RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD NEBRASKA

BUILD WELL.

High on the granite walls the builders, toiling,
Heaved up the massive blocks and slabs to place,
With swart and streaming brows and straining sinews,
Under the summer's blaze.

And higher yet, amid the chills of autumn,
Tier [illegible] tier and arch upon arch arose;
[illegible] swept upward, coldly, wearily, slowly,
[illegible]'er's sifting snows.

From [illegible] to stage up springs the master-[illegible]
Instr[illegible]g, cheering, chiding here and there;
[illegible] with scrutiny severe and rigid
[illegible] laborer's share.

Anon his voice to those most distant shouting
Through the hoarse trumpet makes his orders awe;
Or utter words like these, to rouse and hearten:
"Build well, my men, build well!

"The ropes are strong and new, and sound the pulleys;
The derrick's beams are equal to the strain;
Unerring are the level, line and plummet;
Let naught be done in vain!

"Build that these walls to coming generations
Your skill, your strength, your faithfulness shall tell;
That all may say, as storms and centuries test them,
The men of old built well!"

And ever thus speaks the great Master-Builder
To us, wherever our "journey work" may be;
"Whate'er the toil, the season, or the structure,
Build well—build worthily!"

—H. S. Brown, in Journal of Education.

NORSKE FARMS.

Difficulties Encountered in Tilling Farms in Norway.

Something of the Farmer and His Economic Methods—Every Square Foot of Land Utilized—An Ingenious Hay Telegraph.

While traveling in Norway recently, the writer had an opportunity of obtaining some practical information in connection with farming in that country, and the following remarks are intended to illustrate the typical condition of the peasantry. In certain portions of the south, principally in the Christiania district, comparatively large farming operations are carried on. The contrast between Norwegian farms and those he has left behind at home, must strike the least observant tourist. Yet, though he sees much that seems to him rude and antiquated, one soon finds there are not a few lessons awaiting the agriculturist in the land of the vikings. So adverse are the conditions under which the Norske farmer struggles, that the latter must be almost "after the manner born." And it is not too much to add that, to an average farmer, certain bankruptcy would result where a Norwegian can make his bread and prosper.

The first impression of any ordinary Norwegian farm-steading is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a large dwelling-house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or, in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or slate. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the affect is to relieve the sombre aspect of the group. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly weather-proof, planks about [illegible] being used in their [illegible]. These planks are placed [illegible] one another, crossed and [illegible] the angles, and calked in the [illegible] with dry moss. A skin of thin [illegible] placed over the outside, while prior is lined smoothly with b[illegible] inside there is an air of comfort [illegible] cleanliness. A table stands [illegible] center of the chief room; and along wall a bench runs, which serves [illegible] airs, of which there is usually [illegible] deficiency. From pots on the floor [illegible] is sometimes trained upwards [illegible] roof, giving the room a festive [illegible] refreshing look. Not unfrequently [illegible] the worthy farmer is proud to have [illegible] dresses of his daughters hung in [illegible] spicuous positions, in order that [illegible] who call may see that the damsels [illegible] well provided with garments [illegible] case of a matrimonial alliance.

The houses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England [illegible] Scotland. The building is larger, and more space is allotted to each animal, while a clean wooden floor [illegible] ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little [illegible] no bedding is given. The level of the cowhouses is in most cases raised [illegible] high enough to allow of a space beneath, [illegible] to which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.

Outside the buildings, one is apt to ask: But where is the farm? Look about you. Mountains hem us in on all sides, there is no room for fields as we know them at home; but grass grows luxuriously among the rocks, with occasionally a patch as large as an ordinary villa-garden. There, the farmer cuts a portion of his hay-crop, on which his horses and cattle are mainly dependent during the eight winter months. But his hay-field is [illegible] wider-spread. Glance upward some fifteen hundred feet, there, where an opening occurs in the dwarf-birch, and you observe the diminished form of a man busy at work. This is the farmer, [illegible] thorough mountaineer, cutting the [illegible] which grows on yonder narrow ledge of rock. He has been up since early morn, and will probably not descend till evening. [illegible] a tuft of grass will be left unshorn; not a foot of level ground on that steep and rugged mountain side [illegible] will be visited, and its small crop carefully removed by the industrious peasant. If he has a patch of good (hill-pasture or meadow) in his territory, the farmer erects wooden [illegible] in which he stores his hay till winter, when, by an ingenious contrivance, he has the whole carefully and easily conveyed "to the valley." A [illegible] object in a [illegible] glen is [illegible] steel wire [illegible] fast to the branch of the [illegible] Down this wire the bundles of hay are expeditiously sent without labor, and then carried on sledges to the steadings. Without such a method, many weary journeys would be necessary ere all the hay required for a long winter could be brought down. It appears the Norwegian farmer borrowed the idea of this hay-telegraph from his brother hillsman of the Tyrol about eight years ago. The hay crop is the product of natural grass, no seed being sown, nor any admixture of clover being used.

The cereals are generally oats and barley; these are planted wherever there is a likelihood of their growing. Small patches from twenty feet to as many yards square are common; while not unfrequently the cornfields are but a name, for they meander like a stream in all directions among the huge bowlders and bare rocky hillocks which compose so great a part of the surface of a farmland. The heads are usually very light, and their appearance would cause a painful smile on the face of a Western farmer. Still, the people cheerfully sow and thankfully reap their scanty harvest, contented if Providence gives them sufficient for their few wants.

The method employed in drying the hay and corn crops is different from that which obtains in this country. In the former case, poles are erected on or near the patches, and between them ropes or long sticks are laid till a sort of six-barred railing is made. On these bars the hay is laid, and dried in a most effective manner. The corn, on the other hand, is tied in small bundles and impaled on poles placed at intervals in the fields. These poles are about nine feet high, and capable of holding ten sheaves each. The grain is thus elevated above the ground; and should a rain storm set in before it can be conveyed to the granary, little results, for half an hour's wind and sunshine thoroughly dries the crop. In the great valley of Voss, the fields are more extensive than those just described. Indeed, a field of two to three acres can be seen on more than one farm near Tringe.

With regard to the potato crop, the same kind of miniature farming occurs, only "much more so," as Mark Twain would say. A seed is dropped here and there wherevor a possibilit exists of its taking root. In the Nærodal, the writer noticed potatoes growing on a bowlder, where a soil of about eighteen inches had gathered or been placed. The "field" was a triangle, whose sides were each about twelve feet in length!

Turnips would appear to be outside the economy of a Norwegian farm. Though a wide area was visited, embracing Bergens-Amt, Hardanger and part of the Sogne district, not a bulb was visible; a curious feature, considering the importance of such a crop for food.

The portion of the farm given up to crep and fallow is styled the *in-marken*, or inside fields; between that and the field are tee *out-marken*. The latter are reserved, as a rule, for the cattle during winter; the hay being allowed to grow in the summer while the cows are at the *sæters* on the mountains. Manuring is not resorted to as a regular part of the routine; the fields are left from time to time for three or four years, by rotation, in grass.

The farmers themselves are worthy of more than the brief description which can be given here. A life of constant activity and mountain climbing has bred a class of men scarcely to be excelled. They are tall and strongly built, with no excess of flesh, for they are always in training. Their athletic frames are supplemented by good-humored, honest faces, always ready to break into a laugh. A uniform suit of pilot-cloth does not, however enhance their appearance. One does not readily associate the Sunday clothes of a navvy with the Norwegian farmer. Their former dress, which some of the old men retain, is more becoming. And happily, we still find the true mountaineer's costume in some of the more secluded districts—a broad hat, short jacket of home-made cloth, ornate with bright buttons; leather knee-breeches, and heelless shoes of a soft tough hide. The never-absent knife hangs suggestively at the right side. Add limbs of large proportions, a frank face, a back as straight as a soldier's, and you see the typical fjeldsman. The farms of Sœbo and Skjœgadals will be familiar examples to the tourist.

In the summer months, female servants, or the daughters of the farmer, tend the cattle high up in the fjeld, living in *sæters* or cabins, where they prepare cheese and butter.

Excepting for such luxuries as coffee, sugar and tobacco, the farmer in Norway can be independent of the outside world. His fields and stock give him food and clothing; while from the timber on his hillsides he builds his houses, and manufactures his furniture. There is no lack of plate in those little farmhouses; the hostess can muster quite a display of silver mugs, spoons and drinking-cups. Some of the spoons are worthy of special notice, for the patterns are delicate and chaste. A favorite kind is that with the thin twisted handle. Any Sunday or fete-day, one may also observe the profusion with which the female population adorn themselves with silver and gold. The arrival of a steamer in some of the less frequented districts is enough to stimulate the wives and lasses to attire themselves in all their bright costume and filigree nicknacks. It is occasionally the fortune of a wanderer among the fjords and fjelds thus to witness these gathering of the women-folk. Many of the ornaments and plate find their way to shops in the larger towns, and also to hotel parlors, where they lie, tempting objects to the tourist matron and miss. On inquiring into the cause which led to the Norske women parting with their adornments, we were informed that it was generally done by intending emigrants.

There is no feudal principal in Norway. The land is held by its owner absolutely, without any tenure from the king or superior. Property thus requires no charter, and the owners have never been subject to military service as vassals. The facility with which property can be transferred is refreshing to one who contemplates the complicated and costly machinery of the law to be encountered in other countries. A stroke of the district judge's pen is sufficient under the simple laws of Norway.

On a death of a farmer, his children—sons and daughters alike—have the property equally divided among them. Should the farm be insufficient for all their wants, an amicable arrangement is usually made, by which the surplus rein[illegible] shares on payment of [illegible] orysum, and settle elsewhere [illegible] emirate. It might seem that [illegible] system of subdivision would ultimately result in impoverished holdings; but, as justly remarked by Mr. Samuel Laing in his *Diary*, the reason that such an issue is prevented lies in the fact that in Norway the land being held in full owership, "its aggregation by the deaths of co-heirs and by the marriage of female heirs among the body of landowners, balances its subdivision by the qual succession of children."

There is no aristocracy in Norway, unless it be that of successful enterprise and labor. The farmer owns no superior, is uniformly polite and hospitable to all; while servility and obsequiousness are utterly foreign to his nature.

Sufficient has been given in this short sketch to enable the reader to form an idea of Norwegian farms and farmers. If it should occur to any one to inquire why it is that man toil year by year in a hard and constant struggle, where farming is a task of the utmost difficulty and hazard, we feel sure the reply, and only reply, is this, that the land they till *is their own*. They love it, for on it their fathers lived—many of them can trace their ancestors as far back as the grand old days of the vikings—and they, unless compelled by force of circumstances, are happy to reap and sow the same acres season after. With all the forces of nature arrayed against them, these men can show that their small holding feed them and their children; and make them the backbone, the strength, of *gamle Norge*.—*Ballou's Monthly.*

HUNTING FAT FROGS.

The Experience of a New Yorker in the Marshes of Jersey.

"The Hackensack meadows, over in Jersey, is about the best place to hunt for frogs."

So spoke a Fulton street marketman the other morning.

"Last winter," he continued, "I dug eleven dozen frogs out of one hole on Sprout branch of Saddle river. An order came to me for eight dozen, and as I had not a jumper in my winter pit at home, and not a nose was to be seen above water, the prospects for my 96 for that eight dozen frogs looked blue. But I took a jaunt over to the branch, and after looking over the ground found a hole that seemed likely, and all at once the idea jumped into my head to drain it and dig out the sleeping beauties. Water-logged wood and leaves had formed a natural dam at the little pond's outlet; and it only took half a day's work to cut the dam away and then bail out the water which would not flow, and there I had the whole naked bed of the pond spread out ready for work.

"With a couple of flat boards strapped to my feet so that I would not sink, I went over the mud with a scoop shovel, turning it over to the depth of about eight inches, and out of that little pond I took eleven dozen table-size bullfrogs—not very lively, to be sure, and awfully drowsy; but I soon remedied that by soaking them all night for a couple of days in warm water. A frog takes in water through the skin, you know, and every conscientious dealer soaks his frogs before he sells them. My winter frogs woke right up in the warm water, and when I delivered them were lively and plump."

"If the frog has one enemy he has a thousand. Herons eat him, and so do ducks, snakes, fishes, kingfishers, owls, crawfishes, and most every water insect that lives. Man is not his worst enemy by a good deal; and when a man is willing to pay enough for a frog to enable the hotel to pay me $3 a dozen for them, then I say man deserves every frog he gets. Yes, there is money in frog hunting for one who knows how, especially in winter. I have what I call a winter frog-pit at home, made up of several tubs of mud and warm water in a room kept at a mild temperature all the time, which I stock well in the fall, and sell from when the marshes are frozen up. It is an old country idea, and is common in Paris, where they never see a frog half as big as our bullfrog from one year's end to the other."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TRICKS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

How Some of the Delusions in Sun Pictures are Produced.

There are various ways for providing surprising results in photography, things that in one age would have been called magic, but in ours recognized as scientific tricks. The ghost picture, for instance, in which a shadowy ghost—through which material objects are visible—is seen between natural attitudes and occupations. This is produced by an almost instantaneous exposure of the figure that is to do duty as the ghost, followed by a full exposure of the figures and properties that are to appear natural. Another novel trick was shown recently in a photograph reproduced by a prominent trade journal, which presented the photographer, seated at a table, playing chess, with himself sitting on the opposite side of the table, while he himself stood up in the background looking at his two selves playing.

The figures were all on the negative, which was produced by three successive exposures of the plate, parts thereof being masked each time by a black velvet shutter. Still another trick is that by which a person who likes that sort of thing may appear to be photographed riding on a flying goose or a fish or any other desired style of ridiculous locomotion. This is done by the subject holding upon his lap a huge piece of white or sky-tinted card with the fanciful figure drawn upon it. His face appears above the upper edge of the card and seems in the picture, joined to the funny little body mounted on the goose or fish. The statue picture is made by about the same device.—*Photographic Review.*

BARNES GREELEY.

Gossipy Chat About the Great New York Editor's Only Brother.

Five miles west of this place, near the little village of Columbus, in an old, weather-beaten frame house, the only brother of the great editor, Horace Greeley, lives the life of a hermit. Barnes Greeley, who is now nearly eighty years of age, has lived on this farm for the past sixty years. He is known far and wide, in Erie and Warren counties, on account of his family and his many eccentricities, and because of his never-failing good nature, his abundant and unaffected warm-heartedness, and his keen, though somewhat erratic, intelligence. The old farmer is tall and spare, but of powerful build, and is noted for his slovenly dress and his antipathy for water, both internally and externally. He says that water taken into the system in immoderate quantities is fully as injurious as whisky. In his slovenliness of attire may doubtless be found a family characteristic which, in Horace Greeley, had been too often attributed by his critics to a weak affectation for the purpose of attracting public attention.

The farm on which Barnes Greeley has lived so long is a large and fertile one, but it has a look of desertion and neglect. He seems to care to make only a living out of what would have made a thriftier man independently rich long ago. It was on this farm that Horace and Barnes Greeley were boys together, and it was here that Horace, who had gone to the great East to learn the printer's trade, came sometime to spend a vacation, and even in these days the yearnings of Horace's ambition were plainly shown. In this tramps through the forest he would confide to his brother his dreams of future greatness. Long afterward, when Horace Greeley became a great editor and a man whose name was known on both sides the Atlantic he did not forget his brother up in the wilds of Pennsylvania. One day he sent for Barnes to come to New York and made him his traveling agent and then gave him a place on his editorial staff, and offered him various positions, from all of which the farmer retired in turn, and eventually went back to his farm a disappointed man.

"Do you want to know why I returned home?" he still asks his neighbors sometimes. "Well, I'll tell you. I wasn't fit to fill any place I would accept, so I came home. I preferred to be a king among hogs rather than be a hog among kings." Barnes Greeley's antipathy to water is not a will stronger than his dislike to whisky. He is a strong prohibitionist, and advocates the doctrine of "no whisky or free whisky." His present good health he attributes in a great measure to the fact that he never uses tobacco and always abstains from whisky. Although remarkably well preserved physically for a man of his years, Mr. Greeley is convinced that he is approaching his second childhood, and figures out by that in fifteen years his mind will be a blank, and that he will die at the exact age of one hundred years. He has never married, and is the last representative of the elder branch of the Greeley family.—*Corr. (Pa.) Cor. Chicago Herald.*

ABOUT FAVORITISM.

One of the Most Crushing Forces in the Life of a Child.

One of the most unfortunate things that can happen in the life of a child is to be exposed to the injustice which arises from favoritism, and yet it is, perhaps, one of the most common. The mother, the teacher in school, even parents themselves, are constantly likely to be led away by the natural fondness which some children are so much more likely to excite than others, or by the less dispensable motives of prejudice or of interest. Perfect fairness in the treatment of a collection of children is, perhaps not to be expected, impartiality being a more Godlike attribute than is often attained to by mere humanity; but in its plainer manifestations favoritism is an evil which should be most vigorously observed.

The hopelessness of children under a sense of injustice is one of the most crushing forces that can work to maim and distort a child's mind. He is not able to see beyond the obvious and instant features of the situation, and the feeling that some favoritism, some arbitrary expression of prejudice is working against him, convinces despairingly that effort is useless and that he is being cruelly wronged. The childish nature becomes warped, and embittered and there is perhaps no other single factor which can come into a young life with so disastrous effect as this. The teacher who allows herself to gratify personal likes and dislikes is doing an injury to his pupils which can only be called incalculable. It must be recognized, moreover, that children are likely to misunderstand, so that an appearance of favoritism is to be avoided. This is one of the considerations which make the training of children a matter of so much delicacy and intricacy. It is necessary not only to treat children with scrupulous honesty, but make them feel that they are so.

It may be said, also, that children who are always suspecting partiality and favoritism are not to be encouraged in taking this view of things. Whether they are right or wrong, they should be trained as far as is possible not to see, and above all things, not to look for injustice on the part of their instructors. The child who, by injudicious parents, has been encouraged to believe that his instructors are partial, is a terror to those who have to deal with him, and in the end is not unlikely to become a burden to himself. He goes through life sour and suspicious, and it is doubtful if the result of allowing himself to feel that he is improperly treated are not, on the whole, worse than those of subjecting him to the injustice in the first place. The whole subject is one of great importance and intricacy, but it is one in which a little common sense goes far toward solving all difficulties.—*Boston Courier.*

WATCHING AN ECLIPSE.

A Grand Spectacle Witnessed in Japan in August, 1887.

As the time for the eclipse drew near, the number of visitors to the castle grew increased, and the preparations, tended through long weeks, receive their final touches. At last the 19th of August dawned—"the great, the important day"—ushered in with the clearest of skies and the most radiant sunbeams. Twenty or thirty of the guards, in snowy dresses, watched the castle and all its entrances, and none except the specially invited guests were admitted. The instruments were carefully adjusted for instant use, and, in spite of the torrid heat, we were all astir with eager anticipation. The guests quietly gathered in the open space below the instruments, and a subdued hum of pleasant conversation filled the hot noontide. The eclipse was to begin at thirty-seven minutes after two o'clock. About an hour before this, a delicate little white cloud floated up toward the zenith and spread very quietly over the bright, blue sky, until even the visitors began to look upward, with some fear lest the afternoon might be only partly clear after all. And that little white cloud not only grew into great size itself, but it was joined by other and darker ones from all directions, which, as they seemed to gain confidence from numbers and blackness, soon shut out the sun completely and spread consternation over every face around us. The beginning of the eclipse was not seen at all, but we caught a few glimpses of the sun afterward—a gradually narrowing crescent.

As it became apparent that my part of the work—which was to draw the filmy, outermost streamers of the corona—could not be done, I left my appointed station and hastened to the upper castle wall. Here, standing near the instruments, I watched the strange landscape under its gray shroud. Even inanimate things seem endowed at times with a terrible life of their own, and this deliberate, slow-moving pall of cloud seemed a malignant power, not to be evaded. At the instant of totality a darkness and silence like that of death fell upon the castle and the town and all the world around.

Not a word was spoken; the very air about us was motionless, as if all nature were in sympathy with our suspense. The useless instruments outlined their fantastic shapes dimly against the massing clouds, and a weird chill fell upon the earth. Darker and still darker it grew. Every trace of color fled from the world. Cold, dull-ashen gray covered the face of nature, and a low rumble of thunder muttered ominously on the horizon. Even at that supreme moment my thoughts flew backward over the eight thousand miles of land and stormy ocean already traveled, the ton of telescopes brought with such care, the weeks of patient waiting at the old castle—all that long journey and those great preparations for just these three minutes of precious time, which were now slipping away so fast. —And already they were gone! One sharp, brilliant ray of sunshine flashed down upon us. Totality was over—and lost! The tiny rift in the clouds showed the slender edge of the sun for a second, and was gone. And a profound [illegible], as of great nervous tension relieved, came up from the crowd below. The calamity was too great to be measured at once, and it was some minutes before we cared to speak. We had trusted Nature, and she had failed us, and our sense of helplessness was overwhelming.

Every astronomical student now knows how the track of this ill-fated eclipse was followed by clouds all along its course, and how totality and the wished-for corona were hidden by clouds from nearly all the eager eyes and waiting instruments through its entire length. But an astronomer must be philosophic; and our astronomer nobly displayed this quality.

And so, gradually, our visitors left us, and the sound of demolishing and packing was heard on the hill. The tents were folded, and the party dispersed.—*Mabel Loomis Todd, in St. Nicholas.*

STEEL-PLATED SHIPS.

How the Action of Salt Water Speedily Indents Their Armor.

Accounts from the United States steamer Dolphin, flagship of Rear Admiral Kimberly, commanding the Pacific squadron, would seem to indicate that the action of salt water on the bottoms of steel vessels tends toward rendering them unserviceable for sea duty in a much shorter space of time than was calculated upon. The rust and galvanic action combined have already made little indents in her plating to a depth of three-sixteenths of an inch, which in plates originally only seven-sixteenths of an inch shows that considerable care will have to be taken with the vessels of the new steel navy that are destined to cruise for a considerable length of time in the waters along the South American coast, without having an occasional docking and repainting.

The Dolphin is by no means the first vessel that has suffered from this cause of the waters of the Pacific, which seem particularly bad in their effect on steel or iron craft. All the steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company trading on that coast, as well as the Pacific Steamship Company's vessels, have to be docked and painted at least three times a year. The Chilian men-of-war are likewise great sufferers in this particular, and are docked every four months, at each of which times four coats of anti-fouling paint are applied. The result in the case of the Dolphin will probably be the replacing of her water-line plates by thicker metal, or the covering of the present armor by a belt of plates extending a space somewhat above and below the water line. "The pitting," as it is called, extends along the vessel's water line, being worst amidships and tapering toward the ends, and all this notwithstanding the fact that the vessel was hauled over and painted wherever practicable during her stay in the different ports.—*Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

PROVERBS REVISED.

Old Laws Transformed to Suit the Wants of the Rising Generation.

"Hunger has no ears," hence wisdom must give first place to dinner.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but it "gets over" a great deal.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortunes," which saves all chance of hard feeling on account of competitive examinations.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," and there are none more punctiliously given.

The last that was not least is held by St. Louis men to have been made for a Chicago girl's [illegible]

"A miss is as good as a mile," but a Mrs. is as [illegible] as a [illegible]

The [illegible] of [illegible] is relaid the first [illegible] every January.

"[illegible] semper tyrannis" may be freely [illegible]: "The sick [illegible] are tyrants."

"Love goes out at the window when poverty enters the door." But should poverty [illegible] the door, it is [illegible] with [illegible] celerity love comes scrambling in at the window.

"Time and tide wait for no man," but when a woman is in the case, we time and tide must wait or go on without her.

"All men are born free and equal," but unfortunately some men are born equal to two or three of their fellows.

"Pride goes before a fall," and the "winter of discontent" comes after.

"A poet is born not made," and yet women persist in writing rhyme.

"God helps them that help themselves," so that drummers on hotel tables are sure of the assistance of Heaven.

"He that is down need fear no fall," because feathers fall so softly.

"The blind can not lead the blind," and as justice and love both have bandaged eyes, neither can guide the other.

Many men who profess to prove by their lives in the pursuit of virtue are apt to take care to keep so far behind it that there is no danger whatever of overtaking her.

And speaking of proverbs, there is nothing easier than the manufacture of pseudo-proverbs, if one will only give his mind to it, as witness the following, which, if not very good, at least serve well enough for illustration:

Never put a gift cigar in the mouth.

A man may wear epaulets, and be only a drummer in the band.

It is the last step that costs.

A man is known by the dog he keeps.

One may learn at every horse station that a man may be a starter and never start.

There is no yesterday for popcorn.

Providence always provides a [illegible] lamb for the wind to blow upon.

The barber takes even the kind by the nose.—*Buffalo Courier.*

BALLOT REFORM.

How to Eradicate Some of the Iniquities of Political "Fine Work."

This is one of the reforms which must come, for without it our system of popular government can not be maintained. Every election, especially in our large cities, shows that until this reform is secured all other reforms are impossible of accomplishment. The control of the election machinery, of the printing and distributing of the ballots, must be taken from the politicians and put into the hands of the State. That is, we must take the power to control our elections away from the men who have no responsibility and no interest in government save extravagance and corruption and put it into the hands of officials who are sworn to do their duty. Of what use is it to try to get honest men nominated for office when we leave in the hands of the political workers the power to defeat them at the polls by distributing fraudulent or defective ballots, or by making "[illegible]" and "dickers" which cheat the people of their will? We have talked for years about reforming the primaries and the nominating conventions, but not one particle of progress has been made. Under the Massachusetts law any four hundred voters, in case of a candidate for State office, and any one hundred voters, in case of a candidate for lower office, by uniting in a petition in behalf of a candidate of their party can have his name printed upon the official ballots and have those ballots distributed at the polls at the public expense. What more certain way of reforming the primaries could be devised than this? If there were such a law in New York City there would be an end to the astonishing spectacle which is there so often presented of a "boss" setting up a candidate of his own for office in spite of all protest and frequently electing him in the face of all opposition. Under such a law the "bosses" and primaries would in a short time lose their present importance in our politics.

In fact, there is scarcely a form of iniquity known to our election system which a good ballot law would not eradicate. We should be rid at a stroke of the assessments upon candidates, of the bribing and bulldozing of voters, of the nomination of notoriously unfit candidates, of "deals," "dickers" and "trades" at the polls. All these would disappear, for a simple reason that the machinery of elections would be taken out of the hands of irresponsible and often dishonest men. Such an obvious and important reform as this can not be long delayed.—*Century.*

In a Boston Police Court.

"Prisoner," said the magistrate, "you are charged with being found dead drunk on the street. What have you to say?"

"I reckon I'm guilty, your Honor."

"Ten dollars and costs. Next charge against you, sir. Have you a plea to make?"

"Your Honor," replied the man, wiping his spectacles on the tail of his coat and speaking with great emphasis, "with your permission I will enter a plea of guilty to the charge when discovered on a public thoroughfare while in the condition technically scientifically known as intoxication."

"My friend," said the magistrate kindly, "your offence is a much more serious one. You may go."—*Boston Tribune.*

[illegible]ERGY AND INDUSTRY.

—[illegible] 130 species of fishes [illegible] the waters of Indiana, including Trout, Jordan and Brown [illegible] about fifty may be regarded [illegible]

—[illegible] material is continued, under [illegible] of cellulose, being made into [illegible] paper, or any form of cellulose [illegible] a bath of nitric acid; the [illegible] curious fibres produced are [illegible] together and washed, [illegible] a very tough and hard substance [illegible] useful in some of the industrial [illegible]

—The interesting and important discovery [illegible] has been made that the filaments of incandescent lamps can break [illegible] used near moving belts or other [illegible] of frictional electricity. The [illegible] of such lamps may be greatly increased by covering them with wire [illegible] connected with the earth.

—Science has claimed the sponge [illegible] of the Mediterranean. The [illegible] divers, who could stay under water not more than two minutes, are [illegible] given out by men in regular diving armor, who can work by the hour. A German professor has originated a method of planting cuttings from sponges, and it is being prosecuted with success.

—[illegible] is the theory that trees produce [illegible] regularity and plentitude of rainfall, and generally accepted as though [illegible] in natural philosophy, it is being vigorously attacked, says the *Sanitary News*. The trouble has been that only facts favorable to this hypothesis have been available. Now the result of impartial investigation seems to show that cause and effect have been badly mixed.

—Professor Brown-Sequard has been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air or breath, he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. The rabbits died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. This seems to show that human breath contains a volatile poisonous principle which is more deleterious than carbonic acid.

—A Belfast machinist has discovered a process by which the fibers of the plant rheea can be readily separated from their woody and gummy covering, thus producing a fiber at a low price which will admit of being used for the manufacture of rope, cordage and woven goods. Rheea is a plant grown very widely in Southern and Eastern Asia, and one capable of cultivation in the temperate parts of Europe and America. It is the strongest vegetable fiber that has yet been discovered, and is, besides, the smoothest and most lustrous.

—There are few, if any, branches of manufactures, in which labor-saving and time-saving devices are more generally used than in boot and shoe making, and in none of them has inventive genius been more generously rewarded than in this. The inventor who can save a few cents in the cost of making a pair of shoes is on the road to a handsome fortune, often greater than any of the people who use the product of his ingenuity can hope for. For the other object of lasting shoes by machinery no less than 236 different devices have been patented.—*Shoe and Leather Review.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Editor—"I think I write better than I used to." Editor's wife—"You write less. That's better."—*The Jewelsted.*

—If any body wants to test the folly of gambling let him take chances at a charity fair. The experience will be a good object lesson.—*Baltimore American.*

—She—"The banks are so opposed to giving positions of trust to women, Mr. Jones." The monster—"It is shameful." She—"You believe in employing women in banks, then?" The monster—"I do. Women are born tellers."—*Time.*

—Editor—"That little item of yours yesterday reminded me strongly of some of Shakespeare's work." Funny man (blushing)—"Ah, thank you. It is kind of you to say so. In what respect? May I inquire?" Editor (coldly)—"In rage, principally."—*Washington Post.*

—"I notice, Miss Saunders," he remarked, "that when two women kiss each other, they do it in a most rapturous and fervid manner." "Yes, Mr. Clarkson, but that is simply the woman of it; there is really nothing exciting about the affair."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mrs. Naggleton—"I see that some wretch has been writing a book, called 'How to Be Happy, Tho' Married.' Mr. Naggleton—"I could have told that in three words." Mrs. Naggleton—"What are they?" Mr. Naggleton—"Get a divorce."—*Puck.*

—"You don't mean to say, John, that you are going to have a steam-heating arrangement put in the basement, do you?" "I do, Maria," said John, with iron firmness. "I'm going to keep those feet of yours warm this winter if it costs a cool $1,000."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Pennoyby's Prospects. Mr. Dollitor—"Do you want to marry my daughter? Have you any means of existence?" Pennoyby—"At present, none, but I have very brilliant prospects." Mr. Dollitor—"I dare say, but suppose I don't die for a good many years, what's going to become of you then?"—*Drake's Magazine.*

—A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged deacon, "of an business I heard of a mill that ground two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, sir," replied the old gentleman very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very good miller."

—"When I was in Congress," said Hon. Rufus Hosmer, "a member from Massachusetts used to occupy seats in the rear of me. He was a very quiet man, and I used to like him very much. One day, however, he came to me and said, 'Mr. Speaker, I want to be excused from voting on the question before the House.' I said, 'Why, Mr. Blank, what in the world do you mean? This is a matter of importance, and your constituents have a right to your vote.' 'I know it,' said Mr. Blank, 'but I promised my wife I would be home to-day to help her make some sausages, and I can't stay.' 'Why, Mr. Blank, I should think—' 'Sausages?' said a member from Ohio, who was sitting near us, and who was a very fat man, and who had a very fat face, and who had a very fat voice, and who had a very fat manner, and who had a very fat everything else, and who had been very fat for a long time, and who was very fat when he came to Congress, and who had been very fat when he left Congress, and who was very fat when he died, and who was very fat when he was buried, and who was very fat when he rose from the dead, and who was very fat when he ascended into heaven, and who was very fat when he sat down on the right hand of the throne of God, and who was very fat when he—' 'Sausages?' said the member from Ohio, who was very fat himself, and who was very fat when he came to Congress, and who was