

The People's Press

SALEM, N. C., AUGUST 5, 1875.

NO. 31.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE!
One copy, one year.....\$2 00
Six months.....1 00
Three months.....75

Original Tale.

IRENE PAGE;

OR,

THE VARYING SCENES OF A LIFETIME.

BY ELISE GARNETTE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

A GATHERING CLOUD.

"Alas! when fenshish passion claims the heart, Or sordid interest rules the will, How many a heart we may make sad! How many a home with sorrow fill!"

"Surely it must have been!" exclaimed a handsome, dark-eyed man, as he sat in the room the evening of Irene's departure, "yet how could it be possible? I must know the truth of this. I will go to old Dover's cottage, and see what I can find out, I know she is there; for I watched Ingram, and I know he carried her there. Though her fortune is gone I will have her, and then won't I pay her for all her flirting? Ha! ha! ha! let me away."

So saying, he arose, and quaffed an inebriating draught, then went out on his fenshish mission.

A short distance from the house he came near meeting Roland Ingram, as he went away, but he plunged quickly into the woods, and was not observed.

"Floods, flames and furies!" he exclaimed, "if I didn't come near spilling it all. If that monkey had seen me! but he didn't, so I must proceed."

He arrived at the cottage, and crept stealthily around until he learned the room which contained the object of his search, and he then seated himself until all was still in the house; then arising he climbed noiselessly to the window and gazed in.

All doubt was then removed; for there, on a low couch, lay Irene, with one delicate white hand lying gently on the snowy counterpane, while the other supported her fair soft cheek.

A demonic smile of exultation crossed his face as he descended and made his way quickly back to his room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he cried, as he seated himself again by the fire, "fortune is surely in my favor this time. What a lucky thing it was for me that I went out this evening. But how shall I proceed. Ah! thanks to my skillful brain, I have it already. I will keep a good lookout until she has recovered, and then I will write a last note, in Ingram's name, telling her to meet him some certain night, at a stated place, as he has something of importance to communicate to her. Her curiosity will be excited, and of course she will go. Then, hurrah for me, I will have a place provided for her, and a horse in readiness, and I will conduct my pretty bird there, and make her my wife, or make her think so. Dear life, won't she toss that proud head of hers when she sees me, but little will I care; she will be in my power, and no powers of earth or hell shall ever take her from me again."

Reader, do you ask who this cold-blooded villain is? It is no other than SEATON RAY. Do not shudder with superstitious horror. It is no ghost, nor specter from the tomb. Although he was left by the injured Ingram for dead, he had received but a slight wound; but his base, cowardly heart felt the injuries he had inflicted on Roland Ingram, and he truly feared him, and he concealed himself until he heard of the failure of Col. Page, and he then departed for the city of P., where he plunged recklessly into all the crimes and dissipations which usually follow a fenshish passion disappointed, or an eager avaricious ambition unsatisfied.

But here with many sighs we leave him, floating swiftly down the current of sin—yes, hurrying on with fearful strides to that brink, from which so many immortal beings have plunged into the fathomless gulf of perdition.

Two months passed, and still Irene remained at Dover cottage. The dark, cold clouds of winter were gone, and the gentle zephyrs and pleasant sunshine of spring cast gladness over the earth. In the pleasant society of the gentle Ella, and the kind parental tenderness of Mr. and Mrs. Doyer she became almost happy. The sisterly tenderness she felt for Ella, and the quiet pleasantness of the cottage and its surroundings, soothed her mind and her face wore an expression of pleasing melancholy instead of the proud, haughty air, or the look of sullen grief and endurance that it had worn in by-gone days.

She had become familiar with all the wild walks of the surrounding country, and her chief amusement was to wander among the sublime scenery of nature; sometimes with Ella, and sometimes with no companion save a book. She would wander to the side of a brook which wound its silvery way through the beautiful grounds in the rear of the cottage, and seating herself on a rude bench, "neath a spreading willow, she would experience a degree of tranquillity never known to her before. On arising one morning she observed a note on the sill of her window and picking it up she read as follows:

"DEAR IRENE:
A matter of vast importance to yourself induces me to urge you to meet me, to-night, by the side of your favorite brook. Come, sure to meet me.
ROLAND INGRAM."

Irene's face paled as she read, and all thro' that day her mind was busy picturing scenes of coming distress. Her melancholy was observed by her friends, but they attributed it to her former distress and said nothing.

At length the sun finished his course and sank in solemn grandeur beneath the western hills, and Irene again went out to meet her

wild, wandering, though kind and loving brother. Alas! unconscious one, how little she knew what a dark and dreadful enemy she would meet. When she arrived all was still, save the cheery chirp of insects and the solemn purr of the gentle brook, and she seated herself on the bench which she had often occupied, to await the coming of her brother. She had sat but a few moments when she heard footsteps advancing and quickly she was enveloped in a heavy cloak. She endeavored to shriek, but her utterance was impeded and she felt herself born quickly along. At length she came to a stop, and she was placed in a low and scantily furnished room. At first her powers of endurance almost gave way, and her frightened imagination presented such doleful pictures of future distress that sleep was impossible; but wearied nature at length triumphed and she sank upon her mean couch, and sleep wooed her to his embrace. Thus we will leave her for a time and return to Dover Cottage.

The following morning the family noticed that Irene did not arise as early as usual, but they paid no attention to it until the breakfast hour arrived and still she did not appear, and Ella flew to her room, but soon returned, pale and trembling, stating that she was not there, neither had her bed been occupied the previous night. Terror immediately seized upon the hearts of all, and the house, grounds, and, at length, the whole city was searched, but with no success. Ella's grief was almost unbounded, and she wandered sadly through the grounds she had so often enjoyed with Irene. As she walked slowly along, she observed Roland Ingram some distance from her. Flying quickly after him she cried:

"Tell me, in mercy tell me, strange individual, if you know anything of Irene?"

"Of Irene," he answered in surprise, "is she not with you?"

"She has been," replied Ella, "until last night. She retired somewhat melancholy, and on going to her room; this morning, we found it had not been occupied. We have searched everywhere for her, but can find no trace of her. Cannot you give us some intelligence?"

"I do not know anything of her," he answered, "but you may return and rest satisfied I will find her. Farewell, sweet girl, if you are ever in distress come to me at my cave by yonder brook, and I will befriend you. I was your mother's friend, I will also be yours."

"Tell me, I beg you," she said, "something of my mother's history before I go."

Accordingly he led her to a seat, and gave her a brief history of her mother's life, and then they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

IRENE'S RELEASE.

The morning after Irene's imprisonment, she arose from her miserable bed just as the first dawn of day gilded the eastern horizon. She had not dozed herself the previous night, and consequently had no toilet to make, and she proceeded to examine her room. She walked to the door, but shuddered as she found it securely fastened. She then proceeded to the only window the room contained, and found it fastened also. For some time she stood gazing out through the small, dingy window, at the earth, her whole soul bathed in meditation; but alas! her thoughts were not clothed in the brilliant hues of joyous anticipation, but in the sombre garb of dismal, dread uncertainty. She had remained thus for some time when the door opened and Seaton Ray entered. Her face paled and she almost sank to the floor, but he approached and grasped her hand as he exclaimed in a light tone:

"Good morning, cousin Irene; it has been some time since we met—but, dear me! you needn't look so horrified. I am no ghost! Ha! ha! ha! you thought I was dead, did you? Not yet—but come, you don't look a bit glad to see a body, while I am perfectly delighted to see my proud little cousin once more."

At these words the expression of horror that at first overspread her countenance faded, and in its place came one more scornfully cold than she had ever worn in former days, and she replied:

"No, sir! I am not glad to see you, and I would be greatly obliged if I were relieved of your presence."

"Really," he answered in a sneering tone, "you seem to be in a very fine humor this morning; but come, be seated, and let's talk of old times."

"Villain," she sneered, "leave me immediately, or I shall quit the room."

"Not so fast, my little lady, and for the excellent reason that you cannot."

"Seaton Ray, you surely do not intend to hold me in confinement?"

"Yes, ma'am, I intend to do precisely that thing, until you promise to become my wife."

"Your wife!" she exclaimed, "then be assured I will remain sometime, for I never will, under any circumstances, marry such a base, cowardly villain as you."

"Just as you choose, madam," he replied, and with a demonic smile, he withdrew.

When left alone Irene abandoned herself to the full tide of her grief, and wept long and bitterly; but hope, the sweet soother of our sorrows, cast its shadow over her grief, and she became composed just as a stout negro woman entered with her breakfast. It was nicely prepared and she partook heartily of it, and felt much revived. With remarkable heroism she nerved herself to endurance, and resolved to await with patience the coming of future events, and she spent the first long weary day as best she could. Towards night she walked to the window and gazed out. The sun had risen in the morning in all his gorgeous splendor, but towards noon a dark, angry cloud obscured his lustre, and as she gazed the large drops of rain came swiftly to the ground.

"Ah!" she murmured, as her thoughts rolled back over the chain of a few years, "how emblematical of my life."

"In youth's fair morn my heart was gay;
No shadows darked my life's clear sky;
No blighting breath of sorrow's blast;
No storms and tempests gathered nigh."

But soon affliction's dark'ning cloud,
In sombre garments robed the sky;
Wild, fiercely blew the beating rain;
The wind went roaring swiftly by."

And now though spring smiles o'er the earth,
Though birds and bees so sweetly sing,
They can, to such a heart as mine,
No thrill of joy or pleasure bring."

I smile not now—though earth is fair,
My life's so dark, so very sad,
I cannot love as once I loved,
The music of the free and glad."

But shall I grieve o'er pleasures gone;
O'er scenes that can return no more?
Rather regret I did not choose
A wiser course in days of yore."

I did not heed the accents sweet,
Ye children, early come to me;
I'll guide your feet, I'll light your path,
All needful things I'll give to thee."

But now, through sorrow's loud, rough voice,
I hear a call to flee from sin,
I'll go! I'll seek the Saviour's side,
A crown of life I'll strive to win."

As these thoughts rolled through her mind, like many a guilty, penitent, she cried: "Lord, save or I perish!" and she sank upon her knees and long and earnest was her prayer; but thro' the intercession of a crucified Saviour she found pardon at length, and in the divine felicity of that hour she feared no ill.

"No," she cried, "though all the world looks dark, I will look to Jesus and smile."

With the holy enthusiasm of a youthful christian, she turned and began to prepare to retire, as it was then growing late. As she stood by a small table she heard a light rap on the window, and looking quickly up she beheld her wandering brother.

A thrill of joy passed over her frame and she flew to meet him, and was going to speak, but he motioned her to be silent and immediately disappeared. She heard a noise at her side directly, and soon one of the logs in the wall moved and fell to the ground. Another soon shared its fate, and then Roland grasped her by the arm and hurried her out and along through the open air, until they came to a dense thicket which seemed to enclose the house. Through this also they made their way rapidly, and soon reached the open road. Roland, seeing that she was growing weary, took her with respectful delicacy, in his arms and bore her swiftly along till they reached a certain spot by the side of a brook. Irene imagined she had seen the place in some dim remembered scenes of the past, but she knew not when and consequently said nothing. Roland placed her on the ground and after looking carefully around, to see that they were not observed, he raised a large flat rock, thus displaying a pair of steps that led to his home. She shuddered slightly as he took her hand to lead her down, but she trusted him and proceeded. When they were comfortably seated in this subterranean apartment, he inquired minutely into all the circumstances connected with her being carried off, and his eye flashed as he heard her recital; but he only bade her rest easy, as nothing should ever harm her while he had life, and he soon arose, and lighting her a huge candle he showed her thro' a small door, into another room, where she found a neat looking bed, and he told her to retire and seek rest. As she was "tired and sleepy too" she did as she was requested and slept soundly and quietly until a late hour the next morning. When she awoke she arose and hastily prepared her toilet and entered the other room, where she found a neat and wholesome breakfast, prepared by the dark, rough hand of her wild, wandering brother, who sat in the corner awaiting her coming. After a few words of greeting they seated themselves and partook heartily of the substantial food before them. After breakfast Irene insisted that she should clear away the table and did so, while Roland went out for some game, which he gallily told her was in honor of her coming. Both seemed delighted with the novelty of their situation, and conversed pleasantly until they had prepared and eaten their dinners, and then Roland observed that, according to promise, he must go out and inform Ella Graham that he had succeeded in finding her.

"Ella Graham!" exclaimed Irene, "can it be possible that I am near her again?"

"Certainly," he replied, "you are very near; but you must remain here. Let you are discovered again. After you were gone Ella came to me, in an agony of grief, and begged me to find you, and I started immediately. I had searched but a short time when I suddenly encountered that arch-fiend, Seaton Ray, as he went to torment you. I knew immediately, in whose power you were, and I followed him until night, and the rest you know. Do not feel uneasy; no one will find you here but Ella. I will go now and bring her to you."

He soon returned, and sure enough, Ella came with him. The two were in ecstasies at meeting each other, and spent an hour quite pleasantly, and then Ella went out and returned to her home, promising to call again soon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME GOOD HINTS.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph offers the following hints:

"It doesn't pay to re-set that wheel-tire. The chief strength of the wheel lies in the rim."

"There is great economy in soaking the feloes of business-wagon wheels with raw linseed oil; it will preserve the wood and save the necessity of frequent tire setting, an operation to be avoided."

"When you buy a new fork or hoe, good farming requires that you oil the handle. It costs but a trifle, and your tool looks better and will wear longer."

"Good harness kept soft with mastsfoot-oil is a credit to the owner, and a comfort to the animal that wears it. Soft harness is stronger than a dry, hard one. It is slightly elastic and bends without breaking."

"Horse-stalls are usually made too narrow. A third horse needs room to turn over and stretch his limbs; fatal injuries come from confining spirited horses in short, narrow stalls. A friend had the best one of a valuable span kicked by a strange horse in a short stall, which broke a leg. A pair of veterans, hand-some horses were bought to take the place of the boys, and one of them in one year knocked down a hip, perhaps by the narrow stall, and is now of trifling value."

WRITERS OF ONE HYMN.

The fame of writers rests on a single production. Defoe was a voluminous author, but "Robinson Crusoe" is all that has come down to us. "The Burial of Sir John Moore" has embalmed the memory of the Rev. Charles Wolf no less than that of the military hero.

It is so in sacred poetry. Take most favorite hymns, and you will find their authors composed nothing so popular. Their genius seems to have been exhausted by a single happy effort. Let us look at a few illustrations:

"Come thou fount of every blessing," was the earliest performance of Robert Robertson, awakened under the preaching of Whitefield. He was unstable, becoming Methodist, Independent, Baptist, and finally dying an avowed Socinian, in 1790.

"Rock of ages" is a glorious Christian lyric, and Toplady has left nothing half so precious. He began his ministry among the hills of Devon, in 1778. Toplady was bitter enough in dispute with his spirit lost all its harshness when he tuned the instrument for sacred song.

Few hymns have been more frequently sung at times of especial religious feeling than "Come ye sinners poor and needy." Its author was Joseph Hart, born in London, in 1612. He began life as a teacher.

The Rev. Edward Perronet gave to the Church that grand march of the saints, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." His father was a clergyman of the English establishment, but he himself labored under the patronage of Lady Huntington, who died in 1792.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," has probably touched more hearts than any other modern hymn. Sarah Fuller Flower, its author, was the younger of the two daughters of Benjamin Flower. In 1845 she was married to Adams, a civil engineer, and died in 1849, at the age of forty-four. She was buried near Barlow, Essex.

How many weary pilgrims have been cheered in passing through the dark valley by the consolation of "Just as I am, without one plea." Charlotte Elliot was an invalid from early years, and died in 1871. She was the third daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham, England.

Timothy Dwight, elected President of Yale College in 1795, prepared four ponderous volumes of theology, which few clergymen take from the shelf. His classic version of the 137th Psalm, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," will perpetuate his memory.

A few years ago, in New York, Phoebe Cary died of consumption, at the age of forty-six. She and her sister Alice were both graceful poets. "One sweetly solemn thought," written by Phoebe, in its pensive sadness touches the heart like a dirge.

THE HISTORY OF "ZERO."

It may be worth while to say that the word "zero" comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty—hence, nothing. In expressions like "90 deg. Fahr.," the abbreviation stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Danzig, on the shores of the Baltic sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest that "the oldest inhabitant" could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree "zero," and constructed a thermometer of a rude weather glass, with a scale graduated up from the zero, to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32. Because as he thought, Mercury contracted the 32d of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero; and expanded 186th of its value on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America. Russia and Germany use Reaumur's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point one hundred degrees from the freezing point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when "zero" is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.—Northern Advocate.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

In Thatcher's Military Journal under date of December, 1777, is a note containing the identical "first prayer in congress" made by Rev. Jacob Pacheo, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is, an historical curiosity: O, Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who dost from thy Throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the Kingdoms, Empires, and governments; look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee do they look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under thy untrifling care, give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause, and if they still persist in a sanguinary purpose, Oh! let the voice of Thine own unerring Justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unweaned hands, in the day of battle. Be thou present, O, God of Wisdom, and direct the council of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation; that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail, and flourish among Thy people. Preserve

the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world to come. All this we ask, in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy son, our Savior. Amen.

ROMANCE IN KANSAS.

One of the main tributaries of the Little Arkansas river is called Running Turkey Creek, at the mouth of which is Jim Geary's ranch, an old and somewhat notorious stopping place in the days when Government provisions were hauled from Fort Harker to the Indian Territory by means of bull and mule teams. Among the early settlers was a family from Ohio named Falconer which consisted of Robert Falconer, his wife Sarah, and an only daughter, Bessie, at this time, about seventeen years old. The young girl was engaged to a young farmer, and had nothing happened would have been married on last Friday evening. The time for the marriage arrived, so did the bridegroom and invited guests, but strange, no bride appeared. Her parents, supposing she was in her room, went to the room to warn her that the time for the ceremony had arrived, when they found the room empty. It was early evening and not yet dusk, so they walked to the window to endeavor to discover the truant. Their horror may be imagined when they saw rapidly disappearing through the timber on the creek bank, a man carrying in his arms the form of a young girl, which from the dress, they immediately recognized as that of their daughter. In an instant the alarm was given, and the whole party, well armed, started in pursuit. Within a few minutes they were within gunshot of the fugitive, but were unable to use their weapons in consequence of his shielding his body with the loved form of the bride elect. The young lover was almost frantic, and in his frenzy appeared to have gained the fleetness of the antelope. Overtaking the almost breathless abductor, he seized him, and after a brief struggle wrested the girl from him, at the same time discovering that the abductor was a Cheyenne Indian who had been around the neighborhood for a year or two. At the same time the farmer regained his sweetheart the savage with an ex-like wriggle escaped from his hold and started on a keen run down the creek. The pursuers, however, were too much for him, and one of their number brought him to the ground by means of a well-aimed bullet from a needle-gun. It was soon ascertained that the red man was only wounded in the thigh. He was then taken prisoner and lodged in a neighboring dugout, from which by some means he escaped during the night, carrying the needle-gun ball in his thigh, and has not since been heard of although a diligent search has been made by the friends of the young lady, whose wedding has been indefinitely postponed in consequence of an attack of brain fever, the result of the fright she received.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, July 1.

A WORD FOR BOYS.

A correspondent of Colman's Rural World advises country boys to stick to the farm by all means, assuring them that there is twice the independence in farming that there is in any other trade or profession. Don't believe, he says, because you go to town or to the city and see boys dressed finer than you, that they are better off. Farmers' boys have more time, pleasure as a rule, than town boys. You may have to work hard, but so you would if you were a city clerk; there is no easy place for a boy or a man who expects or has the ambition, to make a mark in the world.

Again, do not imagine, because boys smoke or chew tobacco, that it is manly, for it is not; it is a low filthy habit, and one which, almost every one will condemn—and even men who have followed the habit for years will tell you they would quit it if they could. Boys sometimes imagine that if they could only learn to smoke or chew, they would be men immediately; but how sick they must first make themselves in order to become slaves to a dirty, filthy habit. It is more manly and honorable to be able to say, "I never had a chew of tobacco in my mouth nor a pipe or cigar between my teeth;" the same in reference to drinking intoxicating liquors of all kinds. Farmers' boys if you would be men, let such things alone. Fine clothes and a cigar or a glass of liquor, do not make the man, for the veriest villain on earth may have them; but he cannot have integrity and honesty, which in many cases is found in the meanest rags. Be men, and true to that; but to be such you need never have to be seen in a saloon, nor need you smoke or chew tobacco.

NEW YORK DRY GOODS TRADE.

July 13.—Business was not altogether so brisk to-day as might have been expected from the appearance of things yesterday. The causes assigned were various. Some blamed Saratoga and Cape May, but consoled themselves with the idea that when the great dry goods race came off it would be very much more interesting than the rapid evolutions of white-winged yachts or athletic scions of our seats of learning. That painting and white-washing was generally prevalent in order to garnish forth attractive stores was also instanced as a possible reason for the comparative slackness.

In prints there was moderate activity, few new fall styles being yet exhibited, and the lower priced chocolates going off rapidly.

Print cloths were held firmly at 5½c. for extras, and as no one appeared disposed to offer more than 5c. transactions were few and unimportant. Several mills have stopped recently, and there is a disposition to hold on to stock. There is no extensive quantity of goods on hand, and the prices are anything but remunerative. Manufacturers are preparing for a strike of the operatives within the next six or seven weeks. It is rumored, they say, to run the mills at present prices of goods and high rate of wages, and equally disastrous to stop them for any lengthened period. That the hands should grasp the situation and accept the inevitable reduction of wages is known from experience to be a very unlikely event.

VALUE OF GRASS.

What can be done with grass may be illustrated by a few figures comparing the products of England and France. In France 53 per cent. of the cultivated land is under cereals; in England but 25 per cent. France produces five and a half bushels per acre for her 35,000,000 people; England produces five and one-half bushels for each of her 22,000,000. This immense disparity in the produce of each acre is due to the manure furnished by the English grass lands for the cereal crop. In England there are three acres of grass to furnish manure for every one acre of grain; in France less than one acre of grass to make manure for one acre of grain.

The whole grass question, and a good many other questions are summed up in the pithy aphorism put in the mouth of an old farmer:—"No grass, no cattle; no cattle, no manure; no manure, no crops; no crops, no farmers; no farmers, no nothing."—Fine Stock Gazette.

A HINT TO BIRD DESTROYERS.

The grasshopper nuisance, though no doubt exaggerated by some and underrated by others according to their desires concerning the grain markets, or their views of charitable contributions, is undeniably on the increase. Whether the devouring insects are grasshoppers, Rocky Mountain locusts, or other creatures, certain it is that a few years since no such visitations were heard of, and now they threaten to become a standing menace to the foundation of industry of the country. Anything which seriously hinders the production of food is a public misfortune; and so far as human agency creates such hindrance it is a public grievance. The very suggestion that human agency has any hand in producing the grasshopper plague may strike many persons with all the absurdity of novelty; but it appears to be quite true. Those familiar

with the subject declare the main cause of the increase of noxious insects is the slaughter of game. Grouse in particular feed on such insects. For the farmer to kill grouse for food may do little harm; but for years these useful birds have been shot or trapped at the West by wholesale for the Eastern market. At the close of a recent season a Fulton market dealer had seven thousand grouse left unmarketable on his hands—so glutted had the market been by the killing of the farmer's winged helpers. The disappearance of the birds whose food the insects are has of course been followed by the multiplication and spread of the grain destroyers. New York City has had a like experience with smaller birds. As the city grew up, no more were taken to shield the native songsters from harm. They were stopped, shot, frightened; and in various ways they were driven from the town. But they had their revenge. In their place came swarms of disgusting worms, that our feathered friends had been used to eat and keep in check. These creatures devoured every green thing, crawled over broadcloth and silk, penetrated every house, and made Spring loathsome. After a long period of annual disgust the birds were recalled, whereupon, as if by magic, the worms disappeared. Let Western men give up the trade in game; let it be understood that he who engages in it, at least so far as grouse are concerned, is a public enemy; and there will be less to fear than now from grasshoppers.

THE END OF THE UNIVERSE.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review makes an effort to show that, although we can in no way time the beginning of the universe, we have much evidence to show that the world began to solidify between one and two hundred of millions of years ago, and that, though we can say nothing as to the end of the universe, the end of this earth, and with it of consciousness upon the earth, is as probable as science can make anything. The reader will surely not be tempted to patient reading by the gloomy conclusion that study of the origin and probable destiny of the universe is useless, because we have from a scientific point of view no date to go upon. In any case all we know is that the sun is going out. If we fall into the sun then we shall be fried. If we go away from the sun, or the sun goes out, then we shall be frozen. So that, so far as the earth is concerned, we have no means of determining what will be the character of the end, but we know that one of these two things must take place in time. But in regard to the whole universe, if we were to travel forward as we have traveled backward in time, consider things as falling, we should finally come to a great central mass, all in one piece, which would send out waves of heat through a perfectly empty ether, and gradually cool itself down. As this mass got cool, it would be deprived of all life or motion. It would be just a mere enormous frozen block in the middle of the ether. But that conclusion is one which we have no right whatever to rest upon. It depends upon the same assumption that the laws of geometry and mechanics are exactly and absolutely true, and that they have continued exactly and absolutely true for ever and ever.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.

Agriculture should be the most ennobling of all vocations. It would be, if farmers cultivated the earth as teachers develop the head and preachers educate the heart. Teachers all aim to train the thoughts and feelings to truth and love, unity and happiness. Farmers should train the earth to produce such crops and fruits, and such only as are conducive to the best health and highest welfare of human beings. Then would their calling be transformed from one of degrading drudgery and interminable toil to one of refinement and luxury. The germinating seeds, the waving grains, the luscious fruits, so suggestive of the source of all life and blessing, and the harvest season, so typical of a resurrection and immortality, ought to make the life of an agriculturist a continual pastime. And this would be the farmers' life, if farming was managed as it should be. Farmers have unequalled natural advantages for health strength and longevity. The statistics of disease and the tables of mortality, however, are against them. This is not due to that vocation but to their misuses of it. No class, as a whole, is probably so reckless of health conditions. So far as our acquaintance with the habits of farmers is concerned—and it has been extensive—it compels the conclusion, that, as a rule, the dietetic habits of farmers are worse than those of any other class, who have the means of choosing for themselves.—Science of Health.