

# RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.  
RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

## SUNSET.

The wild birds sing their vesper song  
Which, clear and strong,  
Upon the night air's fragrant breath  
Is borne aloft.

The shadows deep and deeper grow;  
The winds are low;  
The distant mountain-tops have caught  
The western glow.

Between the clouds of crimson dye  
That deck the sky,  
There bursts a light from shining realms  
That further lie.

O glory of the dying day,  
Fare not away,  
But send us, from yon golden heights,  
A parting ray!

O day, whose hours were fraught with care,  
How wondrous fair  
Your close, so full of quiet peace  
And beauty rare!

May life's last sunset be as bright,  
As filled with light,  
Till in its glory all earth's cares  
Are lost from sight.

—John E. Goodwin, in Springfield (Mass.) Re-  
publican.

## THE PILOT'S STORY.

A Recollection of the River St. Lawrence.

This is the story told me by the Indian pilot of one of the grand steamers that ply the River St. Lawrence, and are known to tourists from Montreal and Quebec to Rimouski:

So you would like to know why I sense at that headland? You notice that cape? Yes, Corlett's Cape, we call it, and a bad place it used to be. You notice the light-house that stands there? Yes, well, I lived by that headland long before the light-house was built, a matter of nearly fifty years ago. I think that same Corlett's Cape, though I never heard tell of more than one wreck. It happened after the light-house was built, but the lights were put out, and put out on purpose, too. It's well nigh forty years since, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday.

There was then a little bit of a settlement down near the mouth of the creek which you may have noticed empties into the river just above the cape. There weren't many people lived there, and the biggest and most important man in the place was Charlie Corlett. He was a North of England man, I've heard tell, and anyhow he owned every acre of land and every stick of timber for miles around. Besides, at that time, Corlett's was the only grist and lumber mill within a hundred miles in any direction. Then he owned a little schooner—about the only one that traded to the settlement, making trips up and down the river, between Quebec and the Provinces. Although Corlett was a rich man for those days, he was fond of sailing and had a notion to run the schooner himself. Charlie Corlett would have passed for a handsome man anywhere, and he was, by long odds, the finest built man in the settlement. But Charlie had a terrible temper. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Doctor Baptiste, but as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely, and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The Captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the light-house. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the Captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Captain Corlett, and he was in a bad way. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Doctor Baptiste, but as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely, and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The Captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the light-house. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the Captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Captain Corlett, and he was in a bad way. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Doctor Baptiste, but as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely, and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The Captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the light-house. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the Captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Captain Corlett, and he was in a bad way. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Doctor Baptiste, but as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely, and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The Captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the light-house. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the Captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Captain Corlett, and he was in a bad way. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Doctor Baptiste, but as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely, and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The Captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the light-house. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the Captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Captain Corlett, and he was in a bad way. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

"For God's sake, Cap," says I, "don't do any thing you'll be sorry for!"

"That's all right," he says, "you needn't be afraid. I'm going to give that French puppy a piece of my mind, and perhaps a licking, that's all."

And I think he meant no more than what he said, so I made no answer. I was only a lad, and an Indian at that—he was a white man and my Captain. Besides, as he had reminded me, I owed him my life.

It was about eight o'clock of a September evening. I could see the lantern lights being lit in the light-house, and knew that Hector was there and probably alone—for although there was a small cottage attached to the light-house it was never used as a dwelling. Corlett jumped ashore and bade me wait for him. In the stillness I could hear words that were said. Corlett spoke first:

"You French sneak, I want a bit of reckoning with you."

"Those are hard names, Captain," said Baptiste, "and I don't like them."

"O, you don't eh? Well, you shouldn't deserve them, then. I don't like having a crawling Frenchman coming up here and stealing away the woman I had intended to marry. That's what you did!"

"Captain Corlett, you lie!"

"For calling me a liar, take that! And for playing dirt on me take that—and that!"

In a moment there was a scuffle up in that little room under the lantern, and the next thing I heard was a splash in the water.

I thought it time to interfere but as I ran the boat around Corlett jumped in and shoved off. As I opened my lips to speak, he shouted in a terribly excited manner:

"Don't you ask any questions and don't you say a word on ship-board, or I'll shoot you without warning!"

I confess that during that evening I was a coward and was afraid of the Captain in his mad rage. We proceeded on our trip to Montreal, whither we carried a cargo, and started back light. In a week we were again nearing the settlement. It was a squally night, though not very rough, but dark as pitch. The tide was running out and the wind was from the west.

The Captain had been drinking whisky pretty freely all through the trip, and he was in no shape to take the schooner into the creek even in the best of weather. The mate tried to persuade him to keep outside until the morning. "No!" says he, "I'm running this vessel. I'm Captain here, and you fellows will do as I tell you, or I'll know the reason why." With whisky in his head and pistols in his pockets, Corlett was a dangerous customer, and we prepared to make the best of a bad job. We all knew that we were pretty near the headland, but what puzzled the boys was that no light was to be seen. I had my own suspicions but dared not mention them.

"Boys," said the Captain, at last—a little sobered in his efforts to make the creek—"guess we won't try to make it to-night. Keep her off a bit, and go easy down the river."

At that instant I saw a light flashing right ahead of us. It didn't look exactly familiar, but we all took it for the light-house.

"That's lucky," says the Captain. "I thought we were further off shore. Hard a-port!" he shouted. "We'll clear the point in good shape now."

Meantime the wind had been gathering strength and the water was much rougher. We were now spanking along with reefed sails at twelve or thirteen knots an hour.

Suddenly there came a crash. We had run aground on the point, two hundred yards the land side of the light-house! It was such a shock that in ten minutes the schooner was breaking in pieces and sinking. Then it was each man for himself. I was the first to pick myself up on the low rocks and the mate was with me. Soon afterwards three of the boys, which completed the crew, showed up, but the Captain was missing.

The mate told me to go up to the village for help, while he and the others stayed by the vessel. In five minutes I came up to the light which had deceived us all and caused the wreck. It was a large, bright lantern, in the hands of Lizzie—Hector Baptiste's wife!

"Lizzie," I cried, "for Heaven's sake, what is this? Do you know what you have done?"

She did not look her old self at all. She was pale and haggard and was drenched with the spray from the surf.

"No," says she, in a strange tone, not one bit like her old voice. "No; what have I done?"

"Why, girl," I says, "you holding that lantern down the shore put Captain Corlett out of his reckoning, and he ran the schooner aground. What's more, I guess the Captain's drowned."

"Ah!" she says, with a sort of sigh of relief and satisfaction. "Listen to me, Pierre. I intended to wreck Charlie Corlett's vessel. I know it was wicked, but he was wicked and made me so. He killed my poor Hector—why shouldn't I kill him? I expected the schooner would be here to-night—I hoped it would. So I did not light up at the light-house. Instead, I held this lantern up as high as I could reach, where I knew it would fool Corlett. You say he is drowned? Well, I am glad—that is what I wished. Good-night, Pierre."

As she spoke—before I could interfere—she jumped, lantern in hand, from the ledge of rock on which she stood into the deep waters. I rushed in after her as far as I dared in the swirling tide, and peered into the darkness—but could see nothing of her.

The next morning, except for the wrecked schooner, there was little trace of the storm; and, in the bright autumn sunlight, there came floating along the creek into the quiet settlement, carried by the tide, two drowned bodies. One was Charlie Corlett, and the other was poor Lizzie.

I'm seventy years old, sir, and I've followed the river all my life, passing Corlett's Cape a thousand times—but I can't forget it, I can't forget it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGES.

Rivals of Volapuk That Have Found Admirers in Many Countries.

Every cultivated language shows more or less of art in its construction, but it is unconscious art. Some recent attempts to frame a universal language are made without any concealment of artificial contrivance. The inventors of these strange tongues seem to take pride in their ingenious schemes.

Readers have seen numerous notices of Volapuk, one of the candidates for universal favor. The name illustrates well the formation of the language. It is formed from the German *Volk*, people, and the English word, *speech*. The material is taken chiefly from English, French and German, but the parts are worked down a good deal before they are put together again.

It may not be so generally known that already several rivals to Volapuk have appeared. The most prominent of these is *Paslingua*, which differs from the former in taking its material from the Greek and Latin languages. Its name is compounded of the Greek *Pas*, all, and the Latin *lingua*, meaning tongue or language. The name indicates a language for all, or the language of all; almost a perfect synonym for Volapuk. A comparison of the two tongues will show wherein they differ. Thus: "What o'clock is it?" in Volapuk: "*Dup kinid rinos?*"

In *Paslingua* the question is: "*Quota hora er al?*"

Where do you live? in Volapuk: "*Kiplace todens?*" in *Paslingua*: "*Ubi habitas tus?*"

Not even do these two complete systems have the field all to themselves. A more recent dialect, for that is what it is, appears under the name *Spelin*. Some explanation may be needed to show that this name is formed from *Paslingua*, and has nothing whatever to do with spelling. The syllable *lin* represents in a more lazy way than *lingo* the word *lingua*; but *pe* is a storey representation of *Pas*, and the prefix *s* as a sign of a collective noun is no improvement upon the methods of the most highly inflected languages.

There is still another system devised for universal use, which is called *Lingualina*. This name is clearly descriptive, and means the language of light. Whether it really possesses any light of its own depends upon the acquaintance the person who uses it may have with the languages from which its elements are taken.

In fact, here is the difficulty with every one of the systems proposed. Those who devise them are familiar with all the languages upon which they draw for material, and to their view the meaning of their speech is plain; but those who know only one language find it requires about the same study to learn Volapuk, for example, as to learn a foreign tongue. While these experiments are being carried on, it is encouraging to note that the English language is gaining ground as rapidly as ever.—*Youth's Companion.*

How to Produce Merit.

Misguided benevolence has its well-known faults. We know the benevolence that does not "help a man to help himself" is not beneficial. We know that nothing is at its best which puts needless obligations upon the beneficiary. We know that to produce merit is at least as good as to find it; that to augment it is better than merely to reward it; that its best rewards are simple recognition, encouragement, and opportunity; and that even in giving these, all gratuitousness is dangerous; and, especially, that there are great risks in all sudden abundance. Benevolence has learned that even in social science there is room and need for sentiment, but that sentiment must follow and obey reason, not lead and rule it. All these things we know by heart, and yet our failures go on. Some say that charity has still too much sentiment. But in fact it has not yet enough. There ought to be no lack of sentiment in the word-science. Yet many regard science as something that complicates simple things, whereas it simplifies complex things. If science deals with complex things, so does every other province of human life; but our mental indolence loosely treats complexities as though they were simple, and science as the breeder of complexities. Human benevolence still needs a more scientific thoughtfulness to see complexity of things too often thus far treated as simple, and a greater depth of sentiment to remember it. Our efforts are still crude.—*Century.*

—Miss Miltum:—"Don't you find it very hard to catch Mr. Warden's expression, Mr. Soley?" Mr. Soley (who is sketching the lawn tennis party)—"Just about as hard as it is to catch trout in Rockaway inlet." Miss Miltum—"Why, there is no trout there." Mr. Soley—"I know it."—*Time.*

—A number of ladies in Philadelphia get their bonnets very cheaply by having a clever girl milliner out of employment come to the house. They pay her five dollars a day, and in one day she trims up the bonnets and hats for all the women in the family.

## GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE.

More Than a Million Said to Have Been Staked Upon the Result.

The greatest steamboat race that was ever run in the world was that which occurred in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis, between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. The latter was built at Cincinnati, was commanded by Captain T. P. Leathers, and in June of the above year made the fastest time on record from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1,278 miles in three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-eight minutes. The Robert E. Lee was built at New Albany during the war and was towed across the river to the Kentucky side to have her name painted on her wheel houses, a matter that was deemed prudent in those exciting times. She was commanded by Captain John W. Cannon, who died at Frankfort, Ky., in 1882.

There was great rivalry between the boats, and when the Natchez made her great run Captain Cannon determined to beat it. He stripped the Lee for the race—removed all parts of her upper works which were calculated to catch the wind; removed all rigging and outfit that could be dispensed with to lighten her; engaged the steamer Frank Pargoud to precede her a hundred miles up the river to supply coal; arranged with coal yards to have fuel flats awaiting her in the middle of the river at given points, to be taken in tow under way until the coal could be transferred to the deck of the Lee, and then to be cut loose and float back. He refused all business of every kind, and would receive no passengers. The Natchez returned to New Orleans and received a few hundred tons of freight and a few passengers, and was advertised to leave for St. Louis on June 30.

In the afternoon the Robert E. Lee backed out from the levee, and five minutes later the Natchez followed her. The whole country watched the race with breathless interest, as it had been extensively advertised by the press, and the telegraph attended its progress along the river at every point. At all the principal cities—Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena, and Memphis—people for many miles were present to see the racers pass, and the time of passing was cabled to Europe. When Cairo was reached the race was virtually ended, but the Lee proceeded to St. Louis, arriving there in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes from the time she left New Orleans, beating by thirty-three minutes the previous record of the Natchez. The latter steamer had run into a fog and grounded between Memphis and Cairo, which delayed her more than six hours. It is said that 30,000 people crowded the wharf, the windows and the house-tops to welcome the Lee on her arrival at St. Louis. Captain Cannon was tendered a banquet by the business men of the city, and was generally lionized while he remained here.

It was estimated that more than \$1,000,000 changed hands on the result of the great race. Many of the bets were withdrawn, however, on the ground that the Lee had been assisted the first hundred miles of the trip by the power of the Frank Pargoud added to her own, and many steamboat men have ever since regarded the Natchez as the fastest boat of the two, but think she was outgeneraled in the race by the Lee. There was so much adverse comment afterward by the press that there has been no attempt since to repeat such a performance.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER.

In Most Instances It Is Called Forth Only by Great Emergencies.

Great emergencies call forth the great soul. War in the twinkling of an eye turns village drunkards and pettifogging lawyers into Generals and statesmen. Love transforms Cyron from a brute into a man. Necessity makes Shakespeare a dramatist; accident reveals Scott his true powers. The most commonplace men and women have passed through the fool's paradise of love, when they were divine beings worshipping divinity, and in that fool's paradise they for a brief moment found their true selves, saw deep into the soul of their consort. That fitting dream was in truth an awakening, the brief opening of the spiritual eye. When the world of facts has passed away, our dreams may remain. The man of common sense asks for realities, the poet knows that only illusions are true. Look you, the man whom you hate are there not women who worship him, children who look up to him? Who sees the true man—you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight; it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable; it is a part of the over-soul of the infinite, of God. Hatred is painful. It strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his mortal limitations. "Love sees the virtues that are of the soul; hatred only the diseases of the skin." "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be: "is this the beautiful soul that I malign'd and hated?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—Pastures can not be continually cropped without something being returned to prevent loss of fertility.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

An Epitome of the Principal Features of Autumn Fashion Plates.

Directoire gowns and bonnets are very becoming to tall, stately women. Many of the latest toilets for bridesmaids are quaint and old-fashioned in effect, and many toilets of this description made by London modistes are modeled after dresses popular in the sixteenth century.

Dark-green rough straw hats faced with a shirring of dark-green net, and trimmed with drooping pink gladioli and grasses, are pretty for either morning or afternoon wear in the country during the autumn. Tuscan hats in Directoire style have their ample brims faced with black or dark-colored velvet, and are garnished outside with wreaths of pale-green hops and crimson and yellow nasturtium blossoms, or with chaplets of unripe hazel nuts and foliage.

There is still a rage for plaids, and their reign is likely to prove a longer one than was at first prophesied—extending at least through the fall and winter seasons. Plaided surahs, combined with cashmere or Henrietta cloth, are made up in many stylish ways, long effects being particularly popular. There are brought out attractive patterns in blue and white, cream and crushed strawberry, vieux rose and olive, bronze and amber, pine green and almond, doe color and dahlia, and a host of other novel plaids, barred with hairlines of golden brown, black, cardinal, gold and green.

Mousseline de soie, a most beautiful diaphanous silk muslin of exquisite texture, is a very fashionable material for dancing toilets. A gown worn by the wife of an army officer summering at Long Branch is made of tea-rose mousseline de soie figured with tiny pomegranate blossoms and foliage. The dress is made up over a princess slip of willow-green surah, its sheen but faintly showing beneath the airy silken folds of the transparent muslin. There is a low bodice of the silk, with a high one of the muslin, this V-shape, in the neck. The sleeves are short, and the princess is demi-trained and artistically draped with the silk muslin.

A dust-cloak is almost indispensable if one would keep the dress fresh when driving or traveling. It is a poor investment to purchase a dust-cloak of cheap alpaca, with the ruche pinked at the edges. The latter is sure to fray and soon look very shabby. It is far better to purchase one of best quality simply hemmed all round. A nun's cloak, Portia pelisse, Irish peasant cloak, or whatever the title may be to a dust-cloak, or however smart or stylish in effect, is not suitable for street wear, though many women appear upon the promenade enveloped in them. Their use is as special and particular as a riding-habit, or should be at least. A plainly made camel's hair, surah, alpaca, or English serge dust-cloak is conveniently carried over the arm at any time for a journey, however long. It is also easily packed, as it is light in weight and does not easily crumple. A fussy over-trimmed dust-cloak, with tags and ribbons flying, is a nuisance, and is not at all in keeping with the uses for which it was designed.—*N. Y. Post.*

A PECULIAR TARGET.

An Amusing, and Yet Thrilling, Shooting Incident in India.

Four Europeans who had been out after tiger in the Maimensing district were returning at the close of a long day, and had almost reached the factory where they were to dine and pass the night, when the Captain ordered a halt. The "line" at once pulled up, and he said: "I hate seeing loaded rifles taken into a house [it was the old muzzle-loading days], more especially where there are children. I propose that we fire ours off." "All right," said another, "but we have not had a shot all day; what do you say to a 'pool'?" "There's nothing to fire at," observed a third. "There's that gharrah," said the Captain, pointing to an earthen vessel which some rascals who were working at a little distance had as usual brought their day's supply of drinking-water in. "Good," said the fourth, "but what with bad light and the distance, it's by no means an easy shot. I propose we each put a chick on." "How shall we decide as to the order of firing?" said one. "O," replied the Captain, generously, "commence at your end of the line." The mark was by no means an easy one to hit, for the distance was well nigh a hundred yards, the guns smooth bores, and the light that deceptive kind which one gets just between daylight and dark. But on the other hand, the hunters were exceptionally good men, all excellent shots, either of whom could hit a running deer from the back of an elephant twice out of three times. "Fire away," said the Captain. No. 1 grazed the right side of the vessel, and it was thought must have hit it. No. 2 went just over it. No. 3 went a little to the left. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the Captain. "I'll trouble you for those twelve rupees." He raised his gun as he spoke, and the next moment the jar was covered with earth; the bullet had cut the ground beneath it. Presently the vessel was seen to wriggle, and then to kick, while a feeble cry proclaimed it to be a baby. Consternation was depicted on every face. The elephants bolted, the Sahibs jumped down and rushed to the spot, the parents running from the opposite direction. The little mite hadn't been touched, and was carried off by the father and mother with great rejoicing. They also took the "pool" along with them, and right glad he Sahibs were, under the circumstances, to part with it.—*Calcutta Letter.*

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The verdict of appointed judges in England is that British grown tobacco can not be made to pay.

—Oxalate of cerium, a recognized palliative for nausea, is said to be helpful in cases of seasickness, when taken in doses of ten to twenty grains every two or three hours.

—An idea has been developed in Germany in the shape of the manufacture of mortar by machinery in large quantities, to be delivered to contractors or individuals as required for use. About 2,000,000 barrels were disposed of in Berlin on this plan alone last year.

—Prison doctor (to visitors)—"As a rule, coarse, brutal people are long lived. Now see that prisoner there. He is good for forty years yet. Let us speak to him. My man, don't you come of a long-lived family?" "Can't say that I do." "How old was your father when he died?" "Thirty-five." "What caused his death?" "A rope."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—The reported discovery of the "elixir of life" in baths of acetic acid, applied daily, has elicited some interesting scientific comments. These demonstrate the biological impossibility of living forever, and show that Scottish physicians have used acetic acid since 1850 for dissolving away dead tissues from diseased joints, etc., and have thus effected some remarkable cures.

—For cementing minerals, etc., Prof. Whitfield recommends a compound in suitable proportions of starch, white sugar, gum arabic, and water, the gum being dissolved, the sugar added, and the mixture boiled until the starch is cooked. After this, the substance is dried into sheets by spreading it out on any suitable surface and re-dissolving it when required for use. It has the property of being very adhesive.

—A New Hampshire shoe-peg manufacturing firm that produces 40,000 bushels annually uses second-growth birch, which is considered a quick-growing timber. A shoe-peg goes through eighteen different hands or processes before it reaches the market and is placed on sale, and seventy-five per cent. of cost is for labor. The shoe-peg industry is a growing one.

—The *Mechanical News* says that the proposed substitution of India rubber for metal in the manufacture of horse-shoes is based upon various supposed advantages, one of these being that the former enables a horse to go easily over all kinds of roads and rough or slippery ground without slipping. The contrivance brought forward for this purpose is such as to obviate in one instance the necessity of using an iron shoe which can be moved momentarily when the horse is not traveling, and can also be used when the horse is shod with an iron shoe.

—More mistakes have been made in this matter of the treatment of disease by change of climate than in many others of the multifarious conditions for which a physician is consulted. And statistics, arrays of barometric readings, lines of humidity, comparative prevalence of winds, all go for little when once a poor sick wanderer gets 1,000 miles away from home, and longs for familiar faces and surroundings. Then, to counterbalance nostalgia, to make up for what has been abandoned, one needs that health should rapidly return, or homesickness will do more harm than change can do good.—*William F. Hutchinson, M. D.*

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.

Some Points in Surgical Methods as Practiced at Bellevue.

"Bellevue knows not pus," is the proud boast of the great hospital in New York City. Perhaps this is not literally true, but it is nearly so, and it is made possible by the most remarkable system of precaution that can well be imagined. It is almost true that Bellevue is scrubbed with antiseptics. The floors are sprayed with such preparations, surgeons and attendants wash to the elbows in antiseptics when an operation is to be performed, and instruments are kept for hours in an antiseptic bath.

Should an instrument be dropped on the floor it is kicked from the room and another from the antiseptic bath is used in its place. The towels of the hospital are washed in antiseptics and kept from the air, lest germs of disease reach them. When brought out for use they are sprayed in antiseptics, and when a wound is bound the towels are piled on several inches thick, that germs from the air may be intercepted. A mangled hand is scrubbed with antiseptics and bound with sprayed bandages.

Operations that were scarcely known a few years ago are performed almost weekly at Bellevue. A Western physician who spends a short time each year studying his profession in the hospitals of New York, says that he finds at each visit some operation that was not attempted before. He sees the progress of surgery here with astonishment. Though he may have read in medical journals of this or that new operation, the sight of it comes to him like a revelation.

There is a popular belief that America is far behind the old world in surgery, but a resident physician of foreign birth declares that no country performs daring and successful operations with the frequency with which they are performed here. The American surgeon, when a difficult operation is to be performed, often precedes it by a similar operation upon a dead subject. So does the French surgeon, but the latter often approaches the living subject with nervousness, while the American surgeon is as cool in the one case as the other. The same physician owns that Germany does many wonderful things in surgery, and thinks the study of her progress highly valuable.—*N. Y. Telegram.*