

"THE AGER."

(By Prof. J. P. Stelle, editor of the *Progressive Farmer* and of the agricultural department of the *Mobile Register*.)

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreamy, dreary,
In the sunshine thinking over
Things that passed in the days of yore;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Up my back, like water seeping—
Seeping upward from the floor.
"Tis a cooling breeze," I murmured,
"From the regions neath the floor—
Only this and nothing more."

Oh! distinctly I remember
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore
Had for days and weeks been soaking
In the meanest most provoking
Foggy rains, without joking,
We had ever seen before;
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor—
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
Craving water, but delighted
With the breeze from neath the floor;
And the stretching growing bolder,
And myself a feeling older—
Older than I'd felt before;
Feeling than my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore—
Stiffer than they've been before.

All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the "varmints"
Twixt me and my nether garments,
Up my hair and downward
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a shaking,
Gently first but more and more—
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the ager and it shook me
Into many clothes and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
Place where there was warmth in store;
Shaking till the dish was shattered,
Shaking till the tea was spattered,
Shaking and with all my warning
Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more—
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
Then resumed with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before,
And from that day in September—
Day that I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh so sore!
Shaking off my boots and shaking
Me to bed, if nothing more—
Fully this if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moody within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the ager, seeming—
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunlight on me streaming
Throws no shadow on the floor;
For I am too thin and salow
To make shadows on the floor;
Nary shadow—any more!

Maxims for Masons.

Such as boast most usually fail much.
Hasty climbers have sudden falls.
Give your friend council with caution.
Many go out for wool and come back shorn.

Keep good company and be one of the number.

Scorn to do a mean action.
He that sowest brambles must not go barefoot.

He that the shoe fits may put it on,

When the witches wished Macbeth 'all hail,' was it because they thought he would have a stormy reign?

There is a Masonic journal published in Alexandria, Egypt.

Marvel of Tattooing.

Remarkable Subject From the Hands of the Skillful Chinese Tartars.

Capt. George Costentenus, a descendant of a noble Greek family, from the providence of Albania, arrived in New York yesterday in the *Suevia*. From the head to foot on every inch of his body including even the scalp and the soles of his feet, he is a mass of the most artistic and elaborately colored tattooing, in letters, signs, figures of quadrupeds, birds, fishes and reptiles. Captain Costentenus is tall, dark complexioned, of superb physique, and about forty-five years of age. He does not read English, but converses fluently in his own tongue, and in the Italian, Arab, Turkish and Persian languages, and speaks a little French and German, and a few words of English. The climate here affects him so that he keeps muffled in a coarse suit lined with fur, with a soft round cap pulled down over his forehead, and a thick pair of gloves on his hands. His heavy beard only partially conceals the tattooing on his weather-beaten face.

Costentenus' early history is that of many Albanians. He has always been a soldier of fortune. In 1867 he and eleven others penetrated Chinese Tartary and sided with the rebels.

THE PARTY WERE CAPTURED,

and two or three were killed, and the rest were submitted to an ordeal of tattooing, which only two survived, Capt Costentenus and a Spaniard, who has since died. The operation lasted three months and was performed daily. Six men held him down while a seventh wielded a tattooing apparatus. At the conclusion of the operation he regained his health, and was freed by the Tartars, instead of making his escape, as was reported.

This tattooing was done to warn outside barbarians of the danger of penetrating the Tartar's domains.

Nothing like the captain's person has ever been seen in civilized countries. By the side of his gorgeously embellished cuticle the tattooing of South Sea Islanders fades into insignificance. The material used was indigo and cinnabar, the former introducing a black and the latter a red. At a first glance the captain's body seems to be covered with a Turkish shawl, but a close examination shows that the pictures in two colors are produced by unnumbered points. On his forehead are animals and inscriptions, and on his face star-like figures. On the hands are numerous red points and figures resembling sculptures as well as longtailed, panther-like shapes. The ears are absolutely the only part of the body free from tattooing, even the scalp being embellished. On the neck chest abdomen, back and extremities the skin is a mass of symmetrically arranged and admirably executed figures of monkeys, tigers, lions, elephants, peacocks, storks,

SWANS, SNAKES, CROCODILES, lizards mingled with bows, arrows, leaves, flowers and fruits. Between the figures are words in Berminian in blue and red letters, and simple points or stars and circles. The original skin is invisible. On the palms of the hands are indescribable figures and little figures are on the inside of the fingers. On the back sides of both feet to the toes are blue points, and from the toes to the nails are red lines. Altogether there are 388 tattooed pictures on the entire body—on the forehead, 2; neck 8; chest, 50; back, 37; abdomen, 52; upper extremities, 101; lower extremities, 137 yet the captain is in perfect health.

The instrument used in tattooing, the captain says, was divided into three parts. The part holding the fluid was slit like a pen, four inches long and an inch and a

half wide, coming down to two points. In the middle was a cylinder of brass, four inches long, and on top was a third piece, four inches long, of iron, with a knob at the end. The three parts were joined by capsules. The instrument was inserted between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, to guide it, and the right hand made the punctures with extreme rapidity.

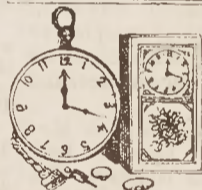
The captain has several scars on his body as evidences of his numerous engagements, and these show plainly through the tattooing. He has seen every country in the world except America. He is going to the Centennial Exhibition. —*N. Y. Sun*.

HOW THE SCOTS WERE EDUCATED.—It is said that in the last century every Scotchman carried in his side pocket a copy of the Book of Proverbs. In moments of leisure, when the plow rested in the furrow, and merchandise waited for custom, the little volume was perused again and again, until its wisdom became the very marrow and nerve of Scottish character.

"A nation made by a book" is almost the correct description of Scotchmen—and that Book is the Bible

Charity is the real essence of Masonry. How important then, is it, that this duty should be placed foremost in the Mason's chart. Without the practice of this virtue, the order is meaningless, a delusion, and a snare, a sounding brass and a tinkling symbol, void of substance.

Fruit may be preserved with honey by putting the fruit first in the can, then pouring honey over it and sealing air tight. When the honey is poured from the fruit it will have the appearance of jelly, making a delicious dessert.



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