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"When."

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow,
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move, and love and smile, and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for one more sleeping
Say in that ear
Which harkens ever, "Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still
Do thou Thy will."

The World as I Find It.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on grass,
And only woes abide.
It may so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare to say:
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest;
They tell of women's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am:
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And death's a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life, and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

I had just rejoined my regiment in India, the Forty-second Highlanders, better known as the Black Watch, after a year of sick leave in Europe, and was seated in my friend Major McGregor's cool and comfortable bungalow, gossiping over all that had occurred in the corps during my absence, when young Alick Farquharson, one of the Invercauld Farquharsons, strolled in with the, to me, pleasing intelligence of "Tiger."

"By Jove, that old shikarree, what-you-may-call-'em—I never can recollect his name—has smelt the beast, and the colonel is for getting up a grand hunt, for the purpose of bagging the brute and—the skin; the latter for Mrs. ——" mentioning a lady's name, the owner whereof—well, I will not repeat the story.

"Deil take the colonel," grumbled Sandy McPherson, who spoke with as strong a Scotch accent as any "braw chiel" north of the Tweed; "he's a' the time speerin' about tigers and varmint, and if ane o' the laddies kills a beastie, down he pops on him for the skin."

"It would be awfully jolly to cut out this hunting expedition." I suggested.

"And how?" demanded Farquharson.

"Just to beat up a few beaters, get out to the jungle, and pot the beast while the colonel is ordering elephants in impossible Hindoostanee."

"By Jupiter Olympus! I'm with you!" cried Farquharson; "but we must start right away, for I heard Old Bagpipes"—the irreverent title by which our commanding officer was known, acquired from the fact of his ordering the pipers of the corps to play at chotohassuy, alias breakfast; tiffin, alias luncheon, and dinner, till the mess was fairly "skirted" to death—"telling Gordon to look up the guns."

"We shall start now!" I cried. "I have brought out a capital pair of double-barreled breech-loaders, smooth-bore—the Prince of Wales brought down a stag of ten tyne with one of them at Mar Forest this season—and a Snyder."

"Then I'll look up the beaters and old what-do-you-call-'em, the shikarree," said Farquharson.

Farquharson and I left the compound by different exits, having agreed upon a rendezvous. When we arrived at the trysting place I found the shikarree and half a dozen beaters, armed not only with rifles, but with rockets, the latter for the purpose of driving the tiger out of the jungle.

I had taken the precaution of thrusting a conteau de chasse, or deer-knife—given to me, by the way, by his royal highness, the Duke of Connaught, while at Lord Fife's—in my belt, and armed with my double-barrel I felt a match for any tawny denizen of the yellow jungle.

The shikarree assured us with considerable circumlocution—and after exacting a solemn promise to save him from the wrath of sahib, the colonel—that a tiger had been hovering about this particular jungle for some time past; that a cow had mysteriously disappeared, and, having been tracked, its bones were found close by where we were then holding council of war.

The jungle in which his Tigerian majesty was supposed to be ensconced was but a short quarter of a mile from camp, and of a very close and dense nature, save in bald patches, which yielded a goodly crop of boulders, or where a small stream cut it in two. A few stunted trees endeavored to beard the fierce rays of the Indian sun, but King Sol had shriveled up their foliage until it was of the tawny yellow of the jungle grass, that color so admirably arranged to conceal the hide of the tiger.

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the shikarree, in a low tone, "it's all right, sahib. The tiger is in the jungle. Ah, here's his pug" (track). "See how it leads right into it."

"That's a large 'fist,'" observed Farquharson.

"Yes, sahib, it is one great pug. Great tiger—great shiker" (beast) "for sahibs."

The beaters, who, as a rule, are the most cowardly wretches in the world, now huddled together and held council in low whispers, their heads close, their eyes directed to the jungle, their burnished bodies in attitudes suggestive of instant flight.

The shikarree ordered us to beat that section of the jungle on our immediate right as being the most dense, and where, in all probability, the tiger was now enjoying a post-prandial nap, good digestion having waited upon appetite.

The beaters were accordingly assembled, and Farquharson took the near side, while I took the other.

With a sharp glance at our gunlocks, and a general hitch to garments, we prepared to go into action.

"I say, old fellow," pleaded my companion-in-arms, "won't you give me the first shot? It's my first tiger-potting, you know."

"Certainly, Farquharson; I'll give you the whole thing. I shall only fire in case of accident."

Little did I amagine that my words were so soon to be proved prophetic.

In a few seconds the beaters began to yell in chorus, and to fire bamboo-rockets, and I can imagine how disgusted the tiger must have been to have his siesta so strangely and so rudely broken in upon.

"How those chaps yell," laughed Farquharson.

"Keep your eye on the jungle, Alick," I growled, "and let them roar as much as they like."

I had been in a "tight box" before now, by having my attention diverted from business at which strategists are pleased to term the psychological moment.

Not a sign had the tiger y t given of his presence. Not a blade f the long jungle grass stirred, save when a rocket jizzed into it, setting it on fire.

The beaters were silent, a signal for the shikarree, who held up his hand, while his head was perched on one side like that of a bird, in the attitude of listening.

"Hush!"

Then came the unmistakable cough (generally called a roar) of a tiger.

I glanced at Alick, to ascertain how the music agreed with him. He had paled a little, but his eyes were flashing and his lips compressed.

"We have him!" he excitedly cried.

"Not yet, old boy. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," I retorted.

"He cannot escape."

"Not if we can help it, but if he's lodia bagh—a game-killing tiger—we may lose him yet."

There is, in my opinion, only one variety of tiger, although the animal, like all others that I am acquainted with, is subject to a slight variation of appearance that may be more or less accounted for by his peculiar habits, which vary according to the locality and nature of the country he ranges over. In many parts of India over which I have hunted, the natives recognize three kinds of tigers, which they distinguish according to their habits and range, by the following names: First, the lodia bagh, or game-killing tiger; secondly, the oontia bagh, which lives chiefly upon domestic cattle; and thirdly, the admee khane wallah, or man-eater, which latter, happily, are few and far between.

A single tiger will kill a bullock or buffalo every five days, if he gets the chance, often eating the hindquarter the first night, and hiding the remainder in a bush to consume at his leisure. Should he have been fired at, or disturbed on his return to his quarry, he becomes cunning, and a great deal more destructive, killing a fresh bullock whenever he wants food; and I have known tigers that have become so suspicious that they would not return to an animal they had killed, although they had only lapped the blood, and the bullock was almost untouched.

On the other hand, I have known a tiger returning day after day to the carcass of the ox he had killed, and picking the bones clean, notwithstanding he had been twice fired at by a native shikarree.

But to return to my adventure.

The shikarree suddenly gave a low "coo" twice, which told me that he had gotten on a warm scent. Suddenly I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way toward us.

Then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something twitching backward and forward just behind a clump of low brush and long grass, about forty yards off.

"He's there!" I cried, in a low tone, to Alick, but without moving my eyes.

"I know it."

"Keep cool!"

"Hang it all. I'm as cool as a lettuce-leaf!"

Another second and we saw the animal, its white chest shining like silver, its ears laid back, and its open mouth full of gleaming ivory teeth.

"I'd like to stuff him in that position," observed Farquharson.

"Hush!"

"Shall I let him have it?"

"Not yet."

The tiger advanced about ten yards or so in that low crouch which is the prelude to the spring.

"Now, Alick!" I cried.

Farquharson fired at the second I spoke, letting the brute have one barrel.

On receiving the shot the tiger doubled its head and paws into its chest, and, turning completely over head and heels, disappeared over a boulder into the jungle.

"I've hit him!" triumphantly exclaimed my companion.

"You have."

"I fetched him between the eyes."

"Not a bit of it; you struck him in the chest, and I don't think he's badly hit."

"Clear that jungle a little!" shouted Farquharson, who, with all the rashness of the neophyte, was for dashing after the brute in hot haste.

While the men were tremblingly engaged in obeying the orders, my practiced eye perceived a disturbance in the grass a little to the left of the spot at which the tiger disappeared. A "chuck" of the tongue against the teeth from the shikarree, confirmed me.

"Look out, Alick, he's there!" I yelled; for Farquharson was already treasting—I have no other word for it—the grassy billows of the jungle in a frantic eagerness to grapple with the quarry.

Farquharson had reached an open space, when the tiger leaped forth, and, with a tremendous bound, buried its head in Alick's throat, both their heads going down together.

"Great God! he's done for!" was my exclamation, as the blood gave a mad throb in my veins; then it became cold as ice, and I resolved to save the poor fellow, if I could.

It was an awful moment, and as I write I see the enormous head of that tiger, its gleaming eyes, its quivering whiskers, its distorted upper-lip, its enormous form; while I also behold the face of poor Alick Farquharson, white as death, the terrible beast's nose touching his cheek, while beneath him lay his gun, the great paw of the tiger stretched out beside it on the yellow earth.

I repeat it was an awful moment; but, thank heaven! I was equal to the emergency, and made my calculations with as much sang froid as a clerk might tot up a row of figures in the assured safety of a counting house in the city.

I was but ten yards off, and at that distance there was a considerable risk of shooting both man and beast; for, unless I let the tiger have it in the head, it was all up with my friend.

I leaped forward until I came within two yards.

My heart gave one beat backward as I raised the weapon to my shoulder.

I aimed at the side of the head, and the bullet went from ear to ear.

The shot was mortal; the dark blood rushed from the tiger's nostrils a slight tremor passed over all his limbs, and he rolled off.

Alick Farquharson, who scrambled up to his feet, very white, with his left arm besmeared with blood.

His first words were:

"By Jove! that was a shot. We've done old Bagpipes out of the skin!"

I don't know how it was, but I flung myself on the young fellow's neck, and, hardened sinner that I was, burst into tears like a woman. It was rather lucky I didn't feel that way half a minute before, wasn't it?"

Alick's wounds were not dangerous, and he was all right in a few days.

Colonel "Old Bagpipes' endeavored to nibble the skin, but Farquharson didn't see it, and it now, I believe, decorates the grand old hall at Invercauld which, as everybody knows, is the next residence to Queen Victoria's Highland home, Balmoral.

The huge brute was eight feet eight inches long, including the tail, which was three feet in length.

I have potted two man-eaters since that memorable day, but I hope never to realize so terrible an experience as that which Alick Farquharson's rashness so happily or unhappily afforded me.

OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

How Some of the Presidents Have Retired—Features of "Inauguration Day" Seldom Seen or Heard.

Before the building of the southern front of the treasury department, which rendered a change of the inclosure of the White House necessary, there was an entrance facing Pennsylvania avenue—a stone archway, with a large weeping willow growing on each side of it. Mrs. Madison, who was a very bright woman, when congratulated on her husband's inauguration and occupation of the White House, said: "I don't know that there is much cause for congratulation—the President of the United States generally comes in at the iron gate and goes out at the weeping willows."

John Adams, who was the first President that occupied the White House, was crushed with shame and filled with indignation when his old friend, Thomas Jefferson, defeated him in the presidential election of 1800. He took what vengeance he could by continuing to make appointments up to a late hour on the evening of March 3, and the next morning before sunrise he left the White House and the metropolis forever. Washington had attended at his inauguration four years previously, but he could not bear to witness the swearing-in of his successor. Retiring to his farm at Quincy he devoted the remaining twenty-five years of his life to political correspondence.

Jefferson, Madison and Monroe in turn attended the inauguration of their successors and decorously vacated the White House for their occupation with the best of feeling. But when General Jackson was elected there was a different condition of things. President John Quincy Adams was bitterly disappointed because he had not been reelected, while his successful competitor was incensed by some abusive articles which had appeared in the official "organ." When General Jackson came to Washington, saddened by the sudden death of her whom he loved so devotedly, he refused point blank to call on Mr. Adams, regarding him as her traducer. Mr. Adams was equally unwilling to participate in the triumphant inauguration of his successor, and he removed from the White House on the third of March. On the fourth, as he was taking his customary horseback ride in the vicinity of Washington, the booming of cannon announced to him that his successor had taken the oath of office in front of the capitol. The then ex-President remained in his own house on F street (nearly opposite the Ebbitt house of to-day) until spring, and he received many acts of courtesy from the citizens of Washington, including a salute from a volunteer military company commanded by Colonel Seaton, one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*.

It may not be amiss to say a word or two about the inauguration of General Jackson, when, for the first time, the President-elect was escorted by military bodies as he rode on a spirited horse from the hotel at which he had lodged to the capitol. After he had taken the oath and gone from the capitol to the White House he was waited upon by a motley crowd, which soon drained the barrels of punch which had been prepared, broke the glasses and behaved like a drunken mob. Such a scene had never before been witnessed at the White House.

When Martin Van Buren was elected as General Jackson's successor it was a political family arrangement. The two went together from the White House to the capitol in a phaeton made from the wood of the frigate Constitution, drawn by four gray horses. After Mr. Van Buren had been inaugurated in front of the capitol the two returned in the same vehicle to the White House, where the new President received his fellow-citizens. At four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Van Buren formally received the foreign ministers, who, with their suites, wore the full court dresses of their respective countries, and he rather astonished their dean, the Spanish minister, by addressing them as "the Democratic Corps" instead of the "Diplomatic Corps." Four days afterward General Jackson bade farewell to the White House and returned to his beloved "Hermitage" to end his days.

As the expiration of President Van Buren's official term approached the aldermen and common council of Washington City followed the custom and passed a vote of thanks to the outgoing chief magistrate for the interest which he had taken in the prosperity of the national metropolis during his four years administration. These thanks were not acceptable to Mayor Seaton, who, with other whigs, had been excluded from the hospitalities of the executive mansion by President Van Buren. So the editor-mayor formally refused to approve the complimentary resolutions, and transmitted a veto message to the city government giving his reasons for this marked slight. Mr. Van Buren was greatly annoyed, and took good care to have the White House ready for the occupation of his successor, General Harrison, whose stay there was brief.

Mr. Tyler's family were soon summoned from Virginia to the White House, and while he was President he married the estimable lady who now resides here, who turned over the White House to Mrs. James K. Polk, now a resident of Nashville, Tenn. She was succeeded by Mrs. Zachary Taylor, a matronly old lady, who loved to remain in her room upstairs and smoke a corncob pipe, while her accomplished daughter, then the wife of Colonel Bliss, the President's private secretary, presided over the hospitalities of the mansion.

The Taylors left shortly after the death of "Old Rough and Ready," and Mrs. Fillmore came, aided by her daughter. They extended the hospitalities of the White House to General Pierce when he came (heart-broken over the loss of his only child by a railroad accident) to be inaugurated. Mrs. Fillmore left the White House on the fourth of March for a hotel, expecting to go South on a tour with her husband, but she took cold and died a few weeks afterward.

Mrs. Pierce's life at the White House was saddened by the loss of her darling son and clouded by a dread that her husband might become intemperate in his habits. These fears, fortunately, were never realized, and General Pierce was probably more popular at Washington than any other occupant of the White House has been. Hospitable and generous in his disposition and cordial in his manners, he was beloved by all who knew him. Correspondents of whig newspapers were among the guests cordially welcomed at the White House, and the departure of the Pierces from Washington was regretted by friends and foes. They went on the fourth of March to the residence of General Cass, since transformed into the Arlington hotel, where many thousands called to pay their parting respects.

While General Pierce was the most popular of Presidents, Miss Lane, the niece of his successor, Mr. Buchanan, eclipsed all other ladies who have presided over the White House in courtesy, in hospitality, and in her reception of all, whether they were her uncle's political supporters or opponents.

The exodus of Mrs. Lincoln, of the daughter of President Johnson, and of Mrs. Grant, as each one succesively left the White House, is well known to every Washington reader.—*Ben Perley Poore, in Washington Republic.*

The Migration of Birds.

Familiar as this migration of birds is to us, there is, perhaps, no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take, and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, arriving and departing at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as why they select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flight over the Atlantic and other oceans. Northern Africa and Western Asia are selected as winter quarters by most of them, and they may be often noticed, on their way thither, to hang over towns at night, puzzled, in spite of their experience, by the shifting lights of the streets and houses. The swallow or the nightingale may be sometimes delayed by unexpected circumstances. Yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days sooner or later, one year with another. Professor Newton considered that, were sea fowls satellites revolving round the earth, their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffins repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were guided by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney swallow is slower, ninety miles an hour being about the limit of its powers; but the passenger pigeon of the United States can do a journey of a thousand miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmen has attempted to show, that migrants during their long flights may be directed by an experience partly inherited and partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast line of continents and invariably take, on ther passage over the Mediterranean, one of their routes. But this theory will not explain how they pilot themselves across the broad oceans, and is invalidated by the fact, familiar to every ornithologist, that the old and young birds do not journey in company. Invariably, the young broods travel together, then come, after an interval, the parents, and finally the rear is brought up by the weakly, infirm, molting and broken winged. This is the rule in the autumn. The return journey is accomplished in the reverse order. The distance traveled seems, moreover, to have no relation to the size of the traveler. The Swedish blue throat performs its maternal functions among the Laps, and enjoys its winter holiday among the negroes of Soudan, while the tiny ruby-throated humming-bird proceeds annually from Mexico to Newfoundland and back again, though one would imagine that so delicate a little fairy would be more at home among the cacti and agaves of the Tierra Calliente than among the firs and fogs of the North.—*London Standard.*

A Seventy-Five Dollar Goat.

One of them was a stockman from Western Texas named Bob Gazely, and the other was an old Galvestonian named Colonel William Griswold. They were talking about stock-raising. The man from Western Texas said, impressively:

"I tell you what, colonel, there is more money in goats than in any other critter that eats Texas grass. People will keep on raising fine horses and cattle, and lose money by it, while there is more money in one goat than you can shake a stick at," and he went on to tell of the rapid increase, the price of goat-skin, etc.

"You are right," replied Griswold. "I am a goat man myself. I've got a goat in my yard right now I wouldn't part with for seventy-five dollars."

"He must be a fine animal. He is half Angora, I reckon. I must see him."

"Come along, then."

After they had trudged about an hour they reached the residence of the Galvestonian. The goat was tied up in an outhouse. The Western Texas man looked at the goat with a bewildered air.

"There ain't no Angora in that goat."

"There is money in him for all that," responded the owner.

The stockman felt the animal all over, looked at the texture of his hair, and then said:

"I can't see any points that goat has got over any other goat. Did you say you paid seventy-five dollars for that scrub?"

"That goat cost me seventy-five dollars, and I expect to get my money back."

"Well, you couldn't get out of me."

"I am not trying to get it out of you, but I hope to get it out of the goat. But, I'll tell you candidly, if you had chawed up my vest pocket with seventy-five dollars in it, like that goat did, I'd have it out of you some way or other."

Then the stockman caught hold of his own vest, and laughed until a crowd began to gather.—*Galveston News.*

The Sexton Got More Than the Minister.

A young gentleman was recently married at an uptown church, and as he was preparing for the ceremony, he placed the money he intended to hand to the minister—a ten-dollar gold piece—in one vest pocket, and a five-dollar gold piece for the sexton in another. The service over, the minister was met by the sexton, who wore a smile as large as the front door of the church.

"That was a fine couple," said the smiling sexton.

"Very nice party, Jeremiah," said the minister.

"And quite a liberal one, too. See what they gave me?" said the sexton, as he opened his hand and showed the glittering eagle.

The minister eyed it curiously and replied: "Ahem! that's very kind in them; but see what they gave me!" and he fished up the five-dollar piece from his pocket.

The sexton wondered, and the parson walked away, but both had a suspicion there had been a mistake made—and there was.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

John Duncan, a poor Scotch weaver has presented the University of Aberdeen with his herbarium of nearly 1,200 British plants, collected by him while moving about as a harvest laborer over the Southern districts of Scotland and the north of England. In his extreme old age this self-educated devotee of science is dependent on parish support.

Michigan supplies half the pine timber used in the United States.

Indian Epicures.

In the summer of 1875 I stood one evening near the quartermaster's office at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, when two Kiowa Indians applied for permission to water their famished horses at the government cistern, offering to accept that boon in part payment of a load of brushwood which they proposed to haul from the neighboring chapparal. The fellows looked thirsty and hungry themselves, and while the quartermaster ratified the wood-bargain, one of the officers sent to his company quarters for a lunch of such comestibles as the cooks might have on hand at that time of the day. A trayful of "government grub" was deposited on the adjacent cord-wood platform, and the Indians pitched in with the peculiar appetite of carnivorous nomads. A yard of commissary sausage was accepted as a tough variety of jerked beef; yeasted and branless bread disappeared in quantities that would have confirmed Dr. Graham's belief in natural depravity; they sipped the cold coffee and eyed it with a gleam of suspicion, but were reconciled by the discovery of the saccharine sediment, and the cook was just going to replenish their cups when the senior Kiowa helped himself to a vinegar pickle, which he probably mistook for some sort of an off-color sugar-plum. He tasted it, rose to his feet and dashed the plate down with a muttered execration, and then clutched the prop of the platform to master his rising fury. Explanations followed, and a pound of brown sugar was accepted as a piece-offering, but the children of nature left the postoffice under the impression that they had been the victims of a heartless practical joke.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Stocking Loom.

A pretty story tells us of the invention of the stocking loom. W. Lee was a gay young student at Oxford, who saw among the Greek letters of his "Iliad" only the bright eyes of the innkeeper's daughter, and heard in the professor's tones but the click of her swift knitting needles. In despair he threw away his books, hurried to his mistress and with her to the parson's. When the Oxford dons heard of the proceeding at the rectory, they decided in grave counsel that this crime of marriage must be made an example of, and accordingly the young man was expelled. Disgraced and dishonored, he and Peggy were cast out into the world with only four knitting needles to look to for bread. But Peggy went merrily to work, her eyes growing brighter, her fingers plying faster, while her enamored husband sat before her in helpless inefficiency, watching the gleaming needles as if entranced. "Eureka!" he exclaimed one day. "Who?" Peggy looked up anxiously. She had never been even to a grammar school. "I can do it, Peggy, better than you," he answered with a manly sense of his superiority. He got some wires and went to work, while Peggy watched, and soon her shining needles gave way to the stocking-loom, which revolutionized the whole industry. In very little time Peggy became a bright-eyed lady, William, a distinguished inventor, while the hard-hearted Oxford dons nobody knows anything about; but they doubtless shrank up into Greek particles or algebraic signs. At any rate, it was a clear case of poetic justice, at which Hymen should light an extra torch.

Our Mode of Dress.

Whence came our mode of dress? In early days clothing was considered ornamental rather than useful. The exceptions were such articles as belts, from which instruments of various kinds could be suspended, so as to be ready for use while the hands were left free. A savage does not enjoy the luxury of a pocket. Even at the present day a Japanese has to sling his tobacco pouch from his belt, and the only pockets he has are in his sleeves. The simple cincture was the germ, so to speak, of the clothing we wear. When the arts became so far advanced that men could make paper cloth or some woven material, these latter were substituted for the primitive fringe, and the kilt was thus developed. Curiously enough, the dress of the Scottish Highlanders embodies these two stages of progress in the kilt and the sporran. As man advanced there were inconveniences attending the use of the kilt, which were abated by the introduction of trousers. When the back and shoulders needed protection, the savage used the skin of some animal, and it is from this sort of covering for the upper part of the body that we have derived our coats, vests, shirts, etc. But the ancient cloak form is even yet retained, not only by such people as Zulu chiefs, but in all robes of ceremony by dignitaries of court and college of the most highly civilized nations on the face of the earth. The elaborate and varied head coverings of the present day all sprang from a very simple, original type.

Preaching to Children.

Preaching to children, says a religious paper, is an art in itself. Many a man is competent to preach to adults who cannot preach to children. He has been taught by precept and practice one great branch of his proper profession, but his education has been neglected in the other great branch. He is not qualified to preach to the most impressive and most hopeful class of the community. The time is coming when a theological seminary will be organized as a sorry affair if it sends out preachers who cannot preach effectively to children, and when a minister who is incompetent for such preaching will be counted hardly more competent than a blind man or a stutterer. But there is no short cut to success in this work. It will cost study and effort to learn how to preach to the little folks.

It is said that the bride in removing her bridal robe and chaplet at the completion of the marriage ceremony must take especial care to throw away every pin worn on this eventful day. Evil fortune, it is affirmed, will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet. The above was written to discourage the excessive use of pins by the ladies; but the young men think that some such caution addressed to unmarried ladies would be more to the point. These are the pins that lacerate the poor fellows.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Bombazine, who engineers a Galveston hashery, can be very sarcastic. One of her boarders always comes late and eats like he has a power-of-attorney to eat for several of his friends. Yesterday she said to him: "Young man, you come at one and eat for twelve. Now couldn't you arrange it to come at twelve and eat for one?"—*Galveston News.*

It cost Colonel Wilder, the noted pomologist, $250 to obtain the original camellia from which those to be found in America were grown. It was imported about forty years ago.

Going the whole hog—Attributing Shakespeare's plays to Boston.—*Boston Courier.*

A TOWER OF SKULLS.

The Ghastly Sight to be Seen on an Island off the Coast of Africa.

A correspondent of a New York paper, who dates his letter "Off the African Coast," tells this terrible story of Eastern vengeance: Heading southward along the Tunisian sea-board in one of the little coasters with which these waters abound, you find in the angle formed by the intersection of the Tunis coast line and that of Tripoli a large, low, nearly circular island, which at first sight appears fully as barren and desolate as the gray unending sands of the African shore along the southern horizon. Your map will tell you that this uninviting sandbank is called the Isle of Jerbeh, a name which, unless you happen to be unusually well read in the chivalric chronicles of the sixteenth century, will probably leave you just as wise as you were before. Apparently, however, your Arab fellow-passengers are better informed, for the first glimpse of the island seems to produce an extraordinary commotion among them. Hands are eagerly pointed at the long grayish-yellow band which lies almost level with the smooth brigh water, and the slumberous black eyes flash fire under the shadow of the huge white turban, while the name of "Burj-er-Roos" flies from mouth to mouth. Even should you happen to have learned Arabic enough to know that this mysterious word means "tower of skulls," you are hardly likely to be very much enlightened thereby. The captain of the vessel, should he be an Englishman, will give you but little help in your embarrassment, answering your appeal for information only by a knowing grin and an admonition to "keep your eyes open and you'll see a pretty queer sight before long." Little by little a huge, grayish-white mass begins to define itself upon the flat, sandy shore of the island, standing up gaunt and grim against the warm, dreamy blue of the lustrous sky. As we approach, this formless heap gradually shapes itself into frowning ramparts and turreted battlements and massive towers and all the barbaric grandeur of a genuine Eastern fortress. At its feet the bright blue sea breaks in glittering wavelets, while behind it—an oasis of rich foliage amid the hot, brassy yellow of the sandy shore—the vast banner-like leaves of the date palms droop voluptuously upon the breezeless air. No painter could wish a finer study, but the most striking feature of the panorama is still to come. A sudden turn of the coast reveals a projecting headland, surmounted by a tall white tower, at sight of which the shouts of "Burj-er-Roos! Burj-er-Roos!" burst forth again with redoubled energy. The strange building is cone-shaped, and altogether not unlike the giant ants' nests of Africa or South America, but many yards in height and resting upon a base as broad as that of a cathedral tower. Moment by moment, as the ship nears the land, this mysterious structure stands out more and more plainly. It is not long before you begin to notice that the seaward face of the tower has crumbled beneath the action of wind and weather, revealing through a wide gap the dark hollow of the interior. As you gaze, there breaks suddenly out of its gloomy shadow, just where the light enters it, a yellowish, ghostly glimmer, like dim lantern-light seen in a vault. You have recourse to your glass, and perceive with a momentary thrill of horror, that this strange glimmering proceeds from the teeth of thousands of human skulls, which fill up the whole interior of the building.

This is the famous "Burj-er-Roos," or Tower of Skulls, which, for three centuries past, has given to this remote nook a strange and terrible renown. The vengeance of Timour has left upon the banks of the Oxus more than one Golotha of this kind, which I had an unexpected chance of examining during the Khiva expedition of 1873. In Europe, however, there is but one similar monument, which, as might be expected, belongs to Turkey, the only European country in which such a relic of utter barbarism would not be out of place in the nineteenth century; The traveler who rides along the great southern highroad from Belgrade to the Sofia Pass over the Balkan, sees by the wayside a pyramidal building in which are imbedded 30,000 human skulls. Nor does this ghoul-like memento date back to any remote age of half-human ferocity. It is no older than the year 1806, when Servia's declaration of independence was answered by Turkey with the massacre which have left these 30,000 Christian heads a lasting memorial of what the "unspeakable Turk" has always been and always will be. But among all these trophies of death there is not one which can claim to be either as well-preserved or as hideously artistic as the fatal tower of Jerbeh. It seems as if those who planted it here for an eternal monument of their vengeance had taken a grim pleasure in making it imperishable as the hatred by which that vengeance was devised. The skulls are ranged in symmetrical layers, like shells in the cases of a museum, each layer being supported upon a kind of trestle-work formed from the larger bones of the skeletons which has served as the materials of this ghastly architecture. The care with which every bone has been placed, and the gradual tapering off of the higher tiers toward the point of the cone so far as to lesson the strain imposed upon the basement, render the whole structure as solid as a pyramid of stone. So strong, indeed, is its stability throughout, and so carefully has the outer coating of sun-baked clay, which binds the whole together, been laid on that the storms of more than three centuries have been powerless to work it any farther harm than the gap in its seaward face.

Accounts vary as to the total number of skulls which it contains, but by comparing the the statements of the old Christian chroniclers with those of local tradition, one may safely assume that this gloomy old mausoleum has absorbed into itself the lives of at least twenty-five thousand men.

From the natives themselves there is but little to be gleaned respecting this famous catastrophe, save the vague and confused tradition of a great victory achieved by their forefathers upon this spot, and the extermination of a vast number of "unbelieving dogs." But when you turn to the Christian historians of the period, you find the story complete in every detail, told with a graphic minuteness and childlike simplicity worthy of Herodotus or of Froissart. And a grim study it is—one of the most collossal tragedies of that strange era when everything, whether for good or for evil, was done upon a gigantic scale. The drama opens, as if to heighten the tragic effect, with the joyous departure from Malta, in 1561, of Count La Cerda and his splendid armament, to conquer the city and principality of Tripoli in the name of Phillip II. Gallantly do the doomed men sail forth in the glory of the summer morning, upon the fatal venture from which they are never to return. The smooth, bright sea echoes with their jests and laughter, and the rising sun lights up their glittering arms and fantastic bravery, while above them floats the banner of that cross whose spirit alas! is so widely different from their own. But even during the short southward voyage we hear of many things which bode no good to the adventure. "Little prayer or chanting of God's praise was to be heard among them, but many foul oaths, much drinking and dicing, unseemly jests, and godless revelry; for they wist not of the evil to come, God having blinded their eyes, to the intent that He might make His judgment upon them the heavier." Meanwhile La Cerda himself drinks deep and boasts loudly, in a fashion that may well make us augur ill for the success of an expedition commanded by such a leader. But at the first glimpse of the strong walls and bristling cannon of Tripoli, this braggart's courage cools at once. He dispatches a swift galley back to Malta for heavy artillery, and meanwhile, altering his course, suddenly sweeps down upon the undefended island of Jerbeh. At first he is only too successful. The island is swept with fire and sword, the unprepared enemy slaughtered without mercy, and the only daughter of their principal chief, Yokdah, cruelly outraged by Juan de la Saera, bravest and worst of the profligate cavaliers of Spain. Watching a moment when her captor's attention is diverted from her, the forlorn girl snatches up a dagger and stabs herself to the heart, invoking with her last breath the vengeance of God upon those who profaned the service of heaven with the deeds of hell. From this point onward the shadows of coming destruction gather ever darker and darker around the doomed host. "When word was brought to Yokdah of what had chanced, he answered nought, but gripped the hilt of his cimeter till the blood started from his fingers. Then his lips moved, but no man wist what he spake; howbeit, they might well guess by his look that is boded no good to them of Spain." The bereaved father has not long to wait for his vengeance. As if heaven itself had doomed them, the Spanish veterans, flushed with their easy victory, relax their wonted vigilance, and give themselves up to the wildest excess of debauchery. Like lightning from a clear sky, destruction falls upon them in the midst of their fancied security. Two smaller detachments, scattered through the outlying villages, are cut off to a man, and Yokdah's fierce swordsmen, with their thirst for vengeance still unslaked, sweep onward to attack the main body, which lies in the town of Gerba itself. At dead of night the Spaniards are startled from their drunken sleep by the yell of "Allah Ackbar!" (God is victorious,) and instantly the whole town is one whirl of struggling figures and tossing arms and blazing torches and flashing weapons and hellish uproar and merciless butchery. But such a combat is too unequal to last. Outnumbered and unprepared and basely abandoned by their pusillanimous leader, the invaders are soon driven pell-mell down to the shore, where the scene culminates in a scene of horror worthy of Dante: "The Christians, being put the worse, flung themselves into the sea, thinking to fly unto their ships; but even thither did the infidels pursue them, raging like savage wolves. Thus was the fight waged in darkness amid the waves of the sea—a thing unthought of heretofore. And with such rage did they grapple one another that many sank and were drowned thus locked together, refusing to quit their hold. Many also were slain with the sword, and many more, being borne down by the weight of their armor, perished miserably. Of all that had been in the town, none escaped; and last of all died Juan de la Saera himself, whom God's vengeance suffered not to live. For when he had well-nigh gained the ships, a Saracen grappled him and would have slain him, but Yokdah, the chief, cried aloud, 'Harm him not; I keep him for my own prize!' And by the force of many he was taken alive, and was dragged back to the shore, Then the infidels, the battle being ended, gathered the heads of them that were slain and built them into a tower; and Saera, when he had endured many and grevious torments, such as none but Saracen wit could devise, was beheaded, and his head laid on the summit of the pile by Yokdah, their prince, as being a fitting crown for such a monument."

How to Spoil Children.

A timid mother is a terrible plague to youngsters brimming over with animal spirits. She will not allow the girls to skate lest the ice should give way; nor to row, because young men injure themselves in those dreadful boat races. They may not have a pet dog in case it should go mad, nor any aconite or monkshood in their gardens for fear they should poison themselves. The timid mother forbids her daughter to visit amongst the poor, as she might take the smallpox, and she must not walk alone for fear of tramps. Her boys cannot propose either work or play which she does not prove to be encompassed with dangers horrible and hitherto unthought of. In childish days they were not allowed a rocking-horse for fear it should overbalance, nor a swing in case the rope might break, nor a pocket-knife lest they might cut their fingers. The coddling mother is very nearly allied to the timid one. She is always tying comforters around her children's throats, and applying flannel to mysterious places where it will not stay. She contends that every one either has a cold or is taking one. She is constantly discovering obscure signs of some deadly disease in her children. She takes for granted that all daughters have weak spines, so their beds are destitute of pillows and there is a reclining board in every room. When the coddling mother takes her girls to a picnic, she will not allow them to sit on the grass, nor in the sun, nor under a tree, nor on a rock. They must return with her before the dew begins to fall and are never allowed to look at the moon except through a window. They are taught to be always analyzing their sensations, and lose half the pleasures of every-day life. Gradually they come to the belief that they are incurable invalids, and existence is thoroughly embittered for them.

An Actor's Practical Jokes.

The late Mr. Sothern's comical contrivances were endless. His pockets, in addition to the piece of soap which for years he carried about in order to startle unwary friends by marking their looking-glasses so as to give them the appearance of being cracked across, were always full of labels marked "poison," and so on, and these he affixed, whenever an opportunity afforded, on likely objects. On the railings of a London square he one day saw a newly-painted board with the inscription: "None but led dogs admitted;" out came one of the endless supply of labels, and passers-by were astonished for a few days to read, "None but mad dogs admitted."

Ten millions of cattle are annually slaughtered in this country to supply the home meat demand, valued at about $400,000,000.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Eight Brooklyn pastors have resigned since last October.

The revised New Testament is to be issued within a few weeks.

There are in this country 739 Universalist churches, with 32,947 members.

Sir Francis Lycett, of England, has left more than $1,250,000 for the erection of Wesleyan chapels.

Japanese authorities allow native, but not foreign, missionaries