RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. . . . NEBRASKA

THE HOME-BOUND HOST.

The sound of a host advancing,
  Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Under the windy flicker
  And flare of the evening lamp,
Under the steady whiteness
  Of the clear electric light,
The sound of an army marching
  Is in the streets to-night.

Not to the clamor of bugles,
  Nor the stormy beat of drums,
Not to the battle's tocsin,
  The jubilant army comes.
A sweeter music summons
  And thrills along the line,
Though each for himself may bear it,
  And make to the next no sign.

The patter of tiny footfalls
  That run to an open door,
The mother's tender singing,
  Her step on the nursery floor,
The boyish shout of welcome,
  The girlish ripple of glee,
At the click in the guarded portal
  Of the home-bound father's key.

This is the army's music;
  Cheerily calls good night
The merry voice of the comrade
  As he passes out of sight
Into the heart of the household
  When the day's long work is done,
And wife and bairns are waiting
  With a kiss for their dearest one.

Under the windy flicker
  And flare of the evening lamp,
I hear a host advancing
  With steady and resolute tramp—
A host of the strong and gentle,
  A throng of the brave and true,
Dear little wives and mothers,
  Hastening home to you!

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.*

SPORT IN RUSSIA.

Exciting Scenes Enacted in Hunting Wolf and Bear.

Three Ways of Bringing the Wily Wolf to Earth—Squealing Pig as Bait—Buying the Bear Before Shooting Him.

When, last winter, I paid my third visit to the Holy Russian Empire, I was enabled, in accordance with my long entertained and ardent desire, to get rid, for a few days, of business which chained me to either Petersburg or Moscow, and thoroughly indulge my passion for the chase. The days, or what is more exact, the nights of pleasurable sport I enjoyed I owe chiefly to my friend, Alexander P., whose possessions, situated at the very foot of the Waldai Mountains, which, with their profusely wooded slopes and deep, ravine-like valleys, their marshy plains, etc., are the haunts of wild animals of every kind. In these mountains are to be killed every species of game to be found in European Russia, from the wolf and bear to the rebtchik, a kind of partridge, but with the game taste more pronounced. Notwithstanding the sobering effect of a wolf hunt three years ago hard on the Russo-Polish frontier, the real winter wolf hunting still had an irresistible charm for me.

As a rule the wolf is brought to bay in three different ways. When there is no snow the game is driven to certain places and there killed by the hunters. This sport is comparatively tame and never had more interest for me than hare hunting in Germany. The landlord fixes one or several hunting days, invites a great number of hunters, and the peasants, who, by a survival of serfdom, are compelled to join in a wolf hunt at any time and without remuneration, assemble in families, men, women and children. The part of the forest where wolves have been seen is surrounded, a chain of shooters is formed and then the signal for driving is given. From 100 to 150 peasants enter the woods and raise an infernal noise by clapping pieces of flat wood together, striking the trees and beating a certain kind of a drum. The wolf likes the odds with him, not against him, and as he has no stomach for this clatter, sneaks out of the woods and dashes through the cordon of hunters, who try their marksmanship on him. Those who believe that the wolf attacks a man under such circumstances may disabuse themselves. The frightened animal runs away where it can, and he who would hit the rascal as he dashes through the brush must be a quick and sure shot. But, as I said before, this kind of sport has no charm for me. What a safe kind of hunting it is, is best illustrated by the fact that one day three ladies of our host's household accompanied us, and we killed that day no less than twenty wolves. I have never heard that at one of these hunts a wolf ever attacked a human being.

The second way of hunting the wolf is to lie in ambush, to decoy the wolf by means of living or dead bait, and then send a ball into him from your hiding-place. But this, too, is not very exciting. Many nights have I thus sat in the bitterest cold to return home finally without having fired a single shot. But the third way furnishes the kind of sport that puts a heavier strain on your nerves. This is hunting in a sled. If one sees a Russian winter scene illustrated with a sled flying swiftly over the snow-covered space he is instantly reminded of wolves. So, recently, a child at an exposition of pictures where everybody admired a Russian winter landscape with a "Troika" flying over the snow is said to have remarked to its mother: "But, mamma, this is not finished; where are the wolves?"

Apparently a sled has more attractive power for a wolf than the bait offered him in the wood. It almost seems that the ogre supposes the occupants of a sled will prove especially tickling to the palate. On a certain moonlit night of January we were assembled around the vaporing samovar (the Russian teakettle) after having had a very substantial supper. At intervals we drank the aromatic Caravan-tea, or sipped Atchishtchina (a popular Russian cordial), when, at about 10:30, Ivan, my friend's huntsman, announced that the sled was ready and that it was time to start. Owing to the continuous snowfall of the preceding days, which formed a snow and ice cover over a foot in thickness, a great many hungry wolves had made their appearance in the neighborhood. This was my first experience of wolf hunting in a sled, and I confess that my heart beat fast when I pictured to myself a host of famished wolves, bloodthirsty assailants which we could keep back only by quick and deadly discharges while our sled, drawn by horses mad with fright, was flying over the snow like a phantom.

Quickly we exchanged our house-dresses for furred coats and boots, examined for the last time our shot-guns and heavy revolvers, the sharp hunting-knives fastened to our belts, and soon we were out in the moonlit night. While I was accustomed to see an elegant sled of St. Petersburg make awaiting us under the porch of the manor, the long-bearded driver, weighing seven pud (about 280 pounds), his head covered with the orthodox three-cornered Chapka of violet velvet, I now, on the contrary, beheld a miserable rustic sled, worse even than a common Isvostchik; indeed, just about the kind of sled the Finlanders use when visiting Petersburg during the butter week. Before the wretched vehicle stood two miserable, rugged, sorry jades, one in the curved shafts, the other on the side as a gallop horse, Ivan, the huntsman, himself holding the reins, clad as a Russian cattle dealer. The entire outfit had the aspect of a cattle-dealers' conveyance. The seats were half on the side and half on the back, and we arranged ourselves as warm and snug as possible; but as I discovered late one never should wrap his legs too closely as he may find sudden and unexpected use for them. After we had taken our seats a youngster came struggling with a sack containing a wriggling pig, the medium designed to call the ravenous wolves to our heels. As I missed the bells I was informed that the wolf, on account of his innate cowardice, is scared away by too much noise and would not dare to come within the reach of fire-arms. When we left the court yard we struck a quicker pace than I ever would have thought those rugged, shaggy horses capable of. We had driven about three versts (less than two miles) when suddenly our trot horse sank into the snow and, in his endeavors to get out of the trap, upset the sled. We congratulated ourselves that this accident occurred then instead of later when we heard the howls of the famished beasts around us, as an attack on their part would have inevitably proved fatal to us. At the same time I became aware that I was wrapped up too much, for it required some time to get out of my covers and stand on my feet. Finally we righted ourselves and our sled and proceeded on our ride over the glittering plain of snow.

After we had gone from two to three versts more and reached the forest Ivan suddenly stopped, while the servant we had with us fastened to the rear of the sled a rope about twenty-five feet long. At the end of this rope was attached a piece of putrid meat wrapped in a bundle of hay. This is the bait which, in connection with the squealing of the pig, attracts the wolves within shooting range. We drove from this time forward at a moderate pace, while the servant pinched the pig to make it squeal. After awhile a long-drawn howl on the left apprised us that wolves were following on our track. My excitement increased and suddenly both of us were aiming at a dark shadow that flitted across our way about sixty paces to the rear of our sled. An interval of deep silence, even the little pig ceased its music, probably grown used already to the pinching attentions of its companion. All at a sudden the latter uttered a loud cry of pain and the pig resumed its squealing—the servant alternately uttering pitiable groans and vociferating madly. We had no time to inquire just then into the cause of this commotion, as the forest began to get lively with wolves. But, as we learnt afterwards, a very tragico-comical incident had happened; an incident that nobody would believe who does not know the Russian peasant thoroughly. When the pig became accustomed to the pinching its companion recurred to an expedient of his own. He took the animal's small curled tail between his teeth, and the pig, mad with pain, had turned round and retaliated on his tormentor's nose. I saw the man the next morning; he looked really pitiable, besides he had to endure the mocking of everybody.

But to revert to our veracious friends. On both sides ran the howling devils. The underbrush rustled and suddenly a gigantic wolf emerged from the cover and sprang upon the moonlit way. My heart palpitated feverishly. No one made any movement, and noiselessly our sled went on. With his nose on the snow the rascal followed us. I can not imagine what restrained me, but instead of firing at our pursuing foe, I stared at him as if spellbound, without even thinking of my gun. But not so Friend Alexander P. With cold blood, steeled by numerous similar ventures, he was aiming at the game. Suddenly the report of his gun startled the echoes of the forest and immediately we saw the wolf turn around and leave a black spot on the white surface. Only after the shot did I hear the rustle of fugitive animals on both sides, a sign that many invisible foes were following us. After some time had elapsed we halted in the middle of a clearing. The pig squealed pitifully, and I somehow felt the presence of wolves without seeing them. Suddenly I saw a dark body emerge from the thicket, another followed, and, quick as lightning, two powerful wolves darted into the white space. I aimed at the one on the left, Friend P. at the other. Both shots rang out simultaneously, and two objects rolled over on the snow to cease moving after a few minutes. Then Ivan whipped up the admirably trained horses, and drove back the same way we had come. Hardly had we gone back a hundred paces, when P.'s gun cracked again, a third wolf paying for his bloodthirstiness with his life. The next moment I became aware of a pair of red glaring eyes in a fir thicket. I fired, but must have missed, for a rustle announced the flight of the game.

Now, in gradually shortening intervals, we see the dark bodies of our foes fly over the high road, but unfortunately out of range. Suddenly the horses prick up their ears and even the stoically calm Ivan utters an exclamation between an oath and bewilderment—a powerful wolf had crossed the road close in front of the horses. I was on the point of turning round when I perceived a lank and hungry-looking beast emerge from the ditch, and with a terrific bound precipitate himself on the bait at the end of the rope. My gun cracked simultaneously with that of P., and the mighty fellow rolled in his blood. Which of us had killed him I know not, but my amiable friend gave the credit of the shot to me. We drove back to our booty and loaded it on our sled (the only instance in which we did so), as I had expressed a wish to have a cover made out of the fur, and we found him an especially handsome specimen. On our way back we killed four more wolves, so that we felt amply satisfied with our night's work when we reached home at about three o'clock in the morning.

In some regions where wolves are more numerous and make their appearance in packs, scythes are fastened to the sled to protect it against the wolves should they attack it in large numbers. In such localities, too, a hunting party is always composed of from six to ten shooters in one large sled or two smaller ones. Notwithstanding the precautions it sometimes happens that the horses steaming with sweat rush into the court yard with the wreck of the sled, on which only a few blood-soaked rags give sad evidence of the fate of the merry hunting party that started out so gayly a few hours before. In such a case the wolves, strong in numbers, frantic with hunger, regardless of the danger, attack the sled and devour the hunters. Although I had many opportunities to join those large parties I always refrained, as a man at your back with a gun and in a high state of excitement is even more dangerous than half a dozen frantic wolves. I had one experience of this kind in which a fellow hunter fired so close to my head that I consider it a favor of Providence that I am able to write these lines. Ever since I have gone hunting only with men whom I know to be deliberate marksmen, preferring only one companion to a greater number.

It is a quaint and surprising fact that in Russia the hunter must buy his bear before he can kill him. I had expressed a desire to go bear hunting and one night, after attending a fashionable performance at the Moscow Theater, was at the "Eremitage," a restaurant, I think without an equal in the world, awaiting the return of my friend P., who had driven a lady to her home. I was chatting with some acquaintances when P. entered and asked me with a smile: "Apropos, what will we pay for the bear?" I responded that I did not want to buy, but wanted to shoot a bear. After many funny remarks I learned that we would have to buy the bear before we could hunt him. The peasants make it their business to discover the lair of the bear, and as soon as they find one send word to their landlords or to a well-known hunter asking what price he will pay per pud. The pud is thirty-six English pounds and the peasants generally ask from ten to twelve rubles per pud. They usually get eight rubles (about four dollars) per pud. After the bargain is completed the day for the hunt is fixed, and, the hunters having been posted, the peasants enter the woods and drive the bear out to them. After the animal is killed he is weighed and the price agreed on is paid.

The Monday following the meeting at the Eremitage our party, six in number, boarded the St. Petersburg express, leaving Moscow at nine o'clock p. m. At 4:30 in the morning the conductor awakened us, and at five we alighted. Friend P.'s country seat is only about two versts distant from the depot, and soon two sleds conveyed us to that hospitable roof. Comfortably heated rooms received us and after having taken a cup of hot tea we all went to bed again to enjoy some more rest, as we did not intend to start on the hunt before ten o'clock. At nine o'clock we were called to a sumptuous breakfast. The faithful Ivan gave me a report of the locality, where and how the peasants had discovered the bear, what preparations had been made and how the bear should be driven within the shooting circle. We then started. Our equipment consisted of thick but not burdensome furs, high impermeable boots, heavy short double-barreled guns, revolvers and long hunting knives. In two sleds we rapidly proceeded on our way to the wooded hills of the Waldai Mountains. After a drive of about one hour we alighted, and, led by Ivan, climbed and glided down a deep ravine, not an easy job, considering our outfit. Then we marched for about fifteen minutes along the bottom of the ravine until we came on the right to a second broad defile. This was to be the theater of our present expedition, for in some of the recesses of this gorge the lair of a bear had been found. Then the chain of hunting was formed, the respective positions being determined by lots. Fate assigned me the extreme left wing where I stood some distance up the mountain side. About 100 paces on the right stood my next neighbor. When I had settled myself in the snow, which was not very deep, I waited for events. I had not much confidence in the advantage of my position for I thought it certain that the bear would make its escape along the valley and not up the slopes. After about three-quarters of an hour I heard the first noise, and then with frequent recurrences the cracking of branches, but without seeing anything. Nearer and nearer came the noise of the drivers, but no report of a gun was heard, nothing resembling the breaking through the woods of a heavy animal was heard. Now the drivers were so near me that I fancied I could see them at any moment, believing, besides, that the driving had been fruitless. I stood there lazy and dejected, the gun resting on my left arm, when suddenly, a little above me, something broke through the bushes. What I thought at that moment I do not recollect, for thought was compressed into seconds, but at any rate I did not imagine that this was a bear, as no shot was to be fired at any other game. I did not even raise my gun. The crackling came nearer, increasing all the while in force, and suddenly, not fifteen yards distant, a huge brown bear emerged from the underbrush, coming down upon me in an oblique line. Without adjusting my gun properly (for which I had not the necessary time) I fired, and with a hissing groan bruin went down, turning somersault after somersault. But, before I had time for a second shot, he was on his legs again and had disappeared in the direction of the other hunters. First my neighbor fired, and then several other shots followed almost simultaneously. Just when I had reloaded, my neighbor fired another shot and the next moment the bear emerged from the bushes, coming for me a second time. He was not farther than fifteen yards. With my gun ready I stood awaiting his advance. He approached a few paces before he discovered me. At first he seemed surprised. Then he reared and made ready for fight. He was not more than eight paces distant and I could see his small eyes set with blood, and bloody saliva flowing from his jaws. His ears were thrown back, and with his mouth wide open he presented a terrible aspect, but in the presence of imminent danger, my self-possession returned. I aimed at the point between his malicious eyes and fired. When the smoke cleared away, bruin was on the ground, his huge frame shaking with convulsive movements. In a little while he was still, but I waited some time with my gun ready before I ventured to approach him. Then I summoned the other hunters to see my prize, for mine he was, as I had fired the fatal shot.

It proved to be a powerful female bear weighing eleven pud. The heaviest ever killed in that country weighed thirteen pud. She had received eight balls; my first ball had entered the flank, gone through and through and made its exit at the other flank. To carry the bear home was a task left to the overjoyed Ivan, who praised my shot above the eyes. No one was happier than I on our way homeward.

To-day this she bear—stuffed under my direction—is standing almost exactly in the same position as when I sent that ball into her brain, on one of the steps of my house, exciting the admiration of every visitor by her huge frame, powerful steel-like claws and terrific jaws.—*St. Louis Republic.*

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

The Most Recent Developments Reached by Investigators and Inventors.

Natural gas is used in China for fuel.

The United States produced $259,000,000 of metallic products in 1887 and $282,000,000 of non-metallic mineral products.

Coal is worked in Kilkenny within ten to twenty miles of three railways, but there is no branch railway to the mines.

Peroxide of hydrogen in one-half or 3 per cent. solutions is said to be good in cases of diphtheria, eczema and cancerous ulceration.

Lime water is said to be an admirable remedy in diphtheria, a teaspoonful being slowly taken each hour. It can be taken readily by children.

It is said that strips of red or blue flannel dipped in liquid arsenic and laid around the edges of carpets, will prove sure death to Buffalo moths.

A gigantic fossil discovered in Kansas is of an animal over 16 feet in length, the joints measuring 3 feet 8 inches long and the neck 4 to 5 feet.

Flammarion says that the temperature of the planet Mars is at least as high as that upon the earth, and that its polar snows melt more rapidly than ours do.

The Japanese Admiralty has decided to coat the bottoms of all its ships with a material much like the ordinary lacquer which we know on furniture and cabinet work.

The fastest armed cruiser in the world is said to be the German Grief, with 2,000 tons displacement and 5,400 indicated horse-power. She makes twenty-three knots per hour.

A large timber raft which lately started from Mayence for Utrecht, was 725 feet long and 175 feet broad and required 120 hands. It contained 4,000 pieces and was valued at about $100,000.

A manufacturer of carpet said some time ago that the perfection of textile machinery had so kept pace with the demand for adulteration of fabrics that the mills nowadays could spin almost any thing but sand.

The new "steam turbine" runs at only 18,000 revolutions per minute. It would be at least as much trouble to gear such an engine down to ordinary high-speed machinery as to gear our ordinary steam engine up to running the same machines.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A couple of gentlemen met upon a Boston thoroughfare the other day, and after exchanging the usual interrogatories the conversation turned to the consideration of a mutual acquaintance. "I met him about an hour ago and he wanted to borrow a quarter," remarked one. "Wanted to borrow a quarter, did he?" returned the other. "He sized you up pretty well; he wanted $10 from me."—*Boston Budget.*

LITERARY WOMEN.

Some of Their Peculiarities and Why They Neglect Their Millinery.

It has been oftimes said, and the saying has gone uncontradicted, that the great majority of our literary women acquire that valuable acquisition, "talent," at the price of feminine charm. Their possessions on this particular point makes the story all the more worthy of credence. If these remarks are in any way applicable to the great army of poems and fiction writers, they are far more closely allied in their signification to the chosen few who invoke the muse's aid. Of those New York City and State claims the largest number, but of their allegiances it can also lay first claim with especial pride. Many of them are not unattractive, and not a few are gifted with rare personal charm. But it does not require a microscopical survey of their garb, head gear and other articles of feminine wardrobe to behold the utter lack of care bestowed on this branch of millinery. Can it be possible that they neglect all sufficient attention in the exuberance of their imagination, or that other causes are not found wanting? I know not of one literary woman throughout the length and breadth of this continent whose attire and general make-up is not something more or less ludicrous or moderately fanatical. This does not reflection their originality and ingenuity. Take for instance Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She is a fair representation of the class of which I write; is poetic, courteous and charitable to a fault, and though gifted with a great deal of social accomplishment and love, still her manner and style of dress is as unbecoming as it is grotesque. Not that she is adverse to appearing to her best advantage in public, for several of her friends assure me that to attain this end is the all-absorbing ambition of her life. But it either arises in each instance from a unique and perhaps circumspect opinion, or the product of an abnormal brain, to turn the victim of genius, the noblest of nature's laws, for it has been asserted by eminent medical experts that productions from the pen of a female possessed of real genius are not and can not be the outcome of a healthy brain. The homes of many of our literary women strongly point in favor of this assumption, but when the question of prevailing style must in usage is considered it will be found that our literary female friends are far below the average shop girl, and many beneath the place of others in humbler spheres of life. A wonderful inconsistency, isn't it?—*Joseph W. Garam, in Journalist.*

A DOMESTICATED DOE.

The Rare Pet Reared by a Pennsylvania Farmer's Family.

Ayro Tippie, a farmer living near Scranton, Pa., has a tame doe that was caught in a spring brook forest when she was a very young fawn. Her name is Kate, and she is as tame as a kitten. She scampers with the sheep and lambs when she feels like it, grazes with the cattle, runs about the yard, and has the freedom of the farm generally. Whenever she gets lonesome or becomes tired of associating with the other animals on the farm she marches right into the house and silently, yet understandingly, coaxes members of the family to notice and pet her. If any of the folks speak cross to her, and tell her to clear out, she instantly leaves the room with the air of an injured innocent, but she will return at once if a kind word is spoken to her, and allow her handsome head to be rubbed and her sleek hide to be stroked. Kate is very sensitive, for she has been tenderly reared, and a harsh, unkind word seems to hurt her feelings as much as a violent slap on the cheek. She is never treated in this way except when some member of Mr. Tipple's family desires to show the visitor how sensitive handsome Kate is, but she has never been spoiled, and she is as kind and obedient now as she was when she was a pretty fawn five years ago.

During the summer and fall Kate rambles far enough into the forest to find companions of her own genus, but she never remains with them for more than a day or two at a time. Until two years ago she had not stayed away over night, but she did not put in an appearance one stormy night in June and the family imagined that she had gone away for good. In the afternoon of the following day, however, Kate came cantering down the slope back of the farm buildings, dashed into the yard, trotted into the kitchen and acted as if she was delighted to see Mr. and Mrs. Tipple and all of the children. She makes frequent visits to the woods, and once last summer when she ran down the glade into the clearing at the top of the hill three gallant bucks were following her. They came no further than the edge of the woods, disappearing into the forest when they saw that Kate was bent on returning to her human protectors. At another time two bucks were seen with her when she left the woods. Kate has twice given birth to a single fawn, and last year she had a pair of twins.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A Big Pennsylvanian.

The death of Winnie Johnson, the negro giantess, recalls another monster of corporosity who died in Milford, Pike County, Pa., on September 27, 1841. His name was Louis Cornelius and he was a noted hotel-keeper in his day. The following facts about him may be seen on the flyleaf of one of the musty record books in the County Clerk's office:

Louis Cornelius died September 27, 1841.
Dimensions are as follows:
Height, 6 feet.

	Ft.	In.
Circumference below the waist	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference at the waist	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference arm below elbow	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference arm at elbow	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference wrist	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference thigh	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference calf of leg	[illegible]	[illegible]
Circumference ankle	[illegible]	[illegible]

Weight, 6[illegible] pounds without clothing.

We do hereby certify that we were present and assisted in weighing Louis Cornelius after his death, and that the statement above is true and correct. Horace L. West, John Schimmel, M. Dimmick, E. R. Eldred, O. H. Mott.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A vain and ignorant woman, of the shoddy tribe, boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, exultingly said "he was in the mortification table."

BREATH IN SINGING.

Advice That Should be Heeded by Old and Young Vocalists.

To properly control the escape of breath in singing is an indispensable adjunct to good tone. I say escape of breath is the more important as contrasted with the act of drawing in the breath, commonly called inspiration. It is true that the method of an inspiration influences, to a greater or less extent, the character of the expiration, dependent largely however, on the singer's culture and ability. The abdominal muscles and the diaphragm are the great expiratory muscles. That is, they both hold back and force out the breath when properly used. The ordinary expiration occupies two or three seconds of time. The expiration in singing consumes from ten to twenty seconds, and even longer. In the breathing out for purposes of life the sensation is of breath going from us. In breathing out while singing one should have the sensation of breath coming toward one, "drunk in," as it were. The proper use of breathing muscles will cure a husky tone, a guttural or throaty tone, a tired throat after singing, wrong intonation, singing out of tune, and is of great help in the treatment of nasal tones.

Advice to beginners (and many advanced pupils) in singing: When breathing in a perfectly natural and easy manner and with no restrictions from clothing or otherwise, shoulders relaxed and reposing, notice the slight expansion of the walls of the abdomen as you breathe in. This movement is caused by the descent of the diaphragm as it pushes out the abdominal viscera before it. You will notice that after taking in a moderate breath in this manner the tendency will be for the abdomen to immediately resume its position of rest and the breath to escape. Now instead of allowing this to take place in two or three seconds, prolong it by preserving the expansion of the abdomen and holding back the breath so that the expiration occupies five or six seconds of time. If you are wholly unused to exercises of this kind you will notice that after a few inspirations and expirations the muscles will appear slightly fatigued, and you will feel like taking a long breath. You have been giving them a little extra labor to perform; this will increase the flow of blood to them, which means increased nourishment and strength. After practicing in this manner once or twice a day for a week, you will notice that your fatigue diminishes as your strength and power of control increases, and this is the first step in learning to sing. I do not say that you may not develop the control in any other way, as for instance in exercise coupled with tone, but in one way or another it must be done.

Do not begin your practice with inhaling more than a moderate amount of air, as this will be much more difficult for you to control, and will tend to remove your efforts from the proper muscles to interfering muscles. Avoid raising the shoulders as this affects sympathetically throat muscles that should be relaxed. After continuing this practice for a few days and the muscles become in a manner used to holding back the breath, tone may be employed with the syllable ah or lah, reserving the breath in the same manner as in the breathing exercise, taking care to sing with a moderate amount of tone as being easier than one that is too soft or too loud.—*H. W. Giles, in Albany Journal.*

GRIT AND PLUCK.

A St. Louis Doctor Says That He Has Seen Them Save Many Lives.

I have had a patient who coolly said to me, "I will not die." I was compelled to assure her that she would. There was no hope for her. "Doctor," she answered, "you are a fool. I shall not die." Grit it was that carried her through. A few years later she was sick again, and, as I thought, unto death; but there came the same all-conquering reply, "You are talking nonsense; I shall get well." And she did. This was repeated a third time, till I actually began to believe she would get well any way and at all times. It never occurred to me to think of her as liable to die. Finally her mortal sickness came, and I expected to help her up as usual. But now she replied, "Doctor, you can come or go as you please; I am going to die; this is my last illness." "O, no," I said; "we will have you out in a few days." "Nonsense," she answered, "you are talking what you know nothing about. I shall never be well again." In two days she was dead. Her grit gave out; her pluck was good to the last. She had pluck enough to face death; she had no longer grit to endure disease. There is no question but that moral and mental grit go with physical to sustain vitality. A stout will wards off the blows of disease. In this case the patient went straight ahead to die without a flinch or a whine. She had a vast faith in the "All Right," and allowed no one to dabble in theology at her bedside. She marched into the "next life" as she often had into the next year, and had not a tremor. She took her pluck with her. She treated a neighbor's prayers as she treated my medicine. "You can come if you like," she said, "or you can go. Your prayers can't stop me and they can't change me—no more than the doctor's powders." She was a woman of extraordinary intelligence and determination.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Sultan Khalifa's Sister.

A sister of Sultan Khalifa of Zanzibar, is the widow of a Hamburg merchant by the name of Rute, and has been residing in Germany with her children. Her elder brother, Barghash, the recently deceased predecessor of Khalifa, cruelly rejected her claim to a share in the paternal inheritance, and even refused to permit her to reside in his realm. She was in hopes of better treatment from Khalifa, and of being assigned to her proper station in her country, but, according to the latest reports, she has fared but little better. It is said to be her intention to take up her residence in Zanzibar, where she will enjoy the protection of the German government, being herself a German subject.—*N. Y. Post.*

MUMMIES BY SAMPLE.

A Modern Industry Which Ought to Commend Itself to Men of Cash.

"Anything in my line to-day?"

The speaker was a quick, wiry little man who had slipped quietly in and seated himself at our elbow.

"What is your line?" we asked.

"Selling mummies by sample," he replied.

"Never heard of such a thing."

"Of course not," chuckled the stranger. "Nobody ever did. It's an original scheme of my own. You see the supply of Egyptian mummies is running short, owing to the great demand. In England, you know, they grind 'em up into paint."

"Ground into paint?"

"Certainly. It has been going on for some time now. Number make yellow paint and brunettes are worked over into various shades of brown."

"Shades of the Rameses! to what base uses—"

"Base uses of course, but this is an utilitarian age, you must remember. No one knows to what uses his own ashes may be put when cremation becomes general."

"True, too true."

"Now it occurred to me that as the total extinction of ancient mummies was only a matter of time, some people of antiquarian tastes might be willing to pay for specimen copies to keep as curiosities of a by-gone age, understand, and I have made arrangements to supply them."

"Capital idea."

"I think so myself. I am prepared to furnish, direct from Thebes, Kings, Queens—"

"Jacks?"

"Yes, Jacks, if they have them. The Pharaohs, you know, are in greatest demand, because the name is best known. They were given a wide notoriety, you remember, on account of the one who oppressed the Israelites and refused to let them go, though why anybody should refuse to let so lovely a lot go is more than I could ever comprehend."

"Have you the original Pharaoh?"

"We have. He is easily identified on account of his body being colored a deep red by the action of the Red Sea, from which it was finally rescued by the coroner."

"I don't care to risk any thing on Phar'oh. The game is too uncertain."

"Perhaps you would like a Thothmes, or a Rameses. They were Kings but they don't rate so high. I can sell you a very good Rameses, wrapped in papyrus, on which is inscribed the Egyptian rules for base-ball, for a dollar and a half."

"No place to put it."

"It won't occupy much room. In my sample case, which I left at the hotel, I have the cheek of an Egyptian insurance agent, which compares well with the American variety. I will bring my samples this afternoon if you say so."

"Don't trouble yourself."

"No trouble to show goods, I assure you. Sure you don't want a mummy? They'll be gone soon."

"Which I hope you will be. Good-day."

"Good-day."—*Texas Siftings.*

A STRANGE REPTILE.

Queer Facts and Remarkable Superstitions Concerning the Salamander.

"What is that curious creature?" asked a reporter of a gentleman of scientific tastes who was found attentively watching a strange-looking animal swimming about in a glass globe full of water.

"That, my boy, is a prize—the latest addition to my collection of living curiosities. It is a Rocky Mountain salamander and was sent to me by a friend in the West. Salamanders are common, but not this kind. There are people who confound them with lizards, which they resemble a little in shape, but a lizard is a very different animal. The salamander family is divided into two groups, the aquatic and the terrestrial, and there are many different species in each group. Generally speaking these animals live on land when full grown, but the young are developed in water. Like frogs, they undergo a strange metamorphosis during their growth. The young salamander lives in water and breathes by means of gills, which disappear later in life, when the respiration becomes pulmonary."

The creature was five or six inches long, the tail being more than half the length of the body. Its color was a bright orange and its body was beautifully spotted. It had four legs with four toes on each of the front feet and five on the hind feet. Its head was flat and had a decidedly ugly look.

"What does it live on?"

"In its natural state it subsists on worms, flies and various other insects. I haven't had it long enough to determine what sort of food suits it best."

"Is it harmless?"

"Perfectly so. All salamanders are, though there are some terrible superstitions concerning these inoffensive creatures. You notice that large gland behind its eye? Well, these glands secrete a great quantity of yellow matter which the salamander ejects at will. This power gave rise to the old notion that the creature is able to extinguish fire and to remain in it unharmed. This superstition is a very ancient one and is mentioned by Pliny.

"You have doubtless heard of the fiery salamander. Not very long ago it was generally believed that if a fire was kept burning day and night for seven years a salamander would come out. It took seven years for the creature to get its growth, and the danger that a salamander, born of the flame and destroying everything that it touched, would issue forth, caused much uneasiness among the superstitious. Hence it was customary in England and Scotland to extinguish fires at least once during that period to kill off salamanders. Such were some of the absurdities once believed in by sensible people."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—Should a young, able-bodied, well-rooted, and otherwise capable professor of perfect love hold on to a comfortable seat, while a lady in front of him is hanging on to the street-car strap? Why politely resign a seat in the parlor, but cling so fondly to it in the car?—*Christian Standard.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Vanilla has been discovered as an animal substance by M. Villon, a French chemist, who finds that cow worms contain about three per cent. of it.

—The Germans have discovered that the pollen of the pine tree produces influenza, exactly like what in this country is called "rose cold" and "hay fever."

—French physicians are reporting great success with the prompt internal use of an antiseptic in cases of typhoid fever. After disinfection of the intestines, according to this method, the disease runs a short course.

—Paper is now manufactured from seaweed, according to a process recently invented in Japan. The article made in this way is said to be so strong as to be almost untearable, is sufficiently transparent to admit of its being used as window glass, and takes all colors about equally well.

—Dr. Zambaco of Constantinople, who has lived for several years among the lepers of the far East, says that he has never met a single instance of contagion, although the malady is certainly hereditary, the children of lepers becoming lepers at the age of ten, fifteen and twenty years generally.

—The increasing application of electricity in mining work is based on the solid foundation of economy attained. The Aspen Mining and Smelting Company, which was one of the first to put electric motors underground for pumping, hoisting and haulage, have effected a large saving in the cost of their ore through this means.

—J. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, computes the total number of stars of which some knowledge may be gained with the optical aid now available, at from 45,000,000 to 50,000,000. Only about 6,000 are visible to the naked eye—4,000 in the Northern hemisphere and 2,000 in the Southern.

—After experiments on the relative merits of castor oil and of olive oil as lubricants, the Italian Admiralty has ordered that the exposed parts of the ship's machinery be lubricated exclusively with castor oil, and that mineral oils be used for cylinder and similar lubrication.

—When the first electric telegraph was established, the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute with the five-needle instrument; in 1849 the average rate for newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone instrument is employed, reaches four hundred and sixty-three words. And thus, what was regarded as marvelous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in half a century.—*Answers.*

—The art of tempering copper so as to give it a hardness and fine cutting edge was known to the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, but it is one of the lost arts. Scientific men have vainly endeavored to rediscover it. It is possible that the Indians of Ecuador have, as stated in the paragraph, accidentally found out how to do this, but we want more conclusive evidence than has yet been furnished before we believe it. It would be of some value to civilization if the art were rediscovered, but would not have nearly the importance it once had, since we have iron and steel now which do the work better than the copper tools and weapons ever did.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It takes a girl a long time to read when her lover is sitting beside her on the sand.—*Judge.*

—Barbers like to shave commercial travelers. Their faces are not easily mutilated.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—It is true: Money can not make one respectable, but it makes it tolerable to a great many people.—*Kansas City Star.*

—"Brains will tell," said a talkative dude to an old gent. "Yes," was the reply; "some kinds will, but the genuine article knows how to keep its mouth shut."—*Washington Critic.*

—The young doctors always tell you with a great deal of pride that they belong to the medical profession, but the old fellows who have got there are more fond of referring to their medical practice.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Philadelphia girl—"And so Miss De Flats is married. Did she marry rich?" Friend—"I guess so. Their wedding tour included a day at Niagara Falls."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A sexton, being very familiar with a physician, was asked whether he had entered into partnership with him. "O, yes," said he, "we've been together for some time; I always carry the doctor's work home when it is done."

—Actress (looking out for some way to advertise herself)—"Do you know any thing extraordinary I can do to call the public's attention to me?" Staid old person—"Yes; get married and live happily with your husband."—*Judge.*

—Is there going to be any music at the church festival to-night?" asked Somebody of the pastor. "I do not know," responded that dignitary, who had been many times snubbed by the leader. "I do not know; but the choir will sing."—*Musical Herald.*

—Husband—"I'm afraid, my dear, that this amateur theatrical entertainment is likely to prove a bore." Wife—"It may, John; but for heaven's sake, remember that it is an amateur entertainment, and when the curtain drops after each act don't pick up your hat and go out."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Evelyn," he said, dreamily, "I love you—love you—love you—" "You've told me that about a dozen times," interrupted Evelyn. "If you've nothing else to say we may as well part at once. I'm no dawdler." They were engaged on the spot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Pa," said Johnny, "what does the paper mean when it speaks of a corps of soldiers?" "Corps! Oh, that spells corpus, and means a body. A corps of soldiers is a body of soldiers. Don't you know how your history tells of the body of soldiers moving up the hill?" And then Johnny sighed to think how he must study, study, study to become as wise as his father.—*Harper's Bazar.*