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Poetry.
Give Us Back the Tails.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter needed.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they
Who had no rest of house, or tax
Of government to pay.
No tailor bills come in—Dams Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey girls a slave,
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition falls;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.
No hurrying out of bed had they,
No bolting breakfast down—
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old bossy frown.
The lady monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rest,
In waiting for the lodge to close
And let her husband out,
They had no voice, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep,
And 'er defaulters' cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition falls;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.
They had no fashion promenade,
Where beauty's feet could stray;
But then the old boss monkey had
No milliner to pay.
They had no wise, the monkeys young,
Through night to keep a storming;
They saved thereby (you know yourself)
A headache in the morn'g.
A powerful race they were, who as'er
To war's appeal did fly;
They saved thereby occasion for
A joint commission high,
A smarter race were they than that
Watch from them has descended,
And Time, by changing things, hath not
As yet the matter needed;
For the olden way's the happiest way;
The new condition falls;
So Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Please give us back the tails.

Select Tale.
A Haunted Ship.

Three years ago I shipped on board the Niger, Captain Phillips. Our voyage was to Lillo, Sandvich Islands, and back to Paget Sound, whence we sailed. The captain, officers and crew were, when I joined, American and West Indian; but, as another hand was wanted besides myself, I persuaded Jack Chester, an Englishman with whom I had become friendly, to fill up the vacancy. Jack was a fine looking fellow, a jovial companion, and had a lot of information which he knew how to use; but, although he dressed and talked like a sailor, he had not been long on board ship before it became plain that he had not been brought up a salt.
Our captain was a Tartar and no mistake, and he had the eye of a hawk, no fault committed by man or boy escaped him. This was especially unfortunate for my English shipmate, he shipped on able seaman's wages, but his deficiencies were so many and glaring that our captain, who seemed to watch his movements more carefully than those of the rest of the crew, often inflicted upon him punishments painful to witness. I had a strong attachment to Chester, and stood his friend whenever I could, by taking some of his duties along with my own; but I was not always at hand to help him, so he fell often than others beneath the captain's displeasure.
One night when I was at the wheel the wind rose into a gale. The captain came on deck and set all hands to reef the topsails. The men were manning the balyards to hoist away, when poor Chester, instead of letting go the reef tackle, let go the weather fore-topmast brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. By luffing up smartly, however, we managed to get checked without carrying anything away. But Captain Phillips, frothing at the mouth, swore he would tan the foolish lubber's hide who had done so clumsy a thing. Saying which, he rushed at Chester with a piece of ratline, which he brought down upon his neck and shoulders, giving them a fearful cut. He was in the act of raising it again, when a voice from aloft roared out, "Hold your hand!"
The voice was wonderfully loud and clear, seemingly coming from the mainmast. The captain fell back, and looking up, cried in a great rage, "Aloft there!"
"Halloo!" was the answer back.
"Come down on deck," was the captain's imperious order.
"Come up here, and see how you will like it," was the contemptuous response.
"Come down, I say, on deck!" roared the captain.
"Come up and fetch me," returned the voice from aloft.
"Who is up there, Mr. Ransom?" cried the captain, appealing to the first officer.
"No one, sir," was the reply, "no one as I can see. All seem present on deck."

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"All seem present, Mr. Ransom. What do you mean by that, sir?" I ask you again, who is up there?"
"No one knows to me," returned the man. "All are present. All are on deck in sight."
Such was the case. But the second mate, without awaiting orders, sprang up the rigging and looked over the top-rim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the masthead, then reported himself alone.
"Then the ship must be haunted!" cried the chief mate.
The captain thereupon dropped the rope's end which he had held in his hand, and went below. It was evident that he was strangely affected by what had occurred. And so my fellow countryman escaped further punishment that night.
But in a few days our skipper had forgotten his fears, and looking out for another object on which to vent his spleen, I had the ill-fortune to feel his wrath. He ordered me to make a knot in the end of an old fagged rope to be used for a lashing. In a little while I returned, saying that I had made the best job I could of a rope that was quite fagged out.
"Will," said he, "if that's your best, you are as much of a lubber as your friend Chester. But I'll dock you both to ordinary seaman's wages."
I tried to show him that the rope was too much worn to make a neat piece of work of it.
"Indeed," I said, "it is sadly fagged."
"Fagged, is it?" cried he scornfully; "then I'll finish it over your lubberly back."
"No, you won't!" roared out a voice from behind the long boat.
The captain rushed in the direction of the sound, but he failed to discover the speaker.
"Who was that?" he cried, in a storm of wrath, adding, "Let me know who it is, and I'll thrash him within an inch of his life."
"Will you? Ha! ha! ha!" was the mocking reply, dropping sounding ly from the mainmast.
It was broad daylight when this took place, so every one could see that there was no one up there.
I was as much startled and mystified by the occurrence as was the captain; but neither he nor I, nor any of the crew to whom he appealed, could throw light thereon. But whoever or whatever uttered the words, my purpose was served, as was Chester's on a previous occasion. The irate captain went below, filled more with fear than rage, throwing behind him, as he stepped upon the cabin ladder, the rope's end which had so vexed him.
Sailors in general are superstitious beings. Whatever cannot be easily made out or accounted for on natural principles, is left to the account of the supernatural. Our captain was no better in this respect than his crew, for he was as illiterate as they, except in the matter of navigation, and as rough and untutored. He evidently believed that his ship was haunted, and that a spirit from the vast deep had a mind to torment him by its interference. His fears were increased not many days after. On retiring to rest, at the end of his evening's watch, his slumbers were disturbed by a loud and fearful cry, which seemed to enter the cabin by the side-light, which was left open for ventilation. The cry was heard by the second officer, who was on the quarter deck, and by Chester, who was at the wheel, neither of whom could throw light upon the incident to the captain, who had rushed on to the deck in a state of terror, and demanded in vain for the production of the offender.
From that day it was clear to all that Captain Phillips was tormented by apprehensions of coming disaster. An idea was fixed in his mind that his ship was visited by a spirit from the invisible world, which preferred to make itself heard rather than seen. And this idea was strengthened by the fact that when he was on deck and became angry at the conduct of any of the men, especially when his anger was made manifest in oaths and blows, the unseen but ever-vigilant visitor from afar, would—perched apparently on the top of the mainmast—utter the insolent laugh or the solorous warning. On these occasions the poor man would rush off to his cabin with blanched cheek and tottering limb, and there abide until the gale in his moral sensibilities should subside!

That it was angry with so one else but the captain was clear, from the fact that it never took notice of the conduct of any other person. The mate or boatswain might not see as they listed, or the men might jibe and call each other hard names; so matter—the voice was not heard—neither laugh nor moan fell upon our ears. But most of those who lived in the forecastle were far from being happy; many of them shared the fears of the skipper; and I saw that they would much rather have braved his wrath than to be tormented as they were by the "voice of the night" or the "day." Myself and Chester were exceptions. What his opinion was, he would not say; he met all my questions by adroit evasions. As for myself, I had an explanation to give.
This matter went on until we were within two days' sail of the islands. All the while our poor captain had been kept from tyranny by his fears of the voice; but now, accompanied by some half in company on the part of Chester, and being the worse for liquor, he hurried a balyzing pig at him, which struck him on the head. Clapping both hands thereon, with a yell he rushed into the forecastle. It was evident the skipper expected to hear the voice, for he looked nervously aloft; but when all was silent in that direction, his courage returned, and he desired the second officer to call Chester back to the deck. Getting no answer to his call, the mate went below, when he found the poor fellow delicious. Returning to the deck, he reported him to be in a dangerous condition.
This filled the captain with fear. He ordered that every attention should be paid him, which was done. That night it became necessary to have all hands on deck to reef, and while we were on the yards an awful cry, like that of a maniac, arose from the bows of the vessel, and the next moment several of us saw a human form on rail near the fore-warehouse, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our lee.
The captain and chief officers, who were on deck rushed to the side. A hat was seen for a moment bobbing on the crest of a wave; the maniacal scream was repeated, when Captain Phillips, himself uttering a cry, fell senseless on the deck. The mate then called us who were on the topsail yard:
"Come down from aloft! Clear away the small boats!"
We thought he was as near beside himself as was the captain; and so he was for the moment, for when he had gained the deck, he was ready to countermand the order.
Everything was awful beyond expression; the wind and the water were raging wild; it was impossible for a small boat to live in so rough a sea, so making a virtue of necessity the search for the poor maddened fellow was abandoned, amid vows of vengeance against the captain and tears for our lost messmate.
Forty-eight hours after this we entered the port of Hilo. A vast change had come over the crew. The captain, knowing their peculiarities, had supplied them with money and copious libations of whiskey; so instead of reporting him to the consul, as they declared they would, they were ready to shoot him praises all day long. In this, however, I did not agree; but unable to bring the tyrant to justice single-handed, I resolved to quit the Niger.
I did so. After hiding in the woods several days, I was caught and brought back to the ship. As my adventures as a fugitive are not essential to the unfolding of my story, I pass them by, and take up the thread of my narrative.
We set sail on our return voyage. Captain Phillips was an altered man. He abstained from spirits; he controlled his temper, and this, with the addition of a fine steady breeze, made our lives on board happy. But alas! we were doomed to a sad ending up of the voyage. Keeping too near the land, and a squall laying hold on the ship, we were driven on a lee shore. It was just after midnight when we struck, and the darkness was terrible; and leaping out of my hammock, I ran on deck. I could see nothing save the will waters racing over the deck. I cried out to my ship-mates, but got no answer. It was not possible to reach the after-part of the vessel where the life belts were kept. So acting on the impulse of the moment, I leaped into the sea. Catching hold of a friendly rock, I was saved. Daylight came after a weary waiting. The first thing I saw was the dead body of poor Captain Phillips not far from it that of our Chinese cook. The rest were saved.
We made our way to Portland, where we were paid off. Thence I proceeded to San Francisco. I had often asked myself whence came those strange voices and fearful words which had so alarmed our captain and put most of the crew in terror, and had so opportunely on one occasion saved me from the vengeance of the captain. But it was beyond my power to answer the inquiry; neither could the mate nor any of the survivors throw light thereupon. Had we known what ventriloquism was, we might have therein a solution of the mystery; but I had never heard an adept in the art, neither had any of my ship-mates; otherwise I judge such fact would have been mentioned, and the voices accounted for on that ground. Poor Chester, when with us, our most intelligent shipmate, seemed to be as much in the dark as the rest of us, although he was not in the least put out of the way by the occurrence. Strolling along the streets of San Francisco one night, about a year after the wreck, ready for anything in the way of amusement that might turn up, my eye caught a large poster which announced the wonderful doings of Professor Meredith, "the unrivalled and world-renowned ventriloquist."

This, thought I, shall be the source of my evening's enjoyment. Turning my face in the direction of the "Hall of Science and Emporium of Amusements," I was soon seated in a snug corner of the body of the building, and was not long in being carried away by the wonderful array of the Professor. At least he told us he would hold an imaginary conversation with a person up in chimney. He did so. When, in the midst of a dialogue, the person up the fine gave derisive "Hah, hah, hah!"
I was startled. I sprang from my seat. "Surely," said I, half aloud "those are the voice and tone and words which more than once came from the mainmast of the Niger." And while I was staring at the Professor with eyes ready to leap out of their sockets, he came to the front of the stage to perform his part. Then, in spite of his flowing beard and other decorations, I saw in Professor Meredith the identical Jack Chester who, over twelve months before, was believed to have leaped, in a fit of madness, into the sea and drowned. "Chester!" I cried out in my excitement.
"Sit down!" cried one; "Put him out!" said some other. In the meantime I had come to myself and resumed my seat, but not before I had got from the Professor a sign of recognition.
When the performance was over, my old shipmate (for it was he) beckoned me to him, and taking me to his private room, he grasped my hand in all the fervency of ardent friendship.
"Sit down, Hurry, my boy," he said, "and you shall have a solution of the mystery which hangs over me and the past."
"How came you to be saved from a watery grave on that awful night when you plunged into the raging sea?" I impatiently asked.
"I did not jump overboard," replied Chester, "I was not; neither was I any less sane than I am at this moment. The entire affair was a trick of my own invention to frighten the captain and then get away from his clutches. My madness was a sham, and the man overboard was simply a bundle of old logs, topped by my old hat, which I had just put together. The moment I pitched them over the rail I slipped down into the fore-peak, where I lay hid until the night after the ship entered the port, when I stole out and went on shore. I had taken care to lay up junk, and I managed to avoid detection until the Niger sailed. The cries which you heard from the mainmast, from behind the long-boat, and in the cabin, I need not now explain."
"No," said I, "all is made clear by the doings of this night."
"Exactly so," and he. And then he continued: "I had performed as a ventriloquist in most large cities and towns in Europe before you knew me; but, becoming somewhat restless in my habits, and having squandered all my earnings, in a fit of restlessness I took to the sea, and in the capacity of a sailor, found my way to Paget Sound. But I had not in me the stuff of which sailors are made; so, after my adventures on board the Niger, I went back to my old profession, in which I have done well. My wild oats are all sown, I hope, and having learned wisdom by bitter experience, I shall stick to that line of life for which I have capacity—a better thing than splicing old ropes or taking in topsail reefs on a blowing night."
"I should think so," I said. "But you nearly killed the captain with fright, whilst you caused us many a headache at your supposed loss."
"For the latter I am sorry," returned Chester. "But I cannot say that I pitied the captain. His cruelty to me was terrible, and he would possibly have ended by killing me, but for my fortunate gift of ventriloquism. 'All's well that ends well.'"

"True," I returned. "And I rejoice that you are alive to say so. You kept your secret faithfully, for neither Captain Phillips nor any of his crew ever suspected that incapable Jack Chester was the ghost that haunted the Niger."
Historical Facts.
Cards were invented in France in 1300.
France abolished the slave trade so far as in her power, in 1812.
Windmills were first known in France, Spain and Germany in 1293.
Crucifixion, as a criminal punishment, was very common four or five hundred years B. C.
The first building of the Egyptian pyramids is supposed to have been about 1500 years before Christ.
Excess in dress was restrained by law in England under Edward IV, 1565, and again in the reign of Elizabeth in 1574.
No wine was produced in France in the time of the Roman occupancy. The art of making wine was produced from India.
Alabama was originally a portion of Georgia. It was admitted into the Union in 1820, with a population of 128,000.
Sir John Chardin, in his "Travels in Persia," says that the Persians smoked tobacco long before the discovery of America.
The Hebrew Corpus—the people's writ of right passed for the security of individual right—was made a law May 29th, 1879.
Wheat sufficient for the food of one hundred men for one day, worth but one shilling in the year 1130, and a sheep cost fourpence.

Rah for the United States.
The civil war has not yet wiped out patriotism; from the American heart. It may lie slumbering and unshown upon our own shores, but when we strike abroad the fiftful spark is breathed into fiery existence that frightens as it shines. A typical wild eagle of this sort was recently met with. Among a party of young American tourists on the Continent was one who would have proved chief sachem to the doubting Thomases of the Innocents Abroad. He was so thoroughly patriotic that he could see no excellence in anything in the Old World as compared with his own country. Mountains, waterfalls, churches, monuments, scenery, and all other objects of interest, were inferior to what the United States could show. His companions became somewhat tired of his overweening boastfulness, and determined to give him one startling novelty at any rate, and witness the fall of his boasting greatness. They spent last winter in Rome, and one night, on a drinking bout, they got the enthusiastic young Yankee under the table, but kept sober themselves. He got gloriously drunk, intoxication kissed his eyelids down in sleep, and they carefully carried him into the catacombs, laid him carefully down, with a candle within reach, and retired a short distance out of sight to wait for developments. After a while their friend roused up, having slept off the first drunken stupor, and in a state of some astonishment, began endeavoring to locate himself, at the same time muttering: "Well (hic!) this is a little strange, Wonne (hic!) where I am, anyway?" He got out a watch lighted his candle, and began to study his surroundings. On each side were shelves piled with grinning skulls, and niches filled with skeletons, while all about were piled kags, arms, ribs, and vertebrae—a ghastly array, and altogether new to him. He nodded to the skulls on one side with a drunken "How do do (hic!)" and on the other with "How do ya feel (hic!) anyway?" took a look at his watch and once more at his surroundings, got on his feet, took off his hat, and holding it above his head, shrieked gleefully and proudly, "S'all right! (hic!) all right! Morning of the resurrection (hic!) First man on the ground! Rah for the United States! 'Alera ahead! 'Rah for me 'specially!"
Department.
Keep your nails pared, and keep pared yourself. Single blessedness is an empty mockery.
Too out, not in. Especially if you are an employer, you would better turn out your feet than your hands.
Keep your face cleanly shaved, and stop there. Don't shave your customers.
Don't talk with your mouth filled with food. And there is no call for your talking much under normal conditions.
Keep your clothing well brushed. If you have no brush, tell your wife how you long for your mother's cookery, and you will have one instanter.
See that your collar button is secure before you leave home in the morning. Else you will find your collar rising before night.
When talking, don't keep fumbling your face as though you were fingering a musical instrument.
Don't walk the streets with your cane or umbrella, thrust under your arm at right angles with your body. The policeman may take you for a cross and take you up.
Don't interrupt a person in his talk. The natural limit of a man's life is threescore years and ten, and he can't go on forever.
Never put your knife in your mouth. The mouth is a very poor place to keep a knife in. Apt to make it rusty.
Don't tuck your napkin under your shirt collar. The waiter may think you would steal it.
Never say "I won't," even if it be your wont to feel that way.
Mark this, Boy.
Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?
This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting a while he replied:
"Not one. I have seen many men become rich as if by magic and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Avarice, perjury, murder and suicide are common with those who make haste to be rich regardless of the means."
Boys, stick a pin here. You will soon be free, and begin to act with those who make money. Write this good man's testimony in your mind, and with it put this word of God: "He that hasteneth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."
Let these words lead you to resolve to make haste slowly, when you go into business, in the matter of making money.

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