AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 29. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

[This poem was written in 1858 by Gail Hamilton, who was then a teacher in the Hartford High school.]

A thousand busy fingers
Day and night,
Weave a wondrous web of mingled
Shade and light.
O the glory of its beauty,
As it swiftly is unrolled!
O the shining of its silver threads,
The flashing of its gold!
The devices quaint and rare,
Which the flickering and the gleaming
Of its mystic tissue bear?
Bright as the dew
To the lilly cup given—
Soft as the blue
Of the midsummer heaven.

Slowly—slowly—slowly—
The glowing gold grows dim.
The busy figures silently instead
Weave in the darkness of a sable thread.
The early splendor waxeth cold and dead
As when at vesper hour
A cry of human woe shall overpower
The jubilate of a choral hymn.
For the child asleep on its mother's breast,
Is the marvelous web begun;
When the daisies bloom on the old man's grave.
The web of life is done,
Bending from Heaven
Joyous or grieving,
Angels watch over
The web in its weaving.

O tried and true,
How shall the garment be wrought for you.
That you souls may stand,
Crowned and exultant at God's right hand?
No richer gem in the diadem
Encircling a monarch's brow appears
Than the priceless pearls of a mother's tears,
For a charm against the tempter's snares,
Weave in the gold of a mother's prayers.
Tinsel of falsehood
Glisten there never;
Truth alone dureth
Forever and ever.
Weave in the might of a woman's heart,
The strength of a hero's soul—
So shall your garments be silken soft
When you reach the distant goal,
But strong as the knights of long agone
When they went forth to fight with their armor on.
O dearly loved,
When the day is done,
May angels rejoice
In a victory won;
And your robes be free from travel-stain,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

Select Story.

THE LAST PARADE.

"It's all settled, Colonel; she's coming—she's actually on her way out."

There was a ring of triumphant joy in the voice of the speaker, a young man, who was waving a letter that was closely written on flimsy paper before the eyse of his advancing senior and looking quite ridicuously happy.

Upon the grave and rugged face of the stout old Colonel there was scarcely a smile, but in his reply could be heard a note of glad sympathy.

"Well done! I am delighted! I thought I would just look in, as it is mail day, and I knew you expected to hear. She didn't take long to make up her mind, I must say—first-rate, I call it!"

"You know what a brick Nelly is, Colonel. I left it entirely to her to decide; I only told her I was dying for her to come. Still I confess I hadn't much doubt as to which way it would be."

"Only told her you were dying for her!

"Poor little woman, I'm certain it has been a nasty wrench leaving those bairns of hers—worse than having five teeth out. Five children, aren't there?"

"Yes, five little ones. Poor Nelly, I wonder how she bore the parting? Hope she won't fret her heart out. It's wonderful how fond they are of each other—Nelly and her children."

"Poor things, I'm sorry for them; they will miss her sorely. Five of 'em—by Jove, what a tearing up by the roots!"

"I almost wish now I hadn't asked her to come," Jim Blake murmured, with a penitent, grieved look on his face, which presently mingled quaintly with one of triumph as he turned the pages of his wife's letter.

It was amusing to watch him seeking for the faintest hint therein of dissatisfaction, not to say grief, on her part at the prospect of joining him in India, while all the time he was secretly conscious that Nelly was purposely presenting only one side of the medal to his view.

"She doesn't seem to mind so very much," said the husband, at length. "The children will be happy enough, my sister is to look after them. That is an old promise; and she is devoted to them."

The vague uneasiness in Jim's voice suddenly smote the Colonel and roused him from thinking of the pity of the whole affair—of a rifled nest where the young ones cried in vain for the mother bird, and turned the

"That's true; but Rama and I have already held a council of war. I've had my eyes open, I can tell you. You see, I was pretty sure all along how it would be, and I've been looking about. Old Muncherjee has a fair lot of kit, and, once the bungalow is ready for it, it won't take long to put it in. There's the drawing-room kit—that's the rub. A round table, of course, for the middle of the room, a what-not for knick knacks and books, a writing-table for Nelly herself, sofa, easy chairs—h'm—h'm—h'm—that's about all, I think, for the drawing-room. I've made a sort of rough list, but the place won't look anything like what it should until she has had a field-day at it herself—has put the tables and chairs in skirmishing order, driven back the heavy furniture, and put to flight my most cherished articles. She will begin with an attack upon the position of the big round table—its size and weight won't daunt her—and the unwieldly sofa, which is the only one old Muncherjee has—see if she doesn't and she will end with an apology for interfering with all my beautiful arrangements; while I simply do as I'm told and wonder at her genius. Or perhaps she won't like to hurt my feelings just at first, and will pretend that she admires it all extremely; and all the time she will be burning to have a go at it. Then the very first time I'm out of the way she'll get hold of Rama, and, when I come back, she'll meet me looking as innocent as possible."

By this time a broad smile had spread over Jim's good-looking sunbronzed face, shining with happy anticipation, stared in the glare beyond the verandah. He seemed to have forgotten the Colonel's presence, and to be describing his little love-lit picture unconsciously aloud.

The Colonel removed his pipe from his mouth with a smile full of meaning, then coughed.

Capt. Blakes attention was forthwith recalled to the present, and the reaction ruffled him. He glanced fiercely at the Colonel, who was looking contemptuously at the torn envelope on the back of which a meagre list of articles was scribbled. The wave of his thick brown hand was comprehensive.

"This won't do at all," he said.

"What won't do? That is my office kit, if that is what you are referring to."

"Stop a bit! Where are your ermines, and carpets, and pretty chintzes to hide the nakedness and dirt of Muncherjee's rubbish? And what about garden and flowers, and whitewashing inside and out, and painting window frames, *et cætera*—eh?"

"The *et cætera* must go to the wall," said Jim crossly.

"You mean the curtains, my dear fellow; and you're right there," remarked the Colonel, smiling.

"There will be curtains, certainly—Nelly was to bring them—at least, I hope she will think of it—and a carpet, of course, only one carpet. I've seen one at Muncherjee's which is the very thing for the centre of the drawing-room. For the rest, the present admirable matting must do. Nelly prefers matting; so do I. It is not costly, has the merit of cleanliness, and shows up snakes—three cardinal virtues."

"The matting must be the China. This palm stuff plays the deuce with ladies' dresses and cuts your feet to pieces. Besides, it looks rough and bad."

"As we are not yet reduced to going barefoot, we shall get along all right," remarked Jim, who had recovered his good temper.

"How about your wife's pretty gowns? It will fray them in no time," persisted the Colonel.

"Let her cut off the tails then," retorted the husband. "Joking apart, though, Colonel, I'm sure I shall be able to make quite a decent little place of it. I am getting 200 rupees for my polo pony from Jones of the police, who has been hankering after it for a long time. The fact is, I am much too heavy for the little animal; and I wouldn't have gone in for polo at all, only things here are so wretchedly slow in the evenings. I sha'n't want it now that Nelly's coming."

"Lucky dog! A wife in exchange for a polo pony!" remarked the Colonel drily. Then he raised his bulky form with a groan from the depths of a long cane-chair, and spoke in an eager business-like tone.

"Look here, man—don't be in a hurry to part with that pony; he will carry your wife like a bird. Or, if you do sell him, put the bit of money away against a rainy day. The fact is"—here the Colonel coughed, colored, and looked awkward and uncomfortable—"the fact is," he repeated shyly, "ever since you told me you had written to your wife I knew very well she was certain to come, and I have been turning things over in my mind. My idea is this—why shouldn't you two come right into my bungalow just as it is? My time will be up in a few months, as you know, and in my case I must go; another hot season in this abominable country would about do for me. Now, if you will take my place, you will find everything ship-shape, you will have neither bother nor expense, and you will be doing me a kindness into the bargain. You shall have it all to yourselves. I've reserved the little bungalow in the compound for my own use; and it is much more snug for a bachelor than my present big rambling place."

"Really, Colonel, you are awfully kind! But no, no—it is impossible! You are much too good——"

"Confound it, man, you don't suppose I flatter myself that any miserable kindness I could do for you would be half what it should be?" The Colonel was growing purple and hoarse with excited feeling. "Do I ever forget Kandahar, do you think? It wasn't your fault that you didn't catch that beastly small-pox! What would your Nelly have said to me if you had—eh? I remember her sweet face, her eyes full of tears, her pretty lips trembling, that time we were off to the front. You were looking after the baggage—the row was deafening. She would come and see you off—and, by Jove, she behaved like a brick! 'You will look after him, Colonel, won't you!' And a nice way I had of doing it! Let you nurse me single handed through malignant small pox!"

"And jolly lucky you were to get me!" Jim said laughingly, with an affectionate look at his rugged old friend. "But I ran no risk; I have never caught anything in my life, except a wiggin from you! As you know, fire and water, fevers, accidents, and bullets have all been near me, but all of them missed me. I'm not afraid."

"Don't make too sure, my boy. Any way, you stuck to me; and, cross-grained old chap though I am, I can't forget it! As for your wife, she and I were always chums—ever since her pinafore days, when her father and I were friends. You will, I assure you, be doing me the greatest of favors by accepting this offer of mine. Just think it over."

Jim Blake walked the length of the verandah, a thoughtful look on his handsome resolute face—he was loath to disappoint his dear old friend; but, when he turned, the Colonel saw at a glance that his mind was made up, and the expression on his own face changed.

"You don't mind my saying exactly what I think, Colonel, I know," Jim began when he had stationed himself, with his hands in his pockets, exactly in front of his Colonel. His thoughts must have been loving ones, for Jim's honest gray eyes were filled with a tender light and his voice was very gentle. "It is this way. That plan of yours would be awfully jolly, and, whatever you may say, I can't thank you enough. But the truth is, I feel sure my little wife would rather come to a place of our own, no matter how small. I mean she will think such a lot of anything I do. She will be delighted with all my little dodges; and—and it will seem more like home to Nelly."

"I see," said the Colonel dolefully; "I can do nothing! Its always the way whenever I try. It's something in my manner, I suppose—some nasty——"

"Oh, I say, don't!" cried Jim, in genuine distress. "You can do lots of things!"

The old man was unfurling his white umbrella and preparing to dart forth into the sunshine, a look of childish wrath and disappointment on his red face; but Jim laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"You can help us in heaps of ways. You mentioned flowers just now. Why, if you don't come to the rescue, I shall be in a difficulty over the garden! It has all to be made. Luckily, though, we have a big well in the compound and abundance of water! The thing must be set going at once."

"I can stock the garden, if that's all," said the old man, in a grumbling tone.

"And chairs," continued Jim serenely—"chairs are not to be had at Muncherjee's for love or money—at least not the kind—"

"You shall have piles of chairs of all shapes," said the Colonel, with returning amiability.

"Oh, and—well, we're not proud—cooking pots! You take your meals at mess, I know, and I dare say you have kit a of the sort doing nothing. That would be something like a help now—pots are so confoundedly dear to buy!"

The Colonel brightened up considerably, and when he had been asked for a few more concessions was himself again. Then, after assisting to plan the future garden and devoting some little time to ways and means, he marched off, in a measure consoled.

Jim watched him as he proceeded along the straight glaring road leading into the camp, till the stout figure dwindled to a mere dot beneath the huge umbrella.

The doctor had strolled in, and, with a frown, he stood beside his brother officer watching the umbrella till it was out of sight.

"Poor old boy, I'm afraid he's seedy—he's so confoundedly touchy!" remarked Jim. "Rum old chap, but as good as gold! It's about time he cleared out, though I shouldn't wonder if he hangs on for a brigade. He will hate handing over the reins. I believe, when it comes to his last parade, he'll cry like a baby!"

"There's no use my speaking to him," the doctor remarked, with a shrug. "Five and thirty years in this abominable country, without going home, is about as much as a man can stand! He is as yellow as a guinea, and his heart is like a sponge. A spell of excessive heat or the least excitement would carry him off like a shot. By the way, I came to tell you that ill conditioned brute Sheik Ibraham is off the sick list at last."

"Oh, all right! I've been suspecting him of malingering—in fact, I suspect him of more than that—but the Colonel won't listen to a word against him. The scoundrel knows I've got my eye upon him; but he's duced cunning!"

"He is a confounded rascal, and no mistake; but his illness was genuine enough this time. For days we had a job to make him taste food. He's all right again now; but there are two men I should be thankful to see safe out of the regiment—our poor old C. O. and Sheik Ibraham."

* * * * * * *

It was only a four wheeled cab, laden with luggage, driving away, and five little hearts that were breaking, and five little sodden handkerchiefs that would not wave because they were so wet and heavy with tears, and, when the cab had turned the corner and they had looked their last upon the dear mother's pale tear-stained face, only five miserable little children who refused to be comforted.

When Jim's letter, with its piteous appeal, first came, the mother's heart said "No." The letter arrived on a Sunday morning, and it kept Nelly from church. All through the long hours of that Sunday the mother's heart said "No."

"Darling mother, you won't leave us?" pleaded the children; for to these most biased little counsellors had Nelly confided her case. "There are five of us and only one of him.

"So that you have each other, my darlings, while he is all alone," she answered feebly.

It was a hard fight that day, but at even Nelly arose, put off her sackcloth and ashes and bravely went to church with her children. There were questioning and mournful looks among the little ones, for they guessed that their mother had made up her mind.

"She is going to leave us!" they whispered to each other; and they were right.

That night there was peace between the mother and children.

"You must let me go," she said, and added, with a wavering smile, "Try not to make it harder, my darlings! Let us all be brave."

"Funny, isn't it?" people remarked. "Little Mrs. Blake doesn't seem overjoyed at the prospect of joining her husband."

Across the wide seas, in lonely misery, went the mother, feeling as if every mile she traveled stole away some of her life with it. Little hands held the end of the thread—that thread of life and happiness which was being reeled off faster the farther she traveled from them.

Ships passed her in mid ocean, and she longed to scream across the cold waste of water and implore those in charge of the vessels to stop and take her back, till the strain became almost too much for heart and brain.

"Why did I desert them?" was the burden of her cry. "Oh, why was I in such a hurry?"

Only two short weeks ago she was with her darlings, their clinging arms about her neck, their soft pleading voices sounding in he ears, and now already she had put leagues of sea between them and her. It was as if she had felt that there was not a moment to lose, and that she must be by her husband's side upon a certain given date at latest; yet he had never hinted at such a condition, nor hastened her movements in any way. And now it seemed as if the hurry swamped her whole mental being, and, as she approached her journey's end, a mad feverish longing to get to Jim took possession of her.

It was evening—the evening but one before the vessel arrived. The sun, like a fiery globe, hovered above the horizon, gilding the vast expanse of the Indian ocean. Nelly, who was lying very quietly, her sad eyes fixed upon the golden mirror, suddenly started violently with a stifled scream as though some one had fired off a gun at her elbow. She sprang to her feet and stretched out both hands with a cry of "Jim!" then quietly sat down and cried a little, and presently smiled at her own foolishness.

"It is the great heat," said the ship's doctor, "and the nerves are unstrung. A little bromide—a night's rest. Soon be in Bombay," &c.

At last! Before dawn every creature was on deck, eager to catch the first glimpse of one of the most beautiful natural harbors in the world.

The sheltering hills were just emerging from the blue night mists and clothing themselves in radiant colors. Boats were putting off from the still distant *bunder*, and isolated sails here and there in the harbor swept along with orange gleams. Fussy, excited passengers crowded the deck, lugging their small possessions, each one convinced in his own mind that he would be the first to be "fetched off."

"The pilot hasn't come on board yet," remarked the captain impatiently, in answer to the stream of anxious questions; "and he's always the first; and along with him comes the health officer. No one is allowed on board until we have proved a clean bill of health."

"Jim will arrive with the pilot and the health officer," said Nelly to herself.

* * * * * * *

"I think that will do," remarked Capt. Blake proudly, surveying, with his head on one side, a row of limp plantains which stood, or rather drooped, on either side of the garden path. They were being inundated with water in the hope of reconciling them to the change of scene; but the stiffness was all out of their prim skirts, and they looked sorrowful and sad.

For days the harsh squeak and creek of the primitive windlass at the well had been incessant, making its own monotonous scale of discords from dawn till dusk, accompanied by the cheerful oaths and guttural noises indulged in by the goaders of the oxen. The garden was being flooded with water in order that flowers might grow in tropic haste to welcome Nelly.

The inside of the tiny bungalow was marvellously transformed. The Colonel had got his way in the matter of China matting and curtains, and sundry *etceteras* after his own heart.

On this day Jim had spent the whole of the time in going into and out of a certain apartment which was entirely of his own contrivance—half lady's boudoir and half dressing room.

All was ready now, even to the gorgeous pin cushion and cut glass scent bottles with tops of Indian silver, and he had gone so far as to provide an exquisite silver box in which were powder and puff! He arranged the pretty things afresh for the fiftieth time and ended by sniffing the violet powder all over his moustache in his eagerness to test its perfume.

The bugle sounded. One more parade—only one—for he would be off before dawn on the morrow to meet his wife.

The charger pawed the ground before the door. Jim put on his gloves, sword and helmet; the groom held the bridle, and in another moment Jim was off at a mad gallop. The captain sahib was never too early for parade and the dear old horse knew it.

How gallant and handsome the young officer looked, as he reined up for a moment to see what effect his masterpiece produced upon the beholder from the road. If only he and Nelly could manage to time their arrival for just that hour of the evening when the shadows were long and the setting sun lent such enchantment to the temple amongst the palms, to the patriarchal well—yes, even to the cool green plantains which still wore an injured look, but were pleasant and restful to the eye.

A shake of the reins and another mad gallop brought Captain Blake on to the parade ground just in time to meet the Colonel leisurely riding up.

Talking and laughing, together they approached the regiment; then the junior officer was about to turn aside to take up his position, and the Colonel opened his mouth to give the word of command. Before the words had left his lips, there was the glint of a rifle, a glare of hatred from wicked eyes, a sharp report, and a fiendish triumphant yell.

The victim throwing up his arms, fell heavily to the ground with a dull thud. In a moment every English officer was off his horse, and a knot of blanched and horrified watchers waited while the doctor cut open the victim's uniform.

Close by a horrible scuffle was taking place. Amid yells and oaths, and after many a wound more or less severe, Sheik Ibraham was finally overpowered. In his frenzied, blood shot eyes there was a gleam of fury as he was dragged away, for he had been baffled. His work had been hindered; he had been permitted to shoot "one dog instead of two."

* * * * * * *

There is a peculiar dismalness in the surroundings of a sick bed from nightfall till dawn in India. There is the long night, the leaden footed hours of which are marked by the slow mournful wail of the distant watchman—"All's well!"—the occasional buzz and crackle of a flying beetle that has dashed into the flame of the night-light, the dismal inquiring howl of a horde of jackals as they sniff about with their "Where—where—where—where?"—the sudden chill of the hour before dawn, when rats run riot and wild cocks crow. A foul, rank air spreads among the trees, and from the earth a chill vapor rises. From out of it come things innumerable, with faint rustles and tappings as they creep—scorpions and reptiles which feel the sudden cold and seek to insinuate their bodies into cosy nooks, beneath carpets and pillows, or within sponges and boots.

The Colonel's face was ashen gray as he sat by the bedside of the wounded officer; his lips were set, his eyes hollow with despair. About his heart there was a deadly pain. The doctor said that Jim Blake's hours were numbered.

"Will he live to see and recognize his wife?" the Colonel asked more than once.

The evasive answers cut him to the heart, and the poor rugged old face grew grayer.

The Colonel's bungalow being close to the parade-ground, the wounded man had been conveyed thither; and so, after all, it was fated that Nelly should come there, and not to the little nest that loving hands had prepared for her.

After a little time, there was a change.

"If only his wife could come!" sighed the doctor. "He frets for her. If only she could be here in time."

At last she came—came as he had wished when the sun was setting, gilding as she passed, the background of palms, and casting long mysterious shadows and gorgeous lights round about the old well, the cool green plantains, and the tiny square bungalow. And as she jolted by she knew not that all the little scene was planned for her; and, even had she known, she could not have looked at it for the tears that dimmed her eyes.

At his own gate the Colonel met her, but he could find no words of greeting for her who was to have been so royally welcomed. His had been the kindly forethought which arranged that the terrible news should be gently broken to her on landing at Bombay, and in such manner that despair should not travel with her through all the long journey up country. And now when he met her at his gate, he could only lower his gray head over her small cold hands and whisper hoarsely that there was still hope—for there was life.

Then Nelly knew what need there had been for her to hasten her coming. Kneeling by the bed where her husband lay white and still, but breathing yet, she thanked heaven for having guided and quickened her footsteps.

Till close upon dawn she watched beside the still form. She was past thinking, but her weary mind was filled with the comforting knowledge that Jim was still there.

As the dawn broke she fancied she felt the cold wings of the recruiting angel. With wide startled eyes she gazed at her husband and saw that there was a change. Then she cried aloud with a great sob—

"Oh, heaven, let him speak to me—only once!"

At that moment Jim opened his tired eyes and saw her.

Her hands grasped his tightly. Would he say good bye? They were alone together in the gray dawn, with the morning star looking in? Would it all end like this?

"My darling, you have come in time!" he said in a labored whisper.

* * * * * * *

When the doctor entered a few minutes later, Nelly was told that the Angel of death had indeed been with her, but not to stay. He had passed on and claimed the Colonel, who died quite peacefully.

The old man was found dead in the chair where he sat watching through the long night outside Jim's door—"Within call," he said.

A new industry is proposed for Florida, the cultivation of the camphor tree. There has been an increase in the price of the gum of late, and a large demand is anticipated in the future for the manufacture of smokeless gunpowder, of which camphor is a necessary ingredient.

The British Free-Trade "War Upon the Farmers."

FROM AMERICAN ECONOMIST.

In these days when Free-Trade demagogues are straining every nerve to convince American farmers that our system of Protection to American labor is the result of a fraudulent conspiracy to rob them of their hard earned gains, we may with profit glance back nearly half a century ago to the time of Peel and his coadjutors of the Manchester school of Free-Trade advocates. They initiated and sustained a real "war upon farmers" which has since caused agriculture in Great Britain to be merely a thing of the past, and relegated a large part of those once garden islands from the most thorough tillage known upon earth to the more barbarous use of the same for pasturage or the more savage appropriation for forestry and hunting grounds.

To prove this we will avail ourselves of the testimony of that eminent Free-Trader and British statistician Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, who in his Dictionary of Statistics, page 7, says: "The increare of pasture and the decline of tillage since 1870 appear as follows:

	1870	1881
Arable	24,075,000	22,878,000
Pasture	22,225,000	24,768,000
Totals	46,300,000	47,646,000

Included in the subsidiary figures which aggregate the above and which unduly swell the discouraging proposition of the so-called *arable* lands is the fearful quantity of lands reported as "*fallow*" which means plowed but not planted, as follows:

Acres in England	4,772,000
" in Scotland	1,482,000
" in Ireland	2,166,000
Total acres fallow in England, Scotland and Ireland	7,420,000

The foregoing would be amply sufficient to show how thoroughly devastative the British Free-Trade war on the farmers was, but the conscientious statistician was not contented to leave the matter so, and therefore in a later work entitled "Fifty Years of National Progress," intended to boom Cobdenism and Free-Trade, he frankly admits that however beneficial Free-Trade might have been to manufacturers it was murderous to the interests of farmers. In his chapter X of that work, which is noted in the table of contents in small caps as "Decline of Agriculture; Its Burden and Product," he says on page 76, *et ultra*, thus: "This industry has declined so considerably during the present reign (from June 28th, 1838) that the production of grain is now only 8 bushels per inhabitant, against 13 in the years following the Queen's accession. The breadth of land under tillage and pasture per 100 inhabitants at different dates is shown thus:

	1840	1870	1885
Arable	76	77	62
Pasture	92	72	71
Totals	168	149	133

He confesses that much of the arable land would have been more profitably used if relegated to forestry and hunting than to cultivation, thus:

"Lands in the Weald of Sussex that have been laid down under oats would be better devoted to timber and game, *as cultivation involves a heavy loss yearly.*

"Capital having an irresistible tendency to run out of losing trades and seek those which are profitable, it is not surprising to see that grain growing is rapidly diminishing in the United Kingdom. The average value of our grain crops during 30 years was $76,000,000, which has declined 33 per cent."

To study the foregoing figures presented, with the greatest intelligence, it must constantly be borne in mind that while the aggregates of agricultural products and prices have fallen so distressingly the population of the United King'om has rapidly advanced, as shown by Mr. Mulhall in his chapter of population, page 9 of the same book, wherein he says: "In 50 years the population of the United Kingdom has risen from 25 to 37 millions; an increase of 45 per cent."

Reverting again to our original objective point, we quote from page 78 as follows:

"The fall of prices in the past 10 years has seriously affected the farmers, the fall in oats and barley being 10 per cent. and wheat 67 per cent."

He concludes his graphic delineation of the Free-Trade "War on British Farmers" thus:

"With rising rents and falling markets the tenant farmers have been reduced to great straits; a steady rise in wages from 9 shillings ($2.25) in 1840 to 15 shillings ($3.75) at the present has added to the presure, although the use of machinery has permitted a certain economy of labor."

The British Free-Traders in the forties frankly admitted that the abandonment of Protection meant ruin to British farmers, and that the farmers fully understood that such would be the result is evident by the speeches of the day in Parliment and the literature published out of it, but they were not numerically strong enough to withstand the Free-Trade craze which swept the kingdom, and from that time to this they have by emigration fled from the horrors imposed thereby from the hour that inaugurated, to use the graphic words of the great British historians, "Free-Trade and famine," until now. And yet there are Americans who advocate the imposition of similar horrors in this Republic regardless of the teachings of history.

Niagara.

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls. To thoroughly appreciate this astonishing phenomenon it should be remembered that the estimated average amount of water passing over these falls is 592,500 tons per minute. The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie.

The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the West. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall. So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people residing in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there came a break in the ice; it was released from its restraint, the wall of pentup waters rushed downward, and Niagara was itself again.

A Gamecock Whips a Tiger.

A correspondent of the *London Fanciers' Gazette* relates, as an instance of the courage of gamecocks, the following fact communicated by an officer now in the American navy: "Sailing from Trincomali, on board the Anchises for London, we had a large consignment of wild beasts for Mr. Jamrach, for the feeding of which we had taken in a large number of live poultry. On board there was a tiger so fierce and savage that he would take the second snap at the redhot bar, and the sailors named him the Demon. Among the poultry one of the jungle cocks played havoc with the other cocks and became so bold as to fly at the sailors' caps when teasing him.

At last he put his sharp spurs through a man's hand, and was doomed to visit the Demon's cage. The tiger put his paw toward the bird in a stealthy manner, when, quick as lightning, the cock sent his spurs into it, and for a few minutes the tiger licked his paw; then, reaching out his nose until it got in close proximity with the bird, the spurs were dashed into the tiger's nose, from which the blood trickled, and, with a muffled growl of rage, the tiger retreated to the furthest corner of the cage. The sailors sent up a cheer at the victory and determined to bring the game bird to England, but it died before reaching the channel."

Birds in the Window.

There is one piece of advice, says Oliver Thorne Miller, writing in the Christian Union on the care of birds, that I should like to put into letters 40 feet high and stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast—that is; never put a bird in the window! I rarely go into the street in the summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the window. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draught is all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in a draught, yet how few remember that there is always a draught in an open window.

War Eagle His Own Monument.

The Shawneetown (I. T.) correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing under date of June 26, says:

There is great excitement among the Kickapoos over the discovery yesterday of a petrified body supposed to be that of War Eagle, a leading chief of the tribe, who died many years ago, shortly after the tribes returned from old Mexico. Instead of the remains being deposited in the ground in a coffin, they were placed in an upright position in a large hollow tree, there to await the coming of the happy hunting days, as the Indians believe.

Yesterday during the rage of a fierce forest fire the trunk of the tree was consumed by the flames. A party of Indians who were passing through the woods stopped to light their pipes, when the image of an Indian warrior, with a tomahawk in hand, was discovered underneath the ashes of the burning tree. The scene which followed is described as being most remarkable. The Indians were scared so badly that they lost all self-control, and a regular panic ensued, the Indians rushing madly through the woods and yelling at the top of their voices. As soon as word could be communicated to the remaining members of the tribe, some 200 in number, a hurried consultation was held, at which it was decided that the reservation should be immediately abandoned. Luckily some of the more civilized members of the tribe had influence enough to allay the feeling of fear, and the plan was not carried out.

The place of fright was visited later in the day, when, sure enough, the petrified body of the War Eagle was exhumed and placed on exhibition. The petrifaction was complete. The war costume was as natural as life, there being a perfect imprint on the stone of both gun and tomahawk which were buried alongside of the body. The peculiar formation of stone presents an imposing appearance, and but for the occasional creases caused by insects would be clear of any imperfections.

This evening a large, hollow oak was selected, the top sawed off about fourteen feet from the ground, and the petrified body placed upright thereon, to remain forever. A two-inch pine slab bearing the following inscription marks the petrified remains of this tribe's greatest warrior:

"War Eagle, great fighter, turned into rock. Indians afraid Great Spirit. Let him sleep on in his beauty forever."

In view of the proposed visit of the Cherokee Commission for the purpose of buying the Kickapoo Reservation, the Indians consider as a bad omen the burning of the tree where their chief had been laid to rest, and say they cannot now give up their lands.

Thwarting the Moths.

If one has no cedar chest to store woollens in, a very good substitute is a trunk or flour barrel. The barrel should be well washed in cold water, dried and lined with newspapers. These are pasted in, using thick flour paste with a large spoonful of alum added to a quart of paste. Cover every place on the inside of the barrel, letting the paper come up to the outside of the barrel. Cleat the covers together and paste paper on the inside. The woollens should be thoroughly brushed and sunned, carefully folded and laid in. When the barrel is full, the cover should be pressed down, a stout manilla paper put over the top, coming down well around the barrel, tied down with twine and pasted so as to fit close. Hang out furs when the sun shines hot; let them hang several hours, combing them with a coarse dressing-comb. Put into its box the muff and a strip of paper pasted around where the cover joins the box. The fur cape the same.

A Service that Kills.

According to M. Duchesne, railroad men improved in health during the first four years, but at the end of 10 years they are tired out, in 15 they are actual sufferers, and few can remain in the service after 20. These general conclusions have been supplemented by Dr. Lichtenbery of Buda-Pesth, who found from examination that out of 350 railway employes 92, or more than a third, suffered from car disease. Engine drivers are especially liable to rheumatism and pneumonia, and after some years of service a certain portion of them become dull of sight and hearing. Others suffer from a mild form of spinal concussion, muscular feebleness and continuous pains in the limbs. They are apt to devolop a peculiar mental state—a sort of cerebral irritation—with excessive nervousness and morbid sensations of fear.

"You shouldn't find fault with my temper," said she. "When we were married, you know, you took me for better or for worse." I know it," was the reply, "but I had hope of striking something like a general average."

A good clover sod turned under fits the ground for almost any other crop.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2297-0314