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BY HUGH WILSON AND H. T. WARDLAW. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1881. NO. 44. VOLUME XXV.


### The Indian Camp.

Out from the Northern forest, dim and vast;
Out from the mystery
Of yet more shadowy times, a pathless past,
Untracked by history;

Strangely he comes into our commonplace,
Prosaic present;
And like a faded star beside the bay's
Silvery crescent,

Upon the curved shore of the shining lake
His tent he pitches—
A modern chief, in white man's wide-awake
And Christian breeches.

Reckless of title-deeds and forms of law,
He freely chooses
Whatever slope or woodside suits his squaw
And little papooses.

Why not? The owners of the land were red,
Holding dominion
Wherever ranged the foot of beast or spread
The eagle's pinion;

And privileged, until they welcomed here
Their fellow-racer, brother,
To hunt at will, sometimes the bear and deer,
Sometimes each other.

How often to this lake, down yonder dark
And sinuous river,
The painted warriors sailed, in fleets of bark,
With bow and quiver!

This lank-haired chieftain is their child, and heir
To a race of nation,
And well might he, you fancy, anywhere
His heritation.

Has he to go to hunt the bear and deer,
To trap the otter?
Alas! there's no such creature stirring here,
On land or water.

To have a little traffic with the town,
Once more he chooses
The ancient camping-place, and brings his brown
Squaw and papooses.

Not yet was here in yester-evening's hush;
But the day, dawning,
Throws figures with a faint, a rosate flush,
His dingy awning.

The camp-smoke curling in the misty light,
And canvas slanting
To the green earth, all this is something quite
Fresh and enchanting;

Viewed not too closely, lest the glancing wings,
The iridescent
Soft colors of romance, give place to things
Not quite so pleasant.

The gossamers glistening on the dewy turf:
The lisp and ripple
Of flashing foam-bells, where the placid surf
Breaks on the shingle;

The shimmering birches by the rippling cove;
A fresh breeze bringing
The fragrance of the pines, and in the grove
The thrushes singing.

Make the day sweet. But other sight and sound
And odors fill it,
You find, as you approach their camping ground
And reeking skillet.

The ill-fed curs rush out with wolfish bark;
And, staring at you,
A slim young girl leans up, smooth-limbed and dark
As a bronze statue.

A bare papoose about the camp-fire poles
Toddles at random;
And on the ground there, by the blazing coals,
Sits the old grandam.

Wrinkled and lean, her skirt a matted rag,
In plaited collar
Of beads and hedgehog quills, the smoke-dried hag
Squats in her squalor,

Dressing a marmot which the boys have shot:
Which done, she seizes
With tawny claws, and drops into the pot
The raw, red pieces.

The chief meanwhile has in some mischief found
A howling urchin,
Who knows too well, alas! that he is bound
To have a birching.

The stoic of the woods, stern and unmoved,
Lays the light lash on
Tickling the lively ankles in approved
Fatherly fashion.

The boy slinks off, a wiser boy, indeed—
Wiser and sorrier.
And is this he, the chief of whom we read,
The Indian warrier?

Where hangs his tomahawk? the scalps of tall
Braves struck in battle?
Why, bless you, sir, his band is not at all
That kind of cattle!

In ceasing to be savages, they chose
To put away things
That suit the savage; even those hickory bows
Are merely playthings.

For common use he rather likes, I think,
The white man's rifle,
Hatchet and blanket; and of white man's drink,
I fear, a trifle.

With neighbors' scalp-locks, and such bagatelles,
He never meddles.
Bows, baskets, and I hardly know what else,
He makes and peddles.

Quite civilized, you see. Is he aware
Of his beatitude?
Does he, for all the white man's love and care,
Feel proper gratitude?

Feathers and war-paint he no more enjoys;
But he is prouder
Of long-tailed coat, and boots, and corduroys,
And white man's powder.

And he can trade his mink and musquash skins
Baskets of wicker,
For white man's trinkets; bows and moccasins
For white man's liquor.

His Manitou is passing, with each strange,
Wild superstition;
He has the Indian agent for a change,
And Indian mission.

He owns his cabin and potato patch,
And farms a little.
Industrious? Quite, when there are fish to catch,
Or shafts to whittle.

Though all about him, like a rising deep,
Flows the white nation,
He has—and while it pleases us may keep—
His Reservation.

Placed with his tribe in such a paradise,
The past believing
That they should still be given to petty vice,
Treachery and thieving.

Incentives to renounce their Indian tricks
Are surely ample.
With white man's piety and politics
For their example.

But are they happier now than when, some night,
The chosen quotas
Of tufted warriors sallied forth to fight
The fierce Dakotas?

Still under that sedate, impassive port,
That dull demeanor,
A spirit waits, a demon sleeps—in short,
The same red sinner!

Within those inky pools, his eyes, I see
Revenge and pillage,
The midnight massacre that yet may be,
The blazing village.

When will he mend his wicked ways, indeed,
Kill more humanely—
Depart, and leave to us the lands we need?
To put it plainly.

Yet in our dealings with his race, in crimes
Of war and ravage,
Who is the Christian, one might ask sometimes,
And who the savage?

His traits are ours, seen in a dusky glass,
And but remind us
Of heathenism we hardly yet, alas!
Have left behind us.

Is right for white race wrong for black and red?
A man or woman,
What hue soever, after all that's said,
Is simply human.

Viewed from the smoke and misery of his dim
Civilization,
How seems, I'd like to ask—how seems to him
The proud Caucasian?

I shape the question as he saunters nigh,
But shame to ask it.
We turn to price his wares instead, and buy,
Perhaps, a basket.

But this is strange! A man without pretense
Of wit or reading,
Where did he get that calm intelligence,
That plain good-breeding?

With him long patience, fortitude unspent,
Untaught sagacity;
Culture with us, the curse of discontent,
Pride, and rapacity.

Something we gain of him and bear away
Beside our purchase.
We look awhile upon the quivering bay
And shimmering birches—

The young squaw bearing up from the canoes
Some heavy lading;
Along the beach a picturesque papoose
Splashing and wading;

The withered crone, the camp-smoke's slow ascent,
The puffs that blind her;
The girl, her silhouette on the sun-lit tent
Shadowed behind her;

The stalwart brave, watching his burdened wife,
Erect and stolid;
We look, and think with pity of a life
So poor and squalid!

Then at the cheering signal of a bell
We slowly wander
Back to the world, back to the great hotel
Looming up yonder.

—*T. Trowbridge, in Harper's Magazine.*

## MABEL'S DREAM.

"Well, petite, is it to be wine or coffee?"

Standing in his own doorway and looking out over the thousand acres of waving grain which surrounded the home where he had been born and reared. James Burton had rather disdained the city, where men jostle each other, the strong mounting on the downfall of the weak, until a summer visit brought Mabel Aberdeen, a butterfly of fashion, to win his heart and conquer his prejudice. so that winter found him at her side in the city home, holding the hand that bore his ring, and saying with a smile:

"I have been brought up to believe that 'wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging,' but when one is in Rome, you know—and I don't want to bring discredit on my patroness by unconventional singularity, which I believe is the greatest crime in your social code. So I leave you to decide—wine or coffee.

She looked at his strength.

Of all men there could be no danger of him.

And women would think it a country prejudice should he decline wine.

"Come to me the first thing in the morning, and then do as I bid you," was her decision.

And five minuter later the crisp snow crunched under his firm tread, and she had gone to her own room to tell Cousin Grace what a splendid fellow he was, and afterward to dream of to-morrow's festivities.

The frosty air seemed to fairly dance with the jingle of bells.

The reception-room was like a hall in a fairy palace.

"Wine or coffee?"

And with her jeweled hand she held a fragile wine-glass brimming with the red blood of the grape, and looked into his eyes with a smile that a siren might have envied.

"To the health of our fair hostess! May her beauty never wane!"

And for good or ill the wine had passed his lips.

"Gentlemen, am I my own master or not?"

"But, Burton, you are not fit to go to her now. Come, there's a good fellow!—we'll get you to bed, and in the morning you'll be all right again. You see you ain't seasoned like us old stagers, but the women don't take that into account, and she'll think you're on the high road to ruin, and all that."

I promised her I would go to her the first thing in the morning, and I never fail in the performance of a promise when it is avoidable."

"That's all right as a rule, but you can tell her that you knew she would be too tired to see you and all that."

"No, I won't lie to her in the merest trifle. But, Blake, you're making a mountain out of a mole-hill. I tell you I am all right. Here, let me out of the carriage. I'll show you that I can walk as straight as any of you. Halloa, driver, pull up!"

"We'll take that for granted, Burton. But if you are determined to go you must at least take a plain soda and give your head a souse in cold water."

"Nothing of the sort. You've intimated that I am drunk, and I'll prove to you that I am not. I shall go into Miss Aberdeen's presence, and she will not notice any change in me whatever!"

They had to yield.

When before all those present, he raised her hand to his lips and said:

"Mabel, I s'lute you!"

It was the first she had occasion to blush for him, and for the first time she was stricken with fear for herself.

Ten years with their changes have come and gone.

We pass from the fashionable thoroughfare down a disreputable street, through a filthy alley, up four flights of ricketty stairs to an attic.

Through the small, dingy panes of glass, where they are not broken and stuffed with rags to keep out the cold you can see only chimney-tops and roofs covered with snow.

In a small, badly-cracked stove, supported by two iron legs and a pile of bricks, there are a few coals over which a woman is trying to cook something in a saucepan.

They do not give out warmth enough to dispel the chilly air of the room, and the woman shivers while she huddles as near as possible to the scant heat.

Perhaps it was because she was so wretchedly clad, and so thin and wan. Want and sorrow were stamped on every lineament of the wasted frame and face. Her very hair seemed to hang gaunt on her cheek.

Every once in a while she looked toward a corner of the room where stood a tumble-down bedstead. Her attention was attracted by the coughing of a boy eight or nine years of age, yet so wasted by privation that he was almost a skeleton. Out of his great liquid eyes looked starvation.

"Mamma, I'm so cold," he said, in a shrill, piping voice.

"Hush, dearest! Don't speak so loud. Huddle up close to papa. I'll have you something warm in a minute."

The child looked to the other side of the bed where a man lay in a drunken stupor.

Gathering the ragged bedclothes more closely about his shivering little form, but moving no nearer to the man, the child said in a hoarse whisper:

"Mamma, I'm afraid."

At that the woman straightened up, her heart swelling almost to bursting.

With the hard tearlessness of despair her eyes rested on the man, then sought the child, and last returned to the man, and from her quivering lips arose the invocation:

"Oh, heaven!"

His slumber disturbed by some hideous nightmare, the drunkard tossed his arm so that it fell upon the shrinking child, who cried in quick terror:

"Mamma! mamma!"

"Hush, dearest," continued the woman again, with her heart in her mouth; but to late, the drunkard was aroused.

"Halloa, there! Have you got anything for me to eat?" he demanded.

"No, dear, not a mouthful!" said the woman, in a pleading voice, hastily setting the saucepan under the stove.

"What's that you say? Are you lying to me? I can smell something you've been cooking. What is that you are putting under the stove? You're hiding it from me, are you? Fetch it out this minute."

He sat on the edge of the bed and glared at her angrily.

"James, it's only a little broth for Harry. Remember he's sick and has had nothing to eat since yesterday."

The anguish-wrung words fell from her lips in piteous, pleading tones that must have moved any one, not insane with liquor.

"Confound you and your child," cried the man, "you do nothing but cuddle him and he does nothing but whine. Why don't you send him out to beg or work! He's old enough to. But no, he must sit in the house feeding on dainties, while I starve. Bring that saucepan here!"

"James, the child is starving! Look at him!" cried the mother, in despair.

With an oath the man got up and approached the grate.

"Husband, you must not take it. Oh, you cannot. Our child is dying—dying of hunger—and that is all I have to give him."

"We'll see what I can do. Stand aside, I tell you."

With an oath he struck her to the floor, and picked up the saucepan and deliberately ate its contents.

"We'll see who is master of this house," said the brute. "That's only a beginning. Now this brat has got to go out and beg. He's played the drone long enough. Here, sir, come out of that bed."

And seizing the frightened boy by the shoulder he dragged him out.

"James, James! what are you going to do?" screamed the mother, throwing herself on her knees and catching her child in her arms.

"Take him out to the street corner and make him beg."

"No, no; the child will freeze to death. He is already sick and starving. You shall not take him out into the cold—you shall not!"

Desperately she clung to the boy, while his father wrenched at his arm, until the child fainted with grief and pain.

Then with an oath at his weakness, the father hurled the limp body back upon her.

"Have you got any money?" he demanded.

"No, James. The last penny went to buy the broth of which you deprived our starving child. Oh, my husband! how could you?"

"I wonder if these things would fetch anything in the pawnshop?" And he tossed over the ragged bedclothes to find something that would bring the price of a single drink.

"The whole lot wouldn't fetch a shilling," he growled, and then walked out of the room, slamming the ricketty door, angrily.

Then the mother rose with her unconscious boy and laid him on the bed. There was a terrible look on her face as she drew from a closet a pan of charcoal and set it on a stove. With an icy calm she walked about the room, stuffing rags in all the crevices, and when this was done, ignited the charcoal. She bent over the child to take a last long look—a look of devouring love and pity. She kissed his lips, brow and emaciated hands. Then she laid down and gathered him to her heart.

"God cannot judge me harshly for this," she said. "It will end his misery and mine."

But a throb of anguish convulsed her, as she thought that she would never see her child again in this world, never hear his voice, never feel the clasp of his arms nor the touch of his lips. As if her clasp awakened him, he moved and cried:

"Mamma, mamma!"

Then the poisonous vapors that rose from the charcoal seemed to clear away, and the voice became more distant, resolving itself into the words:

"Mabel! Mabel! what is the matter with you?"

Mabel Aberdeen shook off the nightmare that held her in thrall. She was no longer a starving wretch, courting death for herself and child, but a young lady in the full bloom of health and happiness, surrounded by every comfort and luxury. And it was only Cousin Grace she held in such a convulsive grasp, while she trembled from head to foot and a cold perspiration oozed from every pore in her body.

And this morning James Burton, no wrecked drunkard, but her noble James, so strong and good, would be there; and she was to decide whether he should drink wine or coffee.

"Gentlemen, we have taken up with the new idea, and will serve you with coffee instead of wine. We hope that you will appreciate our motive, and be as well pleased."

Politeness alone prevented some from elevating their eyebrows with a quiet smile. As for James Burton, his eyes glowed with genuine pleasure. No one heard him when he whispered to her:

"Mabel, I am glad—very glad. I promise myself a brave little wife. But I am at a loss to know what influenced your decision."

And with archness dashed with a vein of tenderness, she smiled upon his face and asked:

"Do you believe in dreams?"

He said no; but when she told him this particular dream, he replied that he would so far modify his opinion as to place implicit faith in all dreams that recommended coffee in the place of wine.

### Why the Monkey Was Sold.

I haven't any monkey now, and I don't care what becomes of me. His loss was an awful blow, and I never expect to recover from it. I am a crushed boy, and when the grown folks find what their conduct has done to me they will wish they had done differently.

It was on a Tuesday that I got the monkey, and by Thursday everybody began to treat him coldly. It began with my little sister. Jocko took her doll away and climbed up to the top of the door with it where he sat and pulled it to pieces and tried its clothes on, only they wouldn't fit him, while sister, who is nothing but a little girl, stood and howled as if she was being killed. This made mother begin to dislike the monkey, and she said that if his conduct was such he couldn't stay in her house. I call this unkind, for the monkey was invited into the house, and I've been told we must bear with visitors.

A little while afterward, while mother was talking to Susan on the front piazza, she heard the sewing machine upstairs, and said: "Well, I never; that cook has the impudence to be sewing on my machine without ever asking leave." So she ran upstairs and found that Jocko was working the machine like mad. He'd taken Sue's nightgown and father's black coat and a lot of stockings, and shoved them all under the needle, and was sewing them all together. Mother boxed his ears, and then she and Sue sat down and worked all the morning trying to unsew the things with the scissors.

They had to give it up after awhile, and the things are sewed together yet, like a man and wife, which no man can put asunder. All this made my mother more cool toward the monkey than ever, and I heard her call him a little beast.

The next day was Sunday, and as Sue was sitting in the hall waiting for mother to go to church with her, Jocko gets up on her chair and pulls the feathers out of her bonnet. He thought he was doing right, for he had seen the cook pulling the feathers off the chickens, but Sue called him dreadful names, and said that when father came home either she or that monkey would leave the house.

Father came home early on Monday, and seemed quite pleased with the monkey. He said it was an interesting study, and he told Susan that he hoped that she would be contented with fewer beaux now that there was a monkey constantly in the house. In a little while father caught Jocko lathering himself with the mucilage brush, and with a kitchen knife already to shave himself. He just laughed at the monkey, and told me to take good care of him and not let him hurt himself. Of course, I was dreadfully pleased to find that father liked Jocko, and I knew it was because he was a man and had more sense than girls. But I was only deceiving myself and leaning on a broken reed. That very evening when father went into his study after supper he found Jocko on his desk. He had torn all his papers to pieces, except a splendid new map, and that he was covering with ink, and making believe he was writing a President's message about the Panama canal. Father was just raging. He took Jocko by the scruff of the neck, locked him in the closet, and sent him away by express the next morning to a man in the city, with orders to sell him.

The expressman afterward told Mr. Travers that the monkey pretty nearly killed everybody on the train, for he got hold of the signal cord and pulled it, and the engineer thought it was the conductor and stopped the train, and another train just behind it came within an inch of running into it and smashing it to pieces. Jocko did the same thing three times before they found out what was the matter, and tied him up so that he couldn't reach the cord. Oh, he was just beautiful! But I shall never see him again, and Mr. Travers says that it's all right, and that I'm monkey enough for one house. That's because Sue has been saying things against the monkey to him; but never mind.

First my dog went and now my monkey has gone. It seems as if everything that is beautiful must disappear. Very likely I shall go next, and when I am gone let them find the dog and the monkey and bury us together.—*Harper's Young People.*

### Growth of the Hair.

There are three reasons why women's hair is longer than men's. First, she has no hair growth on her face, and so has a larger supply of hair-forming material for the scalp; second, the diameter of hair being larger, it is less liable to break; third, being usually less engaged in mental labor or business worry, she has a more constant and even supply of blood to the scalp. In nations where the hair of men is usually worn short, the fashion of long hair in the male is regarded as a protest against church and state, and against general customs, taste and thought; in Austria it is made a political offense to be so attired. The growth of the hair is the most rapid in the young and middle-aged, and of those living an out-door life. At the age of eighty, if a man lives so long, and if his hair and beard have been close trimmed, he has cut off six and a half inches of hair annually, or about thirty feet in all. The hair is the least destructible part of the body. The hair of the ancient Thebans is, after a lapse of 4,000 years, found to have survived the tombs. The pyramids and the sphynx are crumbling, but some of the wigs of human hair, exposed to the mold and moisture of their entombed apartments, are less decayed than the monuments themselves. There are three coloring pigments to the hair—yellow, red and black, and all the shades are produced by the mixture of these three colors. In pure gold-yellow hair there is only the yellow pigment; in red, the red mixed with yellow; in dark, the black mixed with red and yellow; in the hair of the negro there is as much red pigment as in the reddest hair, and had not the black been most developed—perhaps by the action of the sun—the hair of all negroes would be as fiery a red as the reddest hair of an Englishman.

Twenty years ago an iron theater was shipped to Australia, from England, in convenient sections, so as to be put up easily on arrival there.

Put a bowl of quicklime in a damp closet and it will absorb the moisture.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

Senator Miller, of California, says his fur seal company has paid the government $3,000,000 out of the $7,000,000 we paid for Alaska, and before his grant expires will have paid the whole sum we paid Russia, while the seals, honestly protected, are more plentiful than ever.

Twenty-five years ago the people of Brattleboro, Vt., were surprised one day at finding the figure of an angel molded in snow standing on one of their streets. It was soon discovered that Larkin G. Mead, a Brattleboro boy, had done the work, and funds were readily forthcoming to assist him to pursue his artistic studies. Mr. Mead is now engaged at his studio in Rome in making for Brattleboro a marble copy of the snow angel which first brought him into notice.

The point has again been reached in Iowa whether it is cheaper to burn corn than coal. An Iowa farmer who has given both a fair trial found that $4 worth of coal lasted him two weeks, while the same amount of money spent on corn at twenty cents a bushel kept him in fuel for three weeks. If we only knew what price was paid for coal we could easily find the figure to which corn would have to rise to make it the dearer fuel of the two. With corn worth only eighteen cents a bushel in the ear, as it is now in that section, it is easy to see that a great deal of it will be burned this year.

Ischia, the scene of the frightful earthquake in which probably 200 lives have been lost, is a beautiful and remarkably fertile island at the northern entrance of the bay of Naples, much resorted to by travelers for its famous warm baths. Near its center is a volcano, which, however, has not been in eruption for nearly six centuries, and there are a dozen smaller volcanoes on the islet, which contains only twenty-six square miles, and a population of about 25,000. Its present fate revivifies the historic reputation of the Vesuvius region as one where nature brings side by side her beauties and terrors.

The imperial family of Germany is quite able to support itself. If the crown prince were deprived of his inheritance he could easily win bread and butter by his skill as a turner; while his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is an excellent amateur artisan. On the emperor's cabinet are several samples of his dead grandson Waldemar's proficiency as a bookbinder. This acquisition of a trade is in accordance with the traditionary custom of the royal family, which prescribes that every prince of the blood shall learn some useful handicraft, so as to strengthen his spirit of independence and make him wise through actual contact with the material world.

A bushman named Shulthorpe has telegraphed from Blackall, Australia, asserting that he has found the explorer Leichardt's grave, and has recovered the diary of the whole of the last expedition, together with other relics. Leichardt was an able young German botanist, who set out to explore the then least known part of Australia some twenty years ago. He disappeared, and though expedition after expedition was sent in search of him and his companions, no traces whatever were found of the party. Rumors came in from time to time that he was detained among the blacks, or that he had been cut off by them, but nothing was ever definitely known as to his fate.

Temperance men wishing to found settlements where no liquor can be sold will be interested in the decision of the New York supreme court in the case of the Colorado Springs settlement. Building lots were there sold with the condition annexed that intoxicating liquors should never be vended or manufactured on them, and this condition having been violated by a grantee, who attempted to open a barroom, suit was brought to eject him. His defense was that a man has the right to do anything not prohibited by law on his own property; but the supreme court has decided against him, and has adjudged his title forfeited by his breach of the condition in his grant.

As fortunes are considered nowadays, Peter Cooper is not a very rich man. Four years ago he gave a million dollars apiece to Edward Cooper, his only son, and A. S. Hewitt. He reserves for himself an income of about a million dollars, the most of which he gives away. So much of his money is pledged to the support of his various works that he has none wherewith to respond to the 700 begging letters which he yearly receives. For the last ten years he has received them at an average rate of two a day. During the war his income from his iron works, which are among the largest in the country, averaged $1,500 a day, but during the last few years the losses have been heavy, the firm refusing to discharge any of its men.

The city of Chicago proposes to venture upon a new field of achievement and conquest. It is now maturing the details of a musical festival similar to those which have been held in Cincinnati for several years past, and has already settled the following points: "The festival will occur in May of next year; its conductor will be Theodore Thomas, who will have entire and sole control of the music; a chorus of a thousand voices will be gotten together as speedily as possible and put into training; an orchestra of two hundred of the best instrumentalists will be drilled by Thomas, and the solists will be the greatest living artists." The same orchestra will be used in May festivals in New York city and Cincinnati, and the soloists will be the same in all.

"Whisky in Maine," says Neal Dow, "is carried in small bottles in the pockets of the liquor sellers, and dealt out upon the sly; it is put into teapots, placed upon the kitchen shelf; it is built into the walls of houses, in tin cans, with a small rubber pipe, by which to draw it off; it is concealed in small bottles in the bed; it is concealed in bottles under the floor, put there through a trap that can be only reached by removing the bed; it is concealed in small flat bottles in the ash pit under the ovens of the cooking stoves; it is hidden in wells attached to strings fastened some inches below the surface of the water; it is buried in manure heaps; it is concealed under the floor of the pigsty; it is hidden away upon the flat roof of the house, access to it being had only by a ladder through a scuttle; it is hidden in attics, under the floor and in cellars buried in the earth."

The Ames Manufacturing company, of Chicopee, Mass., has taken a long stride toward a return to the old apprentice system. The company has been very much troubled to get skilled help, and also by having men leave after they have learned enough to begin to be useful. It has now adopted a plan something like the former system, only the term of serving is not more than three or four years instead of seven, and applications come in by scores. The men sign a contract to stay to the end of the term, and the company will teach them the different branches of the business, so that when they go out they will be masters of the trade, instead of knowing how to run but one machine or to do but one particular kind of work. The company keeps ten cents a day from their pay until it amounts to $100, which is given to them at the end of the apprenticeship.

It is believed that the railroad tie of the future will be cut from the beautiful catalpa tree. The Fort Scott, Texas and Gulf railroad have planted 300 acres of young trees and the Iron Mountain railroad 100 acres near Charleston, Mo. On the track-bed of the latter company ties of this wood have lain in the muddy silt of the Mississippi for twelve years and are still in a good state of preservation. They have outlasted two sets of white oak ties and bid fair to survive the third. Fence posts in Indiana and Illinois are now sound after having been in service for forty, fifty and even seventy-five years. In the muddy regions about Cairo, where it is grown extensively, it is used as "corner-stones" for the most substantial buildings. It is of an elastic nature but not so soft and light as cottonwood. Dr. John A. Warder, president of the American Forestry association, claims for the catalpa a durability and power of resistance to the influence of the elements possessed by no other wood. It is found in the Mississippi valley and on the shores of the tributaries of the great river. It bears a large, white, highly-perfumed flower and grows quite rapidly.

On the cedar bluffs of the Cumberland river, five miles south of Somerset, Ky., the birds have been holding a convention. If the accounts are correct all the feathered tribes known to that region and many seldom or never seen in this country have been represented. Their sessions began every day at sundown, and their number was so great that when disturbed by a curious visitor the noise of their wings was like distant thunder. The most singular feature of the gathering was the perfect harmony and good-will that prevailed. The hawk and the dove, the sparrow and the owl perched on the same branch and conferred with apparent pleasure and profit. In the morning when the session ended, the air was thick with darting forms of every size and color. This description sounds apocryphal, and is probably somewhat exaggerated, but naturalists have long admitted the occasional congregation of birds of different species drawn together by some means and for some purpose which baffled all rational attempts at explanation.

### The Sun and the Weather.

Among most nations the sun's redness on rising or setting has been regarded as ominous, and furnished materials for various proverbs. One old English adage informs us that

"If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure that man will fall apace"—

a notion referred to by Christ in St. Matthew's Gospel (xvi. 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering." It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakespeare speaks of this popular rule in his "Venus and Adonis":

"Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds."

And the familiar rhyme tells us how

"Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's warning."

In Milan we are told, referring to continental observations, that "if the morn be red rain is at hand;" and, again, "if the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as the former is unlucky, "a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight," and, according to a saying formerly very current in England,

"The evening red, morning gray,
Is a sign of a fair day."

Indeed, there are numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, a Scotch one being as follows:

"The evening red and the morning gray
Is the sign of a bright and cheery day;
The evening gray and the morning red,
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

There is a prevalent notion that if a change of weather occurs about the time when the sun is crossing the meridian, it will be for twelve hours at least. The proverbs relating to the sunset are even, perhaps, more numerous than those associated with sunrise, every aspect being supposed to denote the coming weather. Thus Shakespeare, in Richard II (ii. 4), referring to a popular belief, tells how

"The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest."

And when, too, it sets like a ball of fire, it is said to have "water in its eye." Again, a pale sunset is a bad sign, if we may believe the rhyme:

"If the sun goes pale to bed,
'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said."

A hazy sunset, too, is equally unsatisfactory, for we are told that "when the air is hazy, so that the solar light fades gradually, and looks white, rain will most certainly follow." When, however, at the time of sunset there is a clear sky, it is said to indicate calm weather:

"When the sun sets bright and clear,
An easterly wind you need not fear."

But if, on the other hand, the sky is covered with fleecy clouds, it is an indication of wind:

"When the sun sets in a bank,
A westerly wind we shall not lack."

A golden sunset is generally regarded as one of the most favorable tokens of fine weather, in allusion to which Shakespeare, in his Richard III., says:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow."

But when the sun at setting casts a lurid red light on the sky as far as the zenith, it is said to be an infallible sign of storms and gales of wind. Once more, the streaks of light occasionally seen when the sun shines through broken clouds are, according to an old superstitious fancy, believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, the water, it is supposed, being drawn up through them into the clouds, ready at any moment to be discharged upon the earth in the shape of rain. This superstition, however, is curious, containing, as it does, some vestiges of truth. Although, as has been pointed out, the streaks of sunshine are not actual pipes, yet they are, at any rate, visible signs of the sun's actions, which, by evaporating the waters, provides a store of vapor to be converted into rain. A species of rainbow, without either pillar or arch, having only a base, is known by sailors as the "sun-dog," and is considered indicative of windy, squally weather. In some parts of England the light, fleecy clouds that encircle the sun in windy weather are called "foxy sun-clouds," being supposed to presage changeable and treacherous weather, a notion embodied in the following couplet:

"Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
Never long wet, and never long dry."

### The Horseshoe "for Luck."

The origin of the horseshoe superstition has never been satisfactorily explained. Among the theories offered, that contained in the following will rank as among the possibilities.

The horseshoe was of old held to be of special service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. The virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, it being incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance which the horseshoe bears to the rays of glory which in ancient pictures are made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notions of its purity, acquired through passing through the fire.

This latter supposition recieves some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriers do not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly, the horse was led into the smithy; the door was closed and barred; the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

Sailors are, for the most part, careful to have a horseshoe nailed to the mizzenmast, or somewhere on deck near midship, for the protection of their vessel. The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horseshoe, which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition long prevalent among ourselves.

### VACCINATION.

**What the Best French Authority Has to Say About It.**

We give below the conclusions of Dr. Froussagraves, a celebrated French writer on smallpox, regarding vaccination:

1. Vaccination has preserved and still preserves an incalculable number of lives.

2. The number of blind and deaf has considerably diminished under the influence of vaccination.

3. Vaccination preserves human beauty.

4. The charges made against vaccination, when sifted down, are bound to have no foundation.

5. Vaccination does not cause enfeebled constitutions nor destroy the health.

6. It does not make typhoid fever more prevalent.

7. It does not increase the number of consumptives.

8. It does not transmit scrofula and skin diseases.

9. It is only dangerous in the hands of ignorant and incompetent practitioners.

10. The innocence of the practice is so marked that in many countries vaccination is obligatory.

11. Vaccination is not infallible.

12. Revaccination is necessary when the initial vaccination has left poor marks.

13. The fact of an interior variolic eruption does not dispense with a revaccination.

14. It is necessary to revaccinate at ten years, at twenty years and at forty years.

15. Beyond the age of forty it is not necessary to revaccinate the fourth time, only during periods of violent epidemics.

16. It is necessary to vaccinate as soon as possible.

17. Vaccination can be practiced at the date of birth.

18. Vaccinations can be practiced at all seasons.

19. The period of dentition should not prevent vaccination if the urgency of the case demands such a step.

20. No age is safe from variola, provided the subject be unvaccinated.

21. Vaccination and revaccination should only be performed by a physician.

22. Well-chosen vaccine matter exposes the subject to no transmissible disease.

23. Animal vaccine has no superiority over well-chosen humanized virus.

24. Well-chosen vaccine, from the cow or cow-pox, must be carefully gathered to make stock for human vaccination.

25. Living vaccines, inoculated from arm to arm, must always be preferred to vaccine in tubes and on quills.

26. All vaccine on points coming from an unknown source must be rejected.

27. It is necessary to place the value of vaccine in the following order: First—Spontaneous cow-pox vaccine. Second Human vaccine transmitted from arm to arm. Third—Human vaccine transplanted on heifers. Fourth—Recently preserved vaccine from a pure source.

28. It is is prudent to make a certain number of incisions.

29. The impression of variola may be made until the fifth day of vaccination.

30. An infant is not enfeebled by vaccination.

31. Revaccinations recognize the same rules as vaccination.

32. Pregnancy and nursing are not impediments to vaccination.

33. It is altogether an advantage to vaccinate or revaccinate in times of epidemic.

### The End of the World.

James M. Swormstedt has figured it out that the world will come to an end at midnight of November 12, 1881. He closes his wonderful and fearful prediction as follows:

"It is a very remarkable coincidence that at midnight of November 12 the seven stars from whence Christ will descend, and Jupiter, the earth, and the sun will be in a direct line with each other. The comet will, I think, come straight from this line. The most direful effects will follow its contact with our planet. Both bodies traveling at the rate of more than a thousand miles per minute, there can but ensue the most disastrous consequences. It will produce the most awful earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, whirlwinds and tornadoes the world has ever witnessed. The mountains will flow down with lava, also with torrents of water, caused by the melting of the accumulated snow of centuries. Whole cities will be swept away by these floods. Other cities will be thrown down by great earthquakes, and still others will be destroyed by tornadoes and whirlwinds. Many others will be destroyed by fire and brimstone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Isaiah xxiv tells us the earth will 'reel to and fro like a drunkard' under the mighty bombardment through which it will have to go. St. John says: 'The heaven will depart as a scroll when it is rolled together.' This indicates that the force of the great concussion will be so dreadful and produce such a tempest that the cloud which surrounds the earth will be 'rolled together as a scroll' and carried off by the comet.

The earth will present a wretched and ruined appearance as it emerges beyond the comet's train. According to St. John, the world will become panic-stricken as the comet approaches the earth. Kings will desert their thrones, great men their estates, rich men their wealth, the chief captains and the mighty men their armies, and all other men their occupations, and will flee to the caves and rocks of the mountains for shelter. And after they reach those places, their terror will be so great amid the appalling calamities that herald the approach of the Christ they have so long rejected they will call for the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

"All who give themselves wholly to God now, and seek the shelter pointed out in the 91st Psalm will receive the supernatural protection promised in this Psalm, and will be made immortal at the coming of the Son of God."

### Bible Terms.

Readers of the Bible will be interted in the following explanation of expressions frequently met with in the Holy Scriptures:

A day's journey was 33 1-5 miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about 2-3 English mile.

Ezekiel's reed is said to have been nearly 11 feet long.

A cubit is 22 inches nearly.

A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch.

A shekel was about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold was $9.07.

A talent of silver was $1,650.86.

A talent of gold was $26,448.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 13 cents.

A gerah was 2 cents.

A mite was 1-2 cent.

A homer contained 75 gallons and 5 pints.

An ephah, or bath, 7 gallons and 4 pints.

A hin was 1 gallon and 2 pints.

A firkin was 7 pints.

An omer was 6 pints.

A cab was 3 pints.

A log was 1-2 pint.

### Words of Wisdom.

Whoever learns to stand alone must learn to fall alone.

A truth that one does not understand becomes a error.

Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child or children.

If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses.

People do not need to know more about virtue, but rather to practice what they already know.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

### AN INTERESTING INVALID.

**Mr. Spoopendyke's Narrow Escape from the Silent Tomb.**

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, as Mr. Spoopendyke limped into the room and dropped into a chair. "What on earth has happened to you?"

"I fell down and killed myself," moaned Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Now? where?" asked Mrs Spoopendyke, bustling around him, all nervousness. "How did you do it?"

"Slipped on the ice and broke my arm from head to foot," sighed Mr. Spoopendyke, faintly.

"Great gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Whereabouts? where did it happen?"

"Out doors, dod gast it! Where d'ye s'pose I did it? Think I brought the ice in the house and laid down on it? Oh, dear! I'll never get my clothes off again. I've got to sit here and die;" and Mr. Spoopendyke leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes with resignation.

"I'll help you off with your hat and overcoat," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, tenderly. "Let me help you."

"Be very careful about taking off my hat," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rousing up. "Take it off easy, or you'll hurt my elbow. Pull the left arm of my overcoat down, so it will slip off——What ye doing? Trying to skin me? That sleeve's full of broken bones, I tell ye. Now help me to a chair. I knew I must go sometime, but I never expected to die so suddenly as this," and Mr. Spoopendyke