THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE NEW "SALESLADY."

She extends the goods before him,
With half-averted eyes—
Their quality and value
Reaching to the skies.
That voice—O how bewitching!
Those hands—how soft and white!
Those eyes—how fascinating!
That face—how fair a sight!

"The goods are very pretty—
No doubt what they appear;
But then I think," he added,
"You are a little dear."
With cheeks suffused with blushes,
She turned her head away,
And innocently answered:
"That's who the fellers say!"

—*N. Y. News.*

THE PROFESSIONAL TRAMP IN ENGLAND.

In England, as elsewhere, the professional tramp prospers because he makes it his business to get at the weak side of everybody in skillful wise. He has always an ostensible pursuit, which he varies according to circumstances, and under cover of which he begs and swindles almost without being felt. But let us take a professional tramp on his rounds. Here we find some difficulty in making choice among the numerous varieties of fencers and fakers, hawkers and dodgers, that compose the body. There are a hundred and fifty such varieties at least, every one having its own peculiarities, and every one well worth studying. The putter-up will serve our purpose as well as any. This is a personage who travels about to procure information for house-breakers, and to smooth the way before them. He is never alone, because he is well aware that there are places to which he can never gain access, be his skill and plausibility what they may, and persons who will never allow him to approach them, while in most instances a duly accomplished female will accomplish with ease the task which he finds impossible. The man himself is prepossessing and intelligent, always has a great amount of multifarious information, and not infrequently is highly educated, and the woman is even more interesting than himself.

The pair reach the scene of operations, and betake them to different houses. Though they hunt in couples, it would not do for them to show themselves to the public too much together. Each puts up at a quiet and highly respectable lodging. Toward evening the man drops in at the tramp-house, where such visitors are common. Hither are bound to come for information all those predatory rascals who are compelled to maintain appearances, and who, therefore, dare not lodge in the tramp-house. The usual signs pass between [illegible] and visitor, and the landlord [illegible] he requ[illegible] the latter explains that [illegible]ures certain information concerning the neighborhood. He is shown into a little gloomy hole, barely larger than a good-sized cupboard, but well away from eaves-droppers and observation, and therefore just the place for confidential colloquy between two shady people. In a little while the agent makes his appearance. He is a gray-haired, gaunt, weather-beaten veteran, very much stooped at the shoulders, and in very shabby attire. He has a patch over one eye. The remaining one, however, is bright enough, and the unshaven face is hard and shrewd-looking. A reputation for extreme age enables him to assume the drivel of senility whenever awkward people, as the police, pester him with awkward questions. He has been a fixture in the tramp-house for eight or nine years past—ever since he was taken on to fill the place of just such another who had retreated to the work-house to die in peace. This one will do the same in his turn ere long, and then there will be another broken-down tramp ready to fill the vacancy. Ostensibly he is wood-chopper, boot-cleaner, messenger, and that sort of thing. In reality he is adviser of the tramps frequenting the house concerning the best routes, the best houses along them, and the best ways of utilizing both, for forty miles round. He has traversed them all, highway and by-way, over and over, in days gone by; and constant intercourse with vagabonds of all sorts and from all quarters keeps him just as well acquainted with this wide stretch of country, and all that concerns tramps therein, as he was in his best days. There is no tramp-house in the kingdom without such a retainer; in fact, he is indispensable.

The old man carries a roll of papers and a ledger, which he places on the table beside the visitor. Their intercourse begins with a little drinking and hobnobbing; and while they are so engaged we will take a look at the roll. First comes a large traveling map of England, with all the roads laid down, and the distances from town to town carefully marked. This is as it came from the publisher; but there is a good deal more besides. It is thickly marked in most directions, especially in the counties adjoining this particular tramp-house, with crosses, squares, diamonds, ovals, triangles, and other marks neatly drawn in ink, and all very pregnant of meaning to the interpreter; and he will instruct the querist of the moment in every one that concerns his projected tramp and its business, but not a particle beyond. The cross denotes that there the police are strict, and the diamond that they are lax; the oval signifies that there is a house in the vicinity where the tramp may dispose of any little trifle he may pick up on the way, and he is instructed how to make the acquaintance of its keepers; and the square intimates that there is charity hard by which may be laid under contribution. Other signs tell the characters of the tramp-houses along the road and of their keepers, and whether they stand well with the authorities or not. In addition the tramp gets the names of the gentry along the line of march, with useful hints concerning themselves and their domestic usages.

Inside the map is folded a plan of the immediate neighborhood, and with this the putter-up and the interpreter are most busy. It consists, it may be, of a chapter two of the Ordinance Survey, or of a roughly drawn sketch, not quite accurate, but as useful in its way, which conveys all the information of the more scientific plan in sufficiently intelligible form. On this plan is every house of any consequence, [illegible] attached to it. And on [illegible] to the corresponding number in the ledger, we find there quite a history of the houses for the period the book covers. There are the names of the various families occupying it during that time, the probable amounts of their incomes, and various particulars concerning domestic arrangements. There is a list of servants, corrected down to the day of reference, with a number of interesting memoranda respecting individuals. There are also notices of family events, as births, marriages, deaths, and, above all, scandals. And the interpreter is prepared to expound these hints to the satisfaction of the visitor whenever called upon to do so. In short, the ledger of the tramp-house, with the series of lodgers to which it belongs, contains quite a history of the district and its leading inhabitants for several generations.

[illegible] the tramp ledger [illegible] dry on the [illegible] to this referred to [illegible] we shall [illegible] further in [illegible] and [illegible] the visitor [illegible] man behind his counter, walks up familiarly, and requests half an hour's private conversation. The request is accompanied by some peculiar little gesture which warns the man addressed of the nature of the business, and it is granted on the instant. The pair are soon in the grocer's little parlor, busy negotiating. The conversation is exceedingly guarded on both sides. The grocer knows perfectly well the sort of a man he has before him, and the uses to which he will put whatever information he may get; nevertheless, if the putter-up were to say a single word in his real character, the discreet tradesman would flame up in virtuous indignation, and show him to the door.

The visitor accordingly veils his purpose under a plausible excuse—as, for instance, he is a scientist whose special hobby compels him to acquaint himself with the domestic arrangements of the aristocracy, these things having so much to do with the moral and intellectual development of the class. The grocer acquiesces, explaining that he has been visited more than once by such gentlemen, the last, seven or eight months before, being a *savant* who held that there was an intimate connection between the turn of a man's ideas on Indian finance and the way he fastened his back door, and who was collecting materials in support of the theory. He adds that he is always happy to further the interests of science to the best of his ability. Then the pair come to the point. There are three or four houses here-aways, states the visitor, whose architecture is very peculiar, and whose domestic arrangements are equally peculiar, as he has heard. He has no doubt in the world that details would confirm his scientific views; but how is he to ascertain them? He cannot go to the heads of families and ask for what he wants; that were an act which no amount of scientific ardor would excuse. Still, he would dearly like to obtain the information. The grocer quite appreciates the predicament, hints that he could supply the want, and opines that under the circumstances the act would be perfectly honorable—nay, even praiseworthy. However, to do this in suitable style would take time, and with a tradesman time is money. Quite so, agrees the putter-up, and the terms are arranged in the same hypocritical fashion.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Pleasant Passenger.

He had evidently gone home very late the night before and found Mrs. Caudle wide awake and inclined to converse, for he was in such a state of cheerfulness that, had he found a five-dollar bill on the street, he would have grumbled because it was not ten. He waited until the street car got nearly past him before he ran after it to stop, and then he signaled for it because the car was more at the driver beckoning till at the crossing not brought to a standing. He took a seat next the door, threw his right knee over his left, and set about fourteen inches of his shoe-toe swinging so oscillating across the passage that every lady who entered or left the car could help herself to wet clay.

"Ting-a-ling," went the driver's fare-box.

"Ring, and be darned. If you want my fare, you'll come and get it!" growled the happy man to himself.

"Fare, sir!" said the driver, opening the front door and thrusting in his head.

"If you want it, you come and get it. I'm not paid to be a conductor of your darned bob-tail cars!"

The driver took a hasty look out ahead to see if there were any children making mud pies between the rails, twisted his reins around the brake and came in for the nickel. The amiable gentleman deliberately thrust his right hand down into the depths of the corresponding pocket of his pantaloons, as deliberately withdrew it, and then started on an exploring expedition with his left hand.

"Hurry up, please," said the driver, glancing out forward to see if the old milk woman was going to get across the track in time to avoid a collision.

"Well, if you be in too much of a hurry to take my fare jest you drive along without it," said the humorous passenger as he drew forth a handful of coin, from which he slowly selected four pennies and handed them to the driver.

"One more," said the driver. "Here's only four."

"That's all the coppers I've got," said the passenger, as he rattled the coin back in his pocket.

"Then give me a piece of silver. You've got plenty of it there," said the driver.

"That's all you'll get out of me this morning, so walk off!"

"You'll have to pay your fare, or get off the car," said the driver, firmly.

"Oh, I will, eh! Jest you put me off if you can! I'll not get off, and you can't put me off! Now what are you going to do about it?" said the pleasant gentleman in a bullying tone.

The driver evidently wasn't going to do anything about it, for he went forward, dropped the four pennies into the box, and as he resumed the reins and slammed the door behind him, muttered something about the pleasure he should feel at meeting the passenger in some out-of-the-way place on a dark night.

"None of your impudence!" yelled old mud foot. "I'll have you discharged off the road! see if I don't. What are you giggling at, you infernal little fools?" remarked he, jocularly, to a couple of school girls near the front of the car, who were smiling at his mirthful remarks to the driver.

"Will you please take down your foot," said a lady who wished to leave the car, indicating the mud-covered cowhide monstrosity.

"No, I'll not! If you can't step over that foot, jest you walk around it!"

"Smack!"

A little fellow, weight about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, had reached across the car and left the pattern of his right hand upon the pleasant gentleman's face.

"Let me out of your infernal car!" yelled the funny man, as he jumped up and made for the door. "I'll not ride with such a gang of loafers and"—

"Plunk!!"

It was the little fellow's boot this time, and it has assisted the passenger to alight.

"Thank you," said the lady as she tripped through the door.

"Quite welcome, I assure you. And so is he," said the little fellow as the car rolled along with the giggling of those "infernal little fools."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fossil Fishes

In a ravine near Little Falls, between Durham and Middletown, Dr. Davis and A. E. Hobson, on Tuesday afternoon, armed with shovels, crowbars, and chisels, brought to light some fifty fine specimens of the *Catopterus gracilis*. These fossil fish, which are illustrated in Dana's Geology, were found in the triassic formation, and, according to geologists, must be about 3,000,000 years old. When they were alive the waters of the Atlantic reached the center of this State. Sir Charles Lyell first found the fossil fish in this place some fifty years ago, and it is said that there are only three places in North America where this variety of fossil fish can be obtained. The Peabody Museum, in New Haven, has only a very few inferior specimens.—*Meriden (Conn.) Republican.*

—Mr. Mark Hopkins has presented to the University of California Emerson and Longfellow historical pictures, "Washington Monument." The painting is valued at $10,000.

Late Fashion Items.

Red satin parasols remain in favor.

Terra-cotta shades are still in the ascendant.

The new shade of blue called bleu de mer is a rival to cadet blue for street costumes.

Detachable bows of ribbon are now used for trimming night-dresses.

Some of the daintiest and lightest of straw hats have the crowns entirely covered with velvet.

Quaintly shaped carved teakwood handles are seen upon some of the most expensive parasols.

Jetted lace bonnets, stylish in shape, can be purchased untrimmed.

A pretty elegance of the season are rich colored street jackets, not matched to the toilet, made of marveilleux or moire.

Little girls wear hats, sashes, stockings and ribbons all matching each other in color, the favorite hue being a new deep shade of china red.

An old-fashioned style is revived in the mode of finishing off the pointed bodice. A thick cord is set at the very edge of the corsage, and the tunic and panniers are set just underneath the cord.

Dress cardinal "my lady" house-jackets of vivogne or basket-cloth will be much worn at the seaside this summer over pretty high-colored skirts of sateen, foulard, muslin, or white dresses of any description suitable for morning toilets.

White nuns' veiling, cashmere or albatross cloth, trimmed with white lace and broad sashes of white satin or moire, are favorite materials for graduating dresses this season. Not one dress of this description exhibited thus far has been made with even a demi-train. Every dress is short, and nearly every one is made with a pointed bodice and panniers.

The favor which foulard enjoys is perhaps due to the fact that a dress made of it is always bright and pretty in appearance; it is much cooler and pleasanter for summer wear than gros-grain silk; it lends itself to any sort of draping or trimming, being supple, yet firm in texture, and is much less liable to crumple or grow limp than lawn or muslin, and the silk is so light that it proves a happy medium in dress for our fitful climate.

White and cream-tinted Spanish net will be much employed this summer for dinner and evening dress, made wholly of lace. This net is cut in plain princesse style over a foundation of white merveilleux. The skirt and bodice are then draped with ruffles, scarf and bertha of painted Spanish lace. These exquisite dresses are among the most beautiful and becoming of summer toilets.

An English novelty in collars is called the "Directoire," and is made of white Renaissance lace, with very open-work insertion bands of white chenille dotted with pearl beads. The very large cape-like collar is formed of three rows of lace, which is very deep; at the head of each ruffle is a band of the insertion run through with black velvet ribbon. This is repeated with the band around the throat, which is drawn up and brought together in front with a cluster of broad velvet loops and long ends of the same, which fall far below the waist.

White China crape shawls are being utilized for polonaises, and are made up over underskirts of silk or satin. A very simple yet elegant one made up over an underskirt of peach-blossom satin had the front of the polonaise cut in a long point, thus showing the rich embroidery of the shawl corner to fine advantage. The narrower embroidery formed a border all around the polonaise. The fringe of the shawl was replaced by wide lace of the creamy tint of the crape. A portion of the embroidery upon the other half of the shawl was sacrificed to decorate the short sleeves and bodice.

An uncommon and exceedingly elegant costume for a child is made of russet brown velvet and golden-brown satin sublime, edged with English silk embroideries. A model formed of these materials showed a French redingote of the velvet, open from below the waist line, showing the lapels of a handsome embroidered sash of golden-brown satin. The fronts of the redingote were crossed and open at the foot. The deep Charles II. collar of velvet was cut in squares and faced with satin. In suit was a soft Moorish cap of russet-brown satin, trimmed with velvet, with plume and tips of the same dark hue, shading to gold. This suit was designed for a carriage dress for cool weather at the seaside.

Comparatively few women can appropriately or becomingly wear the hair in Greek style with its accompanying filet of ribbon or silvered bands. In the first place, the hair should be very abundant; in the second place, the features should be classic in outline, and, lastly, the face should be beautiful, or at least attractive enough to bear the test of this severe style of coiffure. The women of Greece, who adopted this fashion of banding down the waves of hair, did so to keep in position their overabundant locks; but when one sees a "thinly settled," wisp-like head of hair tightly banded down *a la* Roman dame or woman of the French Directoire period, one is led to suppose that the wearer of the filet has determined by this means to secure what few remaining locks ungenerous nature has left her.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Hungarian Plains.

At first the plains softly undulating are dimpled here and there with shady hollows; while like golden islands in an ocean of vivid green lie long stretches of yellow colza and ripening corn. On the gently rising upland yonder a dark round speck appears against the sunlit sky; gardually it elongates, and we hear a voice singing in a quivering treble some national idyl. It is a husbandman emerging from the hollow and trudging homeward along the crest of the undulation. Then all is silence and solitude once more, till coming to a standstill at one of the primitive wells by the roadside, we hear the distant rumble of a wagon as its wheels grind heavily along, the driver of it singing, as it goes, a melancholy ditty in the minor key. Then one by one the villages and solitary farms lying on the horizon die away, and we enter the boundless plains. How lonely we feel, and what tiny atoms of creation, with no objects to measure ourselves by save birds of prey, and the white clouds sailing far up in the great, blue, glorious sky! Our carriage, though imposing only in the matter of size, proved very comfortable, its ponderous hood shielding us from the heat of the sun, save where, taking mean advantage of weak places in its constitution, it shot fiery arrows in upon us, scarcely less piercing than those that pour down upon the head of the traveler in the desert. The sun reflects itself in the white and dusty road. Above the soil on either side there is a flickering motion of the air like the haze from a lime-kiln. Everything is hot and dusty; not an insect is seen hovering about the low bushes which now and then skirt our pathway. All nature is taking its siesta in the dreamy noontide, and nothing is awake but the scarlet pimpernel that with wide-open, unblinking eye looks straight up at the blazing sun. We now come to a marshy district, where a lonely heron is contemplating its lovely image in a small still pool, and then away we go again—our fate the hoarse purple pelican of newly upturned soil, lands of emerald corn, and spotted cattle of tawny hue, on the large red and green leaves, and on the[illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]