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## GENERAL NEWS.

**JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,** is to be lighted by electricity by a Pittsburgh company. Many Mississippi planters are cutting their own molasses this year.

**OVER 5,000,000 feet** of long-leaf cines are now standing in North Carolina.

**APALACHICOLA, Florida,** is soon to have an oyster canning house in operation.

**In Selma, Alabama,** forty-six leading business houses, during the past year, did a business of \$11,814,850.

**A SINOPE pumpkin vine** on the farm of Dr. W. M. Clark, six miles south of Nashville, bore sixty-nine pumpkins.

**The rice crop just harvested** is reported to be the largest ever made in the parish of Jefferson, Louisiana.

**The crop of honey for the present season** at New Smyrna, Fla., amounted to 130 barrels.

**Eighteen thousand and eighty-six** horsemen have been entered in Florida during the year.

**Ex-Gov. Brown, of Georgia,** is to get \$25,000 per year as President of the Florida ship canal.

**A FRANKLIN county (Tenn.) farmer** realized the past season \$8,000 from eighty acres of strawberries.

**By the Mississippi overflow** of last year, Louisiana claims to have been damaged to the extent of \$60,000,000.

**An impetuous old lady of Augusta, Ga.,** has subscribed \$8 to mission work, and expects to earn the money by washing clothes.

**NEW ORLEANS** is preparing energetically for the world's fair, to be held in that city from December, 1884, to the end of May, 1885.

**The last census of Alabama,** shows an aggregate gain of 6,921 white, 5,331 colored voters in the last decade that cannot read or write.

**W. J. BARLOW, of Live Oak, Fla.,** is 102 years old. His father lived to the age of 106, and his grandfather, it is said, was 125 years old when he died.

**The whole number of postoffices in the United States,** at the end of June last, was 47,863; increase during the year, 1,632.

**It is said that a thousand Mormon converts** will leave Chattanooga next month, for Utah. They are from different points of the south.

**The total cost of transporting the mails,** by all methods, for the past year, was \$19,234,839, an increase over the preceding year of \$233,847.

**The Chinese are swarming into San Francisco** and other points along the Pacific coast, upon "traders' certificates" issued to them by the Chinese government.

**CHAMBERS county, Ala.,** has a brag club of cotton pickers, which in one day lately had a heavy game, scoring an average of 300 pounds to each picker.

**AGREEMENT to an ordinance** passed in Montgomery, Ala., the chief of police has notified newsmen that no literature of an obscene character can be sold in that city.

**THREE years ago,** a dozen hogs and a small frame depot building constituted Big Lick station, fifty miles southwest of Lynchburg, Va. To-day the same place has 5,000 inhabitants.

**FIVE hundred Catholic children** at Laredo, Texas, are about to be deprived of educational advantages because the Catholic clergy will not allow them to attend the public schools.

**The schooner Alfred Wilson** gathered two hundred and eighty barrels of sponges, at the mouth of the Ocella river, Florida, last week. Her cargo brought \$700.00.

**HESKY FRENCH, of Pennsylvania,** is looking for a tea farm in the South. He has said that tea will flourish in Alabama and Georgia, and the experiment is to be made at an early day.

**The ship Silvertown, from London,** a vessel of 3,724 tons net, and 4,913 tons gross, whose length is 338 feet, beam 55 feet, and depth of hold 34 feet, has safely passed the jetties and landed at the docks at New Orleans.

**The manufacture of starch** is about to become a considerable industry in the vicinity of Seneca Lake, Fla. A starch factory is to be started there, and several parties are preparing for an extensive cultivation of cassava.

**NEXT month** the people of New York vote for or against the proposition to abolish convict labor in the State prisons. Last year the entire cost of maintaining the State prisons was paid by the work of the convicts. The amount was \$45,660.

**THE New Orleans Picayune says** that silk culture has rapidly developed in Louisiana, along the Gulf coast, within the past eighteen months, and that the product of the region around Thibodauxville commands the highest price in the market.

**In New Orleans,** there is now on exhibition a bale of raw silk from cocoons grown in Louisiana, and reeled at the Louisiana silk spinning mill, which is

worth \$7 per pound. The bale weighs ten pounds eight ounces, and comprises 633 skeins, making 1,200,000 yards.

**The growth of Texas** is marvelous. The increase in her taxable property last year was \$130,000,000. New counties to the number of sixty-eight were organized, giving two hundred in all. Besides this, there is a territory twice as large as Georgia not yet divided into counties.

**A WOOLEN-MILL** to cost \$100,000 is in course of erection in Habersham county, Ga. The water comes tumbling down in a cataract and furnishes the power without a dollar's artificial aid. It is said that the stream, without artificial aid, will turn \$100,000,000 worth of machinery.

**THE Louisville and Nashville railroad** company offered to present their Alabama exhibit, now at the exposition in Louisville, to the city of Birmingham, provided the board of trade will erect a suitable building and make a permanent display of the exhibit, and the proposition has been accepted.

**It is unusual for a Southern planter** to make a half million in farming. Mr. L. M. Hill, of Wilkes county Georgia, has just died. He made seven hundred thousand dollars by farming. In the same county, General Tombs and his brother Gabriel are each worth a half million, nearly all of which has been earned by farming.

**SANFORD (Fla.) Journal:** The contract for the sale of the crop on the old Saver grove, a mile and a quarter from Sanford, has this week been signed up and the forfeit deposited. The grove embraces 650 trees, covering six acres, and the estimated crop is 600,000 oranges. Two dollars and a quart per box, on the trees, is the price paid. At 1.50 per box, 600,000 oranges will aggregate 4,000 boxes, which, at \$2.25 per box, will yield \$9,000. We learn that the crop of the grove this year will not exceed \$500. Gen Joseph Fineman, who has a grove near here and one down the river, has sold the crop on both groves at \$3 per box, delivered at the railroad station near his home place, and at the warf at his river place. The estimated yield of both groves is 1,400 boxes, which at \$2 per box, would amount to \$4,200.

**The first arrival of new granulated sugar** at New Orleans from the parish of Ascension, is pronounced by competent judges to be the finest and healthiest ever brought to that market, and the equal, in every respect, to the best product of the largest Eastern refinery. It was in two lots, and one lot sold at nine cents and the other at eight and seven-eighths.

**THE funds collected for the erection of a monument to General Lee, in Richmond,** new amounts to about \$35,000. It is suggested that the corner-stone should be laid next October, and that the ceremonial should be rendered memorable by a reunion of the Army of Northern Virginia and by a ball at which the men should wear the Confederate uniform and the women dresses appropriate to the sentiment of the occasion.

**THE stock for the first ostrich farm** in the United States has been shipped to Florida. It consists of three pairs three-year-old ostriches. The destination of the birds was Sylvan Lake, Orange county, Fla.; the mode of conveyance, the Mallory line steamer Western Texas.

**The birds shipped weighed from 150 to 200 pounds,** and stood about seven feet high without any stockings. They are natives of Nubia, in Upper Africa, and they were captured while very young by the agents of Messrs Charles Reichle & Brother, of New York and Hoboken, who are proprietors of the projected ostrich farm.

**CLAY SPRING,** twelve miles from Orlando and three miles from Apopka, Fla., is one of the largest mineral springs in the United States. The spring is situated at the foot of a high bluff or hill. The pool where the water comes up is seventy-five to one hundred feet across, in the center of which the water constantly boils and bubbles. Enough water comes out of the ground to form a river, and steamboats have run up from St. John and tied up directly over the opening, where the water comes from the bowels of the earth. The water is strong impregnated with sulphur, and probably with other minerals. The spot is a favorite resort for camping parties, who go there to bathe in and drink the waters.

**THE report of the naval advisory board** as to the number and class of vessels which should be commenced at once, in order to carry forward the work of reconstructing the unarmored fleet, recommends one vessel similar to the Chicago, authorized last winter and now under construction, to cost \$1,295,000; one similar to the Boston and the Atlanta, authorized last winter, to cost \$936,000; one to cost \$482,000; two costing \$516,000 each; two light draught gunboats to cost \$293,000 each. The total estimate for the seven vessels, \$4,283,000. The board also recommends the completion of the monitors Puritan, Amphitrite, Terror, and Manadock, at a cost, respectively, of \$785,000, \$797,000, \$874,000, and \$1,141,000.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**The loss by fire in this country and Canada** is rising to startling proportions. In the first six months of this year there were 6,175 reported fires, involving a loss of nearly \$48,000,000.

**GERMANY** has five hundred mills for the manufacture of wood pulp. Such a degree of perfection has been attained in the treatment that even for the the better qualities of paper the wood pulp is substituted for pulp made from rags. It constitutes seventy-five per cent. of the paper stock used throughout Germany.

**THIS far this season** the representatives of the Dwyer Brothers' stable have won forty-eight races and \$132,330 in money. Of this amount Miss Woodford has won \$2,665; George Kinney, \$29,015; Barnes, \$17,945; Boatjack, \$9,610; Burton, \$7,775; Wandersing, \$2,380; Esau, \$1,353; Hartford, \$1,353; King Par, \$175; Caley B, \$175, and Green Lash, \$160.

**The South Carolina railway** is the most remarkable railway in the United States. It is the first railway built in the south, if not in the United States; its mileage has not been added to or reduced since its completion; it has never passed out of the hands or management of its stockholders; and has always been successful and profitable. From Charleston, South Carolina, to Augusta, Georgia, and from Charleston to Columbia are its lines.

**THE Southern immigration society,** organized in Louisville, last month, proposes to build immigrants' reception houses at southern ports, and bring Switzers and Germans over direct. They instance a Switzer who sold his forty-nine acre farm in Switzerland, on which he was eking out an existence, for enough money to buy one hundred and fifty acres in America, pay his way over here, stock his farm and run it one year. That was a good swap.

**Is included parts of Mt. Olivet Cemetery,** Washington, but far apart, are the graves of Mary E. Surratt and Wirz, the keeper of the Annapolis prison, who was buried under a tall hickory tree, in which squirrels cluster and gambol. Tall, rank weeds and unkempt grass surround the spot, and the simple word "Wirz," on a small block of marble at the head of the grave, is the only thing to denote his resting place. A small, plain headstone has simply the name, "Mrs. Mary E. Surratt."

**It is claimed that the cotton picker** just invented by Mr. Neason, of Sumpter, South Carolina, differs from all previous inventions of the kind in the very points where they were deficient. The teeth of the new machine are so sensitively set, it is said, that they will not clutch anything about a stalk of cotton but the open boll. A stalk with a dozen bolls open and twenty urispe can be robbed of its ready cotton and left unimpaired. Experiments have been made with the machine, and farmers who saw it work say it will do.

**THE American consul at Crefeld, Mr. Potter,** has busied himself in tracing out he sequel to thirty-one marriages between American girls and titled Germans. He has ascertained that with one solitary exception they have resulted in abandonment, separation, divorce, or some other conjugal disaster. It would be interesting to know how the other American girls who marry abroad fare. A writer in the Graphic suggests that if the consular service generally would follow the example of our representative at Crefeld, a curious and useful chapter on sociology might result.

**THE progress of the Panama canal** should be a source of congratulation to all who take an interest in permanent works for the convenience of mankind. When Mr. De Leseps broke ground he had 100,000,000 cubic metres of earth to remove. He has already taken out 2,500,000 cubic metres, and after the first day of December he expects, through an increased force of men and machinery, to excavate 4,000,000 metres a month. This would enable him to finish the canal in 1888. The workmen are negroes from the West India islands, and all the predictions of disease and death among them have been negative. The completion of the canal within five years is well assured.

**The growth of the South** continues to astonish the people of the sluggish eastern and middle states. When wealth is accumulating in the South at the rate of \$160,000,000 a year; when the railroad mileage is keeping pace with the increase in wealth; and when the number of spin-dles has been doubled since the census year—when they read about such facts as these, they begin to think that the South has a future, and to wonder how such things can be out of their own section. Then, too, they see that southern cotton mills are dividing from fifteen to twenty per cent. on the capital invested, when their own are as struggling to keep out of bankruptcy. Altogether, the southern side of the country is looking up.—Atlanta Constitution.

## DOES DEATH END ALL?

Yes, death ends all the puny fears of man—The earthly fevers and the strife for gold, Which make life seem as some half-finished plan.

And look so little when the tale is told, Men strive a while each circumstance to mould,

To meet some feeble purpose of the heart, Then near the end—the blood grows thin and cold, And then the soul, grown tired of Time and Art,

Half forms the wish that it might soon depart, Death seems the platform quibbling of the weak Who only cower to make mankind stare, Scant is the meaning in the words they speak—More scant the judgment in the words they share.

But then, this land is from God's own air, And men are free to institute rare schools, To seek morally and avert all perils, And seek themselves on scientific steels,

To meet out wisdom—or to simply flout, Death ends all doubting, doubt belongs to earth—

We know so little of our own estate, We grow impatient close upon our birth, And few there be who know 'tis well to wait, Such small ease comes make the heart elate,

That we despise the wide, unknown abyss Of God's deep wisdom, measureless and great, Our pigmy judgment sees the world amiss, And charges to His name—death ends all this!

But what of man's sublimer part, the soul? Hath it no longing sorely satisfied? Does life seem to it a mighty void, Or but a wave in the eternal tide—

At least so narrow to a sea so wide? Not so, 'Toward the end the heart beats near, One thought is in its mind, 'tis all to see—A wish to rise to more exalted spheres, And progress still through everlasting years.

Whence comes this wish? Did the eternal One Furnish all things the spirit fairly knows With tastes fulfilled, and leave the soul to roam, While from the sun the heat and light flows, Flare shall the soul, through death's dark shadows fall,

Find what it craves where'er its senses roam, And through the tear-drops that surround the pall Behold this legend—death does not end all.

—WILLIAM LEVIE in Rochester Union.

## HOW ONE WIFE MANAGED.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

Deacon M., a rich, respectable man of sixty-six, married for his third wife, Katie O., a pretty sewing girl of twenty-two.

Some weeks before the wedding, Katie, who had been my patient, came to ask my advice about her marriage, though, as she afterward confessed, she was already engaged. I frankly advised against the match, spoke of the Deacon's daughters older than herself, and urged his well-known parsimoniousness. But Katie was poor; the Deacon was rich, had a fine house, kept a carriage, and was the most considerable person in the neighborhood. They were married. The neighbors congratulated her.

About two years after the wedding, Katie asked me, in a little note, to call, and mentioned that she wished to see me confidentially. She was not very sick, but wanted to ask my advice about her troubles.

With much sobbing she told me that after being very kind for a few months, the Deacon had pinched his daughters against her. I tried to comfort her, urging that in every position in life there were trials which we must bear with Christian patience.

"But," said she, "I need clothing, and have often spoken of it, but he always tells me that the Apostle says about braided hair, and gold, and pearls, and costly array."

Feeling a bitter quarrel, perhaps a separation, and thinking I might assist in preventing it, I encouraged Katie to confide in me, and begged her to keep her troubles from all the world besides. She remained "sick" a week, that she might have some one to talk to and cry upon. She finally said: "I suppose even you think I am too fond of dress, and that the Deacon is right when he lectures me against the vanities of this world. When I was married I had only three good dresses. Our Irish servant has a better wardrobe than I ever had."

Katie's mind dwelt so much upon dress, that I thought it best to learn the facts. She at length convinced me that the Deacon's refusal was a piece of his characteristic meanness. After a good deal of thought, I reached the conclusion for the thousandth time, that a wife has rights which the husband is bound to respect. I advised a plain, frank talk with the Deacon. The next day she told me that he had said she had better wait till he had paid the doctor's bill before she could have any more dresses.

It was clear that between the father and the daughters this poor child was pretty sure to be crushed.

At length a plan of escape occurred to me. Katie could run a sewing machine. I took good Mrs. G. into my confidence, and then said to Katie:

"Earn money with your sewing machine, and buy a dress. Mrs. G. is my friend. She is a prudent woman, and will furnish the sewing."

Having a motive for getting well, Katie was up the next day. I dropped in several times and found my patient getting on famously.

At length a resplendent silk appeared in the Deacon's parlor. The sisters were astonished, and after the "ninthly" had been safely passed, they divided their time between the shining path to glory of which the good man was speaking, and the shining gown in the Deacon's parlor.

The Deacon was puzzled! Here was the new dress which he had refused to buy. How did she get it? He was ashamed to ask. Katie said nothing. The daughters interrogated the dress-maker. She said the silk came, she made the dress; the Deacon's wife had paid her; she presumed the Deacon furnished the money; he certainly was rich enough. The merchant was quizzed. The young wife had paid him for the silk and trimmings. That was all he knew. There were only three of us who knew where the money came from. The

Deacon and his daughters were not likely to find out about it until we chose to divulge.

In another month a pretty hat was added to the young wife's wardrobe, while the gorgeous silk shone on in all its glory, mocking alike the curiosity of her family and the ambition of the sisterhood.

"And now for pity's sake, where did the vain, silly thing get that ribbons-hat? I wonder if she has forgotten that she is a deacon's wife?"

Various articles of clothing appeared from time to time, and we were developing our "little game." Katie knew nothing of our ulterior purpose. We did not dare to give her the least hint of it; it would have frightened her. She went on for months earning money with her sewing machine, and buying sweetest articles of dress and ornament. Of course it was very silly, but the poor child was not a bit of a deaconess. She had joined her husband's church, but the work of grace did not go deep enough to touch the love of French fashions.

After a time Mrs. G. whispered to a gossiping neighbor. Everybody in town, except the Deacon and his daughters, knew the whole affair within twenty-four hours. Soon the Deacon received an anonymous letter, saying:

"You are deceived. Your wife is sewing to earn money to buy clothes. The whole neighborhood is sneering at you."

The Deacon went straight at his young wife.

"Where did you get the money to buy your new clothes?"

"I earned it by sewing!"

"Who have you been sewing for?"

"I cannot tell you!"

"But I must know, and I will know!"

"If you ever find it out, it will be through somebody besides me. I wouldn't tell to save my life!"

"But do you know what you are doing? Does not the Bible command wives to obey their husbands? You will be sorry for this."

"That is possible; but my mind is made up."

"But, my dear Katie, if you wanted money to buy clothes, why did you not come to me? You know if you need money, all you have to do is to come down late for me. I would not have had you doing late for me for ten thousand dollars. The world's people will never stop talking about it."

"I am surprised," said Katie. "You can have forgotten that I have asked you again and again for money to buy clothing, and you have not given me a dollar since we were married."

With mingled anger and shame, the Deacon exclaimed:

"Then why won't you set apart whatever you think is necessary for my clothing? If you will give me an allowance, as you do the girls, I will give you thanks. You know what you give them. If you want me to dress as well as they, and you will allow me the same, it shall not be wasted."

"Would it not be better, Katie, to look upon our purses as belonging to both of us alike, and whenever you want anything you go to it the same as I do. I am sure a man's wife has just as good rights as the man himself! Katie, shouldn't we have it just as it is, and you spend whatever you please?"

"Of course, Deacon, I shall have to do just as you think best, but I ought to be heard, and tell you that I think it would be better to arrange a definite sum, and then I shall not be obliged to be awake thinking about it."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I will tell you what we will do. I will send you ten dollars every three months, which you must use for pin money, and when you want to buy a dress, or any other such large thing, come right to me."

Katie made one more effort. "Deacon, I am sorry you can't see it as I do. I shall use all the money you may give me in a very prudent way, but if there is less than I need, I shall earn it with my own hands. I will not beg again as I have done."

"Well, now I want you to understand that if you need any money you must come right to me. This scandal, which is sure to spread all over town, is a burning shame. I can't see what you were thinking about. It will be an eternal disgrace to us all. The girls won't dare hold up their heads. My wife taking in sewing! Pretty story! I had rather have given you a satisfactory dress every day in the year, than to have had you doing this thing! Why in the world didn't you tell me you wanted some money? I would have given you a thousand dollars any day."

"Why, Deacon, what makes you say that? Don't you remember that day when the dressmaker was here making dresses for the girls, I begged for a dress, and at last was foolish enough to cry about it, and you pushed me away, and said you didn't think you had married a cry-baby? That is the last time I ever asked you for money. I fear I am not so useful as you expected, and I don't see why I may not earn the little money I need. I am sure I don't want to be a burden to you."

"Katie, don't talk in that way. Why, the world's people will never stop talking at me. My wife taking in sewing! Don't that sound nice?"

long as I live." This was exactly what she had promised to say.

"Well," angrily interrupted the Deacon, "as I am dealing with a Jew, I must come down. Madam, what are your terms?"

"I have no terms; I only want a small amount of money to buy a few garments. I will not humiliate myself by begging for it. If I shall be grateful, and give you in return all there is of me. If you do not give me the money when I need it, I shall work for it. If there is any extra work in your family which I can do for pay, I shall prefer to work for you; but if not, I shall, with every preparation to save your feelings, ask for work outside."

"Madam, will you be kind enough to mention your terms?"

"If you will give me two hundred dollars a year, and will be kind enough to let me have a quarter of it every three months, I will make it pay for my clothing. You give each of your daughters three hundred, but I shall make two hundred dollars do, and I will never ask for more. If you will be so good as to

allow me this sum, it will relieve me of a great trouble."

"Let it be so," angrily exclaimed the Deacon.

As he went out, he muttered to himself, "My wife taking in sewing! The world's people will never stop sneering at me. Taking in sewing! Pretty story! Never can tell what a woman will do! Most unreasonable creatures in the world! Taking in sewing! Wouldn't it had it happen for ten thousand dollars! The world's people will never stop laughing about it."

With persons in comfortable circumstances this is a good and wise expedient. Most happily I have known it to work in a number of cases. It has many advantages; it is honest, convincing and effective. It challenges the respect of the husband, and if done in a gentle spirit awakens his sympathy and sense of justice. With a little patience I think it will prove uniformly successful.

Most husbands will indignantly denounce all such interference with the management of their families. If a husband goes astray, time must be taken at the table-bearer who communicates with the wife; but let the wife go astray, how full of sympathy and help for the wronged husband these same nine men are.

Gentlemen, fellow-husbands, has not this animal, brutal selfishness gone about far enough? Has not the time come, in the race of life, to remove all obstacles from the pathway of those whom we call "the weaker vessels"? If either of us must be handicapped, which do you, brave men, say it shall be?—*Dio Lewis's Monthly.*

## MILLIONS OF SWALLOWS.

A Strange Sight Seen in a Small Suburban Town.

In the little town of Westery, E. I., there has been annually occurring for several years past a peculiar phenomenon of great interest. The phenomenon consists in the fact that millions of swallows and other birds are accustomed during each summer season to congregate every night in a certain grove in the town of Westery, making the trees their resting place, and their movements as they come and go about this resort afford a basis for much comment and speculation. When we first reached the scene we noticed several swallows flitting here and there in the air, but about seven o'clock their number seemed legion. One could think of nothing but a snow storm with large black flakes.

From the plainest outlines of the lowest flying birds to the sacred black specks of the most aspiring wanderers, the picture was that of constantly moving, intermingling millions of little winged creatures.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. At times no two birds seemed to be flying in the same direction, though, as a whole, the vast company would away from side to side above the grove.

Again, a group of hundreds would take a common direction, circling around the tower of the church, or the general company, now descending toward the tree tops, with a symmetrical swoop, then rising in the air till almost lost to view. Then they would return to the common crowd and resume their separate courses as before.

The individual flyers would tilt and just with each other, or play at cross-tag in the air. It was a constantly moving kaleidoscope. All the while new comers were still streaming in from the four corners of the general company, now descending toward the tree tops, and now ascending toward the sky.

At times there was a sudden cessation of the various flights, and a general circular motion of the whole company was apparent. Round and round in a broad sweeping circle over the grove they flew for several minutes, until all had joined in the common direction. Then they began to draw closer and closer together in a constantly narrowing circle, and the center of the mass was observed gradually to sink in funnel shape toward the tree tops. Suddenly with almost the rapidity of thought, the whole host vanished, circling in the tree tops with a whirling of wings distinctly heard, and soon the air was almost still, broken only by the groaning chirps of the now late-comers, who were still straggling in in small groups and singly. These last arrivals did not pause to circle about in the air, but flew in toward the grove as straight as an arrow and vanished among their settled brothers with lightning-like rapidity. As we now drew still nearer the edge of the grove the rustling and chirping of the birds among the leaves and branches as they settled themselves in comfort for the night could be distinctly heard.

To say that the entire space occupied by the birds in this nightly flying to and fro, after all have gathered, does not exceed 500 feet dimensions each way, and that, compressed into this space in their close flight, the birds would not exceed twenty-five in each 1,000 cubic feet of space (ten feet each way) is to make estimates which all who have seen the birds will most certainly call in-humane bounds; and yet these estimates would give a total of at least 3,125,000 birds.

Miss PHOENIX COVENS, who was in the vicinity of the Minnesota cyclone, was reported among the lost. She writes that she is safe. It appears that when she saw the cyclone approaching she commenced to deliver one of her women's rights speeches, when the besom of destruction suddenly turned on its heel and went howling howling over the prairies in another direction.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WHAT would you do if you were I, and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young swell of his lady friend, as he carried her from church. "Well," she said, "if I were you I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my case for firewood, wear my watch-chain underneath my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains!"

One FORESTER—Professor Rothrock, of Philadelphia, Pa., says that at the present rate of destroying American forests the country will be without wood lands thirty years hence.

## In the Grave Days of Old.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, writing from the ancient town of Yarmouth, Me., says: There are some good stories told about the old meeting house, of which nothing remains now but the name which some enthusiastic antiquarians have placed upon "the ledge"—one of the hills of the town. It was the first church built in Maine. In those days every man carried his musket to church with him, and these were stacked outside the door, while the sentinels kept watch during the service, and others were posted at different points through the town. One quiet Sabbath, while the preacher held forth upon the ruin of unbelievers, and the congregation slumbered peacefully in their high-backed pews, a signal gun was heard from the Prince's Point Station. Another sharp report followed, and still another. The minister did not wait for the fifth in his discourse, but dashed down the pulpit stairs and joined the excited multitude outside. From their commanding situation they saw a strange craft sailing up Casco Bay. It carried a full crew. They could see no men on its deck. After a hurried consultation it was decided to send an armed deputation to Prince's Point to find out the mission of the mysterious vessel. The women and children, with a few men for defense, remained on the hill, while the heroic band marched down to the point and awaited the arrival of the stranger. An hour passed and they returned. The bark was a schooner from down the coast which had sailed up for a market. The Chronicle tells only the bare story, and with a grain of factiousness, as if the humor was evident enough without any comments. It does not attempt to account either for the fall of the plaster in the same church at the very moment when the parson, a gloomy man with a sonorous voice and pessimistic views of life, was enlarging on the passage "Blow ye the trumpet!" But Babylon shall fall and become heaps," but simply says that "the people thought that the end of the world had come, and did leave the meeting-house in great distraction,