RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

MY FORMER SELP.

I know thee not, my youthful friend! And yet I think that I can trace. As wistfully I gaze and bend. Something familiar in thy face— Methinks I've seen thy ruddy cheek, Thy brow unwrinkled, fair and high. Thy pleasant smile that seems to speak

Thy dark brown hair-thy sparkling eye When did I know thee? Thou art fair-And I am frail and full of woe. My aching brow is seamed with care-Twas surely in the long ago! How changed am I! while thou 'rt the same

As when I knew thee fresh and young; Love in thine eyes, a living flame. And tuneful witcheries on thy tongue Thy heart was strong, thy step was light. Ambition frolicked in thy brain.

And dared to dream of dizzier height Than mortal effort could attain Thy fancies wandered unconfined. Wild as the storms on mountain crest And free as gentlest summer wind That wantons on the ocean's breast

Time seemed before thine eager eyes To stretch dlimitably long : For toil, for pleasure, for emprire. For conflict of the right with wrong. Such fate as failure never loomed On the horizon's distant scope,

And all things possible assumed

The living forms of Love and Hope All this thou wert, and more than this! When we were comrades stanch and true. And never dreamed that present bliss Could change its texture or its hue; Never, oh never, dreamed that years

Could put disunion 'twixt us twain. And teach me amid groans and tears. That thou and I had lived in vain! Time has rolled on, and then art left A dream-a thought-and nothing more;

Of all thy former force bereft, A broken billow on the shore While I or what in days long past, Was like to thee in face and form. Float like a leaf upon the blast Of Death's inevitable storm.

Vain are regrets! All blooms decay. That fruits may follow in their stead; And fruits must perish in their day. That seeds may live when fruits are dead. Our seed-time may be here on Earth, Our Harvest is in Heaven above

In God's Eternity of Love. -Cherles Markon in Ponth's Compensor

A MAKE-BELIEVE STORY.

A Clever Woman's Ruse with a Supposed Detective.

Goorge Durlay was hurrying through the railroad station at Springfield to eatch the train for Montreal. He was a little late. and the knowledge of this fact so heightened the susceptibility of his nerves that, when a tall woman with her arms full of parcels fell beavily against him, dropping her parceis, a me of which burst and scattered their contents in every direction, only the sense of the politeness due to her sex kept him from using an ejaculation that would at least have expressed great impatience. She had clutched him nervously as she slipped and he supported her a moment while he inquired if she was hurt.

"I don't know," she said, panting, turned my ankie-I feel terribly jarred." When she removemed herself sufficiently to

stand without his bein, he could do no less than to ofer to gather up her parcels, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was doing his duty, and seeing his train steam out of the station at one and the same

"Well, as I have lost my train-" he he. gan, as he stood holding some of her bundles in his arms.

"Was that your train!" she exclaimed. still visibly agitated. "It was mine, too, I # think-I am not sure-I am a stranger. I want to so to Hartford

"This was not your train then." he answered: "yours starts from the other side." "I was late. I had no time to get a ticket. What time does the next train go to Hartford!" she murmured, brokenly, lifting appealing eyes to his.

"I will find out for you," he said, feeling cuite compassionate toward her, though she was neither young nor pretty, and there-

protection. He conducted her to the waiting room ently. and presently returned from the ticket office with the information that she would have So want over three hours-until after dark

to fact, for the train. "Three hours alone?" she exclaimed, with an upconscious naive stress on the "alone" that Mr. Dunlan found very interesting.

"I too must wait until evening for my train," he said smiling, "and as it rains so that we shall have to stay in the depot, if you will permit me to sit here, I will do myself the pleasure of waiting with you for a time at least."

"You are very kind," she answered simply, moving some of her bundles so that he could sit closer to her than he had perhaps at first intended. "and that, too, after my be the less hot because they are getting rather trite-chestnut coals in fact, if you will pardon the expression-upon my head." Mr. Dunlap had already made up his mind that she was neither young nor pretty; he audacious smile, revised his opinion to the

extent of adding that she looked interesting. She was tall, slender and very thin; with sharp, old features, but her eyes, he decided, were her strong point, they were so changeful in expression and exhibited the different phases of her emotions with such | out of the water," suggested Mr. Dunlap, an intensity, such a singleness of purpose from the appealing gaze of a frightened. belpless child, to the humorous quizzica. glance she had thus given him.

Will the delay incommode you very much?" she added, seriously.

"I did think it was quite necessary for me to be one of the passengers on that particular truin, but now I am not sure. I think I shall be happier here."

"I hope you will forgive me," she said.

be as agreeable as you have already been," be said, with a boldness which even some woman they meet under unconventional cir-

She colored deeply, and he felt that he be about what we require!" had risked losing her society by his last remark. For a moment she looked very grave Mr. Dunlap had followed her in rather a detected." and ne countries the second and second in book seco to him to swallow her annoyance and take a tional ability, and he dashed boldly into the sudden resolution. It was as if she said to breach. herself: "Life is too short and the periods the one and prolong the other by servile deference to useless conventionalities.'

connected his town with the nearest railroad station. He had never traveled much, his tempo-

rarily deferred journey to Montreal was a He was a country farmer of very moderate means, but for all that, he had read, he had observed, he never doubted but that he was much more a man of the world than others who had had much better advantages for becoming so. The very bulk of his conversation was carried on in the common vernacular, but he felt that he could be courtly and ceremonious to the last degree. When he read a sentence that seemed to him to be the thing in the way of polite repartee or gallant address, he reread it until he had made it his own. That sort of thing was doubly effective, he thought, from a man who commonly used the old-fashioned Yankee dialect. It gave him the effect of being conversant with several languages.

"I have sometimes found it rather dull waiting here, but to-day I quite reckon on it," he replied, with his most polished man-

"Did you ever try to make the time pass away by imagining the pursuits and destinations of the various persons you see around von!" he added.

"No," she added, quickly. She still seemed nervous from her shock. I should think it rope and are happy forever after." would be very interesting. Let's begin

Mr. Dunlap looked helplessly around the

Their few fellow travelers seemed of a hopelessly neutral, non-committal cast of

tell you what less do," he added, brighten- The husband ought to have died. ing, "less put ourselves inter a story. To way, an' while settin' here I take an awful all lighted. shine to you. What d' yer say?" and he nudged her in what he considered a jocose but I suppose it's most time for us to part," but not indelieate manner.

She had looked at him sharply as he dropped into his ordinary habit of speaking. and then apparently made up her mind that and tones; she looked worn discouraged and he was acting some part.

lack originality just a trifle!" she suggested. | on her love for him and the fact of an inhuthat way. Now, perhaps, if I fell in love could think of nothing to say. with you it would be less obvious. Mr. Dunian had an idea that she was

laughing at him. "Such things ez that hez ben known to happen," he said rather sulkily.

"O, certainly:" she assented. "I have heard of such instances, but we must immarried-"

for a single woman." "This is a make-believe story," she au-

swered with a bright, mischievous smile. a-days," he observed, rather revengefully. "I accept your objection," she said; "but meet me again here, in the afternoon!" of course there must be tattenuating cir- Mr. Dunlap hesitated. His companion cumstances,' as some one says. My bus- was pale and trembling. band, for instance," she added, with a far- "What'll your husband say!" he asked, away, inscrutable look, 'we'll suppose, for after a pause. sake of argument, is cross-brutal to me. He strikes me on the slightest provocation." sympathetic incredulity.

when I tumble against you, and you pick if you only will." up my bundles, which is something so for- Mr. Dunlap knew perfectly well that it -we'll fill in the details after we've sketched out the plot-we met accidentally several still don't suspect the state of my feelings, disappeared. and you of course are equally in the dark.

"Well, now, about that time, something must happen to reveal to us as by alightning searching his pockets to see if any of his stroke that we love one another, for by this time you, moved by the spectacle of, not beauty in distress, but by more distressing pointed day. exhibition of ugliness suffering a trifle more timent.

"Now we must find some situations that fore had no legitimate claim to a stranger's tional reader, who must be made to see and eved woman making violent love to himself. admit that we couldn't have done differ-

"Let me see, the presence of death gensimilar situations."

"We might be drowning," suggested Mr. Dunlap. "You fall in, I rush to save you, you know, an' jist ez we was sinkin' for the last time, while every thing in our past lives | furtively into the waiting-rooms. was a comin' up before us, we both remember the time when I rescued your this is very sudden, but that after long and bundles and then it comes to us both that careful deliberation. I have decided that, we love each other. Folks couldn't find no | though I appreciate her kindness and the fault with that, couldn't they!"

"Well no," said the lady, thoughtfully, "I don't think the most rigid moralist could object to two neople finding out that they to her.' love one another when they are sinking for You heap coals of fire-which ought not to is slipping from their nerveless grasp. But what I object to is that it makes the story too short. I haven't suffered enough vet to satisfy the practiced reader. We must be brought near enough to the verge of this world so that we feel ourselves beyond the now, as she looked at him with a bright reach of ordinary regulations and still rescue and resuscitation for the purpose of and remorse."

> "Somebody can come along and pull us who felt that he was not contributing his share to the story, "and bring us to by rolling as on barrels."

"Rolling on barrels may be the scientific method of resuscitation, but science is notoriously unavailable for poetic purposes. Besides." she continued, with extreme gravity. "it seems to me that two wellmeaning persons like ourselves are going to suffer sufficiently from our consciences without the additional anguish of being gravely, ignoring the implication of the last rolled on barrels. Let us be 'just before we are generous,' even in punishments. Nov. "I most certainly shall if you continue to I think, so our acquaintance began in a railway station, we might preserve the unities by mixing up the railroad with our affairs ordinarily polite men will use toward a whenever we can. A railroad accident at this point is necessary to the evolution of the story. Can you arrange one that will

The lady had been talking so rapidly that

"The train must be derailed and thrown spent in waiting for trains too long to waste | down a steep embankment. We are caught together under the seats and debris. (Mr. Dunlap rhymed this word with remiss), and "I hate waiting in railroad stations," she to add to the horrors of the situation the car takes fire from the overturned stove, Mr. Dunlap lived back among the Berk- and there we are! I clasp you in my arms day before yesterday, must have caught on

with the outside world was by means of a but as I can't we will die together:" and he lams, for I saw her loitering round here for rickety, rumbling, clattering old stage which | paused for breath, convinced that he had an nour or two before the train for Monestablished his reputation as a man who treal stated She didn't see me watching could say "pretty things as well as the next her, mind you but she was studying time one when he took a notion to "

"That's it exactly." replied his compangreat and unprecedented event in his life. | ion. "I murmur some appropriate reply, and just as the fire is getting so uncomfortsome one breaks in the window and rescues us. I am so mortified at my ill-timed confession I don't know what to do and you say that as we can never forget our declarations, suppose that we go to Europe together. Now there's a strong situation. A horribly brutal husband in the background and love and Europe urged upon my acceptance. Europe, that I have always passionately longed to see and the man I love to go with me-ah-

She drew a long breath and her keen, restless eyes grew soft with a look of inexures wore an expression of infinite yearning and tenderness.

Though not vainer than the generality of men, Mr. Duniap felt that perhaps this story was not wholly a make-believe as far as her love for him was concerned. It was barely possible that she had fallen in love with moved and murmured: "And we go to Eu-

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, "that would never do. Have you forgotten the scandalized reader at this point! No. I refuse saily but steadfastly, and turning away ciation I part from you forever, and go to off. But, bless you, the fellow I put on the look after my fellow-travelers who are less "Nobody here looks az ef they'd ever done | mortally wounded than myself. The bored any thing of much account an' couldn't ef reader lays down the book and says with a saw her talking to you I made up my mind they set out to," he said, after a pause. "I yawn that the story didn't come out well.

The short rainy afternoon had drawn to a begin with, we met by chance, the usual close, and the lamps about the station were

said Mr. Dunian.

"Yes," she answered sadly. woe-begone. Her companion was more and "Don't you think that the beginning would more convinced that her story was founded "There are so many stories that begin just man husband. He was filled with pity, but

> "It'll be rather dismal going to Montreal in the dark," he said, after a pause. "I had counted on seeing something of the country. "Why not wait till to-morrow or next day?" she asked, with suppressed eagerness.

"O, I must go," be answered, vaguely. She looked down at the floor for some arine some rather unusual causes and tir- time with a look of inexpressible sadness. cumstances-for instance, suppose that I am | She seemed trying to make a difficult resolution. At last she looked up with a strange, "Be you!" he asked abruptly; "I took you inscrutable expression, and said in a low, forced tone:

"Please don't go for a day or two. I want to see you again. I can't bear to think that "It's gittin' rather common for married after this pleasant afternoon we must part. women to fall in love with other men, now- never to meet again. Can't you stay in Springfield until day after to-morrow, and

"My husband," she exclaimed, in a startled manner, as if she had forgotten his very "Git out," murmured Mr. Dunlap, with existence. "O, it's about that and other things that I wish you to advise me," she "He takes delight in thwarting all my went on with terrible earnestness, "I am in wishes, he makes my life wretched. I meet a great deal of trouble. I want to tell you a piece of bituminous coal into small

eign to all my experience that I fall in love was very imprudent to make an appointwith you at once. But of course I don't ment with an entire stranger, but as he was know it, people are not apt to know those equally sorry for her, and sure of his own things-in stories-so I don't dream of it. ability to take care of himself, he gave the red hot, and you will soon see a yellow-Then by a series of coincidences which required promise. A look of inexpressible couldn't happen anywhere except in stories relief came over her face and her eyes filled with tears.

She thanked bim fervently, berged him times, and all the time out of deference to not to trouble himself to see her to the the opinions and prejudices of the reader I train, and after a warm pressure of his hand

> Mr. Dunlap's pity for her did not prevent him from the disloyalty to her memory of valuables were missing. Finding them all intact he went to a hotel to await the ap-

When the designated time arrived, Mr. than her just deserts, are feeling that pity | Dunlap, though he had thought constantly that is said to be akin to a commoner sen- of the fair unknown in the interval and had mixed up the thoughts of her with his conscientious study of the city so that about all will reveal all this to us without shocking the view he had been able to see from the the delicacy of the most rigidly conven- Armory tower was the vision of a brightand had studied the architecture of the public library with the question: "Is it ever justifiable to get a divorce for intolerable erally comes in to countenance people in cruelty?" uppermost in his mind, was still unable to arrive at any definite answer to either supposition.

He strolled aimlessly up and down the platform, now and then stopping to peer

"I will tell her." be finally decided "that confidence she has reposed in me, I have conscientious scruples against marrying a divorced woman, but that I will be a brother

There had been no definite time set for the last time with their lungs full of water, the meeting, and Mr. Dunlap began to grow awkwardness made you miss your train. and the proverbial straw of the drowning man impatient. Suppose that she had decided on renunciation instead of leaving that agreeable duty to him! He acknowledged that if she had come to a realizing sense of her forwardness in making an appointment with a perfect stranger, it was perfectly right and extremely proper, but it was very tiresome and stupid wandering about a be left with articulation enough to reveal smoky old railroad station, waiting for a our innoxious love. Then there must be a person who had not a sufficient sense of moral obligation to keep her engagements. overwhelming us with shame, contrition He was rapidly growing ill-humored when he met Fred Richmond, an acquaintance of his who was beginning to do quite a little in detective work. Richmond accosted him jovially, and, turning around, walked along with him. Dunlap was rather impatient at the interruption. He thought Richmond would be a much more pleasant companion if he had not been so exclusively enthusiastic on the subject of detective work, so inclined to manifest a hardiness toward any thing that was not closely connected with

this hobby. "You have no sympathies with any thing but sleuth-hound instincts," he had told him once, and Richmond had laughed and said that in order to be successful one "must

whoop on his own side." "That was a fine piece of work capturing Williams, the absconding bank cashler." he began at once, as they walked along together "I saw something of it in the papers, I be lieve," Mr. Dunlap responded indifferently. "I think sometimes that you think the whole business of mankind is to detect or be

Richmond laughed, "Well, I confess it does look so sometimes from my point of view," he said. "People are concerned in these things more than they always know. Do you know yet how closely you were mixed up in Williams' capture!"

"Me mixed up!" said Mr. Dunlan, staring "Yes, you," returned the other; "it's too good to keep now it's all over with. Anna Brown, the giri I saw talking with you the

tables and looking this way and that, and I made up r.y mind she had some scheme for hindering the process of law. She just worshiped Williams, and she's just that ably hot we hardly know where we are, kind of a woman that would go through fire

and water for the man she loved." "Isn't she married, you say!" "No, never was. He never cared so much for her, but he made her think so, I suppose. He was the cashier in a big bank and she a poor girl who worked here in a button shop, though she had a good education and is smart as steel. Well, he must have confided his trouble to her so's she could help him, and a mean trick it was, too, for he had it all planned out to meet another woman in Canada and they were to be married and go to Europe. Probably he made Anna think pressible gentleness; her old, anxious feat- he was going to marry her and take her to Europe. She doesn't know any thing about the other one. Well, I saw her sauntering around here day before yesterday, and I made up my mind she meant to help him get off. I had put a detective on every train that went out that day, but I thought that that was the one he would take. Just as I him at first sight and was making up this was passing her I said to a fellow that was story to test his feelings. He was strangely | with me, just as if I didn't know she could hear, "that's the most famous detective in the country, and pointed to you. She didn't seem to notice, but I watched her and sawher stop you and make you lose your train as cleverly as could be. She probably thought that it hadn't got out much and with a look of stern resolution and renun- that if she could detain you a day he'd get train hooked on to Williams before they got out of the State. She's smart, and when I that you wouldn't get away that day. She's quite equal to making love to you or any other man to keep you away from her lover. O, you needn't look so mad! I'm not going to ask you about it. I'll bet "Well. I have had a pleasant afternoon if she did no one could tell it from the genuine article. The joke of it is that she's so proud she'd rather have died than done it if it hadn't been for him. It'll be rather rough The sparkle had all died out of her face on her when she finds out about the other woman."-Ethel Gorman Clarke, in Hartford

HOW GAS IS MADE. A Simple Explanation of the Manufacture

of Illuminating Gas. How few people can intelligibly ex-

tobacco pipe with them. Cover the mouth of the bowl with wet clay and then thoroughly dry it. Put the bowl of the pipe into a fire where it will get ish smoke come out of the stem, and if you touch a light to the smoke it will burn brightly, for it is nothing more nor less than the gas from the coal.

You can purify and collect this gas in a very simple way. Fill a bottle with water and turn it upside down in a bowl of water. You know the water will not run out of the bottle because the air pressure on the water in the bowl will prevent it. Put the end of the pipe-stem under the mouth of the bottle, and the gas will bubble up through the water into the bottle, gradually displacing the water, and if the pipe were large enough to make a great deal of gas, the bottle would be entirely filled with it.

You have seen the immense quantities of coke which they have at the gas works; that is what is left of the coal after the gas has been burned out of it. Coke is carbon, only a small part of what was in the coal having gone off with the gas Take the clay covering off your pipe and you will find the bowl filled with this coke.

Now, that is precisely the way gas is made in large quantities at the gas works. Instead of pipe bowls they use big retorts, and these are heated red hot by furnace, for the fire must be outside of the retorts. Heating coal red-hot in a closed retort is very different from burning it in the open air. A large pipe from the retort carries off the product of the coal, consisting of steam, tar, air and ammonia, as well as gas. The ammonia and the tar go into tanks, and the gas into coolers. and then over lime, which takes up the acids in it into the immense iron gas-holders which you have seen at the

These holders are open at the bottom, and stand, or rather swing, in tanks of water, being adjusted by means of weights. As the gas comes into them they rise up out of the water, but the bottoms are always submerged. so that the gas can not escape. The large gas-pipes, or mains, as they are called, connect with the holders and conduct the gas through the streets to the houses where it is used. The pressure is given to the gas by the weight of the iron holders, which are always bearing down on the gas they contain. -N. Y. Graphic.

-It is safe to say that thousands of horses die annually, literally burnt out with too much of a grain diet, and too little of a cooling one. It may confidently be asserted that if more turnips, cabbage, potatoes and beets were fed them with their grain, they would last longer and be freer from disease. And the same rule applies to all animals fed on grain .- American Farmer.

-There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie .- Journal of

FREDERICK'S DIARY.

There has been a great deal of gossip

The Thirty Volumes Written by the Late Emperor of Germany.

of the wildest and most scandalous kind about Prussian State papers which are alleged to have been found missing at Potsdam after the death of the Emperor Frederick, and it is stated that they were handed by the Empress Victoria to the Queen when her Majesty was at Charlottenburg, and that they are in England. These stories culminated in the malevolent inventions of an evening paper about the "virtual imprisonment" of the Empress Victoria, which, however, were such palpable fictions that they excited no attention at home or abroad. The real truth, however, which reaches me from a trustworthy correspondent in Germany. is that the diary of the Emperor Frederick can not be found. The Emperor had kept a journal during more than thirty years (ever since his marriage). which was not a mere record of his movements and occupations, but an elaborate running commentary upon public affairs-both political and social -very much in the style of Mr. Greville's Memoirs. This diary was contained in thirty immense volumes. each being secured by a lock, and of pleasure with the spirit of a child. directly after the Emperors's death his successor, at the request of Prince and idle on this account. Perhaps no Bismarck, demanded that the whole of women are such industrious and serious them should at once be given up, in workers as those of France. The order that his majesty's reminiscences material prosperity of their country is might be placed among the Prussian certainly largely attributable to their State archives at Berlin. The Empress admirable capacity for making themrefused to surrender the volumes, and selves useful in all departments of life when a second and a more peremptory from which they are not shut out by application was made after the Em. walls they can not hope to scale-walls peror's funeral, her Majesty announced which they show their practical wisthat the diary had been taken to Ea- dom by not trying to pull down. ceives the present or future interests mothers. Now, let us give you a very simple of the empire. Here the dispute rests, The Frenchwoman is not, perhaps, explanation of gas-making. Break up but one may predict with confidence the most affectionate of spouses, but in that there will be no publication for her devotedness to her children she is you you are kind and don't swear at me about it. You look kind, you can help me fragments and fill the bow! of a clay some years to come, and that when the not to be surpassed, while the interest diary does appear it will contain noth- she takes in her husband's work and her ing to which either the Emperor or his desire to help him for the common good. advisers can reasonably take exception. throw into bold relief the strongest -London World.

PLAN OF A SILO. One That Is Cheap and Can Be Used for & Variety of Other Purposes.

It is palpably true that if silage is a useful and practicable process for preserving succulent fodder there is no be grown as catch crops or to fill a vacancy. Catch crops, as a rule, are objectionable, for the reason that as much is lost in the main crop as is gained in these. And if the crops are grown merely to utilize a piece of land that is not in use for other crops dur- ate, but she is less practical. ing a short interval, we can grow corn as easily and as quickly as we can grow roots. The good culture and manuring given to roots, and for which root crops are so highly esteemed, may be quite as well applied to the corn with equal benefit and profit. So that the whole question hinges upon a-test of this may be made. A small silo ten by twelve and sixteen feet high | is. may be constructed for the purpose. this use it will make an excellent icehouse or a most useful stable, or what or a visitor's horse or many other which never makes good hay.

this purpose, is of the size mentioned, and made as follows: Sills, six by eight inches, are laid down and tied by two flat girts of the same size, dovetailed into the sills four feet apart from centers to divide the floor into three and four feet spaces. Studs, two by eight, are morticed into the sills in this way:

And to strengthen these studs against the pressure from the inside a piece of manner shown. This prevents the studs from splitting and being forced outward, as the contents of the silc settle down. A double floor of call boards twelve inches wide, with joints broken, is laid across the four sills, and a thick coating of pine tar is laid between the floors: the upper one being bedded into the tar, which thus fills the joints. This gives a most excellent airtight floor, which is fit for any purpose. The inner wall, the only one at present. is made of common boards doubled, and with roofing felt between them. The plates are tied by two by eight pieces spiked on the top, upon which a temporary staging may be laid at any time for the fodder cutter. -N. F. Times.

THE FRENCH WOMAN.

Mrs. Leslie Sara She Is Far Less Romantle Than Her American Sister.

Curious as it may seem in a nation so highly and in many respects so artificially civilized, the virtues which we find most conspicuous on French soil are those which in the United States are as conspicuously absent. Filial piety, the absence of which is mourned by nearly every American father and mother to-day, still forms the substratum of the best qualities to be met with among the French in every rank of society. It is not only the devotion of a son to his mother, a feeling which in France is so unfortunately mingled with sentimentality as to have lost, in the eyes of most people, all the merits it might originally have possessed; but the obedience and respect of a son even to a bad father is taken for granted, and the most tyrannical abuse of paternal authority is not considered in the least as abrogating filial duty.

The Frenchwoman often seems what she is not. When bent on amusing herself-and it is through the medium of this mood of hers that we generally weigh her character and judge her actions-she leaves, it is true, all care at home and enters upon the business

But it is unjust to call her frivolous

gland by the Queen, and that she The typical Frenchwoman's characwould probably publish it, as it had ter is not deep, but it has been traced been her husband's particular wish out by nature with no unsteady hand. that it should be published after a Her spirit of independence, her comsuitable revision, and that he had re- parative freedom from that timidity plain some of the most ordinary things | quested her to act as his literary exc- | which is often represented as a charmin every-day life. An official of the cutrix. The Empress, I hear, added ing weakness of the sex, have enabled city gas works was heard to say not that justice to the late Emperor's her to conquer much of the ground that long ago that if he might judge by the memory requires this publication, as belongs traditionally to man, simply number of times he was asked for he would derive as much benefit from qualifying herself to compete with him information, not more than two people it as her father, the Prince-Consort, industrially and intellectually in a in ten know how common illuminating did from the publication of Sir Theo- multitude of ways. She likes to be gas is made. They all seem to under- dore Martin's work. The idea of such self-reliant, and to feel that in case of stand, he said, that it comes out of soft a proceeding is, however, very obnox. need she can do battle with the world.

coal, but they are ignorant of the pro- ious to Prince Bismarck, who appre- Although Frenchwomen generally cess by which it is extracted. We do heads that the Empress might take marry early and under conditions of not doubt this at all, for, as we have what he would regard as an extremely parental influence which invest the act said to you several times, it is the very | inadequate view of her duties as editor. | of putting on the bridal veil with about common things that we are apt to over- and, of course, the Emperor William as much sentiment as that of taking to look in our search for information. You objects very strongly to any publica- their first long gown or gathering up will understand, therefore, why we tion which might reflect upon German of their girlish tresses into a maidenly select subjects to talk about with which policy in the past, or which might be coil of plaits, the majority of them you and everybody else ought to be in any way injurious to what he con- make good wives, and still better

side of her character. If he is a doctor, she will make out his bills for him; if a tradesman, she will look after the accounts and preside over the till; whatever his occupation, she will lend

him a helping hand. What I wish to lay stress on is the fact that the Frenchwoman, although use for root crops, except as they may extremely emotional as times, in the ordinary business of life looks at nothing through a purely romantic and sentimental medium. It is this peculiarity which marks the chief distinction between her and the American woman. The latter is just as passion-

There is a dreamy sentimentality in the nature of our American woman that easily and frequently merges into religious melancholy-a malady almost unknown in France. From maidenhood to old age her views of life are romantic. Even after much misfortune and disappointment, she rarely the value of the silo for preserving sees things as they really are. Congreen crops. It is now a season when sequently, she is not the helpmate in a material sense that the Frenchwoman

But the deficiency is abundantly and if it is afterward abandoned for made up in other ways. It is the exception when she loves her children more than her husband, while the is wanted on every farm, a separate Frenchwoman's affection for her offplace for calving cows or sick animals. | spring is generally all-absorbing. The sentimentality of the American woman valuable uses. The silo may be filled is at once her strength and her weakwith the second cutting of clover, ness. It is her strength because it is intimately associated with strong re-A silo, constructed by the writer for ligious instinct and reverence for moral principles which color all her thoughts and direct her conduct. It is her weakness, because it is apt to make her rely too much upon others and to cause her to hope when she should act. -Frank Leslie, in Philadelphia Press.

The Value of Apples

Speaking of apples, Prof. Faraday says: "There is scarcely any article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Let every family in autumn lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary plank is spiked across the foot in the supplies. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is baked apples. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread, and without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling the febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple-sound, ripe and lusciousfor the pies, cakes and candies and other sweetmeats, with which the children are too often stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctors' bills sufficient in a single year to lay up a stock

of this delicious fruit for a season's use