

### Air-Castles.

In the future's unknown space  
All have built a mansion fair;  
All at times have raised the walls  
And have walked the stately halls  
Of a castle in the air.

Oh a simple, care-less word  
Its foundation will prepare;  
And high up towards the skies  
Fast the towering columns rise  
Of a castle in the air.

One within a royal court  
Sees himself the scepter bear;  
Sees his subjects trophies bring,  
And acknowledge him their king,  
In his castle in the air.

And another wild divine  
For himself a palace fair;  
One of far more rich design  
Than his neighbor's dwelling fine,  
For his castle in the air.

One a shaded lawn will see,  
With a pretty cottage there  
And across his beard well laid  
Smiles at him a certain maid,  
In his castle in the air.

But a disappointment comes,—  
And the whirlwind of despair  
Quickly hurls it to the ground,  
And no vestige then is found  
Of the castle in the air.

## The Charge of the Hounds.

### An Incident of the Creek War.

A terrible bit of news was carried from mouth to mouth through the region that is now Alabama, at the beginning of September, 1833. The country was at that time in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, and for a long time the British agents had been trying to persuade the Creeks—a powerful nation of half-civilized but very warlike Indians who lived in Alabama—to join in the war and destroy the whole settlement in the Southwest.

For some time the Creeks hesitated and was uncertain what they would do. But during the summer of 1833 they broke out in hostility, and on the 30th of August their great leader, Weatherford, or the Red Eagle, and they called him, stormed Fort Mims the strongest fort in the Southwest. He took the fort by surprise, with a thousand warriors behind him, and after five hours of terrible fighting destroyed it, killing above five hundred men, women and children.

This was the news that startled the settlers in the region where the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers came together. It was certain, after such a massacre as that, that the Indians meant to destroy the settlements and kill all the white people without mercy.

In order to protect themselves and their families, the settlers built rude forts by setting timbers endwise in the ground, and the people hurried to these places for safety. Leaving their homes to be burned, their crops to be destroyed, and their cattle to be killed or carried off by the Indians, the settlers hastily got together whatever food they could, and took their families into the nearest forts.

One of the smallest of these stockade forts was called Singuefield. It stood in what is now called Clarke county, Ala., and, as that region was very thinly settled, there were not enough men to make a strong force for the defense of the fort. But the brave farmers and hunters thought they could hold the place, and so they took their families there as quickly as they could.

Two families, numbering seventeen persons, found it was not easy to go to Singuefield on the 23 of September, and so, as they were pretty sure that there were no Indians in their neighborhood, they made up their minds to stay one more night at a house a few miles from the fort. That night they were attacked, and all but five of them were killed. Those who got away carried the news of what had happened to the fort, and a party was sent out to bring in the bodies.

The next day all the people in Fort Singuefield went out to bury their dead friends in a valley at some little distance from the fort, and strange as it seems, they took no arms with them. Believing that there were no Indians near the place, they left the gates of the fortress open, and went out in a body without their guns.

As a matter of fact, there was a large body of Indians not only very near them, but actually looking at them all the time. The celebrated Prophet Francis was in command, and in his sly way he kept as near the fort as possible to look for a good chance to attack it. Making his men lie down and crawl like snakes, he had reached a point only a few hundred yards from the stockade without alarming the people; and now while they stood around the graves of their friends without arms to defend themselves with, a host of their savage enemies lay looking at them from the grass and bushes on the hill.

As soon as he saw the right moment had come, Francis sprang up with a

savage war-cry and at the head of his warriors made a dash at the gates. He had seen that the men outside were unarmed, and his plan was to get to the gates before they could reach them, and thus get all the people of the place at his mercy in an open field and without arms to fight with.

The fort people were quick to see what his purpose was, and the men hurried forward with all their might, hoping to reach the fort before the savages could get there. By running at the top of their speed they did this, and closed the gates in time to keep the Indians out. But to their horror they then saw that their wives and children were shut out too. Unable to run as fast as the men, they had fallen behind, and now the Indians were between them and the gates!

Seeing that he had missed his chance of getting possession of the fort, Francis turned upon the women and children with savage delight in the thought of butchering these helpless creatures in the sight of their husbands, fathers and brothers.

It was a moment of terror. There were not half enough white men in the fort to master so large a force of Indians, and if there had been it was easy to see that by the time they could get their rifles and go to the rescue it would be too late.

At that moment the hero of this bit of history came upon the scene. This was a young man named Isaac Haden. He was a notable huntsman, who kept a famous pack of hounds—ferocious brutes, thoroughly trained to run down and seize any living thing that their master chose to chase. The young man had been out in search of stray cattle, and just at the moment when matters were at their worst, he rode up to the fort followed by his sixty dogs.

Isaac Haden had a cool head and a very daring spirit. He was in the habit of taking in a situation at a glance, deciding quickly what was to be done, and then doing it at any risk that might be necessary. As soon as he saw how the women and children were placed, he cried out to his dogs, and at the head of the bellowing pack charged upon the flank of the Indians. The dogs did their work with a spirit equal to their master's. For each to seize a red warrior and drag him to the earth was the work of a moment, and the whole body of savages were soon in confusion. For a time they had all they could do to defend themselves against the unlooked-for assault of the fierce animals, and before they could beat off the dogs the men of the fort joined in the attack, so that the women and children had time to make their way inside the gates, only one of them, a Mrs. Phillips, having been killed.

The men, of course, had to follow the women closely, as they were too weak in numbers to risk a battle outside. If they had done so, the Indians would have overcome them quickly, and then the fort and everybody in it would have been at their mercy, so they hurried into the fort as soon as the women were safe.

But the hero who had saved the people by his quickness and courage was left outside, and not only so, but the savages were between him and the fort. He had charged entirely through the war party, and was now beyond their line, alone, and with no chance of help from any quarter.

His hope of saving himself was very small, indeed; but he had saved all those helpless women and little children, and he was a brave enough fellow to die willingly, for such a purpose as that, if he must. But brave men do not give up easily, and young Haden did not mean to die without a last effort to save himself.

Blowing a loud blast upon his hunting horn to call his remaining dogs around him, he drew his pistols—one in each hand—and plunged spurs into his horses' flanks. In spite of the numbers against him, he broke through the mass of savages, but the gallant horse that bore him fell dead as he cleared the Indian ranks. Haden had fired both his pistols, and had no time to load them again. He was practically unarmed now, and the distance he still had to go before reaching the gates was considerable. His chance of escape seemed smaller than ever, but he quickly sprang from the saddle, and ran with all his might, hotly pursued and under a terrific fire from the rifles of the savages. The gate was held a little way open for him to pass, and when he entered the fort his nearest pursuers were so close at his heels that there was barely time for the men to shut the gate in their faces.

Strangely enough, the brave young fellow was not hurt in any way. Five bullets had passed through his clothes, but his skin was not broken. The Indians retired baffled.

In New York city 100,000 children earn their own living.

### AGONIES OF CRUCIFIXION.

What Caused the Death of Those Nailed to the Bloody Cross.

All civilized communities demand that a life to be sacrificed shall be sacrificed swiftly and without needless pain. True, various nations have different opinions as to how this may be best accomplished; but American and English governments have decided that hanging is the most merciful. As compared with the Spanish instrument of death—the garrote—it is questionable whether or not hanging is the most merciful. A bungling executioner may in either case cause unnecessary tortures. With these subjects, however, this paper has nothing to do. The writer desires simply to set forth the various modes of crucifixion as adopted by the ancients, and to show what terrible sufferings the wretched malefactor had to undergo before death came to his relief. Hours and days of unmitigated torture; a thirst which was unquenchable; a prolonged suffocation; a horrible gasping for breath, intensified only by a moment's respite; the bites of the vultures of the air, and the stings and burrowings of insects; the burning of the rays of the noonday sun, and the cold, clammy dews at midnight—tell us, in awful language, of that *deserit*, from a repetition of which the present day is happily delivered. In comparison our present capital punishments are most merciful, and the vindication of justice most humane.

The most primitive form seems to have been an upright tree, to which the victim was either bound or nailed. In Ezra xi, ii, it is ordered that "whosoever shall alter his word, let timber be pulled down from his home, and, being set up, let him be hanged thereon, and let his house be made a dunghill for this." Titus had no time to add a horizontal beam when crucifying 500 Jews a day for months. He simply drove a pole into the ground, to which the victim was lashed, and he was left to die.

Slaves were generally punished by having a "furca" (fork) slipped over their necks, to which their arms were tied, and this was hoisted to the top of a pole, and secured there by a rope fitting into a groove. This device evidently suggested the more recent cross, to save time, and as being more artistic. It was usual to nail the hands, but bind the feet. It is erroneous to suppose that a single spike secured both feet to the cross, one foot in front of the other. A spike was driven through each foot, sometimes to a support fixed on the cross just beneath the plantar surface of the feet. Additional cruelty was sometimes practiced by the victim being seated on a spike or "horn" (Justin Martyr), though at times a piece of wood was so placed that he might rest on it.

The nails, aided by intense heat, soon produced gangrene. Although the culprit writhed in agony for some time, it is doubtful whether any long-continued activity of the body could be maintained. The weight of the intestines, gravitating downward, produced intussusception. The circulation was impeded, the viscera pressing on the veins. The lungs could not be emptied. Insects got into the eyes, nose, ears and wounds. At nightfall the bones of the legs of those still living were broken, ostensibly to hasten death, but in reality to gratify the spectators, who were becoming sated.

Death generally resulted from gangrene of wounds, displacement of viscera, regurgitation of blood through the valves of the heart and lungs, "In many cases death was accelerated by hunger and thirst, the vicissitudes of heat and cold, or the attacks of ravenous birds and beasts, and in others designedly accelerated by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking the bones or piercing the vital organs."

According to Origen, Timotheus and Maura, a married pair who suffered about the year 286, under Diocletian, remained for nine days and nights on the cross, exhorting each other, and expired on the tenth day. By order of the Emperor Maximilian in the year 297, seven Christians at Samosata were subjected to long and varied tortures; three of them were taken down from the cross while yet alive, and the emperor, hearing of this, ordered huge nails to be driven into their hands.

We may hold a man amenable to reason for the choice of his daily craft or profession. It is not an excuse any longer for his deeds that they are the custom of his trade. What business has he with an evil trade? Has he not a calling in his character.

Well it is known that ambition can creep as well as soar. The pride of no person in a flourishing condition is more justly to be dreaded than that of him who is mean and cringing under a doubtful and unprosperous fortune.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The king of Siam beats the brokers in trade-dollar speculation. He is buying them at ninety in Singapore and making each dollar into two Siamese teals, which pass at sixty cents each.

The temperance crusaders of Germany have abandoned the idea of tea, totalism, and while they are fighting for reform they would limit the Germans to lager beer and Rhine wine. A prominent German informs us that ten glasses of Rhine wine and thirty-five glasses of beer will have comparatively the same effect as eight drinks of whisky.

The Western cattle drive this year is estimated at 600,000 head, against 350,000 last year. About 50,000 head have been driven to the Union Pacific. The cattle are in good condition, fully up to the standard of former years, and are mostly one, two and three years old, very few being beef cattle. The drive to Nebraska would have been largest had it not been for the drought making a scarcity of grass along the road.

The German army is the most perfect military machine in existence. Each corps is constructed so as to form in itself a complete little army that can without inconvenience be at any time detached from the main body. During peace everything is kept ready for mobilization in case of war. If the decree for mobilization were to be wired to-day from Berlin, the whole field would be ready in a few hours to march.

Peoria, Ill., has only 40,000 inhabitants, but there is one respect in which it is the biggest city in the land. There is no other from which the government receives so large an amount of internal revenue. Thirteen immense distilleries make this the center of whiskey manufacture. The tax is ninety cents a gallon. The largest distillery is under contract to send every drop of its product to France, to be used in the native wines of that vine-clad country.

Ex-Postmaster General Creswell is a warm advocate of the postal telegraph system. He says that the government came very near building a telegraph line from Washington to Boston at the time the Western Union company refused to make favorable rates for the transmission of weather reports. He thinks that if the line had been built it would have prepared the way for extending the wires all over the country, and postal telegraphy would today be an accomplished fact.

Defective hearing is growing more prevalent in the United States. So says Dr. Sexton. It produces in children at first the appearance of stupidity and then the reality. They do not hear sounds distinctly, and, of course, they cannot designate sounds accurately. Defects in the teeth are a great cause of this lamentable calamity in the young, and this is a fresh reason for avoiding quack applications of so-called dentists and keeping to pure soap and water in cleaning the teeth.

Since 1861 unknown persons have paid \$186,459.01 into the United States treasury to quiet their consciences. The largest revenue from this source in any one year was in 1868, when the contribution to the conscience fund amounted to \$29,155.11. In 1873 \$23,302.77 was added to the fund; in 1897, \$12,952.59; in 1899, \$17,403.21, and in 1878, \$12,011.33. Last year the contributions reached only \$7881.49, and this year the total will probably be less than that unless somebody comes to the front with a big sum.

Mason Long is one of the temperance preachers of the West. He travels through Indiana and Ohio in a wagon drawn by a span of handsome horses, like tooth powder vendors, and is accompanied by four singing students, two from Oberlin and two from Delaware college. At night the wagon is lighted up with torches and he harangues the listening multitudes in the open air after the singing has brought them together. He tells that six years ago he was a drunkard reprobate, but a little girl persuaded him to sign the pledge, and since then he has been a happy man. His vocabulary is limited, but he has powerful lungs and interests large audiences.

The planting of trees along the public roads of France is considered worthy of statistical mention. At present the total length of public roads of France is 18,750 miles, of which 7,250 are bordered with trees, while 4500 are at present being planted. On the remaining 7000 miles the nature of the soil does not permit of plantations. The number of trees al-

ready planted amounts to 2,678,603, consisting principally of elm, poplar, acacia, plane, ash, sycamore and lime trees. Strangers traveling in France could almost find out in what department of the country they are by noticing the different kinds of trees planted along the highroad.

The whole number of Indians at school, exclusive of the five civilized tribes, was, during the past year, 8412, of whom 4112 were at the boarding schools, and 3999 attended reservation day schools. While the commissioner of Indian affairs justly values the industrial schools at Hampton, Carlisle and Forest Grove, he assigns an important place to the reservation schools, especially the boarding schools, and desires that they should be increased in number and efficiency. Nine new boarding schools of this class were occupied during the past year. Two more industrial training schools are about to be opened, one at Genoa, Nebraska, the other in the Indian territory. Much credit is due to the Society of Friends for the improvement which the new policy of the government has made possible.

The timber culture act, intended to promote the cultivation of forests on the treeless plains, is not a success. Travelers across the continent, who have seen the feeble beginnings of tree culture here and there, may not know why the experiments made have been so little encouraging. It seems that the act is evaded in a way to put money into the purses of individuals without any return. Adventurers take up land under this act on condition of planting and cultivating so many trees per acre on a few acres; they plant no trees, but, after a time, sell out, often getting a handsome bonus, to persons who wish to locate under the homestead act. The fact seems to be that a great deal of the public land has not moisture enough to enable trees to grow at all, and the act should be limited to lands suitable for tree culture or repeated altogether.

New comers in the City of Mexico are surprised on finding so many of the conveniences common to large cities at home, such as the telephone, the electric light, a police force and an excellent street car service. The electric lights are on the top of iron rods running up from the gas lamp posts. The police are far more soldierly than the regular army of the country. They wear a blue flannel suit, their coat buttoned up, and their cap has a covering of white, which, with the standing linen collar, is always immaculate. In their belts on one side they carry a club and on the other a large revolver. If one wishes to see a policeman he has only to go to the nearest corner, and he will surely find him standing there, for he has no beat to walk over. The speed at which street cars go is astonishing. They dash along as fast as mules can pull them, and as they approach a corner the driver gives a loud toot on a horn for the purpose of warning people at the crossing to get out of the way.

### Surprised Policeman.

Mr. Gladstone recently had a disagreeable experience with a police officer who tried to arrest him. The police force at Haverden castle had been reduced before the premier arrived there, and the Scotland Yard authorities sent one of their most experienced detectives there, where he took up private quarters. Shortly after midnight the first day of his arrival he heard soft footsteps in front of the castle, and, after listening some time, satisfied himself that it was an intruder. Having prepared himself for a fierce struggle with a conspirator or a dynamite plotter or something of that sort, the gallant Vidoec rushed out on his unsuspecting prey, but was surprised to find that no resistance at all was offered him. He was more surprised, however, when, holding his lantern to the face of the midnight prowler, he discovered that he had pounced upon the premier himself, who was just on the point of calling for help.

### Chinese Music.

A most impressive ceremony is performed every evening at about half past seven o'clock outside the Chung-tang's Yamen, says a paper published in Canton, China. Two persons stand in the doorway, facing an awe-struck and admiring audience, and slowly, solemnly, raise to their mouths two remarkably long, straight horns. Then they blow. The effect is indescribable. A drum is kept hard at work meanwhile, and the performers could not be more impressive in their demeanor if an execution were going on. It is like the sort of music that Wagner might be supposed to write descriptive of a funeral of devils. In a word, it is only one step removed from the sublime.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

#### The Gorilla.

The gorilla is the terror of Africa. In the gorilla country no lion will live. They are man-eaters, and kill them for the love of it, leaving the body, never eating it. When they spy a negro, they come down from a tree, hit him on the head with a club, which they wield with their hind claw, or carry him up into the tree, there to murder him. Their strength is so great that they will bend the barrel of a rifle. Only one live one was ever brought to England, and that soon died. Several have been shot, but they are tough customers, and the natives dread them more than any animal of the African forests. The gorilla makes a bed like a hammock, and swings in the trees. The gorilla is a sworn enemy of the elephant, because each derives subsistence from the same source. When he sees an elephant pulling down and wrenching off the branches of a favorite tree, the gorilla steals among the boughs, strikes the sensitive proboscis of the elephant a terrible blow with his club, and drives off the clumsy and startled giant, shrilly trumpeting his pain and rage through the jungles of the forest. —Church at Work.

#### How They Made Out.

"I don't know," said Margaret, "how we shall make out; but we can't let the child starve." Margaret was the house-mother in a German home, where money was scarce, and plain food was not plenty.

A stranger had come along the street, and stopped at the door, and asked if he might have some supper with the family. He was watching the yellow-haired little girl who followed Margaret around, which made her speak the sentences with which this story commences.

"Then she isn't your own child?" asked the stranger.

"No," Margaret explained that she was the child of a poor neighbor who died a few weeks before, leaving nothing for the little girl, and no friends for her to go to. So they had to take her in.

"And can't you manage to keep her?" the stranger asked. "And have none of your own, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" and she laughed over his queer mistake. None of their own! Why, there were ten in all.

When supper was ready, they all trooped in. What a little army of them! and how clean their little faces were! their hair neatly combed, and their patched and worn clothes looking as though each of them had been as careful as possible. At the supper table, each of them looking out for Gretchen, she had the largest potato, carefully peeled by Margaret, the mother's name-child; Melcher, the father's namesake, put a bit of butter on it, though he ate none on his own. The stranger saw all this and a great deal more, though he seemed to be talking with the father and mother.

The next day a soldier in military dress rode up to the house, and asked for the house-mother, and gave her a great, solemn-looking letter which made her tremble as she broke the seal. Oh, what do you think that letter said? Why, that the man who had taken supper with them the night before was so pleased with the ten children, and with Gretchen besides, that he decided to make them each a present of \$100, which would be paid to them each year while they lived! One thousand and one hundred dollars each year because a strange man took supper with them, was pleased with their kindness to him, and their unselfish care of the orphan Gretchen! That sounds like a "make-up" story, doesn't it? And yet it is true. The letter was signed, Joseph, Emperor of Austria. And he was the stranger who had eaten potatoes with them the night before.

#### Potato Disease.

According to Jensen, the potato disease, which is caused by a fungus, attacks first the tops, and is conveyed to the tubers by means of spores washed into the soil by rain. He, therefore, proposes to prevent this by running a plow between the rows, so as to throw up a furrow upon the top of the hills, while at the same time the tops are bent over so as to hang above the neighboring furrow. This should be done at least as soon as the disease shows itself on the tops, usually by the middle of August. In this way the washing of the spores into the hill is prevented. Furthermore, the potatoes should not be dug for at least two or three weeks after the tops are entirely withered, to avoid infection from the latter. Field experiments with this method are said to have given very favorable results.

In Savannah an income of over \$800 per annum is subject to a city tax.