The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

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Life and Death.

Comes comes to every sky—
No day will last forever,
And roads that nearest lie,
Too hard of time will sever.
No flowers of eternal bloom,
No loving—Death outvying—
The voice of the tomb
Cry, "All must end in dying."

No clouds forever last,
No heart is doom'd to sadness,
The future, present, past,
All some form of gladness,
And flowers that fade today
Will bloom when winter passes,
In every year comes May,
With clover, birds, and grasses,
The voices from the sky
A joyful pean giving,
'We are not dead,' they cry,
There is no end to living.

[MAY SPENCER

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

Everybody knew where Davenport's was, and everybody made pilgrimages to it in the hour of need. No matter whether the need took the form of a spool of sewing silk or iron castings for gin stand—somewhere among Davenport's heterogeneous stock it was sure to be found. "Davenport" sported no sign. It was proudly independent of any such factitious aids of prominence. As well label the country court house as plaster a sign on Davenport's time-honored front. There was but one court house—and one Davenport's and honors were easy between them in Slowville. Furthermore (apropos of a sign), human ingenuity would have been staggered to compose any inscription for a sign that would have been measurably descriptive of the olla podrida on Davenport's shelves.

Mail day was Davenport's harvest day but matters within the store must be pressing indeed to force Davenport himself behind the counter. He looked curiously out of place weighing plug tobacco or drawing a quart of black molasses in payment for a dozen eggs. There was a totally irreconcilable incongruity between him and his surroundings. He had the build of an athlete, and was one, without any scientific training. His head, superbly shaped, and set squarely on a columnar throat, was covered thickly with a yellow mass of short curls, and his chin with a long silky beard of the same color. His eyes were blue and bright and penetrating. A pure Saxon type was Davenport, with a general suggestion of great physical strength and deliberate purpose about him. If the gray store with its assured income had not come to him by inheritance, doubtless he would have done something with himself in the world. As it was, he shinked the tobacco box and the molasses barrel whenever practicable, and in the long summer days, when there was not much doing, he read Keats and Coleridge with oblivious delight on the long store gallery, fighting flies with one hand all the while. He had never been away from home to school, "wouldn't be spared from the store." He had grown up in it, but has never grown into it. Hidden somewhere in that muscular organism of his was a dumb unsatisfied longing for better things to do and to be than fate had so far accorded him. When the war broke out it was with an envious pang he saw other fellows go off to the front. He would have loved to go with them, but, looking his duty squarely in the face by the best light he had, there seemed to be a stronger call to stay at home. He grew into a monster in local estimation. His staying out of the army had secured him the contempt of the neighborhood; his lazy, earnest speculation excited its disgust and horror. Even in the little home behind the pomegranate bushes there were clouds and distrust. Davenport's wife was no longer proud of him. She hung her head for him, and he knew it—knew it, and winced under it silently, and thought enviously of the men who were off with the army, fighting and being wounded. He would gladly have exchanged his wound for theirs.

When the river was blockaded and all the country on both sides of the Mississippi, from Vicksburg to New Orleans, was virtually in a state of siege, people said: "Now Davenport's hour of triumph had come," and those who had been most open in denouncing him recalled their rash words regretfully. What they had said was all true, of course, but it had better been left unsaid, for in all the country nowhere but at Davenport's were medicines, or sugar, and tea, and meal, and everything that went to sustain life to be procured. The grinders ceased grinding and the great mill wheels stood motionless. The ungathered crops stood in the fields, at the mercy of marauding cattle. A universal paralysis seized upon the land. Pallid-faced women asked, What next?

Yes, Davenport's hour of triumph had come! He did not call it his hour of triumph. He simply said that had befallen which he had known all along must come. Then, judiciously, wisely, patiently, he began his ministrations, meting out comfort of a material sort with the stern impartiality of a judge on the bench, and the patient tenderness of a Joseph yearning over his suffering brethren. Nothing that led to the point of necessity was too remote for his acute grasp of the situation, nothing too minute to secure his attention. Without price he gave up his hoarded substance, and long after white sugar became a luxury too costly for consumption on the table in the little white cottage, Randolph Fairfax's wife had it on hers. There had been no one to help him bear the burden of the obloquy that had been his share, and now, when the women who had so misguided him crowded about him with wordy recantations, he smiled at them inscrutably, and they were comforted. They said among themselves: "He took it so lightly, he had never cared much." Not much—you see there wasn't the making of a hero in him. All the glory was reserved for the men who had gone away in uniform.

It was in the third year of the war that Randolph Fairfax came home wounded, not badly, but he had fought splendidly and was entitled to a short respite. He tried hard to say something handsome and grateful to Davenport about the way he had looked after his wife and children during his own absence in the army, and he sincerely hoped those sharp and foolish words of his about Davenport's beard had died from his memory. They had not—he felt quite sure of it when Davenport, resting his blue eyes calmly on him for a moment, turned slowly on his heel and began giving directions about a kit of mackerel that was to be sent to old Mrs. Murray back in the Red Lick settlement. Fairfax did not come to the store any more after that, but remained closely at home on the plantation—so closely that he did not hear what Davenport heard one morning from the trembling lips of one of Fairfax's own freed slaves. What Davenport heard was that a posse of the enemy was going to raid the neighborhood that night to capture Major Fairfax; he would be a prisoner well worth their efforts. It was left with Davenport to warn the major of his danger. There was no one to whom he could intrust the task. The long, lonely gallop through the woods and across the swollen sloughs over the weed-grown fields must be taken by himself. It was accomplished safely, and at a slower pace he turned his tired horse's head homeward. He would have liked to travel faster, for Fanny would be worrying about his not getting home before dark, but he must have some mercy on the jaded beast under him. Thank God, Fairfax would have plenty of time to escape, if he started right off. It was dark, quite dark, when he passed from the shelter of the trees that marked the boundary line of Fairfax's place out into the big road—so dark that he did not see a motionless group of horsemen drawn across his pathway until his own horse shied violently to one side and the single word "Halt!" fell commandingly on his ears.

"Fairfax's captured!" He had only time to think it, when the same commanding voice called questioningly to him from out the gloom, "Who goes there?"

"Randolph Fairfax," came back clearly, unfaltering, defiantly. A gurgle of laughter, or rather a choked cluck of triumph, and then he was completely surrounded as the prize learned him forward away from Slowville. It was not of himself that he was thinking as he galloped through the amber woods with his captors that night. It was of the wife, of Fanny, watching and wondering and weeping through the long hours alone. It was time he was bearing his share of hardships. If it was not for her, he wouldn't mind. Perhaps, when light came, they'd give him a chance to write back to her. He couldn't have done different. Fairfax was crippled and poorly mounted. These fellows were on well-fed army horses. It wouldn't have done to risk the truth. On and on through the night, until, in the gray dawn of the day, camp was reached; a brief respite, then he found himself on board a transport. It would be easy enough when he got to headquarters to satisfy the general in command that he was no military man, but a law-abiding civilian, staying at home and pursuing his usual vocations.

When he got to headquarters and made his statement his blue eyes fairly flashed lightning to find it discredited. His interlocutor's sceptical gaze traveled slowly down one of Davenport's shapely legs and up the other. Davenport's own gaze followed wonderingly and his brown cheeks turned ashen white. He told all about it after his release from Alton military prison at the close of war.

"It was those red stripes down the side of my pants that Fanny was so proud of. You see, I had been in the saddle and out of reach of buying any new pants until I was about out of 'em. Then Fanny cut up her traveling shawl, and, considered as the work of an amateur, those pants were a success, if I did have to go into a corner and turn round three times before I could get my hand into my pocket; but she left the bordering of the shawl in for a fancy touch. Poor Fanny! I suppose she thought she'd make me look like a soldier whether or no, and it did the business for me. It was more than I could to convince those fellows I wasn't major-general at the very least, instead of a poor stay-at-home skulk. You know our boys weren't much of dandies after the first year."

The gallery at Davenport's is once more a crowded rendezvous, and war yarns alternate with crop and political discussions; but whenever the heroes of Slowville begin to blow reminiscent trumpets, Davenport retires within, for if Randolph Fairfax is about, his (Davenport's) midnight ride with the raiders is sure to come up, and no one knows better than he does that he doesn't deserve even honorable mention.—[New York Post.

The Big Blanket Fish.

"The first time I struck the bottom," says a pearl diver, "I couldn't believe I was there. It was as clear as air, and the fishes swimming around might have been taken for birds. I landed on a kind of sand hill when they lowered me, and had to walk about fifty feet down into a valley-like before I struck the shells. They were all in a bunch stretched along in a ridge, looking like a black mark against the white bottom. I was dragging the hamper, and when I got alongside I began to toss them in. I reckon I had filled half a dozen or so, when all at once I saw a kind of shadow moving overall. At first I thought it was the schooner, and then, perhaps, some of the other divers coming down, and then it left; but all at once it came again and grew so dark in a second that I turned quick and looked up, and if my hair hadn't been held down by a copper cap it would have rz right on end.

There, a-movin' over my, was what I took to be a bird about thirty feet across. It was wheeling round and round, flapping its big wings; not as you've seen buzzards or eagles do, overhead. It was it came, lower and lower, and I a-crouching as flat as I could get. The nearer it got the bigger it looked, and as I see it was a-a-thing on me I took the pike I always carried, and as it wheeled around over me I let drive. Hit it? Well, I reckon I did. The next thing I knew I was standing on my head, rolling over and over, then yanked sideways, half-drowned, and then I reckon I lost my senses, and when I came to I was lyin' on deck and all hands looking at me. You see the critter had given the water such a swat that I was knocked end for end, and my pipe and line twisted around and around so that I couldn't breathe, and, of course, I had pulled the line and the men thought I had jerked it to come up, so they hauled away for all they were worth, and that's what saved my life. What was it? Way, nothin' but one of those sea blankets! Soon the other men rallied it—and they all say I had a narrow run for it. That was the way, accordin' to their say, that the fish goes to work to get away with a man. They just settle down on you like a blanket, and there you are."

Husband and Lord.

Two hundred years ago, each Highland chief considered himself as an independent sovereign. If he had a dispute with another chieftain, who obstinately refused to yield, he levied war, thus referring the matter to the last resort of kings.

Each chief of a clan had the power of "pit and gallow," and could hang a refractory chieftain, without hindrance from the rest of the clan. On the contrary, they would all assist in executing their chief's decree. Ordinarily, but not always, they accepted the fate decreed for them by the laird, without a murmur.

A husband, having been condemned to death by his lord, threatened resistance, instead of going quietly to the executioner's house and giving himself up. His wife, amazed at her "guide man's" conduct, remonstrated with him on his obstinacy.

"Dougall, my man," said she, in her most apprehensive tone, "just gang awa' quietly and be hanged, and no anger the laird."—Youth's Companion.

A Guarantee.

Nervous patient, in dentist's chair—Will it hurt much, doctor?

Dentist (reassuringly)—I'll guarantee it won't hurt a bit.

Nervous patient (not reassured)—But what if it should, doctor? What would your guarantee amount to?

Dentist (evidently sure of himself)—If I hurt you, my dear sir, I'll pull every tooth in your head and it won't cost you a cent.—Harper's Bazar.

He Was Surprised.

A little Scotch boy, about four or five years old, was ill of fever, and the doctor ordered his head to be shaved. The little fellow was unconscious at the time and knew nothing of it. A few days after, when he was convalescent, he happened to put his hand to his head, and after an amazed silence shrieked out "Mither! mither! my head's barefoot."

A Good Reason.

"Say, Tom, that fellow Stuppin seems to appreciate a story."

"Yes, seems to."

"Laughs at all your jokes."

"Don't you know why?"

"No."

"Why, I let him have five dollars the other day."—[Arkansas Traveler.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Old King Coal.

Old King Coal
Was a grimy old soul,
And a grimy old soul was he;
He lay underground
Until he was found,
And dug out by miners three.

Old King Coal
Was a sorry old soul,
And a sorry old soul was he;
They gave such a knock
To the poor old block,
That it split into pieces—three.

Old King Coal
Was a fiery old soul,
And a fiery old soul was he;
They put him on a flame,
He shouted—"What a game!"
And burnt up as merry as could be.

The Carrier Pigeons of Paris.

Carrier pigeons have for a long time past been kept in Paris, and specially trained for use in war. They now number over 2500, nearly eighteen hundred of which have had so thorough a training they can be trusted to go to great distances in the worst of weather. Some are taught to travel to certain places from Paris, and others to come to Paris from different towns and fortresses. Should Paris be besieged—which let us all hope will never again be the case—the capital will be kept in communication with the forts above Grenoble, and with those of the Pyrenees, by pigeons bred in these mountains and in the Alps.—[Little Folks.

The Monkey's Paw.

The native tribes of the Kabylian mountains, in Algeria, have a simple but ingenious way of catching the monkeys who ravage their scanty crops. They place a little rice in a gourd, and attach it firmly to a tree. An opening is cut in the gourd, just large enough to admit the monkey's paw.

In the night, the marauder finds the gourd, inserts his paw, and grasps a handful of the rice. But his clenched fist will not pass through the hole, and as the monkey will not relinquish his booty, he is found there next morning, still vainly struggling to get the fist out of the trap, and his life is the penalty of his covetousness.

This story may illustrate the fact that some things which appear tempting are better left alone. Mankind should have more sense and self-restraint than monkeys, even if the former are descended from the latter.—[Golden Argosy.

"Thack."

There are few creatures who are incapable of being tamed and becoming interesting pets. A lady gives the following account of a turtle which she one day caught in the wood, carried to her city home in Brooklyn, and made a pet:

On reaching home he was given the freedom of the backyard, and was named W. M. Thackeray; but he usually went by the nickname of "Thack," for that was more convenient than his full title.

I [illegible] at first to know how to feed [illegible] for one [illegible] country [illegible], after a few moments, I [illegible] that he took very kindly to milk, pounded and milk. He soon learned the sound of my voice, and he would stump up the flagged walk to my feet if I called him.

I became very fond of my queer little "pet in a box." He was perfectly tame, and had many interesting ways. When he was dressed, he used to wear a blue satin sash tied round his shell "in the place where his waist ought to be."

I enjoyed introducing him to company. I would open the parlor-door, when he would slowly lumber along the hall with flattering rubbers, through the doorway, across the carpet and up to me, quite regardless of the sensations his appearance always created. Then I would take him up and hold him, he suspending himself first by one hind leg and then the other. I used often to put my finger in his mouth and scratch his head for him. This last performance seemed to give him peculiar pleasure.

I kept Thack for eight months, when winter drew nigh, and he began to show signs of torpidity and a desire for his long winter nap. I accordingly took him to the park in a basket, thinking that there he would find a shelter to his mind. While we were in the street-cars on our way there, he poked the cover off his basket, and, standing on his hind legs, thrust his snaky head and speckled paws into sight, to the amazement of an old gentleman opposite, who looked at him severely through a pair of gold spectacles.

On arriving at the park, I took the path to the lake; and, when I reached it, I put Thack down on the grass a few yards from the water. He glanced around for a minute, and then walked away without even saying farewell. He paid no attention to my calls of "Thack! Thack!" Thack!" Evidently, "his feet was on his native heath, and his name was McGregor." He pushed his way through a clump of ferns, and I lost sight of him forever.—[Youth's Companion.

Cyprus is the only English colony that contributes anything to the imperial purse.

INDIA RUBBER.

How the Natives of Costa Rica Take It to Market.

A Thrifty Tree Able To Yield More Than Fifty Pounds of Rubber.

The chief industry in eastern Costa Rica is the collection of caoutchouc (pronounced kooshook, with the accent strong on the first syllable), as the native Indians call that substance here known as India rubber. Not many years ago, says the Providence Journal, more than 100,000 pounds of it were shipped every month from Greytown alone, but at present the average export per month is only about 40,000 pounds. This considerable falling off is due to the fact that no legal or other supervisance is exercised over the gathering of the gum, and with the customary improvidence of these people many of the valuable trees which yield it have been ruined. The Yulumas or rubber-hunters are the most ignorant and irresponsible creatures, whose first object when out in a hunt is to secure as much caoutchouc as possible and next to damage the prospects of other Yulumas, regardless of the future.

A thrifty tree at its first cutting ought to yield not less than fifty pounds of rubber but the hunters of to-day find few so productive—unless they penetrate far into the virgin forests and are lucky enough to discover an entirely new district. In those sections already worked most of the trees have been tapped several times and many of them were spoiled at the outset by having been cut too young—to greedily discover feeding that if the prize were left to attain perfection another might find and secure it. Were the matter regulated by judicious laws, so that only mature trees might be tapped, and those not to an extent to cause death, the production of caoutchouc would be greatly increased. Recently the Costa Rican government has offered cut-nave grants of land to any who will devote them to the culture of rubber trees but so far few have availed themselves of the opportunity.

Many attempts have been made to import the juice of the tree in its natural state, but so far none of these efforts have succeeded. Would it prepared form it may be fashioned into any shape by means of molds, but no process has yet been discovered to prevent its solidifying. There is always a good deal of partially hard and caoutchouc adhering to the bark of the tree, which is torn off in long, strange masses, called branches. Of course, this is not nearly so valuable as the solid rubber, and is more especially the product of those trees that have been cut several times and therefore cannot yield a clean flow of sap, but it is wrapped up in bales and exported for various purposes. Commercially speaking, the caoutchouc of Para is considered best, and commands the highest price in market, while that from the west coast of Africa is last desirable, being only slightly elastic, and like [illegible]

The noisy [illegible] important a part among the earth's productions, was first used by those Central American Indians. Their caoutchouc was made known to the world as elastic gum, and was long afterward given the name of rubber from the discovery of its usefulness in rubbing out the marks of black lead pencils. For the latter purpose it began to be imported into Great Britain toward the close of the last century, and being much valued by artists was sold at a high price. Early in 1530 the Spanish conquistadores in Mexico had learned to make caoutchouc into shoes and also used it for waxing their canvas cloaks to make them resist water—something as the clothing of the modern Yularo is coated. That, no doubt, was the origin of the idea of its manufacture into water-proof cloth, which first gave it great commercial importance. Not until 1820 did its employment begin to extend much beyond the erasing of pencil marks, though the quantity imported had increased [illegible]

Had Nothing to Say.

Mme. Aulenoux gives literary dinners in Paris and rules them like a strict parliamentarian. She has a silver bell at her side to ring for order, and she gives each guest his turn to speak. One evening Mr. Renan was talking when one of the lesser lights tried to say something in an undertone. She peremptorily silenced him, and a few moments later, when M. Renan had finished his monologue, she tapped the bell and said to the unfortunate, "Now, Monsieur, you may speak." "But, Madame," he exclaimed, "I only wanted to ask for some more spinach."

A Lucky Find.

Husband—I was in great luck to-day. I found a silver dollar on the street.

Wife—I wish you would give it to me, John. Baby needs a new pair of shoes.

Husband—Give it to you! Why I spent it, and another dollar with it, celebrating the event.—[New York Sun.

Mimicry in Nature.

Beetles often include lizards, since the latter are insects in which birds in search of animal food pass by the given a very wide berth.

A species of moth [illegible] white and red, [illegible] with the honey bee one of the most numerous species of [illegible] at intervals from time to time.

The [illegible] which are [illegible] insects, imitating the wasp [illegible] in the sunlight, quite [illegible] the insect they copy, and [illegible] a [illegible] reputation for ferocity.

Bees often shelter unbidden guests in the nests and hives of well-known species. They are held and treated in the [illegible] manner, but their [illegible] pay for the hospitality they [illegible] by devouring the young grub of the hives.

There is a Brazilian ant which is addicted to the habit of devouring crickets, but there is also a species of cricket which exists apparently for the purpose of assuming, so that it can even associate with its enemies.

Certain butterflies have become modified to resemble wasps, even to the extent of losing their odd wasps for others of attractive fashionable shapes, and others, which in moths, have acquired needles at the ends of hair on their shanks, to represent the poison-stinging apparatus of the true bees.

A curious case of imitation is that of two species of Malayan snakes, which are almost exact counterparts of two species of honey-sucker. The latter are such fierce birds to be avoided by all their feathered relatives, and thus the snakes find their own deceptive plumage a great protection.

The mimicry of stinging insects is sometimes performed by innocent little creatures quite destitute of any such means of defence. A common insect, known in England as the devil's coach-horse, throws up its tail in the aggressive fashion of a scorpion, when irritated, but it has no hint of a sting. In its warlike attitude it is considerably alarming, not only to boys and girls, but to chickens and birds.

Alas!

One of the most [illegible] habits to form is the habit of using some one word or phrase so [illegible] that it becomes a mannerism. Whipple [illegible] Emerson's attention to the frequency of the word "going," and so great was Emerson's consciousness [illegible] that he at once struck the word entirely from his vocabulary.

One of the most distinguished bishops in the Methodist Episcopal church was, in his youth, smitten with a fondness for the word "today," which he used with great effect. On one occasion he was describing the death of the Christian man, and thus expressed himself: "Lo, he lies upon a dying bed. His friends surround him; his wife and children are there to receive his blessing. At last the last words are spoken, he breathes no more. Now, could we part the veil, we should see a company of angels sent down from the heavenly courts to bear his ransomed soul home. [illegible]

[illegible] the sermon a brother [illegible] "Brother [illegible], I never [illegible] for that it was a mournful thing for a Christian to be safe in heaven, but as you said, 'And let us leave him there,' you need think of it."

Trusts the Apothecary.

At a banquet given to Mr. Theodore Metcalf by the Boston Druggists' Association Oliver Wendell Holmes gave his opinion of apothecaries as follows: "I have always had a great opinion of the medical advice of apothecaries. The truth is, they put up the prescriptions of the best physicians in the place in which they live and they have the very cream of all the experience at their fingers' ends. So, when I have myself been suffering from any slight bodily inconvenience, I am ashamed to say or ought to be, perhaps—instead of going to a professional brother, I have quietly crept into the back room and asked Mr. Metcalf what such and such a drug was in the book of prescriptions.

Amusing the Baby.

"And now, Bobby," said his mother, as she bottoned her gloves, "be a good little boy while I am out, and do everything you can to amuse the baby."

On her return she discovered that Bobby had emptied the contents of the molasses jug over the baby's head, and the happy laughter from the infantile lips told her more eloquently than mere words could ever hope to tell how eminently successful Bobby's efforts in the amusement line had been.

Graduated.

Lady visitor—"I am very sorry to see you here, my young friend. You look as if you had a good education."

Convict—"Well, madam, I have been through Yale College."

Lady visitor—"Is it possible?"

Convict—"Yes, that's the reason I'm here. They caught me as I was going through."—[The Judge.

Aspirations.

O song of wonderful sweetness
That my heart wish melody fill!
O strains of marvelous measure,
That my soul with rapture thrill!

Though in vain I essay to utter
The thoughts you forever suggest
The heavenly hopes and yearnings
You awake within my breast,

Still I know my life is better
For your presence in my heart,
And your symphonic thoughts I'll treat
Sweet peace to my soul impart.

And I know such aspiration,
Such pure, ennobling thought,
Shall live on my soul forever,
In realms immortal wrought.

And songs that now are unattuned
My soul shall sing some day,
When the earthly chains that bind it
Shall break in death away.

—[Philip R. Swing in Current.

HUMOROUS.

Always on time—watch-crystal.

Never strike a mule behind his back.

Woman's sphere is the home; man's sphere is the hen-fold.

The most wonderful light on record was when the chimney flew.

Some men are so generous that they are always willing to give away what they don't want themselves.

When did Geo. Geo. Washington have his first role in a public carriage? When he took a back at the cherry tree.

Henry Bergh has printed a set of thirteen rules on "How to Approach a Rocking-Horse," to which we append a fourteenth, "Let the hired man tackle him."

"That fellow is carving things with a high hand these days," remarked Pinkerton, when the waiter passed his smoking a loaded hay at arm's length above his head.

New York matrons.—"Where have you been, my son?" Young blood—"To a prize-fight, Mamma." "A fall fight?" Young blood—"Yes, mam. Fell down in Wall street."

It is a question whether the man who loses a thousand dollars by a decline in stocks is more unhappy for the time being, than the man who bursts off his suspender button when running to catch the last car.

A little traveling to a summer resort was announced by the exportations of a brown-tailed hat, so I when the conductor entered, she threw up her dress and asked, "Sir, have you not any rule in regard to spitting in the car?" The genial ticket-punch smiled on her, and responded: "No, mam, you can spit around on where you like."

Britain's Columbian Mythology.

Dr. Franz Boas, who visited the Indian tribes of British Columbia in the autumn of 1886, has published his preliminary report some of the results of his journey. The large wooden huts of the Indians, their fishing gear and hunting methods have often been described, but Dr. Boas points out that their traditions, their religious ideas and social organization are not equally well known. The [illegible] one to the another [illegible]

[illegible] connection [illegible] and there is a [illegible] tradition to the effect that one of their ancestors descended from heaven, wearing a cloak of red cedar bark and taught the people the cannibal ceremonies. These ceremonies have been adopted only in part by the Quakiutls, who contain the mysteries with a little "artificial bodies which they perform by "sewing dried halibut to a human skeleton." Among the Tsimpshian, the Tlingit and the Haidas, children belong to the mother's gens; among the Kwakiutl and Nootka tribes, they belong to the gens of the father. In some tribes there are gens descended from fifteen to twenty gentes. Members of the same gens are not allowed to intermarry.—[Nature.

Why We Have Two Ears.

Dr. Williams of St. Louis, thus explains the necessity of having two ears: "Sound waves have a relating from a central point of disturbance, like the waves caused by dropping a pebble into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned, these waves move in a direct line from the cause of sound to his ear, the impact being greatest in the ear that is nearest to the source. The effect, in this respect, of the total loss of hearing in one ear was forcibly illustrated by the statement of a patient who consulted me recently. He lived in a wild portion of Tennessee, and spent a good deal of his spare time in the woods hunting squirrels, accompanied only by his dog. An explosion suddenly destroyed the hearing in one ear. After this accident, while in the woods, he found that he could hear his dog bark, but for the life of him he could not locate the direction of the sound, even when quite close to him, and he was compelled to take his little dog with him to find the dog. After a time persons learn to correct, to a limited extent, the errors in estimating distances after the loss of vision, but the effect of the loss of an ear upon the estimation of the direction of sound is never corrected."