

POETRY.

TWOFOOLD.

A double life is this of ours; A twofold form wherein we dwell...

think that perhaps Belle had some word to send to John Richards. It was not pleasant to think of, and I selfishly decided that I would not be the bearer of communications to them.

I dared not dwell upon such thoughts, so I stammered out the business that brought me there. She smiled when I told her—a mischievous smile, I thought.

"Thank you, very much, Mr. Jackson, but I have no word to send to Mr. Richards that I know of."

"You have been led into an error," she said, more seriously, "but I will see all the same. I hope you will see to it that you are not misled."

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE FIRE TEST.

I believe it, sir—I do, indeed!

There never was an evil that some good did not spring from it. It is something hard to believe, but it is true.

I am in the employ of a heavy lumbering company doing business on the lake-shore, and have been for years.

Most of the time there were two of us in the office—John Richards, a son of one of the owners, and myself, Jacobed Jackson.

Well, last winter was unfavorable for logging—there was no snow to speak of—and our supply of logs was so much less than usual, that we were obliged to shut down the mill about the 1st of September.

John Richards went up to boss them; and to be frank, as I always want to be, I was glad when John was out of my sight.

There were two or three reasons why I was glad. First, John Richards was not a very agreeable person to have around.

He was haughty and overbearing to the last degree, and many a wordy tilt have we had. Again, he was paying attention to a beautiful girl who I loved.

No doubt I was a little selfish, but I really couldn't help it. There was no open rivalry between us, however, for never had insinuated even to my dearest friend, my mother, that I cared again for Belle Royalton.

But I loved her; and the idea that John Richards—or anybody else, for that matter—would bear off the prize, even before I had entered the list as a competitor, was repugnant to my feelings, to say the least.

Lastly, John Richards was my enemy. Wherefore, I could not fathom, unless some set or look of mine had betrayed my love. But he was my enemy, and I was glad when he was out of my sight.

John had been gone nearly a month, when the firm received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had found a large tract of pine land for sale.

The owner had just been burned out, and John advised that I should come up with a few thousand dollars, for a splendid bargain could be made.

The partners held a consultation, and finally decided that I should go up. I was to start immediately after dinner, on horseback.

I knew the road well, and was somewhat acquainted with the few people who had ventured to settle in that wilderness through which I had to pass; therefore I apprehended no trouble.

Not so with my mother, however. She took alarm at the first mention of the journey.

"I wish you were not going, Joe," she said, with a show of much anxiety.

"Why, mother?"

"The fires, Joe. They are burning all over the woods, and you have to camp out one night."

I laughed at her fears, for I thought them groundless, and she did not press the subject further. The look of anxiety remained on her face, however, and I promised to be very careful.

I chose to use my own horse; so, after dinner, I went out to the stable and saddled Jim, and rode down to the office. They were not quite ready, and Mr. Richards said I had better take a turn around, and see if there were any letters to send to the men.

It was only by some such transient method that we had any communication with the pinneries, and I found many letters already written.

After I had visited all who had husbands in the woods, I headed toward the office again; but I happened to

and more terrible became the horrid mystery.

But the worst was not yet. Suddenly—swift as the lightning's flash—burst upon us a deafening crash, like the uprooting and downfalling of ten thousand forest giants, and with it a sheet of flame—one wide lurid sheet of scorching, merciless, devouring fire, enveloping the village and everything therein—a sickening holocaust.

"Only when the tornado of wind and flame struck the village, did I realize my danger. Fortunately, I was close by the water's edge, else I never should have told the story. With a few others as fortunate as myself, I rushed into the cooling element, waist-deep."

"Joe! Joe! save me! For God's sake, don't leave me here!"

"Oh, Joe! just try once to save me—only once, Joe! I'll ask no more!"

Could you have refused, even though it seemed like certain death to venture back into that burning heat? No more could I.

One noble man—God prosper him and his in this life and hereafter! returned with me, and together we dragged poor John through the water into comparative safety.

"God bless you," murmured John, as he felt the cool water enveloping him. "You have saved me from a horrible death, and I will repay you. Bend your head down, Joe. The money is all right, Joe!"

"What! tell me that again!" I demanded, forgetting everything but the hope of saving my honor unstained.

"I took it, Joe. I knew Belle loved you, and I couldn't bear it. That letter I sent was to get you where I could carry out my plan. I might have left you in the hut, but Belle would always remember you then, while a shadow of suspicion upon you would have ended it all. But I give her up to you, Joe. I'm not good enough for her, even if she wanted me; but if I live, I'll do better. You'll not tell Belle, or father?"

"No, John," I said.

By this time the heat was so intense that we were forced to wade deeper into the water, and keep our heads wet to save our skin from blistering.

"It was terrible! Many a poor being fled down into the water that night, and never returned—fled from one death to find another, and perhaps, an easier one."

Well, I hardly know how we lived through that awful night; but here I am, as you see, considerably scorched, and somewhat stiff in my joints.

"I should be telling you this now, only he said I might. He has turned over a new leaf, and does not want any secrets weighing him down."

There is Belle, too, just coming up the walk. They put my bed here, so that I should be the first to see her when she came, and the last when she went away. Isn't she beautiful? Ah! but that is nothing to her goodness. She has saved John and me, they say; and she is—my promised wife. Do you blame me now for saying there never was an evil that good did not spring out of it?"

A Monster Moon-stone.

In our issue of the 10th instant we called attention to the fact that on that day occurred one of those periodical meteoric showers which have always been the source of more or less terror to the unlearned, and the cause of which has occasioned much discussion among savans of all ages.

The evening of the 10th, it will be remembered, was cloudy, and altogether unpropitious for observing the phenomenon; and so far as we know the heavens exhibited no unusual appearance in this vicinity. But other localities were more fortunate. Captain Scott, who is cultivating several thousand acres of the Fowler farm in Benton county, reports the fall, near his residence, northeast of Oxford, of one of the most remarkable meteorites that has ever been seen in the United States.

Indeed, it has never been rivalled, unless by the monster moon-stone weighing 1,635 pounds that fell near the Red River, in Arkansas, and which is still preserved in the cabinet of Yale College; and it may not prove second to that in size. According to Captain Scott's account, he was returning from camp, meeting about half-past ten P. M. The evening was cloudy and dark, with occasionally a little rain, and it was with difficulty that he could distinguish the road leading across the fields which he was following. Suddenly he was startled with a blinding glare of light that illuminated everything as far as the eye could reach with more than moonday radiance.

Simultaneously he heard a rushing sound, as he describes, like a terrific gust of wind, and the next instant saw shooting vertically downward a huge fiery ball that struck the earth but a few rods from where he was standing, with a deafening detonation and a shock like an earthquake.

Captain Scott owns to being badly frightened, and for a few moments stood motionless, completely at a loss to account for what had happened. In the meantime a hissing noise came from the spot where the mysterious object had landed, accompanied by a steam-like vapor and a strong sulphurous odor. The blinding light continued for full fifteen minutes, and before it had altogether subsided Captain Scott mustered up courage to make a closer investigation. The meteorite was still smoking where it had fallen, and too hot to be removed; but after considerable trouble a fragment of the substance with which the interior was filled was secured, and may now be seen at the Courier office. It has much the appearance of volcanic rock, but is considerably lighter, being scarcely heavier than some of the more solid woods.—Evanston (Ind.) Courier.

ALLEGED DISCOVERIES IN ARIZONA.

Findings of Precious Stones—Oil Wells Flowing—Visit to Sixty Barrels a Day—Ant Hill Geology.

A special correspondent of the N. Y. World, writes from Erensburg, Arizona, as follows: On the road from Prescott City to this new town on the Colorado River, I collected quite a large number of valuable specimens, some precious stones, comprising rubies, sapphires, emethyst, and diamonds, the latter exceedingly small in size, but diamonds nevertheless, and here let the World and the rest of mankind know that the Arizona excitement is based upon fact, and that diamonds have been found in the region of the Ant Hills, through which we passed, and taken to San Francisco, whether the people East decide to believe it or not. I have not seen a newspaper since we left Prescott, but judge from what they then contained that more confidence is placed in Arizona than in Southern Africa as a diamond field by the people outside of Arizona.

And just so, for diamonds in Arizona is a fact as immovably fixed as the granite hills herewith. On reaching this place we soon ascertained that the diamond fever had spread not only throughout the adjacent Territories and California, but the disease was spreading through the States East at an alarming rate. Let it rage! It will do this country good, diamonds or no diamonds.

While the absolute truth in regard to the discovery of diamonds in Arizona can never be wrung from those who are now here, nor from those who succeed in escaping from this domain of the bloody Apache with their lives, the inducements are such as will justify any one possessing an adventuresome nature to go diamond hunting in Arizona.

While the absolute truth in regard to such a one leaves his last will and testament in the hands of administrators of his estate, if he have any, and write his own obituary before leaving home. But I'll have more to say concerning diamonds in Arizona in another letter.

I want to tell you something now of more importance than Arizona diamonds. Arizona oil wells are actually producing an excellent grade of petroleum emanating from the bowels of the earth—more oil from one spring than any one well between Oil City and Titusville could boast in Pennsylvania's greatest days. What is the quality of the article? How is it accessible? And where are the springs located? Many of them are so easily reached, and surrounded by similar influences, must be himself, must do his duties, contend his own struggles, resist his own temptations, and suffer his own penalties.

There is too much dependence placed upon co-operation for security from evil, and too little reliance upon personal watchfulness and exertion. There are some who seem to feel in a great measure released from obligation if they do not receive such aid, and some will plead the shortcomings of others as an excuse for their own.

We would by no means disparage the effect of influence, or discourage in the slightest the generous assistance which we all owe to one another, or undervalue the support of a worthy example. These are vital elements of growth, and their results can never be fully estimated. But they should not usurp the place of a proper self-reliance, or diminish the exercise of individual powers. Moral force must be a personal possession. It can never be transferred, and while we gladly welcome what is good from all sources, it can only be as good which must be digested before it can truly nourish us. Material benefits may be conferred by simple gift, but mental and moral activities can only be sustained by their own exercise. Thoughts may be exchanged, but not courage; power, moral help and encouragement may be given, but virtue cannot be shifted.

The most permanent good we can do to others is to nourish this individual strength. To aid the physically destitute most effectively, food, fuel and clothing, are not nearly so valuable as steady, remunerative employment. To educate a child, it is not half so important to instill large amounts of information, as to set his mind to work, to bring out his mental powers, to stimulate his thoughts, and quicken his faculties. And in moral life, especially in cities, where masses are crowded together, and men incline to leap upon each other, the best lesson to enforce is, that virtue, to exist at all, must be strictly individual.

That which cannot stand alone, but depends on props and supports, which needs the constant spur of fear, and the bribe of reward to ensure its activity, is but the semblance of virtue, and will crumble before temptation. A well-developed body ever excites admiration. But a well-developed and self-reliant spirit is a nobler thing. It is calm, modest, and unassuming, yet firm in conscious integrity of purpose, and steadfastness of aim. Inflated by no vanity, it is at once humble, yet courageous; helpful to the tempted, yet resolute in assailing evil.

How HE GOT OVER.—In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches called sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, and when Mr. Donkey came to a sheep-drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, and turned him around, and put the whip to him, thinking, of course, that the donkey, going so fast, would jump the drain before he ever knew it. But not so. On they came, and when the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Jack's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and looking Mr. Donkey straight in the face, he said, "Very well pitched; but then how are ye going to get over yersel'?"

COMING TO THE POINT.—(Young lady of the period)—"And so you wish to marry me, eh? Well, can you wash, iron, sweep, tend babies, darn stockings, get up good dinners? If you can, I'll marry you. No old-fashioned men for me."

Opium Smokers.

Poor human nature is seldom seen at greater disadvantage than when discovered in a Chinese opium-smoking room. The houses devoted to this use are generally found in some narrow, dirty street, filled with the heavy, pungent, poisonous odor of the drug. Let us enter one of the establishments. The room is lined on both sides with couches constructed of rattan and bamboo, nearly every one of which has an occupant. Some of the miserable, infatuated creatures are already asleep under the influence of the narcotic, and the rest are rapidly advancing, puff by puff, to the smother to them, happy state of oblivion.

Here is one just coming in; he takes one of the few vacant couches, stretches himself at full length thereon, arranges the little bamboo pillow, and calls for his supply of opium, which, together with the pipe and other instruments necessary for its preparation and inhalation, he is soon supplied with by an obliging attendant. Let us watch the *modus operandi*. You see the paraphernalia of the opium smoker consists of—first, the pipe, a bowl of some kind of hard clay or porcelain, about an inch and a half in diameter, but having a very small hole in the top. This bowl is placed a few inches from one extremity of the stem, which is about eighteen or twenty inches in length, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Secondly, a small brass lamp, with a glass cover having a circular opening at the top through which the flame may be reached. Thirdly, a small box containing the opium, which is in a semi-liquid state, having something the appearance of thick, dark-colored molasses, and lastly a steel, or iron probe, about the size of a knitting-needle.

The operator commences business by dipping the point of his needle into the opium, and taking out as much as will adhere to it. He then holds it over the flame of the lamp, keeping the opium in its place by dexterously turning the needle between his fingers, continuing the operation until the opium has attained the proper consistency. He now places the little sputtering, fizzing morsel of poison on the orifice of his pipe, and moulds it with his finger and thumb into the form of a pastil, then pierces it down through the centre with his needle, and it is ready. Placing the stem of the pipe between his lips, he holds the bowl over the lamp, so that the flame can reach the opium, takes two or three inhalations, and then expels the smoke in puffs from mouth and nose.

This finishes the first pipe, and the same proceedings are repeated until his brain becomes clouded, his eyes are fixed in a glassy, idiotic stare, the pipe falls from his enervated grasp, and he sinks into a deep slumber, having satisfactorily finished his smoke, and, at the same time, "driven another nail into his coffin." How men can barter away health and reason for these hours of transient pleasure, is incomprehensible. When awake and free from the influence of the narcotic, the opium smoker is half-dead, and, in despair, resorts to his opium again as his only solace, that insidious poison, which, while it comforts, kills him. We have reason to dread the introduction of this terrible drug among us, for, although rum is a great curse, opium performs the work of destruction quicker, and is really more to be dreaded.

Rattlesnake Poison as Medicine.

The London Court Journal publishes the following: It may not be generally known to our readers that snake poison is used for medicinal purposes in these days, and that under the name of "Crotalus Horridus," the poison of the rattlesnake is utilized in homoeopathic pharmacy. Messrs. Thompson and Capper, of Liverpool, having recently imported a number of rattlesnakes, abstracted the venom from the live animals in the following ingenious manner: The reptiles were in separate compartments of a case, fitted with a double lid for extra security. A long staff, fitted with a thick India rubber nozzle at one end, which could be loosened or tightened by the hand at pleasure, was inserted through the partially opened lid, and the opportunity quickly seized of slipping the loop over the snake's head, the loop being immediately drawn tight by means of the cord attached thereto. With a similar contrivance the tail was next fastened, and the snake being thus securely held, was lifted out of the box to the floor of the room. A pickle bottle containing chloroform was then inserted through the snake's head and carefully held in its place by keeping time with the animal's efforts to extricate itself. As the reptile became stupefied the nozzle was gradually relaxed, to enable the lungs to have full play, and when it appeared powerless, the snake was laid in a long, narrow box, made for the purpose, with an aperture at one end, out of which its head projected while the after operation was performed. Its jaws were then opened and fixed, and the poison glands were pressed with forceps, then with the gloved finger and thumb, while a small-blown graduated phial was held to receive the drops as they oozed slowly out through the poison fangs. Twenty drops was the average quantity yielded from each snake.

The venom is of straw color, thick and gummy in consistency, and decidedly acid in its reaction on litmus paper. It is readily soluble in glycerine or water, but is precipitated by strong alcohol, the precipitate being redissolved by the addition of a little water. Its toxicological properties were fully tried on a variety of animals. Half a drop produced death on a linnet within three minutes after being injected under the wing. The symptoms produced in all cases were very similar.

A Ballard county (Kentucky) man got very drunk on bad whiskey, and went to sleep in the woods. During the night a poor, deluded rattlesnake crawled slyly up to the drunkard, bit him, and died. The man is doing well as could be expected.

Facts and Figures.

The end of time—the letter E. It is said that a farmer in Western New York has cleared \$900 by burying wooden Indian cigar signs for a few months and then digging them up and selling them to colleges for petrified Mohicans.

A Bridgeport lady remained too long on a train to kiss a female friend, and trying to get off after it had started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss any body again!" said she, vengefully, as she arose; "any woman, at least!" she thoughtfully added.

A clergyman on his way to church, one Sunday, was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry he exclaimed, rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry." "Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough!"

There is a wheat-field on the west side of the San Joaquin river, California, thirty-five miles in length by eight in width, with an area of 170,000 acres. Estimating the average yield at sixteen bushels to the acre, it would give a total yield of 2,667,200 bushels, or \$6,015 tons. This amount of grain would load 8,001 cars.

Endeavor to take your work quietly. Anxiety and over-exertion are always the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down. We must remember that our battle is to be won by a strength not our own. It is a battle that does not depend upon the swift nor the strong.

In New York there is a mill which makes from paper such articles as milk-cans, cups, bread-pans, wash-bowls, etc., which are said to be superior to wood or metal. The paper being pulped is pressed to shape, dried, enamelled, and subjected to a heat that would destroy some utensils of the kind. The material is light and easily handled, and does not rust, shrink, or easily break.

If you belong to a wealthy family in the City of Mexico nowadays, and drive into the country a few miles from the capital, you will be robbed up by guerrillas, who will send the cheering intelligence to your friends that they want \$2,000 or \$3,000, and if you are not forthcoming in so many hours, you will be shot. The funeral over you, a few days later, when your body is found by the roadside horribly mutilated, will be very impressive. Mexico is a mere healthy country for poor people at this time.

How to fit a new collar to the shoulder is how it is told by *The Valley Farmer*. The collar should be of the proper size; just before putting it on the first time, immerse it in water, letting it remain about a minute, and immediately put it on the horse, being careful to have the hames so adjusted at the top and bottom as to fit the shoulder, and then put the horse to work. The collar will be robbed up by guerrillas, who will send the cheering intelligence to your friends that they want \$2,000 or \$3,000, and if you are not forthcoming in so many hours, you will be shot. The funeral over you, a few days later, when your body is found by the roadside horribly mutilated, will be very impressive. Mexico is a mere healthy country for poor people at this time.

The Missouri Legislature passed a very sensible bill at the last session, a circumstance in itself worth noting. It provides that all doors of ingress or egress to and from all public school houses and other public buildings, and also of all theatres, assembly rooms, halls, churches, and with more than twenty employees, and of all other buildings or places of public resort whatever, where people are wont to assemble shall be so hung as to open outwardly from the audience rooms, halls, or workshops of such buildings or places, provided that such doors may be hung on double-jointed hinges, so to open with equal ease outwardly or inwardly.

The great globe which we inherit is itself a magnet. On the one side of the magnetic equator, the north end of the needle dips; on the other side, the south end dips; the dip varying from nothing to ninety degrees. If we go to the equatorial regions of the earth with a suitably suspended needle, we shall find there the position of the needle to be horizontal. If we sail north, one end of the needle dips; if we sail south, the opposite end dips; and over the north or south terrestrial magnetic pole the needle sets vertical. The south magnetic pole has not yet been found, but Sir James Ross discovered the north magnetic pole on the 1st of June, 1831. *Parade.*

The following items in connection with the Shorter-Time-and-More-Money agitation have reached us: "A lunar telegraphic dispatch reports that the Man in the Moon has struck work. He represents that eight hours a day are quite enough for a clever fellow to shine in, and declines to carry his bundle of sticks any longer. This announcement has caused great consternation throughout the whole of the Solar System." A report comes from Holland that all the Dutch clocks have commenced striking. They are determined not to work more than twelve hours a day. It is believed, however, that the Government will deal with the offenders under the Winding-up act, as strikes are not allowed in Holland."

A journey through the six New England States, and a portion of New York, reveals the fact that the apple crop is equally abundant in all quarters, the trees everywhere being loaded with this staple fruit. Along the Hudson, from Troy to Poughkeepsie, it is nearly the same as in Connecticut; the apple trees are loaded. "Golden sweets" sell to dealers for \$1 a barrel, and purchasers any scarce, even at that rate. Many farmers are feeding them out to their stock. In Maine it is the same. A large dealer refused, last week, to take Rhode Island greenings, deliverable in October, at any price above \$1 a barrel! It is a great year for apples, and there is a "fair to middling" prospect of an abundant product of cider the coming Fall.