

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Enjoy the World.

The world and all that in it is contributes to your enjoyment if you will it so. The night is yours. It brings you tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. It often brings you pleasant dreams—dreams in which you repossess and live over the enjoyments of the past. Stars and moon throw their light over your pathway. Morning breaks for you, and it is your own fault if you keep your eyes shut when it is purpling the east, and awakening the animal world to renewed life and activity. The beauty of the waterfall is yours, although the water may not turn your mill; and the bright green grass is yours, though the hay that it makes may be another's. The birds sing for you. At this season the robin, the wren, the thrush, the cuckoo and the lark are giving daily concerts free to all. Enjoy your family, the companionship of your friends, and when you are alone, solitude is greatly to be enjoyed. Enjoy your walks—a drive with a good horse, if you happen to have one; why not? Enjoy all innocent pleasures and amusements—enjoy life all that you can—and be grateful for all your opportunities of enjoyment even if they are not as plentiful as you wish them to be.

Religious News and Notes.

Ex-Governor Judge Joel Parker, of New Jersey, has joined the Presbyterian church at Freshold.

It appears that there are twenty-five distinct Methodist denominations in the world, with a total of 4,630,780 members.

The African Methodist Episcopal church claims that it has 387,566 members and probationers, against 215,000 reported in 1879.

The First Protestant church in Albuquerque, New Mexico, has just been opened. It is a Congregational society, the only one of that order in the Territory.

A Roman Catholic paper says that had the church retained all her children there should now be in the country from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 members of that church, whereas there are now less than 7,000,000. It attributes the great losses to the influence of the public schools.

The Baptists of South Carolina, exclusive of the colored churches, have 639 churches and 53,183 members. There were 4,298 baptisms last year, and \$40,256 was raised for missions, education, etc. In several parts of the State white ministers hold Ministers' institutes for the benefit of colored preachers.

Seventy-nine of the one hundred Congregational home missionaries in Kansas report that they are serving 137 churches and ninety-seven out-stations. During the last year they organized fifty-three Sunday-schools and twenty-two churches. They report 279 conversions and 352 additions to the churches on confession of faith, and 420 by letter.

A table on the ratio of ministers to members in various denominations shows that in the African Methodist church there is one minister to every 224 members; Reformed (Dutch) church, one minister to 147; Presbyterian, one to 114; Protestant Episcopal, one to 100; Congregational, one to 107; Methodist Episcopal, one to 144. The average in seventeen denominations is one to 141.

A Lively Encounter With a Buffalo.

Buffalo hunts out on our Western plains are not always void of excitement and romance, as a young gentleman from Mississippi will testify, who recently engaged with several others in one of these hunts. It so happened that he had become separated from the rest of the party, and was hiding behind a sage-bush, waiting patiently to get a shot at a large herd which seemed to be coming in his direction. He had not long to wait before the excited herd dashed by and disappeared amid a cloud of dust, leaving behind an immense bull which had been wounded by the gentleman aforesaid. As soon as the cause of his misfortune had been discovered the animal dashed upon him, giving him barely time to jump as the infuriated bull passed directly over the spot where he had stood. Things began to look more alarming than interesting, but there was no time to consider the matter, as the animal was again upon him, and again he had to jump. This operation was repeated four times, he managing meanwhile to get in several shots, but without effect. As he was jumping for the fifth time to escape the assault, his foot slipped, the bull's horn passing through the calf of his leg, completely severing the cord and leaving the adventurer in a helpless and critical condition. The animal came bearing down upon him for the last time. With barely strength enough left to raise his rifle, he fired, and, to his unbounded relief, managed to lodge a ball in the animal's brain. He was picked up by his friends soon after in a senseless condition.

The Beard Among the Ancients.

The history of the beard is as ancient as that of man himself, and since the earliest written history is found in the East, to that part of the world must we go for the first records on the subject of pogonology. Among the Orientals, whose customs and manners are less subject to change than those of Western nations, the beard has always been looked upon as imparting dignity to the countenance. To the general rule, however, the old Egyptians form an exception. According to Herodotus, they only allowed the hair of the head and the beard to grow during the period of mourning; at all other times being carefully shaved. It will be remembered that when Joseph was sent for by Pharaoh he was obliged to shave himself; but a curious custom of the Egyptians was that of sometimes wearing a false beard made of plaited hair and of a peculiar form, varying according to the rank of the wearer. Commoners were only allowed small beards, barely two inches long, while the beard of a king was of considerable length and square at the bottom. The beard of a god was distinguished by its being turned up at the end. By this means the figures of gods and kings in the sacred subjects of the temples are easily differentiated. The allegorical connection, also, between the sphinx and the monarch is plainly shown by the form of the beard. Yet, notwithstanding this custom, the Egyptians' abhorrence of the bearded Greeks and Asiatics was so great that no woman would on any account allow a bearded man to kiss her. Ladies are not quite so particular nowadays.

Among the Oriental Jews, and the Arabs, Turks and Mohammedan tribes of Central Asia, and of Africa, the beard is still regarded as sacred. "By the beard of the Prophet," still remains the highest and solemnest oath among the faithful. Pagenstecher, in an old treatise on the subject, says that among the Turks a long beard was held in such respect that a man with such an appendage was deemed incapable of false swearing. Hence, when any one had a weak case in court he looked out for long-bearded witnesses, who, however, most probably knew nothing whatever of the matter in dispute. And he usually won the day, unless his opponent, equally artful, confronted him with witnesses with superior hirsute adornments. There is a sweet simplicity about this superstition and its peculiarly Turkish application that is eminently edifying. The Mohammedan priests of the Indian Archipelago, in imitation of the Arabs, are fond of wearing a beard, but the utmost results of their painfully careful cultivation are a few straggling and incongruous-looking hairs, which, so far from gaining the desired effect, only make them objects of galling ridicule. We may here note, in contradiction to this absurd habit, the custom pursued by most nations scantily furnished with hair on the face, of plucking out, at an early period in life, the hirsute excrescences which no amount of pains and trouble could ever render respectable.

As with the Mohammedans, the beard was much esteemed by the ancient Greeks and Romans. We know how Homer speaks of the beards of Nestor and King Priam. It was, moreover, considered to be a symbol of wisdom; Socrates was dubbed *Majister barbatus*—the bearded master. The Lacedaemonians, however, do not appear to have worn the beard in its integrity, for they shaved the upper lip. According to Athenaeus (Lib. 13), the custom of shaving was introduced by Alexander the Great, who ordered the soldiers to clip their beards before the battle of Arbela, because a short beard would offer no advantage to the enemy when fighting at close quarters. At a later period the whole beard was shaven, and the portraits on Macedonian coins generally represent the kings without beards. Among the Romans the beard was originally worn long and cut and clipped during times of mourning. Pliny (Lib. vii. 59) says that one Licinius Memas introduced tonsors into Italy from Sicily in the year 454, P. R. C., before which date the Romans did not cut the hair, and he further mentions that Scipio Africanus was the first to adopt the custom of shaving every day. From this time the wearing of beards was continued chiefly by philosophers, priests and soldiers, or in contrast to the previous habit, as a sign of mourning.

Successful Hunters.

Two Englishmen recently returned to St. Petersburg from a successful bear-hunting expedition in Russia, after an absence of three weeks, during which they traveled 1,500 versts in sledges and 150 in snow shoes, through dense tangled forests, over frozen marsh and lake, the thermometer often standing below zero. In the course of twelve days actually devoted to hunting they killed with spear and gun no fewer than twenty-three bears of all sizes, to the great satisfaction of the peasants, whose crops and live stock suffer heavily every year from the ravages of these animals.

The horse-trough is a famous watering-place.

Dr. Carver on Bows and Arrows.

"You see," said Dr. Carver, as he deposited a whole sheath of brightly-feathered arrows on a table, took off his umbrageous felt and drew up a chair, "I must be shooting something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are, but most too fine! Fancy things, these arrows, for handsome young ladies to shoot on grass plats at straw targets. Now an Indian arrow is a good bit longer—maybe thirty-two inches—and when a Sioux draws it chock up to the bow it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves cut in it behind the barb—that is to say, the ones they use in hunting—so that the blood can flow; otherwise the wound would swell and spoil. The fighting arrows are nasty things. The barb is so put on the shaft that when it hits you, the steel, the old hoop-iron, stays in the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes, what ugly wounds I have seen them make! An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow when he toddlers, maybe at four or five years. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at everything round the camp. When he is twelve he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at eighteen to use a man's bow. Now, a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time, has all he can do to bend it. It needs some strength but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung, the cord, when in tension, almost touches the bow. It is thick, some four and a half or five feet long—that is, their hunting bow—and has extra stiffness by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen Weshessa-has-ka—that is, the long man—and he was the best of the Ogalalla Sioux, kill an antelope with his arrow at 125 measured yards. Weshessa-has-ka was nearly seven feet tall, and a good Indian. On horseback, broadside to a buffalo, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out on the other side. The bow for horseback and for war is a trifle shorter, and may be stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch aim as I do when shooting from the hip. That can be acquired only by long practice. The string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers, though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The long man could shoot an arrow in the air out of sight, and so can I (the doctor pointed to an arrow buried up to the feathers in the ceiling of our office, his own peculiar ornamentation of the *Forest and Stream* sanctum). I think that in a couple of months I could get into perfect practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes after I had been shooting with my Winchester an Indian would come up and show his bow, and tell me his bow was 'mehchee good,' but then I used to take his own bow and beat him at it.

"To pass away the time when I was at the Brooklyn Driving park, I bought an English bow and arrows of Holberton, and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, but good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of hickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made by buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he has discharged one arrow, with the same motion that he uses in pulling the string he catches another arrow. If he shoots 100 yards he has three or four arrows in the air all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail out of many a one, and so caught him in my hands when he tumbled."—*Forest and Stream*.

Religion of the Presidents.

Washington and Garfield were the only ones who were church members, but all, one excepted, were men who revered Christianity. Adams married a minister's daughter, and was inclined to Unitarianism. Jefferson was not a believer, at least while he was chief magistrate. Madison's early connections were Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have favored the Episcopal church. John Quincy Adams was like his father. Jackson was a Methodist, and died in the communion of that church. Van Buren was brought up in the Reformed Dutch church, but afterward inclined to the Episcopal church. Harrison leaned toward the Methodist church, and Tyler was an Episcopalian. Polk was baptized by a Methodist preacher after his term of office expired. Taylor was inclined to the Episcopal communion. Fillmore attended the Unitarian church, and Franklin Pierce was a member, but not a communicant. Buchanan was a Presbyterian. General Grant attends the Methodist church, and President Garfield is a member of the Church of the Disciples.

Sitting Bull says he'll "be hanged if he surrenders."

• LOVE COMEDIES.

Five Rather Amusing Ones.

A young woman of Springfield, Mass., was determined to circumvent a young man whom she suspected of a desire to escort her home from the Baptist church sociable. The entertainment was held in the basement, and she laid a plan to gain the audience-room above by means of the back stairs and to escape thence to the street, while her would-be cavalier was preparing to pounce upon her at the basement door. All went well until a false step in the darkness sent her splashing into the baptistry, which had remained open since the previous Sunday.

Charles H. Leighton is a young man of Sea Cliff, and Miss Eva M. Leick is a belle of Brooklyn. They were engaged to be married last winter, but Mr. Leighton, for some cause unknown, sought to break the engagement. Miss Leick admitted that it is always a sad thing to take a love case to court, but she did take the case in question there, as well as the following letter, which she had received: "You dear, darling little sugar plum, you're as sweet as a lamb about six months old. I wish you to come up on May 3. Leave the house about 2:30. I wish you would work a motto ('Sunshine After the Clouds') for mother. She says for you to come up, and I wish you to tell your mother to let your come for my sake. P. S.—Try to work that motto if you can and let me know if you can. P. S.—I will write to let you know all about it."

"CHAS."

When the letter was read in court Mr. Leighton's affection apparently returned. He at once sent for the Rev. Dr. Hall and defendant and plaintiff were married.

Fort Branch, Indiana, was excited when Mr. Jasper Douglas, a bachelor and prominent citizen of that town, brought home a bride. From a confession by Mr. Douglas it appears that he sat by his lonely fireside one night, recently, reflecting upon the loves of his youth. The old rhyme came to him:

"Anna has gone on a mission,
Off to the South sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

"Charlotte and Susan and Hattie,
Mary, Jane, Lucy and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, two
Maidens and straggy."

He was sad at heart, and before he went to sleep that night he mailed to a Chicago paper an advertisement for a wife. The most kind response and the prettiest picture came from Stormville, Miss., and thither Mr. Douglas went for his lady-love. The courtship lasted twenty-four hours.

With one of his arrows for a goose quill Cupid has written for the San Francisco papers an account of a unique wedding that occurred there. A dandy employe in the United States mint was accepted by the madcap daughter of a respectable citizen for the purpose of revenge. The wedding hour was fixed for a Monday evening, and a number of guests, all of whom understood the hoax about to be played, met in good time. A white-haired old gentleman consented to act as clergyman, and the ceremony was performed in a dim light in the back parlor. As the dandy groom turned to salute the bride, the latter threw away a close veil and a blonde wig and disclosed the features and mustache of the dandy's fiery rival, a fighting fellow, who, if necessary, could act the part of mother-in-law as well as bogus bride. The guests threw up their hands and feigned amazement, and some of the madcap's fair friends seemed to faint. As for the shocked and angry groom, he slammed the front door after him in a rage.

A young woman, who is described as "one of the loveliest and most accomplished daughters of Cheyenne," while riding through the streets of that lively city a few months ago was thrown from her horse. A Spanish lad sprang from the lamp-post against which he had been leaning and endeavored to prevent the accident, but the only assistance that he could render was to lift the lady from the ground and bear her into a neighboring house. Then, sighing for further sight of the fair one, the youth resumed his duty at the lamp-post. As for the young woman, she sustained an annoying injury. It was nothing less than the fracture of one of her front teeth. The delicate pearl that flashed through "lips within whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled the soul was lost," was hopelessly crushed. Beauty in distress appealed to art; the young woman went to a dentist, who promised to search high and low for a pearl of the proper size and brilliancy. The search was made faithfully, but not until the dentist saw a young Spaniard leaning against a lamp-post did he find the coveted prize. The youth gladly sold one of his teeth for \$100, offering all his stock in trade at the same terms. The tooth was submitted to proper treatment and the young horsewoman appeared at a ball on the following evening apparently none the worse for the accident. But, with a woman's curios-

ity, she would have given her head to know whence came the tooth. Time passed. The Spaniard made a fortunate purchase of stock with his hundred dollars, and not only began to patronize the tailor, but indulged in a bank account. One evening chance threw him into a select little party, where the fair rider happened to be present, and he related his dental adventure. When he smiled and pointed to the vacant place in his mouth the young lady gave a little shriek. Her secret was discovered, and now the Cheyenne and Denver papers announce that the Spaniard will soon get his tooth back at the altar.

An Antediluvian Monster.

There have recently been discovered in Siberia the bones of an antediluvian rhinoceros, which may give us an idea of what kind of people and animals inhabited our globe in ages gone by, and what sort of winter they had to endure. This rhinoceros was taller than the modern beast by some six to seven feet. It was discovered comfortably imbedded in the banks of one of the affluents of the Tana river. When the bank first broke away the whole skeleton stood there in magnificent proportions, a revelation of a lost age. Professors of paleontology are rather scarce in Siberia, and so it happened that the river was allowed to wash the old monster away. Its head and one foot have been rescued, however, and are now in St. Petersburg. Besides its superiority in size, this ancient monster had the advantage of being clothed in a thick coat of long hair, which enabled it to live among icebergs and in a temperature that would have frozen the effeminate Polar bear and made an icicle of the cunning Arctic fox. There was a period when the north of Europe—England, France and Germany—were inhabited by monstrous beasts, birds and reptiles. The fabulous roe has been discovered in New Zealand, a bird measuring thirty feet from head to claws. The sea serpent is no fiction. Professor Owen constructed, on a reliable scientific basis, a reptile that would measure some sixty feet in length. A great portion of the ivory used to-day is the product of an extinct species buried in Northern Asia, which the Siberian "resurrectionists" sell to Russian traders. There lived, these giants in the age of silence, twilight and snow. In Australia a huge marsupial was living, compared to which the kangaroo is a rat; it hopped about the country in the company of wombats as large as a bear, and these monsters found their enemy and conqueror in a huge monster, the pouched lion. Gigantic herbivorous dragons, double-tusked reptiles, crawled leisurely along the rich pasture lands of South Africa. Life was long in those days, there was no need for the beasts to hurry themselves, they roamed over whole continents in search of food. Our age of smaller physical developments, but of more enlightened intellect, has gathered the scattered bones of these monsters and restored them to their pristine shape and assigned them their place in history.—*The Hour*.

A Dozen Waterspouts in One Day.

A gentleman who recently arrived in New York in the steamer Aloo has the following story to tell: At about half-past 2 o'clock one afternoon Captain Williams and a number of the officers, crew and passengers were astonished by the appearance of a waterspout. I have seen this remarkable phenomenon before, but never on such a gigantic scale. The first one we saw was about six miles away. A stream of water seemed to rise from the level of the ocean, and at the same time another stream descended from the heavens and depended from a dark raincloud like a great icicle. The two streams met about midway between sky and water, and then began to move rapidly to the eastward. The base of the waterspout appeared to be nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and then tapered toward the middle into an almost imperceptible line. Suddenly it broke, and there was a mighty heaving and tumbling about of the waters in the vicinity. We saw twelve spouts that afternoon during some heavy rain squalls. At one time I saw four of them at once. They looked like the lofty spires of a cathedral. Through our glasses we could see that the tops of the spouts were lost in the clouds. It is a scientific fact that the discharge of a cannon in the neighborhood will always cause these water columns to break. The passengers insisted that the discharge of a pistol would create sufficient vibration in the air to destroy a spout which was a mile away. I loaded my revolver and fired twice at the spout. At the second shot it broke. I don't know whether it was the result of the firing or not, but at least it is a remarkable coincidence. Every time a spout burst, the top part of it seemed to vanish into vapor, but the under part would rock the sea for miles, and our vessel experienced the violent effects. In fact, all that afternoon the water was disturbed. Several times it was thought we would have to change our course, but the spouts did not approach too near for safety.

The Vagrant.

Flood-tide and ebb—the waves of sea and land
Never will cease; it matters not to me.
In the white dawn I hear the village chime,
In the cool dusk its sparkling lights I see.
The doors are closed to me—what matters that?
I have the solace of the scenes they miss
Who close their doors and seeing, only say,
"See yonder strolling vagrant by the way."

The quivering line of morning mist that lies
Above the hollow, where at eventide
By the slow, sluggish stream the hydra cries—
The shining pool where water-spiders glide
Throwing odd shadows on the rocky bed,
The Indian plink gay tufts of flaming red,
Glade-lilies golden as the heart of day,
Are all my own—the vagrant by the way.

Like a great flower fallen asleep, at noon
All the wide country still lies and still—
Only the sobbing waves that roo and creak,
Only the panting of the water-mill—
Only the drifting echo of a psalm
Dying away into the slumberous calm.
Dreaming I sit and slumber with the day,
Only a strolling vagrant by the way.

Into that mystic world we never see,
Over the wheat-fields and the marshes cold,
Folding her hands, the day goes placidly,
Leaving behind her gurgling gift of gold.
Lo! the full moon, far in the dusky air,
Like a white jewel in a maiden's hair,
Shivers light larbs through wood and orchard
spray.

And over me, a vagrant by the way,
Fragrant as musk a blossomed plum tree flings
Over the barn-yard rails its milky boughs,
Up the old gateway long wild buck-wheat clings;
In the barn's shadow lie the tranquil cows,
The broad, low door swings open to invite
The wanderer to a refuge from the night,
And moonbeams slipping through across the
lawn.

Fall over me—the vagrant by the way,
Flood-tide and ebb—it matters not to me;
Homeless I roam, but ever peacefully,
Only the mighty Word above can see
O'er, beyond all wrong and mystery,
The Holy Child within the manger born
The wanderers in the by-ways will not scorn,
And the great Power unto whom I pray
Will not forsake the vagrant by the way.
—Hattie Whitney, in *Good Company*.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Goes by water—A toper.

A pair of stock-kings—Gould and Vanderbilt.

Some of the country schoolboys call the schoolhouses tanneries.

"That's a fur-gone conclusion," as the fox said when he lost his tail in a trap.

"Love lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.

A Western paper reports the birth of a male child with wings. Probably nature intended him for a bank cashier.

An exchange has discovered that "L. S." printed after the signatures on the blanks of legal documents means, "Lick the seal."

Proverbial Philosophy—One hair in the hash will cause more hard feelings than seven illuminated mottoes on the wall can overcome.

An Indiana man lost fifteen steers by lightning the other day. What this country needs is a new breed of cattle born with lightning rods instead of horns.

The female trapeze performers in the circus, who go through their calisthenics at the top of the tent, are fine examples of the higher education of women.

He was about four years old, but he was a hopeful youth. "Papa have you done anything downtown that you think I ought to whip you for if I were as big as you are?"

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train and was carried beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke, isn't it?" said a fellow-passenger. "Yes, but a little too far fetched," was the rejoinder.

A Cincinnati man disappeared and seven detectives couldn't find him in nine weeks. But a shrewd politician got the mayor to appoint the man to office, and two hours later he came in on the run to be sworn in.

"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon to Brother Amos. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was one hundred and fifty."

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned, his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't. You told me to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

History of the Potato.

The potato is a native of the new world, and took its name from the Indian word *batatas*, which was subsequently called by the different nations as follows: English, potato; Spanish, batata; French, patate; Italian, patata; Portuguese, batata; Spanish America, papas. The potato was first found in spontaneous abundance in latitude thirty-five degrees south, in 1550. The former Indians of Minnesota used large quantities of the wild potato, which formerly, and we suppose now, abounds in different parts of the State. The French called this wild root or tuber *pomme de terre*. The Dakota name was *unda*, or *tamdo*. When properly cooked and prepared it was palatable, as we know from experience.