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Worship in the Woods:
 How rich the embroidered carpet spread,
 On either side the common way;
 Azure and purple, gold and red,
 Sunset and white, and green and gray,
 With shades between,
 Woven with light in looms unseen.

The dandelion's disk of gold,
 With luster decks the meadows green,
 And multiplied a million fold,
 The daisy lights the verdant scene;
 The blue mint's plumes
 Invite the bees to their perfumes.

A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
 Unspooled from silent hills afar;
 Best, like an angel, lifts the load
 And in my path lets down the bar,
 And here it brings
 A lease of life on healing wings.

The summer leisure of the cloud
 That wanders with its trumpeter,
 The wind, is mine; no wrangling crowd
 Annoys the humble worshiper
 In the white tent
 Beneath a listening firmament.

Up-floating on the ambient air,
 Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
 And now a voice distinct in prayer,
 Like the lark's hymn, reaches the skies,
 And the "Amen"
 Is echoed from the hills and glen.

The wood a vast cathedral seems,
 Its dome the overarching sky;
 The light, through trembling branches streams
 From open windows lifted high;
 Under the fire
 Soft shadows shield the worshippers.
 —George W. Bungay, in *Our Continent*.

ONE MAN'S HEART.

A long, dusty street lay white and hot under an unshaded August sun. The closely-cut lawns were bright and green where the water had been thrown upon them from the hydrants and hose in the yards, but the bits of grass along the sidewalks were dusty and withered. The leaves on the trees drooped in the noontide glare, and seemed to be mutely appealing to the cloudless sky for moisture and coolness. Not a breath of air stirred anywhere as far as one could see; all nature seemed waiting in a painful pause for a relief for which there seemed no hope.

Far down the western horizon, it is true, there was a long line of dark clouds, but it was a hint, rather than a promise, of the cooling rain which the city needed—a thought written in the heavens, impalpable and shadowy, rather than a threat, of what Nature might do when the silent powers of the air were loosened.

Of human life the scene showed little. In all the long street there were only two persons to be seen. Closed

anything in the next. I'd sell myself to you for ten dollars."

The rich man smiled, for the first time in the whole interview, and said: "I flatter myself I am better than some men you might find, men with less money, too, and I haven't so very much—"

"How much?" The question was abrupt, but perfectly respectful; the tramp was evidently gaining a hope which he would not have dared to entertain a half hour before.

"A matter of ten thousand dollars or so. Of course, the house here isn't mine. But I could afford—afford. But I couldn't afford to be cheated." There was doubt and sudden suspicion in the last sentence.

"On my word and honor as a—pshaw, what does it signify? I have not lied to you. Give me what you will. My thanks will be as true and genuine for little as for much."

The man on the steps took his hand from his pocket and laid a ten-dollar gold piece in the hand of the dusty man standing one step below him.

"I never gave a penny to a beggar. I never gave food to a tramp. But you have the ten dollars now. Keep it. But, tell me now, are you an ordinary man?"

"I'll finish my sentence now, sir. On my honor as a gentleman, I have told you the truth and I've acted the truth. It was a question of life and death. I looked at the river as I crossed the bridge. Suppose I had not come here; suppose—suppose—" He said, the words dreamily, but with a shudder, then he turned to the rich man again, for the last words he had said to himself alone. "You have given me life, not food; a future, not money. If ever I can be of service to you I will be; if ever I can repay the debt of to-day—of course, I don't mean the mere money—I will do it. I swear I will do it. What is your name? Tell me your age—your business. It may be I shall some time find you again."

The man on the top step took a card from his pocket and wrote a line on it in pencil. The tramp took it and read in print: "Paul Hudson, Drugger, Lakeville." And in pencil, "Twenty-four years of age."

"I should like to shake your hand, if you please."

"Certainly," said Paul Hudson.

As the tramp walked down the path to the street, Paul Hudson watched him.

"The quality of mercy is not strained." But that fellow has strained ten dollars out of my pocket. "It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven." And sure enough it is beginning to rain. "It is twice blessed." Well, I'll be hanged if I know whether it is or not."

And Paul Hudson went into the house.

him the name of the place, learned it was Rockland, and therefore his destination, and got out.

Several men snouted the names of the hotels they represented, and did it for the benefit of the passengers who had left the train, although one would have thought that they intended to call to some persons already at the hotels, and a long way off, by the noise they made.

Mr. Robinson found a man who had a hack. He distinctly heard the man mention the fact, and he ordered himself taken to Mr. Muckle's.

When the hack stopped and Mr. Robinson got out he must have impressed the driver as being a lunatic of some sort.

"I thought this was Rockland?"

"It is."

"Well, I wanted to go to Mr. Muckle's."

"This is the place."

"Where is Lakeville?"

"Thirty miles from here. And your fare is twenty-five cents."

Mr. Robinson paid it, and the hackman drove off.

It was late to arrive for a visit, but the well trained servants at Mr. Muckle's had had their instructions, and it was not many minutes before Mr. Robinson was settled in a large and handsomely furnished room.

A servant brought him a note:

"The compliments of Mr. Muckle, who regrets that business which cannot be delayed prevents his meeting Mr. Robinson to-night. Will Mr. Robinson make himself perfectly at home. The servants are directed to attend to his every order."

"A cool welcome," said Richard Robinson to himself, but set a hearty supper, retired late and slept soundly—and late, too.

"A cool welcome," was Richard Robinson's first thought when he awoke in the morning. There was a rushing to and fro of hasty steps, doors were opened and closed; there were voices hushed but eager. It was a cool welcome; for, when the almost forgotten guest left his room, he learned the fearful truth. Mr. Milton Muckle had been found murdered in his bed that morning.

Paul Hudson is innocent. You are wrong about this murder—entirely and utterly wrong. I did it!"

And he went with them quietly.

IV.

Paul Hudson has a card which he keeps with care, and which he is not ashamed, strong man though he is, to cry over some times. It is his business card, with his age—many years younger than he is now—written on it in pencil. And on the back:

"You saved me from a suicide's grave in August. I save you from a worse fate to-night. We are quits."

"RICHARD ROBINSON."

Seals:

The seal, as affixed to letters, has a claim for consideration in the fact of its historic interest. The seals of Sennecherib and Cheops are yet extant together with a multitude of ancient signets, both of the east and west, and our letter seals are probably their lineal descendants, and relatives of the official, legal and royal seals still affixed to documents. As symbols of power they were, no doubt, affixed upon a missive to forbid its opening by an unauthorized person, and their significance would be generally regarded. The early Christians used the sacred devices of the dove, the fish, the anchor and the lyre; and the monks of Durham, becoming possessed of a seal on which was figured the head of Jupiter Tonans, had engraved beneath it the name of good King Oswald, thus sanctifying it to the uses of the church. In England, before watches were worn, the seal was attached to the wrist, forming, in fact, a pendant to a bracelet. Shakespeare's signet has his initials, "W. S." and a true lover's knot—a device which has led to the supposition that it was given to him by Anne Hathaway. Mary, Queen of Scots, had a seal with the arms of the three kingdoms upon it, and the use of this formed a count of the indictment against her. Another ring of interest which may possibly have been used as a signet, which is said to be the identical one given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex.

This is only one of a thousand signets of historic interest that are still preserved. The "biggest thing" among these belongs, as a matter of course, to America, and was presented to President Pierce by some citizen of San Francisco. Upon this was represented a kind of summary of Californian history, and a number of devices, such as a grizzly bear and an enraged bear. Without it was engraved the president's name, and in its interior parts were small cases containing specimens of various native ores. The weight of the precious gift was something like a pound! The materials impressed

LION HUNTING.

A Narrow Escape—Shooting a Lion on the Wink—An African Boy's Shot.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press at Cape Town writes: Isaiah White, a wandering New Englander, sailed from Cape Town on the last outgoing English steamer. He came to this remote part of the world two years ago with a number of other adventurers, who made their way to the diamond fields to the north. They endured all manner of suffering and hardship, and in the end became so discouraged at their utter failure that they decided to do what thousands of others have done and are doing continually—give up and return home. White was the only one who held out. "I shall never go back penniless," he declared, "if I have to stay here till I die." The fact that the Yankee did sail for his native land a few days ago, that when I saw him he was arrayed in European dress, and was in the highest spirits, leads me to believe that the good fellow, after all, has not broken the pledge he made to his friends, when the ragged fellows turned their backs on the diamond fields and started for the other side of the world.

Some weeks after their parting, White was in the Hottentot country, where he came upon a native lion-hunter, who had assisted a great many English parties in trapping the king of beasts, and who was very favorably disposed toward the Caucasian race, probably as a consequence. White was penniless, ragged and sick; but Burwik, as the guide called himself, acted the part of the good Samaritan. He took him to his hut, where Burwik's wife nursed him, and when he was restored to his usual rugged health the guide presented him with a European hunting outfit and rifle. The American, as may be supposed, was astonished to find such wealth and hospitality among the yellow natives of South Africa, but he had quickly explained it all to his satisfaction. Burwik, by his skill and faithfulness—the Hottentots, as a race, are thievish and untrustworthy—had won the good opinion of many European hunters, who engaged him as a guide, and, beside paying him liberally for his services, had made him many presents.

He had three rifles of excellent make, two fine revolvers, while his wife was furnished with enough jewelry, beads and ornaments to outline a barbarian princess at high court. The suit which White donned was the very thing for that country, but he shivered slightly when Burwik told him that a major of the English army had it on when a huge lion stole into camp one night and killed him with a single blow. Even the rents made in the shirt on his back were made in the same manner.

from the beast, which must have been of unusual size. The other dog was silent, and, if alive, was doubtless at a safe distance from the lion. Pressing on, it was not long before the carcass of the buffalo was found. The studious king of beasts had picked that up immediately after it was shot, and, dragging it into the bush, had helped himself to what he wished. But where was the lion himself?

"I should say the beast was not far away," suggested White, holding his rifle with his finger on the trigger; "but it seems to me he ought to show himself."

"There he is!" It was young Erwa who uttered the alarming cry which disconcerted the others for the moment. There was good cause for it, for the keen-eyed lad had just then detected the head and mane of the lion, who was stealing toward the men. The affrighted words of the boy apprised the others of their danger, but it did not tell them of the point from which it threatened.

White sprang forward several steps and turned half way round, glancing furtively in every direction for his foe. The latter, as if he understood that he would not do to wait, instantly gathered his muscles together and rose with a prodigious bound which carried him directly toward the American. For a single instant White saw the huge body apparently poised in midair, and then the flaming eyes, frightful mouth and glowering front were precipitated toward him as if driven from the mouth of an enormous cumbiad. Instead of leaping aside, the American undertook to fire from where he stood. His desperate haste to raise and aim his gun, in his awkward position, caused him not only to send the bullet wide of the mark, but he lost his own balance and fell upon his side.

Burwik discharged his piece at the lion when he was in mid air, and struck him; but as he was already on the way when hit, the missile could not stop him, no matter how well aimed, nor did it indeed inflict a mortal wound, for even the veteran Burwik was disconcerted by the daring and unexpected attack. But a singular fact saved the American for the moment. The shot which young Erwa had fired when he first encountered the beast had injured one of his eyes in such a way as to hurt his sight. Instead of striking on the prostrate American, as he would have done at any other time, he struck beyond him and some distance away. Before he could recover White was on his feet and Burwik drew his long knife to assist him; but just then Erwa discharged his gun the second time, sending the bullet directly into the chest of the beast as he crouched on the ground, and he leaped that

WISE WORDS.

No man can be successful who neglects his business.

No rank can shield us from the impartiality of death.

If you would succeed in life, rise early and be an economist of time.

The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous of those we pretend to have.

Suspicious among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight.

Seeing much, and suffering much and studying much, are the three pillars of learning.

Little do we care for the speech of people if conscience will not whisper approval.

Make friends with your creditors if you can; but never make a creditor of your friend.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies relief from previous labor.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living.

Somebody says every failure is a step to success. This will explain why the poorer some men fail the richer they become.

The world we live in is the best world possible to those who use it, and the worst world possible to those who abuse it.

Do we not feel that we are apt to think of ourselves as others think of us? and that not by a rational act of judgment, but by a mere passive yielding to an impression from without?

When we have practiced good actions while they become easy, and when they become easy we begin to take a pleasure in them, and when they please us we do them frequently. Form, then, the habit of doing good.

Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them as a crime than the appearance of the latter; for both being the work of nature are alike unavoidable.

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S CANOPY.

The Fall Found Stretched Over the Ceiling of Solomon's Contentment.

The ancient pall, found in the recent discovery of royal mummies in Egypt, was composed of numerous pieces of leather tanned by the bark of the *sont* or *soacia*, and sewn together by red cord, and is supposed to have covered the mortuary cabin of the sacred boat or horse, to which it formed a kind of bald-achino. It is exceedingly brittle, and the colors are still well preserved, the centre nine feet long by six feet wide, and divided into two equal sections, one of which is covered by pink and yellow rosettes on a blue ground, the other displaying six flying vultures flying with extended wings and holding feather sceptres in their claws; they are separated from one another by horizontal lines of hieroglyphics, the name and titles of Masaharuta, high priest of Amen Ra, the deity of Thebes, and a row of pink rosettes on a yellow ground. On either side is a flap divided from the central section by four hands of colors—blue, red, yellow and green—and further divided by a border of spear-head pattern. Below this comes a row of panels containing a row of emblematic devices, predominant amongst which is the scarabæus, flying with extended wings thrusting forward the solar disk—emblems of the sun-god—but having with this emblem the representation of a gazelle, supposed to be the favorite of the Queen, twice repeated, a singular representation of two united ducks and ornaments like the Greek antefix and the cartouche or royal name of Pinotem II. seven times repeated. Below this is a border of pink and blue chequers at the bottom, with a broad hilt of pink or perhaps originally scarlet. This magnificent work of leather measures 22 feet 5 inches in length and 19 feet 6 inches wide, containing a space of 201 square feet of leather. It is the most remarkable object next to the historical mummies of the whole collection, and exhibits the greatest technical skill in the preparation and artistic excellence in execution and design. Its age is somewhere about the time of Solomon. Specimens of this leather canopy, which have been brought to England, show that the colors with which it was painted or dyed still retained their original lustre. From some unknown circumstances they have, like the flowers, never paled by the effects of time.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Cork trees are being successfully grown in Georgia. Some specimens planted many are now thick enough for use.

Mr. H. P. Atterby asserts that a large amount of humus in a soil implies a large amount of vegetable matter, and that the amount of vegetable matter in a soil is proportional to the amount of humus in it.

Nature's Treasures.

There is a wealth of hidden and visible treasure all along the line of the Alabama and Great Southern railroad from Chattanooga to Birmingham, a distance of 142 miles. On the Lookout of the narrow valley