TRANSCRIPT.

N, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873. NO. 2.

RATTLESNAKES.

Serpents have always had a sort of horrible fascination for the sons of Eve, and naturally there hasbeen much romancing of the nice habits, especially the habits ders, then, will be sur kinds. Most reaments which they may read in one statetific Miscellany" of the *Galaxy*, where a Mr. Morley, chief surveyor of some railroads in Colorado and New Mexico, sets down some of the results of his observation of these reptiles, and corrects several popular delusions in regard to them while confirming some articles of the popular faith. The tales which one may hear among the southern negroes about the rattlesnake's ability to launch itself through the air to a distance of twice its length, Mr. Morley has never found verified in the course of his experience with many hundred snakes:

"It throws itself forward about three-fourths of its length, supporting its weight entirely upon the remaining fourth. In order to strike, it must lie in a coil, with its head and neck erect." Its venom is not, as has been universally asserted, injected into the wound through a hollow fang; the fangs are hollow for a part of their length, but the tip is never pierced: "the poisonsac, the position of which may be roughly indicated by comparing it to a gum-boil, is in such relation with the base of the fang that, when the animal strikes, pressure is exerted upon the sac, which causes a drop of venom to run down *outside* the tooth into the puncture." Thus it happens that rattlesnakes' bites are sometimes harmless when the creature attemps to strike rough cloth, the poison being absorbed material. As for the rattle, it is of e as a warning, for the striking multaneous with the sound, ne with electric quickness—s is done twice, contrary to the

PUT THE LITTLE ONES HAPPY TO BED.

And think it no small service if you can kiss them into good dreams, and placid, restful sleep. A little child's heart is a wonderful instrument: from it come harmonies the tenderest and wisest mother cannot always understand. How can we ever to do so? For to them is often revealed which we deem "too high for us" and "far off to."

Who suffers as a little one suffers? What hours of touchy agony in the nursery? It is no use to forbid ghost or fairy tales; there is no need; every child finds them in his own "thick-coming fancies." They were *always there*, types of which the archetypes are *in us and eternal*.

Solitude and darkness are hell to little children, at least before you commit them to it, let them feel that you are within call of their foolish cry; and whisper between the kisses of your "good night" assurances of God's love and watchfulness.

Up the dim avenue through the hot, poisoned air, heavy with the sickly fragrance of oleanders, there passed my door one summer evening two brothers, the eldest scarce ten years old. For a moment they stopped and spoke to me, and I noticed the weary look and the flushed faces of the children, and a fear that was a presentiment crossed my mind and saddened my heart.

"Where have you been, boys?" I said, "your mother is anxious and angry. Do you not know that the fever is raging and that the night air is full of death?"

"We were trying to catch some trout for mother, but something was the matter, the fish would not bite, and Willie's head ached so bad I had to carry him most of the way home."

The little speaker was so weary or sick that he caught at the railing for support. I opened the gate, and lifting the youngest child, walked the few yards necessary o see them safely home.

It was nearly dark, so there was some xcuse for the mother not noticing in the haded piazza what I had seen at the garen gate. She met them with reproofs or their delay, and contempt for want of uccess, and then hurried them into the ining room, saying:

"Eat as quickly as you can and then go bed."

I waited half an hour, but the boys did ot appear.

"Where are the children?" I asked.

"Oh, they are gone to bed, they were o tired to eat."

"Perhaps they are sick," I suggested. Willie had a very flushed face, and the ever is raging to-day."

"Oh, no! They are natives, and are horoughly acclimated. John has been hrough three epidemics, and I fancy Wille had as much yellow fever as ever he ill have, nearly two years ago."

I never saw the little fellows again. hey were both buried in one grave the ext day. No one knew they were sick ntil they were insensible, and almost in eir last moments. They muttered in elirious stupor of the fish "they could ot catch for their mother's breakfast."

And for the poor wretched mother there me never more in this world a moment which she could soothe their wounded ttle hearts, or say one atoning word for r last thoughtless sneer at their want of ill.

Say "good-night" to your little ones as you were saying "good-by." The angels may want them before the dawn of orning. It is hard enough to bear when ief alone fills the place of your absent es, but when remorse sits in the empty air, and your last memory of the dear ttle face is that of a wronged and sorwful child, it is a haunting reproach hich you may hardly hope in this world dismiss.

THE OLD MAID.—Let us take a girl o has arrived at the mature age of 21 thout having had a single eligible offer marriage. By eligible, we do not mean imply that our only consideration is oney—but just the contrary. We wish have it understood that nobody whose aracter promises some fair amount of ppiness ever asked our young lady in rriage. And as she is a sensible woan, who had a good education, and om an excellent mother early taught e blessedness of work and usefulness o had refused to marry only for the ke of avoiding the misfortune of beming an old maid. Under the eye of at excellent mother she first learned to ake herself useful to her younger brothrs and sisters (for we will suppose the mily to be a large one;) and when they ew up she looked about for some emoyment, or let us say work, though me young ladies are never at work. As e has taught nearly all the younger mily, she has, of course, gained some actice in the art of teaching, and so e tries to find a situation. "Oh, what miserable lot!" we hear some of our la- readers exclaim. Granted, for those o follow this calling with unwilling art and mind: but we began by saying at our young lady had fitted herself parularly for that vocation, and that she d her work well. The consequence is at she soon gains the love of her pupils. is some years pass, and she is thirty w; but "She is quite young still," her friends, male or female, aver. If she goes into society, there is always a vacant seat left for her, and there are none more eager to welcome her entrance than the young girls of her acquaintance, for she is always full of good humor, ready to listen to their stories, to their troubles be they small or great—always ready with advice or help. Without their knowledge there is moreover, an undercurrent in all her talk, consisting in the desire to make them all sensible women—women who love to work; women who take an interest in the well-being of their fellow-creatures, whether rich or poor; women who can stand alone, if there is no loving arm to lean upon, and will yet lovingly, gratefully, accept and return such kindness shown to them. We have seen some fair specimens of such women, and we think their number is daily increasing.—They go upon their way without making much ado; they enjoy the good things of this world as heartily as any bachelor; and they are, for the most part, much happier than any of our bachelor friends, for they have the great gift—which the lords of creation generally sadly want—of making a pleasant home to themselves out of scanty means, wherever they happen to build their nest. And so our old maid, whom we set up as an example, has also contrived by the age of forty, to build a nest for herself—for all her family are scattered; her parents have died; some of her brothers and sisters have married, some have gone away; there she sits contentedly, but mostly not alone; friends are dropping in, inviting her and coaxing her to come with them. Sometimes she accepts, more often she refuses, knowing full well the truth of the proverb: "If you wish to get always a warm welcome, don't visit your friends too often." But indeed, she has no time left for unwelcome visits; she rises early, she is fully employed all day long. Besides the teaching she does for money—in order to live honorably and respectably—she does much for love. Thus our old maid goes on her way, cheering many who would grow faint but for her hearty encouragement. She is fifty now, and age is approaching with quick steps, yet she fears it not. If all her friends should fall off, there will always be the needy and the poor to whom she can be a friend, and who, if they cannot repay her in any other way, will at least protect her from that feeling of desolation which causes many ancient females to say: "I had better die for nobody will miss me when I am gone, and I am only a burden to those I love.—*Chambers Journal.*

MODERN WINDOWS.

The windows of fashionable modern houses are expected to admit light. They are, it is true, constructed as they were in those primitive days when it was their function to admit light into the dwelling. The sash is still there, and panes of glass. But architecture loves to keep as mere ornaments what it once created for important uses. The function ceases and the organ becomes a mere decoration.

In early times much was made of light—sun-light. With much pains and expense it was introduced into the house. Now, with even greater care and expense, it is excluded.

First, while the house is building, openings are left in the rising walls, the frames are expensively made, the sash is filled with costly glass, and the sun, breaking over the horizon-line, comes in like a flood, pouring cheerful light through all the room. But that would make the house pleasant as it is out of doors. The luxury is too great. It might lead to self-indulgence.

A series of ingenious arrangements have been devised to stop out the sunshine and all light whatsoever. First are the outside blinds. North of New Jersey they are slat shutters, whose movable lattice work lets in air, while, if property adjusted, it keeps out the poison light.

These green blinds are evidently a souvenir of the Mediterranean, or of Syrian land, where the ingenious architect sought to strain the glaring atmosphere, and to bring in the air without its light. In our mother-land, where but a few weeks of summer are every oppressive, these lattice blinds are exotic.

In Philidelphia, and in all the region under her architectural influence, white, solid, battened shutters are used, which defy both air and light.

Next, we find curiously folded into the window jams, a series of inside shutters paneled, solid, impenetrable.

Within a score of years innovation has inserted in them some slight peeping holes; say, two panels of movable slats. This might let in some little light. But the disaster is prevented by supplemental arrangements. For a linen curtain rolls down behind them, and dims the little light that struggles through. Next, Venetian blinds; their movable slats rise or fall to a cord on the other side, and if slanted aright quiet exclude the light. But so dangerous is sunlight that prudant people will not be content with such protection. Lace curtains, embroidered with curious vines, flowers and scrolls, hang like a mist behind the blinds. It is true their resisting power is feeble, but they are wedded to magnificent brocatelle, or silk damask curtains, which, like vertical carpets, fall in vast folds from the ceiling to the floor, and sweep it with voluminous superfluity. The work is now sure and effective. The light is defeated. Even should an adventurous ray creep through some neglected opening in the folds, it comes in from the solar flood without as a half-drowned man creeps up on to the beach from the waters of the ocean.

When once the parlor is thus protected against the light, the modern housekeeper has reached the ideal of upholstering bliss! Now the carpets will not fade! The tints in the fresco will not burn out in the sunlight! The room is filled with sumptuous furniture. Easy chairs doze in the corners, all manner of sofas, tete-a-teets, lounges, ottomans, stand in a dreamy invitation, waiting for some rare day when through the curtains shall be let in a faint twilight.

Into such a parlor I sometimes am shown. The servant throws open the door, and invites me to enter. I pause on the twilight edge and hesitate a step or two, and stop short, unwilling to risk my limbs in such a trap of darkness. It is like a royal tomb—or a cavern, whose gorgeous stalactities are shrouded in gloom.

The servant fumbles and feels her way to the window; a rustling of curtains ensues; a clatter of slats, an opening of blinds, and at length dawns a faint glow. The light ventures in with hesitation, like one in unaccustomed places. One by one the objects slowly emerge from darkness. First, the white mantle-piece shines out—then an ottoman, like an island, is discovered. As I am obliged to wait half an hour for the toilette up stairs, I have time to grow accustomed to the place. No bat could see better now! It is an owl's paradise!—*H. W. Beecher.*

TRANSLATION FROM JOSH BILLING'S ESSAY ON SILENCE.—One of the hardest things for a man to do, is to keep still.

Everybody wants to be heard first, and this is just what fills the world with nonsense.

Everybody wants to talk, few want to think, and nobody wants to listen.

The greatest talkers among the feathered folks are the magpie and the guinea hen, and neither of them are of much account.

If a man is not sure he is right the best card he can play is a blank one.

I have known many a man to beat in an argument by just nodding his head once in a while and simply saying, "*just so, just so.*"

It takes a great many blows to drive in a nail, but one will clinch it.

Some men talk just as a French pony trots, all day long in a half bushel measure.

Silence never makes any blunders, and always gets as much credit as is due it, and ofttimes more.

When I see a man listening to me close I always say to myself, "look out, Josh, that fellow is taking your measure."

I have heard men argue a point two hours and a half and not get any further from where they started than a mule in a bark mill; they did a good deal of going round and round.

I have sat on juries and had a lawyer talk the law, facts and evidence of the case all out of me, besides starting the taps on my boots.

I have been to church hungry for some gospel and come home so full of it that I couldn't draw a long breath without starting a button.

Brevity and silence are the two great cards, and next to saying nothing, saying a little is the strength of the game.

One thing is certain, it is only the great thinkers who can afford to be brief, and there have been but few volumes yet published which could not be cut down two-thirds, and many of them could be cut clean back to the title page without hurting them.

It is hard to find a man of good sense who can look back upon any occasion and wish he had said some more, but it is easy to find many who wish they had said less.

A thing said is hard to recall, but unsaid it can be spoken any time.

Brevity is the child of silence, and is a great credit to the old man.

MANNERS IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—In illustration of the importance of good manners a London paper recalls an incident which occurred at a Scotch telegraphic office some years ago. Lord Russell was the Minister in attendance upon Her Majesty at Balmoral, and one evening there came a messenger to Aboyne—a little old man buried in a great coat—with a telegram from his Lordship to one of his Ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who seeing that it did not bear a signature—it was in the days of the old companies, when a signature was necessary—threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritative command, "Put your name to it; it's a pity your master don't know how to send a telegram." The name was added, and the message handed back. "Why, you can't write, either!" cried the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavoring to make out the signature. "Here, let me do it. What's your name?" "My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell." It was the veritable Lord John himself; and the unhappy clerk was removed from Aboyne forthwith.

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