THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUTZ, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

HIS SECRET.

[IN THE BALL ROOM.]

He. Are you not tired of dancing yet? It's May
May I have one little tete-a-tete?

She. One little dance, perhaps.

He. Ah, but you know
I do not dance a step! If you would go
With me to the conservatory, I
Would find a pleasant, quiet seat, and try
To reconcile you to a schottish lost.

She. You couldn't! I'd rather dance with Captain Frost.
I promised him —

He. Then let him look for you!
Let's leave this crowd.

She. No, no! We can't get through.

He. This atmosphere's so warm!

She. I'm not so bold
To seek a cooler and a fatal cold.

He. I'll find your wraps.

She. I haven't time to wait.

He. And so you will not come? I abdicate.
There's Captain Frost—well, *au recoir!*—although
I'd something nice, a secret —

She. Secret! Oh!
Indeed? To tell to me?

He. Yes, first to you.

She. What is it?

He. You will come?

She. And if I do,
You'll not deceive me?

He. Ne'er spoke I more true.

[IN THE CONSERVATORY.]

He. Here is a seat fit for your Ladyship.
How beautiful you are to-night!

She. Pray skip
The compliments—the secret I would hear.

He. Are you impatient? Ah! I almost fear
To tell you now.

She. You promised!

He. Yes—and—well,
The only secret which I have to tell
Is—that I love you, dear.

She (laughingly.) Heigho! You do?
And so this is the mighty secret you
Possessed! Dishonest, sir, was your offense
When you decoyed me here on false pretense.
Secret, indeed! How grandly you disclose it!
Secret, ha! ha! when *everybody knows it!*

He. Madame!

She (rising.) You have deceived me—I return.

He. And so you trifle with —

She (sitting down again.) Cold "words that burn!"
Come, don't be tragic! Since your love for me
Your "secret" is, suppose, well—don't you see?—
Oh, stupid lover, can you not discern it?—
I'll "keep" the secret, though I do "return" it.

—*Harrison Robertson, in Century Magazine.*

IN DOUBLE DANGER.

A Strange Adventure.

I've had many a queer voyage in my time (said Captain M——), but the queerest I ever had was one that I made (somewhat unexpectedly, as you will see) upon the Great Fish River, in South Africa, on my way back from a hunting excursion.

As I neared the bank I saw that the river was in full flood, more than twice its usual breadth, and running like a mill-race. I knew at once that I should have a very tough job to get across—for a flooded African river is no joke, I can tell you. But I knew also that my wife would be terribly anxious if I didn't come back on the day that I had fixed—South Africa being a place where a good many things may happen to a man—and so I determined to chance it.

Just at the water's edge I found an old Bushman that I knew well, who had a boat of his own, so I hailed him at once:

"Well, Kaloomi, what will you take to put me across the river?"

"No go fifty dollar this time, baas" (master), said the old fellow, in his half-Dutch, half-English jargon. "Boat no get 'cross to-day; water groed (great)!"

And never a bit could I persuade him, although I offered him money enough to make any ordinary Bushman jump head first down a precipice. Money was good, he said, but it would be no use to him when he was drowned; and, in short, he wouldn't budge.

"Well, if you won't put me across," said I at last, "lend me your boat, and I'll just do the job for myself; I can't very well take my horse with me, so I'll just leave him here in pledge that I'll pay for the boat when I come back."

"Keep horse for you, master, quite willing; but 'spose you try cross to-day you never come back to ask for him."

He spoke so positively that, though I'm not easily frightened, I certainly did feel rather uncomfortable. However, when you've got to do a thing of that sort, the less you think of it the better, so I jumped into the boat and shoved off.

I had barely got clear of the shore when I found that the old fellow was right, for the boat shot down the stream like an arrow. I saw in a moment that there was no hope of paddling her across, and that all I could do was just to keep her head straight. But I hadn't the chance of doing even that very long, for just then a big tree came driving along, and hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg-shell. I had just time to clutch the projecting roots and whisk myself up on to them, and then tree and I went away down stream together at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first I was so rejoiced at escaping just when all seemed over with me, that I didn't think much of what was to come next; but before long I got something to think of with a vengeance. The tree, as I've said, was a large one, and the branch end (the opposite one to where I sat) was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly shook and parted, and out peeped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion!

I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom along with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting-knife, which against such a beast as that would be no more use than a bodkin. I fairly gave myself up for lost, making sure that in another moment he'd spring forward [illegible] to bits.

But whether it [illegible] ready gorged [illegible] whether (as I [illegible] frightened at [illegible] scrape, he sh[illegible] took me, so [illegible] he saw or heard something he didn't like. At first I couldn't imagine what on earth was the matter with him, but presently I caught a sound which scared me much worse than it had done the lion. Far in the distance I could hear a dull, booming roar, which I had heard too often not to recognize at once; we were nearing a waterfall!

I had seen the great falls of the Fish River more than once, and the bare thought of being carried over those tremendous precipices made my very blood run cold. Yet being devoured by a lion would hardly be much of an improvement, and as I hadn't the ghost of a chance of being able to swim ashore, there really seemed to be no other alternative.

Faster and faster we went—louder and louder grew the roar of the cataract; the lion seemed to have given himself up for lost, and crouched down among the leaves, only uttering a low, moaning whine every now and then. I was fairly at my wit's end what to do, when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a glance of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, and a rocky headland thrust itself out a good way into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees, whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that, if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of one of the branches, and swing myself up on to the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, hardly caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself firmly on one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came. I knew that this would be my last chance, for by this time we were so near the precipice that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the great cloud of spray and vapor that hovered over the great waterfall. Even at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump like a sledge-hammer as we came closer and closer to the point, and I thought what would happen if I missed my leap.

Just as we neared it, it happened by the special mercy of God that our tree struck against something and turned fairly crosswise to the current, the end with the lion on it swinging out into mid stream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring (I don't think I ever made such another before or since) and just clutched the lowest bough; and as I dragged myself on to it I heard the last roar of the doomed lion mingling with the thunder of the waterfall as he vanished into the cloud of mist that overhung the precipice.

As for me it was late enough that night before I got home, and I found my poor wife in a fine fright about me; so I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself, and it wasn't till nearly a year later that she heard a word about my strange fellow-voyager.—*English Magazine.*

Bonnets and Trimmings.

Milliners have for the first time in many years imported bonnets especially designed for the intermediate season of autumn, which in this country is so beautiful and lasts so long that summer bonnets lose their freshness when the weather is still too warm for heavy winter bonnets to be comfortable. To meet the wants of this half season there are new bonnets and round hats with the brim of dark straw, and the crown entirely of velvet of the same shade as the straw, and put on almost as smoothly as if it were molded there. These come in the fashionable Parisian shade of dark green called both hussar and rifle green, also in olive, bronze, mordore, sapphire, wine color, and peacock blue. The bonnets are small capotes, but have larger brims than the Alsacian bonnets of the summer, and these brims have a rolled edge that forms a slight coronet. The curtain band below the velvet crown is of straw about an inch wide. These are to be trimmed with fancy feathers, birds and velvet ribbon that is satin on the wrong side.

Round hats that have a velvet crown and straw brim are very large, but are not particularly new in shapes. The walking hat, as it is called, has a nearly straight brim about four inches wide, slightly curved upward on each side, and a high square crown of velvet. Other hats have only one side rolled up in Gainsborough style. A bird *au naturel* with a torsade of velvet or of ottoman reps is the trimming for these. The fancy feathers that have a real bird's head with some of the breast feathers, and are fancifully finished off with long coq plumes, are also stylish trimmings.

Small birds are imported in great quantities for trimming bonnets and round hats, and it is a sad sight to see the meek ring-doves, with their sober plumage, the sea-swallows, merles, pheasants, lophophores, penguins, and even the pigeons, quails and partridges, that have been sacrificed for this purpose.

The newest trimming ribbons are the ottoman reps of thick yet soft quality, the widths varying from two inches to five or six.

Quaint pokes and sun-bonnets as well as round hats are being worn in the country by young ladies and misses. They are made of batiste, either ecru, very light blue of the new shade called old Sevres, ivory white, porcelain blue and bronze. The front pokes out beyond the face, protecting it like an old-time sun-bonnet, and is made of many narrow shirred puffs. The crown is full and stands up slightly, and the queer little curtain falls low on the shoulders. These are made to match the color of the lawn or muslin dress, and cost $2.50 each. Round hats of shirred mull have the crown entirely covered with a square kerchief of printed mull, either with balls, polka dots, pansies, chrysanthemums or daisies. The edges of the square are either scalloped or hem-stitched. This square is laid plainly over the crown in front, its edges resting on the brim, reaching to its very edge, with all the fullness drawn back of the crown and knotted there, or tied in a careless bow with pointed ends showing. The simple way of using the colored mull squares that are sold for forty cents up to one dollar is convenient for furbishing up the country hats of coarse straw that have lost their freshness by the hard usage of a summer's campaign.—*Harper's Bazar.*

American Enterprise on the Rhone.

[illegible] American gentleman who went [illegible] Niagara, not because [illegible] cause of its being [illegible] was probably [illegible] rymen than is [illegible] rate, a com- [illegible] at a dis- [illegible] d in the [illegible] through [illegible] ously. [illegible] his in- [illegible] under- [illegible] ment of a [illegible] new direction, [illegible] need for work- [illegible] chinery. Al- [illegible] ing to look [illegible] Europe, and [illegible] way of enter- [illegible] still be- [illegible] World.

Improving His Mind.

I'm going to stop improving my mind. It gets me into trouble all the time. Grown-up folks can improve their minds without doing any harm, for nobody ever tells them that their conduct is rude, and that there isn't the least excuse in the world for them; but just as sure as a boy tries to improve his mind, especially with animals, he gets into dreadful difficulties.

There was a man came to our town to lecture a while ago. He had been a great traveler, and knew all about Rome and Niagara Falls and the North Pole, and such places, and father said: "Now, Jimmy, here's an opportunity for you to learn something and improve your mind; go and take your mother and do take an interest in something besides games."

Well, I went to the lecture. The man told all about the Australian savages and their boomerang. He showed us a boomerang, which is a stick with two legs, and an Australian will throw it at a man, and it will go and hit him, and come back of its own accord. Then he told us about the way the Zulus throw their assegais—that's the right way to spell it—and spear an Englishman that is mor'n ten rods away from them. Then he showed a long string with a heavy lead ball on each end, and said the South Americans would throw it at a wild horse, and it would wind around the horse's legs, and tie itself into a bow-knot, and then the South American would catch the horse. But the best of all was the account of a bull-fight which he saw in Spain, with the Queen sitting on a throne, and giving a crown of evergreens to the chief bull-fighter. He said that bull-fighting was awfully cruel, and that he told us about it so that we might be thankful that we are so much better than those dreadful Spanish people, who will watch a bull-fight all day, and think it real fun.

The next day I told Mr. Travers about the boomerang, and he said it was all true. Once there was an Australian savage in a circus, and he got angry, and he threw his boomerang at a man who was in the third story of a hotel. The boomerang went down one street and up another, and into the hotel door, and up stairs, and knocked the man on the head, and came back the same way right into the Australian savage's hand.

I was so anxious to show father that I had listened to the lecture that I made a boomerang just like the one the lecturer had. When it was done, I went out into the back yard, and slung it at a cat on the roof of our house. It never touched the cat, but it went right through the dining-room window, and gave Mr. Travers an awful blow in the eye, besides hitting Sue on the nose. It stopped right there in the dining-room, and never came back to me at all, and I don't believe a word the lecturer said about it. I don't feel courage to tell what father said about it.

Then I tried to catch Mr. Thompson's dog, that lives next door to us, with two lead balls tied on the ends of a long string. I didn't hit the dog any more than I did the cat, but I didn't do any harm except to Mr. Thompson's cook, and she ought to be thankful that it was only her arm, for the doctor said that if the balls had hit her on the head they would have broken it, and the consequences might have been serious.

It was a good while before I could find anything to make an assegai out of; but after hunting all over the house, I came across a lovely piece of bamboo about ten feet long, and just as light as a feather. Then I got a big knife blade that hadn't any handle to it, and that had been lying in father's tool chest for ever so long, and fastened it on the end of the bamboo. You wouldn't believe how splendidly I could throw that assegai, only the wind would take it, and you couldn't tell when you threw it where it would bring up. I don't see how the Zulus ever manage to hit an Englishman; but Mr. Travers says that the Englishmen are all so made that you can't very well miss them. And then perhaps the Zulus, when they want to hit them, aim at some thing else. One day I was practicing with the assegai at our barn door, making believe that it was an Englishman, when Mr. Carruthers, the butcher, drove by, and the assegai came down and went through his foot, and pinned it to the wagon. But he didn't see me, and I guess he got it out after a while, though I never saw it again.

But what the lecturer taught us about bull-fights was worse than anything else. Tom McGinnis' father has a terrible bull in the pasture, and Tom and I agreed that we'd have a bull-fight, only, of course, we wouldn't hurt the bull. All we wanted to do was to show our parents how much we had learned about the geography and habits of the Spaniards.

Tom McGinnis' sister Jane, who is twelve years old, and thinks she knows everything, said she'd be the Queen of Spain, and give Tom and me evergreen wreaths. I got an old red curtain out of the dining-room, and divided it with Tom, so that we could wave it in the bull's face. When a bull runs after a bull-fighter, the other bull-fighter just waves his red rag, and the bull goes for him and lets the first bull-fighter escape. The lecturer said that there wasn't any danger so long as one fellow would always wave a red rag when the bull ran after the other fellow, and of course we believed him.

Pretty nearly all the school came down to the pasture to see our bull-fight. The Queen of Spain sat on the fence, because there wasn't any other throne, and the rest of the fellows and girls stood behind the fence. The bull was pretty savage; but Tom and I had our red rags, and we weren't afraid of him.

As soon as we went into the pasture the bull came for me, with his head down, and bellowing as if he was out of his mind. Tom rushed up and waved his red rag, and the bull stopped running after me, and went after Tom, just as the lecturer said he would.

I know I ought to have waved my red rag, so as to rescue Tom, but I was so interested that I forgot all about it, and the bull caught up with Tom. I should think he went twenty feet right up into the air, and as he came down he hit the Queen of Spain, and knocked her about six feet right against Mr. McGinnis, who had come down to the pasture to stop the fight.

The doctor says they'll all get well, though Tom's legs are all broke, and his sister's shoulder is out of joint, and Mr. McGinnis has got to get a new set of teeth. Father didn't do a thing to me—that is, with anything—but he talked to me till I made up my mind that I'd never try to learn anything from a lecturer again, not even if he lectures about Indians and scalping-knives.—"*Jimmy Brown,*" *in Harper's Young People.*

Looking Into a Man.

"You mean that you want to see into a man?" said the reporter.

"That's just what I do mean, and just what I think my friends, Drs. Nitze and Leiter, of Vienna, will enable me to do," he said. "You know that already, by the aid of the laryngoscope, ophthalmoscope and otoscope, we are enabled to examine the ear, eye and throat, but the examination is not always a satisfactory one, and is confused by means of light thrown from mirrors into the cavities mentioned. When in Vienna, however, I heard of an electro-endoscope that caused my curiosity. And I lost no time in finding out its inventors and asking to see the instrument."

"Did you see it?"

"[illegible] very wonderful instrument [illegible] I shall not try to describe it to you [illegible] Standing in one corner of the room on a tripod was a double copper cylinder, and which I found to be a pump worked after the fashion of a gas reservoir. That is, by raising the inner cylinder, to which was attached a nicely-graded system of make-weights, the water contained in the outer cylinder would, as the raised cylinder or plunger descended, be evenly and gradually forced into a series of connecting pipes whose purpose I shall explain further on. Near by stood a powerful Bunsen battery, compactly put in a chest, and between these an upright, on which was fixed a regular disc, and from which depended a series of wires and tubes. The wires simply carried the electric current, the current being cut off or completed by the ordinary thumb-screw; the tubes, which were of red rubber and about the size of a quill, were connected with the pump I mentioned just now. Near by stood a tray full of silver tubes of various sizes and shapes, and altogether the apparatus looks a rather formidable affair."

"Did you see the instrument in operation?" asked the reporter, with growing interest.

"I did," replied the doctor. "While I was looking at the machine a patient afflicted with calculus was brought in, and Dr. Nitze invited me to stay. Selecting what he called a 'cystoscope,' he handed it to me for examination. I found it to be in appearance exactly like an ordinary sound; but on studying it closely I found it to be a much more intricate piece of mechanism. On unscrewing the bent tip I saw a tiny loop of twisted silver and platinum wire, while between the point and the angle was an oblong opening, which really served as a window. The whole instrument was hollow and held not only this wire but an arrangement of double tubes for the receipt of a stream of water, to be furnished through two tiny nozzles, which were screwed on the ends of the small rubber pipes you remember my speaking about. The upper end was shaped funnelwise, at the apex of which was a small but strong telescope, and at the curve of the 'sound' Dr. Nitze informed me was a clear, reflecting prism.

"The patient being put on the table, the battery wires and water tubes were connected and immediately the wire-loop in the top of the instrument became brightly incandescent. The doctor placed the instrument in my hand, and, thanks to the constant stream of cold water which percolated through its length, it remained as cool as cold steel should be. The instrument was introduced and Dr. Nitze asked me to look. I applied my eye and could not repress a cry of wonder and admiration. It was like looking at the illuminated circle of a magic lantern. There in the dark recesses of the patient's body I could see a little group of four mischievous, uric-tinted concretions. No need of groping around in the dark with a lithorite after that; their position could be as accurately marked down as the towns in a map. It was simply wonderful."

"Its use is not confined to that particular species of investigation, I take it," said the reporter.

"Oh dear, no," answered the doctor. "While in Vienna I saw the electro-endoscope put to a number of tests, and in one instance saw the interior of a man's stomach illumined for over a hand's breadth as though it had been a book placed with n the rays of a shaded lamp. Every hollow of the body can be lit up and the secrets of disease brought into light. Mind I do not say that this is an instrument that every one can use, or that should be used indiscriminately, but there is little doubt in my mind that it is a most valuable invention, and that by its aid much that is now baffling will come within the curable. In a word, with the electro-endoscope and the modifications that will surely follow, a surgeon will actually be able to see that which he now but guesses at. At all events I was so struck with the beauty and necessity of the instrument that I ordered one of the makers. I expect it in a few days, and when it comes I will let you know, so that you may be able, as I have already been, to look right down into a man."—*From Interview, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Where the Ape is Honored.

The ancient Egyptians did not represent the ape as a caricature of man, but idealized it and paid it religious honors, as they did to many other animals. A cynocephalus was kept and worshiped in the temple at Hermopolis, while a cercopithecus was honored at Thebes. Mummies of apes have been found in both of these cities. The ape also has its place in the hieroglyphics as the representative of the sound "en," and is called *ein* in Coptic. The god Anubis, who, at the judgment of the dead in Amenti (or the land of death), put the heart of the deceased in the balance of justice in order to report the result to Thoth, is figured with the head of a cynocephalus, or dog-faced baboon. Thoth himself generally appears associated with the attribute of the cynocephalus, the emblem of the dog-star. The temple of Queen Hatasu, at Der-el-bahri, is adorned with inscriptions relating to a grand expedition into the balsam-bearing land of Punt, the Egyptian Ophir, in which the offerings sent by the King of that country are described: "The transports were loaded to the full with the wonderful products of the land of Punt, and the various building-woods of the godly land, with heaps of balsams of incense, with green incense-trees, with ebony, with ivory, adorned with gold from the land of Amu, with liquorice-wood, chefit-wood, with frankincense, holy balsams and eye-paints, with cynocephaluses and baboons and grey-hounds, and with leopard-skins. Never was the like brought to any King of Egypt since the world has stood." According to Brugsch, the incense-trees stood on the decks of the vessels, and the apes, let loose, gamboled in the rigging, to the great delight of the sailors.

In the Indian Ramayana, where the animals are praised as allies of Rama, apes are depicted in groups, under the direction of a King who obeys the nods of Rama. They are not, however, introduced as idealized apes, changed men or incarnate demons, but as veritable apes with all their less pleasant peculiarities realistically portrayed. A favorite figure of the poem is Hanuman, the fool of the serious drama, around whom a fabulous atmosphere has already gathered. In him may be recognized the Hulman of the Hindoos, the Mandi of the Malabars, the sacred ape, *Semnopithecus entellus.* He is an Atlas, who bears mountains on his shoulders. A child of the wind and the air, he affords the most agreeable symbolism of the simian character. Like a rash child, he tried to go up to the sun, and still carries a remembrancer of his mishap in the deformity of his lower jaw, which is longer than the upper one. With his foolhardy, comic ways, he cheered and comforted Rama's beloved wife Sita, and helped deliver her from the terrible Lanka, the city of the Demon-King Ravana. In gratitude for this, Rama crowned him and embraced him in the sight of both hosts, of men and of gods.—*Dr. Pincock, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Pamela Gaman, fourteen years old, [illegible] the female champion of the [illegible] horses, by the hard means of [illegible] Gaman [illegible] Mathias River has [illegible] there was a [illegible] year, but Pamela [illegible] determined to [illegible] in bringing the [illegible] of Pamela.

About Puddings.

"Sing, sing, what shall I sing,
The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string."

Dr. Johnson wrote of Mrs. Carter that she could both translate Epictetus and make a pudding, a diversity of accomplishments which only a very versatile character could sustain. For in the making of puddings there must be something that resembles genius. Like the artist's paints they must be mixed with brains. There must be system, mechanical precision, patience and gastronomic skill as well as what the old housekeepers called the "wherewithal." It is a labor of love to prepare the ingredients and do the mixing, and afterward to watch the pot boil so that the pudding shall turn out of its cloth round, firm and deliciously light—white if suet or batter, brown and full of Argus eyes if made of

"Raisins and spice,
And all that's nice."

And after that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. It must cut in soft, rich slices of light air cells and crumbs, into which the sauce will soak in ecstatic absorption. It must literally melt in the mouth, and after it is eaten leave the satisfied and contented feeling which only a good pudding or a good conscience can produce. A little girl was visiting in a family where they steamed the puddings.

"My mamma boils her puddin' in a wag," she said, critically.

Puddings boiled in a rag are the best. The harvest apples of this season of the year make delicious puddings either baked or boiled. As dumplings they are super-excellent. Each apple should be pared but not cored—the seeds add flavor—and tied in a small separate cloth and a pot full boiled together. They should be eaten as soon as dished, with butter and sugar. A rich biscuit dough makes a good paste.

"Does any gentleman say puddin'?" asked a member of the nouveaux riches gazing round at the guests assembled at his table.

"No, sir, no gentleman says *puddin'*," was the retort courteous of one of the guests.

Dr. Johnson wrote of Lady Bustle that "she makes an orange pudding which is the envy of all the neighborhood, and which she has found means of mixing and baking with such success that the ingredients to which it owes its flavor have never been discovered. She has, however, promised her daughter Clorinda that if she pleases her in marriage she shall be told the composition of the pudding without reserve."

We hear of a familiar dish in an old English ballad which begins:

"When good King Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodly King;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bread pudding."

The pudding ranks in England as a national dish, but the French will have none of it. It may be found on the cartes of the leading restaurateurs of Paris, but it is not eaten by the French customers of the place. A story is told of one of the early French monarchs, who, when he entertained the English Ambassador, determined to regale him with a plum pudding. The King obtained the recipe and gave it to his cook, but forgot to tell him to boil it in a cloth. The consequence was the pudding came to the table in a tureen and was served up as a soup to the chagrin of the monarch and the disappoint of the Ambassador.

As one by one the ancient landmarks of cookery disappear it is safe to predict that the boiled pudding will go with them into the oblivion of cranes and pot-hooks. The boys and girls whose palates used to be tickled with great rounds of mother's huckleberry puddings will have to content themselves with its half sister, huckleberry roli, or its second cousin, baked blueberry batter pudding. The following rules for boiled puddings are as apropos to day as they were one hundred years ago when they were formulated. First, the bag or cloth must be soaked thoroughly in hot water, wrung and cooled and the inside well dredged with flour, in order that the pudding shall not stick to the cloth when it is taken out.

2. The water in the pot must be always boiling when the pudding is put in, and continue the whole time, otherwise the water would soak into the cloth and make the pudding heavy.

3. As the water boils away replenish the pot from another kettle of boiling water. The tea kettle is generally the most convenient and ready for use.

4. Never replenish with cold water, as that will make the pudding heavy.

A fifth rule might be added with good effect; always put a plate of old earthenware in the pot before putting the pudding in so that it will not burn to the bottom of the pot. Puddings should be turned by sticking a fork lightly into the cloth and flopping them over when about half done.

English plum pudding is so rich that it will keep six or eight months and make the journey across the Atlantic twice without detriment. A genuine English plum pudding is prepared one day and boiled on the next; sometimes it is boiled two hours on one day and four on the next. Its proportions are a baker's loaf without the crust, soaked in milk, ten eggs, two pounds stoned and pared raisins, two pounds currants; all the fine spices in proportions of a teaspoonful each; two nutmegs, lemon, chopped orange peel, teaspoonful soda, half pound citron cut in fine strips, and a glass of tart jelly, one pound black sugar. This quantity will make two medium sized puddings. The sauce is made of butter and sugar boiled together and thickened with flour or corn starch, spiced and flavored to taste.

Here is a plainer recipe: Half a pound of beef suet, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of dried currants, one cup of sour milk, two-thirds teaspoon of saleratus, two eggs, half a nutmeg.

A good family plum pudding is made in this way: One cup raisins, one cup suet, one cup molasses, one cup milk, three and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half spoon of salt. Boil two and one-half hours.

Boiled Corn Pudding: One quart of corn-meal, three quarts of milk, three eggs, one gill of molasses. Stir the milk and meal toge her thoroughly, that no lump remains; add the eggs and the molasses; leave a good deal of space in the bag for the pudding to swell, for this one swells very much. Boil three hours.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—Ribbon Cake: Two and a half cups of sugar, one of butter, one of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a tea spoonful of soda, four cups flour, four eggs. Reserve a third of this mixture and bake the remainder in two loaves of the same size. Add to third reserved, one cup of raisins, a fourth of a pound of citron, one cup of currants, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, a teaspoonful each of all kinds of spice. Bake in a tin the same size as other loaves. Put the three loaves together with a little icing or currant jelly, placing the fruit loaf in center, frost top and sides.—*The Household.*

—A German wine merchant who was convicted and sent to prison for adulterating wine was forced to betray the secret of his operation. It was this: Three thousand small casks of wine, by the addition of water, alcohol, potash, [illegible] sugar and milk, [illegible] to equal the genuine article [illegible]

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rob Hill's last words were spoken to his pastor, Rev. C. A. Evans, and were: "Almost home."

—Secretary Folger, of the Treasury, is called a perfect picture of Benjamin Franklin, and with good reason, for Franklin's mother was a Folger.

—A Texas negro, who claimed to be one hundred and twenty years of age, died, recently, and had the largest funeral ever seen in the State.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Says F. J. Furnivall, the Shakespearian critic: "Shakespeare's own five signatures prove that the most authentic form of spelling his name is 'Shakspere.'"

—Rosa Bonheur is sixty-two years old and has quit wearing pantaloons and dresses like any other woman. This leaves Mary Walker in the full enjoyment of a dangerous monopoly.—*Hawkeye.*

—Hans Von Bulow, the pianist, is going to marry a woman named Maria Amalia Katharina Josepha Schanzer. When she adds Von Bulow she will have a real seven-octave name.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Berlioz, the composer, when he was in love, said to the adored one: "Ariel, I adore you, I bless you; in a word, I love you more than the weak French tongue can say; give me an orchestra of 100 performers and a chorus of 150 voices and I can tell you."

—The best prose sentence ever written on this side of the Atlantic, according to Mr. E. P. Whipple, is this from Emerson's lecture on Shakespeare: "The recitation begins; one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes."

—Some Sanscrit manuscripts of parts of the bible of the Buddhists have been found in Japan. It is thought that many relics in Sanscrit of great value may yet be discovered in China and Japan, though probably not any that will have any important bearing upon the religion either of the Jews or of the Christians.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Antoine Gerin-Lajoie, who recently died at Ottawa, will be long remembered by his countrymen in Canada, for he wrote their national song, "Le Canadien Errant." There is hardly a man, woman or child in Canada who does not know the simple song by heart, and it can be heard almost any evening among the Canadians of New England factory towns and in the French settlements of the far West.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A correspondent relates the following incident in the life of the Rev. William Arthur, father of the President: "While presiding over the Baptist Church in West Troy, his choir drawled out the hymn with variations, which did not please him, so he took his text and preached two hours and forty minutes. His head deacon grew impatient and consulted his watch. 'Keep your watch in your pocket, Deacon Jones,' said he, 'you had a long sing, and now I am going to preach till I get through.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

—The way things are going now the enterprising railroad of the future will advertise "Brand-new time-table every morning."—*Philadelphia News.*

—A Denver Alderman spells water with two t's. He doubtless thinks it better to have too much "t" in his water than to much water in his "t."—*Courier Journal.*

—Kingston, Canada, refused a marriage license to a man because he is ninety-two years old. Come over to this side, old man. Age is never objected to in the United States.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Calino's wife goes out to work. The other day, as she reproached him for getting up so late, he replied: "Ah, madam, I sleep very slowly, and I need in consequence much more time for repose than you."—*French Paper.*

—An Englishman sent a young girl a New Year's card with these words upon it: "Golden sunshine will be yours at last." A jury has just compelled him to pay her $5,000 for breach of promise, and the prophecy is fulfilled.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—"I want a good match safe," the customer said. And the new boy promptly dipped a box of matches into the water pail and handed them out. "There," he said, "you can't buy 'em any safer'n that in all America. Wouldn't burn if you stuck 'em in the stove."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Things one would rather have left unsaid: Amiable hostess—"What! must you go already? Really professor, it's too bad of this sweet young wife of yours to carry you off so early. She always does." Professor—"No, no, not always, Mrs. Bright. At most houses I positively have to drag her away.—*Punch.*

—When the New York Yacht Club was in Marblehead Harbor, recently, milk was so scarce that one dollar a quart was offered for it. A somewhat excited old lady, on hearing the news, rushed to the door and exclaimed: "Just think on it! A dollar a quart for milk! I wish to the Lord I had a cow and a pump!"—*Boston Post.*

—A little boy had his long curls cut off the other day, and was annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of all his friends. Going with his family into the country, soon after his arrival he came running into the house in great sorrow, crying: "Mamma, mamma, even the hens laugh at me; they all say, 'Cut-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut!'"

—"You make a mistake, sir. You set too good a table altogether. Now, what's the use of cucumbers and huckleberry pie right along for a dozen meals?" "I know it, sir, I know it," beamed the landlord. "I give 'em all the luxuries to wunst." "But, my dear sir, think of the cramps?" "Jess so, jess so. But I'm bound to get my guests into the bedrooms, if I do cramp 'em some."—*Chicago Times.*

How to Get Rid of a Non-Paying Boarder.

The London papers abound in curious information about New York. We learn from the *Daily News* that "Miss Wanda Brown, residing at a fashionable boarding-house in Thirty-ninth street, New York City, recently gave her landlady, Mrs. Beeble, in charge for assault and battery. Being requested by the sitting magistrate to state the particulars of the assault, she deposed that upon three several occasions Mrs. Beeble had put a huge bullfrog in her bed. 'Is that so?' inquired his Honor of the prisoner. 'Well, Judge, I admit the frogs,' replied Mrs. Beeble; 'but what is one who is poor, though honest, to do with a boarder who will neither pay nor quit? This is how it was: I had lost enough money by her, and wasn't going to waste any more on getting her out of my house by the strong arm of the law. But my husband supplied cold-blooded animals to the medical students for their experiments, and so it struck me one day, leaning over his stock, that a likely way to persuade Miss Brown to pay up, or, better still, to get rid of her, would be to put a frog or two in her bed.' 'Did your expedient succeed?' asked the magistrate, with a smile. 'Yes, [illegible] Judge, but [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] a little to [illegible] the bait, his back hits the [illegible] direction it out of the notched [illegible] and the third is very much surprised [illegible] a small rope securely [illegible] tied around his body just back of his fore legs.

Of course he thrashes about in the water, and raises a terrible fuss, but there he is, and there he has to stay until Jimmie and his father return.

The prisoner can swim around in such a circle as the rope will permit, and in order to get him out of the water it is necessary to have him fastened securely, or he would do a great deal of mischief. The trappers wade out in the water, and watch their opportunity to get a rope around the captive's tail. After this is done, it is fastened to something on the shore, and then Mr. Alligator cannot swim around, but is stretched out very nearly in a straight line, when it is not difficult to get another rope around his jaws. His legs are then bent up over his back and fastened together, after which a stout stick is lashed from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, which prevents him from bending his body. He is then lifted into the boat, for to drag him to the shore while he is in such a helpless condition would be to drown him.

One day last year, Jimmie's father left him on Black Creek, which runs into the St. John's River, above Jacksonville, while he went to the city to sell some 'gators. His father had not been gone very long when Jimmie saw a big alligator crawl out of the water and arrange himself snugly in the sand for a nap. Jimmie knew the old fellow was too big for him to attempt to catch alone; but, thinking what a nice prize he would have to show his father in case he succeeded, he resolved to make the attempt. Waiting until he was sure the 'gator was asleep, Jimmie crept softly up to him, and had nearly got the rope around his tail when the alligator awoke.

The first thing he did was to swing his tail around, and he struck the boy on the legs. The force of the blow was broken by the rope, or Jimmie would not have been alive to tell about it, but it hurt him so much that it was only with the greatest difficulty he managed to tie the knots, and then when he crept out of the angry monster's way the old fellow was so near him that he tore his coat off with his teeth. It was some time before the boy was able to continue the attempt of making the alligator a captive; but he did succeed after a while, and when Mr. Davis returned he found Jimmie watching a prisoner that was nearly twelve feet long.

Jimmie once gave three alligator eggs to a hen which was very anxious to have some chickens, and after she had nearly killed herself setting on them three of the oddest looking babies that old hen ever saw crept out and started on a journey for the water. Biddy had no idea of losing her young ones after she had had so much trouble to hatch them, and she did all she could to prevent them from leaving the nest; but as fast as she could roll one back with her beak the other two would be toddling off at their fastest speed, which so discouraged the hen that she gave up the task after she had worked hard several hours, clucking disconsolately as the ugly-looking youngsters scrambled into the water.

Sometimes Jimmie has two or three hundred of these odd chickens in his coop, all of which he has raised himself, for during the summer there is very little demand for them; but as soon as the tourists come in the winter he disposes of his brood without any difficulty.—*James Otis, in Wide Awake.*

A Type of Indian Territory Indians.

I trotted my pony along pretty briskly, and in a half hour's ride overtook an Indian riding slowly along on a mustang. I hailed him. He was a friendly one. All Indians in the Territory are friendly. They are warm friends if you have a bottle of whisky and a little money, and will never leave you till the money and whisky are gone. I found that he was going to the "Big Spring," as he called it, or Baxter Springs, in the southeastern part of Kansas, the end of my journey. He said the reason I had seen no one was I had traveled between two ranges of settlements all the way. Had I gone ten miles to the north I would have struck one of them. But I was not sorry I had not. My companion could speak English very plainly, and was very dirty and lazy. He was a good type of the inhabitants of the Territory. He was clad in a gorgeous waistcoat of a Disraeli pattern, buttoned with brass army buttons, and had a blanket fastened at the hips and wrapped around his legs to the knees, while his feet were covered with moccasins. He said we were within two days' travel of the springs, and that about one hour before sunset we would strike off from the trail, and seek shelter for the night among the Indian settlements. So we traveled along, he being very shy, I hardly knowing how to manage him, till I thought of the whisky bottle. I presented it to him. There was a change as if by magic. His tongue was loosened and there was no more silence. He told me Indian stories and I was regaled with Indian folk-lore.

He told me that nine-tenths of the people were against the opening of the Territory to settlement, but they did not feel safe against it on account of treaties so often broken. He said if it did happen there was no telling where it would end, for the people would surely rise against them, and they would not rise unarmed or unskilled in the use of arms. It was now near sunset, and, according to his promise, we branched off toward the settlements. In the day's ride there had been a great change in the country, for it assumed features more like those of the State of Missouri, but the climate was the same. It was the mixture of plain, woodland and bluff thrown together in wonderful confusion. Now and then an Indian cabin would peer out between the trees, and often there would be quite a well-kept farm, but it was Indian farming after all. At sunset we reached the top of a bluff overlooking a pretty little stream that rippled along toward the south, and, winding down the bluff into the valley below, we reached the settlement, where we were to stop for the night.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Commercial Item.