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Love and Friendship

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play;
And thus the friends that flutter near,
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains.
And chirrups midst the blast.
Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

Catching a Tartar.

A rat with a greedy appetite,
Went fishing with his tail one night;
He once had seen a fox do that—
'And if a fox, why not a rat?
For surely he is quite as knowing
As any other beast that's going.'
Cocking his eye in fond conceit,
That he knew fish as well as meat,
He silent sat upon the shore,
And bobbed for half an hour or more.
A last a hungry bite he felt,
And deemed it roach, or perch, or smelt.
Eager, but cautious did he wait
To let the prey grasp well the bait;
Then, like a fisher, skilled and nice,
He jerked; but lo! as in a vice
His tail stuck fast; and, strange as true,
The more he pulled the worse it grew!
This way and that in vain he turned;
In vain he jerked, and jumped, and squirmed,
In vain he yelled with pain and grief—
In vain cried murder, fire and thief!
In vain; for lo! an oyster vast
Had caught his tail and held it fast!

"At length the rat perceived the case,
And putting on a smiling face—
Staying meanwhile his tears and groans,
Though pain and terror thrilled his bones—
Addressed the oyster thus: 'My friend,
There's some mistake: my latter end
Was never made for feast or fete—
I only put it in for bait,
And as you've taken it, I opine
That you are caught, and so are mine;
I pray, therefore, oyster tender,
Just come ashore, and thus surrender.'

"The oyster answered not a wink,
But in the wave beg an to sink.

"Down, down by slow degrees he went
To the wild rocks in sheer descent,
Dragging the rat, 'mid cries of slaughter,
'Beneath the dark and stormy water.'
He sank, and o'er him danced the bubbles
In mockery of all his troubles;
Nothing was left but this, his story,
And the plain truth it sets before you—

"The cunning rat, who apes the fox,
And risks his tail among the rocks;
Heedless of dangers dark and awful,
In search of pleasures all unlawful—
Is by a stupid oyster caught,
And made the prey of him he sought,
Ye cunning human rats beware,
Unlawful pleasures should you dare
To seek along the shores of sin,
Lest some huge oyster pulls you in!"

Chased by Wolves.

Some forty years ago the northern part of the State of New York was very sparsely settled. In one of the remote counties, which for a name's sake we will call Macy county, a stout-hearted settler, named Devens, posted himself beyond the borders of civilization, and hewed for his little family a home in the heart of a forest that extended all the way from Lake Champlain to Lake Ontario. His nearest neighbor was six miles away, and the nearest town nearly twenty; but the Devinses were so happy and contented that the absence of company gave them no concern.

Mr. Devins' first attack on the stubborn forest had been over the brow of the hill, some four miles nearer Owenton, but his house was burned down before he had taken his family there from Albany. He had regretted that he had not "pitched his tent" on the slope of Otter creek; so now he began with renewed energy his second home, in which the closing in of the winter of 1839 found him. He had sixty acres of rich soil under cultivation at the time of which we are to speak, his right-hand man being his son Allan—a rugged, handsome, intelligent boy of sixteen.

The winter of '39 was a terrible one; snow set in before the end of November, and, even in the open country, lay upon the ground until the beginning of April, while in the recesses of the forest it was found as late as the middle of June. There was great distress among the settlers outside of the bounds of civilization, to whom the deep snow was an impassable barrier. The Devinses neither saw nor heard from their nearest neighbors from the 1st of December till near the beginning of February, when a crust was formed upon the snow sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man, and a friendly Cayuga Indian brought them news of how badly their neighbors fared.

Mr. Devins was especially touched by the bad case of his friend Will Inman, who lived on the nearest farm. "The poor man lay ill of a fever; Mrs. Inman was dead and temporarily buried, until her body could be removed to the cemetery in Owenton, and all the care of the family devolved upon Esther, his daughter, fourteen years old. After a short consultation, the next morning breaking bright and clear though very cold, it was determined to allow Allan to go over the hill to Inman's, bearing medicine, tea, and other little necessaries for the family. He was impressively warned to begin his return at so early an hour that he might reach home before the short day's end, especially because of the danger from wild animals. The severity of the winter had made the wolves more venturesome and dangerous than they had been for many years. Mr. Devins had lost several sheep and hogs, and deemed it unsafe for any of his family to be caught far from the house at night.

Allan armed himself with his light rifle, put some biscuits and cold meat in a pouch strapped to his waist, mounted one of the strong farm-horses, and set out on his journey. The road through the forest was better than he expected to find it, and the snow had been drifted off, but at the turns, and in the thickest part of the wood, his horse floundered through drifts more than breast high; and more than once Allan had to dismount and beat a path ahead. Therefore, he did not reach Inman's till two o'clock, and, by the time he had helped Esther about her work, assisted her young brother to get in a good supply of wood, and made things more comfortable for the invalid, it was almost sundown. He stoutly refused to wait for supper, declaring that the luncheon still in his pouch would serve, and started just as the short twilight came on. He was a brave lad, and with no thought of peril, went off, kissing his hand gaily to Esther.

It took him an hour to traverse the first three miles, and then he came to a stretch of comparatively bare ground leading through his father's old clearing, and almost to the top of the hill back of Mr. Devins' house. He was just urging old Bob into a trot, when a long, clear howl broke upon his ear; then another and another answered from east and south. He knew what that meant. It was the cry of the advance guard of a pack of wolves.

The howling sounded near, and came swiftly nearer, as though the wolves had found his tracks and scented their prey. Old Bob trembled in every limb, and seemed powerless to move. Allan realized that he could not, before dark, reach home through the drifts ahead, and the increasing cold of the advancing night would render a refuge in a tree-top probably as deadly as an encounter with the pack.

Presently there came a cry, shriller and sharper than before, and Allan, looking back, saw a great, lean, hungry gray wolf burst from the underbrush into the road, followed by dozens more; and in a moment the road behind him was full of wolves, open-mouthed and in keen chase. Their yells now seemed notes of exultation, for the leader of the pack—the strongest, fleetest, hungriest one among them—was within a dozen yards of Allan, who was now riding faster than ever old Bob had gone before or ever would go again. Excitement made the lad's blood boil in his veins, and he determined to show fight. The moon had risen, and the scene was almost as light as day. Now he could count the crowding host of his enemies, and just as he broke from the forest road into the old clearing, he turned in his saddle and fired. The foremost of the pack rolled over and over; the rest gathered around and tore their leader in pieces.

By the time they resumed the chase, Allen was a hundred yards ahead with his rifle loaded. He determined to make a running fight of it to the hill, where he was sure of meeting his father, or would take to a tree and shoot until help came. This had hardly flashed through his brain when, right ahead of him a detachment of the pack sprang into the road and answered with double yells the cries of the rest coming up behind. The horse wheeled suddenly, almost unseating Allan, and dashed across the clearing, toward the wood; but he had not taken a dozen bounds when a wolf sprang upon him. Old Bob reared and fell, pitching Allan nearly twenty feet ahead, and was covered with wolves before he could regain his footing. That was the last of poor old Bob.

But Allan! What of him? When he recovered from the effects of the shock, he found himself over head and ears in snow. He had no idea where he was, but struggled and plunged in vain endeavors to extricate himself, until at last he broke into a space that was clear of snow, but dark as Erebus, damp and close. Feeling about him he discovered over his head logs resting slantingly against the upper edge of a pit, and then he knew that he was in the cellar of the old house his father had built, and which had been burned down nine years before! The cellar was full of snow, except at the corner roofed over by the fallen logs, and Allan, bursting through the snow into the empty corner, was as secure from the wolves as though seated by his father's fireside. It was not nearly as cold in there as outside, and he found a dry spot upon which he lay down to think.

He was in no danger of freezing to death, his food would keep him from starvation a week at least, and Allan concluded that, with the first glimpse of dawn, his father would be in search of him, and, following the tracks, find old Bob's bones, and quickly rescue him from his predicament. He reasoned wisely enough, but the elements were against him. Before sunrise a furious storm of wind and snow had completely obliterated every trace of horse, rider and wolves.

At home, as the night wore on, the anxiety of the family had increased. While they were watching the gathering storm, they heard the long, dismal howl of the wolves coming over the hill. The chill of fear that they should never see the boy again settled down upon all their hearts, until the house was as dreary within as the winter waste and gloomy forest were without.

Meanwhile the brave youth was sound asleep, dreaming as peacefully as though snugly resting with his brother in his warm bed at home. He slumbered on unconscious of the raging storm without, and did not wake till late the next forenoon. It took him several seconds to realize where he was and how he came there, but gradually he remembered his ride for life, the falling of his horse, his struggle in the snow, and his breaking into the protected space where he lay.

The storm lasted all day and far into the succeeding night. Allan ate slightly, quenched his thirst with a few drops of water obtained by melting snow in the palm of his hand, and began casting about for means to get out. He soon found that to dig his way up through the mass of snow that filled the cellar was beyond his powers. If he could have made a succession of footholds, the task would have been easy; but all his efforts only tended to fill his retreat, without bringing him nearer the air. As soon as he saw this, he gave himself up to calmly waiting for help from without.

The second morning of his imprisonment broke clear and cheerful, and Mr. Devins set out to search for traces of his boy. He visited the Inmans' and learned the particulars of Allan's stay and departure, then mournfully turned his face homeward, his heart filled with despair. When he emerged from the forest into the clearing, he met the Indian who had visited him a few days before, and he told the red man of Allan's loss. The Indian stood a moment in deep thought, and then asked:

"No horse, no boy back there?" pointing to the road just traversed by Mr. Devins.

"No. I have looked carefully, and if there had been a trace left by the recent storm I should have detected it."

"Ugh! well, me come over the hill; nothing that way either; then they here."

"Why do you think so?"

"Ah! me know wolves. When Allan come to this place they ahead; horse turn; wolves caught 'em this side woods; we look there," and Tayenathonto pointed to the very course taken by the horse and rider.

It so happened when Allan was thrown from the horse's back that his rifle flew from his hand and stuck, muzzle down, in a hollow stump, where, imbedded in the snow, it stood like a sign to mark the scene of the last struggle of the lost boy. The snow had whitened all its hither side. When the Indian came abreast of it, he cried:

"Told you so! See! Allan's gun! And here rest of 'em," pointing to the little heap over the ruins of the old cabin.

Kicking the snow hastily aside, the Indian examined the ground carefully a moment and then said: "No, only horse; Allan further on."

The Indian, with head bent down, walked quickly forward, threw up his arms, and disappeared. He had stepped over the clean edge of the cellar and sunk exactly as Allan had. A few desperate plunges sufficed to take the strong Indian through the intervening snow and into the protected corner where Allan, just rousing from his second sleep, sat bolt upright. The Indian's coming disturbed the snow so that a glimmer of light penetrated into the dark space. Allan supposed a wolf had found its way down there, and hastily drew his large knife, bracing himself for an encounter.

The Indian sputtered, thrashed about to clear himself from the snow, and in so doing rapped his head smartly against the low ceiling of logs.

"Waugh! waugh!" exclaimed he. 'Too much low; Indian break 'em head; look out."

Allan instantly recognized the voice of the Indian, his comrade on many a fishing and hunting tour.

"Tayenathonto!" he cried, "dear old fellow, who would have thought of you finding me!"

The Indian quietly replied:

"Tayenathonto no find; come like waterfall; couldn't help his self."

A very few minutes sufficed to put both on the surface again, where Allan was received "like one come from the dead," and closely folded in his father's arms. Oh, the joy of that embrace! The past grief and suffering were forgotten in the bliss of that moment.

The Indian had to return with the happy father and son to their home, where he was hailed as Allan's rescuer, and enjoyed to the full a share of the festivities.

In after years Allan married Esther Inman, and now, by the fireside in winter, he tells his grandchildren of his escape from the wolves, and the little ones never tire of petting their faithful old Tayenathonto. — *George Dudley Lawson in St. Nicholas.*

Russian Beggars and Tramps.

A writer in an English magazine says of Russian beggars and tramps: In October their preparations are over, and they start by "the first winter-road." On arriving at the spot where they intend to commence operations, they branch off in different directions, in groups of twos and threes, first coming to an understanding about meeting again in a week or two at the nearest town, to sell whatever they may have had time to collect. On driving up to a village their horses are left on the highway, and the beggars trudge from door to door, asking for charity in Christ's name, "for the poor burnt-down." Corn, barley, coarse homespun linen, money and old clothes are given to them. There are experts who maim themselves, or dress up in half-burnt fur jackets or smock-frocks, without even a shirt beneath them, and ascribe all this to the effects of "the fire." Many of them, just before entering a village, give the children they have with them a whiplashing, in order that real tears and sobs may more effectually soften the hearts of the charitable public. Traveling along the highway, the beggars see from afar a long train of sleighs—a little business may likely be done. So the octogenarian of the party is stretched in a little sledge, a piece of matting thrown over him, and when the sleighs come alongside, the drivers and occupants are implored, with tears and moans, to give a little help toward burying "the poor old father" (or grandfather), "who has died on the way." I knew a peasant, Alexis Egoroff by name, who led about his wife on a chain, and told the sad story of how she had gone mad. He always had a crowd of listeners, and the woman did her best to corroborate her husband's statements. She beat her head against the walls, tried to crawl into the stoves, stooped on all-fours to drink out of cattle-troughs, and always finished up with a rush at her husband to strangle him! This line of conduct resulted in such bountiful donations, that in a year or two the aforesaid peasant built himself a fine izba, cultivated a large field of onions, and lived comfortably with his wife, "whom he knew to be a clever woman," he said, "when he married her." The Russian beggar trade demands a spirit of combination, a dexterity and quick-witted-ness worthier a better cause. There are Schouvalikoffs, it is said, who buy children from nurses in foundling hospitals, mutilate them, and go about with them, collecting alms for "the poor, foolish natural." The gangs all return home before Easter by the "last" winter-road, and remain at home until the end of autumn. Only very old men and women, quite unfit for field labor, or families who have for some reason or other quite abandoned husbandry, follow the begging trade all the year round.

How Jay Gould Travels.

Not long ago a New York *Tribune* reporter waylaid a special train which was transporting Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon out west on their annual tour of inspection of the Union Pacific and its branches. He found these railway princes in one of the latter-day combination cars, which serve for sleeper, drawing-room and dining-car. Mr. Gould had with him a short-hand secretary and a telegraphic operator. Mr. Dillon only his short-hand secretary. Mr. Gould explained to the reporter that every hour in the twenty-four when absent from New York he was in communication with friends and brokers of that city. His telegraph operator had all the necessary instruments attached to one of the tables in the car, with ground and connecting wires running through one panel of the car. On arriving at a terminal station, Mr. Gould notified his friends in New York upon what line of road he would be the next twenty-four hours. Should they desire to communicate with him the despatch was directed to the care of the train despatcher of that road, who, upon its receipt, knew just where Mr. Gould's special was, and dropped the message down one station in advance. The operator at that station would signal the special and deliver the message. Upon its receipt the special would immediately pull out, and Mr. Gould would consider and digest the message. If it needed reply, he would dictate to his short-hand assistant, who would translate for the operator. When the reply was ready the engineer would be signalled, the train stopped, and in two minutes the main wire would be hauled down, cut, attached to the instrument, and the message winging its way to New York. To twist the wire together, let it up, and start the train was only the work of another minute. Mr. Gould kindly added that he used his private signiture, which insured right of way for his messages, which were always in cipher. Of course Mr. Dillon availed himself of Gould's facilities, whenever necessary, for his business.

A Perplexed Deacon.

When Governor Gerry managed Massachusetts, a country deacon happened to catch a fine salmon, and knowing that the governor had a particular liking for that sort of fish, he determined to present it to him. So the salmon was carefully packed, and the deacon, in the absence of railroads, started in his wagon for Boston. On the journey he stopped to dine, and telling at the table his errand in regard to the fish, a practical joker present could not resist the temptation of slipping out to the wagon and changing the salmon for a poor codfish. The unconscious deacon went on to the governor's house, and after announcing his gift, the two worthies opened the box and discovered the flavorous codfish. Mortified, the poor deacon started for home with his codfish, and stopping for a lunch at his dining place, the wag secretly removed the codfish and replaced the salmon. When he reached home, the deacon mournfully told the story to an incredulous wife, who had herself packed the salmon; they opened the box together. The deacon stared. "Well, you are a pretty good salmon when you are in the country," said he; "but when you are in Boston you are a miserable codfish."

Newspapers of To-day.

The newspaper of to-day is the marvel of the century, says a New York clergyman. It is a miracle of system. It is a monument of human industry. It is a wonder of foresight and insight. It not only stirs our gratitude—it compels our respect. We may well take of our hats in the presence of the newspaper, it represents so many praiseworthy qualities. By its instrumentality everybody is next door neighbor to everybody. It makes the whole world akin. The daily report of the doings of the globe increases human knowledge, broadens our sympathies, naturalizes us in every country and unifies our race. O for the pay when these white-winged carrier doves shall convey peace on earth and good will toward men in their multitudinous flights!

AN INTERVIEW WITH TWEED.

Reminiscences of His Associates --- His Opinion of Sweeney, Hall, Jim Fiske and Jay Gould---What He would do if Out of Prison.

A reporter for the New York *Herald* recently interviewed Tweed in Ludlow street jail with the following interesting result:

Reporter—Are you the only member of the Ring now held in duress?

Mr. Tweed—The only one. Ingersoll and Woodward are both out. Sweeney lives up town. Connolly is in Switzerland. Hall is in London, or thereabouts.

"Are you on good terms with any of these persons?"

"No, not at present."

"Why did Hall run away—on the score of your confession?"

"Hall, I think, has been crazy, or going crazy, for years. He was a dreadfully tiresome fellow, with his weak little puns."

"But he was useful, was he not, in the way of drawing up advantageous or cunning bills?

"He was fair at that; not accomplished; not a real expert. Hall was pretty good on his legs, to preside at a dinner, or make a ready speech."

"But you never quarreled much with your associates?"

"No. They didn't quarrel with me, because I was the only man who would go to the front. They couldn't rely on each other if anything desperate was on hand. I remember once there was a meeting to be held where Elijah Purdy wanted me to preside. Said I, 'Now, boys, I tell you frankly, I'm afraid to go to that meeting. You may go, but I don't want to.' 'Poob, poob!' said Purdy, 'we didn't expect that of you, Tweed; I'll go myself.' So I went that night, and, behold! no Purdy came. 'Come on,' said I, 'I'll preside!' So I took the chair, and wasn't very comfortable in it, either. A man from California, by the name of Doyle, was running for recorder against Barnard. (This recollection is at random.) I saw, as the roll call proceeded, that Doyle had the majority of delegates. Said I to a secretary: 'Have a motion made to dispense with calling the roll!' It was done. 'All in favor of Mr. Barnard as the nominee of this body say aye. Carried! The meeting is adjourned!' Well, there was a riot and I was driven into one corner. Isaiah Rynders had a pistol as long as my arm drawn and cocked. Said he: 'I'll pay you for this!' I was scared but I didn't say so. 'I'm not afraid of a whole ward of you fighting villains,' said I, and we all got out."

"Then you never quarreled with Sweeny?"

"Oh, Sweeny is a hard, overbearing, revengeful man. He wants his way and treasures up wrath. He has considerable ability of its kind. We were so opposite and unlike that we got along very well."

"How did you ever take into your confidence Dick Connolly?"

"Connolly was before my time; I had to take the world as it was and not make it anew. He was a powerful man in his ward and district. If you would walk through there and talk against Connolly it would be at your peril. We could not get along without Connolly, and annexed him for the vote he controlled.

"Which of those men was the abler, Gould or Fisk?"

"Oh, Gould; he has not his equal in America as a financier. Jim Fisk was a pleasant fellow, full of anecdote. Nothing discomfited him. He was never ashamed. He always had a fresh story. I liked his company. I remember when he was before the committee of Congress and used that expression: 'Gone where the woodbine twineth.' He explained that to me. He said that when he used to peddle around the country he noticed that the country outhouses always had a sprig of vine climbing over them. He simply meant by that illustration that the investment had gone up the spout—gone to nothing."

"May I ask what would you do if you were out of this prison and free to begin life again?"

"I should go to New Orleans or to the West. Idleness is my aversion. I do more work in this jail than anybody in it. Look on that window-sill at those piles of books—the *Daily Transcript* and other documents—pertaining to my examination. I spend hours ransacking them every day. During the height of my prosperity in this city I made everybody around me work, and it used to be a saying: 'There comes Mr. Tweed; now we will have to sweat.' My son-in-law is in business in New Orleans, and I could make myself useful to him as traveling agent or in some other way—enough to give me employment and a living. If I did not go there, I would start life far out West."

"Perhaps you mistrust yourself. Would not the thirst for politics in New York resume its place?"

"No, I am too old and indifferent, and would not even vote in this country again."

The Chain-Makers.

Billy Dawson, the celebrated Yorkshire farmer, once appealed to a drunkard in the following language: "Suppose yourself to be a servant, and your master were to come in the morning and order you to make a strong chain; on the following morning he came again, and urged you to get on with it; and thus, day by day, you were ordered by your master to do the same job. Suppose again, that while you were working, a person came in and asked if you knew what it was for; and that you answered in the negative, adding that you did not care so long as you got your wages. But this person tells you that he knows it to be a fact, that it is your master's intention to bind you with it in perpetual bondage; would you, I ask, add another link to it?"

The man answered, "No; and all the money in the world would not hire me to do it."

Mr. Dawson then told him that the habits of drunkenness are Satan's chain, in which he keeps poor sinners in perpetual bondage, and that when they have added the last link, he chains them in his dominions forever. These words so impressed the mind of the man, that his conscience continued to remind him, "I am making another link for my chain!" until he relinquished his wicked course of life.

A Haunted Cell.

About a quarter to 11 o'clock, P. M., turnkey Pardon, while making his rounds past the cells of the old Treme Station, discovered that a piece of twine was tied from the inside of cell 16, better known by the police in that precinct as the "haunted cell." He immediately opened the door and found a young Italian, named Armand Orse, who had been locked up for having been found at the corner of Dumaine and Rampart streets under suspicious circumstances, in the act of placing the twine around his neck.

The turnkey asked him what he was trying to do; and he answered that he wanted to hang himself. He said that from the time he entered the cell he felt strange things creeping over him, and heard some one calling him.

He was handcuffed and taken down stairs for safe keeping. Strange to say, that in the past three or four years no less than seventeen persons have attempted to destroy themselves in this cell.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Snakes in the Alleghany Mountains.

Rattlesnakes are in great numbers in some parts of this district, writes a correspondent who has been sojourning among the Alleghany mountains in Pennsylvania. They have their dens on the dry points of rocky ridges facing the south; but it is remarkable that they are seldom or never found in those moods, in the same country, which consist of beech and maples. We killed forty-one huge rattlesnakes on one ridge, bordering Lycoming valley, during one month's stay, in August. Some of these were from five feet to six feet two inches long, very thick, and truly formidable. Although I was in the daily habit of finding these horrid reptiles coiled in my path, I was only once struck at by one; and, fortunately, it did not reach me. I have, however, had twice opportunities of observing the rapid effects produced by the bites of this terrible animal upon men who were attached to the service on which I was engaged. The first case was on the hand, which swelled almost instantaneously, extending frightfully up the shoulder. We were then encamped near the summit of the Alleghany ridge, late in the evening, and many miles from medical assistance. In this emergency, amidst the alarm consequent of such an event, and under such circumstances, the poor man's life was, in all probability, saved by the coolness, courage and promptness of my amiable friend, Mr. H. Hopkins, now himself numbered with the dead, who sucked the venom from the wounds. The hand was then scarified with a razor, and a temporary kind of cupping apparatus, made out of a common earthen jug was applied, and fortunately with great success. Much blood was extracted, and the man came back to his employment in three or four days. The second case was that of an assistant, last year, who was bitten in the ankle into an artery, which, happily leading to much hemorrhage, prevented the absorption of the venomous fluid, and enabled the man to resume work in less than a week. Rattlesnakes are sluggish, and easily killed. I have repeatedly endeavored to verify Mr. Audubon's account of the rattlesnakes ascending trees, which has been confirmed. Black snakes are called "races," from their occasionally chasing men with great ferocity. They move with astonishing swiftness; the eye can scarcely follow their rapid passage. They are constrictors of great power. The water snake leaves the water to bask in the sun on the roads and paths. He is very fierce, and springs boldly and frequently to the attack, but is not poisonous. I have taken a large trout from the stomach of one I killed on a road. Copper head snakes of the Alleghany mountains are more deadly in their bite than the rattlesnake. They are more dreaded than the latter, because, unlike it, they give no warning of their vicinity. They are also sluggish, and easily destroyed. Our party killed eighteen under one large stone, on the banks of the Little Juniata river, near the base of the Alleghany mountains.

What Agriculture Does.

An exchange says: Without agriculture there is no wealth. Gold and silver are not wealth—they are its convenient representatives; commerce produces no wealth—it simply exchanges it; manufacture and the arts combine it. Agriculture is the prolific mother of wealth—the rest simply handle it when produced and delivered into their hands.

The earth breeds savages. Agriculture breeds enlightened nations; it breeds houses and ships, temples and seminaries; it breeds the manufactory; sculpture, painting and music are its offspring. The wheels of the workshops, the sails of commerce, the implements of science, the pen of genius, the pencil and chisel of the artist, the eloquent tongue of the orator, the scheming brain of the statesman, the equipages of wealth, the banquetings of pleasure—all that renders earth in itsties of life anything but a great sepulchre, move and have power of being, because the fields yield their fruits to the patient toil of the husbandman.

We might manage to live without merchants, without mariners, without orators, without poets; perhaps we might possibly survive the loss of demagogues—but sure I am we could not do without plowmen.

The state of husbandry in any country is the best test of its enlightenment. The thermometer of civilization rises or falls as drives the plow. "You must send the plow," exclaimed a man who had traveled all over Christian missionary ground, "in heathen lands, a barbarian nation needs but to be plowed up deep, subsoiled, planted, and the inevitable harvest will be an enlightened nation."

An Excellent Reason.

Romieu, the French actor, was an incorrigible joker, but one day he was very neatly taken in by a clockmaker in the Palais Royal. Enter Romieu, pretending to be a gentleman from the country, of a very simple type indeed. Romieu, with strong provincial accent:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me what are those little round machines hung up in your shop window?"

Clockmaker — "They are called watches, sir." Unhooks one and shows it.

Romieu—"Ah, watches! And what are they for, please?"

Clockmaker—"To indicate the time, sir."

Romieu—"To in-di-cate the time! And how, pray?"

Clockmaker—"I will show you." Enters into brief but lucid explanation, then concluding: "You must wind up the watch every twenty-four hours."

Romieu—"Every twenty-four hours! Morning or evening?"

Clockmaker—"Morning."

Romieu—"Why, morning?"

Clockmaker, blandly—"Because Monsieur Romieu, in the evening you are tipsy!"

Exit Romieu.

A Suggestive Fact.

It is strange what an effect the mere wording of an advertisement has. The following was inserted in a Pittsburg paper:

WANTED—A young man competent to take charge of a set of books. Apply by letter or in person at No. — S—— street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

This card called out one hundred and thirteen applicants the first day. Then this notice was published in the same journal:

WANTED—A good, experienced farm laborer. None need apply who are afraid of work. Apply in person at No. — S—— street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Eight persons responded to this. The foregoing would seem to indicate that people are perhaps not so anxious for hard work as they are for quill-driving situations.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Curious Effects of Tobacco.

A jeweler in Harrisburg, Pa., gives the following curious fact in reference to the use of tobacco: He does not use the weed, neither does one of his workmen. One of the employes of his store uses tobacco almost to excess. The former two can handle any polished tool in the shop and lay it aside again, without wiping it off, and no injury will follow, while on the other hand if the employe who indulges in tobacco forgets to wipe off any of the tools of a fine polish, rust spots will invariably appear in a very short time.

TURKEY IN WAR TIMES.

A Picturesque Scene at Constantinople--The Turks Becoming Desperate and Resolute --Aid for the Wounded--Suleiman and His Brigadiers.

A Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes as follows: Sunday, shortly after midnight, I was awakened by a strange noise which was not quite a din and yet which dominated all other sounds. This was the combined voice of hundreds of bass drums beaten with might and main in the streets of all Constantinople in honor of the repulse of the Russian army from Plevna. The myriads of lamps hung on the minarets by reason of Ramazan had been allowed to burn out, but were now restored to their pristine brilliance. The streets, the squares, the coffee-shops, were full of people discussing with the utmost enthusiasm the bulletins just published by the war office. On every lip was the word: "It is God's judgment on the proud!" and in fact the Turkish public was as near being greatly excited as possible. The night was dark, and as I looked off from my hill upon the great city, partly hidden by a white mist which filled the harbor and covered the valleys, I could see none of the deeper shadows, but only the lights on the minarets, which seemed to float in mid-air above the sea of mist. Between the minarets, lamps were so hung that they formed words in Arabic. Just above the horizon, on the left, blazed the words: "Bismillah irrahman irrehim,"—the invocation of the name of the Merciful. Over the mosque of Noori Osmaniye was "Oh, Gracious One!" High over the dome of the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, you could read in letters of tremulous light: "Mohomet sent of God"; and far around to the right was written on the sky, in letters of gold: "Allah Ekber," the old war cry of the armies of the prophet. The whole arch of heaven was transformed into the dome of a vast cathedral, to the minds of the great surging crowd of Moslems which filled the streets; its base was inscribed in letters of fire, with the praises dear to the hearts of the faithful. And one could not doubt that this cathedral magnificence thrilled the hearts of the joyous multitude below as they gazed upon the evidence of the glory of Islam in the legends written on the sky.

The splendid fighting of the Turkish soldiers has astonished every one, because it is contrasted with the feeble efforts which they made early in the war. The change is due to a final awakening to which the entire people have come, that the question is one of life and death. This awakening is the work of the refugees who have really been in contact with the Russians. Their tales and proof of the atrocities committed by the Bulgarians and Cossacks upon all Moslems, have deeply moved the popular heart. The other day I was crossing the Bosphorus in a caique and I passed some lighters full of refugees who looked so wretched that I said: "Poor creatures." The Turkish boatman burst out with a vehemence which astonished me. "Yes, they are poor creatures, and the Great God will never bless the Russians who have made them poor creatures. May His curse follow them, and may they get from Him their deserts."

The Turkish successes are partly due to the advice of some of the best strategists in Europe. It is reported that Von Moltke, after giving the Russians a plan of campaign, has with laudable impartiality accorded the Turks a similar favor, and watches with peculiar interest the developments which result. The feverish activity of the provincial authorities in forwarding the new levies has also told in the campaign. The railway to Adrianople and Philippopolis has carried an average of 2,000 men per day to the front during the whole of August. And, finally, the arms furnished by American manufacturers have exercised a potent influence in prolonging this Turkish defense. Their guns have excelled European ones.

The wounded soldiers now here are about 5,000, distributed in fifteen hospitals, which are kept in the best of order. There are only about fifty severe cases in all this number of wounded. The severely wounded have died on the field, except a few who are being cared for at the Philippopolis and Adrianople hospitals. Baron Mundy, of the Red Cross Society, formerly of the Watercure at Florence, Massachusetts, is here, and is about to go to the front, to establish a great hospital of his own. The amount of foreign aid now being afforded Turkish wounded is very great. The Turkish people contribute lint, bandages, clothing, and tobacco, but money is scarce, and where money is needed it comes from abroad.

The contempt of the private soldiers for their officers is often well founded. I have been told that the only reason why Reouf Pasha, who commanded in the battle of Jeni Saghra, now lives, is that in that action he kept so far to the rear as to be out of range of the bullets fired at him by his own men. Turkish soldiers are as ready to obey officers whom they can trust as those in other armies. The wounded men from Shipka are unbounded in their praise of Suleiman Pasha. But they give a comical reason for his successes. If Suleiman Pasha orders one of his brigadier-generals to take a certain position, it has to be taken. If the man fails, Suleiman Pasha calls for a guard, and has the general's uniform stripped off, and sometimes even has him shot on the spot. "I assure you," said the soldier, "that in Montenegro Suleiman Pasha had several brigadier-generals shot for failing to take positions they had been ordered to carry. And if he treats brigadier-generals so, you can imagine what he does to subalterns who disobey. He has killed lots of them." Of course the story of Suleiman Pasha shooting brigadier-generals off-hand, has not a large amount of foundation. But it shows that his men have a wholesome fear of him as a disciplinarian.

A Shower of Salt.

During a recent violent storm a gentleman living in North East, Md., was returning to that town from Philadelphia by the midnight train. On stepping from the cars to the platform, he discovered that the planks were covered with a white substance resembling salt. The next morning, after opening his store, he went up stairs to see what damage, if any, the storm had done. Around the doors and windows he discovered a substance similar to what he had noticed the night before. Having his curiosity considerably aroused, he concluded to examine into the matter, so he tasted the substance and found to his astonishment that it was genuine coarse salt. The circumstance was related to another gentleman living near by, and he immediately recalled the fact of a pen of his having been out in the rain on the same night, and, having put the pen to his mouth before using it, he noticed a briny taste about it.

In France a murderer is never hung if the jury appends to its verdict the words "with extenuating circumstances." The consequence is that, no matter how atrocious the crime may be, it is almost impossible to obtain a verdict of guilty without the addition of these words. A few years ago a man killed his mother and his father. He was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances. These circumstances were that he was an orphan.

TREED BY A BIG BEAR.

The Remarkable Story that Comes From the Pennsylvania Mountains--A Little Girl's Adventure While Looking for Her Cows.

A correspondent of the New York *World* writes from Porter's Lake, Penn., as follows: Last spring Kittie Wagner, aged thirteen years, of Pittsburg, Pa., came to spend the summer and winter with an uncle residing six miles southeast of this place, in a wild and almost unbroken wilderness. Last Sunday afternoon Kittie was sent to drive home her uncle's cattle, which were out in the woods grazing. It was nearly sundown when she left the house, and, not returning at the usual time, her relatives became uneasy, and her uncle started out, hoping to meet her. Having gone about half a mile, he heard a cow-bell which he at once recognized as one worn by one of his cows. From the direction of the sound it was evident the cattle were moving toward home. Thinking, of course, that Kittie was with them, he retraced his steps. The cattle were in the yard, but Kittie had not returned with them. Her absence caused alarm, for it was feared she had met with some accident, or had become lost. Three of the family, with lanterns, started to search for her. They traveled through swamps and over high mountains until after midnight, when, finding no trace, they returned home. At daybreak the next morning several of the adjoining neighbors were notified, and about seven o'clock, the party, numbering ten, started to renew the search. The country for a radius of several miles was thoroughly scoured, but at the close of a long day's search they returned to their homes with no more of a clue than when they first set out. Another night passed with no tidings of the little one. Six miles from here is a wild and rocky gully known to hunters as "Bruin's Resort," so called owing to the large number of bears killed in that immediate vicinity during the past two years. It was thought that Kittie might have wandered off in that direction. Three of the party resolved to visit the resort, and early on Tuesday morning, each with rifle in hand, they started. In about two hours the northwest end of the gully was reached. Here the searchers sat down to rest. While resting they fired off their rifles, thinking, perhaps, Kittie might be within hearing distance and would, if alive, respond. Just as the sound was dying away a voice like that of some one in distress was heard in the distance. One of the party thought he recognized it as the voice of the missing one. They proceeded on down the gully, and after going a short distance again discharged their rifles. Another response came, this time so distinct that there was no longer any doubt as to its being the missing girl's cry. A few steps further and a steep declivity was reached. Here the searchers again halted. Looking about them they saw nothing unusual, and they were about to proceed when a faint cry was heard to come from the thicket just below. Peering through the bushes they discovered clinging to the top of a tree the object of their search. The overjoyed uncle hastened to the foot of the tree and bade Kitte come down. She endeavored to descend, but so weak had she become that she lost her hold and fell, but landed safely in her uncle's arms. She said that the cows not being where she usually found them, she wandered off, and, going further than she meant, she became lost. She traveled until late into the night, when becoming exhausted she sat down by a tree and fell asleep. When she awoke the sun was shining brightly. She again set out, thinking she would find her way home, but she had become so frightened and bewildered that after walking all day she found herself in about the same place as she was the previous night. As the shades of night began to fall the little wanderer realized her situation, and cried bitterly. Being almost starved and her feet having become sore from walking, she gathered some dried leaves and making a bed laid herself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. She said her sleep was interrupted by the most horrible dreams, and several times she was awakened by strange noises, which she thought must have been made by wild animals. When she awoke in the morning it was just getting light, and brushing the leaves from off her clothing she again started. She had only gone a short distance when she heard a noise in the bushes behind her, and looking back discovered a huge black bear following in her trail. She screamed at the top of her voice and ran with all her might. But the bear rapidly gained on her, and knowing she soon must be overtaken she resolved to climb a tree. The bear reached the tree as the frightened girl was ascending it, and standing upon his hind feet made a blow at her, fastening its claws into her skirts. She maintained her hold, and, after repeated efforts, succeeded in freeing herself and climbed beyond the animal's reach. The bear remained about the tree for some little time, vainly endeavoring to ascend it owing to its small circumference, and had disappeared into the thicket only a short time before the rescuers arrived. She was carried home, and her narrow escape has ever since been the talk of the neighborhood. The same day a party of hunters from Milford, Pa., were hunting in the vicinity for deer. John Hans, a noted bear and deer hunter, became separated from his companions, and, when passing through the woods near the Dingman turnpike, discovered a monster black bear coming directly toward him. He waited until the animal got within shooting distance and then fired a ball at it, but missed. The bear, instead of retreating, as is their custom, continued toward Hans, shaking his head at every step. The plucky hunter never weakened, but awaited his nearer approach. When within about twenty-five yards of him the bear raised itself upon his hind