Statesville American.

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND MISCELLANEOUS READING

VOL. XXI. STATESVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878. NO. 37.

THE WEB OF YEARS.

From out the loom of Time the years
Unroll a fabric all must wear,
The woof of joy and warp of tears,
Are spun by moving hopes and fears,
And pressed by weighty rolling Care.

What meaneth unto each is given?
A span may guage the greatest parts;
And yet the least from earth to heaven
Do reach, as in the quiet even
Prayers sent up from children's hearts.

The web too quickly for us all
Is wove, while pass the shuttles fleet;
And when the threads have ceased to fall,
Death throws it o'er us as one pall,
Or round us as our winding sheet.

A Young Amazon

"It's a shame and a pity, by Jove!" and Seth Thomas stamped the butt of his gun against the ground and scowled down upon the pleasant valley that lay at his feet.

Just *what* was a shame and a pity, an unenlighted observer would have been sorely puzzled to say. The weather was lovely, and the heat of the declining sun was tempered by the soft haze of the Indian summer; the valley itself was a beautiful gem of handiwork: and Seth Thomas had met with fair success in his grouse shooting. Yet those words came from his very heart of hearts, and he really felt that he had just cause for compaint.

A few minutes before, the young sportsman's attention had been attracted by a lithe, graceful figure passing along the base of the precipice which lay at his feet. Despite the disfiguring sunbonnet of checked gingham, Seth recognized the fair cause of his tarrying so long in that benighted region—a back county of Kansas.

In silence he watched her passage through the knee-deep grass, with a swift, springy stride so different from the "society pace" to which he was accustomed. He saw her approach a shaggy, impish-looking Indian pony which was staked out at the end of a long trail-rope; saw her stoop and pick up the picket-pin, then, as it seemed to him, draw the prancing animal towards her by main strength. He saw her place one hand upon the mustang's writhers, then spring lightly upon its back, maintaining her seat with apparently the utmost ease through all the side-leaps, buck-jumps and other tokens of mustangish playfulness which followed.

All of this was bad enough for one raised as Seth Thomas had been, in a home the atmosphere of which would have been as a sweet savor in the nostrils of the most austere of the Pilgrim Fathers; but worse was to come.

With one swift glance around her, the young amazon rapidly changed her position upon the mustang, for another, which is commonly regarded as sacred to masculine bipeds, Indian squaws and fair Mexicanas. Thus mounted, with sun-bonnet hanging over her shoulders, with hair broken from its fastenings, with eyes flashing, cheeks glowing, the young amazon put her mustang to top speed, one little brown hand to her mouth, out of which issued a musical but otherwise admirable imitation of the Cherokee war-whoop.

But that musical cry was a discordant screech to Seth Thomas. He saw none of the unstudied grace of that wild picture. He saw only a hoydenish Amazon where he had hoped, but a backward glance is a necessity here.

Seth Thomas, a young New Englander, was making a horseback tour through the Western States, for the good of his health. Two weeks prior to this day he paused at a little farmhouse for a drink of water. It was handed him by a blushing maiden—a marvel of unconscious grace and beauty. Not a dozen words passed between them, but before Seth reached the little village, only two miles away, he knew that he had met his fate. But little sleep visited his eyelids that night. Those few words, so soft, so musical, rung through his brain like the chime of silvery bells, and that one shy, upward glance of those large, lustrous black eyes, now beamed down on him through the shades of night.

All of which goes to show that Seth Thomas was very hard stricken, indeed.

Directly after an early breakfast, he shouldered his gun and sallied forth after grouse, naturally following the only road with which he had any acquaintance. He had his reward, such as it was.

A dog barking; a loud bellowing; two voices united in merry laughter. He turned around the corner of a fence and beheld—his new-found angel riding a plunging, kicking, half mad yearling steed!

That was but the beginning. Seth and Samantha often met, but some malicious spite seemed to have charge of these meetings, for, save at church, where she acted, sang and looked like an angel, Samantha was always doing something to shock the very refined taste of the modern Puritan. As often did he vow to leave the place and nevermore give thought to such a hoyden, but still he lingered on, his heart more deeply interested than he dare acknowledge.

As Samantha inaugurated her *impromptu* circus down in the valley, Seth thumped his gun heavily against the ground, and uttered the petulant expression recorded above.

A loud report followed—it seemed as though his right arm was being torn off. A shrill scream of pain and terror was wrung from his lips as he staggered and fell to the ground. For one moment his body was balanced upon the very verge of the precipice, then the loose earth crumbled beneath his weight and he fell down—down.

That report and wild cry of pain reached the ears of the young woman, and swiftly wheeling, Samantha Brown beheld a man fall backward, then roll over the back of the cliff. Her face grew white as she expected to see him meet a frightful death upon the jagged rocks nearly a hundred feet beneath, but she was spared this.

The falling body crashed into a mass of young vines, thirty feet below the embankment, and their settled down upon a slighter network of vegetation—it could hardly be called a ledge—a few feet below, and there remained stationary.

She urged her pony towards the foot of the cliff, with the wild purpose of breaking the unfortunate man's fall, but common sense quickly told her that such an idea was worse than folly, and she changed her course, lashing the pony fiercely and taking the shortest practicable course by which the top of the cliff could be gained.

Seth Thomas had not entirely lost his consciousness, even while falling swiftly down to what seemed certain death, and as he struck the clump of wild grape-vines, he instinctively grasped at them with his left hand; his right was completely disabled. But a single one of the tender shoots remained firm and unbroken; that only held him suspended above death, for the projection upon which he partially lay, though wide enough for a sure-footed person in an upright position, was too narrow to hold a recumbent body. Even should the vine hold firm, the end must soon come. He was bleeding profusely; he felt that he was growing fainter with each passing moment; five minutes more—then death!

As in a dream, he saw the pale, yet not terrified face of a woman above him—heard an anxious voice calling to him; he answered, what, he never knew. But it was sufficient. Samantha saw that he was alive, and she believed she could save him.

Quickly removing the long and stout trail rope from the neck of her pony, she formed a noose and lowered it to the wounded man. The prospect of rescue cleared his brain and restored his cool senses. He saw that if he released his grip upon the vine and passed the noose around his body, he would fall from his slight support, and so he told her, begging her to hasten for aid.

But Samantha could see that she could not go and return in time. He would weaken and fall, even if he did not bleed to death.

She hurriedly drew up the rope and nooed it around the trunk of the stunted tree beside which Seth had stood when he shot himself, then, coiling the rest over her arm, she slid over the escarpment and lowered herself to the ledge where he was lying.

Seth was in an agony of apprehension—not for himself, but to see her hanging to that apparently frail rope—and yet she succeeded, thanks to the free, wild life that had strengthened her muscles and trained her brain.

Cautiously stooping, she passed the rope twice around his chest then knotted it firmly. Should the vine give way now he could only fall a few yards.

Bidding him be of good cheer the brave girl carefully picked her way up a dozen feet beyond, supported by the faithful rope, and then began her difficult ascent, taking advantage of each little point of rock or crevice, working with both feet and arms, far enough from Seth to prevent the dislodged stones from disturbing him, and reaching the top in safety.

Barely pausing to take a few breaths, Samaetha called up her pony and fastened the trail rope around its neck. Bidding Seth prepare she gave the word, and the well-trained creature moved slowly away, inch by inch. She crouched upon the brink in breathless suspense, regulating the movements of the mustang by an occasional word.

Seth was still able to help himself slightly, and with his feet and sound arm, keep clear of the projecting points and bushes. As he came within reach, Samantha bent over and grasping the noose, lifted him over the edge, and never released her grasp until he fell senseless at the foot of the tree.

Samantha was faint and trembling from her terrible exertions, but she did not falter until the wounded man was rudely but efficiently bound up. Then she secured the rope to the tree, so that Seth could not possibly fall over the cliff, then mounted the pony and dashed away at breakneck speed for assistance.

A wagon was brought, and Seth was conveyed to the nearest house—which chanced to be the Brown farmhouse. A doctor was sent for, and his arm attended to. Fortunately no bones were broken, the charge of shot passing through the fleshy part of his forearm, and after two weeks of bed, Seth was able to move about the house.

But that short time was long enough for him to recognize a true heart of gold beneath the outward semblance of a young Amazon, and as he found that her wild, hoidenish pranks did not arise from any lack of true womanly delicacy, he flattered himself that he could effect a reformation.

The vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.

An African Belle.

Lieut. Cameron found one tribe in Africa where women were much more respected than is common in that country. This deference of the male sex had, however, the usual effect. The "respected" women became much more addicted to fashion than their less favored sisters. One of the belles of this tribe is thus described by the traveller: She is a merry sort of person, this "Mrs. Pakwanywa," and really ladylike in her manners. It was great fun showing her a looking-glass. She had never seen one before, and was half afraid of it, and ashamed to show she was afraid. She is a very dressy body—double rows of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron and ivory studs in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear a tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells was round her neck, and round her waist a string of opal colored singo-mazzi, and a rope made of strings of a red-colored bead. Her front apron was of a leopard skin, and the rear one of colored grass-cloth, with its fringe strung with beads, and cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright iron rings were round her ankles, and copper and ivory bracelets on her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines each about a quarter of an inch wide, were painted below. The one nearest to the hair was red, the next black, and the next white; and to crown all, she was freshly-anointed with oil, and looked sleek and shiny. Her upper lip was perforated and a piece of stone inserted, until the lip protruded a couple of inches, giving a hideous expression to the face, and making her articulation quite indistinct.

A Superb Collection of Arms.

The thirteenth room at the Exhibition in Paris is filled with a selection of Mr. Riggs' armor; there are about 500 pieces out of a collection of 7000. These it is the intention of Mr. Riggs to give to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. On a pedestal in the middle of the room is a suit of armor for man and horse, belonging to the Grand Duke Marcus Antonious Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples. It was presented to him by Philip II. This suit came from the Soltykoff collection, and was originally gilt. Among a very fine collection of helmets is one covered with elaborate engraved ornament, with indications of [illegible] and bearing a monogram, Alvarezde Toledo. Another of the same style has the arms of Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tyrol, afterwards Emperor of Germany. A fine sixteenth century helmet of historic interest is one belonging to a Tremouille; there is a helmet of the Scotch bodyguard and a row of salades from the twelfth to the fifteenth century; two brigantines, in fine preservation, one green, belonging to Amadeus VI., date 1360, another red, made for Bartolomeo Colleone, are important. Among the two-handed swords we notice a very grand one, with the Austrian arms, and another of the fourteenth century which belonged to Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Near this is a Scotch shield, sixteenth century, which belonged to Sir Walter Scott, and given by him to Prince Soltykoff. Among the historical swords are some that belonged to Henri III and IV of France; a state sword of noble design, with Leo X Pont Max III engraved on it; a Toledo sword, with niello hilt, is severe in form, and several other blades of the same place, with open work, are of great beauty; with the swords may be mentioned a trophy of Langues de Bœuf, of Anlaces. There is here one of those singular swords with a wheel-lock pistol on the blade, and two grand shields, bucklers of the body-guard of Henry VIII, with gonnes in the centre. Connected with Henry VIII is the jupe from his suit now in the tower; belonging to his rival, Francois I, is a powder horn. Among the shields there are three of great artistic importance, one from the design of Giulio Romano, another painting in grisaille of the sixteenth century; the third, of the same period, is embossed leather. A number of these pieces were brought from the Meyrick and Soltykoff collections. There are also a complete tilting and battle armor engraved; a pair of elaborate wheel-lock pistols, which belonged to Henri II of France; the cross bow and quarrels of the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, Augustus the Strong, and a pair of harness bossets in Limoges enamel. The chief importance of this gathering is its completeness from an historical point of view, but the majority of the objects are not less remarkable from an artistic point of view.

Watering the Desert.

A mile and a half from Tipton, Tulare county, California, is a celebrated artesian well. J. B. Scupham, Assistant Engineer of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who has recently returned from that section, reports concerning the supply of artesian water, which he regards as a very important matter in connection with the developement of the land, and believes that a great reservoir underlies the whole valley. He says he closely examined the earth brought to the surface, ascertained the temperature of the water, and measured the capacity of the stream, and is convinced that copious streams of water flow beneath the plain, which is two hundred miles in length and thirty-nine miles in width. In boring, mountain debris was was pierced for a depth of 280 feet, and a good supply of water was not reached until a stratum of sandstone from four to six feet thick, lying upon a bed of quicksand, had been passed through. The first flow was at the rate of eight gallons a minute from a seven-inch pipe one foot above the surface. Then a five-inch pipe was sunk thirty feet deeper, which pierced a stratum of blue clay, containing four separate layers of sand, each of which contributed a supply of water. The lower one gave out a considerable volume of water. It was decided to stop sinking at this step to secure the water already discovered. The well at last accounts was delivering 86,000 gallons a day out of a five-inch pipe, four feet above the [illegible] the plain, and the supply is [illegible] instead of diminishing. The water is very pure and shows its identity with glacier lakes. It has less than six grains of solid matter to the gallon. The solid substance is chloride of sodium, which corresponds almost exactly with the waters of Lake Tahoe. The well has the capacity for irrigating 100 acres, and its cost is from $700 to $1000. It is believed that water can be obtained by sinking wells to the depth of 300 or 400 feet in any part of the Tulare plains. These wells might be placed on every quarter section of ground without the supply being materially affected, or they might be sunk even closer together without affecting the flow. The temperature of the water is 72° and the soil of the surface needs nothing but water to render it fertile. A few years since 200,000 eucalyptus trees were planted in this locality by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and 75 per cent. of them are now in a thriving state. In five years the trees will be big enough for ties and telegraph poles, and worth $150,000 to the company. The mountain debris referred to is supposed to be the ruins of extinct glaciers, which eroded the Sierras to their present shape. Geologically speaking, this debris was carried at a very recent period from the mountain slopes and summits and deposited in the valley, and it supposed that the main portion of the Sierras' was at one time more than 20,000 feet high, and the loftiest peaks were at least 5000 feet higher. From the aerial current from the west, heavily charged with moisture from the ocean, immense volumes of rain were condensed and precipitated on the mountain slopes toward the ocean, which, flowing to the plains [illegible] ed a great lake, [illegible]

How to Manage a Watch.

Always wind up a watch at the same time evey day, and be very careful that no dirt is contained in the barrel of the key, and that it is in good order. A watch should continually be in the same position, and when carried in the pocket by day should always be hung up at night. When you regulate a watch, as you move the regulator towards the parts marked "fast" or "slow" take care that you do not move it too much at a time, it is better to move it a little each day, until the watch gets right, than to move it too much at once. Also be careful that no dirt is contained in your watch pocket, otherwise it may gain admission into the inside of the watch and impair its action. It is advisable, when wearing a watch, to keep it in a soft watch leather bag, made for that purpose, by which means the watch is prevented from being scratched or injured by friction against the rough lining of the pocket. When the keyholes for setting and winding a watch are situated at the back of the case, never open the front, since by doing so you may not only admit dirt and the moisture, but also may dislodge the glass, and perhaps break it. If your watch is a chronometer, or has a duplex movement, when setting it to the exact time, always remember to move the hands forward, and never backward. Although this is not of so much importance in watches of other construction, yet it is advisable to do it in all cases. Lastly, care should always be taken to keep a watch always as nearly as possible at the same temperature, otherwise it will never keep correct time.

Joe Jefferson's Nap.

While Joe Jefferson was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago last spring, he went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. When the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white-haired "Rip" still immersed in his twenty year's nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and still he did not waken. The audience began to grow impatient and the prompter uneasy. The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the "realistic" sort of thing entirely too far. The fact was that all the time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who has sat eight hours in the sun without getting a single bite. Finally the gallery got to be uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was "going to be nineteen years more of this snooze business." Here Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod "Rip" from behind. The much traveled comedian began to fumble in his pocket for an imaginary ticket, and muttered drowsily: "Going clear through, 'ductor." The audience was transfixed with amazement at this entirely new reading, when suddenly Jefferson sat up with a long shriek. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. The play went on then—with a rush.

Parisian Marketing Notes.

Sirloin and porter-house steaks seem unknown here. Butcher goes up a ladder and cuts steak from the quarter as it hangs on the hook. Steak about three inches square. All meat. No bone. Tender. Pork and beef never kept at same shop. Pork shop individual and beef shop individual separate. Pork cheaper than beef. Boiled ham, pickled and boiled lots of pork, roast pork, seven kinds of lamb and five kinds of sausage kept at pork shop. Also bacon and salt pork. Generally kept by women, who do all the slicing and cleaving. French butcher's cleaver pointed at back, and weighs twice as much as ours. [illegible] woman cashier at desk in butcher's shop. Sometimes kitchen attached, for cooking meat before it spoils. Raw meat on one side of the door; cooked meat on the other. Including bouillon at 8 cents the qt., boiled beef, stewed liver, and unknown stews with onions. Horse meat kept at a few shops allowed by authorities: first-class horse, mule and donkey meat advertised at the entrance; horse meat, very red, coarse fibre, no fat. Lamb cutlets, five cents each. Beef, mutton and lamb in butcher's stand ticketed with 25 different prices. All sorts of folks do a little business cooking. Three varieties of fried potato women: fried potato woman pure and simple; fried potato woman who alternates with bouillon; fried potato and fish woman; fried potato and wheaten doughnut and flapjack woman. Average width of shops three feet, by eight in length. Peeling potatoes much performed on sidewalks. Three cents buys more fried potatoes than you care to carry home in a sheet of brown paper. Three cents buys more bread than two average Americans will eat in a day. Bread loaves as long as capstan bars dragged home by loitering little French boys sent to the bakers. Little girl on errand brings loaf of bread as long as herself in her little sticky apron as she would a rag baby. Loaf sugar broken in chunks about as large as egg coal. Coffee is generally a little burnt in roasting. Milk three and four cents a quart. Generally boiled by dealers in warm weather. Fifteen kinds of cheese. Fresh cream hard to get. Substance called cream very plentiful. Seems to be an imitation from curds. Cherries fifteen cents a pound. Good lettuce three cents per head; resembles the [illegible] cisco. Dealer in vegetables, on purchase of any amount, throws in a handful of parsley, thyme, onion tops and other savory green herbs for soup, and to bait customer for more purchases. Good brandy 60 cents the litre. A litre is a big quart. Good Bordeaux, 30 cts. the bottle; passable at 20 cents; impassable at 10. Seltzer or soda water per syphon, 3 and 6 cents. New potatoes, 6 cents per pound. France has a bigger pound than we. Cress and radish bunches, half as large as an ordinary cranium, two cents. Butter is never salt. Always fresh. By "fresh" I mean without salt. Otherwise, it is not always fresh. Best and freshest, 25 and 30 cents per pound. Costs more inside the walls of Paris than out. Wine ditto. Cause, "Octroi." Hay and sand carts waiting always at the city gates to be stabbed with long iron daggers by men in green coats and white buttons, after contraband butter and wine. City tax. Octroi everywhere. Every omnibus and street car ostensibly overhauled at gates by the man of octroi. Mere form. Only, if you carry a lunch satchel into the Bois de Boulogne, they'll ask you what's in it. A plain chop or steak at a Paris restaurant is almost an impossibility. A breakfast of any sort before half-past ten beyond cafe au lait and a roll ditto. A Frenchman's lunch means cafe et cognac. Meals too formal and too much inclined to courses to suit a busy American.

Squirrel Pot-Pie.

For several years I was classed as a farmer in Missouri, and among my frequent visitors was old Jack Carpenter, who, on Thursday especially, often was pleased to dine with me and smoke my choice "Lone Jack." My larder and tobacco were ever welcome to Uncle Jack, for he repaid me a thousand times therefor in his droll stories and quaint conversation. It must be confessed that I devoted more time to the gun than the plow, and particularly was I fond of shooting squirrels, and of squirrel pot-pie. Shortly after I made Mr. Carpenter's acquaintance I had this pet dish for dinner, and Uncle John happened to be a guest. "Will you take some of the squirrel pot-pie?" "I remarked, "Nary a bit, Squire, thank'e. I no more kin eat them ar vitiels." "Why not—did you never like it?" "Never like it?" Did I never like squerl pot pie? Did a spry young man o' 21 never like a purty, bouncing gal o' 18? Squire, thar wuz a time wunst that I'd eat a squerl pot-pie if I'd a know'd twould a kill me afore sundown, but ye see that time kin come no more." "And why do you not like the dish how, Uncle John?" "Wall, Squire, a gal, more nor thirty years ago, jist knocked my stummick inter a jimjam harricane, inside out, an' it hain't got honest agin, nur never will, so far az squerl pot-pie iz concarned." "Why, how came that about how happened it you got such an aversion to the dish?" "Wall, Squire, 'twaz a danged mean trick that gal got up o me—and at a weddin' dinner, too, Squire, an' that made it a dang'd sight wuss. I had been a kind a luven with that ar gal, but we got on the outs, an' them gals, Squire, will sometimes pick up a feller an' drap him rough. Wall, the couple had got spliced, an' purty soon we all set down to dinner, an' I got a seat by that ar tarnel gal, an' she 'peared mighty sweet, Squire, an' a-wanted to make up. Right afore us wuz a big pot-pie. That gal cut the pie, and sez she to me, sez she, 'Mr Carpenter'—she used to call me John—'I bleeve you like squerl pot pie?' Of course I did, an' she helped me to a mighty big cut. When I finished that she gin me another piece a most as big. I didn't eat nuthin but squerl pot-pie that day at dinner, Squire, an' I had a mighty big mess. Wall, arter dinner wuz over we walked out in the yard an' set down about a-long the lows, and purty soon Bill Davis, he whose shing, and sez he to me, sez he 'Jack, that wuz a mighty good dinner we had to-day, wasn't it?' An' I sed it wuz, an' that ar squerl pot-pie was powerful fine. 'Jack,' sez he looken at me mighty quare an' scrouse-like,' I jist heard suthen arter you left that ar table; that wuz a gaul-darned mean trick wot wuz erved on you 'bout that pot-pie.' 'Trick,' sez I. 'Trick; thar's no trick beknown to me, Bill Davis—wot er you mean?' Sez he, 'Jack, yo're an' ole fren, an' I hated to see you 'posed on; jist cume 'long wid me. Then we jist walked down the road a piece, whar some boards war, an' Bill he pinted at suthen laying thar, an' sez he: 'Jack how do you like squerl pot-pie?' Oh, my God, Squire' I was there, in less nur a minnit, jist the most all-mightiest sickest man in Ameriky. My stummick wanted to git out on my mouth an' by golly it couldn't. For more nur an hour I jist rolled and tumbled about on that grass az of a swarm o' bumble-beez wuz a stingen me. But arter a while I got up an' I went inter the house, whar all the wedden people wuz a cutten up mighty high, an' sez I: 'Whar's the gal wot served me that ar pot pie to-day?' An' I seed her over to one corner of the room, an' I jist went over thar; I give her a cussen wot wuz mighty unbecommen, an' got inter a tarnel fight fur doin it, which sent me home purty soon, purty well smashed up. I didn't go out fur two days, an' then I went over fur to see the feller wot got married and toax more 'bout it. Wen I got [illegible] house the fust thing he sed wi[illegible]k' why the devil did you kick [illegible] langed row at the wedden a[illegible] pot-pie?' pot-pies? Dod [illegible] tell [illegible] Davis showed 'em to me.' An' then Jake he laughtered an' hollered-laughed an' hollered. 'Why, Jack, my good ole mother made that squerl pot-pie, an' the finest squerls I ever shot wuz in it. That gal who served you the pie, and Bill Davis, I hearn yisterday, fixed up that trick on you. They're goin' to be married, I hearn.' 'Gauldang 'em to dangnation," sez I, 'they've broke me forever from squerl pot pie.' I can't eat it no more, Squire; them squerls iz all rats!"

The Robin's Food.

The question as to whether the robin is an insect eater naturally, or subsists on fruits principally, when they can be obtained, has frequently been discussed. The report of an actual experiment in rearing a young robin, as given in the July number of the *American Naturalist*, would seem to prove that the robin is an insect eater from choice, only subsisting on the small fruits when its natural food fails in quantity. The writer of the report mentioned took a young robin from the nest, and having put it into a convenient cage, tried to feed it on boiled egg, mashed potato, and other ordinary food of cage birds. The bird steadfastly refusing to eat, the food was forced down its throat. He then tried beefsteak, which the young bird would soon take freely, and become bright and active. Angle worms were also tried, and proved satisfactory, if given in sufficient quantity. "He would eat," says the writer, "until his crop could contain no more; then he would retire to his perch, draw down his neck as if suffering, close his eyes, drops his wings a little, and sit perfectly still for about fifteen or twenty minutes. At the end of that time he had digested the worms sufficiently to be ready for another meal."

This food, when given exclusively, did not seem to agree well with the bird, apparently having a laxative effect. Raw beefsteak and angleworms fed alternately, were more agreeable to the bird, but when given a choice, the beefsteak was invariably chosen.

About Perfumes.

Few ladies can resist the pleasure of using perfumery. They do not positively drop scent upon their handkerchiefs; they prefer to keep their wardrobe well-stocked with lavender, or orris-root, or sandal-wood, so that their clothes emit a pleasant fragrance rather than a distinct odor. A young lady we once knew had the drawers and cupboards in which her clothes were disposed, strewn with satchets of strong-smelling powder, that gave a nameless, delicate, fresh perfume to everything she wore, from her hat and veil to her handkerchief. For this mode of using perfume, nothing can be much better than lavender, which is exquisitely fresh and wholesome, and has a sweet natural scent that art can never outdo. It is scarcely necessary to add that the use of strong perfume is a sure evidence of vulgarity.

YOUNG FOLK THOUGHT.

A good deed will be doing good wherever it is. His trade is a compound of charity and justice.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

Hate is an aether, every a passion displeasure, it need not surprise us, observers, to see how quickly every becomes hate.

I have cannot fully admit the feeling that the beloved object may died all possibilities from their object to be an element in themselves.

If you ask an obstinate man to submit his care to reason, he is very likely to [illegible] "Check words, like a bee [illegible] passions. This duck makes them fools, block other whenever and show them to be fools which are and

The essence of true humility is neglect of self. Let thought of self pass by, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a rifled flower.

He is the eloquent man, who can treat subjects of an humble nature with delicacy, lofty things impressively and moderate things temperately.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. For it is only the foolish that has wrought and suffered; the is foolish lies a wretched in silent repose.

Garments that have also rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and classes that are once checked are soon broken; each is a man's good name once tainted with reproach.

The desire of being in the fashion does not always arise from the mere monkey instinct of imitation, but often from a desire that there may be no difference as to our pecuniary inability to do so.

True honor results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is desired on both by religion and the suffrages of wise men—it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them.

A country girl on being asked if she knew what a fashionable reception was, replied, "It is a gathering of the sexes where women gossip with women on the latest fashions, and with men on the latest scandal."

There is no contending against necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.

I bear my witness that confidence in man is utter folly, and brings sorrow to the soul; but I am more than ever certain that confidence in God is always wise, never leads to disappointment.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the cause of that valor so celebrated among men.

If we mix with the world for the pleasure it affords, we shall be likely to be too first to be reconciled to the freedom and laxity it allows. The world is not brought up to us, but we sink down to the world; the drop becomes of the consistence and color of the ocean into which it falls.

Life has such hard conditions to us sinners that every dear and precious gift, every rare virtue, every pleasant faculty, every genial endowment, love, hope, joy, wit, sprightliness, benevolence, must sometimes be put into the crucible to distil the one elixir—patience and submission.

Everybody seems now-a-days to have taken to theorizing. The old, tried and proved doctrines of our fathers must hide their heads before the dreams of their degenerate sons. We are not of that mind, but see the throng reeling around the staple pillar of truth and tremble for them.

Love, it has been said, descends more abundantly than it ascends. The love of parents for children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us?

Fiction may be more instructive than real history; but the vast run of romances and novels, as they are, do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them all together, and make one vast fire of them. I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend, like that of Sodom and Gomorrah; the judgment would be as just.

This world is a dream within a dream; and as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; and the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No! it is the last and final awakening!

Let me be thankful for the pleasing hope, that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, He will ere long bring me to it; and then that affection which would have been a cord to tie me to earth and would have added new songs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards and add one further charm to Paradise itself.

Make your lives great by building on the sure foundation, and, following the perfect plan of the perfect Master Builder, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." Enthrone truth, enthrone duty, enthrone God in sovereign supremacy over your entire being and life, and you shall thereby be enthroned on earth's highest seat of power, and heaven's highest throne of dominion. Build on the false, the universe cannot save you; build on the true, the universe cannot harm you.

A strong mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to particular objects, and if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.