

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

THE DREAM OF WOMANHOOD.

I.
A little girl with auburn hair,
And eyes so blue,
Of heaven's own hue,
And features all so wondrous fair.
She sings in childhood's gleeful verse
Of simple joys,
And peaceful days;
The future claims no thought of hers.

II.
A maiden fair, just woman grown,
With eyes so bright,
The dark ringlets
Await her lover's welcome tone.
She sings in modest tones of bliss:
"O, lover mine,
On ocean's brine
Come back, oh, safely come to me."

III.
A mother's love shines in her eyes;
A mother's grace
Beams in her face;
A mother's faith that never dies.
She sings in soft, maternal strain:
"My little dove,
Quick shall thy father come again."

IV.
With frenzied face and ashen cheek,
Upon her knee,
With eyes at sea,
She gazes on the waters bleak.
She prays, with heart so sad, yet brave:
"From stress of woe,
O, Father, save
My husband's bark; O, Father, save!"

V.
With furrowed brow and silvered hair,
She sits alone,
Children all gone,
She sits and muses on the dead.
As fast the years of life now flee,
With eyes dim
She sings that hymn,
"Nearer, my God, nearer to Thee."
—W. A. Burston, in Yankee Blade.

DAN DUNSTAN'S CLAIM.

Graphic Relation of His Troubles in Holding It Down.

It was generally conceded in the Wolf Creek community that Daniel Dunstan had no more sense than the law allowed him—and his liberty.

It was no wonder, then, that when a certain Mr. Lockyear, a "claim locator," struck Wolf Creek in search of recruits for the far West, one of the "suckers" that was caught was Dan.

It was a memorable day for Wolf Creek when Lockyear and Dan Dunstan left it, for on that day one of the lard tanks at the pork house exploded, killing three men, thirteen hogs and a Chinaman.

Still more remarkable was Dan's return. To the astonishment of every one he came back, three years later, with a "bushel of money," built the Dunstan House at a cost of \$120,000, and married the daughter of the president of the bank.

Some said: "A fool for luck, anyhow," but the better-natured exclaimed: "Bully for Dan!"

A few of the latter were invited to one evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, when the former gratified his guests by telling them how he had made his money.

"None of you fellows ever 'held down a claim?' None of them had." "Well, then," said Mr. Dunstan, "take advice that has cost me a few hundred dollars, and don't."

"But it seems to have panned out all right in your case," said one.

"So it has. But I'll tell you; they say, 'A fool for luck—'"

"And a poor man for dogs," interrupted another.

"That's right. Well, I decided to take up land 'outside the limits,' so when we got to Sage station I hired a wagon and team, and we drove about thirty miles due south, where old Lockyear said there was a fine valley, 'you betcher.'"

"I somehow didn't think the old cuss knew much about the country; but still, after driving pretty nearly all day, we did eventually find a nice-looking valley—and he appeared to recognize it at once. After figuring a little, he said we were in 'range 61, and about 'town' (township) 13; so we hunted around for a government corner; having at last found one, Lockyear tied his handkerchief round the front wheel of the wagon, and drove while I counted the revolutions.

"We were pretty tired; the country was sandy, and the sun pretty hot, so before I had counted out two sections I dropped off to sleep and fell out of the wagon; that started the horses, and away they went with Lockyear. They must have run pretty straight, for it was the township corner that upset the wagon."

Mr. Dunstan paused to minister to his guests. Mrs. D. sensibly withdrew; which action being silently taken as a signal for the cigar of peace, the host continued:

"I located in that valley, on a nice little stream which old Lockyear assured me would never 'dry up—you betcher.' I remember the way he shook his head as he said it. It had been an exceptional winter for snow, or that little stream never would have been on the surface—it never has since; it runs under."

"Well, I filed on the northwest quarter of 10 as a 'homestead,' and the northeast quarter as a 'tree claim.' It was out of the question to grow trees—they wouldn't live; I never knew any one to prove up on a 'tree claim.' The way they do is to hold on to it for two years and then sell the 'right' its worth any thing—to some one 'pre-empt.'"

"It was four miles from a ranche, and there I boarded with the 'granger"

(the 'outfit' were away on the 'round up') until I got my house up and well dug.

"He was a nice man ('Honest John' they called him), and he promised to help me out. When I got down with the well so I couldn't throw the dirt out any more overhead, he came down and drew it up for me.

"It was on one of these occasions (I was down the well) when a waterspout burst about three miles north of us, and came roaring down the valley. We had just time to get into the shantee, when over it went and us in it. The door being on the south side, it had us nicely cooped. You see, I had the shantee up first, but couldn't live in it till we struck water; that was another simple trick! I should have dug the well first, but then, you see, I had reckoned on the stream—and that went back on me.

"It was while we were cooped up there, and the rain driving through the cracks in the floor (which now stood to the north, of course,) that John said: "'Dan, didn't you say this was the northwest quarter of 10?' (He was sitting there on the side of the overturned stove, despite the way the lightning flashed, just as unconcerned as if things were right side up.)

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Seems to me mighty strange,' said John. 'Why our place is on 36, in the next 'town' west.'

"This set me to thinking, and sure enough, when I got a land agent down the next week to survey it out, he just said that old Lockyear 'was a fool, and had worked me for a sucker.' The land that I had 'filed on' was over two miles away. So I had to file on the same piece over again as a 'pre-emption,' and lose my 'homestead right' for nothing, and didn't get the money back either.

"When we set the shantee up again we put her down solid, you bet!"

"I got John to 'break' two acres for me (as required to 'prove up'), and I put in a patch of beans. Then the drought set in. The beans came up about four inches, and there they stood! Where in thunder was I to get sticks from? That was a thing I hadn't thought of; but it didn't appear as if they would ever need any, anyhow.

"I was out one day after antelope (I "rustled" all my meat, except a ham now and then as a luxury), when I happened to come across a large patch of sunflowers, where an old sheep corral had stood, and just happened to be struck with the idea, why shouldn't these sunflowers make the best kind of bean sticks? So I came the next few days and dug up young ones, about a foot high, and set down one to every hill of beans.

"There they stood. For a month neither of 'em grew an inch, but the beans just twisted round and took hold. I could see that my scheme was going to work like a charm!

"At the end of the month we had a good storm, and I looked out with satisfaction on the crops. How they did shoot up in that one day!

"But the next day was a scorcher. I thought toward afternoon that those beans looked sort o' sickly—and sickly they were! When I came to investigate the matter, the sunflowers had grown at least two feet, and had taken every last bean up with 'em—by the roots—and their name was Dennis!"

Mr. Dunstan paused, and then went on:

"I had to go thirty miles after my mail. Sometimes I used to go up and back in a day, and sometimes up one day and back the next. Sage was a pretty poor place to stay at, and what few people there were there used to say with a smile when they saw me: "'Hello, Dan! How's that bean racket had got out on me. But they don't act that way now."

"Although when I was at home at the shantee no one would ever come in sight except John, yet, somehow, when I was away they could find the place right enough.

"One time when I returned from Sage all that was left of my chickens (I had two hens and a rooster) was a plateful of bones and the old rooster (he was a tough old cuss). The shantee was full of feathers, and the two heads and insides laid on the table—but my guests had gone.

"Single blessedness didn't suit that old rooster (I believe he had a deal more sense than I had), for day by day he willed: until one morning, when he could crow no more, I found him on his back, dead, with his head turned up and his feet stretched out, one behind the other, pointing to the east in an attitude of derision. Perhaps you don't believe it, but I missed that old rooster as if he had been something human.

"Then a skunk took up his abode under the floor of the shantee.

"And the grasshoppers came, and, take my word for it, gentlemen, they would have eaten all the siding off the house (there was a fine crop of sunflowers, but they didn't appear as yet), but, luckily, a strong wind got up and took them farther west (to perish, I hope!) before they had their job finished.

"Another time I rode up to Sage and back the next day. As I got near home I saw several ponies standing round outside the shantee; when I got there and looked in there sat four 'cow punchers' as unconcerned as you please, round the table, playing 'seven up.' The fire was out, a pile of dirty cups, plates and dishes stood on the stove, they were all chewing tobacco, and the place was in a fine mess, I can tell you. One of them saw me standing there looking astonished, so he said:

"'Come in. Don't stand knocking.'"

"'Boys,' I said, looking round at the mess there was, 'why don't you come

out here with the spade and go to shovelling dirt in—"

"Another interrupted me with: "'Is your name Dan?'"

"When I said that it was, they got up. One started the fire, another went to the well to fill the kettle, the third got a broom and went to sweeping up, the other threw a cloth over his arm and commenced to wash dishes.

"When the fire burnt up, one went to the corner of the house, where an antelope hung, and began to cut steaks.

"I believe I'd a little sooner have ham," said I.

"They looked at one another, and then one said: 'I reckon if he wants ham' (he spoke as though addressing the others, not me) 'he'll have to turn cannibal,' and in corroboration another produced the ham bone.

"However, they stayed the night, and we put in a right sociable evening, playing poker. When they left next morning I was sorry to see them go, for all my spare cash went with 'em—and in those times thirty odd dollars was thirty odd hard iron dollars.

"But beans, skunks, grasshoppers and 'cow punchers' were nothing. There came a few days later a poor man from Missouri.

"He had come West to make a home for his family, and 'rare 'em up with the country,' the East was 'overstocked.' He took up the north half of the section cornering on mine, and lived with me while he dug his well and got his house up (of course I helped him.)

"So the time passed, and I thought I was glad to have a neighbor.

"He said that his family were on the road with the furniture and stock, and 'he reckoned, since all was fixed (he had put up a good deal bigger house than mine, but 'reckoned he could furnish it') he'd go East and meet 'em."

"As I had advertised to prove up, I persuaded him to stay a week longer (you see, it would take the family a matter of seven weeks or more to drive out from Missouri) and be one of my witnesses.

"Well, I 'proved up' (after considerable trouble; but then, you see, I was 'green,' and didn't 'catch on' that the judge or jury made these obstacles to get \$10 or \$20 for himself). 'Honest John' was my other witness.

"I looked up north from the shantee one day, about noon, and here came a cloud of dust. In it I could see a 'prairie schooner' and some cattle trailing behind.

"When they came up quite close I was able to 'take in' the whole outfit. Sitting on the front seat, and looking out from under the wagon cover, was the old man; next him was his wife—a youngster in each arm, and strung along for two or three hundred yards behind were cattle, horses and children of all sorts and sizes, till you couldn't see out. To this day I don't know how many there was in that family, for I never took the trouble to 'round 'em up.'

"It was about a week after they had got fairly settled, when the old man came over to me one morning with the two biggest boys, one of them a fine-grown fellow about sixteen.

"'Fine lad that,' I said, as I shook hands with the boy; 'I suppose he's the eldest?'"

"'No, replied the lad smartly. 'Let me see (he reckoned on his fingers), there's five gals and two boys older'n me—but I can lick 'em."

"'You see,' said the father proudly, 'Bill here is left-handed. That's it, why he is such a right smart chance of a lad. Yer see, we raised 'em up (such raisin' as they had) on hash; they had it set out to 'em in a big bowl. All the rest of 'em is right-handed. Waal, they would all go for it, till round and round went the hash in the bowl, so as none of 'em could catch much beside soup. Then Bill come in with his left-handed sweeps, yer see, and caught all the chunks. But,' he went on, just as I was going to speak, 'I come over this morning ter see you on business. Seems ter me it's about time this township had a schoolhouse.'

"The deuce, you say,' I exclaimed (for you see we were the only two settlers, and half the expense would come on me). 'But,' I added, 'I've got no children to send to school, so I don't see how it affects me.'

"'More fool you,' he replied—and I don't know now whether he meant for having no children or for not seeing how his having enough for both (or a dozen, for the matter of that) affected me.

"'You see,' he went on in an authoritative tone, 'the law provides that when there is a certain number of children in a township there must be a suitable schoolhouse. Now you and me is the only voters—in fact, we're the school board and the taxpayers. Sort o' rocky on you,' he broke off, 'but laws is laws!'"

"Perhaps the old man saw a queer kind of expression on my face, for he added quickly:

"'Maybe you don't think that I've got as many children as the law provides—'"

"I don't doubt it one bit! I broke in (you see, I was sort o' hot), but there's a pile of difference between the law providing for 'em and Dan Dunstan doing it."

"But I saw clearly that I was at fault for having no family of my own; and I swore that that should be amended 'just to get even with him.'

"So we went peacefully to work together, and put up the school-house on the 'school section.'

"We had nearly finished tacking down the floor one day—the old man was wedging up with a chisel while I tacked down—when he looked up and said:

"'Dan, you ain't exactly fixed to board a 'schoolmarm' (he started

me, for, you see, I hadn't thought any thing about a school teacher), and I ain't got room; how would it strike yer if my oldest gal—she's got her certificates—taught the kids?'"

"I said, very agreeably, that it would strike me where the wool was short' for, you see, I thought that the girl would be glad to teach her own brothers and sisters, and any one else would want pay. I thought he just asked for my consent, so that the motion would be carried unanimously.

"'Waal,' he went on, 'I've talked it over, and bein' as things is as they are, she's willin' to teach our school (hanged if he didn't lay stress on 'our') for \$28 dollars a month; we couldn't get any one else less'n \$30.'

"This fairly knocked the breath out of me, I can tell you, gentlemen. Was I going to pay \$14 a month for the benefit of having his kids whooping and howling around like Indians? Not much, I wasn't! But I didn't let on.

"'When I got home I shook the coal-oil can. There was about a gallon or so left.

"'Early in the morning (before day-break) I got up, caught my horse and saddled him, rolled up the bedding and tied it on behind the saddle in a pack, and slung my rifle under the stirrup-leather. Then, when all was fixed, I sprinkled the coal-oil round on the floor and took a match—"

In the laughter of his guests at this point Mr. Dunstan lost the thread of his story. Presently he continued:

"I hadn't got more than ten miles or so up the valley, when I was met by a buggy load of men evidently headed for our valley. The driver knew me (he came from Sage). I saw that it was a survey party by their instruments.

"'Hello, Dan!' exclaimed the driver, 'these gentlemen were just coming down to your place—want to know whether you can board 'em?'"

"'Can't board any thing,' I answered.

"They looked at me as though they would have liked to ask, 'What kind of a man are you?' before I added:

"'I'm burnt out.'

"'That's tough,' said one or two of them.

"Then they told me they were going down to 'cross-section' the old railway survey which ran through our valley, and that the contractors were going to commence work at once to extend the M. & G. through to the coal fields. They wanted to have used my shantee for a time while at work in our valley, for the survey ran across one corner of my land (it was a 'claim' no longer, for I had my 'patent')."

"This was something new to me and I began to wish that I hadn't been quite so hasty.

"'We might fix you up in the school-house,' I suggested; 'that is, until I can run up another shantee.' I began to think that it might pay me after all to stay and submit to that \$14 a month.

"'What in the world are you doing with a school away down in here?' asked the 'chief.'

"'Well, to cut a long story short, it was from that day my luck commenced.

"'Before winter set in the 'cars' were running up the valley. They made a station on the next section to mine. The valley (and a good deal that wasn't valley) was thickly settled and well irrigated within a year. Our town (White City, a well known place now) had a boom. It was made the capital of the county, as you know, and we've got the finest court house in the State."

"I had to lay out my land in town lots. I sold over \$50,000 worth in six months, and still she booms.

"So now you know how I made my pile and became 'Mr. Dunstan' in place of plain 'Dan.'—Cornhill Magazine.

PRUDENT SWALLOWS.

Why They No Longer Take Up Summer Quarters in France.

If birds will only resort to practical measures, and actually "boycott" those countries which destroy them for their plumage, there is yet hope that the law will step in and protect them, for economical reasons alone. It is a fact that the swallows have taken this sensible precaution, as far as feather-loving France is concerned, and have apparently decided not to take up any longer their summer quarters there.

Hitherto the toughness of their flesh has preserved them from the cook, and a popular superstition saves their nests, but the milliners, who use their feathers for trimming, some years ago organized against them a new plan of campaign.

The department of the Bouches-du-Rhone is one of the great landing places of swallows coming from Africa, and there deadly engines formed by wires connected with electric batteries were arranged to await them. The birds, tired out by their flight over the Mediterranean, perch on the wires, and are instantly struck dead. Their bodies are then prepared for the milliner, and crates containing thousands of them are sent to Paris every year.

This spring, however, with a strange instinct for preservation, they have not sought that coast, but have landed either to the west or the east of it, and have gone in much larger numbers than was their wont to other parts of Europe.

The French Zoological Society, which puts forth an earnest petition to the government in their behalf, says that swallows are quite deserted by them, though there has been no falling off in the number of gnats and other insects on which they live. Great injury would be done to French agriculture by insects if the birds should avoid the country.

It is to be earnestly hoped that their petition will be heeded, and the deadly batteries and wires will be removed.—Youth's Companion.

WHEN PEOPLE MARRY.

Some Valuable Statistics in Regard to Men and Women.

Thirteen per cent. of all the men married in Pennsylvania last year married women older than themselves. Seven per cent. took wives of their own ages, and the remaining 80 per cent. married women younger than themselves. The average age of the men was 27 years and of the women 23 years. These interesting facts are found in the annual report for 1888 of Secretary of Internal Affairs Thomas J. Stewart, which contains much other curious information about the matrimonial propensities of Pennsylvania. Thus it appears that more men are married at the age of 23 than at any other, and that among women 21 is the favorite age. The youngest wife of 1888 was only 13 years old, and the oldest was aged 71. Two boys of 16 were married, and two old graybeards of 86 ventured into matrimony, probably not for the first time. Of 14,726 women married, and whose ages were given, 4,065, or 27.5 per cent., were less than 20 years old. Among the men there were only 493 who were so young. There were 23 girls of 14 years married, 105 of 15, 353 of 16, 816 of 17, 1,333 of 18, 1,434 of 19, 1,322 of 20, 2,041 of 21, 1,517 of 22, and 1,140 of 23. After the latter age the numbers of those who found husbands rapidly decline. These figures show that if a Pennsylvania girl is not married by the time she is 23 years old the chances are that she will become an old maid.

Men proceed more leisurely about matrimony. Besides the two 16-year-old husbands in 1888 there were 38 aged 17, 128 18 years old, and 325 19 years old. The figures then take a jump to 637 at 20 and reach the maximum in 1,565 at 23. They decrease slowly after that. There were 437 men married after they were 50 years old, but only 171 women.

There was a remarkable disparity in the ages of some of the couples. A woman of 59 years married a man of 31, and an old man of 74 wedded a maiden of 24. The youngest couple were a 17-year-old husband and a 13-year-old wife. The girl of 13 wedded a man 19 years older than herself. A man of 54 married a girl of 18, his age being just three times hers, and a man of 46 did nearly as well, taking a 17-year-old wife.

In the marriages where the women were older than the men the differences in ages rarely exceeded five years. There were eighty-three marriages where one of the parties had previously been divorced.

It is estimated that there were 6,000 marriages of couples from this State in Camden alone, and, of course, there must have been very many more in cities and towns in other States bordering on Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia Record.

INFECTION IN BOOKS.

A Source of Contagion Which Has Hitherto Been Neglected.

Since it has become pretty well established that most, if not all, of our so-called infectious and contagious diseases, such as scarlet-fever, diphtheria, measles, and possibly typhoid fever, are produced and conveyed from one person to another by means of minute vegetable germs, much patient study has been devoted to the question how these germs find their way into the human body, and what precautions should be taken to avoid, as far as possible, the danger of infection.

The subject of the isolation of patients suffering from contagious diseases has been discussed very thoroughly in medical societies and journals, and in some countries the most stringent laws have been made in regard to the isolation of the sick and the fumigation of houses and clothing.

One source of contagion which now seems self-evident, but which for a long time escaped attention, is that of books from public libraries. When we consider that the volume which we are reading may have been last in the hands of some one convalescent from a dread disease, or that it may have been lying for days or weeks in rooms far from clean in a medical sense, then the possibility of danger becomes at once apparent.

Some physicians will not permit their children to take books out of the public libraries, thinking it wiser to avoid all risks.

It is very possible, however, that the danger is less than we should be led by some to suppose, and that it is more necessary to prohibit the reading of books for whose cleanliness we can not vouch, than it is to tell our children to stop breathing, simply because they undoubtedly take into their lungs at every respiration some of the germs which are known to be constantly floating through the air.

Yet it is safe to caution those who read books that have been through many hands not to moisten the finger in turning the leaves, for if that be done, there is afforded a better opportunity for the transfer into the body of any germ that may be clinging to the volume.

On the other hand, it is to be remembered that we probably run no greater risk in turning the leaves of a book, even though it has been in homes of doubtful sanitary condition, than we do in riding or walking beside people about whose health we know nothing.—Youth's Companion.

FAMILY SCRAP BASKET.

An Interesting Compilation of Household Facts and Fancies.

It is recommended to freshen salt fish by soaking them in sour milk.

A salt ham should be soaked overnight in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

Eat only pure food, drink only pure liquids, think only pure thoughts, and keep your blood pure.

It is said that kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and make them pliable as new.

Corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

The best whitewash for a cellar is made of lime and water only. The addition of other things hinders the purpose of keeping the cellar pure and healthful.

In picking cucumbers for putting down in brine, it is best to leave a small portion of the stem adhering to prevent withering and insure perfect keeping.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a desertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

To cleanse porcelain sauce-pans, fill them half full of hot water and put in the water a tablespoonful of powdered borax and let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, scour well with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

Stains of vegetable colors, fruit, red wine and red ink may be removed from white goods by sulphur fumes or chlorine water. On colored cottons and woollens, wash with lukewarm soap lye or ammonia. Silk the same, but more cautiously.

A hammock pillow is an addition considered necessary to complete the furniture of a garden in city or country during the summer. Filled with down, hair, or the odorless twigs of the pine, it is covered with the gay striped ticking used by the manufacturers of awnings.

Canaries are often famished for fresh cool water. You see bits of sugar, and sponge cake and cracker tucked all about the wires, while the drinking cup will be empty, or filled with dirty water that no bird with respect for itself will touch. Have a bath tub, too, that is large enough to spread its wings and splash.

A formula for cream candy: Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add one tablespoonful of cold water and flavor to the taste. Stir together, a little and then add confectionery, (pulverized) sugar till stiff enough to knead like bread. Then mold in shape and add your nuts, either on top or inside.

A glue which will resist the action of water is made by boiling a pound of glue in a sufficiency of skimmed milk. To make a strong glue for inlaying and veneering, take the best light brown glue, free from clouds or streaks, dissolve it in water, and to every pint add one-half gill of the best vinegar and one-half ounce of isinglass.

A new source of intoxication has been discovered. It is simply dry tea, eaten, of course, before it is steeped. It produces an agreeable effect at first, but indulgence finally causes sleeplessness, disorderly impulses and delirium. Not a few persons have already been found to have contracted this deadly form of the tea habit.

The following is recommended by an English writer for cleaning zinc: Clean off all old paint, and apply the following mixture: In sixty parts of water dissolve one part chloride of copper, one part nitrate of copper, one part sal-ammoniac, and one part hydro-chloric acid. Brush the zinc over with this, which gives it a deep black; leave it to dry until next day, and it is then ready for painting. The best paint to use is prepared varnish paint which can not be surpassed for tenacity and durability.—Good Housekeeping.

WHY FLOWERS SLEEP.

One of the Most Curious Phenomena of Plant Life.

That flowers sleep is evident to the most casual observer. The beautiful daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its name—"days eye." The morning-glory opens its flower with the day. The "John-go-to-bed-at-noon" awakes at four in the morning, but closes its eyes in the middle of the day, and the dandelion is in full bloom only during the hours of strong light. This habit of some flowers is certainly very curious, and furnishes one of the many instances which prove the singular adaptability of every thing in nature. The reason is found in the method by which this class of flowers is fertilized. It is obvious, says Sir John Lubbock, that flowers which are fertilized by night-flying insects would derive no advantage by being open by day; and, on the other hand, that those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay, it would be a disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are incapable of fertilizing them. I would venture to suggest, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habits of insects, and it may be observed, also, in support of this, that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep.—Christian at Work.

The typewriting business nets from \$2,500 to \$5,000 to many a young woman in New York City.