Geo. W. Smith

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EARTH'S ANGELS.

I never saw any angels
  Except the ones in books;
I don't believe a mortal
  Knows how an angel looks.
We guess at something misty,
  With trailing wings of white,
With amber tresses floating,
  And garments strangely bright.

But I believe earth's angels
  Walk here in mortal guise,
Though we discern but faintly,
  Through heavy lidded eyes,
Or see them as they leave us,
  Who walk beside us here,
Their angelhood quite hidden
  Because it lived so near.

I can remember angels
  Who seemed like common folks,
Who wore old-fashioned bonnets
  And faded winter cloaks;
Who came when dire disaster
  Crowned lesser home mishap,
Or young claimants crowded
  The dear maternal lap.

With curving arms wide open,
  To take the weary in;
With patient love to listen,
  To childish want or sin.
What better things could angels
  For childish sinners do
Than listen to their stories
  And bid them promise new.

I think of fireside angels
  Upon whose faded hair
There shone no crown of glory,
  And yet the crown was there;
When tender love, true-hearted,
  Forgave the wrongs it knew,
And patient voice gave answer
  The days of trial through.

Ah, me! the childish angel
  Who beckons as I write!
Perchance I should not know him
  In robes of mystic white.
He wears a school-boy jacket,
  And cap and boots, to me,
And when he walked at twilight,
  His head against my knee.

There are dear mother-angels—
  We each perchance know one—
Whose robes of better glory
  Are daily being spun;
With loving hands to guide us,
  With loving speech to cheer;
Said I not well, earth-angels,
  Walk daily with us here.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

Be honest.
Be vigilant.
Pay as you go.
Trade in money.
Aid, but never beg.
Never "fool" in business matters.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Keep ahead rather than behind the times.
Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.
Strive to avoid hard words and personalities.
Have but few confidants, the fewer the better.
Use your own brains rather than those of others.
A man of honor respects his word as his bond.
Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.
Have order, system, regularity, liberality and promptness.
No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons.
If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.
Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.
Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.
Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.
Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade.
Reader, cut out this, and if there be folly in the above suggestions, let us know.

☞ A colored debating society in Trenton, Tenn., has just debated the question, "Which is the most profit to man—money or eduction?" One of the debaters argued that if it had not been for education the world would not have been half so large as it is. This clincher was met, however, by the argument that, "if it wasn't for money, how you gwine to ride on de kyars." It was at once decided in favor of money.

☞ That "honesty is the best policy" is exemplified by the following little incident: A man in Belmont, Mo., sold to a mill owner a log which proved to be hollow. As he sold it for a sound log he voluntarily went and gave back the price, and, hauling it to his own yard, chopped it up for firewood. In this operation he found ten five dollar gold pieces, which somebody had secreted in it.

☞ An Irishman who had been asked to furnish proof of his marriage, took off his hat and exhibited a scar on his head. "Here," said he "is my marriage certificate—that's Judy's mark."

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either hand, bold, rugged cliffs that lift their summits 500 and 1000 feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Bronson, who, with his wife and child, a charming little girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice, a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region—he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as might be in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude.

Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattings of the little one, or else engaged in making it some toy or plaything from willow twigs or pliant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Bronson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier fort.

One evening Bronson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment, a tall savage, whose reeling step and bloodshot eyes told that he was intoxicated, appeared, and staggering up to the log steps threw himself upon them.

His first demand was for fire water, which of course was refused on the plea that there was none in the house.

The Indian became cross and ugly, swearing with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household. Bronson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity he saw that he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk, Bronson sprang upon him and knocked him down with a blow of his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious ravings and futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken slumber.

He did not awake until next morning, but, before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he had laid by the sleeper's side.

The savage, on waking, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near by.

"What think you of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a scared look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute," answered the settler, lightly, but as he turned away and stepped into the yard he muttered, "Like it? Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered, but that lump where my fist landed, was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstance."

The summer passed away and they saw the drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall the settler one day, while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber, not far from the house, caught sight of a figure lurking among the bushes, but it quickly disappeared when he advanced toward where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Rufe Bronson would have sworn that he was the Indian whom he had knocked down and bound the previous summer. The knowledge was not in any way comforting, and hence he would not tell his wife of the discovery which he had made.

It would only alarm her without, perhaps, any good results. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and that she and her child must stay within, or close the house, when he was absent.

Several days afterwards Rufe Bronson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and knowing they never opened without a good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear track and as he arrived in sight they fairly lifted it, going in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and when at last he got his shot that finished Bruin's career he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Swinging his game to a sapling out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get the gray mare, and return to fetch it that night.

Taking a near cut, he approached the cabin from the western side, where timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he passed through the wood.

Thus it was, that, when within but a very short distance of his house, he heard a wild, piercing shriek; he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves.

Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Bronson sprang forward with the leaps of a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth.

As he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliffs of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face pallid as the dead, her arms outstretched and her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of an Indian warrior was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and then Rufe Bronson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, little Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerve as steady as the rocks around, the father for a moment actually quailed and cowered under what his quick sense told him, the deadly peril of his little one. But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance. And as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in his painted countenance the fell purpose that actuated the abductor.

"God and me!" Bronson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glanced through the sights and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph, he passed upward.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Bronson started as though he himself had been shot.

Where had this man come from? Who was he?

Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanation.

The stranger, a man rather below than above the ordinary height, whose fine athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly planting his left foot in advance, threw up an unusual long rifle, as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Bronson, while the agonized mother uttered an inaudible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click! click! of the hammer as it was drawn back told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he paused a moment.

This opportunity was seized by the unknown.

Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of himself as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot.

For one instant, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, and then instantly became unmovable as though held in a vice.

With clasped hands and straining eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out—the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clear, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly for a minute, and then pitch forward upon the rocks.

It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where the child lay, and in a few minutes more the child was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said, and was gone.

☞ A correspondent of a Montreal journal, speaking of the lately deceased Duke of Brunswick, says:

"One of the ugliest of men, he was accustomed to have himself painted and enamelled, and 'made up' with all the artificiality of the patronesses of Madame Rachel. His bald head was crowned with a blue black wig, one of thirty, changed every day, and imitating the growth of the hair; wig No. 1 being cut close, to imitate a head just cropped by the barber; wig No. 2 being a trifle longer, and so on all through the series. When the Duke appeared in wigs 20 and 30, he was accustomed to run his fingers through their long locks with the remark that he 'must really have his hair cut.'"

BILLY BLUE.

Admiral Cornwallis, perhaps better known in the Navy by the nick-name of Billy Blue, which he acquired from hoisting a "blue peter" (signal for sailing) the moment he cast anchor in any port, had once been severely wounded in the head, so severely that at times he lost his reason, and though a taut hand, a perfect officer, as good a seaman as ever trod a plank, and a humane man withal, if by accident he was induced to swallow one additional glass beyond his prescribed *modicum*, the control of his mind vanished, and his brains, *pro. tem.*, were in the region where Astolopho sought those of Orlando Furioso. In this unfortunate state, one evening, he came out of his cabin while the ship was at sea, and his eyes alighting on one of his officers for whom, it was supposed, he entertained a dislike, he instantly ordered the hands to be turned up for punishment. A grating was rigged, the ship's company mustered aft, and each looked at his messmate to learn who was to suffer. When all was prepared, the Admiral, who portrayed scarcely any outward signs of his inward derangement pointed out the individual whom he intended to have punished. Everybody hesitated at first to obey an order for seizing upon a commissioned officer. But the maxim on board ship, "To obey orders, though you break owners," tallies with the Eastern one of, "To hear is to obey;" so, without much ceremony, the astonished officer found himself naked from the waist upward, firmly lashed by the waist and ankle to the grating, and a boatswain's-mate, cat in hand, ready to flog him. The officers were entirely taken aback at these unlooked-for proceedings, and had not time to remonstrate, even if such were their intention, before Admiral Cornwallis himself gave the signal to the boatswain's-mate, and two dozen soundly laid on, Billy Blue looking on all the while as if he was doing the most natural thing in the world. At the end of two dozen the seizing were cast loose, the bleeding shoulders of the punished gentleman were submitted to the surgeon, the watch was called, and back to the cabin hied the Admiral, as sedately as a judge.

If the ship's company were astonished the aggregate of their astonishment could scarcely exceed the wonder of Admiral Cornwallis, when next morning he was informed of his over-night's freak. He refused to believe it, till the fact was brought so circumstancially before him that it was impossible longer to doubt. Then all hands were again turned up for punishment; and the officer who had been flogged was brought from below, still in arrest, from which he refused to be released. When the crew were wondering what next was to happen—some of them perhaps thinking he was to be flogged again—the Admiral appeared on the quarter-deck with a cane in his hand, and walking up to the punished officer, addressed him nearly as follows: "I am told that yesterday evening I ordered you, sir, to be flogged, and that my orders were carried into execution on this quarter-deck; but on my word of honor I have not the remotest reccollection of the circumstance. It appears to be true, however, and therefore, this morning, I have assembled together those who saw you punished. Now, in their presence, I have to tell you that I don't come here to apologize for what I have done, because no British officer could receive an opology from any one after being struck; if I did not strike you myslf, I caused another to do so. I won't ask your pardon, sir, because, as a man of honor, you could not in this way pardon an unpardonable offense. Nor, sir, will I waive my rank to give you personal satisfaction on shore, because by receiving your fire, or by firing at you, I could not obliterate the stain I have laid upon your shoulders. But I ask a favor of you before the ship's company, which is this: that you will take this cane and lay it on my back as long as it will hold together. I would do so to any one that served me as I did you. M.——you may thrash me if you please, and as much as you like, and as I am a living man it shall not interfere with you future promotion." Here he presented the handle of the cane to Mr.——

Now every man knew that Cornwallis was as true as steel and brave as a lion; and if he thus humbled himself to his inferior officer, it was not through fear of fighting a duel, nor yet from apprehension, of being brought to a court-martial; but they saw that, in the keenest spirit of the most bitter self-condemnation, their old chief took the only step which could heal the honor he had wounded; and, however unused to the melting mood, many a broad eye, set in the weather-beaten faces that thronged around the mainmast, glistened with moisture on witnessing the penance which old Billy Blue inflicted upon himself. Mr.——took the cane, snapped it in two across his knee, flung the pieces overboard, and extending his hand toward the Admiral, told him that he forgave him with all his heart. The ship's company burst into an involuntary cheer when they saw them shake hands, notwithstanding the unusual sanctity of a line-of-battle ship's quarter-deck; and more than one among them would have kissed the gunner's daughter himself, to the tune of a similar two dozen, for the pleasure of being afterward rewarded by grasping old Billy's "flipper."

HOW SMIKES STOPPED CHEWING TOBACCO.

Smikes made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He hadn't usen tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything that he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there had never been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off at any minute; and it was a great satisfaction to feel so.

Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson; for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So Monday morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added, impetuously, what she had never said before, that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco-box, and was about to take a chew when he recollected himself and plunged out of the front door, forgeting his umbrella. About half way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that after noon Smikes took out his tobacco-box and looking at it. Once he took off the cover, and smelled the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing.

He congratulated himself again and again that day that he had not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy vice, and alluded to the matter three or four times that evening at the tea-table, till Samantha marveled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had always heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her, and kept telling her, that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon his belly a monstrous quid of "fine-cut," as large around as a cart-wheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked him what was the matter, the only reply was that "any body could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told every-body who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much-informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated: "Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes heard that camomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured a couple of ounces of them. He said to the druggist, when he bought them, that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick.

His nerves gave out. He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset the inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old gentleman came into Smikes' office that day. He was a great friend of Smikes, and as he drew forth his silver tobacco-box and daintly shook out a small portion of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and as he handed Smikes his box remarked that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had ever damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.—*Saratogian.*

NEGRO DELUSIONS.

For the last two years a negro preacher, by the name of Bobo, has been the spiritual head and adviser of one of the largest negro congregations in Spartanburg county, S. C. His church is situated about twenty miles south of this place, in a dense negro settlement, and so great was his fame as a preacher of the gospel, that his members were found on all the neighboring, and some distant, plantations. Bobo is described as a negro of gross ignorance, but blessed with that profusion of speech so often found in his race. He is said to be a good workman, but of very loose morals in everything but the strict keeping of the Lord's Day and an almost austere observance of the forms of religion. He thus possessed all those qualities necessary for a leader of his people.

During the last month a kind of revival has been in progress in Bobo's church, and a few days ago it culminated in one of the greatest religious demonstrations ever seen in this country. Bobo, from preaching Christ, went to preaching himself as "the new prophet high in favor." His doctrine was, that the Lord had commanded him to call together the children of Zion, and lead them to the promised land, distant but one hundred and sixty miles, and where they would have wings and could fly. After much exhortation and many midnight orgies, he said that the command to march had been received, that his disciples must sell all they had, and without scrip or sword follow him. He thus persuaded some fifty or sixty to obey him. The poor deluded creatures sold crops, stock, and everything they had, at a great sacrifice. One man sold his crop, said to be worth six hundred dollars, for one hundred and fifty dollars; another sold a cow aad calf for one dollar and fifty cents. Nothing could dissuade them from their purpose. They said it was the command of the Lord, and they must obey. Just before they started the prophet said there was yet one more thing to be done. It was necessary to the success of the journey that *the oldest person among the faithful must be sacrificed*, because he being the oldest can tell the Lord most about any of us. On examination the eldest person was found to be a woman. She was taken and confined in an old outhouse until a stick of peculiar growth could be found, with which she must be killed. She did not seem to mind her danger, but rather to rejoice. She certainly would have been a martyr had it not been for the neighboring whites, who had to use some show of violence to release her. This was a damper on the prophet and his followers, but did not divert them from their purpose. Placing their smallest children and a few provisions in a two horse wagon they set out on their march. On the march several at-

[redacted]

cessary [illegible] all. Thy sphere may be contracted, time influence may be small, but a sphere and influence you have.

days.

For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime
With the curse paved in on the lanes and streets;
And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.
And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

—*From* THE ALDINE *for October.*

☞ In Indiana it has been judicially decided that the purchase of a railway ticket is also the purchase of a seat in the car. Otherwise, we suppose, if notice should be given to the purchaser that no seat could be furnished. In this case the purchaser refused to give up his ticket until he was furnished with a seat. His request was not heeded, and it was in evidence that it could not be complied with in consequence of the crowded condition of the car. The passenger was therefore ejected, his baggage being thrown after him, for which injury he has now recovered $2,000.

☞ Miss Bunker and Mr. Haynes, a pair of deaf mutes, were united in matrimony in Raleigh, North Carolina, recently. On their journey home from church the bridal party came very near being drowned while crossing a swollen stream. The bridegroom, who never swam before, rescued his young bride by swimming and carrying her in his arms a distance of several yards to the shore. Miss Bunker is a daughter of Eng, one of the Siamese twins.

☞ The greatest gas well in the world is located on the Campbell farm, about two miles from Modoc city, Butler county, Pa., in a northeasterly direction. It was struck a few weeks ago, and a volume of gas has ever since been pouring forth with tremendous force. An attempt was made [illegible] the well a set of tools, the weight of which was twenty-five hundred pounds, but the gas forced them up and away from the hole.

Among the most recent exploring expeditions is that undertaken during the present year for the exploration of the Amazon river, by Prof. James Orton, the well known naturalist, of Vassar College. His letters speaks of unbroken forests covering a space eleven hundred miles in diameter, and other equally astonishing revelations of nature.

☞ The Commissioner of Statistics of Pennsylvania has published an interesting exhibit of the estimated value of real and personal estate in that Commonwealth, which he places at the enormous sum of $3,475,831,851. It would be somewhat difficult to find a richer tract of country in any portion of the civilized globe.

☞ A blacksmith is said to have succeeded in changing the gait of a pacing horse to that of a trotter, by simply fastening an extra pair of shoes heavier than usual to the fore feet whenever he wants the horse to trot, and taking them off at [illegible] The sudden change of [illegible] horse to

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