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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 18, No. 27. RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886. WHOLE No. 911.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY S. D. HARRIS & SON.

TERMS:

Per year, in advance,	$1 50
If not paid in advance,	2 00
Six months, in advance,	75

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The Stepmother.

The day died out in dreariness and dread,
Grim shadows crept through hall and corridor,
While fading fire-light lurid flickering shed
Athwart the panelled walls and oaken floor.

Around the cheerless hearth the children pressed,
Pale, patient, brooding o'er the dreadful morrow;
(Like half fledged birds forsaken in the nest),
Too cowed to weep, too dulled with gloom and sorrow.

Upon the wall the treasured portrait hung,
That well remembered smile forever gone,
That pure, white neck round which their arms had clung,
Those lips once warm with kiss and benison.

At every fancied foot fall, white with fear,
The children started, trembled, glanced around,
Gazed in each others' eyes, and seemed to hear
The stranger's voice in every passing sound.

How will she come? with frown, or baleful smile
Yet fearfuler, to greet the shrinking throng?
How look, how speak? Why tarries she, meanwhile,
Thus wantonly their torture to prolong?

At last she comes. Hush, hush, unwelcome guest,
Usurper of dead rites and dearest rest!
Ah, no! false fears; it is a vision blest—
An angel stands before their glistening eyes.

With such a smile as mild Madonnas wear,
Oh! such a look—so gracious and so meek!—
The twilight glimmering round her golden hair,
And tears of tender pity on her cheek.
—Harper's Bazar.

A SWEET SINGER.

I am passionately fond of music, and seldom miss an opportunity to gratify my desire in that respect. A woman's voice in song has for me a powerful and peculiar charm above all others. Beneath its influence I am swayed and shaken; my senses become enthralled until I am a passive prisoner, oblivious to all surroundings, forgetful of past and present.

Going to hear a debutante fills me with most delicious anticipation; such delicacies are grateful to the satiated stomach of the theater-going Parisian.

My young friend, the Prince de N., had asked me to accompany him to the "Francaise" to hear a young English artiste of whom great things had been promised.

"They say the English miss has a lovely face," observed the prince that evening as we sat over our coffee. "A lovely face and a sweet voice," he murmured more to himself than to me as he looked at the chandelier through his half-closed, heavily-fringed eyes. This Italian was a handsome fellow, with the face and form of an Apollo, fascinating beyond description, debonair, and gay; alas! too gay, for his pleasures were often obtained at a heavy cost, and total disregard of consequences. As I looked at his face to-night I sighed involuntarily for the web of danger that was certainly weaving for one more woman.

An hour later we were in our accustomed place at the theater. The prince's box, close to the stage, was a marvel of velvet, silver, and glass. Mirrors repeated you from all sides, giving ample view of back, front, and profile. I studied the prince's face, which was at all times an open page. He never took the trouble to mask his feelings, good or bad. He was unusually silent to-night, and I did not like the look upon his face.

It was the opera of "La Somnambula." Amina was the role chosen by the young debutante, who came on the stage nervously, very white and tremulous. I looked at her with a pleasureable disappointment: the sweet, cameo-like face was quite guiltless of what is known in stage parlance as "make-up." The youthful, almost childish figure was clothed in an inartistic manner, the tout ensemble suggesting nothing whatever of the actress, but a great deal of what was lovable, pure and womanly. I fancied, I could hear a murmur of disappointment among the audience; most theater-goers come prepared to see even a debutante display all the chic and stage style for which they have an inconsiderate and insatiable longing. But the vast concourse held an expectant breath when she commenced to sing. Weak and tremulous came the notes at first; the mouth, like a cupid's bow, twitched a little, then the wavering words grew strong and clear, soaring upward as if the music bore them on its wings, sowing the air as it ascended with wondrous melody. I was fast losing myself. What an awakener of memories is a sweet, sympathetic voice, calling back scenes and faces long forgotten? Truly there are depths within our hearts unsounded, lying deep and dormant to which music, pleading and passionate, can only reach.

The pallid, lilylike face was transformed now; life, light, and beauty shone from it. The cheeks became radiant with color; the large, lustrous eyes seemed to emit light from their lovely, dark depths. She sang as if her very soul went out in her song! The frail figure swayed in the ecstasy of her emotion. To me she looked like a goddess of music, ready to immolate herself upon the altar of her god.

"Dios," murmured the prince, of whose presence I had become oblivious, and who, I have no doubt, had forgotten my existence. "What a voice," I replied, looking at him. Without seeming to hear me he whispered to himself again, "What a face."

His expression at this juncture was one of entranced admiration, mixed with a gloating gaze which was not good to look upon. There must have been a serpentlike fascination upon him, for I tried to turn my eyes again to the stage and could not.

While my gaze was still upon him Amina had been discovered in the count's room. Her pathetic protestations of innocence, childlike yet powerful, crept into callous hearts and moistened eyes that had seldom known a tear. I am a man of the world, mayhap sinful and selfish, but never shall I forget the tenderness and pity which that woman's voice awakened in my heart. She felt the part and made others feel for her. You saw only the wronged and wretched Amina sobbing out her sorrow, and I pitied her—aye, loved her, even as I listened.

Women sobbed audibly and men were busy with their handkerchiefs. I felt impelled to turn my eyes again toward the prince. Heavens what a change! I scarcely recognized my friend of fifteen years. Amazement was so stamped upon my face that he could not help noticing it, and his glance for a moment rested uneasily upon me.

His face was drawn and haggard, great drops of perspiration stood like beads upon his forehead, a distant, wandering look came into his eyes, and his thoughts seemed to be far away, for I spoke to him and he never heeded me.

I felt alarmed, and shook him by the arm. He seemed to drag himself from some painful path of thought by an effort, and putting his hand over his eyes with a gesture of utter weariness begged me to accompany him home.

The opera was not yet over, yet he never looked once more at Amina, and involuntarily closed his eyes, as if they could hold a last glimpse of her.

That the prince was undergoing some great mental change there could be no doubt. What remorse or remembrance that singer's face and voice may have brought back to him even I, his bosom friend, never knew.

I lost sight of him for several days. At length he sought me, his handsome young face seamed with traces of some infinite pain.

"Pierre, I am going to see the English miss to-day; will you come with me?"

I was glad to go, and promised. Would I be ready in an hour?

O yes. I thought of many things during that hour. Only a little while ago and he would have been in the green-room the first night, and it was a rare case indeed when the prima donna's name was not linked with his through the mud and mire of Paris next day.

I dreaded nothing like this now, and yet I wished that he might never meet her.

We called at Miss R.'s hotel, sent up our cards, and soon found ourselves confronted by the impresario, a suave and smiling little Frenchman, who declared himself heartbroken because he could not induce the "English miss" to be honored by an interview with us. In words which were honeyed over, as it were, he vaguely intimated that slanderous tongues (no doubt) had racked our illustrious names to deeds which he would be a monster to credit; "but, alas! you know, messieurs, how easily a woman believes it."

The prince was terribly disappointed. I had a fellow-feeling for him, and we both felt very humble.

We consoled ourselves by watching her in the park and boulevards. The prince was never absent from his post of observation. I, too, worshipped at a little distance. The prince was getting very much depressed, and after making the most extraordinary efforts fell into despair.

At length he rushed into my room one day, his eyes flashing with unusual brilliancy, his whole face flushed with excitement. "I have it at last!" he exclaimed. "O my good friend, you will help me—you can help me." I grasped him—he was as weak as a child—and made him sit down.

He looked up beseechingly at me.

"I can sing Pierce. I used to sing well. I can do so still. They want a tenor. I will present myself. I will disguise myself. They will never know me. Pray do not stop me," he implored, seeing signs of disapproval in my face.

"You will keep my secret, Pierre," he continued, grasping my hand as I promised to help him. He rushed to the piano and played odds and ends at first, and then drifted into some of the old ballads of the Vaudeville. I listened in astonishment. He had a beautiful voice, and yet I never heard him sing.

He made his application, and, strangely enough, was accepted. When he next came to me I could hardly recognize him. He was minus the handsomest mustache in Paris, but a very sun of happiness beamed upon his face.

"I have seen her, O Pierre, and she has heard me sing. I shall be with her, near her, and that is more than I had dared to hope for."

O love, what a potent factor thou art for good or evil. After he had left me a miserable pang of envy made me a contemptible creature. "But an hour ago I could have died for this man, now I could have wished him dead at my feet. But whatever was good in me soon asserted itself, and I rejoiced in my friend's joy.

He traveled and sang with Miss R. for two years, winning fame as a tenor. In his letters to me he said: "This woman has taught me how to live, how to love; her smile is sunshine upon my path, without which I should ever grope among the Dead sea fruit and darkness of my misspent life."

Eventually, he sang his way into the heart of the prima donna, who had not the faintest idea that she was falling in love with the man against whom she had cherished the strongest aversion.

I had the honor of being present at their nuptials in London, when the world was deprived of the sweetest singer and fairest woman that ever graced the stage.

One of Vanderbilt's Sons-in-Law.

"Among the hundreds of stories regarding Vanderbilt, true or false, heard on the streets to-day," says the New York correspondent of the Boston *Record*, "is one that concerns Dr. Webb. He had been paying court to his present wife for some time, and finally decided to ask her hand in marriage. 'Personally,' the dead money king is reported to have said, in reply to him, 'I like you very much. What is your income?' 'Not sufficient to warrant me in asking for your daughter's hand,' was the reply, 'but enough to live on comfortably.' 'Have you any money?' 'Not as you rate money.' 'Hundred thousand dollars?' 'No, not that much.' 'Well, I should feel better satisfied if you had at least that amount. I will speak to my daughter, and if she says positively that she wants to marry you, I will see what we can do. Come and see me to-morrow.' Mr. Vanderbilt did speak to his daughter, and she did decide to marry the man of her choice. Dr. Webb called the next day. 'Well, Doctor, as you are to be my future son-in-law, so my daughter says, I think it would be advisable for you to follow these instructions,' and the speaker handed him a memorandum, telling him to go to his broker and invest all the money he had in a certain big stock transaction. He did so, and in ten days returned to Mr. Vanderbilt. 'Was my advice good?' 'Oh, yes; I am worth to-day $250,000.' 'Then go away and make your arrangements for the wedding.' And so they were married, but only Mr. Vanderbilt and his confidential brokers knew that the great money king had engineered a stock deal for the young man's benefit, and the $250,000 came, not out of Wall street, but out of Mr. Vanderbilt's own purse!" Dr. Webb is the son of the late General James Watson Webb, the famous editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. He was graduated from college with high honors, and is a bright, shrewd business man.

Dakota Wheat.

I had a conversation recently with Mr. Dwight, the manager of the great Dwight farm in Dakota. He has 60,000 acres of land to till—one of the largest tracts in Dakota or the country. I asked him if the India wheat crops affected Dakota, and was surprised at the prompt answer in the negative. He explained his reply by saying: "The wheat raised in Dakota is harder than any wheat that grows in quantities anywhere on the face of the globe. It will always bring a higher price than any other wheat because it makes better flour. As long as some men are richer than others and will have the best of everything that money can buy, so long will Dakota wheat have the best of every market. I attribute the quality of the grain to the coolness of the climate and the large quantity of alkali that it finds to absorb in Dakota soil. The Indian wheat is soft and pulpy. It is not a good article for food. Right alongside of us, Montana and Washington Territories are unable to produce such wheat as we do." —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A large oak block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking around in various Brooklyn, Me., lumber yards and wood-sheds, was split up recently, and in it was found an augur hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the center of the block and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A GREAT CROW'S ROOST.

An Interesting Sight in the Vicinity of Baltimore.

A short distance beyond the city limits on the line of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad, an interesting sight is witnessed by travelers in the late afternoon trains. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon large numbers of crows, the most striking objects in our winter landscape, begin to congregate from various parts of the country. Some have been down to the Patapsco river, while others have spent the day near the headwaters of the Back, Bush, and Gunpowder rivers, and even upon the banks of the Susquehanna. By dusk all have returned, and the low trees on both sides of the railroad track are covered with thousands and thousands of these birds. This assembly of the crows is known as a roost, and has been in existence for many years, changing each year according to the destruction of the trees. Now, crows as well as other birds fly southward upon the approach of cold weather, and it is said that whenever large numbers remain here it is a sign that the winter will be mild. This year many more have remained that the presumption is either that the weather will be unusually open, or the crows, who are so intelligent in other matters, are failures as weather prophets. Crows resort to their winter roost in the early fall, as soon as their young have been sufficiently trained in thieving and robbery to help support themselves. They congregate at this time for mutual protection and maintenance.

They have a perfect sentry system by which they are warned of the approach of enemies, and their particular foe, the great horned and bubo owl. This bird dotes on crow. Place before him a plump fowl, a mouse or a blackbird, which he would generally devour, then bring to him a scrawny crow, and he will turn from the other food and seize it with avidity. Consequently, when crows light upon the bubo, they summon their fellows and apparently become oblivious to everything else, so great is their rage at having within their power a mortal enemy. Several will dash at him and beat about him with outspread wings. Driven to desperation he will fly away, and will immediately be followed by a black cloud of tormentors, whose angry, noisy cawing will be heard when they are a long distance away. It is suggested in this connection that farmers who are troubled by the visitations of crows should catch a bubo owl and tie him in some wood. Then, lying in concealment with their guns, they would in a short time be able to play great havoc among the pests of the corn-fields, for where the bubo is there will the crows be gathered together. No, the crow will not be frightened away by the odor of gunpowder. Small boys say that is why one can not shoot a crow. But it doesn't require a very great while for the crow, who can, with his kinsman, the raven, become so well educated as to talk and learn to commit suicide by eating sulphur matches, to discover that the man down yonder carries an implement which, if he can approach near enough, he will point toward the flock; there will be a flash, a curl of smoke, a report, some black feathers will fly into the air, and down to the ground will tumble in ungraceful curves one or more crows whose pilferings are now at an end. So much for their self-preservation.

As to their food crows may be said to be almost omnivorous. In summer time they will content themselves with eating the eggs of smaller birds, smaller birds themselves, young chickens, grain, mice, etc. But when ice and snow have bound everything almost in nature, the crows are hard put to secure food and drink. Then they travel in large flocks, levying upon barnyards, searching inlets or creeks for dead fish or other offal, feasting upon some dead animal or other carrion, and when very hungry attacking a disabled hare. Some few winters ago such was the scarcity of their food in the country that they whirled through the principal streets of the city, and beating down the river following the wake of the iceboat formed a black fringe upon the edges of the newly plowed ice, in search of drink and food. Though the crow follows civilization, driving the raven before it, he is a most cautious creature, and displays great intelligence in eluding snares or dangers of any kind. For several months the crows will bide at their roost at night, flying away during the day and returning at evening in a straight line, from which they will deviate only to aid one of their fellows. They will go to almost any ends to do this, and the large open field in Druid Hill park has been seen black with them, flapping their wings and uttering their cries over the mishap to one of them.

In the early spring the roost is deserted, and mating begins. Then each crow selects a certain region of which he is sole monarch, and no other crow dare trespass there unless summoned for assistance. People differ as to the balance between the good and bad qualities of the crow. While he may destroy the eggs and young of smaller and useful birds, and commit such depredations upon the corn-fields as to cause the husbandman to go to a great deal of trouble in devising scare-crows yet he renders service to the farmer in destroying grub-worms, moles, snakes, and noxious insects. His characteristics may be summed up as follows: The crow is as wise as the serpent and as harmless as the English sparrow.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Joseph Arch in Parliament.

Almost everybody, says the Toronto *Globe*, has heard of Joseph Arch, the sturdy English farm-laborer and farm-laborers' friend and advocate. Few have done more or so much to stir the stagnant masses of English rural labor. Himself grown to manhood and married before he learned to read, Arch has sought unwearidly to raise his class, both socially and intellectually. He has induced many to learn to read. He has coaxed many away from the village tavern. He has taught his fellows how much strength there is in union, and how much can be accomplished even by the feeble if they work with a will and work all together. And now this whilom serf, toiling to support wife and children on some $4 a week or less, finds himself by the suffrages of the men of Norfolk a member of the proudest and the strongest legislative assembly in the world. And he is not alone. Some ten or a dozen labor representatives are members of the lately-elected British parliament, and they are all men of high character and marked intelligence. Joseph Arch opposed Lord Henry Bentinck, a wealthy and influential tory, who has as blue blood as the old servant of William III. could transmit to his descendants; but in spite of the blood, wealth, and influence of his opponent Joseph Arch stood at the head of the poll by a majority of 640.

It is said that Queen Victoria once observed that one of her maids of honor wore soiled gloves, and was told that the lady was poor and could not afford fresh gloves every time she went on duty—at least on £400 a year. Thereupon the queen added to the lady's stipend, with the express understanding that the gloves were to be renewed for every occasion of ceremony.

BLIND MEN'S DREAMS.

Peculiar Visions of the Sightless in Their Slumbers.

"Dreaming the happy hours away" is the refrain of a once popular song. There are few people, nevertheless, who do not profess to prefer the pleasures of the waking hours to those of slumber, however bright may be their visions. But to the blind who have in other days looked out upon the beauties of nature and met their fellows in the fullness of sight, the happiest hours are those which bring to them the oblivion of sleep and the sweet consolation of dreamland. Superintendent Hall of the Working Home for Blind Men in West Philadelphia said yesterday in a conversation upon this subject: "I have no greater pleasure in life, now that I have lost my life, than in dreaming, for then, and then only, I catch glimpses of the world about me. I am no longer blind. The scales fall from my eyes and I see like other men; see as I did in years gone by before the terrible affliction came on me and shut out the light of day. In dreamland I never seem to have been blind. I am at the 'home,' to be sure, but, instead of having only my fingers and my ears to guide me, I can see the inmates, and what is stranger yet, although in reality I have never seen one of them, in my dreams they all appear familiar to me by sight and not by their voices."

This curious experience of Mr. Hall seems to be that of all persons who have become blind after the early years of life have passed. The blind who have been so afflicted from birth never dream of seeing anything. The impressions of their dreams are regulated by the impressions made and ideas obtained by the sense of touch or hearing, of taste and smell. One of the most intelligent inmates of the West Philadelphia "Home," who came into the world blind, says that, although he has read a great deal, he never dreams of the things he has read about, and never dreams of any thing or person with which he has not in some way come in personal contact. He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, of such incidents as might happen at the "home," or some place in which he has actually been, but never of incidents in other places or in other lands. Of a landscape, a picture, a tree, or a human being he never dreams. Even although he has read descriptions of localities, of natural beauties, of the appearance of a street or a city, no idea of what they look like is formed in his mind, and none comes to him in the fancies of his sleep.

A blind man has been known to dream of a ghost, and he thus tells the story: "I heard a voice at the door and I said: 'Bless me if that ain't John,' and I took him by the sleeve; it was his shirt-sleeve I felt and I was afraid of him. Then I dreamed that he continued to frighten me, as I knew that he was dead. I thought that I was being pursued by his ghost. Then I woke up and felt no more. Our blind friend at the home often dreams of being out on the street or in the country, but he did not dream that he saw the street or the scenery in the country; but he felt the open air of the country and recognized the street because he was dreaming of one along which he had frequently walked.

Curious and full of interest as are the dreams of the blind of every condition, there is a class of blind people whose sleeping impressions are of especial interest—that class of unfortunate people who become blind when quite young, at a period when external objects and the outward world generally has just begun to make an impression upon them. Such blind people sometimes, but not always, dream that they can see; but in their vision they see things with the eyes of childhood and they never dream of any scene or object except those which like a dim recollection have remained in the memory from what they actually saw before they became blind. A blind man who was stricken at the age of 5 years and never visited the country dreams of seeing city streets, city houses, or city parks, but never of country scenery, of a railroad, or of a river, and so vice versa. As often as not this class of blind persons dream as if they had never been blind at all, and at other times as if all memory of blindness had passed from them.—*Philadelphia Record.*

American Girls at Milan.

The American girl comes to Milan not quite as numerously as she used to, but still in considerable numbers, to learn the art of music. The ambition is an honorable but often a mistaken one. It indicates a most creditable disposition on her part to earn her own living and achieve a reputation, but unless there are a good voice, striking talent, time to devote to study, industrious habits and sufficient money, it would be better if the aspirant remain the prima donna of the country choir and the vocal leader of the little village which had the honor of giving her birth.

American girls in Milan and the rest of Europe are quite as good as or, perhaps, morally somewhat better than their European sisters. But they have been accustomed to a freedom of movement to which European conventionalities are a stranger. They have been in the habit of traveling from Maine to Texas without being insulted by so much as a look, whereas in Milan they can scarcely walk alone, or even in company, across the street without receiving the amorous attention of some distinguished-looking stranger. Nowhere are men so notoriously offensive in their bearing toward women in public as in Milan. In Paris it is no uncommon thing to see a woman well and modestly attired walking rapidly along the street pursued by an elegantly dressed man whom she evidently does not know and is most conspiciously anxious to avoid. She turns the corners. The man pursues the same course. She quickens her pace: the man quickens his. She accelerates her movements until the two seem to be running a race, and so they disappear in the distance. Sights like these are to be seen in other European cities. But there is this difference between the European zone in general and the same class at Milan. If a young lady is with a chaperon she is generally free from insult almost everywhere in Europe, and no gentleman ever thinks of making disrespectful demonstrations to a lady who is attended by another gentleman. It is not so at Milan. At Milan the young lady is never safe from insult. If she is at a restaurant with a male friend she is stared out of countenance by a coterie of Milanese aristocracy. If she appears in a public promenade in company with a gentleman, one of the gilded youth will walk round in front of her companion and take a good, long, vulgar stare full in her face. If it were in America the coarseness of the insult would make the offender the prompt recipient of what is known as a "whack over the head." But in Milan nothing can be done. No notice can be taken of the offense, for if the person administering punishment on the spot were brought into court for assault, the public sentiment that permits the indelicacy would infect the tribunal, and the insult to the lady would not be recognized as the slightest justification.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

John C. Calhoun, grandson of the South Carolina statesman, is a plaster in Arkansas.

A CLERK'S STORY.

Learning that there had arrived from the far west Saturday midnight a young man who in that section followed the occupation of a "cowboy," a reporter called upon him and had a pleasant chat. His name is E. D. Woolworth, and his parents reside at No. 202 Halsey street. According to the popular idea, something with high-top boots, slouch hat, and revolver was expected, but were it not for a bronzed face and the absence of the conventional "biled" shirt, no essential point of difference existed between him and an ordinary individual. Mr. Woolworth stated that on account of the firm in New York city with whom he was employed as clerk reducing his salary from motives of economy he did not think that it paid him to work at the lower figure, and therefore determined to try his fortune in the west. Fourteen months ago he left Brooklyn for Omaha, Neb., where, two or three days after his arrival, he obtained a situation in the office of the Burlington and Pacific railroad. That occupation being too confining for his health, which, he said, was also injured by drinking the muddy water of the Missouri, by the advice of his uncle, Mr. C. D. Woolworth, who owns the Loup stock ranch, Nance county, Nebraska, he left the railroad office and began his new life. The ranch is the largest in that section, being fifteen miles around, and stocked with one thousand head of cattle at present, not including calves.

"The first day's experience of a 'tenderfoot' on a ranch," said Mr. Woolworth, "is not calculated to make him well contented with the new life, and especially if he be a tender clerkling, the change from a well-worn office stool to a less certain seat upon the back of a bucking pony for twelve hours a day is apt to make him homesick. But when you get used to it it's splendid; and I think any average city young man would say so if do it he went there with a will to work. The work is hard and rough, truly, but it is the making of one's health. When I left Brooklyn I weighed 126 pounds, and now I tilt the beam at 140.

"The cowboys are a rough class, but make good friends, and, so far as my experience goes, not so violent and lawless as they are thought to be. In our section," he continued, "they are not so rough as they are in parts of Texas and Kansas. There is very little drinking, and none on the ranch, and though they are somewhat disposed to attempt alarming practical jokes on the 'tenderfoot,' they are fairly peaceable."

"How do you pass the day?" the reporter asked.

"We get up in the morning at 5 o'clock. Each man feeds and cleans his pony, and then we 'fall in' to breakfast. By the way, the rations are excellent. In cold weather we get all the best beef we can eat and plenty of white bread, milk, and coffee. There are plenty of wild geese and prairie-chickens on the plains, and last year there were some antelope. The duties of the day consist in supervising the cattle generally, seeing that the gates are shut, and 'branding and 'cutting out' steers for the market. The two latter occupations are pretty lively. The cattle have also to be protected from thieves, and to this end each cowboy carries a revolver. Almost all day is spent in the saddle, as our work does not cease until dark. By that time you can judge we are pretty well tired out and glad to get to bed. The first day upon the saddle is very trying to a new hand.

"It is not so easy for a green hand to get employment as has been made out," continued the young man. "A young tenderfoot is worth $20 or $30 a month until he is 'broken in.' After a year's experience he can get $40 or $50 a month. This, of course, includes his rations. Of those who go out west, many return disgusted: buckskin pants, flannel shirts, a slouch hat, and a twenty-foot lash not being sufficient to compensate them for the loss of a dude overcoat and a crutch cane. The climate is splendid; mornings and evenings are, however, very cool, and even in summer blankets are a necessity. The houses are built of Nebraska brick or 'dug out,' which consists of sods a foot square laid one upon the top of the other. The sun hardens them, and they make a stanch and comfortable dwelling, though somewhat hot in summer. No rain falls in the winter, and there is never enough snow for sleighing, owing to the high winds blowing it away as quick as it falls. Lung diseases are unknown and colds in the head are an exception. In short," continued the gentlemanly cowboy, "I would not return to city life and put my nose to the grindstone of office drudgery: no, sir-ee, not for a pension."—*Brooklyn Union.*

Her Big Boy Called Him.

A good story comes to hand as to how Jim Hedges, of Fresno was taken in and done for by the old lady and her son who live out at Sulphur Springs. It is well known to teamsters and others who have traveled over the road between here and Milford that the old lady is an expert at draw poker. Jim Hedges found this out some months ago to the tune of $50, and in order to get even on her he rung in two decks of marked cards on his return trip from Bullionville. The cards broke evenly for Jim, and he was rapidly depleting the old woman's treasure-box, and would, no doubt, have broke her, were it not that her big boy dropped on his racket, and, securing his rifle, brought it to bear on Jim with the remark: "Pay over mother's money, or I'll blow your brains out." Hedges, although a brave and fearless fellow, saw the joke and gracefully forked over the old woman's ducats.—*Pioche (Cal.) Record.*

Beware of Red Stockings.

The New York *Herald* says that bright red stockings are condemned by Dr. Edson. Several persons who have worn them have complained recently that painful sores appeared on their feet and legs. The doctor purchased a lot of the stockings at different stores and analyzed them. He said yesterday that they were all found to contain arsenic and antimony. The arsenic is one of the ingredients of the dye, and the antimony is used to fix the color. The arsenic can be easily extracted from the stocking after it is dyed, but it is so cheap that the manufacturers do not care to take the trouble.

The poisonous bright red stockings are all made in Saxony, and were found on sale in the best retail stores of the city. The proprietors have been directed to take them out of stock at once. If the order is not obeyed, Dr. Edson says he will prosecute any one selling hose of this kind. The offenders will be charged with selling poison without a label, as that according to the doctor, is the only statute that covers the offense.

The late Thomas G. Appleton's hobby—a statute for Boston of the famous Norseman, whoever he was, who is believed to have first discovered America—causes much quibbling in that city. Mr. Appleton, before his death, headed a subscription list of $15,000 for this object with $10,000, and provided in his will for the needful remainder, and also named the artist who was to do the work. Now Mrs. Ole Bull threatens to withdraw her subscription of $1,000 unless another sculptor is chosen. There is much ill feeling over the matter.