

The Fall of an Acorn—a type of the Rerurrection.

BY MRS HARRIET WARD HOODSON.

Pensive, alone, I wandered forth amid the autumnal wood,
Where eddying leaves of brightest tint fell round me as I stood,
And I had paused beside a brook, close by a mossy dell,
When suddenly upon my path a tiny acorn fell.

And as I mused upon the scene in melancholy mood,
The falling leaf, the dying year, the mournful solitude,
I queried if ambition lured the acorn from the bough,
To perish with the mouldering leaves or rot beneath winter's snow.

Or had the wandering, sighing breeze or bird on soaring wing,
Or breath of flowers borne aloft in solemn whispering,
Or flickering sunbeams' rosy light or sparkling waters free,
In all their varying, tempting charms beguiled it from the tree?

Or was it nature's inward voice, the wondrous law of God,
That taught it ere it rose above't must mingle with the sod,
Assimilate with crawling worms, albeit of lofty birth,
Silent but not forgotten lie, while smouldering back to earth.

* * * * *

Fears passed away; sorrow and change the incident effaced,
For grief within my aching heart had all but pain erased;
Yet memory drifting back in dreams I longed once more to see
The dear familiar face of friends, the home that sheltered me.

Again I stood within the wood, but, ah, how charged the scene!
A sapling oak of perfect form and leaves of living green,
Was growing on the very spot beneath the forest tall,
When very many years before I saw the acorn fall.

And as I gazed in awe and thought on the Almighty power
United with a father's love, restoring tree and flower,
I wondered why we mourn our dead that rest beneath the sod,
Almost forgetting that they live above in Heaven with God.

Putnam's Rescue.

Gen. Israel Putnam, subsequently much distinguished in the Revolution, commanded, during the old French and English War, a corps of partisans on the northern frontier. In a skirmish with the Indian allies of the French he was taken captive. The bravery and enterprise of Putnam made him no ordinary prize, and as a usual expression of their high respect for his character as a soldier, it was determined by his savage captors that the utmost ingenuity of torture should be exercised in putting him to death. Putnam was therefore bound to the stake, and the faggots piled around him ready for ignition. In this extremity he was about consigning himself to utter despair, when he beheld a French officer approaching. Putnam was a Mason, and with the precarious, but only remaining hope that the Frenchman might be a member of the Fraternity, he spoke to him in the mysterious but universal language of the Craft, and made that appeal which is so sure to reach the Ma-

son's heart. It was seen and felt, and quickly responded to. For notwithstanding the danger of disappointing a crowd of Indians preparing to feast upon the agonies of a tortured enemy, the Frenchman rushed through the band of savages, and severing the cords that bound his brother to the stake, he rescued the life of Putnam at the imminent peril of his own. Putnam, through all his subsequent adventures, never failed to admit that he owed his life to Masonry, and acknowledged that nothing but the force of the Masonic appeal would have induced the French officer to risk the danger of displeasing or exciting his Indian allies, by thus rescuing their conquered and already condemned enemy from the stake.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

Chicken Cholera.

The Georgia State Agricultural Society, at its recent meeting, offered a reward of \$250 for an infallible remedy for chicken cholera. Whereupon an enterprising German youth named Max Weir, of Greenville, Ky., recommends a decoction of "smart weed" (*Polygnum Hydropiper*), as follows:

"The writer, a boy of thirteen years, has been in the chicken business for the last two years. This year, 1876, my hens hatched over eight hundred chickens, which I watched over in sunshine and storm for months. All seemed to be doing well until the cholera appeared among them. My financial prospects darkened, and my heart grew sad as I saw my favorite hens departing this life.

"Calomel, sulphur, coal oil, assafoetida, salt, etc., were tried faithfully, and no good result obtained.

"I then tried a new remedy which was recommended, and the mortality ceased at once. Previous to this I had lost three or four hundred chickens, and nearly all were drooping. My chickens have improved, and I have lost but one in three weeks, and hope the cholera is banished from my poultry yard.

"The weed I used is called 'smart weed' in Kentucky. I gathered about one bushel of the weed, and put it into a large iron kettle; added about ten gallons of water, and boiled down until about two or three gallons of dark liquor remained. This liquor I mixed with meal, about three pints to two or three gallons of meal, and fed the same to two hundred chickens twice a day for three days (preparing the decoction anew from time to time as needed); then every other day for a week. My chickens, it appears have been saved by this remedy.—*Southern Farmer.*

Had No Fun in Him.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference recently held here, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard street he encountered a strapping fellow, who was drawing a wagon to a blacksmith shop.

"Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon and I'll buy the whisky!" called the big fellow.

"I never drink," solemnly replied the good man.

"Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke."

The man dropped the wagon tongue, looked hard at the member, and asked:

"Don't you chew?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster.

"I guess I'm all right—I feel first rate."

"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster. "Come, now, let's warm up a little."

"I never bet."

"Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the under hold."

"I never have fun," solemnly answered the member.

"Well, I'm going to tackle you any way. Here we go."

The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a neck hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could get his breath.

"Now, you must keep away from me!" exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane.

"Bust me if I don't!" replied the teamster as he edged off. "What's the use in lying and saying that you don't have any fun in you when you're chuck full of it! Blame it. You wanted to break my back, didn't you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Natural Photography.

Some curious stones have been discovered in Tala de Hidalgo, Mexico, of which a native correspondent writes:—There is a stratum not very thick composed of scales of rock of the same kind, placed horizontally, upon which stratum there is a whitish green earth, all exposed to view by the rains. The exterior coatings have been broken off by the action of time, forming a small promontory of fragments, which, as can readily be seen, present a great variety of appearance, and each face has received and is constantly receiving the landscape in front of it, by means of a color so perfect that I believe that art itself cannot produce such relative exactness, as you will see by the samples. The faces that receive said images are only those on the sides, where the scales of the rocks have been broken, and never those on the flat surface, which indicates that the grain or pores of the rock are horizontal, and that they contribute, by absorption, to produce the phenomenon. It is observed that some of the faces of the rock, the newest ones, receive two images at the same time, inverse or opposite, that is to say, one whose base rests on the upper angle of the ground and the other whose base rests also on the upper angle, the same as those produced by an optical apparatus of only one lens. The faces which begin to receive the first impressions only present the images of the nearest trees with wonderful perfection and beauty; those which have been in one position for a long time without variation, present the complete landscape within the whole visible horizon, and even the most distant mountains by which it is limited. In these the inverse images appear to have been lost, the vertical image corresponding to the natural position of objects, remaining. It appears, also, that the ink with which the images are painted is indelible, but I know not to what degree of resistance.

\$999 Can't be made by every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dollar a day right in their own localities. Have no room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, and boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish you a complete outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of starting you. Particulars free. Write and see. Farmers and mechanics, their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address, 1-42—TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE MASONIC JOURNAL.



FOR THE

MASONIC FRATERNITY

IN

N. C. and the South.

—:O:—

There are in the South 200,000 Freemasons, and recognizing the imperative need for a regular and permanent Organ peculiarly suited to the demands of this vast number "who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection," we are now publishing a first class

SEMI-MONTHLY

Masonic Newspaper,

Such as the dignity and advancement of the Fraternity will approve, which is the

CHEAPEST PUBLICATION

IN THE

UNITED STATES

devoted strictly to

MASONIC INTERESTS.

—:O:—

With a journalistic experience of several years and a determination to give all our time, talent and energy to the promotion of this important enterprise we hope to receive from our Masonic brethren that liberal confidence and support which, by an entire devotion to its success we hope to merit.

Terms \$1.50 per Year, and all money should be sent by Check, Post-Office order or Registered Letter

Address

E. A. WILSON,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

CENTENNIAL YEAR.

To bring the Danville News within the reach of all, we have brought the subscription price down to nice figures.

Subscription rates table with columns for duration (1 Year, 1 Month, Weekly, 6 Mos.) and price (\$5.00, .50, \$1.00, .75).

The daily increase of circulation makes the News one of the best mediums for

ADVERTISING

of any paper on the border.

MANNING BROTHERS,

Editors and Proprietors,

Danville, Va.



To the Working Class.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex can easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls can nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address, GEO. STINSON, & CO., Portland, Maine.