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Select Poetry.

THE BITTER-SWEET VINE.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

She came in the dawn of a sweet May morn,
Laden with blossom and berry—
A woman with locks like the ripened corn,
To a Southern cemetery.

The mounds swelled round like a summer sea
Stirred by a gentle wind—
Beyond the stretch of a wide-spread lea,
The shadowy forest behind.

Down by a grave with a bitter-sweet vine
Twining and trailing it over,
In the soft rich glow of the morning's shine
She knelt in the nodding clover.

Knelt and bowed till the sad white face
Cozened the dew-starred grasses,
Still as a nun in some holy place
When some virgin's spirit passes.

Screened by the vine on the self-same grave
Was another figure kneeling,
With hair as white as the ocean wave
Before the hurricane reeling.

Their prayers are done, and they rise as one—
Each starts at the sight of the other;
Said the younger: "This grave is the grave of my son;"
The elder: "Nay, I am his mother;

"I came o'er his ashes to weep and pray."
The younger: "I tell you true,
My boy sleeps here, and he wore the gray."
"Not so, but mine of the blue."

"There is some mistake," cried the gray-haired dame;
Said she of the yellow braid:
"You'll find on the headstone my dear boy's name,
You surely have been betrayed."

They sought the marble by vines o'ergrown,
And drawing the leaves away,
Lo! two names carved in the mossy stone—
The name of the blue and gray.

One look they gave, then suddenly turned
To clasp in a warm embrace—
The rising sun in his splendor burned,
And glorified all the place.

The snow-white locks of the Northern land
And the warm, rich Southern wave
Mix and mingle, then hand in hand
They kneel by the dual grave.

Oh! ties like tendrils that vine has spread—
As tender as mourning mothers—
Unite to-day by the Nation's dead
The blue and the gray as brothers.

Select Stories.

ONE MEMORIAL DAY.

BY KATE A. BRADLEY.

"Hello! Uncle Judson! Here's a letter for you."

The old man addressed rose from his arm chair on the porch where he had been peacefully smoking his morning pipe and walked slowly down to the gate. He took the letter from the outstretched hand that held it and looked it over carefully but did not open it.

"Thank'ee, neighbor Gresham," he said. "Won't ye 'light?"

"Can't, thank you. Any thing partic'lar, Uncle?" Neighbor Gresham cast curious looks at the letter.

"No; nothin'," said the old man, hastily crowding his letter into his sagging pocket.

"Good-day to ye then."

He saw the messenger's back fairly turned as the horse walked on up the straight, dusty road, and then he opened his letter with strange slowness and hesitation; perhaps it was because his hands trembled so much.

"I have succeeded in the task you set for me," said the letter. "Your son's grave I have just located in the cemetery at Nashville, in the south-east corner just beyond a large pine tree which will guide you to it at once. I also inclose a letter which I discovered in my search in possession of a colored family of that place. It was written by your son on his death-bed, but unhappily left without address. The name of the colored family who held all the information I have given you is Benson. My fee—"

The old man read no further. What were lawyers' fees to him now when he had learned after fifteen weary years of search the last resting-place of his only son! He bowed his head upon his hands and wept. Suddenly he recollected his other letter—the precious legacy of that dying son. He opened and read it, wiping away the tears that blinded his fading eyes.

The words were few and weakly written by the failing hand that nothing but love could have strengthened for the task—words of love and last remembrance that pierced again the father's bleeding heart. But what was this at the last? "Sam—tell uncle, father—Sam was shot while trying to drag me to a place of safety. He gave his life for mine. Comfort uncle, father, and do not grieve. In Heaven, where the weary are at rest—" The letter paused abruptly. The last few lines had been faintly written and were almost illegible. No tears flowed now; he sat silent and pale, the letter dropping from his trembling hand. How long he sat alone with those bitter, burning memories, he did not know. At last the light of an angelic peace shone over his features.

"Perhaps I was partly to blame, after all," he murmured to himself, and taking his letter in his hand he reached for his cane and started off up the white road.

Absorbed in thought he reached his destination before he knew it, and paused almost instinctively before a little gate, half hidden in the shrubbery. Recollecting himself he glanced quickly at the bare, unpainted house before him and entered the yard. As he turned a corner of the house he was suddenly confronted by a little man, somewhat older than himself, whose eyes blazed with sudden fury as they rested on him.

"What do you want here—how dare you come here!" he cried, his voice husky with rage.

"Sam," replied the intruder, softly, "I didn't come to quarrel with ye. I come to tell ye thet mebbe I was part in the wrong myself, an' I want to forgive and be forgiven." The trembling voice was interrupted here by a sharp call from the back of the house.

"Sam Peters, you come back here an' finish wipin' them dishes—quick, now!"

"Ye ain't happy here, brother Sam," continued Uncle Judson, as he was called by old and young for miles around. "Ye know ye ain't. Come home to me and Mirry, an' let's spend the rest of our days together in peace an' quiet. Won't you let bygones be bygones, brother Sam? I've got a letter here I want ye to read. I've—I've found where my boy's buried!"

Up to this point the little man had kept silence, not because he wanted to hear what was said, but because his tongue was powerless to utter the burning thoughts that thronged his brain. Now, however, he interrupted.

"Do you think that I would live in your house and eat of your bread when it is through you that I am childless to-day? My boy would never have taken sides against his old father if you had not persuaded him to it."

"Sam!"

"Fifteen years have I searched in vain, until to-day, that I might know when and how he died, and have the poor consolation of mourning over his grave. And now you ask me to forget my son and join hands with you—never! Go and mourn over your dead as I shall over mine—alone. No, no; I will not hear you!" The other attempted to speak, but his brother hastily entered the house, closing and bolting the door.

"I am glad I didn't tell him how Sam died," thought Uncle Judson, wearily, as he turned his face homeward. Mirry met him at the door with a kiss and a look of concern for his sad face.

"Is anything the matter, father?" she asked. He did not answer for a few moments, then he said: "I am going to Nashville to-night, Mirry."

"To-night, father—and alone!" she cried, alarmed.

"Yes, dear—alone. I will tell ye when I come back." It seemed to him that it must be his sacred right to weep first and alone over his son's grave; afterwards he would tell her.

All that day Samuel Peters' thoughts were struggling with each other as he silently performed the tasks set for him by his "capable" daughter-in-law and listened without retort to her sharp chidings. Many times that day he secretly drew out and read a crumpled letter that neighbor Gresham had left him that morning. Finally 'Randy's sharp eyes discovered it.

"What ye got there?" she demanded.

"Nothing, 'Randy, nothing," the old man replied quickly, crowding the letter into his pocket.

"Giv't, ter me," she said, holding out her hand. He clutched his letter still more tightly and looked helplessly around; then, seeing no other way of saving it, he fled up the crooked stair-way to his bare room, locking the door after him.

From his secret hiding place in the mattress he took the scanty savings of years.

"I'll go in the morning," he said, softly to himself. "It'll be Memorial Day, and my boy's grave shall not be without flowers this year, as it has for the fifteen that are gone."

He went to his rickety bureau to get a ragged handkerchief in which to tie his money for safe keeping. As he tumbled over the contents of the drawer a picture touched his hand. He drew it out and looked at it in the moonlight. It was his brother's picture when a young man. The heart of the old man was softened.

"Will!" he muttered, "I was wrong—wrong! I'll tell him so when I come back. He's right. I ain't happy here. I'll go to him and ask his pardon. Oh, Sammie! Sammie!" he cried, suddenly, bursting into tears, "ask God to forgive your old father for his wickedness! Poor Will—he always loved me—it was my fault."

It was a beautiful Memorial Day—every body spoke of it. In the streets it was brightly, cheerfully beautiful; in the cemetery it was quietly, peacefully beautiful, a little spot of Heaven's rest, a connecting link between Heaven and earth. An old man was picking his way carefully along. "Just beyond the old pine tree," he murmured. "There it is—it must be—but who has done this? Who has put flowers on my boy's grave?" He spoke aloud and looked around him. A figure arose from the grassy foot of the pine tree.

"I put those flowers there, Sam," he said. "It is my boy's grave—not yours." For a moment there was no answer, then Samuel Peters stooped and carefully brushed away the moss from the faintly-painted letters on the pine head-board. They both read the whole inscription then, their aged eyes made keen with love.

"Samuel Peters and William Judson. Together in death as in life."

The half-brothers rose as they read the words and looked in each other's faces. Suddenly they stretched out their hands across the grave.

"Forgive!" they both cried, and weeping they mourned their dead while they yet rejoiced over their living and new-found love.

WILD ASTERS.

How They Took the Place of Orange Blossoms.

[redacted]

time I carry this bag I'll leave it somewhere as sure as fate."

"Yes; but Sadie, your're old enough to be more careful."

"Very true, mother, but then I'm not; and I never shall be, I very much fear."

"Perhaps if you lose this it will be a lesson you will remember."

"But I don't intend to lose it, even if I do leave it; for I mean to have my full address engraved on this silver plate, instead of simply initials."

She had it engraved that afternoon, and displaying it in triumph, said:

"There, mother! see that! Now he who runs may read: 'Sadie M. Farnham, Pleasantville, Me.'"

"Yes, perhaps somebody will read it whom you won't wish to," responded the mother, sagely.

"O, I shall keep that side toward me when I carry it."

The last of September she went to visit her most intimate friend, Laura McQuisten, lately married, and living in Ohio. Laura's former home had been in Sadie's own village; and knowing Laura's fondness for the wild purple aster which bordered all their road-sides, nestling beside the golden-rod, she gathered a large bunch of them to carry to her friend, but with one gorgeous spray of golden-rod in their midst.

Her brother Harry found a pleasant seat for her in the car and, handing her the bag and flowers, he said:

"There! these are almost equal to a big box, little box, band-box and bundle."

"Now, Harry, you know father says that I'm a finished traveler. I never burden myself or any one else with luggage."

"You'll get sick enough of those flowers before you get there; they'll be withered, anyway."

"No, they won't; for I shall put fresh water on the cotton every little while."

"Here are your tickets. Take care of yourself, and don't get into any scrapes. Good-bye, little sis; remember me to Laura."

The car was empty, save for a few passengers behind Sadie, whose faces she could not see. She loved dearly to study faces, herself unobserved, and began to wish the car would fill up. It did with a rush at the next station, every seat soon being full. Just as she was wondering who would occupy the seat with her, a rather elderly lady, with a slightly troubled expression, entered the car, and looked anxiously up and down the rows of seats. She approached Sadie somewhat timidly, but Sadie lifted the flowers from the seat beside her, and said brightly: "You can sit here if you like, madman." The lady—that she was a lady was written all over her, though evidently unused to traveling alone—thanked her with a very relieved face, and sat down beside her. The lady's eyes fell at once on the flowers and lingered there. Sadie, who was watching her new traveling companion, saw from the half-sad, half-tender smile which curved her lips, and the abstracted, dreamy look on her face, that she was far away from her present surroundings, and busy with memories which the asters and golden-rod had stirred. As she looked up with a half sigh, Sadie said: "You love flowers?"

"O, very much! Wild ones particularly. I used to gather such as those when I was a little girl. I used to trim my sun-hat with them, and up by the old school-house on the hill my girlhood's friend and I had a plot of them walled around with stones.

"I haven't seen them in ages before, my home having been in the far West."

"I am taking these to a friend whose favorite flowers they used to be: but you must please accept half of them."

The lady thanked her but declined the gift, saying she could not rob her of them.

"You will not rob her, for I can send her a box full," separating the flowers as she spoke.

The lady's lip quivered, and her eyes grew moist, as she gracefully accepted them. She told Sadie that she was on her way back to her home in the West, having made a trip to the East to see her son, who had been quite ill, but was now convalescent. Her immediate presence was required at home, and she was obliged to return alone the friend with whom she had come not returning for some weeks. "I am so unused to traveling alone that I am quite timid," she said, with a depreciating look and smile.

Sadie did all in her power to make her comfortable as far their ways lay together and enjoyed her companionship, since she was very intelligent and cultured, as further conversation revealed. When they reached K—— they parted with real regret; Sadie wishing the lady, whose name she did not know, a safe and pleasant journey.

Laura was delighted with the flowers, which had kept wonderfully fresh, more than delighted to see her friend, and in the happy, busy days which followed all rememberances of the lady with whom she had shared the flowers gradually faded from Sadie's mind.

One day there came a letter from home in Harry's handwriting, which contained the following paragraph:

"The other day the expressman brought a box addressed to you. Mother was dying with curiosity to know what was in it. Of course I had none, being a man, but at her solicitation I opened the box. It contained a beautiful panel, painted in oils, of wild asters, with a spray of golden-rod. Underneath lay a card, on one side of which was inscribed: 'George L. Cranstoun, Boston, Mass.' On the other; 'Will Miss Farnham please accept as a slight token of gratitude for kindness shown my mother while traveling.'

"I wrote to Charles Livingston, inquiring in a casual way if he knew him. When he replied, he spoke very enthusiastically of him, and asked where I had met him. So father wrote to young C., acknowledging receipt of box, with thanks for contents.

"Now, I should like to know, although, as you know, I've no curiosity, what you've been up to? Wasn't my last charge to you a solemn warning not to get into scrapes?"

Laura said it was most romantic, quite like a story; and when Sadie left for home declared she knew her departure was hastened by a desire to see that panel.

Sadie had no adventure during the homeward journey, having a seat to herself most of the way. The remainder of it was occupied by an old gentleman, who took snuff and had catarrh, saying "Um! um!" in the most emphatic manner after each application of his handerchief.

The panel was almost the first thing shown Sadie on her arrival.

"And how did you happen to give your name and address to an entire stranger?" chorused the family.

"Why, I didn't."

"How did she know it, then?"

Just then Harry's eye happened to fall on the pretty bag with its silver plate. In a voice brimming with mischief he read: "Miss Sadie M. Farnham, Pleasantville, Me.," and added: "I suppose you labeled yourself with that all the way, didn't you, Sadie, like a package sent by express?"

"The idea! I kept the plate out of sight all the way; but I left it on the seat when I went out to get some lunch."

"It's wonderful to me," said Harry, "that you didn't leave it somewhere altogether that being your usual custom."

Autumn passed, and early winter. With the holidays came another package to Sadie in care of her father. The box, when opened, was found to contain a beautiful lace pin, the design a spray of asters, from Mrs. Cranstoun. Later came a very charming letter from the lady begging Sadie's acceptance of the gift.

All the young readers are saying: "Why doesn's she hurry up and tell when Mr. Cranstoun came to see Sadie, made love and was accepted?"

My dear girls, I leave you to imagine that part, and I will simply tell you that Mr. C. came up with Charlie Livingston in the winter, and when the asters bloomed again there was a quiet wedding, in which Sadie Farnham and George Cranstoun, were central figures.

And the bride wore asters instead of orange blossoms—how odd?

THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Remarkable Stories of Beasts, Birds and Fishes.

From the Americus Ga. REPUBLICAN.

INSTINCT OR REASON.

The physical expressions which the animals employ to manifest their passions, requirements, distresses and emotions, are precisely similar to man's. They caress with their lips and limbs, show resentment by facial distortion, bites and kicks, and fear by a tremor; they leap with joy, loll with thirst, lag with fatigue, and attack for revenge and reprisal. Even fishes, with their poor deficient bodies, are able to manifest many mental operations in a manner intelligible to man as well as to each other. There is no end to authenticated instances of animal sagacity, indicating premeditation, plan, purposes, sense of duty, prudence, gratitude, method, judgment. Animals memorize. They cherish malice, they dream in their their sleep, they can count, they have a sense of injustice, a consciousness of error, and notions of forgiveness and reparation.

Animals meditate. Dogs have been seen to sit in a fit of abstraction, so that no one could engage their attention, and presently start off with an impetus which showed there was a mental impulse behind it. That was a keen sense of finesse displayed by the Newfoundland dog at a seaside resort, when he pushed little children off the pier so that he could jump in magnanimously to the rescue, and thereby obtain the reward of a handful of candy which he anticipated the grateful parents would bestow. He repeated the trick so often that he fell into suspicion and disgrace, but his method showed not only a conception of the efficacy of a virtuous act and its logical recompense, but the advantage of deception when sucessfully practiced. A crow shammed hunger habitually so as to obtain more food, which he invariably carried off and hid in a wall, and then came back for more. In this way he accumulated large hoards of provender. A certain Java sparrow was able to distinguish the click of its master's latch key in the hall door from any other person's, and flew to meet him with demonstrations of joy as soon as he entered the house. He never made a mistake. A sagacious master always pulled the door bell when he desired to enter. A parrot in New Orleans seemed to answer questions categorically, and recognized different persons, calling them by name. The intelligence of insects is even more wonderful. Fishes exibit remarkable sagacity, which has made the theme of writers for two thousand years.

MR. ALLEN'S MULE.

"I see," said Representative Allen, of Mississippi, to a New York Tribune correspondent, "that Senator Hampton has been telling about a crow he owns that can talk, and Senator Vest tells of a dog that can black boots and imitate a Methodist exhorter. Now, I have a mule on my place in Mississippi whose favorite amusement is to go in swimming with the boys; and would you believe it, he can swim on his back and dive headforemost like a fish. Yes, sir, he has dived at least thirty feet and come up with his head all covered with mud.

"That mule can counterfeit almost any wind instrument. There is a ferry man who has shot at him several times. The ferry man has a horn on the opposite side of the river for travellers to blow whenever they want to come over. The mule caught on to the racket, and whenever he gets a chance he goes down to the river and brays like a horn blowin'. On foggy days the ferry man cannot see across the river, and he doesn't know whether it is the mule or a traveller. He told me the other day that last year he pulled his boat over sixty times to answer that "blessed long-eared mule," as he termed it.

"On my farm I have a large bell with a rope attached to ring up the hand at daybreak. An old colored man used to attend to this duty, but one day about two years ago he suddenly died. The next morning everybody was astonished to hear the bell ring at the usual hour. I went out to see who was ringing it and I hope I may never get back to Mississippi if it was not that mule. Yes, sir, and that mule has been ringing that bell ever since at daybreak every morning. Not only that but he canters down between the negro quarters just as the old man used to do to see that everybody gets out on time. The old man was a very lazy colored family that never stirred until everybody else was out at work. Just at daybreak the mule backed up to the door and gave a kick with both feet that sent the whole family through the back window. The mule did not know it, however, and kept on kicking. The next day it took four carpenters to put the cabin together again.

A PROFANELY EDUCATED PARROT.

The Chicago Mail relates that a parrot was recently bought by a southside lady upon the assurance of the man who sold it that it had only a moral education. The bird had in reality been the property of a saloon keeper, and, its cage being near the cracker bowl, everybody made free to give it crackers and teach it tough words. Its new mistress had hardly got it hung up when a lady friend called, and, of course, went into ecstasies over the parrot. When she began to poke her fingers through the cage and call out "Polly, Polly, Polly," the bird opened one eye, cocked his head sidewise, looked at the visitor and said with great gravity: "Now, for God's sake don't ask me to have a cracker. I've sworn off!"

SQUIRRELS NURSED BY A CAT.

An exchange says that Russell Rice, a farmer of Scottsberg, Ind., found a nest of five young squirrels in the woods, and took them home and placed them in care of the family cat. The cat at once adopted the squirrels, and raised them in the same manner as she would have done her own young. The squirrels are now half grown and deeply attached to the foster-mother, and when separated from her the other day and placed in the court-yard park they acted almost like kittens, but are now fast learning to climb the trees in the manner of their nature.

A HUNTING CAT.

A gentleman down in Worth has trained a large cat to hunt squirrels, and it is said that he can tree more squirrels in a day than the best dog. When the squirrel hides from the hunter Tom is sent up in the tree to find it. He rarely ever fails to run him around so that his master can shoot it. When going on a long expedition the cat will climb up on his master's shoulder or run along at his heels like a dog.

WHY SIXTY SECONDS MAKE A MINUTE.

Why is our hour divided into 60 minutes, each minute into 60 seconds, &c.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the 24 equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemanic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of 60 minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.

A little turpentine added as clothes boil will whiten and sweeten them without injuring the most delicate fabric. For garments very much soiled use a spoonful of kerosene.

When papering a room a small apartment can be made to appear large by being covered with a paper of subdued color without any particular design.

MAINE INDIAN RELICS.

JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER, IN PORTLAND (ME.) TRANSCRIPT.

There are numerous knolls slightly elevated above the surrounding surface on the southern and eastern slopes of Mackworth's island, and from their shape and the vivid green of the fine, short herbage which adorns them so much fresher and brighter than anything near by, suggest to the observer those fairy haunted rings, whose emerald sheen so awed the woodland wanderers of Arthurian days.

It seems almost sacrilege to put the great plow into this ground, but the ambitious teamster, with his four sturdy horses as impatient as himself to begin the work, is ready, and only awaits direction to begin. We will start near the great mound.

Deeply sinks the share into the earth, and cutting the rich, turf like cheese, throws up windrows of dark soil almost wholly composed of decayed shells, but topped with white masses of other shells only partially broken, until the whole mound lies exposed to view, like a lakelet furrowed with white capped waves, and we may approach and inspect it.

THE OLD STONE AX.

Here in the center is a great heap of ashes and stones marked by fire; bones of beasts, bird and fish; tusks of bear and teeth of rabbit and coon, revealing to us that we are invading the hearthstone of a departed race. Impressive thought! which must perforce awaken serious reflection.

Here was a home—the home of a chief, doubtless, from its superior size—where domestic life ran its eventful course, where councils upon public affairs took place and feast and merrymaking marked auspicious occurrences. At this fireside swung in his rude cradle the infant who was to succeed his father in the chieftainship of his tribe, while beside him his dark eyed mother forecast his future, glorified with deeds of prowess and limited only by the horizon of savage aspiration, narrow enough, certainly, to the Christian view.

But these are only the sports of Fancy, and we fain would have more tangible remainders of the people who once dwelt on these sunny slopes. Here are smooth, round stones, fire stained and crumbling from much heating, which were plunged red hot into the water contained in the receptable of birch bark, whose seams were smeared with pitch, and which served as a kettle in which to seeth the savory pottage.

Of what this pottage was composed is evident, for mingled with the soil are the bones of the partridge and pigeon; the teeth of the bear, the hare and the coon; the larger bones of the moose and deer, as well as the vertebrae of the cod, and the shells of the whelk; comfortable viands, certainly; and, Eureka! here at hand, is a stone ax! Shade of Skitteragasset! was this axe thine? Didst thou hold this bit of stone, with smoothly polished edge, in thy tawny hand when "Poor Levett" sought thy wigwam on the opposite shore? But, lo! a bodkin of bone broken, alas! by the plowshare.

The slender fingers have held this, puncturing with its arrowy point the sweet smelling birch! How like a magic wand this frail thing summons before us a picture of tawny women plying their simple tasks! and we dream while the white winged vessels and the steamers with trailing pennons of smoke go by, some seaward, to return, perchance, no more forever, like these pictures of the misty past.

And now we turn up a long stone rounded and smooth. It was employed in dressing the skins of beasts, which are made soft and pliable by frequent beating. With the skins of beasts so prepared the luxurious gallants of the courts of King James and his unfortunate son were wont to royally bedeck themselves; aye, the king himself, once upon a time, caused to be made for his addled pate "a fayre bonnet," of which he was absurdly proud. And here we have a stone gouge, the point worn away and broken by much use. Surely it had an industrious owner. And a broken arrow head, what tale does this tell? Was it broken in a trial of skill between rival marksmen? Most likely it was broken by a tree or other hard substance against which it was directed.

THE RAREST THING OF ALL.

Turning the soil just outside those charmed circles, a little heap of white sea sand brought from the beach below is revealed. It was not brought here by ants, but by human hands. Perhaps it was placed here to please the darling of the wigwam, for a heap of sand was doubtless as attractive to the golden skinned papooses of a bygone age as it is to-day to our own ruddy cheeked darlings. May be here stood the wigwam of the savage potter, who used the sand to mingle with the clay from which he shaped the rude samp bowl or tobacco pipe, for numerous bits of such pottery are scattered about.

Away from the shells, along the bank of the old spring which separated the camps, the plow has turned up the brown soil, and here, near the spring, are the fragments of a samp bowl. It repeats to fancy's ear a familiar story. Some one going to the spring met with a catastrophe, a serious one, too, for the bowl was precious, and the person who broke this, which was one of the better sort, being decorated with broken lines in intaglio made by a sharp stone or bone or pointed stick, met with sore reproof and the act was not soon forgotten. The gentle maiden, if such it was, who broke this precious bowl, returned not to the parental wigwam with bounding step and hilarious music; indeed, the sad catastrophe may have so dwelt in memory as to have been related to grand-children as a warning against carelessness.

But at last our search has been rewarded by finding the rarest thing of all, a pipe, a genuine Indian pipe, with square corners, and decorated in the rude manner common to the Indians of this region. The share has fractured it, but it can be readily restored. We hold it in our hand in admiration. By the great Bashaba of the Penobscot! this pipe has been imaged upon the retina of Black William, who slew Bagnall at Richmond Island; of Passaconoway and Skitteragasset, perhaps of Tisquantum, Madockawando, Wenape and Skittawaroes. Why, John Winter, George Cleeve, Arthur Mackworth, Richard Vines and ever so many more, yes, all of our old acquaintances of the Seventeenth century, have handled it, and admired it, yes, and smoked it too.

But the evidences of a race will soon disappear. The ashes of former fires, the shells and bones of former feasts are being mingled with the soil to furnish food for the future crop, and the good people of Portland will enjoy the peas, the sugar corn, the squash and other occulent vegetables which the husbandman will produce, without dreaming that they are really partaking of the remnant of former feasts left by the savage red men of Mackworth's Island.

WHEN THE SHIPS WENT DOWN AT APIA.

How luminous the dreadful recital is with heroism! Not a single act of cowardice is noted. Not a single breach of discipline in the American or German crews. Men seemed to grow inspired in the face of death, and to vie with each other in splendid behavior. What beautiful pictures float in the record of the numberless wrecks. They are worthy of an epic poem. Think of the crew of the doomed Vandalia cheering the giant Calliope as the sturdy Englisher strode the storm and cleared the dangerous reefs for the open sea. Think of the commander of the floundering Trenton cutting the storm clouds with the brave colors of the Union Jack, and, bidding defiance, with pennon fair, to "lightning and the gale." Nor was the storm too strong or the wild roar of the winds too loud to silence the musical instruments, for the marine band had caught the spirit and saluted the flag with the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Think of the lusty shouts thrown from heroic fellows lashed to the rigging while their comrades in the same perilous position rocked aloft in maddening storm! Cheers of hope and encouragement were these; feeble greetings followed from dry and aching throats until the sea had swept even these noble fellows from the topmast and silenced the gallant greetings forever.

The navies of the world have enriched history with heroes and loaded nations with a conquest. We love to read of Nelson, of Semmes and of Farragut, but we shall wait and search long before the record of noble suffering and brave death of the sailors and marines at Samoa is broken; when men shivered in the masts and cheered their struggling comrades, or sank to abysmal death with a salute to the flag of their country.

In Egypt ladies used to carry their devotion for their feline pets so far as to go into mourning for them, when they died, by shaving off their eyebrows! Favorite cats used to be embalmed, too, and I know of no quainter or more grotesque objects than the mummified cats which may be seen at the British Museum. Even now cats are held in high esteem in Egypt, and in at least one of the Khedive's palaces at Cairo there is a free ration distributed every day to any cats that may care to apply.

CHINESE PRISONS.

A writer in the *Chinese Times* says of Chinese prisons that the amount of extortion that goes on in them is amazing, and the warders and others display surprising ingenuity in extracting money from the unhappy prisoners. The newcomer almost invariably forgets to fee the night watchman. The consequence is that sleep is rendered almost impossible by the terrible noise which is kept up outside his window all night, and he speedily apologizes for his forgetfulness and makes good the oversight. If the coolie who cleans out the cell is not satisfied he collects all the insects he can find and introduces several hundreds into the apartment of his victim, who is then only too glad to call his services into requisition to get rid of them again, even at an exorbitant price. Many of the wardens and servants are criminals who have escaped capital punishment by the omission of the Emperor to mark their names for death when the list for the autumn executions is submitted to him. This list, which sets forth the name and condition of the criminal and the circumstances of his crime, is divided into three parts. The first contains the new cases, the second those which were not marked the previous year, the third those which have escaped marking for two years. It is said that the Emperor marks about eight names in ten, and that a man who escapes once is safe from subsequent marking, although he has to go down to the execution ground the two following years. The list is brought from the palace direct to the place of execution, and until its arrival neither criminals nor officials know who are to die, the unhappy victims only being sure of their fate upon hearing themselves called out to pay the last penalty. The prisoners who have escaped are imprisoned for life, but they have a very easy existence, and as they are employed in the prison and share in the extortions practiced on other prisoners, they often amass considerable wealth.

DITTO.

There were three or four unoccupied seats in the car, but he stood for a moment grip in hand, near the door, and then walked to a seat in which a young lady sat alone, and sat down beside her with an impudence that astounded all other passengers. The girl looked up at him and around the car, evidently realized the situation, for she took pencil and tablet from her reticule and made ready for him. After about five minutes the man turned to her and observed.

"Beg pardon if I am mistaken, but don't you live at Utica?"

She looked up in a furtive way, and then wrote on the tablet and handed him:

"I am deaf and dumb."

"Ah! By George!" he sighed as he read it; "that's too, too bad! Deuced pretty girl to have such a misfortune. Well, I'm left, after all my smartness. Saw her at the window before I got on, and carried out the plan to a dot. Deaf and dumb, eh? First one I ever struck!"

He nodded his head to signify that he understood, and he would have been glad to change seats if he could have done so without loss of dignity. As the train thundered on he perused the contents of a couple of newspapers, yawned awhile, and then bought and finished a novel; and finally, after a ride of four hours, the whistle blew, and he reached for his grip with the remark:

"I'll be hanged if I ain't glad this stupid ride has come to an end at last."

"Ditto!" quietly replied the girl, as she turned on him.

"You—you—!" he gasped, as he stood there looking down upon her with twelve kinds of motion galloping over his countenance.

"Good-by," she said, and he backed out and dropped to the platform like a man retreating from a mule's hind legs.

EXCITING INCIDENTS IN A CHAIR CAR.

One of the chair car passengers of a Wabash train suddenly jumped from the seat when the train was about forty miles out, and, after yelling at the top of his voice that the car was full of train robbers, dove head first through a window of the car. A fellow passenger grabbed him by the legs and held on until the conductor came to his assistance. The man was all out of the car except his feet, and it was with considerable difficulty that he was drawn in again. To the conductor he said that he was a preacher living at Moberly. He had fallen asleep about forty miles this side of St. Louis, and dreamed that train robbers had taken possession of the train. His wounds were not serious, and he was able to leave the train at Moberly without assistance. In the same car was a farmer and his grown son, bound for Kansas. After leaving the little station east of Moberly the train began to run forty miles an hour. The boy got up in his sleep, walked out to the rear platform and stepped off the train. He was not even scratched.

Forty salmon canneries are running in Alaska.

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