C071
A51
and

The Statesville American.

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

VOL. XXVI. STATESVILLE, N. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883. NO. 8.

MORGENROTH.

Morning's red! as fresh as ever,
Fresh as when my life begun,
Glowing in the orient heaven,
Greets with roses rising sun.

Morning's red! old mythic ages
Deemed it palace of the Dawn,
Whence the ever-blooming Eros
Sowed with pearls each mountain lawn.

Where, of secret chamber hidden,
Old Tithonus age-worn lay,
While the Dawn her coursers lashing
Ushered in the full-orbed day.

Rose-wreathed Hours about her circling,
As the misty earth below,
Ocean, city, mountain, meadow,
Kindled in the morning's glow.

THROUGH A CURTAIN.

The drawing-room at the Kents' was a large bright, lofty apartment, well-furnished, in the usual acceptance of that term.

Velvet carpets were under foot, cheese cloth curtains, trimmed with antique lace, draped the bay-windows, plush covered chairs were invitingly disposed around.

And the velvet *portiere*!

Mention must be made of the *portiere*—what a struggle there had been to obtain it.

Never did victor in a mighty battle sigh more contentedly over his success than the only daughter of the house of Kent.

"Folding-doors are out of date papa," she had avowed imploringly, imperiously.

"No one has them now. They are vulgar, inartistic.

"We must have a *portiere*, crimson plush, to match the furniture.

"It will look so graceful, you know, falling from the ebony pole and gold rings.

"Well, I must have it, papa; so there's no use talking!"

And when Miss Kent put down her [illegible] with that energetic stamp there [illegible] no use talking, and her easily intimi[illegible] generally, with quiet [illegible], produced [illegible] his cheque-book.

[illegible] now, a[illegible] looked at it approvingly.

Curled up in one [illegible] easy-chairs, in her [illegible] of the big plush she reminded one [illegible] soft, light wrapper, as a white drowsy [illegible]

An odd little [illegible] of nothing so much [illegible] with a name [illegible] kitten.

[illegible] of contradiction, [illegible] losing for her dim[illegible] Kent.

Her admirers called her a beauty; her [illegible] friends a jolly little thing; casual acquaintances, stern old maids, and jealous girl companions, pronounced her a foolish, dress-loving coquette.

Dress-loving?

Who would see a woman without the thousand bewitching vanities of the toilet, and a desire to look her prettiest?

And too many admirers will give a girl the title of coquette, often without the sanction of her own conduct.

She snuggled around a little more contentedly in her chair, as the door opened and her cousin came into the room.

She was a tall, rather good looking girl, with a pair of handsome brown eyes.

She held a broom in her hand, and had a martyred expression on her face.

She carried a certain high tragedy air into the commonest details of everyday life, and dusted a room or cooked a custard with the half disdainful haughtiness of a dethroned queen.

Lovely!

"Isn't it Frances Eva?"

The demure little Philistine, who usually succeeded in spreading for herself a bed of uncrumpled rose-leaves, nodded toward the plush curtains.

The other contemptuously ignored the remark.

"With whom were you last evening, [illegible] ask?" in a gentle injured tone.

"Oh, yes!" [illegible]

"I went to the Queen's with Fred Halleck."

She uncoiled deliberately, and rose to view herself in the mirror.

A small face, with a row of curl-papers across the forehead—a pair of mischievous, hazel eyes, a straight pretty, impertinent nose, and lips that could charm with the most enchanting of smiles, flickers of modern, shallow wit, and occasionally saucily spoken slang.

"Callidora, are you going to marry Fred Halleck?"

"Marry?

"That depends.

"His grandmother—fabulously wealthy, barbarously eccentric—is dying.

"If she dies loving him financially, yes; if ignoring him financially, no.

"There lies the case in a nutshell."

"If so unfortunate, who will succeed him in your favor?"

"Why, that's so, Frances Eva-I forget to tell you about him—the gentleman I met at Mrs. Slassbrook's dance."

She turned from the mirror with a sudden flicker of ambition.

"He is so handsome, Frances Eva, I danced with him three times.

"He asked permission to call, and his name is Silbert Richardson.

"Oh, I had almost forgotton to mention—he is as poor as the proverbial church mouse."

A week passed, during which Miss Callidora Kent, taking advantage of Mr. Halleck's absence by his grandmother's deathbed, laughed and flirted, and went to the opera with handsome Silbert Richardson.

One morning he was announced, and shown into the front parlor, where a bright-eyed little siren, in the most artful of morning costumes, was industriously feeding her goldfish.

He was not at all diffident or bashful, this handsome Bohemian to whom pretty Miss Kent had lost her heart, so he came to the point immediately.

"Callidora," he said, "will you marry me?"

The bell rang; the door opened, and there was the sound of footsteps in the hall.

"I am very sorry," she said, in a choking voice—and indeed she was—"I am sorry, but I can't."

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me," imploringly.

"But I will. Are you going to marry Halleck?"

"I suppose so."

"And yet you love me?"

"Yes," with a big sob.

"Then you have seen the morning papers?"

"Yes."

"And know that Fred Halleck is heir to all his grandmother's money?" he continued.

She nodded.

"Is that why you are going to marry him?"

"Yes, that is why," emphatically and angrily.

"Thanks for your candor," in coldest, politest tones.

And like a slender, black-coated iceberg, exit Mr. Richardson.

"Please, mum," shrilly inquired Jemima, the maid-of all-work, popping a grinning face inside the door, "did you see Mr. Halleck?"

"Mr. Halleck?

"No.

"Did he call?"

"Yes, mum."

"When?"

"Bout the same time as Mr. Richardson.

"He went into the back parlor, sayin' he'd wait until you was disengaged.

"He's gone now, mum."

"Gone!"

"Yes, mum."

She flung the dividing curtain aside, [illegible] the deal room. [illegible]

[illegible]re was just a line scrawled on a [illegible] torn from a memorandum book, and ly[illegible]ing on the table.

It was Fred's big slapdash hand and read as follows—

"The plush *portiere* is something new, is it not? It is very convenient.

"HALLECK."

Miss Kent sank down, stormily sobbing out remorseful words, and bitter beneficial tears.

"It was all that horrid plush *portiere*!

"He could never have heard through the dear old folding-doors.

"Oh, my goodness!

"It has sent away the man I love, and the man who loves me.

"Oh, how I hate it!

"Papa!" imperiously commanded Miss Callidora Kent, three hours later, standing tear-worn and sorrowful eyed, in her father's office, "send men immediately—to put up the folding-doors!"

"But, my dear——"

"It's no use talking, papa—I must have them!

"Yes, I know—the plush *portiere*.

"But I never want to see it again.

"I hate it—there!

"Folding-doors, papa—vulgar, massive, heavy, and three feet thick!"

Hints For Boys.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others.

Follow the examples only of the good.

Keep your ears open to all that is worth hearing, and closed to all that is not.

An older person's experience is of no value to you unless you profit by it.

You are not building on the future, but on the past and present.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Nobody wants to deal with a double minded boy.

Be industrious; the world wants boys who are not afraid of hard, steady work.

"The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

Some boys inherit good fortunes, but no boy ever inherited a scholarship, a good character or a useful life.

If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, your heart.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing; this is no excuse at all.

A new test for gold leaf was accidentally discovered at the Farrell Venetian Art Glass Manufacturing Company's works in Brooklyn. By the Farrell process the leaf is placed on the incandescent glass, which is then blown. The expansion splits the leaf into beautiful and fantastic forms, and the object is then fired, covering the glass with the vitreous material. In using a guaranteed .999 quality of gold leaf, the workmen found that the expansion separated the gold from the copper alloy, and the object was ornamented with gold and a handsame green, the the latter color being due to the oxidation of the copper.

A Canadian Romance.

Thirty six years ago there lived in that pleasant little town down the river called Sorel—very little it was then—a youth and a maiden. The name of the youth was George Beaupre, the name of the maiden Mary Ann Pearce. They belonged to families of moderate circumstances. He with the strength and devotion of honest young manhood, loved this young maiden, and wooed her with that earnestness which only such a lover can. He was given every encouragement; was, some say, actually accepted; was congratulating himself, at least, on the smooth coursing of true love, when suddenly a rival appeared, and everything for him turned back. The rival was one Jacob Savage, of the same town. Pretty soon she and Savage were married and settled down in the place, and then young Beaupre's hope died out. He tried to work on as before, but could not. He closed up his affairs, and started to the far West, toward which so many adventurous spirits were about that time shaping their course.

From that day to within a few weeks ago he had not set foot in this part of Canada. He had worked hard, saved carefully, prospered and laid up property worth at least $200,000. He had never married. He was getting up toward sixty years of age. Several weeks ago he took an idea to come back once more to see his friends, and he started East. He searched out relatives in Sorel and Montreal but found few that he remembered. He inquired for the woman, who, as a girl, had so many years before thrown him overboard for a rival. They told him that she was widowed; her husband had been dead many years; she had been living several years in Montreal. He went to call upon her; met her, and then—He found her getting old, in poor circumstances, with several children, but that made no difference; he saw only the girl of thirty-six years before. On Saturday they were married by his Lordship Bishop Fabre, the wealthy bridegroom being content with no other dignitary than the highest in that part of the country. He has bestowed all the happiness that wealth and affection can upon his bride and her children, and in a short time they will go to his home in the Black Hills.

Deaf and Dumb.

A woman who got aboard the Eastern bound train on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern at Howell, Michigan the other day was accompanied by a big dog, and after the train had moved out a passenger walked bace to the stove and asked of three or four young men sitting around thore:

"Can any of you talk to a deaf and dumb person by signs?"

"I can, though I'm out of practice,' replied one.

"Very well. I wish you'd go and ask that woman over there if she expects friends to meet her in Detroit.'

The young man walked up to her, tapped her on the shoulder to attract attention, and began a series of gyrations with his his fingers which attracted the eyes of every passenger in the car. The woman's eyes opened and her jaw fell with astonishment, but after a minute or two she colored up as red as a beet and called out:

"Yes, I've got my dog under the seat, and if you mean that you'll tell the conductor on me I mean that I'll hire someone to pitch you into a snow drift if I have to mortgage my farm!"

The deaf and dumb language chopped off right there.

A Home-Made Barometer.

Take a common glass pickle bottle, wide mouthed; fill it within three inches of the top with water, then take a common Florence oil-flask, removing the straw covering and cleansing the flask thoroughly; plunge the neck of the flask as far it will go into the bottle, and the barometer is complete. In fine weather the water will rise in the neck of the flask, even higher than the neck of the pickle bottle, and in wet, windy weather it will fall to within an inch of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether at least eight hours before the gale came to its height. An able bodied man can make one of those barometers in a day if his stock of bottles hold out. If that fails a fair ready made article can be purchased for seventy five cents.

The Wonders of Water.

The quantity of water used in Chicago last year was 24 150,000,000 gallons. Talking of this Commissioner Cregier said the water would form a cube of 1 478 feet; a river 200 feet wide, 15 feet deep, and 204 miles long; form a canal 20 feet wide and 10 feet deep from New York to San Francisco, 3 038 miles; cover the entire city (34 square miles) to a depth of three and one half feet; but the quantity would equal only about one fourteenth of an inch of the depth of surface of Lake Michigan—20,000 square miles. The weight of the water equaled 100,400,000 tons. The distance traveled by the fly-wheels of the pumping engines, representing 333,182 miles, would girdle the earth nearly 14 times. The water would fill 7,000,000 miles of 4-inch pipe, 86,500 miles of 5 foot tunnel, and 16,000 miles of 7 foot tunnel. And yet Chicago is not a temperance city.

Silver Ware.

The extent of the trouble laid upon the housekeeper by her abundance of silver, is indicated by the number of preparations for cleaning and polishing, which flood the market and thrust themselves everywhere upon her attention. Each one claims excellence over all others, and promises results more marvelous, with the expenditure of less time and strength, than anything ever before offered for sale. It would be interesting to know the amount drawn annually from the purses of much enduring womankind, by this one class of articles; it could not fail to reach a pretty large figure. If these preparations really do perform what they promise, if they clean the silver quicker or better than the substances commonly used and if they bestow a brilliant and permanent polish, as many of them profess to do, the money spent on them is not all wasted, for what is better worth paying for than that which really saves time and labor? The two permanently valuable possessions of man, and the basis of all wealth and welfare. Let us consider for a moment the work which a good silver polish has to do. If silver is only soiled by ordinary use, it is best cleaned by careful washing and wiping, with brisk rubbing with a piece of chamois skin. A few drops of ammonia added to the water in which it is washed, will aid in the process. Silver does not need rubbing with powder as often as is commonly thought. If time, or exposure to harsh treatment and to foul gasses has left a tarnish which fails to yield to this care, it is because a thin film of some chemical compound of silver has been formed on the surface. (The dark stain of the sulphide is well known.) In order to restore the brightness to such a discolored surface, it is neccessary to remove the objectionable film, and since we knew of no safe solvent for the dark salts of silver, which will not as well dissolve the metal, we must resort to friction. For this, the substance used must be entirely free from any gritty or sharp particles, for the soft silver is easily defaced beyond remedy.

A good silver polish has then to fulfil three conditions. First, it must be clean, free from any grease, and it may contain ammonia or alcohol, to take away any greasy film left in careless washing. Secondly, it must not contain any chemical which can harm the metal. Thirdly, it must contain a very fine powder, free from any grit or sharp grains, which will nevertheless be hard enough to remove by gentle friction, the stained surface. Three substances fulfil these conditions—rouge, whiting (the purified form, sold as precipitated chalk,) and infusorial silica, often sold as electro-silicon. Of these, whiting is, perhaps justly, the favorite; and if the practice of one good house-keeper is followed, namely, to stir it up with water and carefully float off the fine portion and collect it on a cloth, leaving the coarse grains behind, it is probably as good as any powder need be.

Of one thing the housekeeper may be sure, that in nine cases out of ten, whiting, more or less pure, or chalk, will form the basis of her fifty-cent box or bottle of silver polish. A little organic coloring matter is often added when rouge is not, and the liquid polishes contain alcohol or ammonia. No alchemy has yet obviatsd the need of care and knowledge on the part of the housekeeper, and she must teach gentle handling of electro-plate, must not allow the direful clatter of the knives and forks and spoons, so often heard, if she wishes to keep the surface smooth. She must also look well to the material in which silver is wrapped when it is laid away. Tissue paper is best, and Canton flannel is next; woolen flannel should not be used either to wrap silver in or rub it with, since sulphur is used in the manufacture or dressing of flannel, ane sulphur in all its forms is a thing which we wish to keep from contact with silver.

Beginning to Squeeze.

Two or three years ago a Jersey City pension lawyer took the case of a widow who wanted about $2,000 back pay, and the papers went to Washington, to be hidden away among the cobwebs until some clerk had nothing else to do but examine them. After three months had passed, a young farmer called to ask about the case, and regularly every ninety days; since that time, he dropped in with his:

"Well, any good news for the Widder Jennings?"

At his last visit the other day, the lawyer replied after the same stereotyped fashion, and added:

"Do you live near the widow?"

"Only one farm between us."

"And she has told you to watch for the money?"

"Well, not exactly that, but I've kinder taken it upon myself to do so. If the Widder Jennings gets that $2,000 before the 1st of April, my heart is going to yearn to marry her. If she don't git it, I'm going to marry an old maid, with twenty-one acres of land and a yoke of oxen. I wouldn't have come in to-day, but the widder she's a winking and the old maid is looking purty as a bed of onions, and things is beginning to squeeze on me."

Bernhardt's Lost Jewels.

About 500,000 francs was put by as savings after Mme. Sara Bernhardt's great foreign tour. This she is said to have lost in unlucky speculations, and hence she was obliged to part with her jewels. In the catalogue of the recent sale there were nine collars and diadems, ten sets of pearls, forty-two bracelets, eighteen brooches, fifty-six miscellaneous objects of worth, and fifteen pieces or sets of silver. Nearly every one of these pieces is a souvenir of the most distinguished homage in the world. Queen Margherite, of Italy, gave the "very handsome collar of pearls and brilliants, representing a garland of foliage with a palm leaf for a centre piece," while her Majesty's brother-in-law, the Duke of Aosta, offered the bracelet in "or *mat* enriched with a sapphire and a brilliant." The three fine brooches in the form of a winged dragon "are the tributes of a Russian princess," and an English prince, who will one day be an English king, gave the "fine Indian bracelet in enameled gold, representing a serpent with two heads, enriched with rose diamonds and rubies," as well as another trifle of an "Indian ban lean," dotted all over with foolish nothings in emeralds, rubies, and pearls. The pretty comb in finely wrought gold, representing an "allegoric" trophy of comedy and tragedy," with *Quand meme*, Mme. Sara's own device beneath, was Emile de Girardin's handsome acknowledgement of a life like portrait bust from her hand. Russian ladies gave the "collar in brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and other colored stones;" Canadian ladies the "fine collar of six and twenty chatons in brilliants," a lady of Vienna the "pendant formed of a great black pearl," while admiring Americans stand in the artiste's faithful memory for the seven very large solitairs suspended to the "collar of original form," which in other parts of its structure is a fine confusion of brilliants and rose diamonds. Five young English ladies contended, or rather combined, for the honor of offering another bracelet, and Prince Demidoff gave the sapphires and brilliants set in the same form. The house in the Avenue de Villiers, with its bronzes, statuary, [illegible] with the artistic spoils of half a lifetime of taste and opulence—is still left.

Fly Fishing.

For dashing sport and constant excitement there is no kind of northern lock-fishing so entrancing as is sea trout angling with artificial fly. "Ha! he had it then," we murmur, as the shapely silvery creature leaps wildly at our gaudy lure, and the unkind barb is driven well home into its palate; and while the boat rocks on the dashing waves and Donald vainly endeavors to get her head to the wind, whirr! whirr! away goes the swift sea trout toward the open sea. You hold on, and set your teeth in the face of the wind, while up into the air leaps the fish once and again, and then runs off at a tangent and springs up once more, to fall like a ball of silver on the crest of a big wave. Your heart is in your mouth for a moment, but all is right and the line is soon seen cutting the dark water to one side of the boat. "Now, Donald, the net!" Whirr! away once more darts the trout, once more springs up 30 yards away from the boat into the sunshine, shows its gallant form for a moment; then there comes a slack line, and you know your fate. "Aweel, Sir," says Donald, "snuffing" the while, "I jist thocht that was ower muckle a troot to be ta'en. She's like enough the witch troot that Sandy MacFarlane saw leaping like a flying-fish i' the moonlight roond and roond his boat. Sandy had been, ye ken, to Craigellachy to meet the men, and hadna but twa drams when," etc. This story is as good as any other, at all events to solace you for the disappointment; so you suffer the old man to tell the tale of the "witch troot," and then he too has a dram like his hero Sandy, after which it will not be his fault if you are unsuccessful. Nothing is so snobbish and detestable as to spoil a boatman by overpaying and giving him too much whisky, but a true sporteman and gentleman is always considerate to his gilly, and when the boatman is old, and a specimen of nature's gentlemen like our gilly Donald, a little extra kindness, and indulging him in a "crack," with you now and then between the "drifts," gives him as much pleasure as it will give you profit. Such a man looks forward to summer, when "the gentlemen will be coming," quite as much as the latter long for their northern holiday.

The Suez Canal.

The proposed enlargement of the Suez Canal now occupies the attention of English speculators, and there are many large schemes proposed upon the calculation that the interests of British enterprise will in the end be promoted. The general width of the waterway is a little over three hundred feet, and one suggestion is that another hundred feet should be added. But against this it is reasoned that the heaps of sand formerly taken out would have to be removed, and it is a debatable question whether it would not be a less expensive design to dig another and independent ditch. It is pointed out that the present canal would greatly facilitate the introduction of another, reducing the outlay in a number of ways.

The Operator

Men who travel a great deal never cease to wonder how it is that the common depot agents that can be found, are nearly always located at junctions, where there is nothing but a depot and a store, and a saloon, but such is the case. A traveler gets to a junction and goes into the depot to find where the train goes, and the ticket window is closed. He look around and finds that the agent is helping unload freight or is on a side track coupling cars, or is over across the track helping a farmer kill hogs, or has gone to the adjoining town with a team, to carry some passengers. Or if the agent is in the office, he has got many business than the general manager of the road. You speak to him and ask a question, and his brow corrugates, and he goes on counting a pile of one dollar bills, and acts as though he thought he had a dim idea that he had been spoken to, but he waits until he gets the money in the safe and turns the knob and then he answers you so short that you almost concede to walk to the next station, and then he hustles out of the office and locks the door and you think he has gone to attend to some important business upon which depends the fate of the road, and you go out and walk the platform, and pretty soon you see him helping his wife to wring out clothes, or you see him out in the back yard hanging clothes on the line, or splitting old railroad ties for wood.

You may be a millionaire, and you may pay your hostler more than the junction agent's salary, but he looks upon you as a three card monte man, and locks the stove door for fear you will put in a stick of wood, or steal the lining out of the stove.

The agent is in his element when a train is a few hours behind, and he sits at the telegraph instrument working as if the world rested on his shoulders. You listen to the constant click of the instrument, and would give a ten dollar note to know what is going over the wires.

Occasionally he will laugh at something the instrument says, and when you begin to think the news of the world is coming over the wires and is stored in that massive brain, the agent turns to a country galoot, who has on a blue drilling roundabout, and his pants in his boots, and who wipes his nose on his mitten, and says "There is going to be a dance at the hop yard at Johnston Siding to night, and they want us to come up on No. 4." Then you realize that the agent, all these long hours that you have been watching the varied expression of his calm, mysterious face, has been chaffing with the female operator at the next station, and as the country galoot takes a chew of plug tobacco and says he will go and brush up a little and put on a clean shirt before No. 4 comes, and the operator says they will have a daisy time at the dance, you go on the platform and [illegible] runs the horse power wood sawing machine.

There is no man who knows more than the junction agent, about everything. If you can only draw him out. Though only four trains a day stop at his station, and they only stop for a minute to let off some poor devil who has got to get off there, the agent is in his element for a brief moment. He addresses the conductor as "Jim," or "George," or "Billy," and asks with a show of interest as deep as a division superintendent would have where he passed "No. 1," and if "No. 6" is going to be on time. He may ask something about railroad stocks, and you imagine that he is bulling the market, when the chances are he hasn't got eleven dollars left from his last month's salary. If he was polite, and did not seem to own the road, you would like him, but when he snubs you, and treats you as though information was worth more than your ticket, you hate him, and if you should hear there was talk of promoting him to a station where there was six houses, you would want to prevent it. There may be some rule by which the crossest man on a line is given an isolated junction.

Manitoba.

The official crop report for 1882 of a portion of Manitoba and the adjoining Territories of the Canadian Northwest has been issued. It is compiled from information collected principally by the post masters of the various localities, eighty four districts being represented, comprising about one-fourth the whole area of settlement at the present time. The average yield is shown to be: Wheat, thirty bushels to the acre; oats, fifty-one and a half; barley, thirty-eight and half; potatoes, two hundred and seventy-seven and a half; turnips, one thousand; flax, fifteen; rye, twenty; peas, thirty-seven. The acreage under cultivation in the eighty-four districts represented is 472,770 acres. The average number of cattle to each settler in several districts is estimated at over thirty head. Altogether the report is a most satisfactory one, and bespeaks a general state of contentment and prosperity among the settlers. The Canadian and Pacific Railway Company has now completed its main line, some 606 miles beyond Winnipeg and 114 miles on its southwestern branch, and next season it will have upward of 1000 miles of road through this fine country, thus giving the settlers ready communication with the Eastern markets. Altogether the Canadian Pacific Railway will have about 2000 miles of railway in operation along its whole line by next autumn.

A Strange Dinner Spot

Any one familiar with that part of Rome in which stands the monumental ruin of the Baths of Caracalla, one of the loneliest and most desolate spots within the city walls, would say it was the least probable spot in all Rome that a committee would select as a place in which to give a dinner. And yet a dinner was actually given—and eaten—there a few weeks ago to 1200 persons. It was given by the municipality to the exhibitors at the fine-art exhibition. The largest hall had been covered with awning, perhaps somewhat after the manner of the Coliseum in the days of ancient Rome—and was adorned with bunting, wreaths, heraldic devices and reproductions in plaster of all the great art works that have been found in the treasure-house of sculpture. It was on the top of this ruin, as every one knows, that Shelley wrote his "Prometheus Unbound." The invitation cards to the dinner were printed in imitation of a Roman inscription, and the *menu* was in classical Latin printed in red.

[illegible] of Cypress Wood.

Although the cypress tree grows in all the states south of the Ohio river and in some districts north of it, and notwithstanding the fact that its wood is very valuable in many industries, still its merits are hardly known outside the regions where it is produced. The growth of the cypress extends a considerable distance up the valleys of our southern rivers. It is quite a large tree, averaging from three to five feet in diameter, and some trees are exceptionally large—having a diameter of six, seven and eight feet. I measured one whose circumference was twenty seven feet. The cypress grows in the bottoms and on lands that are flooded. There are two notable varieties—the white, growing in water and in the lowest places, and the red, growing in the higher lands. The wood of this tree is of a red color, somewhat harder than the white, and does not float readily on account of its weight. The cypress grows well only in rich soils, and the high lands where it is found are the very best lands in this state. The timber is most valuable for fine work, such as furniture, counters, shelving and wainscoting. It is susceptible of receiving a high polish, which brings out its beautiful veins and designs. As this wood does not split easily across the grain, it is well adapted to carving. Exposed to the weather, it is almost everlasting. Shingles of well selected timber will last fifty years. Picket fences sunk in the ground will last more than twenty five years, if air the sap is removed.

Cypress is much stronger than white pine, and in our market is worth more than twice as much. It has more elasticity, it is nailed without splitting; it does not warp at all, it does not readily absorb moisture. When sawed up into planks and piled up exposed to the weather it does not warp and crack. It is extensively used in Louisiana for hogsheads, tubs, tanks or cisterns, etc. It has been worked into very good sounding-boards for violins, and the roots of the tree are said to be excellent for veneering, for making clocks and razor straps. There is a particular season for felling the trees in order to obtain lumber of a good quality. It is late in the fall or in the beginning of the winter when the sap is solidified. If cut earlier and suffered to lie on the ground some time, the sap is attacked by a very small worm; but if seasoned after being sawed, both the heart and sap of the tree can be used profitably. The sap, however, may rot quickly if externally exposed to the heat and moisture of the atmosphere.

A third variety of cypress is of smaller size, harder and close grained—suitable for exquisite fancy work. The trees growing on the high lands make the most lasting timber. It contains a small quantity of gum, [illegible] The trees grow very large at the bottom, and are often hollow to the height of four or five feet. The trunks of the large trees are 50 feet or more up to 75 feet in height, without branches, and usually perfectly straight. In places where the trees are comparatively slender in size they grow closer together and attain a greater height. Spots could be selected where the standing trees would be sufficient, when felled, to build a two story house on the area on which they stood. The timber is universally used for making picket fences. The logs being cut in ten feet sections, the pickets are split by skimming and going around the log, in thickness of two inches or more. It is almost impossible to split the log centrally, like oak or other timber for clapboards or shingles, it splits perfectly straight and as thin as can be desired.

Pirogues, or hunting boats are made from the large cypresses by scooping them. These boats form but one solid piece, and are as strong as they are light. The French and Spanish authorities never failed, during a hundred years of colonial rule, to recommend to their respective governments the cypress timber as one of the most valuable that could be found. My surprise, therefore, was very great when I lately ascertained that this wood in the northern and western lumber markets was almost entirely unknown to architects and lumbermen, who, for purposes of construction, attach so much importance to white pine, which is so vastly inferior to white and red cypress. I could show the architects and lumbermen houses in New Orleans that were built of cypress in 1010 more than one hundred years ago, and the materials are as sound as on the first day on which they were used—down to the very foundations.

Ferocity of Tigers.

A traveler tells the following story of the way in which one tiger terrorized a whole community. The captain showed me the skin of a large tiger, which, a short time since, killed three natives in four nights in this place. The village is surrounded by a stockade to keep out these ravenous beasts, and the gate is guarded at night by a native armed with a musket. One evening this tiger stole up behind the guard, sprang upon him, and, as a native said who chanced to see it, killed him instantly with a blow of her paw on the back of his neck. She then caught him up and ran away with him. The next day the body was found partly eaten, and was buried very deep to keep it out of her reach. The second evening she seized and carried off a native who was bathing in the stream at the foot of the cliff. The captain now found he must try and destroy her, and therefore loaded a musket with a very heavy charge of powder and two bullets. The gun was then lashed firmly to a tree, and a large piece of fresh meat was fastened to the muzzle, so that when she attempted to take it away, she would discharge the piece and receive both bullets. The next morning they found a piece of her tongue on the ground near the muzzle of the gun, and the same trap was set again; but the next night she came back and took away a second man on guard at the gate of the stockade. The captain now started with a corporal and eight men, determined to hunt her down. The tracked her to a place filled with tall grass, and, closing around that, slowly advanced, until two or three of them heard a growl, when they all fired and killed her instantly. It proved to be a female, and she had evidently been so daring for the purpose of procuring food for her young.

Some men in marriage seek company rather than a companion.