at once my making and my ruin. Tush! such nonsense; the thing is perfectly legal, and the money is perfectly safe. Even if I lost it, I'd be very far from ruined; but it is quite safe. So, Mr. Oswald, you shall have your thousand pounds, more especially as you are pretty certain to kill yourself with it. Still I have a strange liking for the lad. He has good qualities with all his folly. But oh, humbug! what have I to do with these feelings? If I had any one to leave my money to—a child of my own to inherit my wealth—I might wish to leave it a little cleaner than it is. Yes, it's hard to think that the riches for which I have toiled will go to people who curse my name—if I don't leave them to the nation, or turn them into cash and fling it into the sea before I die. Come in!"

The last two words were in answer to a knock at the door.

"Mr. Oswald, sir," said a boy who acted as a sort of clerk to Mr. Heath.

"Show him in," said the latter as he resumed his seat at the table.

A tall, handsome, but very delicate young man entered the room.

"Well, young sir, what can I do for you?" said Heath in a gruff voice, which was intended to be pleasant and assuring.

One of Mr. Heath's peculiarities was that he seemed to take a delight in making his clients state their business as often as possible, however well he might be acquainted with it.

"You can offer me a chair if you want to be civil, and a glass of brandy if you're inclined to be friendly," replied Oswald, in a languidly familiar manner, which just bordered on being contemptuous.

"O, please be seated, my dear sir, if you insist on ceremony," said Heath, pushing the bottle and a glass toward his visitor as he spoke. "And now, besides offering you a chair and a little brandy, what else can I do for you?"

"Well, confound it! you know what I have come about. You have had my letter. What's the use of asking such a question?" was the impatient rejoinder.

"Yes, I have had your letter, but I don't like the business. I tell you frankly, I don't like to see a young man ruining himself as you are doing——"

"O, curse it all! I have not come here to be lectured," interrupted Oswald, angrily. "Will you do the thing or not? This is Thursday. I must have the money by Saturday night."

"I would have to give notice to the trustees of this fresh charge and there is barely time to get the thing through. I would rather you took the matter somewhere else," replied Heath, dubiously.

"But is impossible, and I must meet my engagements on Monday," was the answer.

The result of some further conversation was that Mr. Heath, with a great show of reluctance, suffered himself to be persuaded to have every thing ready to make this further and final advance on Saturday.

"You will have twenty pounds in gold, eight ten-pound notes, and the remaining nine hundred pounds 'short,'" said Oswald as he was leaving the room.

"Yes, I hope you will take care of it," replied Heath.

"I shall win twenty thousand over the Guineas. Good evening," was the answer, and Mr. Oswald took his departure.

On Saturday Oswald duly received the £1,000 after he had executed a deed, by which he assigned the policy of assurance and his life interest in the £15,000 consols to Mr. Heath. According to the will of the late Mr. Oswald, the £15,000 was, if Robert Oswald died without issue, to be paid to a distant relative who lived in America.

Mrs. Oswald, I may add, derived her income from certain investments in American railway stocks. She was supposed to be very well off, but it was a curious thing that, though she went a good deal into society, nobody seemed to know much about either her or her late husband. They had come from America about five years before and taken a house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater.

The late Mr. Oswald brought very satisfactory references from Chicago, kept a very good balance at his bank, and entertained, as did Mrs. Oswald, in a very hospitable manner. This, however, was really all that was known about them. As to their son, Robert, he had unluckily taken to betting, and got into the clutches of Mr. Heath, with what result, so far, we have seen above.

It is not necessary to say more than that Robert Oswald lost his money, and brought himself to his death-bed during the next two months. As Mr. Heath knew, he was in consumption when he sold his annuity, and the effect of his losses and constant dissipation precipitated the collapse of his system. "When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions." On the morning after the race for the "Two Thousand Guineas," when Robert was left utterly penniless, and in debt to a number of bookmakers, Mrs. Oswald received a letter

venience. Accordingly she went at once to the City, where she learned that the two American railways in which nearly all her money was invested had ceased to pay dividends. That, in short, the shares were almost unsalable, as it was highly probable that the concerns would be sold under foreclosure of mortgages. Mrs. Oswald did all she could under the circumstances. She gave up her house in Portchester Terrace, and took lodgings in St. Paul's road, Camden Town, where she devoted herself to the task of nursing her son, who was now fast sinking in consumption.

PART II.

In the second week of the following June, Mr. Heath, who had a small house in Notting Hill, was sitting in his parlor at a little after eight o'clock in the evening, when the servant came in to say that a Mr. Bailey wished to see him.

"Show him in at once," said Heath, who rose from his seat and went to the door to meet him.

A shabbily-dressed little man, who looked something like a lawyer's clerk out of employment, came into the room.

"Well," said Heath, in his usual gruff way, when he had closed the door, which he did very carefully as if he were afraid that somebody might be listening outside.

"Mr. Oswald's dead, sir. Died at five o'clock this evening. I only heard of it within the last hour, and I came on at once to tell you."

For a moment there was silence, during which the little man stood twirling his hat in his hands.

At last Heath said: "Are you quite certain of this?"

"Quite certain, sir," was the answer. "I have it from the servant in the house. I had been expecting the news all day, and directly Mrs. Wilmot told me I thought I'd make assurance doubly sure by seeing the servant myself. As I told you, I knew her before she went to live in St. Paul's road. I told you how I heard from Mrs. Wilmot every thing that went on in the house."

"Well, well, that will do. Here is a sovereign for your trouble in coming here. Look into my office next week, and I shall pay you what we have arranged, when I have the formal proofs of his death. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir, thank you," said Bailey, as he left the room.

Bailey was a nondescript character who was occasionally employed by Heath, sometimes as a broker, sometimes as a private detective. In the present instance, by virtue of his having some relatives living in St. Paul's road, he had been engaged to bring Mr. Heath the earliest intelligence of Robert Oswald's death. When he had gone Heath walked up and down the room for some minutes in silence. At length he muttered to himself:

"One hundred and two thousand pounds in hard cash made at last! I shall sell every thing I own within a fortnight's time—furniture, bills, pictures, all. They will fetch another six thousand; but, whatever they bring, they shall be sold at once. I am determined to enjoy my wealth while I have time, and to do that I must cut the life I have been leading at once. Yes, my 'pile' is made. I have at last what, years ago, I said I would make, and I shall be out of England this day fortnight. What may I not do yet with over a hundred thousand pounds and the brains and knowledge which I possess! Good heavens, how suddenly the last ten thousand has come! What a lucky chance it was that threw the young fool into my clutches! I managed him properly, there's no doubt. But yet it was a lucky chance that brought him to me. Still it's strange the presentiment I have always had about him. O, bother such nonsense! What have I to do with presentiments? I shall be believing in ghosts and hobgoblins next! Yet I seem to be sorry instead of glad, and there is that fear of some impending evil which I seemed to have every time I saw him. What on earth can this be?"

The last question was caused by a sharp knock and ring at the hall door. In a few seconds the servant came in with a telegram. Mr. Heath looked at the envelope nervously before he opened it. At last he took out the telegram, which he read two or three times over as if he doubted the evidence of his eyesight. Then he put the telegram in his pocket, whispering to himself in a trembling voice as he did so:

"What can it be? What can it be?"

The telegram which evidently caused him so much uneasiness was as follows:

"Mrs. Oswald, St. Paul's Road, Camden Town. To James Heath, Esq., Stanhope Terrace, Notting Hill.

"It is of great importance that I should see you to-night. Robert Oswald died at five o'clock this evening. Please come here at once on receiving this telegram."

"Could it be some conspiracy to get me into the house and murder me?" thought Mr. Heath, as he walked about the room with the telegram in his pocket. "O, nonsense! I need not be afraid of that. They are very respectable people in the house. No, depend upon it, it is either that the mother wants to beg or borrow from me, or that there is some screw loose about the policy of assurance. Curse it! Like my usual luck. But I had better be off there at once. What a curious authoritative way she telegraphs in, though."

He left the house, and, hailing the first hansom he met, was driven rapidly to St. Paul's road. A servant opened the hall door before he could knock, and, having asked if he was Mr. Heath, conducted him up stairs to the drawing room. Though it was just 9:30 o'clock, and getting rather dark, no lamp or candle was lighted in the room, and as Mr. Heath entered he could just discern through the deep twilight the figure of a tall woman who was sitting by one of the windows, dressed in black. She rose as he entered and asked him to take a chair which was a few yards from where she was sitting. From the position in which she sat, and the darkness of the room, Mr. Heath could not discern her features very clearly, and to tell the truth he felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He was pretty well case-hardened of course; few men had had more curious experiences, and some of the scenes he had witnessed in the pursuit of his vocation were not a little appalling. But just as one of the first things that is taught to every medical student is that he must disregard the pain which he has to inflict on his patients, so, from the very outset of his career, Mr. Heath had trained himself to be perfectly callous about the feelings and interests of the people with whom he was brought in contact. Still, all the teaching in the world can not make a surgeon insensible to pain which is inflicted on himself and it was just because he was apprehensive that some calamity was about to fall upon him that Mr. Heath felt on the present occasion a sense of fear which almost amounted to terror.

"You have been prompt in responding to my telegram," said the lady in a hard, defiant voice. "My son, as I told you, is dead. You have stripped him of his little property. He died a pauper. You make £10,000 by his death. I have lately lost nearly all that I was worth. I have spent pretty nearly the rest in nursing him through his last illness. I want twenty pounds in ready money to pay his funeral expenses. You are the proper person to give it to me. Do you refuse?"

I dare say that Mr. Heath would gladly

after all. "Thank heavens!" he muttered to himself, and for the first time since he heard of Robert Oswald's death he felt really easy in his mind.

"My good madam," he said, in his usual tone of gruff determination, "your son sought me voluntarily. He had ample value for what he sold me. I have nothing more to say on the matter, and I must wish you good-night."

"But I have something more to say to you," said the lady, who rose from her chair at the same time that he did. "Had you given me the twenty pounds I would have been content to let you go in peace. As it is you must hear why you are the proper person to pay for the funeral of my son. Come here; I have something to tell you which you will remember to the last day of your life. See——"

She threw open the folding doors that separated the drawing-room from a bed-room which was brilliantly lighted with candles. On the bed lay the body of Robert Oswald. His mother went round and stood at the far side of the bed, facing Heath, who advanced a little way into the inner room as if he were drawn by a spell.

"Now, sir, she exclaimed, "do you recognize me?"

"I can't say I do, madam," said Heath, whose eyes were fixed on the face of the corpse, and who hardly looked at her.

"Twenty-two years make a difference, no doubt," she said, as she removed a scarf which was tied round her head and let her long auburn hair fall about her shoulders. "Now, Philip Arnott, look at me again and see if you recognize the face of the wife whom you forced to leave you. Look on that bed and see if you recognize your own features in the face of your dead son."

"My son!" exclaimed Heath—or Arnott, as he really was.

"Yes," said his wife, "it is not many days since, by an accident, I found out that you, whom I knew to have ruined him and from whom I tried to save him, were also his father. When you forced me to fly from you twenty-two years ago I found a protector for myself and child. We went to America, where we lived for years as man and wife. In an evil hour we came back to England. God or fate brought your son and you together—the little darling child whom you used to nurse on your lap—the little child who used to pull your whiskers and throw his arms around your neck. You loved him, though you did not love me; but, oh, see—there is the result!"

For a moment Arnott, who was deadly pale, looked in her face and uttered one word, "Alice." Then he looked at the corpse again, and said mechanically, as his eyes were riveted on it: "Bob."

"Yes, Bob and Alice," cried his wife. "You recognize us now; but what is the matter——!"

Philip Arnott was swaying from side to side. Suddenly he fell senseless on the floor. It was many hours before he showed any signs of returning consciousness, but when he did so he was in a state of idiocy, in which condition he remained until he died, about three months afterward. As he had made no will his property was divided under the statute of distributions. I have only to add that Alice Arnott succeeded, as his widow, to her share of the property, and returned to America shortly after his death.—*Belgravia.*

SMALL-FRUIT CULTURE.

Following Nature's Methods of Manuring and Mulching.

To preserve moisture and coolness in the soil is a prime necessity in small-fruit culture. In my experience I find manure and soil-stirring of decidedly secondary importance. These fruits do not draw hard on those manurial elements which are necessary for full crops of cereals, and they don't require and don't like to be pushed into rapid, succulent, tender growth, like most vegetables. I have, for several years, looked rather to Natures' own process of culture than to any theories of man's device: for these are continually tripping while Nature's growths are everywhere healthful and strong where not interfered with by man or his domestic animals. Nature does not plow except by means of the frost, nor manure except with the leaves and other wastes of growth, and with the slow weatherings of the rocks.

I have been imitating this simple course. The raspberry rows that have been kept mulched for five or six years, mostly with their own prunnings, sheared off in lengths straight enough to lie close and flat, have done admirably well without any tillage, more than now and then here and there to scuffle out incipient weeds, of which there are almost none, and redundant suckers which are rubbed out as soon as they show their noses. Quite a layer of black mold has already accumulated on the surface, and, without any digging or soil-stirring at all, the growth is so strong that Cuthberts become top-heavy, and many canes grow too large to mature well, and I am giving precedence to the trim, erect, clean, well-ripening Marlboro.

I treat strawberry beds quite similarly, using no raw stable manure. I introduce no weed seeds and I take care to grow none of my own. I mulch well before Christmas with tan or saw-dust which, remaining on the top, does not sour but in one year becomes so carbonized as to do no apparent harm if dug into the soil. One bed of Cumberland has not been dug or replanted for eight years, and is now as well set with strong, healthy-looking plants as most others. As soon as practicable after picking is over, the old exhausted plants are chopped out and their runners thinned to eighteen or twenty inches apart. This is heroic work, and seems to leave nothing but devastation, but it is rapidly done, and when the autumn rains come strong, new growth sets in, and I take care that there is no competing growth. The soil is mostly clay, some of it heavy, but this, compact as it gets under this system of little tillage yields quite as well as any of the mellower loam. This method of culture is well suited for female fruit growers, as there is very little heavy labor attending it, but there is never any lack of something to do, except just in the hottest of the summer and the dead of the winter.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

—A fact not very well known is tha in theaters lighted by electricity the managers are by law required to keep

LOVELY COSTUMES.

Elegant Outfits Seen by "Cousin Madge" at the Ascot Races.

A very lovely girl, tall and fair, wore white over pink, with embroidery running down the back of the bodice in a point, and also trimming the front. Her hat was also pink with white bows and pink roses, and her white sunshade was lined with pink. A girl, with a very picturesque hat all covered with forget-me-nots, wore a black skirt and a dainty little black jacket faced with blue. Very cool-looking was a green dress in two shades—one ideally pale, with a Directoire jacket in a darker tone and faced with a light one. The hat was almost entirely composed of poppies in two shades of green. A simple and extremely pretty dress was in grass-cloth, trimmed with fine Madeira embroidery, and worn with a sash of old pink silk. On another day the same lady wore an equally simple and equally effective dress of gray alpaca, trimmed with silk, and worn with a square collar of lace, and a white moire sash. A very tasteful Directoire toilet was in striped chene moire-antique, with cream colored crepe fulled into the front of the bodice, and at the waist a little blue sash. Another good Directoire dress was in striped reseda silk, overshot poplinette in reseda and orange, a lovely combination. This dress was made showing the selvege—a fashion that is much adopted this year. Two sisters wore blue and white Directoire polonaises, with red sashes and old silver buttons, over skirts of blue and white shot bengaline.

A tall and handsome blonde, with a fine figure, had a short reseda and terra-cotta silk trimmed with bands of wonderful Indian embroidery, in which the bright reds, blues, greens and mauves were so subtly and exquisitely intermingled that a subdued and very soft effect was attained. On the other day that we were there this lady wore a dress of Gobelin blue silk, also trimmed with Indian embroideries, in which much gold had been introduced. The vest was composed of the embroidery.

A striped cream-colored and white dress, gracefully draped, was worn with a vest of cream moire silk. A perfect Directoire coat was in black and white striped silk, over a vest and skirt of lace, and a tiny sash of gold Liberty silk. Gold-colored roses were in the bonnet. A black-and-white-striped silk redingote was worn over a softly draped dress of delicately transparent white muslin, tied with moire ribbons. A well-known American lady wore black trimmed with gold galloons, in panels, with very handsome gold-and-black tassels. The galloon had jet stars on it. A handsome black moire, striped with white, was worn over a white dress. Two sisters wore white China silk, with trimmings varied artistically. One had pale blue with blue and gold passementerie round the edge of the skirt. The other had pink passementerie and pink silk. In each case the passementerie came from the right shoulder. Their hats were in some different coffee-colored transparent material, one being trimmed with silk, the other with ble. Both were tall and fair, and in their graceful gowns attracted much attention. Their mother, in gray velvet and silver, with bonnet to match, formed a harmonious item in the agreeable trio.—*London Truth.*

BARBED-WIRE FENCES.

How to Build Them So as to Prevent Injury to Live Stock.

Many valuable horses and colts are ruined every summer when running in pastures fenced with barbed wire. This may be prevented in two ways. First, when horses only are to occupy the pasture, set the posts from eighteen to twenty-four feet apart. For the top wire use the best barbed, placing it four feet from the ground and on the outside of the post. Then on the inside use three smooth wires having the upper space not more than eight inches wide. Horses will not put their heads through below the upper space, and if they paw or kick over the wires they are not cut.

This will not work where horses and cattle run together, and I build a fence for such purposes as follows: Place three barbed wires on the outside of the posts, putting the highest four feet from the ground, the others at eighteen inches apart. Then on the inside of the posts I put two smooth wires, the lowest one three inches above the lowest barbed wire, the second four inches above the middle barbed wire. If a horse paws over the bottom wire as he pulls back his leg rides on the smooth wire, and if he runs against the fence his breast strikes the upper smooth wire, and if he kicks against or over the wires he is shielded from harm. The barbed wires prevent cattle from reaching through, and the combination works well. The expenses of the smooth wires does not exceed five cents per rod for both. For sheep add another smooth wire at the bottom, and they will not pull off their wool on the barbed wire.—*W. C. Rice, in St Paul Pioneer-Press.*

—Onions and celery make a most excellent crop combination. The rich and abundantly-manured soil of the onion patch is just in the right condition to produce a fine crop of celery without additional manuring, or with no more than a little commercial fertilizer strewn along the rows. Where onions do not mature early enough to be followed by celery, every fifth row may be left vacant until the celery is planted there at its proper season.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The largest marble quarry in the world is that of the Georgia Marble Company in Pickens County.

—A negro farmer in Dougherty county, Ga., has succeeded in making excellent sirup from watermelons, and thus a new use is devised for the surplus crop.

—Hard wood cut in June, July or August, and left untrimmed until the leaves have drawn the sap from the trees, makes the most solid and lasting timber.

—Among the recent mechanical inventions is a nail machine which cuts either a wire or a cut nail with equal facility. The construction of this apparatus is quite simple, as compared with ordinary wire nail machines. With it, cut nails of square section, with either a diamond or a chisel point, may be produced as easily as the common nail, and the change from wire to cut nails may be accomplished in a few minutes.

—Extended observations at Paris and at Munich indicate that the sanitary condition of a locality depends on the amount of water contained in the ground. The years in which there has been a large quantity of ground-water present have invariably been the healthiest years, while those in which there has been smaller quantity have invariably been the unhealthiest periods.

—The *Lancet* defines the disease which is known as "The Sightseer's Headache" as "nature's tax levied on the comfort of that great body of busy idlers to which we all at some time or other belong. It is endemic among the frequenters of museums, picture galleries, and exhibitions, varying somewhat perhaps in different cases in its precise causation, but associated always in a manner significant of its origin with the habits of the observant loiterer."

—It is claimed to be proven, beyond all doubt, that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels, not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attack the mental, the result of this being generally lead carbonate. According to the most eminent authorities in this line, minute quantities of lead thus introduced into and accumulating in the system, must rank among the causes of anæmia and defective nutrition in large towns.

—"It can not be too widely known," writes a medical man, "that cream separated by machinery from pure new milk, before it has cooled, is a full substitute for cod liver oil and that if, during the cold weather, those who have delicate constitutions which need concentrated nutrition but who can not overcome the nausea associated with cod-liver oil, will take this description of cream they will find in most cases, immense and lasting benefit. In several hospitals it has already quite superseded the nauseous oil.

—Some remarkable changes have recently been noted by M. Perrotin on the planet Mars. In a letter to the Academie des Sciences, he reports that the tract of land on both sides of the equator, which has been named Lybia, seems to have been submerged by the sea. It was distinctly seen by him two years ago, when it was bounded on two sides by a sea, and on the others by one of the streams to which M. Schiaparelli gave the name of canals, but now does not exist. A drawing made by him in 1882 shows the same appearance, which leads him to the conclusion that the inundation, if it be such, is periodic.

DOES WEALTH CORRUPT?

Walter Scott's Theory That Saving, Not Getting, Is the Mother of Riches.

Wealth is said to corrupt our species. We do not believe it. Wealth is one of the great civilizers of man. Wealth corrupts when it is suddenly got, or unjustly distributed; when, owing to monopolies or entails, or some other barbarous system, it is prevented from diffusing itself naturally and justly. But where all have an equal chance; where all start nearly even; where all have a certain degree of instruction to begin with; where superior skill and virtue alone give one man an advantage over another, there wealth is an unmixed blessing.

We ought to rejoice that the desire of wealth is so universal and so strong. It keeps the vast machinery of the world going. It has suggested the most beneficent enterprises and the most useful improvements. We owe to it the fact that a man who can earn one dollar a day can be better lodged, better fed, better clothed, better taught, than kings and nobles could five hundred years ago.

Sir Walter Scott truly says that saving, not getting, is the mother of riches. This truth is wonderfully illustrated in the history of some families once poor but now noted for their wealth.

John Jacob Astor had a brother, not so well known as himself, but who possessed in an eminent degree the peculiar characteristic of the family—the art of saving money. It is told of him by an old New Yorker, that intending to operate upon the feelings of an acquaintance of whom he was about to make some purchases, he gave to the son of the latter, who was playing about the store entrance, a bright penny. The trade having been concluded, the thrifty Astor said to the little fellow: "Johnny, you've played mit the penny long enough; give it back to me."

Johnny, much surprised and not a little disheartened, handed over the