AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 46. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

Written for the SENTINEL.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY F. R. JONES.

The autumn days have come again,
The spring time of the winter,
When humming-bird and flitting wren
Have sought a safer shelter.

No more the gleeful robin flits
Among the cedar branches,
For the bleak north wind a chill emits,
As through the leaves it glances.

The forest leaves are falling fast,
O'ercome by frosty weather;
And soon the limbs laid bare at last,
Will moan and crash together.

The meadow by the babbling brook
Is wrapt in silence dreary,
Where boys and girls in chosen nook,
Were won't to play so merry.

But now, how changed the fields appear
Without the grass and flowers!
What! does it mean that winter's near
With all its dreary hours?

'Tis true, though sad the thought may be
To those who love the summer;
Yet, some may well rejoice to see
The coming of December.

For then the earth enwrapped with snow,
Affords us gleeful pleasures;
The tinkling of the bells, you know,
Gives joy in equal measures.

Then, let us not in mournful lays
Assail the dreary autumn,
But rather welcome frosty days
From which much joy may come.

Select Story.

THE SOUL OF MARSE RALPH.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

From the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Revisiting Black Point after an interval of several years, I found that little seaside hamlet no longer an "undiscovered country." The familiar path to the cliffs wound past a hotel of considerable architectural pretensions, a row of smart cottages overlooked the blue waters of the bay, and our own dear, old-fashioned boarding-house had thrust out sundry awkward additions, protruding like the arms of a growing boy from the sleeves of his last year's jacket.

But the sea,—the sea was the same! The tide ran up the gray sands in the old shining ripples, the little white-breasted sandpipers alternately advancing and retreating before it,—and beyond, along the surf-beach, the splendid breakers came racing in shore, tossing their white crests in defiance of human curbing.

A crowd of bathers, in brilliant costumes, were disporting themselves in the waves, or sitting upon the sand, like mer-men and maids, to dry their drenched hair in the sunshine, while a little way from land a single small boat moved slowly up and down in apparently aimless fashion.

"What is the boat doing out there?" I asked the old-time friend who had welcomed me; but before she could reply, a frightened cry rang out upon the air, and one of the children who were splashing about in the water like young seals stretched a pair of entreating arms toward the little craft. In a moment the boatman had reached her, and skilfully balancing himself, a splendid figure against the back-ground of sea and sky, lifted her lightly in, and with a few swift turns of the oar brought the skiff to land. Then I saw that his face was coal black.

"That is 'Life-saving Joe,'" said my friend, "one of the characters of the place. Two years ago, a venturesome swimmer was caught by the undertow, just beyond that point of rocks, and drowned before help could reach him. Next day, Joe appeared with his boat, and, season by season since, he has never been missed for a single day at the regular hour for bathing. He rows up and down, as you saw him just now, alert, observant, ready at the slightest signal to lend a hand. There is absolutely no danger now, and even the younger children wade out fearlessly without nurse or guardian. The strange part of the story, however, is that this unremitting service is a free gift, for he utterly refuses to receive any compensation for labor or loss of time."

"Truly a sable philanthropist!"

"You may well say so. There is not a more industrious young fellow on the Point, white or black, yet he is ready at any moment to drop his own work at the first call of danger to any human being. He has saved a half-dozen lives along the coast within the last four years.

"Joe lives with his old grandmother, who is a cook at one of the houses, in a snug cottage on Half Moon Cove. Old Dinah goes to her work in the early morning, but sleeps under her own roof, after the custom so dear to the southern-born negroes. Joe is her pride and delight. To her most confidential friends she tells an odd story, which I won't spoil by repeating. But it might be worth your while to cultivate her acquaintance, if you could induce her to tell it to you herself."

In the delicious idleness of a summer vacation the most trivial suggestion may become a spur to curiosity; and it was the result of many artful overtures to friendship with old Dinah, that I became, after a few weeks, a privileged guest in her little cottage.

We sat together, one evening, looking through the open door-way upon the steel-gray sands left uncovered by the ebbing tide. Dinah had enthroned me in her one gay-cushioned easy-chair, while she occupied a low settle close by. Her gray head was wreathed about with a scarlet turban, and an expression of serene content was dimly visible upon her face through the fragrant clouds of smoke issuing from the short pipe in her mouth.

At a little distance alongshore, her grandson was busily engaged in cleaning fish upon a rude bench constructed for the purpose. As the level sunset light touched him, I was impressed by the fine outlines of his form and the free grace of all his movements. His arms, bare to the shoulders, might have served as the models for those of some bronze Hercules, and he whistled, as he worked, some familiar and pathetic plantation airs, with the silvery intonation of a skilful flute-player. Dinah's eyes turned in the direction of the sound, and a humorous smile illuminated her dusky features.

"'Pears like Joe must 'a' had a mighty fine cotch, this ebenin'," she said, "'cordin' to dat chune he's w'istlin'."

I looked up in some surprise, for the ineffably mournful strains of the refrain of "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," blending at that moment with the low plash of the receding tide, were suggestive of anything but the happy-go-lucky spirit of the successful fisherman.

"Yes'm," continued the old woman, "Joe 'pears to fink he mus' put a curb on his pride o' heart, when he's totin' a plump boat-load o' shad 'n cunners; but jes' let him be out half a day an' get nawthin', and—laws! ye'd orter hear him!—a-perkin' an' a-shakin', an' a-scalin' up an' down, 'mindin' me o' nawthin' but a mockin' bird down in Virginny, whar I was raised."

"You have reason to be proud of your grandson, Dinah, if all they say of him is true."

"I dunno what they's been sayin' to you, missis, but dey kyant say too much 'bout my Joe," she answered, drawing herself up with a kind of rude majesty. Then, dropping her voice mysteriously, she added: "Missis, did ye eber hearn tell of a brack man wid a white man's soul in him?"

"I thought all good souls were white in God's sight, Dinah," I answered, smiling.

"Dat ar's de truf, missis, sho' nuff, but dat ain't what I mean." Then, with increased impressiveness of manner,—"It's a mighty quare thing, missis, 'bout my Joe!"

"Won't you tell me, Dinah?"

"I don' talk to eberybody, missis. Laws! dey wouldn't understand! Dey'd jes' laff. 'Pears like some folks thinks a laff's de mos' pow'fulest thing in the 'varsal creation. Spec' dey 'low, if de jedgment day was come, an' dey could jes' roll out a right smart laff when de fust star fell out'n de sky, and come bumpin' onto dis yer earth, the Lawd'd be so scart like't He'd send an angel to pick it up, an' go back Himself into heben to wait anoder thousand year!"

Dinah knocked the ashes from her pipe with contemptuous bitterness; then settling herself comfortably, she went on.

"I was raised, as I was tellin' ye, down in Virginny,—on the old Balfour place. A mighty fine place it was, too! Dere wan't a mo' up-an'-down gen'leman, in de hull country, 'n Marse Cunnel, nor a finer woman to look at 'n ole Miss; an' dey was as good as dey was fine,—took car' o' der people like chillen. One o' dem sneakin' traders would as soon 'a' stuck his haid in a lion's mouf, as inside o' Cunnel Balfour's door, sho 'nuff.

"Dey was mighty fawnd o' comp'ny, an' dere was allays hosses and kerridges rattlin' up an' down de dribeway, an' no end o' vis'tors in de parlor, an' good dinners smokin' in de dinin' room.

"Dere was three chillen. Miss Marie, she was de oldes,' an' she got married to Major Carlton, and went to Richmon' to lib. Den dere was Marse Godfrey, and young Marse Ralph. Marse Godfrey, he growed up de libin' image o' the Cunnel,—straight as an arrer, an' proud-spoken. But Marse Ralph—*he* was my baby! I'll neber fo'git de mawnin' dey called me into de missis's room. I'd los' my fust little one on'y jes' de week befo'. She was a-laying' all white an' still on de piller, but her lips smilin' an' her big eyes shinin'.

"'Come here, Dinah, my poor chile,' says she.

"An' when I come an' stood by de bed, she turned down the coberlid with her own little, white hand, and dar was a mite of a little face, like a rose, an' sof' curls o' yellow ha'r all round it.

"'De good Lawd's took your baby to Hisself,' says she, 'an' I'm gwine to lend you mine to take car' of.'

"I fell down on my knees by de bed a-shakin' and cryin'. The nuss, she commenced t' speak up right sharp to me, but de missis said:

"'No, no: Gib 'er de baby!'

"When I heared dat, I jes' opened my arms, an' wid de feelin' of de little sof' haid, an' de little seekin' mouf, de Lawd healed my trouble. An' f'om dat day, missis, Marse Ralph b'longed to me—poor, brack Dinah—as much as to his own moder.

"What a chile he growed up! Marse Godfrey was hansum, but Marse Ralph was *be-yutiful*! He had big, brown eyes like his moder's, but his ha'r kep' its goldly color, and his face pink an' white like a peach-bloom. But his looks was the leastest part,—'twas his tender heart that made eberybody lub him. He was allays helpin' somebody or somethin' out o' trouble, an' he wouldn't 'a' hurted the leastest thing the Lawd made. I neber seed him angry, 'cept some wrong was bein' done. Den his eyes use t' blaze like fire, an' he wan't afeared o' nawthin' in de hull worl'.

"I rickolec' like yest'day, the summer he was turned o' five, how he tuk my Randy's kitten out 'n de mouf of a strange dog. I cotched sight on him, jes' as he was liftin' up a big gyarden-shovel to strike de dog ober de haid. I screamed an' run, but befo' I cud git to him, de dog was gallopin' off tail down, an' Marse Ralph had de kitten in his arms, a-wiping' de blood off'n its paw wid his own little hankercher.

"It mos' broke my heart whin dey sent him way up norf to school. 'Peared like I couldn't wait f'om one vacation to anoder. Ebery time he come home, he was taller an' hansomer, an' jes' as fawned o' his ole mammy. I've got de silk shawl in my chist now't he brung me dat las' summer. He'd got to be one-and-twenty, then, an' he'd got on'y one year mo' to stay in college. Ole Miss, she read me de letter dat de haid-teacher wrote about him, a-praisin' him.

"My Randy, Joe's mudder, was married to Aleck, Marse Godfrey's body-servant. Joe was Randy's fust baby, and he was nigh onter a year old,—the peartest, knowin'est little feller you eber see.

"It was the bery nex' day arter Marse Ralph's birf-day dinner, 't Marse Cunnel an' Marse Godfrey tuk de hosses early in de mawnin', an' rode off fifteen mile to 'tend court; an' Aleck, he went along. Dey 'lowed to stay till nex't day.

"It was jes' in de aidge o' de ebenin', as I was stan'in' in de do' o' Chloe Johnson's cabin, 't I heard de awfulest scream 't eber I did, an' Sue, a yellow girl 't helped about de kitchen, come a-tearin' down, screechin', 'De house is a fire!' I gib anoder scream an' started to run, an' sho' nuff, dere was a great brack cloud o' smoke risin' up out o' de ruf."

Dinah paused, and covered her face with her hands.

"It's a long time ago, missis," she continued, at length, "but I kyant b'ar to 'member de runnin', an' de cryin', de wimmen totin' water, de men climbin' an' wukin', de blaze streamin' out 'n de winders, an' ole Miss's lubly furniture an' chiny an' silber a tumbled in heaps on de groun'.

"De main buildin' was all a sheet o' fire, an' we'd gib up all hopes, when I cotched sight o' my Randy comin' across de field, screechin' at ebery jump. Ole Miss'd done sent her on an errand ober to the Spencer place dat arternoon, an' I 'lowed she tuk de baby along, but now I seed she hadn't got nawthin' in her arms. I run to meet her. 'Randy,' says I, 'whar's de baby?'

"'Lawd o' mercy!' says she, ain't you got him? I left him asleep on de flo' in de norf attic.'

"Peared like de bref went out 'n my body. I jes' looked once towards de burnin' house, an turned away my haid. Dere was de blaze crawlin' round de norf wing, an' de smoke burstin' out'n half a dozen winders.

"'Randy, chile, it's too late!' says I, an'

[redacted]

up in de smoke an' de heat. 'Up wid ye!' shouted Marse Ralph; but nobody stirred. 'Deed Missis, you cudn't blame 'em, for it peared like sho' death. But Marse Ralph, he jes looked 'round wid dem big eyes blazin'. 'You brack cowards!' says he; an' befo' anybody cud stop him, he'd cotched up old Miss's cloak as laid on de grass, an he was up de ladder hisself. De winder was open, an' we seed him t'row de cloak ober his head, and crawl in. I fell down crying', 'O Lawd! O Lawd, sabe!' It couldn't 'a' been more 'n two minutes, dough it 'peared like hours, befo' he came out, climbin' slow an' car'ful ober the winder-sill, holdin' on wid one han', an' car'yin' somethin' in de toder, under de cloak. Randy, she clutched my hand, but nobody spoke a word, an' all de time Marse Ralph was a-comin' down t'roo de smoke, slow an' steady. He was a little more 'n half way to de bottom, when he called out clar and loud, 'He's all right, Randy!' An, den—den—O missus! a great piece o' the blazin' cornice fell down off 'n the ruf, an' struck him on de haid, an' he came down wid it in a burnin' bed o' fire an' cinders!

"I kyant talk much 'bout dat. De baby was rolled in de cloak, and it wa'n't hurted de leastest mite, but—O my chile!—my lubly Marse Ralph!—wid de great bleedin' cut on his haid, his bu'ful eyes blinded, an' his hansum face nawthin' but raw, burnt flesh! Ole Miss, she done went into spasms w'en she see'd him, an' it 'peared as if dey'd bof die befo' we could git Marse Cunnel an' Marse Godfrey wid de doctors.

"Marse Ralph, he lib jes' two days. He didn't 'pear to sense nawthin' 'till jes' befo' he died. De doctors was settin' on one side an' I on de toder, w'en all to once he 'peared to come to hisself.

"'Joe—de baby,' says he,—'bring him here!'

"Randy was stan'in' outside cryin', an' I took the chile out 'n her arms, an' fotched it in. Marse Ralph couldn't see, but he tried to feel about wid de han' dat wan't burned, so I tuk it an' laid it on de baby's face. De little t'ing was scart at fust, but I says quiet-like, 'Pore Marse Ralph! dear Marse Ralph!' an' it quieted down.

"Marse Ralph's lips was movin', an' w'en I put my year down, I heard him say:—

"'It's my life 't I've gib to you, baby. You mus' fill out my years!'

"It's de Lawd's truf, misses, but de baby straightened hisself as if he was listenin' too. A mighty qu'ar, ole look come into his little face, an' befo' I knowed anything, he reached ober an' kissed Marse Ralph on de mouf. W'en I lif' him up, Marse Ralph was daid!

"Missis!"—the old woman's tones grew low and intense, and her sunken eyes burned as she leaned forward to lay a bony hand upon my knee,—

[redacted]

hurted any little, weak t'ing.

"Well, den come de wa'. Dem was awful times. Marse Cunnel an' Marse Godfrey, dey went to de f'ont, an' my Randy's Aleck, he go 'long, an' not one o' dem t'ree eber come home alibe!

"W'en de wa' was ober, Miss Marie, she beg her mudder to go to Richmon' an' lib wid her, but ole Miss, she stick to de ole place. Den my Randy, she died o' grief. De

[redacted]

ming'!—I do' know how w'en
mebbe de Lawd 'll spar' me, an' it
n't be in my time,—but it's a-
min'! Missis, it's Marse Ralph's
e dat my boy's libin'!—it's Marse
lph's y'ars dat he's a-fillin' out!
ssis, he's sabed six libes a'ready,
ng o' dis coast! Dat's w'at his
rk is! Dat's w'at dey call him—
ife-sabin' Joe!' But, sometime, de
d's gwin t' come! He'll sabe a
, an' gib his own for it! De
d Lawd help me, if I lib to see!'
The old woman threw her checked
on over her face and buried her head in her clasped arms. The tide was turning, and up from the shore floated a lingering, longing melody:—

"Swing low sweet chariot!
Comin' for to carry me home!"

"What of old Dinah and her grandson?" was one of my first questions, when, five years later, I found myself once more at the Point.

"Dinah? The poor old creature died of pneumonia during the bitter winter which followed your last visit. But Joe? Surely, you should have heard. The papers were full of the story. It was he who performed such prodigies of bravery, when the schooner *Lady Bell* struck off Eagle Rocks, two years ago. He swam out with a rope in the teeth of the breakers, infused his own courage into the hearts of the poor people who had given up all hope, and made them obey him as if he had been some superior being. Ten had been brought off safely, and, with the eleventh in his arms—a child belonging to the boat's cook—Joe had just reached the shore, when he sank exhausted, the blood pouring from his mouth. He never spoke, and lived but a few moments. They buried him over there on the hill."

Turning away, my feet took the path to the little cemetery, whose quiet western slope faced the eternal contrast of the never-resting sea. I found the grave easily, marked by a tall granite shaft, whose inscription recounted the gratitude of those who owed their lives to the self-sacrifice of the lowly hero. But between my eyes and the carven words came the vision of a dark face, wrinkled and old, its every feature quivering in the struggle of love and pride with mysterious foreboding.

Had chance, alone, fulfilled old Dinah's prophecy, or was it indeed, the 'soul o' Marse Ralph which, after brave transmigration, had entered into rest?

Texas' Natural Wall.

There is in the northern part of Texas, near the Bois d'Arc, or East Fork of the Trinity, a freak of nature that has been the subject of much speculation ever since its discovery over forty years ago. Extending in a northwest and southeasterly direction for several miles is a perpendicular seam or wall of corse limestone, composed of fragments, irregular in size, yet very similar in shape. The seam (or wall, as it is called) is about two feet in width everywhere it is seen, and the stones of which it is composed are distributed on top of one another, almost with the regularity of masonry—at least as well as many ancient builders constructed their walls. It is for the most part under the earth, but appears in hillsides and ravines where the external forces of nature have worn away the soil, leaving the natural wall exposed. Old settlers say that some sections several hundred feet in length appeared as much as three feet in height when
ey first went there, and hence they
amed their first town Rockwall,
hich name is also borne by the coun-
in which the wall is found. From
e fact that no other stone was
und in the immediate vicinity,
ese pioneers unanimously agreed
at the wall was the work of some
e-historic people who inhabited the
untry; but as its mere resemblance
the work of man is all that supports this theory, it has long since been given up for the scientific explanation of its origin. The presence of quartz, lava and other conglomerate rocks of igneous origin, betrays the action of volcanic forces in its formation. Some mighty internal convulsion rent the earth's surface and left a long straight fissure, which was filled by the same agency with fragments of underlying strata of limestone. In some por-
ns where the wall was sufficiently
mpact, it has stood alone, while air
l water have worn away the sur-
nding earth. Thus it is found at
ervals, keeping one direction,
aight as a surveyor's line of about
miles, uniform in width, and al-
ys composed of stones resembling
elongated brick, some larger and
hers smaller.
Years ago an inquiring well-dig-
r sunk his spade beside the wall.
e followed it down thirty feet and
und abundant water, but not the base of the wall. So we may concede the work to be a freak of the fire gods, who, in some past age, remote and dim, pushed up the wall from beneath to serve as a model for future man.

* * *

At the head of Onion Valley, in Inyo County, California, are two abrupt mountains, one 12,000 and the other 14,000 feet high. Tumbling down the side of one is a cataract 500 feet high, which in the distance resembles falling snow, and two other waterfalls of equal height are visible from the head of the valley.

* * *

He—all the fools are not dead yet.
She—That's as true as you live.

A Patriotic People.

The fondness of Armenians for their national literature must appear, to those foreigners who have any knowledge of it, like the intense love a mother manifests for her deformed child at whom strangers glance and shudder. Ancient Armenian literature is a collection of dry, dusty annals enshrining deeds of daring, glorious achievements that would have made Dryasdust himself a second Homer had he undertaken to describe them; and yet in Armenia they are mere matter-of-fact annals, the poetry of which it needed all the asceticism of Oriental Christianity to suppress. The literature of modern times is more diversified, but less original. It is still in the translation period, the classic works of other literatures being rendered accessible to Armenian readers who live outside the pale of civilization in Aberbeidjan and at the foot of Mount Ararat.

Noble efforts, however, are being made by all classes to contribute to its development. Russian Armenians, for instance, support two daily newspapers, one weekly, and three monthly reviews, and translations from French and English works are being continually published. The censure, however—that blight of literature and clog of all intellectual progress—is also at work, and to considerable purpose. The difficulties with which the Armenian press has to contend in Russia are enormous; whole pages are cut out of the reviews, long paragraphs suppressed in the daily newspapers, all of which have to be examined and approved in writing by these literary policemen before they can be published.

Armenian publications printed elsewhere are carefully revised and expurgated before being put in the hands of their readers in Russia. The Shah of Persia, whose partiality for his Armenian subjects is as well known as their exemplary loyalty to their sovereign, lately paid a visit to the Catholicos of the Armenians at Etchmiadzin, but the Russian authorities strictly forbade the Armenian papers to give a detailed account of the visit or to allude to it otherwise than in the measured words used by the official journal in its few casual remarks on this event.

Another instance—and the last that I shall bring forward—of the earnest determination of the Russian authorities to cut down every growth of national life is as incredible in appearance as it is imprudent in fact. In the hope of enlarging the intellectual horizon of the common people, and arousing in them an enlightened interest in questions of history, literature, science, a series of cheap little primers were issued in Armenian, containing each the story of the life of some hero, or the account of some memorable event in the world's history, in simple words, perfectly free from all objectionnble tendencies—so free, indeed, that the censure, so chary of its imprimatur to Armenian publications, approved the little pamphlets, which were printed.

Very soon, however, the government declared that, although each little book was in itself quite harmless, yet the fact that the series contained the lives of such persons as Joan of Arc, William Tell, etc., related in a way that charmed the minds of the people, coupled with the circumstance that these primers were bought up in a very short time was a sufficiently clear indication of a state of feeling which the Government could not tolerate. And the further issue of these little books, some of which were literal translations of sketches written and published by Russian pedagogues for Russian children, was forthwith prohibited.

* * *

At Eastborne, England, a tradesman named Thomas Wickens was charged with attempting to commit suicide by driving four long nails into his head. Dr. McQueen produced four nails which he had with difficulty withdrawn from the head of Wickens. These nails had penetrated three inches and gone through the brain, but, to the surprise of the medical staff at the Memorial hospital, Wickens had fully recovered. Wickens said he drove the nails into his head in succession with a hammer, and that he had felt better in his head since the occurrence. He is now sane and able to resume business, and medically is regarded as the most wonderful case on record. The magistrate ordered him to be discharged.

* * *

A recent issue of a weekly paper published at Colmisneil, Tex., appeared in rather ragged shape, and the following apology appeared in the editorial columns: "The cause of delinquency of this Paper, this ishure. Is that J. R. Hamlin, has been quite ill for several days, and disable to do office work."

Production and Consumption of Corn.

The Department of Agriculture estimates domestic consumption of corn at 28 bushels per capita—which accords with computations made by the writer showing that we consume 29 bushels per capita, of which, however, 1 bushel goes abroad in the form of animals and animal products, etc,—making our exports, in the form of grain and secondary products, about 2 bushels per capita, leaving of the 30 bushels produced yearly some 28 bushels for purely domestic use. The average yield per acre having been during the past 10 years 24.1 bushels, it follows that each unit of population requires 1.16 acres of corn for home needs and 0.4 of an acre to provide the animal products we export, or a total of 1.20 acres per capita. However, as the last 20 crops show a higher average than the last 10—say 25.2 bushels—perhaps it is best to base our estimates upon the assumption that the crop of the future will show a yield as great as that of the longer term, in which case domestic consumption, including a proportionate exportation of animal food, will require 1.15 acres of corn per capita, and with a population of 64,000,000 we require 73,600,000 acres, and in the corn-fields of 1890, covering 78,800,000, we have—or should have, were the crop an average one—5,200,000 acres more than needed, and which is worse than useless, as the surplus but serves to depress the price of the whole, and this surplus corn acreage can well be turned into wheat-fields (until such time as we require more corn) as there is a prospect for fair prices, the world being short of wheat, and such men as H. Kains-Jackson think it will continue to be.

About Whales.

A sight of these huge, inoffensive animals is often to be had during an Atlantic voyage. They are too timid to approach near the steamer. A peculiarity about these wonderful creatures is the tail, which is not vertical, as in most fishes, but level, by which they are able to reach the surface of the water with greater facility for the purpose of respiration; and such is the strength that even the largest whales are able with its assistance to force themselves entirely out of the water. The tail is their only instrument of protection. With one stroke of it they will send a large boat with its crew in the air and shatter the wood into a thousand pieces. Sometimes the animal will take a perpendicular position in the water, with the head downwards and rearing the tail on high beat the waves with fearful violence. On these occasions the sea foams for a wide space around. This performance is called by the sailors "lob tailing."

A whale's head is about one-third of its body, and its tongue is a soft, thick mass which was formerly considered a great delicacy of the table, and a right of royalty. Their blood is red and warm like a man's and the females suckle their young. A whale has no external ear. Their sense of hearing is imperfect. When the skin is removed a small opening is perceived for the admission of sound. By a quick perception of all movements made on the water it discovers danger at a great distance. The eyes are small, but the sense of seeing is acute.

A whale does not attain full growth under 35 years, and is said to reach a very great age. They live in families rather than herds and are of a kindly nature, with the instinct of family affection very strongly developed. Whales have no teeth, instead of which whalebanes grow down out of their upper jaw.

* * *

A friend the other day asked me if I knew Queen Victoria's family name. I thought a moment and answered: "Why, 'Guelph,' of course." "Oh, no, answered my friend, "not at all." While the members of Queen Victoria's family are Guelphs by descent, Her Majesty's marriage with Prince Albert would give her his surname, as is usual in such cases. And what was the family name of the Prince Consort? I had to confess that I did not know. "Well," said my friend, "you are excusable for not knowing, I suppose, since only a short while ago the same question was asked at a dinner party in London, attended by a number of personages of rank, some of whom were very near royalty, and not a soul of them could answer it except the propounder of the question. The name in question is 'Wettin,' and the dominion of Saxony came to this family in 1420. Therefore, without her crown and kingdom, Queen Victoria would be simply 'Mrs. Wettin'."

A Forty Ton Rocker.

Perhaps one of the most interesting objects in picturesque Sullivan county, New York State, is the "Rocking Stone" on the farm of Joseph McLaury, two miles west of the county site, Monticello, on the old Newburg and Cochecton turnpike. In the center of a rather demure looking stone wall, of which it is a part, stands a rock whose history is as yet unwritten, and lies buried with the dead of many generations. The farm within the boundaries of which it rests is in a valley at an elevation of some 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, forming in consequence a most appropriate pedestal on which to stand.

At first sight it probably would not attract more than a passing notice, but it is when a second and closer observation is made that the wonderful and delicate hand of nature is seen, both in its composition and smoothly chiseled sides. In size it is nearly 500 cubic feet, shaped very much like an orange, and weighing 80,000 pounds or forty tons, and so nicely balanced on a table of rock as to be easily set in motion from either the north or south side, yet the combined strength of a hundred men, without artificial appliances, could not dislodge it from its present position.

Its body is composed of a loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles of a diamond like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the only specimen of its class, around and under it the stones being of an entirely different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone, nearly as firm and close grained as the blue stone cut from the quarries of Sullivan county. Whence it migrated or the date of its pilgrimage—for it is supposed to have been lodged there by some volcanic eruption during the Drift period—lies not in the oldest tradition of the country.

Some of the adamantine pebbles that cluster thickly on its surface have been ground off and split in two, probably by the tremendous attrition suffered in its passage. The only relative specimen of its kind in North or South America is in the northern part of Canada. Its sides and corners have also been ground to almost emery fineness by powerful elements.

It stands alone, a silent monument of a departed age, erected by nature to commemorate the mighty forces which have been and are ever working for the improvement of the earth, for the profit and benefit of man.

Tended Strictly to Business.

For cool self-possession or a remarkable display of indifference in trying and exciting times the descendant of Ham, when he wants to be, is hard to discount. The fact was forcibly illustrated in an incident connected with the recent trial of the Chambers case at Ironton. One of the principal witnesses for the defence was Frank Jinkins, a negro and eye-witness of the tragedy. Frank was whitewashing a chicken coop only a few feet away when the shooting occurred. On the direct examination he told his story in a plain straightforward way, and his evidence was very material. The cross-examiner propounded the usual questions and made a strenuous attempt to tangle the witness in giving his testimony. Concerning the facts immediately preceding and at the time of the shooting a question would be asked Frank, to which he would give a prompt reply, and then the attorney would ask:

"What did you do then?"

"I just went on whitewashing the chicken coop."

"But when the defendant appeared with the gun, and it appeared as if some one was going to be hurt, what did you do then?"

"I kept on whitewashing the chicken coop. It was none of my business, and when I came from Woodward county, Ky., I long ago learned not to interfere with two white gentlemen engaged in settling a question of honor. I turned up one end of the coop and kept right on with my whitewashing."

"When the shot was fired what did you do?"

"Kept right on whitewashing."

"Did you do anything when they removed the body?"

"Yes; kept right on whitewashing."

The Judge smiled, the spectators tittered, and the whole court room appreciated this wonderful display of a disposition to attend strictly to one's own affairs.

* * *

The work on the Congo Railroad is making rapid progress. About one thousand negroes are employed upon it.

* * *

Justice is what takes a man's part when injustice would take his all.

Causes of Death.

Shakespeare says, "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Some one else says very few men die of age. Death is the result of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toil, or accident. We often see the strong man cut down suddenly, and the invalid living his four-score years and ten. The fact is that the strong man uses up his strength, and the weak one nurses the little given him. The passions certainly shorten life, and sometimes suddenly end it. "Choked" with passion is very often not an exaggeration. The lower animals which live temperate lives have their prescribed terms of years. The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, the hog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight or nine, the guinea-pig six or seven. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. Man is the only animal that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live one hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred, but he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. To sum it all up, man is the most hard-working and laborious of animals, also the most irregelar and intemperate. He is irritable, and often wears out, or is consumed by the fire of his own reflections.

Fowls With Water Crop.

Some poultry men have more or less trouble with ailing chickens. I would not, says a writer in Farm and Home, advocate doctoring them, preferring the hatchet in most cases but occasionally a case is met that can be cured. The symptom of a bird with water crop is a poor appetite, but it craves and drinks water until its crop is distended and becomes sour. To treat take a bowl of warm water, in which is dissolved a quarter of a teaspoon of baking soda and take the fowl's head in the left hand and with the body under the arm, holding the head downward, with the neck extended. Hold the beak open with the right hand and manipulate the contents of the crop down and out of the mouth. Then give a good dose of soda water; a spoonful is sufficient. Manipulate as before, rinsing out the crop well and being careful not to irritate the crop so as to canse inflammation. Coop the chick by itself, feed sparingly a few days with bread and scraps from the table, with a good sprinkling of charcoal. Put five drops of nitric acid in the drinking water. This will generally cure it.

The Check Rein.

There should be some one to enlighten the amateur horseman in the proper use of the check rein. When they see a horse hitched they go home and try the same plan, frequently checking a colt up as high as they can and start in to break him. The result is that nine out of ten are practically spoiled, and develop a dislike for the check, and it is years before they are cured of the habit of tossing their heads. If the beginner would use a little forethought and check a colt up gradually he would soon find the natural position and avoid future trouble. Under such treatment the colt will soon learn to drive pleasantly and speed without pulling. It is never safe to check a colt up until such a point is reached, as he will do his work easier and with more determination. In nearly every town an observing man sees horses speeded up the streets, over crosswalks, with their heads stuck up in the air, as if they were taking astronomical lessons. Such a method is not the way to make a good driving horse or even a safe roadster, as he has not liberty enough to see his way or what is going on around him.

* * *

Apparently the tables are turning. California prunes have become so popular in this country that it is said the French are beginning to put up their prunes in the California style, so that they will pass for California prunes. Some of these days, perhaps, dishonest dealers will try to sell French wines by putting on them California labels. "Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

* * *

A German chemist has discovered that when a bottle partly filled with a solution of ozone in water is shaken, a soft phosphorescent glow spreads over the surface of the liquid and quickly disappears. A second shaking gives a fainter light, but the appearance can not be obtained again until after an interval of some days.

* * *

In daily intercourse constant effort is made to please by those who love peace. They best succeed who take the simpler method of aiming not to displease. To succeed in the avoidance of offense-giving is the true success.

* * *

One car building company in Pennsylvania has on hand orders for 29,000 freight cars. The largest order is for 10,000.

* * *

Certain European nobles—principally Englishmen—are now the owners of about 21,000 acres of land in the United States.