

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOOPER, Proprietor.
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

LULLABY.

Come your eyes, baby, darling,
Like soft clouds over skies of blue!
All unseen the holy angels
Keep their watch, dear, over you.
To his couch in golden splendor
Sinks, at last, the summer sun.
While the twilight, soft and tender,
Tells the day is done.
Lullaby! sleep and rest.
Cradled on this faithful breast!
Safe from life's storms, fierce and wild,
Sleep and rest, my little child:
Lullaby!
Lullaby!

Like a bird, that, tired of roaming,
Seeks at eve its downy nest,
So my birdie, in the gloaming,
Sweetly sleeps upon my breast!
Off to dream land baby's gone—
Slumber's silken sails unfurled—
White night winds are softly blowing
Over the silent world.
Lullaby! sleep and rest.
Cradled on this faithful breast!
Safe from life's storms, fierce and wild,
Sleep and rest, my little child:
Lullaby!
Lullaby!

STORY OF A LIFE.

The Quiet Comfort Miss Denny
Derived from Her Telescope.

There come unsocial periods to the lives of every one of us; days and weeks when our own moods and employments and thoughts are of paramount and engrossing importance and other people lose their interest for us and recede into temporary distance. It is not that we love man less, but ourselves, for the moment, more; some instinct of self-preservation prompts us to be isolated and left alone for awhile.

Such a period came to me summer before last, when, after nearly a year of enforced idleness, I shut myself in the third story corner-room of Mrs. Merryweather's quaint old boarding-house, to make up for lost time, by a short spell of continuous work. Day after day I wrote, and read and took notes, sitting beside a delightful west window, which, from beneath the pendulous boughs, of an immense willow, looked over green meadows and copes to where a distant chain of hill outlines stood against the sky. With that vague, unseeing gaze which does not see, I watched the cloud-shadows flow across the distance and dapple the face of the blue ranges, the crows rising and falling in the meadow with hoarse, jargoning cries, the doves on the neighboring boughs but not the village houses, which formed the foreground of the picture, and the men and women who walked the sleepy streets among them. This was easy, for I am unobservant, both by nature and training, and, for the moment, by intention, I shrank from ideas of interruption, from the danger of becoming interested in man or woman till my work was done. I elected not to see, so I did not see. Happily it rained a good deal just then, so there were fewer people and less temptation.

But by the end of the third week, when the weather had cleared and my work was well along, my dormant observation quickened, and, among other things, I began to wonder idly what could be the purpose of a strange structure on a neighboring roof. It was spherical in form, and seemed altogether too big and ponderous for the very small house which it surmounted. I resolved to inquire of Mrs. Merryweather about it, but forgot my intention from time to time, until one day, when returning from a walk, I found her placidly knitting stockings on her own door-step, with a book on her lap, and suddenly recollected to ask the question.

"That," she replied, "indicating with a wave of her needle the object which had excited my curiosity; 'don't tell that you never noticed it before? That's curious, for it's queer enough to look at. It's where Miss Denny's telescope is.'"

"An observatory! I never thought of that. The house is so very small."

"So it is. It always was a small house. They had great times getting the roof fixed to hold it, and bricking up the sides to make it strong. But nothing else would satisfy Miss Denny, so they managed it at last. I guess the whole thing would come down together if they tried to move it away now."

"But who was this Miss Denny and what did she want of a telescope? Was she so very fond of astronomy?" I asked, seating myself on the steps beside her.

"You're one for stories, I guess," observed my landlady, shrewdly. "This isn't much of a story to tell about, tho' it always makes me feel a little bad to think about Marianne Denny. She was one of the Kennybunkport Denny's. I never knew what time came here in the first place, but here they were as far back as I remember. There was an old mother who was feeble, and a sister who was always sort of ailing and complaining, and Marianne. That was all, except Sarah Denny, and she died young. Marianne taught the district school when I was a mite of a child, so you can see there was a good deal of difference between us, as much as seventeen or eighteen years I guess; but we was always friends somehow, from the first."

"Was she so attractive then?"

"Well, I can't say for everybody. I always pitied her and liked her somehow. She was little and thin and timid-like. She had big eyes, which always seemed to be looking far off and not seeing things that was close to her distinctly."

"Well, I grew up and got married about as early as I could, as girls go, but Marianne stayed an old maid. I don't believe she minded much. Sometimes I've thought there might have been something when she was young, before I knew her, to set her against it; anyhow, she never seemed to care for any of the young men. Her mother and sister kept on getting more and more helpless and she kept on teaching. I suppose they didn't have

much to live on except what Marianne earned. All the spare time she could get she spent in studying. I never saw such a one for books as she was, always reading about plants and bugs and stones, and going about trying to find and make out about them. But what she cared about most of all was stars.

"It is curious how people grow to feel about such things," went on Mrs. Merryweather, composedly. I never saw the day yet when a good spring cleaning or a new recipe for cake didn't interest me more than any amount of stars. Poor Marianne used to talk to me about planets and satellites and milky ways till it was enough to give one a headache to listen to her. I never could see that they did any body a mite of good, they are so far off and we don't really know any thing about them; they just wink down at us and seem unsympathetic somehow. If I was in a worry or a trouble, I should never think of staring round for a star to comfort me. But Marianne was different; she'd sit on the edge of that little stool of her's half the night, if her folks would let her, straining up her poor eyes and trying to make out constellations and poring over some heavenly map or other that she had by the light of a little kerosene lantern. I think it was that which made her get old looking before her time. But she didn't care for looks or parties, even when she was a girl. All her mind was taken up by books, and she seemed sort of lonely from the first day I knew her."

"What an interesting person!" I said, involuntarily, as the picture of the eager girl, a student evidently in her very blood, with so little chance to shake the thirst for knowledge in this arid environment, and "lonely from the first moment," rose before me. But the remark was injudicious and did not meet with favor.

"Well, you're the first that ever called her that," exclaimed Mrs. Merryweather. "She wasn't interesting to people in general and never was in her life. She hadn't a grain of common sense, or a bit of faculty, and she never could have made a good housekeeper. Then her looks wasn't any thing to speak of, and folks do think a sight of that, especially men folks."

"She wasn't pretty, you said?"

"No—though she had pretty things about her, too. Her hair was naturally wavy and it was quite good and thick when I first recollect it; but it fell off early, and she put on caps before she turned forty. She was sort of queer-looking, and her eyes were too big for any thing but an owl, and her face was always worn and tired. That wasn't wonderful, for her life was never an easy one, not at the best. Let me see, I think it must have been about five years after I got married that old Mrs. Denny died. She had a long sickness, and I guess it used up whatever little money they were able to lay by. There was only the sister left then, and she kept on needing more and more attention. I suppose it was some sort of decline, but she held out for years; and Marianne was clear broken down when at last she died, too."

"She was left all alone then. People didn't pity her as much as they ought, perhaps, for Samantha had been a burden; but I knew how she felt. She looked older than ever after that, but she kept on with her books and studies in all her spare times, and she had more spare times than she used to have, because now there was only herself to do for."

"It was just then that Tom Burns came home from Nevada."

"Why, Sarah Denny's son. Didn't I tell you that she married a man named Burns? Well, she did, and she died young when this Tom was a baby, and he came and stayed with his grandmother while till the widower could look round and get married again. Then he moved out West and took Tom with him."

"Tom was always particularly fond of Marianne; I suppose because she had been good to him when he was a little fellow; and Samantha and Miss Denny were pretty strict, I reckon. Anyhow, he struck silver on a claim he had out there somewhere, and the first thing he did with his money was to come home and see his aunt."

"Well, you never did see any thing so pleased as Marianne was at his coming. It was Tom here and Tom there, and she must take him round and show him to every body; and he was a real kind fellow, and no mistake."

"Now, Auntie," he says, "here's your chance. I'm able and ready to fix you out any way you say. Shall I build you a new house to end your days in? or will you have the old one done up? or shall I settle a regular payment on you, so that you needn't teach any more, or what? I'll do just as you decide. Take me while I feel rich," says he, "for it mayn't last, you know."

"So that was the way Marianne Denny got her telescope. She said the old home'd last out her time and was good enough, and she didn't want it fixed over, and that she'd always done for herself and hoped she always should; but the thing she had longed for all her life was to get to know something more about the stars. So if Tom really meant what he said, and wanted to spend his money on her, and had it to spend, why, he should give her a telescope. It was the thing in all the world that she wished for, and the only thing."

"I guess Tom thought it rather funny, but he wanted to please her; and he didn't say any thing, only looked sort of queer. He went down to Cambridge or wherever it is that they sell telescopes—and he got the best one that he could; six inches across it was—as big as the house would bear. Then there was a great time building the observatory and making the wall strong enough to bear; but at last it was all done, and Marianne could turn her telescope to this side and that, and 'weep the heavens,' as she called it. Poor soul! she never had been much of a hand at sweeping, but this kind of sweeping seemed to suit her."

"I do really believe she was the best contented woman in this town when it was all ready. She used to go up into

the tower the minute the sun was down to be all ready, and she could sit up as late as she liked; there was no one now to hinder. Then all the learned people that came to stay at the Old Beach heard about the telescope, and used to drive over to see it and talk about it. It was the first time she had ever got in with her kind of folks, and it did her lots of good. I can tell you."

"There was one Professor at the Beach, that came quite often, and I guess he taught her how to use the telescope better than she knew how at first. Anyhow, all that summer and fall, and way down into the winter she sat up in that place, taking solid comfort. I said then, and I say now, that I never saw but one woman in the world who knew when she had got her wish and was perfectly satisfied about it, and that was Marianne Denny. She did."

"Did she ever take you up to look through the telescope?"

"Yes, two or three times. She'd have done it often if I had wanted to. Marianne was always for sharing with other people. She showed me a nebula—a ring nebula I think she said it was—little shiny stars which you can't see without a telescope. It didn't interest me much, except as things do interest you that you can't see always. I liked the star with a ring that looks like a school-globe a great deal better, but Marianne didn't seem to think much of that. She said quite little telescopes showed it; but it needed a big one like hers to show the nebula. I didn't care a snap for the nebula, but I did care for seeing Marianne so pleased. She actually looked younger, and she used to talk about the 'summer constellations' and how she was going to enjoy them, never thinking, poor dear, how it was to be."

"Why, what happened?"

"O, she died. It was the very May after the telescope came. She didn't have it quite a year. It did seem too bad! I shall always think that staying up in that cold place so much hurt her."

"What a pity! was she sorry to go?"

"No, I don't think she was. I recollect her saying one day when I was sitting beside her: 'You needn't feel bad about me, Alice. Some people die and never in all their lives have their wish granted. I've had mine. Heaven has been brought close to me all this year. And I know just how wonderful it is and how satisfying, and now I am going nearer still to it. No one will miss me much, and I am content, only I wish I could know that somebody would enjoy my dear telescope as I have done.'"

"And did any body?"

"My dear, not a soul has looked through it since that day! Tom was out in California and his mine didn't pan out as he expected, they say, so he isn't so mighty rich, after all. And Mr. Brown, the baker, bought the place. His first idea was to pull the observatory down, but he found he couldn't without pulling down the house, so he just locked it up, and no one ever goes up there. Poor Marianne! I wonder if she knows."

"It seems a lot of money for just that little while," she added, reflectively, as she "toed" her stockings. "I can't find it in my heart to be sorry about it either. It did make Marianne Denny so very happy just for that year."

I glanced up at the knobby dome where the disused telescope was rusting in its days away. The sunset glinted in its closed panes and tinged them with a fiery pink. I thought of the brave patience of the denied and narrow life which had ended in that one year of perfect satisfaction and neither could I find it in my heart to be sorry for the expenditure of Tom Burns's money.—*Susan Coolidge in Independent.*

WINNING FRIENDS.

The Value of Association With Able, Honest and Energetic Men.

It is bad policy to be haughty, repellent, unsocial. The most resolute and determined aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and by no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was the old law in Judea. A lift for a lift is the business rule of today; and if sometimes broken by the ungrateful when there is most need of its observance, it certainly works better than the principle that a man should care utterly for himself, neither giving nor receiving assistance.

But it is not from prudential motives merely that the energetic and persevering assist each other. All men of vigorous minds and elastic temperaments sympathize with effort. They honor the individual who has fought gallantly the battle of life, though reverses may have overtaken him; they recognize him as a kindred spirit, though he lies on his back; they are willing to give him a "boost," because they feel that he needs but a new foothold to assure his ultimate success. These are among the reasons why men who are true to themselves, are almost invariably true to each other, and why their friendship and sympathy mean something more than words.

Let no one, whatever his talents, his opportunities or his confidence in his own powers, despise the alliance of such men. No human being ever was, or will be capable of achieving eminence in the business world without at least the indirect help of others. Therefore, let all young men who are entering business life labor in a manly and just way to make friends—and of the right sort.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Liberal Soul.

"There you go again," said the milkman, as his wife waited on a little boy, "giving nearly double measure, as usual. Why is it a woman never can be trusted to sell milk?"

"The liberal soul shall be made fat," quoted the wife.

"Mary Jane," expostulated the husband, as he looked at the ample form of his spouse, "when a liberal soul already kicks the beam at 27 pounds [firmly] I'll sell the milk myself hereafter, Mary Jane."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CURRENT FASHIONS.

Hints and Suggestions on Matters of Interest to Ladies.

A stylish costume for a young lady just finished by a noted modiste, is made of a new handsome shade of terracotta shot with gold. The skirt is laid in wide flat folds, with a deeply shaggy breadth on one side, and very full, straight drapery in the back. There is an open bodice, trimmed with gold and terracotta silk gimp, arranged as pointed ornaments. The waistcoat is of moss-green peau de soie, closely smoked, tiny bits of gold and terracotta silk showing at each point of the smocking. The vest buttons at the back under the bodice, upon which there are green velvet rovers.

The French visite, though far from novel in design, is still an exceedingly popular wrap with mature women who do not feel just satisfied with the diminutive toy peleries and shoulder coverings that so largely abound just now. These butterfly affairs are too small and too elaborately decorated to please their more practical tastes, and a comfortable and suitable medium between the long Newmarkets, pelisses, etc., and the little bodices with a pair of wings, is found in the garments first mentioned. The shape is ample, graceful, and exactly appropriate for the dressy, sensible wear of matrons.

New Parisian gowns show striped fabrics intermixed with plain materials, in every grade of costume, from the simple house dress to the very grand toilettes for full-dress wear, made of Lyons faille striped with shot velvet, or with a Pompadour broadened stripe in heavy Ture satin, alternating with one of pout de soie. Persian broadened stripes on apricot silk are exhibited, and magnificently illuminated broche satins, striped with velvet bands outlined at the edges with gold or silver imitating gimps and galloons. Many of the inexpensive stuffs in serge, camel's hair, tweed, and armure are striped with narrow lines of the new rich autumn colors, these both wide and narrow.

It can not be affirmed that all fashionable women appearing costumes that match throughout, since there is no longer an universal mode of dressing. However, it is very certain that the fashion of wholeness is very popular. For example, a gown of rich golden-olive cloth reveals the foot of the drop skirt, the vest, collar, and cuffs of cream pilot-cloth braided with green and gold soutache. The hat, whether a toque or turban, is of the cloth of the costume, trimmed with a braided band of the cream fabric, and the muff, lined, will be made of olive cloth, trimmed with a similar band.—*N. Y. Post.*

MRS. CLEVELAND'S RING.

The Engagement Ring Which Was Presented to Her by the President.

Mrs. Cleveland's engagement ring is not, as is generally supposed, the beautiful diamond which she wears just above her wedding-ring, but is a large, old-fashioned seal ring, which now adorns the President's finger. There is quite a little history attached to this ring and the way it came to be bestowed upon Mrs. Cleveland.

A few days before the departure of Mrs. Folsom and her daughter for Europe, it will be remembered that the President went on to New York for the purpose of seeing and bidding them good-bye. It was upon this occasion that the President first definitely asked Mrs. Cleveland to become his wife and fixed the date of their marriage immediately upon her return to this country. Taking from his finger the seal ring which he had worn for years, and which had been originally a gift from Mr. Folsom, the President placed it upon her finger, intending, almost immediately thereafter, to forward her the handsomest diamond that could be found. This plan Mrs. Cleveland herself ultimately changed, as she decided, it would be less likely to attract attention if, during her stay abroad, she wore the old seal ring which had been longed to her dear father.

On the day of her marriage, as is well known, Mrs. Cleveland received a magnificent ring and necklace of solitaires from the President, diamond pendants for the hair and breast from Secretary Whitney and Mrs. Whitney, in addition to numerous other small gifts of a similar nature from others. But, curiously enough, the first diamond ring which Mrs. Cleveland possessed was a tiny little star of diamonds, which she wore upon the little finger of the right hand on the occasion of her marriage. This ring was the gift of a friend in New York, who had known Mrs. Cleveland from early childhood, and who, hearing her mention the fact that she had never owned a diamond, sent the little glittering star from Tiffany's the day before her departure for Washington when she came on to be married. This friend was among the number of those who came on in the same train, and was present at the ceremony.—*Washington Letter.*

The Pool of Bethesda.

The pool of Bethesda has been satisfactorily identified at Jerusalem, according to the chairman of the Palestine exploration fund. All early authorities agree in representing this pool as being near the Church of St. Anne, but nothing was known of the pool in later years till some Algerian monks recently unearthed a large tank in the rock under the church, reached by a flight of twenty-four steps. However, the pool being invariably described as having five porches, this did not quite correspond to the Bethesda pool until now, when Herr Conrad Schick has found a twin pool side by side with the first discovery. These sister pools, therefore, could easily have had a porch on each of the four sides, with a fifth on the wall separating the tanks, and this link is considered to complete the identification! Among other traditions, the old writers describe this Piscina Probatica as the birthplace of the Virgin Mary.—*Boston Home Journal.*

AMERICAN SECRETS.

How They Were Learned by an Enterprising German Official.

A naval officer to-day, in speaking about the presence of foreigners in the navy, told the following story: "I was sent to Europe not long ago on an important errand and it became my duty to form the acquaintance of foreign naval officers, in order to accomplish certain ends I had in view. I met many of them at dinners, receptions and entertainments, and they were informed on American naval affairs. I had occasion to go to Kiel, Germany, for the purpose of visiting the dockyards there. I felt sure that my credentials would admit me to inspect the place, but they did not. I tried a little game of getting the desired pass, by reaching the officials through the use of wines and fine dinners. One day a fine looking German officer met me as I was coming out of my hotel. 'Hello,' said he, slapping me on the shoulder, 'have you got in yet?' He spoke such pure English that for a moment or so I was non-plused."

"No," I replied, "will you get me in?"

"I can't," and thereupon he remarked: "It is easier to get into your yards than ours."

I looked at the officer intently and found by his uniform that he was the chief naval constructor, and the man of all men in the German navy that I wanted to meet. "Will you take a glass of wine with me?" I asked. He consented, and we returned to the hotel.

"After a few minutes' conversation we became quite friendly, and I was surprised at the insight he had of our naval officers. He astonished me by inquiring about certain officers who were at the New York Navy Yard during the late war. I could not restrain my curiosity, and I asked him: 'How did you become acquainted with the officers?'"

"The story is a short one," he replied. "When the war broke out in 1861, I was in the German navy, and I got orders to go to America and study your methods of building ships and getting ganks ready for use. When I got to New York my dress was that of a plain German mechanic. I got work as a carpenter and shipjoiner under a fictitious name, and in a short time I got used to the nickname 'Dutchy.' Nobody knew me and my curious questions were never suspected, and the workmen readily and in a good-humored way answered them. I helped to build and repair ships, and in time got hold of much information. I made plans of the vessel, machinery, gun rigging, and, in fact, got on to everything. I worked hard at night in my room and kept my Government as well posted as I could. The more English I learned the better I understood things that the workmen said in my hearing. I worked on the Merrimack, at Norfolk, and on some of the monitors. I sent much valuable information home. Now you see the reason why you can't get into our yards."

FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS.

Some Curious Incidents Noticed by a Lover of Beach Companions.

Two Scotch terriers were lying before the fire. Prince is an amiable sort of dog; Jack is rather ugly; both are good vermin killers and fond of hunting. I bring in a common back rabbit and place it beside the dogs, with the intention that they were not to touch it. Trust, and then silence, quickly grew between it and Prince, whilst Jack showed unmistakable hatred. In a few days the two friends, with their paws absurdly clasping each other's necks, sleep happily on the rug; they play together, they chase each other up and down the stairs and all over the house at full speed, and when tired come back to the rug. Jack, refusing all this sort of thing, makes the rabbit look at him with a sort of awe. After awhile, being very fond of Bunny, we put on the floor a pretty pink-eyed doe as a present. He stares, sniffs her all over, kills her on the spot, and goes for a romp with his dear Prince. Jack always sleeps under my bed from choice, and just before I put out my light, as I lie, stands up against the bed for his last pat and "good night."

Bunny has observed all this, and quietly creeps into the room, which he refuses to leave; then, likewise, always asks for his "good night," and sleeps somewhere near his great "ideal."

I punished my cat for killing a chicken. The next day he is seen to carry a live chicken in his mouth and lay it down to the hen he had previously robbed. He and the chicken afterwards were frequently observed leaving the orchard together and traveling through the courtyard and back passages to find their way to the kitchen fire-place, where they would sleep in good fellowship. This chicken, I discovered, had been stolen nearly two miles away. It is important to remark that the cat, though a cruel bird-killer, never touched another chicken. Was the idea of compensation in the cat's mind? If not that, all the circumstances are singularly coincident. And why did the chicken prefer the cat's companionship to that of its fellows?—*London Spectator.*

A Successful Starter.

Mr. Bump has been calling for nearly two hours. They are talking music, languidly.

The young lady (suddenly brightening up)—O, I like French opera; it has such a go to it! I like any thing that has go!

He goes.—*Life.*

—An impetuous young man refers to his "uncle" as a very dear relative.—*Berchert Traveler.*

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Fine Specimens of Underestimated Frontier Journalism.

OUR CIRCULATION.—There are newspapers which do more blowing about their circulation than we do, and there may be a few who add more subscribers in a single week, but the Kicker gets there just the same. We began on a circulation of two (2) copies, one of which we carried about in our own pocket, and the other went as a dead-head to the postmaster. Now our circulation is 198 copies which are paid for in advance. This is an increase of 94 per cent. in seven months, and we've got a dollar which says no other newspaper in the world can equal it. We don't claim that the Kicker makes Kings and Emperors tremble on their thrones, or that it has bettered the moral standing of the American masses a thousand per cent, but we do know that we have made life worth the living for a good many people out this way who were ready to hang themselves when our first number was issued, and that every new subscriber who comes has faith that we will make a better man of him.

OUR EXERCISE.—We have been severely criticized because we refused to attend the funeral of old Pete Shinsky, who died on the street of too much whisky one night last week. It is claimed that Old Pete was our creditor in the sum of twelve dollars, and that it was shabby in us not to see him planted. In the first place Old Pete owed us two dollars borrowed money, instead of our owing him. In the first our Sunday pantaloons needed a patch about four feet square at the end opposite the bow, and we did not care to subject ourselves to ridicule for the sake of showing off. We can keep our back behind us in our own office until better times arrive, and that's what we are trying to do. We have sent to San Francisco for a patch the color of our pantaloons, and when it arrives and is welded on to the spot, Richard will be himself again, and ready to rustle at funerals or address a public meeting on the topics of the day.

MUST TAKE THEIR CHANCES.—Times during the past month we have surprised ourselves and the public by mopping the floor with assailants, while on two occasions we have ignominiously took to flight. We state it as a physiological fact that there are times when we had as lief fight a dozen men, and other times when we'd run from a good-sized boy. Parties planning to lick us must be prepared to take their chances. We may fight like a lion or run like a jack-rabbit.

THE COLONEL HAS GONE.—Tony society pretended to be all upset last week because Colonel DeLair was arrested for a horse theft and taken to Nebraska to stand trial. It was only a pretense. We have known for months past that the Colonel was a boat and an impostor, and many others have known it. He sent us an order for a new hat as soon as he arrived here, and thus put us under obligations not to give him away. The hat grew old and rusty after a time, and as the Colonel didn't come in with a cash subscription we felt that we had given him rope enough. We just dropped a hint to the sheriff of Henry County, and a week later the Colonel had the iron on. We saw none every evening after six. We can't be bribed, but there are parties in this town who had best come in and subscribe for copies to send to friends. Our terms are \$1 per year—strictly in advance.

NOT ON HIM.—There are no flies on J. M. P. Brayton, Esq., who owns that beautiful ranch commonly known as Jackass Dell. He entered our office the other day and left a peck of potatoes of his own raising. His wife is one of the handsomest women in the West, his daughter the finest singer and musician, and the gentlemen himself ought to be President of the United States. It is to such go-ahead, enterprising men as Mr. Brayton that Arizona is indebted for her prosperity. We call attention to the two-column ad, which we have inserted free, of the fact that Jackass Dell is for sale at \$10 an acre. It's worth five times that. It is not for us to suggest that other farmers bring us in potatoes, butter, carrots or apples. Such as do will find us ready and willing to give them from one-half a column to three columns of notice in return, and in our most cheerful vein.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHINESE PEDAGOGUES.

Although They are Aboved of Them.

All of us have our experiences of the invincible contempt in which we are held by our stolid mentors, who accept our presents with the air of a chief levying tribute from his retainers. Amusing indeed are the ways in which the frowny old pedagogues betray their feelings, and childishly ingenious the devices to which they have recourse in order to preserve their assumption of their superiority before their countrymen while diagnosing it before the foreigner. Chinese etiquette helps them, for they can put it on and off at pleasure, and trust to the foreigner not being cute enough to follow its ramifications. But sometimes even the ceremonial forms are a snare to them.

One who was in the habit of being reverentially bowed out of the house after each day's lesson, and stopped at the threshold to return the obsequiousness of his pupil, found on one occasion a sudden necessity for adjusting his dress, and in doing so omitted the customary formality. Struck by the singularity of the proceeding, the foreigner had the curiosity to follow the teacher into the street, and there saw passing a Chinese Ting-chai, in whose presence the old teacher would not demean himself by doing reverence to the foreigner.

Another kindly disposed scholar induced his teacher to dine and accompany him to a theater. Employment as it is to sit near to a well-courted Chinese during the time while his theatrical air passages are charged with capriciousness, it must be allowed that the courtesy of the Western pupil was commendable. But the guest felt slightly, notwithstanding the seductive effect of pork and beans, and soon found an excuse for leaving his foreign friend. He could not, in fact, endure being publicly seen in the company of a foreigner. Needless to say that in the street your well-bred Chinese walks like the Levite, on the other side when they see their foreign acquaintance approaching. Chinese Times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card.

—Experiments show that tropical sugar-corn will grow in many parts of Arizona and that it is as productive as in the Sandwich Islands. It is also accepted that the boxwood tree will grow there.

—The report of the Trustees of the Vermont Lunatic Asylum shows the whole number of patients admitted to the asylum in fifty-two years is 6,388; 3,222 men, and 2,966 women.

—A Philadelphia marketman reproves in a cablogram from Prince Bismarck ordering twelve pairs of navy-blue drunks. The same dealer supplies Wilkie Collins with New Jersey snipes.

—A visitor who examined some towns records upon Cape Cod furnishes this extract from an old sermon, preached about 1700, on the sin of wearing periwigs: "Adam, so long as he continued in innocency, did wear his own hair and not a perwig."

—A cooking school lecturer has bravely attacked the custom of the multiplying of little dishes upon the table. She says that the greatest good of the American table is not variety, but variation; variety in food does not necessarily preclude a certain amount of routine.

—A marble worker of Baltimore, Maryland since found a valuable diamond imbedded in a big block of Italian marble, and has had the gem set, without cutting, in a heavy gold ring. Lapidaries say that though such finds are unusual, this is by no means the first on record.

—In some of the counties of Dakota they pay five cents a tail for prairie dogs, and in one place they pass a currency. A man goes into a saloon and for his drinks throws on the counter gopher tails. It looks a little novel in church to see prairie dog tails going into the contribution box, but so it is.

—Not long ago an Italian workman on the water-works at Dover, N. H., received notice that he had been drafted into the Italian army. He at once settled up his small affairs and started for his old home. Asked why he didn't stay here and pay no attention to the draft, he said that if he did he would never dare to return to Italy for he would be liable to arrest and imprisonment.

—In cleaning out the lower levels of the caves at Bordeaux, in France, along with some of the most rudimentary stone arrow-heads yet discovered, there were found a great many oyster shells piled in such a manner as to show that the Neolithic man used the bivalve as a common article of food. The oyster is thus demonstrated to be the oldest domesticated delicacy known to man. These shells are estimated to be over sixty thousand years old.

Cultured Dame.—"Just like a man! You grab a paper as soon as it arrives, keep it all to yourself, and then blame me for not being informed on matters of public interest." Husband—"Well, my dear, I'll read the paper aloud if you wish. Let me see—'Another Ocean Horror.'—'O, don't read that.'—'The Progress of the Campaign.'—'I don't care for politics.'—'Issues of the Hour.'—'Never mind that.'—'Science Solves a Problem.'—'I hate science.'—'Mrs. Tiptop's Party.'—'Description of the Dresses.'—'O, read that.'—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A fight between a rattlesnake and a coach-whip, near Moultrie, Fla., is thus described: The rattlesnake watched his antagonist, but could not obtain an opportunity to strike. Thinking that the coach-whip did not mean business, the rattler then leisurely uncoiled himself and started to go, when, quick as lightning, the whip started for him, seizing him back of the neck, and wrapped himself tightly around his body. In ten minutes the coach-whip leisurely uncoiled himself and glided away into the underbrush, leaving the latter a mass of jelly, quite dead. The rattlesnake had several rattles, and was a dangerous-looking monster.

GEORGE WAS NOT AFRAID.

Young lady (badly frightened)—O, George, here comes pa.

George (ditto)—Where? Where?