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## 'TWAS FAR AWAY.

'Twas far away where skies are fair  
And sweet with song and light;  
When I had but my sythe, my dear,  
And you your needles bright.

So far away! and yet, to-day,  
For all the distance dear,  
My heart keeps chime with that sweet  
Tune  
And dreams the old dreams there.

There, where love learned its sweetest  
words  
And built its brightest bowers;  
Where sang the rarest mocking birds  
And bloomed the fairest flowers!

And fields were golden-rich, and clear  
The streams flowed in the light—  
When I had but my sythe, my dear,  
And you your needles bright!

How soft and sweet across the wheat  
Your dear voice seemed to roam,  
When stars of love peeped pale above  
And I went dreaming home!

Life had no sweeter joy than this—  
To rest a little while  
There, where you met me with a kiss  
And blessed me with a smile!

So far that sweet time seems to-day,  
Here, 'neath these darkened skies;  
And yet, across the weary way  
You light me with your eyes!

And I would give earth's gold to share  
Once more that day, that night,  
When I had but my sythe, my dear,  
And you your needles bright.

—[Frank L. Stanton.]

## A DAGHESTAN PATTERN.

Phoebe Jane Breck hung the little rug over the arm of the old hair-cloth rocking-chair, and Mrs. Ponsobly Ten Breck gazed at it critically.

"It's a real Daghestan pattern," said the great lady, who was a summer visitor at East Palustrina; and Phoebe Jane colored high with pride and pleasure. Being only fifteen years old, and not the capable one of the family, it was a great satisfaction to have her handiwork admired by a lady from New York.

"You really have a knack at rug-making," said Phoebe Jane's older sister Eunice, when the visitor's carriage had gone. It was at that very moment, while Phoebe Jane was washing the best thin glass tumbler in which the lady had drunk her cream, that a great idea came to her. She did not tell Eunice at once; Eunice was trying to trim Pauline's hair, and she was so busy that she was coming out with new false teeth, and was anxious not to look too "fluffy." When Eunice had something on her mind was not the time to talk to her. Besides, it was such a great idea that it almost took Phoebe Jane's breath away.

If she could have told her Cousin Luella, that would have been a comfort. Luella went to the Oakmont Female Seminary, and knew almost everything; but Luella and she were forbidden to speak to each other, because her father and Luella's mother, Aunt Cynthia, had quarrelled long ago.

Aunt Cynthia's boys, Jerome and Albion, and Phoebe Jane's brother, Llewellyn, had always scorned at each other. Phoebe Jane and Luella had wanted to be friends ever since the day when Luella's buff kitten got lost in Wingate's woods, and Phoebe Jane climbed a tall tree, in the top of which it was mewling piteously, and restored it to its mistress's arms.

That had happened long ago, when they were little girls; but ever since they had shown themselves congenial spirits. So Phoebe Jane longed to ask Luella's advice about her bright idea. But as that could not be, she allowed it to rest awhile in her eager brain, and then proceeded to develop it.

Phoebe Jane stole softly into "the shepherdess room"—they called it so because the old-fashioned paper on the walls was covered with shepherdesses, with their crooks and their flocks of sheep. It was the best room, the parlor; but although Phoebe Jane's father and mother lived in that house ever since they were married, the room had never been furnished.

They had always been planning to furnish it; that had been one of Phoebe Jane's mother's hopes as long as she lived, and now Eunice, whenever she was able to save a little money, said that sometime, perhaps, they could furnish the parlor.

Eunice had made a beautiful lounge for it out of an old packing-case, and Mrs. Tisbury, when she moved to Orland, had left them her base-burner stove to use until she wanted it. But Eunice said the great difficulty was the carpet—it was such a large room.

Phoebe Jane stood in the middle of the room and surveyed it with a measuring eye. "Llewellyn will paint the edges for me," she meditated, "and it is very stylish to leave half a yard all 'round."

"Then we could have the choir rehearsals here," said Phoebe Jane aloud to herself.

The choir rehearsals were held in the church before the service on Sunday mornings, which was a very inconvenient time for those singers who lived away up beyond Pigeon Hill down at Wood End. These rehearsals seemed a little like profaning the Sabbath, too, to some of the singers; and, anyway, it was not pleasant and social, as it would be to have them in the evening. But it cost too much to heat or even to light the church for evening rehearsals; it was a large, old-fashioned church, and Palustrina was poor.

The Brecks had a large parlor organ; it almost filled the little sitting room. Mary Ellen, the sister who died, had bought it with her school-teaching money. No one else in Palustrina had such an organ, and Eunice had often said, with a long sigh, "How delightful it would be to have the choir rehearsals here, if we only had the parlor furnished!"

Phoebe Jane decided that if she had a "knack" it was high time she used it to accomplish something worth the while, especially as she had an uncomfortable sense of not being good for much.

Eunice was a famous housekeeper, and could trim bonnets so well that people preferred her work to that of the village milliner. She was so useful in sickness that every one sent for her; and she could play beautifully on the organ, too, although she never took any lessons.

Even Llewellyn, who was thirteen years old, and only a boy, could be trusted to get dinner better than Phoebe Jane; he could draw delightful music out of the old fiddle that they had found in Grandpa Pulsifer's garret, and could puzzle the school-master himself when it came to mathematics.

Phoebe Jane couldn't play on anything, except a comb, and she was obliged to go to the barn to indulge in that musical performance because it made Eunice nervous; she said she could hear it if Phoebe Jane could keep a tune. And Phoebe Jane was very apt to be at the foot of the class at school.

Never mind! Mrs. Ponsobly Ten Breck might fatter, but Eunice certainly never did, and Eunice had said that she, Phoebe Jane, had a "knack."

Phoebe Jane slipped away that afternoon without giving any account of herself. She called first on old Mrs. Prouty, who had been the Palustrina dressmaker for fifty years. Old Mrs. Prouty had the reputation of being "snug"; she had a great store of "pieces" in her attic, and she had never been known to give any away, even for a crazy-quit.

But she and Phoebe Jane were very intimate. Phoebe Jane had brought up Mrs. Prouty's tender brood of turkeys, hatched during a thunder-shower; had always stood up for Ginger, the old lady's little rat-terrier, that was voted a nuisance by the neighbors, and had twice rescued her from a cruel boy. Moreover, old Mrs. Prouty's niece Lorinda sang in "the seats," and longed for evening rehearsals.

The pile of "pieces" in Mrs. Prouty's attic was like a mountain of rainbows, and old Mrs. Prouty had no good a memory that she knew to whose dress almost every piece had belonged.

Phoebe Jane made two or three other calls, and before she went home the success of her plan seemed assured.

Eunice said, "I don't see how you're going to make a rug that's large enough," and "I hope you won't get tired of it before its half-done as you did of the bed-spread you began to crochet." But she helped; Eunice would always help, though she was practical and saw all the difficulties at once.

Llewellyn got the Corey boys to help him make a frame that was large enough, and he helped to make the rest, too. By dint of hard work it was finished and laid upon the parlor floor the first of December. As Phoebe Jane said, if you don't believe it was a sieve, you'd better try one! A real Daghestan pattern, nine by twelve feet.

Then, alas! when the rug was down, and the parlor furnished, all the pleasure of the choir rehearsals was spoiled by a church quarrel. It arose as church quarrels and others often do, from what seemed a very small thing.

Old Mrs. Tackaberry, Aunt Cynthia's mother, had the old-fashioned New England habit of suspending all labor on Saturday evening, and beginning it again on Sunday evening; and being a very obstinate woman, she would knit in the Sunday evening prayer meeting. No matter how loud the minister and the members prayed and exhorted, no matter how loud the congregation sang, old Mrs. Tackaberry's knitting-needle seemed to click above everything.

Some people were shocked and some had their nerves affected, while others declared that "a mother in Israel," like old Mrs. Tackaberry, should be allowed to indulge in such a harmless eccentricity. At this time the church was divided into two parties, one insisting old Mrs. Tackaberry should cease to knit or leave, and the other declaring that if she left it would leave with her.

So the church was rent asunder. The supporters of old Mrs. Tackaberry hired the town-hall for their services, and a young divinity student for their minister. The funds that had been barely enough for one church were sadly insufficient for two, and there was enmity between old friends and neighbors. So Phoebe Jane said with a tearful sense of the futility of all human hopes, that there was "no comfort in half a choir rehearsal."

It was old Mrs. Tackaberry who had made the trouble between Aunt Cynthia, and her brother-in-law, years before, so it was not very likely that the Brecks would espouse her cause, though Deacon Breck who was a mild and gentle man, and never had quarrelled with anybody but Aunt Cynthia in his life—Deacon Breck said he "wished folks could have put up with the knitting, for he believed it was conducive to godliness; let some folks do as they were a mind to."

As if Phoebe Jane had not had disappointment enough, the worst storm of the season came on that Saturday

night when the choir had been invited to hold its first rehearsal in the newly-furnished parlor. It was raining, following a heavy fall of snow. The roads were almost impassable, and most of the singers lived a long distance from the village.

The town-hall was opposite the Brecks' house, and Phoebe Jane looking out of the window, saw that the choir of the new society was assembling in spite of the storm. It was to be a great occasion with the new society to-morrow; Jerome, Aunt Cynthia's oldest son, who was a student in a theological seminary, was going to preach.

But a great volume of smoke was pouring out of the doors and windows of the hall, and Llewellyn, who had been over to investigate, announced that "that old chimney was smoking again, and they would have to give up their rehearsal." Then Llewellyn, who was a strong partisan, and did like Aunt Cynthia's Jerome, turned a somersault of excitement and delight.

"It is too bad!" cried Phoebe Jane, whose soul was sympathetic. "Father—Eunice—don't you think we might ask them to come in here?"

Father Breck hesitated, rubbing his hands together nervously. He said he was afraid people would think it was queer, and if any of their choir should come it would be awkward.

Then Eunice suddenly came to the front, as Eunice had a way of doing quite unexpectedly.

"I think Phoebe Jane has a right to use the parlor as she likes, she worked so hard for the rug," said Eunice.

"Well, well, do as you like, Phoebe Jane. Maybe it's a providential leading," said Father Breck.

Phoebe Jane threw her water-proof over her head and ran out. There were Cynthia and Jerome, and with them a professor from Jerome's seminary. Phoebe Jane had a lump in her throat when she tried to speak to them, but behind, oh joy! there was Luella.

"If you will come and rehearse in our parlor—you know about my rug!" said Phoebe Jane; and then she drew her water-proof over her head again and ran back.

There was a consultation, evidently. Phoebe Jane heard old Mrs. Tackaberry's voice, and was afraid they would not come.

But they did! It seemed almost the whole of the new society came pouring into the parlor, and by that time Alma Pickering, and Jo Flint, and the Hodgkin girls, of their own choir, had come!

It would have been a little awkward to old Mrs. Tackaberry had not been immediately struck by the new rug, and begun to ask questions about it with a freedom that made every one laugh.

Soon they were all talking about it. Phoebe Jane remembered, as she had meant to, when she had put almost all the "pieces" of which Mrs. Prouty had told her the history.

Old Mrs. Tackaberry cried about the pink delaine that was her little granddaughter, Abby Ellen's, who died, and about the brown tippet that was her daughter Amanda's wedding dress when she married a missionary and went to China, and died there.

Then they all laughed at an arabesque in one corner which was Jerome's yellow flannel dress—Phoebe Jane had been a little afraid to tell of that, Jerome was so imposing in a white necktie, and Aunt Cynthia would not believe that she had the dress-maker make that dress until she remembered that it was the time when she scalded her hand.

People kept coming in. Phoebe Jane had an inspiration, and made Llewellyn go and invite them. It became a good old-fashioned neighborhood party—just like a quilting," old Mrs. Tackaberry said. Everybody found some of their "pieces" or their relatives' "pieces" in the rug, and smiles and tears and innumerable stories grew out of this.

The newcomers found the two factions apparently so reconciled that they were surprised out of any animosity that they might have felt; and when they came to rehearse their music it happened, oddly enough, that both parties had chosen the same hymn, and they all sang together.

When they had finished rehearsing, someone—Phoebe Jane never was quite sure whether it was Jerome or the professor—started "Blessed be the tie that binds." How they did sing! Old Mrs. Tackaberry next broke out into a defiance of time and tune, and when the hymn ended tears were rolling down her seamy cheeks.

"I'm going back to the church!" she said, brokenly. "I've spilt my meet'n's and other folk's long enough. And—and—I'm going to do what I'm a mind to, to home, when it comes sun-down on the Sabbath day, but I ain't goin' to knit a mite in meetin' again—not a mite!"

There was a great hand-shaking; Aunt Cynthia and Father Breck actually shook hands, and out in the entry old Mrs. Tackaberry kissed Phoebe Jane.

In spite of the bad roads, there was a great congregation in the East Palustrina church the next day. It was the professor who preached. He chose for his text, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and every one looked at Phoebe Jane until she grew red to the tips of her ears.

She and Luella walked homeward together—openly, arm in arm; and it seemed like walking in Paradise, although one went over shoe in mud.

—[Youth's Companion.]

Capetown, in South Africa, is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

**TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**

**He Knew—The Questions a Girl Asks—Not Quite Understood—In Business—Etc., Etc.**

**HE KNEW.**

Caller—Can I see Mr. Snuggie?  
Servant—She's engaged, sir.  
Caller—Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to.  
Servant—Oh.—[Detroit Free Press.]

**THE QUESTIONS A GIRL ASKS.**

"Are you certain that you love me?"  
"A what?"  
"But are you sure that you are certain?"

**NOTHING CHEAP ABOUT IT.**

Squid—Didn't Tibber wheel feel cheap when Miss Friday sued him for breach of promise?  
McSwilligen—Cheap? Well, I guess not! The girl secured a verdict of \$25,000.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

**IN BUSINESS.**

Police Judge—What's your occupation?  
Everett West—I am a promoter.  
"A promoter—promoter of charitable impulses. See"—[Cincinnati Tribune.]

**HE WASN'T AT ALL GRATIFIED.**

"They say a woman can't keep a secret," she said to her lover, who had run down from the city for a day to see her at the beach.  
"But you can, my darling," he said, tenderly.  
"You bet," she laughed; "I have been here a whole week and none of the young men know yet that I am engaged."—[New York Press.]

**EXTREME PATERNALISM.**

"And you would prefer to have me visit you less frequently," he said.  
"Yes," she answered. "Father objects to my receiving so much company."  
"And you won't wear my engagement ring?"  
"No. Father objects to my receiving presents from young men."  
"And you decline to meet me occasionally at the frat game?"  
"Yes. Father has just purchased a bulldog, you know."  
His face took on a shade of deep annoyance.  
"It is as I fear," he muttered. "The country is going all wrong through too much paternalism."—[Washington Star.]

**OVERSHADOWED HIM.**

"How did you like the young woman from Boston?" asked the young man's sister.  
"Oh, very well. Only she uses such big words. I gave her a flower and she wouldn't call it by anything but its scientific name."  
"But you always liked botany."  
"It wasn't her botany I objected to. It was her haughty culture."—[Washington Star.]

**A FLAM SOMEWHERE.**

He—You refuse me?  
She—No.  
He—Do I look all right?  
She—Yes.  
He [decidedly]—It can't be possible. I'm going back to my rooms and discharge my man.—[Puck.]

**NOT IN HIS ETHICS.**

Mrs. Hussiff—And now, having had a good lunch, I want you to saw that wood. It won't take you more than an hour.  
Rural Regges [with dignity]—You'll excuse me, madam, but in makin' a mornin call I stick ter social etiquette. Twenty minutes is my limit, an' that space has elapsed.

**ONE EXCEPTION.**

"False one!" he shrieked.  
"Not wholly so," she moaned.  
He became calmer.  
"No," he remarked in quieter tones, "the red on the end of your nose is natural. I have no doubt."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

**THE OLD MAN'S OCCUPATION.**

"What's Dick doing now?"  
"Well, Dick, he's a doctorin'."  
"And John?"  
"He's horse-tradin'."  
"And William?"  
"He's a savin' of souls."  
"And Tom?"  
"Well, Tom—he's sorter politician' aroun'."  
"And you?"  
"Well, I'm sorter farmin' an' a feedin' of Dick an' John an' William an' Tom."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

**NO EQUALITY FOR HER.**

Mrs. Scaird—The marriage relation needs reform. Don't you think that both parties should have an equal voice in regulating their joint affairs?  
Mrs. Graymar—What! Let my husband have as much to say as I have? Not much.—[Puck.]

**FAMOUS ENOUGH TO BE HONEST.**

Jinks (on the rail)—I was talking with an eminent physician in the smoker.  
Mrs. Jinks—What is his name?  
"He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask."  
"Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?"  
"I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."—[Puck.]

**NOT OVER-SENSITIVE.**

Willie—An' what did Clarence do when Bob Sluward kicked him?  
Algy—He simply said, 'Gwaint men are not sensitive to criticism,' and walked swiftly away.—[Judge.]

## HE WAS MISTAKEN.

"Lady," began Mr. Dismal Dawson, "you see before you a man whose name is mud; m. u. d. mud."  
"There must be some mistake in your calculations," replied the lady. "It takes water to make mud."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

**LOVE'S VICTORY.**

"Sir," she cried, "I spurn you!"  
"Hear me out," he pleaded.  
She shrugged her shoulders and turned coldly away.  
"Adored one," he proceeded, "do you know that your father has absolutely forbidden me to ever think of marrying you?"  
She started.  
"You do not deceive me?" she demanded indignantly.  
"Upon my oath, no," he replied.  
"Why, then, do you tell me this?"  
"With plainness of face, I tell you his name.—[Detroit Tribune.]

**NOT QUITE UNDERstood.**

Little Ethel—When are you and sister Nell going to be married, Tom?  
Tom—I don't know, Ethel, I'm not an augur.  
Little Ethel [brightly]—Well, she says you're a bore.

**DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HUMAN NATURE.**

"Yes," said the proprietor of the barber shop, "he was a very good barber, but we had to let him go. He didn't understand the business."  
"What did he do?"  
"He forgot to say to a baldheaded customer that his hair needed trimming to-day."—[Washington Star.]

**HOW IT HAPPENED.**

"We die, but we surrender!"  
The Colonel began to brag;  
But he set his heel  
On an orange peel  
And promptly—struck his flag.

**A NIGHT OF TERROR.**

It was a cloudy night.  
Dark clouds lowered over the world, and here and there dropped a fringe of fog.  
A shriek pierced the night air.  
She clutched her husband's nose wildly in her startled frenzy.  
"Heavens," she gasped in terror, and even as she spoke the awful cry broke again upon her ears, "the paragonic bottle is empty!"  
There was nothing to do but walk the floor.—[Detroit Tribune.]

**A PRISONER BEFORE THE POLICE JUDGE.**

A prisoner before the Police Judge secured the services of a young sprig of an attorney, who not only was a consequential young man, but he thought he knew about ten times as much as the Judge knew he knew. When the case was called the attorney arose.  
"May I please your Honor," he said with great formality, "my client wants more time."  
"Very well, very well," interrupted the Judge in the kindest way; "I'll be glad to accommodate him. He was arrested for abusing his wife, wasn't he?"  
"That's the charge of the arresting officer your Honor."  
"Very good," said his honor. "I had intended giving him only three months, but since he wants more I'll make it six. I always strive to please."—[Detroit Free Press.]

**IT WAS A FINE DAY FOR HIM.**

"What have you got to say?" asked the judge.  
The prisoner looked embarrassed. He raised his eyes to the ceiling, smoothed the nap of his hat and answered:  
"It is a fine day. Your Honor."  
"I can't say that I am particularly impressed with the beauty of the weather," rejoined the judge, "but it is a fine day for you. The fine is \$10."

**Telephone Doctors.**

In a telephone plant for a big city like Chicago there are cables containing upward of 30,000 miles of copper wire. Complete records are kept of the position of every wire, and the men in charge can pick out at once the line of any subscriber whenever it is necessary to inspect it or work on it. When a line gets into trouble it can be tested in both directions from the switchboard and out toward the subscriber's station.

At every exchange there is an official called the "wire chief," whose special duty is to overlook the making of connections between the subscriber's line and the switchboard, to inspect the wires, and to test them electrically in order to determine the position of any defect that may occur in a subscriber's line or instruments. The wire chief sits at a special desk, from which wires run to various parts of the system, and he is provided with electrical instruments with which to make tests on lines that develop "trouble." He is the ambulance surgeon of the telephone plant, and his wires give him the advantage of being truly ubiquitous. He receives complaints and reports of "trouble," and enters on special slips every "trouble" reported or discovered.

These slips are handed to "trouble men," who search out the cause, and finding it, apply the proper remedy. They then enter an account of what they found and what they did on the slip and return it. In this way a close and comprehensive check is kept on the operation of the telephone plant, which, on account of its complexity and of the number of small parts that go to make it up, is peculiarly liable to trifling but troublesome defects. Returns are made up periodically from the "trouble slips," and these form a continuous record of the efficiency of both of the plant and of those immediately in charge of it.—[Chicago News.]

## THE SEA'S ODD DENIZENS.

**FISH THAT CLIMB, LIVE IN WOODS, AND UTTER SOUNDS.**

The Climbing Fish of the Dutch East Indies—Finnish Inhabitants of Forests—Musical Fish.

**IMAGINATION** had a boundless range in devising legends and marvels about fish until Knowledge clipped her wings, remarks the London Standard. When Lieutenant Daldorf, of the Dutch East India Service, reported to Sir Joseph Banks that he had caught a fish on the stem of a palm tree five feet above the ground, and still mounting upwards, even Sir Joseph's acceptance of his tale did not preserve that officer from an outburst of universal mockery. It was asked with reason, what on earth the fish expected to find useful for its purposes at the top of a palm tree? The earliest reporter of this fact, Abouzeid, who wrote in the ninth century, had a sufficient explanation. He was not bothered with science. The creature went up to feed upon the fruit, and when satisfied it returned to the water. But this would not do for the savants even a hundred years ago. They pointed out that Perchus scandinavicus live on water insects, that it could not and would not eat fruit, and that if its fins and gills were so fringed that it might possibly climb a tree, they are so fringed also that it could not make even an effort to descend. Their objections are not yet answered, nor, so far as we are aware, has any fish since been caught nine feet above the ground. But the habit of climbing is admitted whatever the motive. In fact, the Cingalese cover their fish traps with a netting because, as they explained to Mr. Layard, some species would creep up the poles and escape over the other side. A few hours' sojourn in almost any tropic realm will convince the stranger that fish can climb, if he spend them on the banks of a tidal river. The funny little mud fish, sooty and pallid there all day long, mounting to the top of the rocks, however smooth; running up and down the mangrove roots as active almost as lizards. Not least curious of their peculiarities is the trick of running over the surface of the water for a distance which seems bounded only by their inclination.

As for the fish that live in the woods—barring exaggeration—they also abound. The moraching, of Bootan, is most famous. It is never caught in rivers, or even in standing ponds, though, as some accounts say, its abiding places always communicate with water, so that it can return to its "native element" when so disposed. However that may be, they are caught not by hook or net, but by the spade; and they are worth some digging—two feet long, perhaps, disproportionately thick and always in pairs. Plenty of other species are taken in the same way during the hot months, and plenty more divert themselves with a stroll on dry land occasionally. Sir R. Schomburgk saw colored men going out to fish in the jungles of Gambia with nothing but a basket, and they brought back as many as they could carry. Sir John Bowring constantly observed the fish go ashore, and "lose themselves amongst the trees" upon the Siamese River Meinam. Mr. Morris was inspecting a leaking tank on Trincomalee when heavy rain came on. His man suddenly raised a shout and galloped up a "knoll," the far side of which—that distant from the tank—proved to be alive with fish climbing upward at prodigious speed; we are to suppose that they left the pool when the water escaped, but hastened to return, knowing that the rain would refill it. As for burying fishes, they are numberless. We have a grave report of one species found nineteen feet below the surface of a field. It is not necessary to believe this. But in Abyssinia they are dug up six feet or more below the river bed when it is dry.

It is not commonly believed that fishes have any power of utterance, but, although the fact is not proved yet, so far as we have read, there is such a mass of testimony from divers regions, contributed by observers of such credit, that the fact is no longer doubtful.

At Caldera, in Chili, near the landing place, a very pleasant serenade is heard sometimes. The music resembles that of a harp, with a range of four notes at least; the incurious people of the neighborhood have no theory about it. But a like concert is usual at various points of the Indian coast; and there, of course, its origin is well understood—that is, the natives may be right or wrong, but they have an explanation. Dr. Buist describes it as "long, distinct sounds, like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note." It became much more sonorous when a listener put his head to the planks of the vessel. Next day the boatman presented Dr. Buist with a number of fish which, as they said, produced the music—a species very plentiful, in size and shape like our perch. Sir Emerson Tennent heard such stories in Ceylon, and he paid a visit of inquiry to Batticaloa. They were amply confirmed. To Sir Emerson the notes sounded like "the gentle thrills of a musical chord or the faint vibration of a wince when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each distinct and clear in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass."

The people of Italy are the most heavily taxed of any civilized nation. The State taxation equals twenty-two per cent. of the earnings of the people.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**NOT QUITE A SUCCESS.**

When Bessie rose to sing her song,  
All in her finest dress,  
Two things that went a trifle wrong  
Debarred complete success.

Her hands were clean, her face was fair,  
Her voice was like a bird's,  
But she didn't really know the air,  
And she quite forgot the words.

—Youth's Companion.

**THAT IS THE QUESTION.**

In riding in railway trains you may have observed the peculiarity of dogs in racing after the train. One day, in a swiftly moving train, I saw a big yellow dog doing this act, and nearly breaking his back to catch the train. I watched his efforts with some curiosity, and a man in the seat in front of me was doing the same thing. When the dog gave up the chase, the man in front turned to me and said:

"Excuse me, but I would like to ask you a question I want to ask you what you think that dog would have done with this train if he had caught it?"

Atlanta Constitution.

**THE INVENTION OF THE COMPASS.**

The valuable invention of the compass is involved in mystery and its real discoverer is unknown. Late in his history of the Portuguese discovery in the New World, says that Vasco da Gama brought it to Lisbon from the coast of Africa, on his return from India, where the Arabs then used it, and he believed the Portuguese to have been until then ignorant of it. Some attribute it to Flavio Gioia of Amalfi, about the year 1302, while others again are of the opinion that the invention is due to the Chinese, and that one of their emperors, a celebrated astrologer, was acquainted with it 1120 years before the Christian era. Nor have others again been wanting who have supported the opinion that it was known in the time of Solomon. The ancient Greeks and Romans are also supposed by some to have used it, but the silence of their historians on the subject render this statement doubtful.—New York Recorder.

**"OLD IRONSIDES."**

The Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," as she is more familiarly known, is the most famous of all the wooden ships that we have preserved. Time and again did she vanquish the English ships in the war of 1812, and proud were the people of her captures. Probably the most thrilling incident of her career was her escape from seven English men-of-war, after an exciting chase of nearly three days and nights. The chase began, on July 17, 1812. The Constitution was out for a long cruise, and was weighed down with stores. The sea was calm, and no wind was stirring. Captain Hull put out his men in boats to tow the ship. They pulled valiantly, and as night came on a "kedge" anchor was run out half a mile ahead. The crew on the ship kept julling on this, and the Britishers didn't discover for a long time the secret. Finally the English saw it, and adopted the same tactics, and by doubling up their crews began to pull their famous ship Shannon near the Constitution.

A light breeze sprang up, and saved the American ship for the time. There was a calm the next day, and the agonizing struggle went on. The next night another light breeze came up, and the tired sailors obtained a little sleep. The next day there came a sharp breeze after many hours of struggle. The Constitution trimmed her sails to catch it; the boats dropped back and the men were caught up as the ship gathered headway. The Guerriere of the English fleet came abreast as the wind freshened, and fired a broadside; but the shots fell short, and the Constitution's men ignored them, and calmly went about straightening up their vessel, as if they had just left port and such a thing as an enemy was unheard of.

As long as the Constitution can be kept together she will probably be seen at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where she is now doing duty as a receiving-ship.

Our old ships have always been proud, and it has amused some of the thoughtless officials of other nations; but there was bravery in their pride and absolute courage that has always been the embodiment of that famous saying, "Don't give up the ship?"

We frequently hear lamentations that the old soldiers are dropping away fast. I always share that feeling, but also include in it those wooden ships of the navy—scarred veterans most of them are, worthy of the abiding remembrance of a grateful people.—Harper's Young People.

The skeleton of a "whale lizard" brought from Alaska by the steamer City of Topeka weighs exactly 2,400 pounds.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM.