

The Chief

BY A. C. ROSEMER.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

A PORTERVILLE joker shot a member of the Salvation army who had declined to dance at his bidding. A jest so merry as this should have a sequel. The Porterville joker dancing, but not quite reaching the ground, would be appropriate.

A LADY with intent to manifest her displeasure recently threw a cupful of vitriol at a female acquaintance. Her aim being bad, most of the liquid rebounded and smote the thrower, affording her a lesson in manners, and at the same time giving a rare example of justice getting in its work promptly.

THE convention of retail druggists from all over the country, which is going to meet in New York, February 6, is going to try to cut out the cut rate dealers in patent medicines, and by restricting sales to jobbers to keep retail prices up. The same thing has been tried before, but the scheme has never yet been made to work.

THE appellate court of Indiana has decided that any person over 10 years of age who shall point a firearm at another, even if he or she knows that it is unloaded, is guilty of a misdemeanor. The same ruling in other states would reduce materially the "didn't know it was loaded" reports and do away in a large measure with the necessity for fool killers.

WHEN the world's fair in Chicago closed there was much speculation as to what would become of the numerous buildings which were erected near the grounds for the accommodation of visitors to the exposition. Investigation shows that families have been moving into the hotels and flats by hundreds, and that but few of them are left vacant. Everything is fish which comes to Chicago's net.

FROM the Aluminum Industrie Actien Gesellschaft of Feuhausen, Switzerland, comes the news that the process of producing aluminum has been so cheapened that there is now a profit on it at forty-five cents a pound. This is said to be lower than the present price of tin. Owing to the low specific gravity of this modern metal and its declining cost it is likely to become the most popular of all kitchen utensils.

THE bill to consolidate New York, Kings, Queens, Westchester and Richmond counties into one great city is now pending at Albany. With Boss McLaughlin a-cold in Brooklyn the prospects for the success of the proposition are brighter than they ever were before. Chicago's 2,000,000 will not be in it in the race for first place if this bill passes. New York will then have only one rival in the world, and that the capital of Great Britain.

MRS. FATENA, the wife of the Japanese minister at Washington, is trying to wear civilized clothes, and her only objection to corsets seems to be that she cannot with them sit on the floor, on cushions, as she was bred to do. There should be a law forbidding the sale of corsets to women who have been brought up without them. We try by law to prevent our citizens from being demoralized by Eastern customs, no matter how enticing. Ought we not to do something to prevent foreigners acquiring vicious habits when they are condemned to live in our midst.

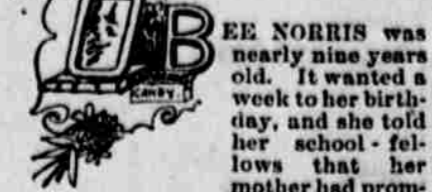
"PICK-ME-UP" is the name by which the elixir with which Premier Gladstone semi-occasionally refreshes himself is known. The G. O. M. carries this preparation with him wherever he goes, in a little glass jar. It is some kind of a liquid, is yellow in color and is only taken in homeopathic doses. What it is or where the old man gets it is a mystery, but that its influences are exhilarating and revivifying there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have seen Gladstone suddenly change from an apparently exhausted to a refreshed, almost jubilant, condition. What is this Pick-me-up? Not only the old but the young America would like to know.

THE total number of immigrants arriving at New York during 1893 did not exceed \$65,000, against 388,406 for 1892. Of the total, 65,290 came from Italy, 54,160 from Germany and 35,906 from Russia. France sent over less than 4,000 and Spain but 100. The total number is largely in excess of what was expected, in view of the enormous number of people already out of employment here. It was a tremendous addition to the army of unemployed for which the lax immigration laws and the loose way of enforcing those already enacted must be held largely responsible. It is altogether too large a body for the country to assimilate and to Americanize, even though the times were propitious.

THE Brazilian navies are having as good a time getting together as two champion prize fighters. And in both cases a heavy bombardment of blas and braggadocio is annoying the inhabitants.

AN Oakland robber, old enough to know better, being 62, secured at the point of a pistol an old watch and enough to buy a meal. He was arrested before he had time to buy the meal. There are times when to be one of the unemployed is the part of wisdom.

NETTIE'S PUNISHMENT



REE NORRIS was nearly nine years old. It wanted a week to her birthday, and she told her school-fellows that her mother had promised to let her have a party.

"Wont it be nice?" she asked. "Mother says we may have dancing after tea, and my sister Dora has been teaching me to waltz. It isn't so very hard to do. Father is going to show his magic lantern."

A chorus of approval greeted this statement. "And we shall have games, besides; Bod and Dora know so many Musical Chairs, and Hunt the Slipper, and Dumb Charades."

Bee was a merry, good-tempered little girl, and very popular with her companions; but during the next few days she found herself the object of more attention than she had ever before received. Ada Martin made a ring of many-colored beads for her, Gracie Turner lent her a storybook, and Maud Ellis lent her her skipping-rope during recreation hour.

Two days before the birthday Bee brought half a dozen little notes, folded in the shape of cocked hats, to school and distributed them with an important air. Ada, Maud and Gracie were three of the fortunate ones, and the others were Flo and Katie Seton, a pair of twin sisters, and a young girl named Nettie Coulter.

"I wrote the invitations myself last night," said Bee, proudly. "Dora told me how to spell the hard words, and Bob did the folding."

Perhaps Nettie Coulter was the one to whom the invitation gave most pleasure, for she had not expected it. She was a shy child of seven, and had not long attended the school. Her eyes sparkled as she thanked Bee, and when lessons were over her eager little feet carried her home in a very short time.

"Mother, may I go to Bee's party?" she cried, holding the note aloft in triumph. The mother smiled at her impetuous little maid, and pointed to the books that Nettie had hung on the table.

"Put your things tidily away first, my dear, and then tell me about it."

"There's the note, mother," said Nettie, hastening to obey. "You know Bee, don't you? She brought me home one day when I had a fall in the playground."

"So that was Bee?" said Mrs. Coulter. "She seemed a nice little girl. Would you like to go to this party, Nettie?"

"Oh, mother!"—Nettie's face was sufficient answer.

"Then I think you may, dear. I will have your white frock ready by Friday afternoon."

"Thank you, mother. Oh, I am so happy! I shall think about the party every minute until the time comes."

"Don't think about it too much, dearie, or your lessons will suffer, and Mrs. Stewart will not be pleased with you."

This was good advice, but Nettie did not profit by it. She was so impatient to her lessons next day that her teacher was obliged to speak sharply to her more than once, and on Friday matters were worse.

"What are you thinking of, Nettie?" asked Miss Stewart when Nettie had told her for the second time that an island was a portion of water entirely surrounded by land. "You cannot have studied your lesson. If you do not do better I shall be obliged to keep you in this afternoon."

Nettie felt rather alarmed at this threat, and when Miss Stewart returned her book she set to work in real earnest to learn her task, succeeding so well that she was able to repeat it perfectly in half an hour.

This was something gained, but there was still a sum to be done. Nettie did not like arithmetic, and she pouted as she took her slate and looked at the row of figures that were to be multiplied by two. It was a very easy sum, but anything will seem difficult to a little girl whose attention is not given to her work.

"Twice three are"—Nettie yawned, and idly tapped the slate with her pencil. Was mother ironing her white frock? she wondered. Would she bring out her pink sash and pretty bronze shoes? Would Mr. Norris show many funny pictures with his magic lantern?

was placed in the center of the room, and bade her seat herself upon it. Crimson with shame and distress, Nettie obeyed, and then Miss Stewart brought from the cupboard a cup of stiff brown paper, upon which the word "Dunce" was inscribed in big black letters, and placed it on the drooping head. Poor Nettie! She sat quite still, her hands in her lap and the lids veiling her blue eyes. She was too much ashamed even to cry, and she dared not meet the glances of her companions. She felt very unhappy as she thought that now she would be kept in, and would perhaps be too late for the party. Even if not, could she face Bee and her friends after this disgrace?

The clock struck four. Books were put away and the children were dismissed, all except Nettie. Miss Stewart took no notice of her, and the little girl began to wonder if her teacher would go home and leave her there alone. Tears rose to her eyes and rolled down her flushed cheeks.

Miss Stewart heard the sound of sobbing, and came to the little girl's side. Then Nettie begged to be forgiven, and confessed what had been the cause of her carelessness. Miss Stewart smiled as she removed the dunce's cap.

"I believe you will not let it happen again," she said. "You will learn. Nettie, that play is all the sweeter when work is well done. Now let me see if you cannot get this sum right."

The sum was done correctly in a few seconds. Nettie was surprised that she had found it so difficult before, for it seemed quite simple now.

Five minutes later Mrs. Coulter, looking from her open doorway, saw her little daughter coming down the street.

"How late you are, dear!" she said. "Have you been crying, Nettie?"

"Then Nettie told her trouble, half fearing that mother would reproach her, but she did not. She saw that Nettie had been sufficiently punished for her fault. So she brought out the white frock and bronze shoes, and began to dress the little girl for the party. Nettie was soon ready, and then mother produced a box of chocolate creams, tied with white ribbons, and with a picture of a little girl upon the lid.

"You must give this to Bee for a birthday present," she said. "Mother, how good you are! And I've been so naughty. I will try to be a good girl always."

Bee's home was not far away, and Nettie soon reached it. She could hear the sound of merry voices inside as she timidly knocked at the door. It was opened by Bee.

"Come in, Nettie," she cried. "We would not begin tea until you came."

Nettie followed Bee into the parlor, feeling a little uneasy lest some remark might be made about what had happened at school, but nobody said a word about it, so Nettie soon got over her shyness.

Mr. Norris showed so many comical pictures, and told such funny stories, that Nettie enjoyed the party even more than she had anticipated.

How He Gauged It. A Devonshire farmer went to London to see the sights. While walking down the Strand he saw a card in a tavern window bearing the inscription, "Devonshire cider sold here."

The old man's heart warming toward his native beverage, he entered the public house and called for a "pint 'o zider." The liquor being drawn he placed it to his lips and half emptied the measure, putting it on the counter with the remark that it was "very poor stuff."

A cockney standing by, thinking to raise a joke at the farmer's expense, said: "I say, mister, do you know how that cider was made?"

"No," said the farmer. "Well, I'll tell you. They stuck up a barrel of water at one end of a shed, and stood back at the other end and threw apples at it." "Did they?" said the farmer, slowly sipping the cider. "Then they didn't hit that barrel more'n once."—London Tid-Bits.

Fuel of the Future. Fritter—What are your ideas about the fuel of the future? Twitter—That is a question that does not concern me. I have conscientiously tried to make my life such an exemplary one as to relieve me of all fears of going where fuel will be needed in the future.

Fritter—You quite misunderstood me. I am thinking of the rise in coal and the necessity, sooner or later, of devising something to take its place. In the event, then, of a continued rise in coal, what do you think it would be best to burn?

Twitter—In such an event I should unhesitatingly advocate burning the coal dealers.

A Mean Man. Old Judge Peterby is a very close man even to his young wife. She was going out shopping and hinted that she would like a blue silk dress.

"Nonsense! blue doesn't suit your complexion at all," he replied. "Then I'll take a green dress."

"Do you want to poison yourself? Don't you know that all these green dresses are poisonous?" "Then you pick me out a dress." "That's the trouble. I don't like to see you in any other colors except blue and green."—Texas Sitings.

JAPANESE POLICEMEN.

The Most Aristocratic and Politest Constabulary Known.

There is no human being quite so polite as the Japanese policeman. Not to his fellow countrymen, be it understood; by no means. He regards the bulk of them, probably, with a good-natured contempt, for, in the language of Mr. Chevalier, he is "a gentleman of birth and education."

When, in the pursuit of Western civilization Japan cast off feudalism and put on a frock coat and a silk hat, thousands of samurai or two-sworded retainers of the old nobles, found their occupation gone. No more exhilarating little expeditions into the territories of neighboring princes were possible, and chopping foreigners into little bits soon became a game hardly worth the candle. The swords rusted in their scabbards, and finally were, by imperial decree, discarded altogether, and helped a few years later to decorate the drawing rooms of Murray.

What was to be done with these Hill swash-bucklers, trained to a militarism quite impossible in the modern army, modelled on the French pattern? The government wanted police. The samurai knew nothing about the status of the British "Bobby" or of the French gens d'armes; so they enrolled in large numbers, happy in being able to wear, at any rate, one sword, and that a two-handed one.

Thus it happens that the Japanese police are the most aristocratic force of constabulary in the world. They are a finely disciplined body, small in stature, but well drilled, and expert in the use of the stool-scabbered weapon which dangles at their heels.

It is to the foreigner—whether he be the veriest outcast of a no-nationally sailor from a kerosene ship, or a sleek moneyed globe-trotter—that the essential politeness of the Japanese policeman is shown in all its native richness. With the former class the police of the foreign ports in Japan—Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki—have much intercourse, and of the gentle kind. Yet the scrimmage invariably has but one termination. The truculent son of Neptune's sooner or later handed over to the consular authorities of his country—if he owns one—and lodged in the foreign jail. Perhaps two policemen will be engaged in the operation—perhaps twenty, that is a mere detail. What is important is the fact that once a Japanese policeman makes up his mind to arrest anyone who is in his hands, he sticks to him with bull dog tenacity—never loses his temper or his hold—and conducts his victim to the lockup, if he be a foreigner, with the greatest urbanity and much polite ceremony.

POISON AT DRUG STORES. Most Deadly Substances May Be Obtained in the Original Package.

If there is one thing just a little more absurd than another it is the way poisons are sold in New York. A physician taken with a toothache in a part of the town out of his usual beat went into a drug store on Lexington avenue to get a little belladonna, says the Recorder. The clerk would not sell it to him. He referred to the directory, and produced his visiting cards to show who he was. The clerk was adamant—he would sell a small dose of belladonna to no one he did not know. The doctor offered to write a prescription for himself, but his proposal was scorned. Then the doctor said he would take a bottle of elixir of opium, and though the clerk was "riled" there was nothing for him to do but to sell it. Of course there was enough of it to kill a dozen people. A day or two after that a woman who is now in an insane asylum, and who even then had the light of madness in her eyes, went into another apothecary shop and with no difficulty at all bought an ounce bottle of morphine. Of course she went home and tried to kill herself. After she had taken the morphine she was taken to a hospital and a dozen people made a night of it whipping her, walking her, electricising her and finally saving her life. Anything in the original package can be got anywhere. Small doses there is a lot of fuss about. A woman who is a confirmed victim of opium buys an "elixir" as her regular standby, and her family are helpless, because anyone will sell it to her. Another gets an arsenical pill in boxes as it comes from the maker. A man, not being subject to the searches usually practiced on the feminine victim by her family, constantly gets his morphine in the original ounce bottles and says he has never had his right to do so questioned.

John Howard Payne's Claim. When John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," died in Tunis, in 1852, the government owed him \$205.92 salary as consul at that place. It has been owing it ever since. Payne's heirs are now trying to get congress to make an appropriation to discharge the obligation. If compound interest should be reckoned on the sum for the forty-one years that have elapsed the heirs of the poet would receive a comfortable fortune. However, the bill that has been introduced for their relief only appropriates the amount of the original claim, \$205.92, which is not enough to fight over. The government does not allow interest on unclaimed money left in its possession.

A Hint. Uncle Jack—Have you a collection of any kind? Karl—No, sir, but I am going to collect silver dollars as soon as I can get any to start with.—Life.

NO PETRIFIED BODIES.

HUMAN REMAINS IN SUCH A STATE NEVER EXISTED.

Some Facts on a Subject That Has for Years Been at the Mercy of Popular Ignorance—What Petrification Really Is—Formation of Fossils.

One reads almost every week in the newspapers of the finding of a "petrified" human body. Such a thing never did and never will exist. Nevertheless, so dense is the popular ignorance of such matters, and so ready is the human mind to be deluded, that reports of this kind are commonly accepted as facts. It would be well if they could be deprived of credibility for all future time by the publication of a few truths on this subject.

In the first place "petrification" is not strictly speaking a transformation of the original animal or plant into stone. It is merely a replacement of the organic tissue by mineral substance. As each particle of the plant or animal decays and disappears its place is taken, usually in water and mud, by a particle of mineral matter deposited from the water which has held it in suspension. Thus the perishable original is changing into imperishable stone, preserving its form and even its structural appearance when cut into.

By such means have the skeletons of animals millions of years old been preserved in the rocks of the everlasting hills, so that they may be reconstructed to-day as they were ages before man appeared on the earth. But it is only the bones that are in this way kept; never the flesh, because water cannot percolate through it. In the same way whole forests of trees in the Yellowstone region and elsewhere are changed into agate and other forms of stone, the hollow logs of the forest primeval being often found filled with beautiful crystals of quartz and amethyst.

The cliffs that border the eastern branch of the Yellowstone river afford a view of a series of such forests buried on top of one another. The lowest level was originally a wooded plain, hundreds of thousands of years ago. Volcanoes burst forth in the neighborhood, and it was overwhelmed by their debris. On top the later fresh trees took root and grew, to be in their turn buried by subsequent eruption. This sort of thing continued through century after century, until 4,000 feet of accumulations were heaped above the forest at the bottom.

Beneath the hills thus formed water flowed, as it does constantly through the earth's crust. The buried trees gradually decayed, and their decomposing substance was replaced by mineral matter, transforming them into stone. Afterward the Yellowstone river cut down through the strata formed of volcanic debris in the manner described. For thousands and thousands of years the great stream plowed out its bed, until to-day the latter is a cut 4,000 feet deep—a canon walled in by towering cliffs. And, as one looks upward at those cliffs, the buried forests are plainly to be seen in the successive layers composing them. They can be counted easily, the reckoning carrying the observer back to the very night of time, when real dragons and chimeras dire walked on the earth, swam in the seas and flew in the air.

Nearly all the trees which line these wonderful cliffs are turned into agate. One can climb up and knock them off, as they break readily into sections. Many of them, which were hollow before they were buried, are filled with beautiful crystals of quartz and amethyst. Water, percolating into such hollow trunks, brought particles of silica, which formed themselves into crystals, finally filling up the cavities. It is in the hollow parts of buried trees that nearly all existing crystals of amethyst and quartz were originally formed. They are treasures which were hidden away by the hand of nature in old logs and stumps. Amethyst, of course, is merely quartz crystal, with a little coloring matter from metallic oxides.

Iron, being plentiful in many rocks and readily soluble, often replaces organic substances and forms fossils. In the department of prehistoric anthropology at the Smithsonian institute is preserved a human skull of iron, which was dug out of a hillside not long ago. Not only has iron replaced the substance of the bone, but the brain cavity is filled with the metal, so that the skull weighs many pounds. The hill in which its owner was buried was rich in iron ore, of course.

Shells, inclosed in the strata of the hills, are sometimes transformed into opal by a process of fossilization, opal being merely a form of quartz. Petrifications, properly termed fossil remains, of plants are readily distinguishable in beds of coal, so that it is easily determined from what sort of giant ferns and other trees the coal was originally formed. Among the most ancient of fossils are numerous insects, which, despite the delicacy of their structure, have been preserved through millions of years for the instruction of a modern generation, the very stuff on the wings of the primeval moth being plainly distinguishable.

Most of the bodies reported in the newspapers as found "petrified" are examples of a phenomenon long familiar. They have been transformed not into stone, but into a substance called "adipocero," or "grave wax." This is a true soap, into which the corpse of a human being will ordinarily be metamorphosed if buried in a grave yard or

other place where water has access to it.

This "adipocero" is one of the most enduring of substances. It is not subject to decay, and the body which has assumed this constitution may preserve its form for many years, and even for centuries. Nay, for ages, since evidence on the point has been obtained from the orthoceras—a mollusk that became extinct millions of years ago, of large size, and built after the pattern of the chambered nautilus, but with a straight shell.

MAN PROPOSES. Napoleon's Plan of Separating England and Ireland.

Bonaparte to-day, in conversing on his former meditated invasions, speaking of Ireland, said he had arranged everything with that country; and if he could have gotten safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there was so strong in his favor that he had every reason to suppose that they would have succeeded in possessing themselves of the whole island. He said that he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in anything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, etc., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him to separate Ireland from England. He said those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained from them information respecting both countries; and they crossed the channel backward and forward with little risk or difficulty by means of his friends the smugglers. But he added that notwithstanding the great advantages he thus derived from these smugglers, he found out at last that they played a similar game backward and forward, and carried as much intelligence to England as they brought to him from it, and he was therefore obliged to forbid their being any longer permitted at Dunkirk, or indeed anywhere but at Gravelines, where the established particular regulations respecting them, and did not allow them to pass a barrier which he caused to be fixed for the purpose, and where he had placed a guard to watch them, and to prevent their having any unnecessary communication with the country.—Century.

He Moved On. "What do you want?" asked the housewife.

"Suthin' ter eat."

"I haven't anything in the house except some bread and corned beef. Do you want some of that?"

"No," he said sadly. "I guess I'll move on. It 'ud be a pity ter waste sech a fine appetite on sech poor victuals."

SISTERS, COUSINS AND AUNTS.

To be dainty does not mean to be extravagant. Kitchen floors painted with boiled linseed oil are easily cleaned.

The tone of a piano improves when the instrument is moved from the wall of a room.

The university of Alabama recently opened its doors to women students, and two young women have matriculated there.

When Mrs. Ella P. Stover of Portland, married John Smith, her grandmother's bridesmaid acted in the same capacity for her.

There are now twenty-one law firms in this country composed of husbands and wives, and also over 200 women who practice at the bar.

Ciara—Do you know people are actually beginning to call me an old maid? Maud—You mean that you are just beginning to hear them.

A woman in Portland, Maine, deposited \$300 in a savings bank in 1864, and has seen the amount grow to \$1,208 by the accumulation of interest.

A number 8½ woman's kid shoe is exhibited in a Boston shoe store window. It weighs 10½ pounds and 15 square feet of kid were used in making the upper. The shoe is perfectly proportioned.

A new career has been opened to German women by the foundation of a school of decorative art in Berlin. At a moderate fee girls receive instructions in all branches of the decorative industry.

An old lady getting into a cab in Dublin was heard to say to the driver: "Help me to get in, my good man, for I am very old." "Begorra, mum," said he gallantly, "no matter what age you are, you don't look it."

If English women do not learn to swim it will not be the fault of the national physical recreation society. This organization has instituted a series of rewards a diploma being given to anyone who shall prove herself capable of swimming 100 yards.

The Japanese government has granted permission to Dr. Mary A. Saganuma to practice medicine in Nagasaki. This is the first time that a woman physician has been allowed to practice in Japan. Dr. Saganuma is an American woman and she married Mr. Saganuma, formerly in the telegraph department at Osaka.

An old negro applied at the Louisville county court a few days since for a marriage license. The clerk told him it would cost him \$2. "Oh!" said the old darkey, straightening up and opening his eyes in great surprise. Then he scratched his head, shook it reflectively, and ambled to the door, declaring he could "get a terrable lot of flour for dat money, a terrable lot, fo' sho'." And he never came back.