

Song of the South Wind.

Through fragrant pines I sweep along,
And chant for me a mighty song,
Ground and triumphant, sweet and strong,
Like organ notes heard far away,
In some cathedral old and gray,
When vespers toll the close of day.

I stir the ripples on the lake:
The dancing wavelets softly break;
Against the cool white sand, and make
A broken melody that seems
Like birdlings, chirping in their dreams,
Ere lights the east with dawn's faint gleams.

I bring the rain clouds from the sea—
The shadows fall on lake and lea;
The thirsty plants nod thanks to me,
And yield me treasures of perfume,
The sweet moments of their bloom,
To bear away to climes of gloom.

To tell the Northland's prisoned flowers—
Bidding the slow, dark winter hours,
While chill and gray the dull sky lowers:
"Long though your time of waiting be,
And firm the chains that fetter ye,
Lose not your hope—ye shall be free!"
—Augusta D. Dunn.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE.

When General Meade fell back from Mine Run, in the fall of 1863, he went into winter quarters between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, on his old grounds. This was about December 1. On the 15th of the month I received orders to cross the river, penetrate his camp and pick up all possible information.

It was understood that he was sending troops off west, and I was particularly charged to discover if there was any foundation in the report.

I left the rebel cavalry outpost at 10 o'clock one night, being on foot and wearing a blue uniform throughout. There was about a mile of neutral ground between outposts, and when I had crept down the highway almost to the Union videttes I took to the fields and flanked 'em. I knew every rod of that country, and passing the vidette was a matter of no trouble.

It was when I reached the first line of sentinels that I had to go keeferful. It was now midnight, and winter had set in. There was no snow, but the wind was cold and the ground frozen. It so happened that I struck a part of French's corps. Knowing that Lee was going into winter quarters, and knowing that a strong picket was out, the sentinels were not over watchful. I crept up until I located two, and both were muffled up against the cold and thinking more of keeping warm than of looking for spies. While I was waiting for a chance to skulk in, the two came together and stood talking, and this gave me the show I wanted. I riz up from the cold ground, bore off a little to the right, and entered the gap without being seen. In ten minutes more I was among the tents and shanties.

I must find a place to pass the night. It was too cold to go prowling 'round, saying nothing of the danger to be incurred. I walked up one street and down another, looking for a place to stow myself away; and by and by I saw a soldier come out of a tent and go off. I reasoned that he was on guard, and had come to his tent on some errand, and I was probably right.

It was half-tent, half-shanty, with a fire place in it. I crept in at the door and found a fire going, and there three men asleep under the blanket. There was a heap of wood at hand, and the best I could do was to stir up the fire and hever over it. I didn't mean to fall asleep; that is I was bound and determined to keep awake, but I had no sooner got fairly warmed through than I went off to the land o' Nod, and the next thing I knew it was daylight.

None o' the chaps under the blankets were awake, and I slipped out without disturbing 'em. Everything would have been all right 'cept for a man in a tent across the street. He had come out after wood, and was standing there as I appeared. As both tents belonged to some company, and all the men in each company knew each other, it was only natural that I, a perfect stranger, should attract his attention. Further it was just as natural that he should suspect me of being a thief. He was a sour-faced, beetle-browed chap, and the minut I looked into his eyes I knew we should have a row.

"Ah! I caught you!" he growled as I faced him.
"At what?" I coolly axed.
"Stealing, of course!"
"You are wrong. I went in there to get warm."
"Who be you?"
"George Smith."
"What regiment?"
"Sixth Maine."
I wasn't answering at random. I knew that the Sixth Maine was in the fight at Rappahannock Station, about a month before, because I had talked with some prisoners.

"Wher's your regiment?" he asked. "That's what I'm looking for," I replied. "I was took by the rebs fifteen days ago, and have just escaped and come in."

I answered him so promptly, and told such a straight story, that he could have no suspicions, and I might have got away but for an accident. He had brought out his coffee-pot, and in moving away I fell over it. He was aching for a fuss with somebody, and that was a good excuse. He jumped for me without a word. I returned the blow, and then we clinched and fought up and down the street.

I was getting the best of him, when we fell upon and wrecked a tent and began to draw a crowd. In five minutes there were fifty men around us, and pretty soon an officer comes up, and separates us and asks:

"What is this row about?"
"I caught that chap stealing," sings out my opponent.
"He lies!"
"Who are you?" asks the officer.
"Private George Smith, of the Sixth Maine."

"Wher's your regiment?"
"Don't know, sir. I was captured by the rebs, got away and am looking for my regiment."

"When did you come in?"
"Last night."
"How did you pass all the outposts and sentinels?"

He had me there. I had as good as betrayed myself by that one answer. "I'll see to your case!" he growled, and he called the guard and had me marched off. The guard-house was a log stable, and as soon as he reached it I was stripped and searched. The next move was to hunt up the Sixth Maine and discover that I did not belong to that regiment. I was then taken to corps headquarters and questioned.

I changed my line of defense, claiming to be a deserter from the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York, who was voluntarily coming back to his regiment, but the next day the Colonel of that regiment came to look at me, and pronounced me a liar and an impostor.

Next day, when a court martial was convened, I had no defense to offer. They tried me as a spy, and while nothing could be proved, I was condemned and sentenced to be shot. I was given to understand that, but I reckoned that some of the officers were not quite satisfied. Instead of carrying out the sentence right away, the findings were sent to a higher court for approval.

What I am telling you in a minute consumed about two weeks. I was pretty comfortably fixed in the barn, but so zealously guarded that there was no possible show for escape. The papers had been sent off, and I was daily expecting to hear their approval, when, one night just before dusk, the chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment came in to console me. He was about my size and age with the same colored hair, and the minut I saw him I grasped at a plan. When we had talked a little I asked him:

"How did you get in?"
"Why, I showed my pass to the guard," he answered.

That was all I desired to know. He talked for about an hour, and I made him promise to come and see me the next evening at the same hour. He advised me to give up all hope and make my peace with God, and I gave him to understand that I might be more contrite on his next visit.

I tell you, that next day seemed a week long. I had a plan, and it promised success. When the day did begin to fade away I was so nervous and excited that I could not keep still. The chaplain came in just at dark, and, as he grasped my hand, he said:

"The papers have come back, and you must prepare to die!"
"Pray for me!" says I.

He knelt right down, and he had skereely uttered a word when I had him by the throat. It was so sudden, and I had such a grip on him, that he skereely kicked. I didn't want to kill him, but I choked him until he was like a rag. Then I off with his coat, vest and pants, and was into 'em before he showed signs of coming to. It was too soon to go out, and I choked him some more.

Poor man! I felt sorry to do him such injury, but my life was at stake. In about twenty minutes I felt it was safe to go out. I dragged him into a corner, sat him up on end, and then knocked on the door. It was opened at once, and as I squeezed out the guard shut it without even glancing in.

"How is he, chaplain?" asks the guard as he looks the door.
"Resigned, poor man," I answers, and off I goes.

As I afterwards learned, I had a good hour's start. I didn't head for the river, as might be expected, but

for the north, and it was over a month before I saw Lee's lines again. A Washington paper had a long story about my escape, and it said I would have bin shot next day, and that the chaplain would be laid up for a month.
—Detroit Free Press.

A New Narcotic.

Something worse than opium or chloral is reported to the New York Medical Society. Several city practitioners found out that a few persons were using hyoscine to produce a sort of intoxication that resulted in profound slumber. The drug is a hydrobromate, and has to a limited extent been used in medicine in lieu of atropine for relief in epilepsy and other diseases of the nerves. It is obtained from a German plant, and is usually on sale by German apothecaries in this city. The supply has been small, and the price about seventy-five cents a grain; but a suddenly increased demand nearly exhausted the stocks and sent the price to a dollar. The doses must be infinitesimal in order not to be dangerous, and the peril of self-dosing lies in the liability to kill by carelessly swallowing or hypodermically injecting too much. The experimenters with it proved chiefly to be medical students, drug clerks and others acquainted with its soporific qualities. Hard drinkers employed it to force sleep, and very nervous persons drove off insomnia with it. In order to test its effects, it has been systematically administered to thirty-six insane patients in the State Hospital for the Insane, by Drs. Langdon and Peterson, who say that the effects prove the very great danger of hyoscine eating. They found that it would indeed compel sleep in most cases, but that its habitual use would surely bring muscular paralysis and delirium of a particularly violent sort. The society will ask the Legislature to forbid the sale except on prescription.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Peculiar Monuments.

There are a great number of monuments of a kind peculiar to China, and which alone would suffice to distinguish this country from all others—namely, triumphal arches erected to widowhood or virginity.

When a girl will not marry, in order that she may better devote herself to the service of her parents, or if a widow refuses to enter the marriage state a second time, out of respect to the memory of her deceased husband, she is honored after death with especial pomp. Subscriptions are raised for the erection of a monument to her virtue, to which all the relations, and even sometimes the inhabitants of the village or district where the heroine has dwelt, contribute. These arches are of wood or stone, covered with sculptures, sometimes very well executed, of flowers, birds and fabulous animals. On the front is usually an inscription in honor of virginity or widowhood, as the case may be; and on the two sides are engraved in small letters the virtue of the heroine in question. These arches, which have a very fine effect, are frequent along the roads, and even in the towns. At Ning-Po, a celebrated seaport in the province of Tche-Kiang, there is a large street entirely composed of such monuments, all of stone, and of a most rich and majestic architecture.

Bathing in India.

The gospel of cleanliness is not for India. Do I begin to argue? I am told that "a virtue of Gautama Buddha was his dirty face!" And yet a bath is a Hindoo's frequent practice. But the use of mustard oil overbalances all ablutions. A native always polishes his skin with mustard oil before bathing. "It prevents the water from entering the blood through the skin," Gauga tells me. It makes the presence of a native anything but agreeable, for the anointing having greatly diminished the power of the water, the sun's action upon the cutaneous surface is such that the smell has actually the effect of ruining the health of Europeans who have to inhale it for many hours daily in the katcherries and courts of law.

If you say to one of these objectionable smelling parties: "You would do well to take a bath!" he will answer, spitefully: "I am a Hindoo!" This, being interpreted, means that the man scrupulously observes the many washings that the law enjoins. But those washings are something like the mumbling of a formal prayer. Indeed, the high-caste Hindoo may not, like the Pharisee of old, eat except he wash.

Something Hot for a Cold.
Doctor to lady patient—"You should take something hot for your cold."
Indolent patient—"Well, in what form shall I take it, doctor?"

Doctor—"Considering you have so little exercise, I should say you would derive the most good from it if you took it in the shape of a flatiron."
—Boston Budget.

A REPULSIVE CEREMONY.

An Indian Snake Dance in the Far Southwest.

Excited Savages Dancing with Writhing Serpents in Their Bare Hands.

The sight of young men snake-hunting days beforehand had raised expectation on tiptoe, writes a correspondent from Arizona to the Baltimore News. We knew that a priest was praying and fasting in the estufa, where the snakes were imprisoned in broken water-jars; we knew also that a Moki has skill to charm a refractory snake by tickling his back with the vanes of two long eagle's pens that he carries fixed to a wooden handle. When we rode into the village on the momentous afternoon all we saw at first was a leafy bower or tabernacle in the middle of a court that was newly swept, but not cleared of dogs, but a string of fox-tails hung over the entrance of an estufa. I descended the ladder and was in the "green-room" of the "Antelopes." Some twenty Indians of all ages were reddening their moccasins, brushing their yard-long hair and anointing their bodies with a black pigment made of decomposed corn. A large picture, done in colored sands on the floor, figured four serpents, a white, a red, a green and a brown one, rearing their heads over a bank of clouds of the same four cardinal colors.

In another estufa I found an equal number in a more advanced state of costuming. These were the "Snakes." Their bodies also were blackened; their shoulders, three spots on their bodies and the calves of their legs were painted pink. They wore heavy necklaces, painted aprons of strange design, and fine moccasins and garters. Their faces were sooted, and red feathers were in their hair. A tortoise-shell rattle was attached to the right garter. In their hands they carried feather-sticks, and a pouch filled with cornmeal was slung to one wrist. Spitting corn-starch on each other's faces for a gloss to the soot was the finishing touch. Climbing the ladder in silence, they were hideous enough, a fit impersonation of poisonous reptiles, or demons, for that matter. They stood upon the order of their going; size, not age, determining the place of each. The last three, very small boys, had to take two steps on each rung. I followed on the heels of these precocious children, and hastened to a favorable point of observation among the multitude on the flat terraced roofs. The Antelopes were ranged before the leafy tabernacle in the midst of the court; the Snakes formed in a row opposite. A "tread-water" dance-step, accompanied by angry rattling and snatches of a weird song, alternated for twenty minutes with a silent wave of feather-sticks to low rattles.

Suddenly the song became fierce, and a lively back-and-forward step on the part of the Antelopes was the signal for the Snakes to break into couples. Thus they entered the tent through the opposing line, to issue from it with writhing serpents in their bare hands, or entwined on their arms, moccasins and vipers, blacksnakes and heterodonts, blow snakes, and that arch touch-me-not, *crotalus horridus*, *virgatus* rattler. Are the serpents drugged? No, for many a hissing head darts forth to bite holder or fellow-dancer. Every participant carries a wriggling tangle of the venomous creatures. Dozens escape, and slip among the bare legs. But the feather-stick seems all powerful. A touch with the eagle-vanes, a swift grab, and the fugitives are caught and flourished aloft, but caught with a wariness and flourish with a bravado that dispel all notion of extracted poison fangs. One gray-haired performer was quick to snatch any large reptile too timidly pursued by some young man or boy of less experience. At last he was happy, a bunch of rattlesnakes in either hand, and a four-foot specimen in his mouth. The close and climax came suddenly. A dancer to one side sprinkled a circle of meal on the ground and running round it threw a streak to its centre from each of the eight points of the compass. All the serpents were at once thrown in a pile on this figure of a wheel, and the whole people, down to the smallest *dipshoy* that could toddle, spat chewed cornmeal at them, when sixteen Casinos, or messengers to the gods, ran with armfuls of them from the gates of the village. Riding campward, we saw them scattering the creatures to the four quarters of the earth.

Will the English language become universal? The question is decided in the affirmative by Candolle, a Geneva scientist, who reasons from the rapid spread of English-speaking people throughout the world, and their almost invariable retention of their native tongue.

Artesian Wells.

Boring for an artesian well is attended by a great deal of labor. A spot having been selected, a framework of timber, thirty feet high, is built over the place, and the appliances are adjusted. A large cable, several hundred feet long, is suspended from a windlass at the top of the tower, one end being attached to a huge drill, five inches in diameter, twenty-five feet long and weighing several hundred pounds, and the other to a drum on the floor of the tower. To the end of the drill is fastened a bit about six feet long, having a wedge-shaped point. Everything being in readiness the steam engine is started, and the motion of the drill is controlled by a man in charge of a beam to which are attached several cords. The drill is pounded through the soft earth, and is followed by an eight-inch pipe, which is pushed into the hole made by the drill till the rock is reached, when the use of pipe is no longer necessary, as the hole through the rock suffices for the passage of the water. These pipes vary in size from six to twelve inches, but the average size is eight inches. As the beam rises and falls the drill is forced through the soil till the required depth is reached. Some wells are not over 500 feet deep, while others are over 2,500, and it is not an uncommon thing to fail in reaching water even at that depth. Sufficient water is frequently found at a depth of 500 to 600 feet to answer many purposes, but a well of this kind would be worthless to a paper mill where a large quantity is needed. When once a well is in good working order, the supply never fails. When it becomes necessary to remove the sediment in the hole during the process of boring, the drill is raised and a long suction pump, eight inches in diameter, is sent down, and the mud, surface water and sediment are thus drawn out. Two sets of men are generally employed, one working in the daytime and the other at night. These wells cost from \$6 to \$10 a foot, making the price vary from \$3,000 to \$6,000.

Norse Music.

A characteristic vein of musical endowment runs through the Norwegian nature. The folk songs and national dances of the peasants are very remarkable. They are the invention for the most part, of nameless "spillemand," handed down from generation to generation of the local fiddlers, without whom no peasant marriage or other merrymaking can possibly be carried on. Halfdan Kierulf and Edvard Grieg have arranged some interesting collections of these quaint and plaintive airs, and in their own compositions an unmistakable national strain is always traceable. The name of Johan Svenasen is now known along with that of Grieg throughout the musical world, but Kierulf's exquisite songs deserve a wider popularity than they have attained outside of Norway and Nodraak, a composer who unfortunately died very young, claims mention by reason of his masterly setting of Bjornson's finest lyrics. The great name in record of Norwegian music, however, is that of Ole Bull, who died in 1880. He was in his way a tone poet of the most original, but remained to the end simply an upland "spillemand" raised to the highest power. Both as a composer and virtuoso, he was a Norwegian of the Norwegians, and his name is justly held in reverence by the country which his art may be said to have interpreted to the whole world.—Fortnightly Review.

The Peasants of Casciana.

Reaping is different here from other parts of Tuscany. The contadini cut off the ears of corn with a sickle in small handfuls, leaving two or three feet of straw standing which is afterward mown with scythes. An old peasant seeing me watch his operations, ceased work for a moment, and, with a twinkle in his eye, quoted, like a true Tuscan who knows and loves his old proverb: "You know, ma'am, when the corn is in the field, it belongs to God and the saints." The contadini work hard; in the field at daylight—they often do not return home till 9 in the evening—and we meet women and young girls staggering under huge loads of green grass, cut on the hills and carried down on their heads after the day's work to sell for a few centimes in the village. This habit of carrying jars of water, baskets of fruit, and bundles of fodder on the head gives the contadine an easy, graceful walk, recalling the peculiar swing of the Arab women. The men just now look very spruce and neat, as a new straw hat, and if possible, a new shirt is "the thing" before reaping. The women never wear hats. They tie a handkerchief under the chin, and pull it over their eyes like a hood, folding another several times thick on the top of their heads to keep off the sun.—Macmillan.

HUMOROUS.

Walter—"Will you have some salt with your eggs?" Guest—"No, thanks; they ain't at all fresh."

German photographers are now making photographs of lightning. They are said to be striking likenesses.

A Western poet, it is said, thinks more of his wife than he does of his poems. So does every one that ever read his poems.

A philosopher who had married an ignorant girl used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, she was sweet and unrefined.

Girls in search of material for crazy quilts should apply to the railroad companies. They throw away thousands of old ties every year.

A subscriber asks: "When is the best time to marry?" Mr. Enpeque says the best time for such a ceremony is the 31st of February.

It's many years ago since the poet wrote that "beauty draws us with a single hair." It generally takes a forty-five-dollar switch to do it now.

Civilization is making gratifying progress in the Congo country. A few years ago the inhabitants ate white persons raw; now they roast them.

Why the engagement was broken: "And dearest Augustus, when we are married you will give me all the pin money I want, won't you, darling?" "Yes, duckie, you shall buy all the pins you can use." "Oh, deary, that's so nice of you. There's a beautiful diamond pin down at the jeweller's that I've wanted for ever so long."

HER CREEL PA.

"I've bought a bonnet, papa, dear; My beau declares 'tis trimmed with skill; I have no funds, and I've come here To see if you will foot the bill."
"Your beau! and what may he be named?" The father roughly questioned her; She hung her head, with cheeks aflame, She softly answered, "William, sir."
His eyes shone with a dangerous light—"Hum! So he says 'tis trimmed with skill? Well, bring him to the house to-night, And I will gladly foot your Bill."

Eclipses of the Sun.

The eclipses of the sun, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, are caused by the moon's passing between the earth and the sun. If the two bodies followed the same track in the heavens there would be an eclipse every new moon, but as the orbits are inclined, the moon generally passes above or below the sun, and there is no eclipse. Occasionally the sun is near one of the moon's nodes—the points where the planes of the orbits intersect—when it passes, and then an eclipse occurs. If the sun and the moon were always at the same position with regard to the earth, and always the same distance from it, the eclipses would always be of the same size. But as these conditions vary, so do the appearances of the eclipse. For instance, let us suppose that at the time of an eclipse the center of the moon happens to pass directly over the center of the sun. If the moon is near the point in the orbit which is at the least distance from the earth her apparent diameter will exceed that of the sun, and the latter will be quite hidden from view, and we have what is known as a total eclipse. Of course, even in this case, the eclipse will only appear total to the observers near the line joining the centers of the sun and moon. If, however, the three bodies occupy similar positions, but the distance between the earth and moon is greater, the whole of the sun is not covered by the moon, and the eclipse is annular. If the moon, however, does not pass centrally over the sun, it can only hide a part of the latter on one side or the other, and the eclipse is said to be partial. As the moon's orbit is quite elliptical, the distance of that body from the earth varies greatly. Its least distance is 221,000 miles, its greatest 259,600 miles.

There are 157 professors at the German universities between 70 and 90 years of age. Of these 123 deliver their lectures as usual. The oldest is the historian, Von Ranke, who is now in his 90th year.