RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

THE HARVEST.

I watch the golden willows swaying the skifter keen,
While the corn stands waiting stately, a splendid, glittering sheen.
I hear the reapers coming with merry shout and song,
Then I see the willows falling in solid ranks along.

The grain not only falling, but the timber flowers, too,
And with them tares and thistles are swallowed through and through.
For the reaper reaps a harvest that is heavy for the grain
While the voice of the master calleth: "It must not be delayed."

And this is the mighty harvest in all our glorious land—
The reaper is the angel and happy there to joy on every hand;
For toil is sweet to the faithful, reward will come at last,
So the reaper sings and labors until day-light hours are past.

I see the harvest over, and mountains of golden grain
Await the thresher's pleasure, and it shall not wait in vain;
For I hear the hum of engines and clatter of turning wheels—
Let us wait a moment!—linger—and see what this reveals.

You know what we see, good farmer, in fields now brown and bare
Where the grain is kept from the thistles—from thistle and from tare
And only the grain is wanted, the thistles are cast away,
While the flowers that died and withered shall bloom another day.

I see another harvest in the grain fields of this life—
The wheat is beat and shaken with labor sore and strife
But the reaper, cometh often, with footsteps soft as air—
He takes the grain and flowers, the thistle and the tare.

The harvest is ever ripening to the reaper's subtle treath—
To the knife of the silent reaper, whose mystic name is Death
And we know not the hour of his coming, whether at night or day,
Nor why he should spare the thistles and take our flowers away.

In this living and mighty harvest we are grain or worthless chaff;
We can not serve two masters—God wants no work by half
And I pray, when the harvest is over, at the garnering of the wheat,
I, with the grain and flowers, may kneel at the Master's feet.

—*Guy Davidson, in Good Housekeeping.*

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Thrilling Adventure With Ravenous Wolves in Norway.

A Feud Caused by a Love Affair Settled Amid the Howling of Wild Beasts—Rescued at the Eleventh Hour.

Where the fir trees began to grow less closely; where, between their tall trunks and in their black foliage, gleamed a few crimson splashes of fire as the sun sank below the horizon; where the snow lay deep and unspotted, save by the multitudinous prints of their own restless feet—there, on the outskirts of the forest, at the wane of day, the wolves were gathering themselves together. Hungry they were, and eager for work to begin. There was no play among them, no leaping over one another's backs, or wrestling or growling pretenses at fighting. They were on business—the first business of life to keep life; and to keep life, if you happen to be a wolf, means hard work and plenty of it, with but little time to spare on the amenities of existence.

And now their old gray leaders—warriors who have survived many a scene of death and disaster to man and wolf—leap out together from the woods upon the darkening plain. They raise their noses, sniff the wind and shake themselves. One yawns and stretches his paws, while a puff of hot breath rises from his tongue, and, as he shuts his narrow jaws with a snap, sharp canine teeth, white as the snow itself, glitter in the dusk.

Then begins that long, slouching, tireless trot, that infernal gallop which beats horse and man and all things living for combined speed and endurance. The pack covers nearly five and twenty square yards of snow and settles into its stride, each beast moving and turning in unison with the rest, as a flight of birds mysteriously wheels in air. They are Norway wolves these, and experience has long since taught them what work will be necessary before supper and a return to their forest fastnesses.

Note what happens almost at the start. One little brute suddenly slips and strains his leg. Fearfully he glances at his companions on the right and left, but as yet they know not of the accident. All too soon, however, the pace tells upon the injured animal. Nature asserts herself in the great gray wolf; his eyes glow like red hot embers, his sinewy leg gives under him, he howls his farewell to dear life, and his place in the ranks know him no more. But the maimed creature's sufferings are over almost instantly, for the fittest alone survive in a pack of wolves. A ravenous fighting mass of fur and legs and teeth closes in upon him, and he is gone, leaving no monument more enduring than drops of his own hot blood, which have fallen and melted for themselves deep holes in the trampled snow.

Then forward they sweep, the cannibals, on the best possible terms with one another, and feeling as you would feel after anchovy, or an olive, or some such preliminary to some important gastronomic efforts.

But now, ahead, there stands a solitary tree, naked save where, on its topmost branches, the dark pine needles mingle in one shapeless clump, or where, lower down, dead cones still cling to the parent bough. In the rough bark at its foot are flecks of wool; but the sheep which rub themselves there in the summer are far away now.

Something of greater interest meets the wolves here. Along the snow at the base of the tree and running at right angles to the course they have till now been taking extend two parallel lines, cut by the irons of a sledge. One vehicle alone has passed since the snow last fell, but it appears to have gone by quite recently, for the scent is strong and the pack take it up without a moment's halt. Now supper becomes a probability, for where there is a sledge there is a horse, perhaps two; where there is a sledge there is also a man, possibly more than one.

Have you ever heard the howling of wolves?

I have, seated in a comfortable place of entertainment, with my mind at ease and certain knowledge that many iron bars separated me from the invisible howlers. Even under these circumstances the sound was one that made me turn cold and wonder how nature had produced anything so hideous. It is like nothing but itself; you can not compare or contrast it with any other cry of living things; a gale of wind in the rigging of a big ship at sea is the nearest approach to it I know. Thin, hollow wails of sound grow and swell and burst into one demoniac howl that embodies in its volume every conceivable note of despair and eternal torture. Then the crescendo dies—sometimes as though suddenly strangled, more often in long drawn shrieks that fade upon the ear. There is music in their cadences at times; those that I heard were fairly in tune—but such a tune, such a droning, fiendish whirling blast of melody it was. If the nether world has its own music, that music should be the howl of hungry wolves—the frantic chorus whose culmination is death to flying wingers, or fleeing audience, or both.

So much for the wolves. I know, so much for wolves whose hearts are broken and whose sides have ached often enough under the heavy whip of their master. So much for the same wolves who do closely resemble and have earned the beauty of obedience, forgetting, at the same time, the watch word of all wolves, that union is strength. Return we to my pack, which is moving like one big machine, and the component parts of which are bound together by tongues.

The snow, for them, is in perfect order but somebody ahead may purchase find his horses crashing through the thin frozen surface at every stride. The darkness suits the hunters well, but somebody ahead may be praying for that moonlight which, at present, only shows silver fringes on a black cloud. To them, their wolf music is their dinner gong, but somebody ahead may hear nothing more beautiful than his own passing bell in the distant signalling rising and falling and evening over the snow.

Fortunately, thought and a pen travel quicker than even gray wolves, therefore—though not knowing with certainty whether it can catch us again before the end of the story—we will leave the racing pack and draw level with the sledge.

Here it is, sure enough, pushing through the snow and spinning out those two parallel lines as it goes. The stout broken horses are galloping steadily and the solitary man sitting behind them does not use whip or word at present. He must be some miles nearer home ere the last struggle begins, and he not only knows the road well, but can also guess with tolerable accuracy at the distance which still lends enchantment to the wolf music in the darkness behind him. Physically, Eric Sivatsen is a typical Norwegian—strong and in the prime of life. He has been in passing peril from the wolves before to-day; the rug now wrapped about him, one corner of which flaps and rustles in the snow, is made of wolf skins. To sight he appears anxious, however; his horses are powerful but not fleet, and in his judgment, when the journey is ended, there will be a very short quarter of a mile between his sledge and its pursuers. As though to encourage him, the moon at last rises free of the far-stretching cloud that, till the present, has hidden it. A clear white light floods the darkness, and the snowy plain begins to widen out upon every side as the driver, rising in his seat, casts one searching glance ahead, looks to the fastening of a big leathern bag which is tied to the floor of the sledge, and then gazes long and carefully behind him. Yes, there they are; just a little dark shadow on the waste, a shadow which one less experienced might have overlooked altogether, but a shadow that is moving hardly less quickly than those cast by the rack of broken clouds, drifting across the moon.

What Sivantsen had seen in front of him was a black line on the horizon, and a tall finger post, still far ahead, where two roads met. What he had not seen, was a figure on foot, travelling toward the same black line upon the horizon.

The pedestrian is moving but slowly, and has very little more running left in him. The snow retards every step, and clogs in lumps upon the heels of his boots. There is no track to go by, but he keeps straight as he can for the tall finger post. To reach the black line before those flying feet in the rear have closed with him, is, he knows, impossible, and yet he staggers forward. He can not help himself. The instinct of self-preservation would make him struggle on even though safety were a hundred miles distant instead of scarce five. And on he will drag his tired body till he drops, or till the wolves put him down.

Then comes—think of it—the sound of sledge-bells in his ears, the one earthly melody he knows that, in his present sore strait, can mean succor and salvation. He heeds it not at first. The Norwegians are a superstitious folk, and our poor wretch thinks that the night demons are abroad, dancing in the drifting snow wreaths, laughing at his agony and tuning the distant howlings into the sound of bells.

Sledge bells do not always make music. There is nothing to suggest pleasure and plumes and nodding of proud equine heads in the harsh jangle that now rushes down upon the traveler. Sivantsen's horses have long since caught the distant chorus and their ears are beginning to lie back and their necks to stretch out. Jangle, jangle, that, thud, thud, go hoofs and bells. A hot steam streams away from the animals, and the bright red ray of a little lamp in front of the sledge casts a glow upon their sweating flanks. The driver is standing up now, and unwinds the lash of his long whip. His hat is off and he looks with a frown behind him. To us, horses and man and vehicle seem but the incarnation of flying terror, to him on foot, a chariot sent straight from God.

And thus they meet, these men, than whom Norway could not show two enemies more bitter. They are dwellers in the little village of Jokedal, in Finmark, the most northern division of Tromso, or Northern Norway. There had their fathers lived before them, and there had Sivantsen, rich, proud and the autocrat of his birthplace, cruelly wronged Eric Skien, a young herdsman and a poor one.

An old, stale story it was of two men loving the same woman. Young Eric had been every thing to her until the other came creeping into her heart, ousting the old love and replacing it with one ten times as powerful. She dare not tell her betrothed, and upon the eve of her marriage Sivantsen had stolen the girl away with her own consent, married her in a distant hamlet, and then, returning, braved the black storm of rage that swept over him. All believed this step to be one of most lawless abduction upon the man's part, and he only thinking for his wife and her reputation, was content that in such a belief Jokedal should remain. Eric Skien, however, was wiser. He had long noted the change in his sweet-heart, and the blow did not fall so heavily upon him, therefore, as his friends supposed. He was a good-hearted, easy-going, loutish fellow, not over quick of comprehension, but a popular man among his comrades and one with a kind soul in him. That he would nurse his revenge until it grew into something strong and terrible, and could walk alone, was the general opinion in Jokedal. But Skien breathed no word of his future intentions to any body, and went on living and working tamely enough, though with most of the laughter and rough frolic blotted out of his life. It is improbable that he would ever have seriously set about retaliation or gone far out of his way to get it. Dwellers in northern lands, all things being equal, are not so fruitful of violence and the knife as hot-blooded men of the south. Nor have they quite such keenness and capability for suffering or joy. Their sensibilities are somewhat more blunt, and there is more prose and less poetry in their lives, less sunshine and more hard work. I speak, of course, of the lower social classes; Skien was a shepherd; Sivantsen, the keeper of a small inn.

And now—a year after the catastrophe—they meet, the one flushed and hot and nearly spent with his hard running, the other cold and white, and with all his wits about him. Skien, thinking to see a friend, looks up at the man in the sledge. As he does so, anxiety changes to incredulous and savage joy; the howl of wolves falls unheeded upon his ear, he clutches hard at something hidden in his belt and shows his teeth. The other, with an iron hand upon the reins, checks for an instant his flying sledge and keeps pace with his old enemy. One of the struggling horses, arrested in his fight for life, coughs and plunges to be free. The bells clash and jangle, for a moment the hungry throats behind are silent; over all the moon shines bright and cold, bringing out every detail of the scene as clearly as daylight could.

Sivantsen speaks first.

"Ah, friend Skien, thou will have to go at a greater pace than thy present jog if Jokedal is to see thee again. Grasbonn (wolf) travels a world faster and is now nearer to thee than thou art to home. Will thou be content a while? If so, it is at thy service."

At last we meet thing," panted the other. "I had rather meet thee than the grandest friend and strongest horse in Norway. Let me thro act in my hand. Bolle Sivantsen. No, stay thy hotheels, or I will use it for thee."

"Fool! Thou do not! Couldst thou stop not a year ago? Thou think not to hold back those cold knees here by an act of valor?"

For answer Skien levelled a pistol at the head of the horse nearest him. The barrel flashed in the moonlight like a knife, and Sivantsen, choking in his throat the cry of horror that rose to it, pulled at the reins, and small overturned the vehicle he drove.

"This is no time for jesting, man!" he cried "Leap to me, and do it quickly, or we shall both be lost."

"And why not? Thou hast left me nothing to live for. Every thing that was good to me in the world has been taken by thee; now it is my turn, and I could wish thee, but that I had rather leave to those behind."

While the lowers were nearly disentangling themselves from the wreck, Sivantsen made an answer.

"Think not that I fear death any more than thee. If thou without that bullet of mine shall reach his home I care not. I plead not for my safety least of all at thy hands, but others need for it. The past is past, the wrongs I have done to thee are past, and past atoning. Stay me if thou will, it is but justice, but be generous to thine hour of triumph. Save twenty Skien. I ruined it, and see that what is in the sledge be given to those I leave behind. Believe, when questioned, that I fell from my place and then couldst not stay the horses to save me."

So he spoke, and a great wave of feeling passed through the other's mind. Never had his heavy brain been so enlivened, never before had the possibility of neither and horses entered within them. Like a dream memory, as his mother's words fell upon his ear, he saw the girl at home nursing her baby, saw the sledge flash through the village street, saw the husband receive the strong embrace and cries of thankfulness to God. That was all, no vision of his own figure in the story unfolded itself. A flash of lightning could not be quicker than the thought, as it filled his brain, and transformed every ambition, passion, desire.

"True," he said. "I have no quarrel with those in thine home. Thou art a husband, a father. I had forgotten. Get you gone, Sivantsen; my eyes are opened now and I see far ahead. Fly, man, while there is yet time; take these pistols with thee, too, and remember in the days to come there was no evil between us at the end. Go, I say, the horses are kicking themselves."

He held up the weapons, and finding that the driver was too occupied to take them from him, placed both pistols at his feet in the sledge as Sivantsen answered:

"Slayest thou thine? Be cried. "By Heaven, Skien, such an enemy as thou makest is worth a thousand friends. Leave thee, man! Never! Mount, I command it, else I will shoot those frantic beasts myself. God willing, we shall yet sleep in our houses to-night. If not, then together here."

Eric hesitated for a brief moment. The thought of a great sacrifice was strong within him, but his old enemy would not be denied. His will was as powerless as the others, and most assuredly both men must have perished had not Skien relented. At last, therefore, yielding to Sivantsen's entreaty, he crawled exhausted on the kinder seat of the sledge, and not a moment too soon, the men were whirled away together.

(Read without haste the above dialogue, it timed, would be found to take two and a half minutes. In fact, however, it barely occupied two.)

Five short minutes later the wolves arrived upon the spot where the sledge is trampled and Skien's footmarks cease. Now they are racing for the quarry, shown up black and clear against the snow, little more than a mile ahead.

Let us once more hunt with the hunters and watch them as their feet falling like the pattering rustle of rain, they come on, one hustling against another. Their mouths are open, the hair upon their backs is beginning to stiffen and stand on end, their phosphorescent eyes are fixed upon the flying sledge. A long stern chase it has been, and it seems like to meet with a grand reward. If all goes well. Be yard by yard they get upon better terms with the vehicle. Now the black horizon gradually changes into its regular outlines of a pine forest; true, even beneath the trees, gleam sparks of red and yellow fire that suggest human habitations, but Jokedal is distant a mile yet, whereas three hundred yards alone separate wolves and men. Now, a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and then—supper!

Like the believes of a force sob the horses and need not the heavy whip, though that now and again hisses in the air over their heads. Great jets of steam burst from their gaping nostrils, and they show the blood-shot whites of their eyes. Prince Skien got upon the sledge not another word has been spoken. Sivantsen drives with magnificent nerve and judgment, keeping the horses steady, but getting every inch out of them he can. If either comes down it must mean certain death to all. Skien sits crouched up at the back of the sledge with his face to the oncoming multitude and a pistol in each hand. Nearer get the wolves and nearer. They are now going about twenty yards in a hundred quicker than their prey. The big sledge-rug manufactured from skins of their defunct kindred, is thrown to them; but what are dead wolves' coats as an article of food compared with the shining sides of those galloping animals, now only fifty yards in front? It hardly stays them for a moment.

Jokedal is still nearly a quarter of a mile off. Sivantsen jodels, and the clear notes go echoing forward to the village and back to the wolves. They give tongue again in answer and strive each to be alongside the horses before the other. That last long-drawn howl may save the sledge, for it has told those at home every thing. Sivantsen sees lights flashing in the distance and knows that doors are being opened, dogs let loose, and guns hastily snatched from their places. Twenty-five yards only now between the sledge and the foremost wolf. Skien cocks his pistol, and keeps cool as a statue. Grasbonn, No. 1, is a grand, determined fellow, believe me. They look at one another, the man and brute, and there is more expression now in the wolf's face than in the man's. One reckoning without his host, his shark's eyes glittering like stars, is divided between an attack upon Eric or the horses. The human being feels a pistol trigger under each forefinger and waits; for it will not do to miss. Twenty yards, eighteen, fifteen—then Sivantsen shouts to his comrade:

"The dogs are coming!"

Skien does not answer, and keeps his eye upon the foremost wolf. Ten yards off he is now. The deep baying of his dogs and the shouts of men mingle with the cry of the wolves, the snort of the horses, and the bells ringing on over everything. Then Skien feels the sledge slacken speed and raises his arm not a moment too soon. Grasbonn No. 1 sees a stream of fire dart toward him, feels a terrible blow in the chest and falls, writhing, howling and gnashing his teeth in the cold snow. Some among his companions stop to do the last honours to their old leader, but more than half keep on. Skien shoots another, and hurling his pistols with tremendous force among them, breaks the leg of a third. Sivantsen gives the horses their heads and strikes at the long gray brutes now streaming upon either side. Here come the dogs at last, fresh and full of fighting. Twenty there are, if not more, all eager for a tussle with the universal enemy. They rush into the wolves, and at the same moment one of the horses comes down with a crash, struggles upon his knees, falls again, shrieks, tries in vain to rise and rolls over, beaten upon his side. The other, breaking his trace and lashing out, comes near braining his driver, but instead catches a wolf which has jumped at Sivantsen fair in the chest, and hurls him back five yards. Skien has mounted on one board the left arm and sank a knife with his right. The dead horse, with a dozen wolves tearing at its head, rises straight into the receding pack. Then hatchet pieces and axe rise and fall hard to hand hatchet with yelps, dragging behind them snap at their throats. All the air with the strong rattle smell of their kind, and when a hour gone jerkin, hoof and knife cut their lives in the scattering snow.

It was a sudden and terrible battle while it lasted, and future days for conversation to chat day in plenty. Half the dogs were killed, and more than one brave man who rushed to the rescue will carry deep tokens of the fight to his grave. Sivantsen came worst off. His left arm was badly torn, and one bite in his throat must have been fatal had the brute who made it jumped a little stronger. Skien fought like a demon, and escaped marvelously, with scarce more than six ugly scratch or two. One horse died whether it fell, the other escaped with its life, but was ruined for all practical purposes. Sivantsen's wife, however, looked to it that the excellent beast should live the remainder of his days in honorable idleness.

And the morrow, those survivors of heaven, one not be dismissed disgraced. Upon the field they left four and twenty slain and some eight or nine wounded to the death. Dangle dispatched, bore, unarmed, and unbeaten, the survivors got back to their desirable home, and, search the land that sun to, to find their like, provided an adequate sine before the moon had set.

For many you, those warrior, without exactly appreciating the fact, had achieved a great and splendid work. They had brought to the surface such traits in order in human nature, they had, in very short selection, done that which none of their sages had ever done, they had destroyed a blood feud and built upon its ruins a friendship which will stand while the Grasbonn have life—Daughters of Angelica.

EARLY WOMAN'S WORK.

Deep-Rooted Prejudice Against an Enlarged Field of Occupation.

Although Frances Burney, Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth and Hannah More enjoyed in the eighteenth century an honorable position in the cultured circles of society, the authoress was held in general discredit as adopting a vocation not only at variance with the due discharge of feminine duties, but incompatible with the modesty that should ever be the distinguishing attribute of her sex. The blue stocking was deemed an abnormal creation of a corrupt society, a fungus excrescence nourished by decay. The publicity of authorship must inevitably destroy that sensitive delicacy of the feminine character, which was its especial charm. A due performance of the wife and mother's duty was irreconcilable with the essentially masculine function of writing books. A woman should find within the sphere of domestic life full scope for the exercise of any talent she might possess. Monk Lewis, the author of a popular romance, reproved his mother, early in this century, for attempting to write a tale, and with that uncompromising frankness of expression which characterizes some relatives, he informed her "that she had no business to be a public character, and that a female author became that contemptible thing, 'a sort of half man.'" The memories of Jane Austen show that she braved the public opinion of the day in publishing her well-known works, but though personally that seems to have given her little concern, yet to please her family she had always a handkerchief at hand to conceal from view the writings on which she might be engaged when visitors were announced. Miss Mariteau details early experiences of a somewhat similar character, and it was not until her twenty-seventh year, when forced by circumstances to attain the means of self-support, that she ceased to take precautions to keep her vocation a secret from the world. But no lady writer suffered so severely as Mrs. Somerville from the public opinion of those days, as her womanly love of mathematics immensely aggregated the guilt of her infraction of the established code of feminine propriety. Her afflicted relatives adjured her to give up her discreditable studies, and not to bring disgrace upon herself and family by indulgence in such unwomanly pursuits. The evils that a feminine study of Euclid were calculated to produce disquieted the clergy, and from the pulpit in York Cathedral Mrs. Somerville was condemned as an offender against the laws of God, as well as a transgressor of the accepted code of womanly propriety. The highly gifted Caroline Herschel, declared by the Astronomical Society in 1828 to have accomplished a work "probably unparalleled either in magnitude or importance in the annals of astronomical labor," shared with Mrs. Somerville in the discredit attached to feminine scientific studies. Even her illustrious brother, imbued apparently with the prejudices of the day, seems throughout the long indefatigable and loving service she rendered him to have regarded and treated her in the light of a useful drudge. And so little did her nephew, Sir John Herschel, consider her entitled to any mark of public honor and respect, that, when the Astronomical Society resolved to present her with a gold medal for her discoveries of comets and her catalogue of stars and nebulae, he most unkindly wrote to his aged aunt to say that he had "strenuously resisted" the resolution. The piteous plaint of her old age, that from the earliest dawn of reminiscence, her life had been one of "sorrow, trouble and disappointment," must evoke the deepest sympathy, mingled with indignation at the social prejudice that had embittered her laborious existence. Since the day she died, now nearly forty years ago, the English code of feminine propriety has undergone a notable change, and since the more distant time when Mrs. Somerville was condemned from the pulpit of York Cathedral, the change is some important respects amounts to a revolution.—*Woman's World.*

—If the loaned book does not come back, wait for it! A friend out West writes that he has just had returned to him by mail from 700 miles distant a book which he had loaned twenty-four years ago. The borrower died many years ago, but among some old books left to his son it was at last found and returned.—*Chicago Advance.*

—You can't make a success of dairy farming unless you know how many pounds of milk and butter each individual cow in your herd can produce in a year.—*Cultivator.*

INTELLECT VS. MONEY.

The Real and Imaginary Success of Poor Young Men.

Young men who are employed in great establishments, at moderate salaries, often feel discouraged by the seeming impossibility of their ever getting fair fortunes. They argue thus with themselves, and with an assurance in dubious tones: "The money on this business with office requires a capital of one hundred thousand dollars; how is it possible for a young fellow with a salary of five or six hundred dollars a year to save a tenth part of that sum?" They assume that it is impossible, and hence conclude that it is the comfortable doctrine of fate that they must remain toiling drudges all the days of their lives.

This reasoning appears to come home with a startling power to the minds of young gentlemen who have had the luck to fall desperately in love with pretty girls. Out of every hundred lovers we meet, at least ten are from young men of actual feelings and real manliness, who are dead in love and have no prospects of an advance, and who would like to be informed what they ought to do in the part of wishing to go to South America, and make a rapid fortune in the coffee trade, or marry at home and live in a garret, or lay themselves and their earnings at the bottom of their mature affair, having previously had a heart-feel to each wife, and if some of them are wise, then what do we recommend?

These modest youths stumble a fact with which they are pushing the other, namely, that the very men whom they envy, and whose fortunes seem so shamefully beyond their reach, they are beginning to, at the bottom of the ladder. With a few well-known exceptions, all the great financial, commercial firms, newspapers, private banking houses, retail stores in the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and Baltimore are at this moment owned and conducted by men who began their career in poverty, and whose prospects during their youth and early manhood were quite as disheartening as those of any of our introducers, correspondents. And with regard to that delusive dream of emigrating to some other State or country, we can assure our young friends that the conditions of prosperity in every land are the same. The one source of prosperity, at all times and in all places, is this: *Industry directed by Intelligence.*

The real capital of a great business is not money, but intellect. This is the corner stone of our political economy. The degree of intelligence with which a business is conducted is the measure of its permanent prosperity. Millions of capital can not save it if there is a fool in the counting-room who exercises control. This fundamental business truth is not often acknowledged in so many words, but it is constantly acted upon in the sure and rapid promotion of young men who show that they possess a decided talent for business. The best head tends upward by a law as sure as gravitation. That best head may be, to-day, in the basement, soliciting as water-boy or and errand boy to the partners. We look in next year, and find him the foreman of that department, and so he marches upward through all the gradations, until he lands safe and sound in the counting-room as junior partner.

Though appearances are sometimes against the remark, it is nevertheless true that a man generally gets on in life as fast as he becomes fit to be entrusted with the more difficult duties that belong to a superior station. And nowhere is this so generally true as in the business world.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ATHLETIC GIRLS.

Their Brilliant Success as Performers in the Lawn Tennis Court.

Ten or fifteen years ago no man would have believed it possible that girls—that men of whose aptitudes Tom Tulliver entertained so disparaging an estimate—could ever have become such brilliant performers in the lawn tennis court. Even among men less prejudiced than the young hero of "The Mill on the Floss," it had always been an article of faith that women "can neither throw nor jump," and that the day would never come when a tennis bat wielded by a female arm would really and truly "strike" a ball instead of "opposing" it. They knew not what could be done with the female tennis player by merely "matching her young." The girls who have learned their tennis in the school room, so to speak, who began this game at the age when they began their "scales" and "exercises," are very often nowadays a match for their brothers. And if power has been born grace, which, indeed, if it does not always spring from power must always have power for one of its parents. No one who has ever seen a really skilled competitor in a "ladies' tournament" but will at once retract and apologize for the impious word "awkward" and "unfeminate." If any such slanders have ever passed his lips. Lawn tennis has now fairly won its title to be considered a fitting game not merely for "young men and children" but for "old men (or at any rate middle-aged men) and maidens" also. I have said my say on behalf of the latter, and as for the former they, if they are sensible men, are hardened against ridicule. Why may they not as legitimately breathe themselves, though unskilled, on the tennis court, as group the crabbiness catching car or mount the unmanageable horse? Aquatic and equestrian facilities, moreover, are less easily come by than the opportunities in these days for a bout at lawn tennis.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

The Old Man's Mistake.

Mrs. Hendricks was entertaining some ladies at a select little five o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather.

"Ma," he said, politely, as refreshments were being served, "may I have some tongue, please?"

"There isn't any tongue, Bobby."

"That's funny," commented Bobby, "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

NEBRASKA COTTONWOOD.

The Wonderful Possibilities Illustrated by a Freakish Western Tree.

I was on a pleasure trip, and the Nebraska tree was one of the many parts of my outfit, the one bulky article. He kept me from going to sleep by squeaking his fiddle up into the cornice and killing the monotonous tales of the mill and the crops that grew in it, his tales being evidently products of the mill and mill and were flavored with the aroma of Omaha whisky. I remember he spoke of rye straw hot of which cause and felt pulse, and a horse shoeing smith, some of more of a part of whisky caution, talk bagpipe that one was could carry, horses that would go over a pack mountain, equivalent a hundred pin powder pulse, two you could pay out with a cow-bell, whose three packs to the footed, apiece slaves of three packers don't mention it and power among raise slave.

Said he: "The only trouble with us in these parts is timber. Our high cotton-wood "longitude the giraffe." Cotton-wood a sunspot like aspens, a species of poplar, but it's tomato a day from pine after shoots as an ax. In spring it shoots cotton, till it's three inches on the ground and blows all around over the United States. Shoots cotton pine some and thinks it is dead, so it takes a good deal to convince he got it out. It's powerful to warm when it's cold down, and a good deal colder down than when generally. Why, I started to build a log house and of it when I first moved there, in the year one and look, in three days begins to twist as fast up, as every one of you could to the ground as equipment, all covered all over the field. I thought old Satan was in log, for I didn't know much about black cottonwood as accomplishments. I'd cut and trimmed some long poles, a when the sun brought out to life they got frisky a crawled around like snakes or serpents you see pictures of. Mister, I'm actually sent big cottonwood sawings gift to twister "a cut up kill. Once went to sleep side as a log in the shadder a it cut over me. Now I would wake up a nearly killed me. You don't want to fool much round me for you can't please an confidence in 'em. 'a you don't want to where you once gift acquainted with me. A fellow went to sleep on a white board, 'a it started up round him like a bass pool, 'a we had to split the board to keep him from bein' squeezed to death. Board houses is dangerous, as they're likely to fly off a give yo a bigger snap 'a yo need, anyways you house is likely to warp 'a crawl around another man's field, 'a it's all right as far as he's concerned, it's his property then—that's the law then. My first house was out of it, 'a it warped a twisted so yo couldn't tell which was the gable end, 'a in time 'a a week the blind show was at the front, crackin' night 'a day 'a no sleep, 'a the floor bulgin' up 'a down like old dogs was flitin' an south, 'a the chimney got to stan' in' straight up like spelin on a pork-boy plan, an not a door could be shut.

"Can't dress these boards, for they keep bulgin' up so the jack-plane can't tech 'em. When they want her to stay jis lay the boards out in the skies 'a they curl up round, 'a they cluck 'em together 'a put heads in, make bushel measures that a way, too, 'a chicken house. Plant green beans yonts 'a they no bean' to grow like green willow, 'a that's a great hinderation, for you've got to be takin' the top board off 'a pottin' it on the bottom, or else the cattle'll move be pittin' under.

"My two littlest ones was playin' teeter-totter with a long line one day 'a all on a sudden' both ends flopped up 'a one went over the pig pen 'a lodged over a hay stack. Why, I made my pump stock 'a all out of settin' hard, 'a the first hot day the bottom of it fell out, an' allsigh dry 'a the

Mrs. L. F.

MOON BLOCK

Has returned from S

Comp

In her line ever bre

On Ex

AUTUMN

MILL

is now ... attention is attracted it will not turn to strike one seizing it.

The Kisik, often found in India, is venomous and subsists on smaller snakes.

In the "chain viper," the fangs are very long and being very fierce it is the most dreaded snake in India. The chain viper has been known to live a whole year without food and gets to be seven feet long.

The green tree viper is a cousin of the American rattlesnake and consists of eight species, though but one species is well known.—*Chicago News.*

Voice, Cabarrh and False Teeth.

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant remarks they get about their nasal twang, or yet to be told second by our dry climate, long conversations, and the universal prevalence of somewhat difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

This is more of a space to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imperfection in eating and by ways of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unwholesome.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in rough and consumption, which are promoted by the conditions induced by deranged stomach action. The conditions in a nutshell, and authority to our assertions who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by stimulants and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption, catarrh and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard preparations handed down from our ancestors, and have continuously put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies practically stand as the full and whole answer advance, to protest with an unanimous vote of Warner's Log Cabin cough cures, to consumption and prevent the same continuance, give a good life insurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadfully and of unfailing, sometimes consumptions, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Clinton's Sir Fisher, of Boston, Henry Ward Beecher, and that place to the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 8th, 1888: "I do not cough at the lungs any more, my cough done not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells. Warner's Log Cabin cure seemed to cure with of catarrh and she is sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nasal talkers and false mouth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

THE BELL-CORD SYSTEM.

Overcoming Almost the Terrorism and Dread Its Introduction Is.

The general abandoning of the bell and system of signalling on trains explains the existing way in which that system had its origin. It was on the Erie road about 1868. The road was then in operation between Piermont and Turner's. One passenger train, which was also a freight, ran each way on the road. The conductor was "Poppy" Ayers. There were no ticket offices or agents in those days and the conductor had to collect fares on the cars. There was a great controversy between the conductor and the engineer as to which was the actual head of the train management. "Poppy" Ayers had an engineer who was particularly obstinate in his belief that the engineer was vested the supreme rank in collecting fares. "Poppy" had difficulty in getting money from obstreperous passengers and as he could not throw them off bodily off with the train going at speed, and as he had no way of stopping the engineer knew that he [illegible] the train stopped, a great many would be lost by passengers [illegible] before they could [illegible] to pay up. One day A[illegible] a particularly annoying [illegible] and after reaching Turner's he [illegible] to provide some way of communication between himself and the engineer so that he could [illegible] the passengers at the [illegible]. After much thought he hit upon a plan. He went to New York [illegible] dred yards of hard cord. To one end of this he fastened a stick of wood, which he knew in the engineer's cab, as he passed for a cab in those days. He ran the rope back over the cars to the end of the train and let it hang down so he could catch hold of it on the rear platform. He told the engineer that when he felt that stick of wood the train was stopped, no matter where it was. But this innovation he [illegible] through the engineer so one had lower his rank and removed the dignity of being the head of the train. So on the first [illegible] the conductor's signal he [illegible] the stick of wood, and "Poppy" was as bad off as ever. But the latter was determined to settle the matter then and there, and when the train reached its destination he [illegible] the stick of wood and told the engineer that if it was removed again it was not noticed when applied, then the engineer must lick the conductor or the conductor would lick the engineer. The engineer removed the stick at once, and "Poppy" Ayers hit him a blow that knocked him off the engine. The conductor jumped after him, and followed up his blow with a tomahawk that made the engineer cry "enough." That settled the introduction of the train signal to American railroading, and also the question as to who was master of the train. "Poppy" Ayers replaced the stick, and it was not again disturbed, but the signaling was conducted faithfully and promptly by the engineer. The idea was soon improved upon, and the stick of wood gave way to the bell, and every railroad then in existence or that came into existence afterward adopted this system. "Poppy" Ayers died four years ago at Oswego, aged eighty years. He was retired from the service of the road on a pension in 1888.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Any Thing for a Trade.

Peddler—I am introducing a new kind of hair brush which——

Business man (impatiently)—I've no use for a hair brush. Can's you see I'm bald?

Peddler—Yes, sir. Your lady, perhaps——

Business man—She's bald, too, except when she goes out.

Peddler—Yes, sir. Child at home, probably——

Business man—Only a month old. Bald, too.

Peddler—Yes, sir. You keep a pug dog, may be——

Business man—We do, but it's a hairless dog.

Peddler (desperately)—Can't I sell you a fly-trap, sir?—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Leaves were invented by a Sun[illegible] in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., 1536.