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IDYL OF SPRING.

BY ROSE CONNETT. O'er the earth the springtime smiling, Scattering leaves and flowers along, Sweeps her heart of vibrant branches, And the earth breaks forth in song; Blue the wild flower clothes the hillside. Green the ivy's trailing vine Drapes the rocks in graceful festoons, Bunshine gilds the sombre pine.

In the ley steps of Winter Ferns and flowers are gay and green; O'er the stream, freed from its bondage, - Budding willows wave and lean ; Now the blackbird and the swallow, Glad voiced darlings of the Spring. Fill the air with pleasant twitter, Their swest mother welcoming

Tom Hayward's Proserpine.

. "Lower the boat and let her drift!" This was the order given by the captain of the brig Levant, coasting one cloudy midsummer night along the western shore of X----. The incredulous sailor hesitated to obey. A second order, brutally made explicit, left him no

into the boat the enraged captain had flung rather than lifted a woman and

"What do your say now?" he asked as the hastily lowered boat rocked giddily betwixt sea and deck. "Do you repent your rash oath?"

"Never!" answered firmly and fearlessly a woman's calm voice. "I prefer

"Cut her loose!" cried the master to the subaltern, who of all his crew was, morally as well as physically, his slave; while, Evid with rage, his face glared upon the woman one parting look.

The boat was cut loose. The brig Levant veered on its tack; the boat, with its silent burden, fell hopelessly astern; the rolling waves, the darkness, fell between.

The woman, hardly more than a child in years-sixteen years she might have known at the most-remained passively unobservant, instinctively hugging her child to her breast. One wild scene Had revealed to her the terrors of Life and obliterated forever the terrors of

The boat bounded along not ungently. The sea was not running high, and the night air was not chilling. The clouds, lowering closely against the face of the waters, so as effectually to shut away all light from the sky, were surcharged, it seemed, with gentlest rain. Death

was inevitable, but it was not harsh. To go down into the oblivion-bearing embrace of the sea, to sink deep into the bosom of the never-ceasing sleeppangs that might mark against the heart the edge of this engulting? Was there anything to be feared after that? All terrible aspects glare of one human face.

"My baby, too!" contentedly sighed

What was it, then, that made her suddenly start and quake? Nothing sation of strange cold, startling her nerves, piercing her keart, from the little baby's foot.

By one of those singular transitions that only the most subtle analysis of change occurred in the outcast girl, arousing her from stupid apathy to

"The land-where is the land?" her lips gasped, while her eyes, grown sud dealy intense, peered through the glooming space. Surely they were the looming of great rocks. Yes, and now the flashing of a light.

They were borne in bravely on the upbearing. One great wave, and now another, friendly and gigantic, lifted the boat upon its shoulders and urged it on. Only the rocks were opposing bars. On each bar the billows broke with a shock. On these bars the boat was stricken plank from plank; but the girl, with a voice rendered keen by the motherly pang at her breast, sent shrick and scream through the night, with her eyes fixed on the light, crying, "Help! help! help!"

Tom Hayward, one of the most matter-of-fact men among mortals, hadwhat he did not believe in at all-a presentlment that night. He was sitting idly smoking a cigar in the seaward verandah of his hotel with a few lounging companious, who had been persuading him, forbidding as the weather was, to go to the theatre of an adjacent town to see a star actress in a provincial cast; and he had been lazily considering whether to accept the proposition, when a sudden impulse, strong enough to impel him from his nonchalant attitude resolutely to his feet, struck him with this clearly expressed

"Excuse me, for I must go down to my cave. I have left D-'s manuscript and R---'s packet of African rough diamonds upon my escritoire shelf, and the postern gate unlocked.

He declined the proposal for the evening in town peremptorily, and went said. A woman, I thought, whose intowards the cliffs. "Confound my culpuble inertia!" he muttered to himself: it has bred these incoherent vagaries of the brain. What made me think that some one is knocking at the sea gate tonight, knocking and crying for help? Not an ocular illusion, certainly; an nuricular illusion I have never heard of. I suppose such a complaint may exist. A nervous irritation of the tympanum this undoubtedly is. The sounds were low, but so distinct. At any rate, I am on the track,"

Walking at a brisk pace, Tom Hayward turned from a paved causeway of a high road that stretched over the that name-I must conclude. Could bluffs a mile or more beyond the hotel, strode across a sunburned moorland

into a devious seaward path, and, leaping down sharp hewn steps in the rock, encountered a door formidably constructed of iron, the "postern gate"-left this night accidentally unlockedthat opened into a masonried passage connecting the beetling crags with the subterranean vault known as Hayward's

Under the seaward gate of this cavern in the cliff lay a horseshoe-shaped cur-vature of beach. And on this beach Tom Hayward, answering a vague cry for help, inaudible save to an laward sense, whose existence had forced itself into recognition for the first time in his life, found a girl in clothing drenched by brine, evidently a waif of the sea, and just awakening from a death-like swoon—an exquisitely sweet-featured girl, whose relaxing grasp had unloosed

a dead baby from her breast.

Three days after the unharalded event of a woman found half drowned upon the beach, and a dead child buried in the sands by hands unfamiliar with such rites, the following letter by a young man spending his vacation at X—— was dropped in the Northern

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA,-I promised to. give you a detailed account of my impressions of X——. As we are off at 3 p. m. to-day on a boating excursion to the Isle of ——, I have all my pisca-torial preparations yet to make, and

must necessarily be brief.
"Postponing, then, a full narration of minor incidents until we meet, I will describe to you merely the experience which, I am sure (considering the cap-tivating personnel of our host-irresistible, I am told, to you girls), will interest you and your sister most-my evening at Tom Hayward's cave.

"Two or three fellows of Hayward's set have indulged in the luxury of caves down here; and the fitting up of the sea facing caves has been a rage this season. But nething so far compares We were invited down to spend last evening-an informal invitation to - and N- and myself. The approach, directly seaward from the road, and wild in the extreme, has been somewhat assisted by art. A tiled excavation leads by a fantastically lighted passage into a cavern some thirty feet, I should think, above high water-mark, opening in a wide mouth directly upon the sea, and owing to a gully beneath it which forces the waves into curious columns more vociferous than 'howling wilderness,' dashed wildly by spray. and for several feet within the rugged entrance made slippery with sea-weeds.

"Our visit was on a tranquil night; but a measured booming sound, made resonant by some acoustic properties of the caverned arch, announced the nearness of the 'mighty deep.' We soon became accustomed to the ceaseless roar, and settled ourselves comfortably

"But I forget. I must picture the of destruction had passed in the parting this. The interior is an Apocalypse of the physical exhaustion incident to the liant silks; the pictures; the musical instruments set with gems-colored crystals, I presume; the lights arranged but a sensation of cold against the palm in tinted groups, like flower arrange-of her left hand, that had lovingly laid ments in Parisian taste; the flowers, dormant beside the babe's foot-a sen- exotic blossoms upheld against the cavern walls in carved easels or racks; the Indian rugs; the couches quilted with Cashmere shawls; the sombre book-cases iniaid with colored hieroglyphics significant to the initiated, no doubt; mental mechanism can unveil, a sudden | the bronzes and marbles gleaming from mysterious niches in the rock; an alcove for refreshments-but that I will leave to describe at leisure. Last evening it ministered to mesculine taste; but at times when ladies are invited, every thing is made to 'suffer a sea-change'ices shaped and tinted like snells, dishes drifting shoreward. Surely she saw and goblets conchological from helix to

> "Opposite the refectory is a veiled niche, and the wnite lace dropped to the ground is so heavily embossed with embroidery of gold, that, although it looks transparent, it is an absolute screen. I emphasize this fact on account of an episode of the evening, which I may as well tell you at once.

> "We had played two or three games of whist, regaled ourselves with Hayward's choice cordials and cigars, and the evening was drawing to its close, when, from behind the embroidered curtain arose the music, with harp accompaniment, of the sweetest, most plaintive voice that I have ever heard. The effect was magical; involuntarily every man of us 'might have been seen' with gropped cards, leaning our heads pensively upon our hands. 'Each thought of the woman who loved him best.

"Never have I heard, my dear Augusta, such a penetrative, haunting voice. Well, all our imptoring and insisting demands upon Hayward failed to force him to uplift the veil and reveal the fair songstress. And for this reason, we all surmised; her form and face belied her voice, and Hayward find how a blunt downright fellow like would not for the worlds have destroyed myself is ready with good advice. And the suggestive effect. Indeed, upon reflection, and assisted somewhat by N---'s technical musical perception, I was convinced that the voice had the one rift in its divine lute of incipient 'A faded prima donna,' Ntense power outlived her life. You know it is said that no actress can adequately play the part of Shakespeare's heroines until the bloom of youth is past, and consequently the thrilling

"At any rate, the song-like the 'one look of passion' that Lamartine says 'sweeps the keys' of that charming 'instrument,' the face of youth-swept the keys of our somewhat inured but not

accord of material and immaterial is

yet age-worn hearts. "But Augusta, my dear friend—since you will only allow me to call you by you see the rampant meles of vandals who have just flocked into my not spa-

clous room, you would know why. is good, we may remain at the island till Saturday; so do not be anxious if you receive no word till Monday's mail. Meanwhile accept, with my reminiscence of the sweetest music I ever heard, the dearest idealization of friendship that so far has blessed the fond but frowned-on heart of your faithful

CHARLES." Not one of Tom Hayward's comrades conjectured the reason of his refusal -made at the last moment—to accompany the fishing excursion planned by himself.

Twilight of that memorable day found him at the now carefully kept locked gateway of his cave, exploring the labels of manifold packages deposited upon the broad paying stone curbing of the postern gate. All sorts of the most effeminate delicacies these packages held. The jovial cave had become a tender hospice. Tom Hayward was entertaining a guest. As he summed up mentally the contents of these packages, his face-a kind, frank, not particularly intellectual, but essentially manly face, wore an infinitely satisfied

He found his guest in the dimly lighted interior reclining upon a couch; but the moment that he uttered the signal which in the first emotion of pleaaure he forgot, she sprang up to meet

"No more of these wild nights for you," he said, presently. "My friends are all going away till the end of the week. You shall have your rest in peace. A faithful watchman will be stationed just outside your curtain at your feet. Yes, truly, I have come to stay—for good: are you glad?"
"Oh, so glad!" said the girl. "And
last night I did not die of fright."

"Why not?" "Because a mask is being drawn over the cruel face. And it is your hand, my benefactor-can I ever be grateful to you enough?-that has done this. I begin to see afar off—oh, but very far offi—that life is or may be, might be,

perhaps, sweet." "My dear child," said Hayward, 'depend upon it, life is a treat. The past-your past, I mean-is simply a bad dream. Consider it so; and now awake. Come and show me where l shall put some of these things which I found dropped down for you at my

Ah, the strange, unworld-like, child like, devout happiness of that night Hayward actually beguiled his guest into the extravaganza of smiles, the unknown rarity of her young lips.

Had the whole aspect of her place of refuge been less strange, less unreal and like a dream; had her rescuer been less off-hand, debonair, and boyishly kind and good; less inherently chivalric, and so apart from any being she cavern itself, and the simple black and had known, the mental shock which white of paper and ink can hardly do had left her nothing in life of hope, and color; the draperies of copper-colored excitement of the rough mode of her satin Orientally embroidered in bril- advent to the cave, would not have been so readily counteracted. This place of rest was to her a complete new world. She had been dead, and come to life. Her experience was a realization of "an opening paradise," until memory should be re-established, and life, that never loses itself in more than momentary dreams, should catch up its lost links. Reaction came. One day when Hay-

ward had been absent many hours, he returned with something like an expression of care, and "to have," he said, "a serious talk."

He had thrown himself into an armchair with a weary air, and his guest drew a cushion near, and seated herself at his feet. It was the nearest attitude of affection she had assumed; it expressed gratitude, the trusting subscr-vience of her heart. "I will not ask you," he said-"you

know I have not asked you for days-to tell me anything of the history of your past. It is enough for me to know that this woman here is you. I trust you perfectly, as you trust me; but I can no longer shelter you here. I knew this could be but a brief haven for you from the first; and I have been studiously making arrangements for you such as seem for the present best. I want you to-morrow morning to arrange your little wardrobe-awkwardly chosen, I fear it is, I am such a novice; and at noouthat is the time when we are most de serted here-I shall have a carriage

waiting for you at the brow of the cliff." The girl while he was speaking had turned deadly pale; she leaned her head, with a sigh of pain, against his knee. "I made a solemn vow," said Hayward-"a resolution, I mean, to myself-that while you remained my guest in this cave I-would not speak to you of any thing that has bearings upon outside life. But to-morrow I shall be released from this voluntary restraint. I shall visit you to-morrow evening in the house where I have arranged to have you brought, and then you will always"-for she looked grief-stricken beyond power of words to express-"always, forever—you know this—for ever your friend."

It was nine o'clock by his watch when Hayward left his cave. He returned at eleven. He was priding himself, as he descended the steps, that impressible as he had been to the charms of his guest -complete, incomparable, they seemed to him in form and voice and mindand clearly as he had seen that gratitude in her was the quick key of love, the key that his hand held—he had never, in tenderness for her isolation, conveyed to her by word or look the passionate thought which assured him day and night that this waif of the wild sea was the woman among all women destined to be nearest his heart. He prided himself upon the silence

that was to wreak upon him from that hour forth the ceaseless slaying of re-Unlooking the gate, he gave the sig-

hal of return; he entered the enshrining space with the joyous pulse of ex-pectation. The silence at first did not shock him, the emptiness of the dimiy illuminated corridor opening upon the wide sea did not at once alarm. He waited for the tremulous uplifting of that curtain which had become to him deliciously mysterious, like the veil of a

He waited, but she came not. He sought her at last with the wild impulse of one stricken with the remorselike dread of an inevitable fate What storms swept through his breast as he tore each curtain from its place, as he stretched his greping hand into each darkling niche, as he knew step by step the growing knowledge that she had left him, that she was gone—gone back forever into the breast of the dark wave upon whose speet she had been one moment lifted to see that life may be, might be, perhaps, sweet; what storms swept his breast, the wildest leap and most despairing walling of the sea, that year and year dashed up beside the lonely cavern to teach it the woes of the vast abyss, were in comparison but a

fairy ripple and a whispered laugh.

Every heart hides its own Avernus. But strange it seems that a man like Tom Hayward, the jovial boon-companioh of careless, fortunate young men, the bright-hearted favorite of the girls, the generous, the gay, the smil-ing, honored guest at the feast of life, should have learned that fatal descent.

In the midst of some convivial scene, in the midst of music and of dance, there comes into his frank, bright eyes a dimming, absent-minded glauce.

In the very sanctum of his soul one passionate dear remembrance drags from the flower-strewn field of earth the beautiful doomed Proserpine of his life.

Double Windows.

Nothing is more effective to keep out cold than double windows; the layer of air between two panes of glass is a good non-conductor of heat, and can only transmit it from the inside outward by convection, that is, by a circulation of the enclosed air, which will descend along the outer cold window pane and ascend along the inner warm pane. The radiated heat, which, at temperatures below 100 degrees Fahrenheit, is very weak through glass, is of course smaller still through double glass; then the inconvenience of glass becoming covered with frost during cold weather is done away with, if the enclosed air is

Some time ago we communicated a suggestion, made by some builder, to insert two panes of glass, one on the outside and one on the inside of the same frame, having rabbets on both course of time it will in some way or other get into such a condition as to need cleaning; then when the glasses are so close together, the protection against the outer cold is less effective

than if a greater mass of air is included. In very cold countries, like Russia, Sweden or Canada, the need of such protection is more felt than with us: but even here it is often adopted in exposed localities when the parties can afford the luxury. Thus all the houses on Brooklyn Heights, enjoying the magnificent view of New York Harbor, and those on Washington Heights, enjoying the view of the Hudson River and the Palligades, are fully exposed to the strong and cold blasts of the northwest winter winds, and are all provided at the west and north sides with double windows, the absolute necessity of which has become more and more evident for the comfort of the inmates Such a double window may serve another purpose, and be used as a little greenhouse; when exposed to the sun, the solar heat is stored up in them, and in France some persons grow different plants and even grapes in them in Winter .- Manufacturer and Builder.

Character. The character of a man's life affects the gutter where it is generated. It air of the whole street, and all who odor. There is a moral atmosphere in contribute some ingredient. We spread contagion through it or we make it pure and healthy. We cannot remain part of the whole and the whole is affected by the part. Sin is contagious, and therefore we have no right to harbor it in our hearts. Impropriety is a crime not alone against ourselves, not alone against God, but also against mankind. The voice of the entire race is lifted in protest against the crime and the criminal. Every day is a day of judgment, and the moral sense of the whole world pronounces condemnation ipon every man that doeth evil .- Golden

Indian Corn.

It is generally supposed that our Indian corn, or maize, is a native of America, having been found among the Indians at the time of the discovery of the country. But nothing is known in regard to its native country beyond mere tradition, as it has never been found growing wild anywhere. The Japanese seem to have been well acquainted with maize for a long time and possess varieties of which we knew nothing until of late years; but whether they procured it originally from America, or the Americans from Japan, will probably ramain one of the unsolved main, problems.

Offerings of the season—Twenty cents on the dellar.

First Experiences of a Chinese Dinner. At dinner, we had all sorts of queer

dishes, many of them very palatable; but alas! for me, there were only chopsticks to eat with! And my predicament was very much that of the stork when invited to dine with the fox. All my essays were in vain; the dainty titbits I was longing to taste would not be coaxed between the ends of my delicately carved chop-sticks, and my eating was a very burlesque, which my gentlemanly host and his well-bred family vainly tried not to notice. At length he apologized by saying that he supposed I would prefer, at a Chinese table. to use the chop-sticks; and he then ordered a knife, fork and spoon to be brought for me. Tea was served in thuy silver tea-pots that held less than half a pint, and each was placed on a silver waiter with fine little porcelain cups, without saucers or spoons, sugar or cream. This is the way the Chinese always drink tea, and one of these miniature services is placed before each guest, while a servant stands by to pour the tea and replenish the tea-pot when

After dinner we had some music. several games were played for my special entertainment, and my host howed me a rare collection of paintings done by the famous artist, Lang Qua. 1 was urged to remain for the night, but were ordered to the door, and, attended hospitable entertainers. As the presents were all wrapped in tissue paper, I did not examine them till I reached my own home. Each contained the card of the donor; a pair of vases from the lady of the house, a silver card-case from her husband, a wreath of wax flowers, only less lovely than her own fair self, from the gentle bride, and a pair of chopsticks, with which, I have no doubt, the donor thought I needed special practice, from the waggish younger son of mine host .- St. Nicholas.

Incidents of Life in Paris.

Two well-known Parisians, who are now independent of fortune, but who once were her slaves, stopped a few evenings since in front of the ticket office of the vaudeville; both were embarrassed. One said: "How stupid I am! Would you believe it; I have come out without my purse?" The other replied: "Well, I am in still werse plight; I have just paid the last cent I had." The former smiled: "What ungrateful dogs we are! Prosper has made us forget our old, our best friend-the pawnbroker's shop is round the corner -we both have our watches."

A diner out says that three evenings sides; this may do for economy, but is subject to the objection that the inside cannot be cleaned without taking the cannot be can since he went to dine with some new dinner time. As he put his foot on the first step of the staircase he heard loud melons, asparagus, etc., which are words, screams, tumult—and before he heated by hot water. These gardens first step of the staircase he heard loud could prick up his ears, down came a are considered the most complete in tureen of soup, rolling, tumbling, the world, and are surrounded by 1800 bounding, breaking, rattling, clatter ing, distributing beef tea, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, shin, rags of meat, and fragments of porcelain right and left, front and back. The culinary cyclone past, he, finding himself even unstained, kept up stairs. Dinner was announced soon after he had saluted his hosts. They took seats at the table. The servant brought on a turbot. The husband said to his wife: "My angel, tell our friend the bill of fare !" Sueher face wreathed in charming smiles said, "New, you blockhead, you need answered: "No, darling, that duty is the host's." He therefore easily said: Well, I must give you warning that we have adopted the English custom. We never have soup."

Beans in a Barrel.

The Lowell (Mass) Courier says: "One day last week a party in a wholesale country produce store in this city proposed a guessing match in regard to them with perfect confidence. From the number of pea beans in a barrel of every brood born in her preserves she that vegetable. There were several selects the best "layers" to raise, and grocers in the store and their estimates varied from 40,000 to 4,000,000, all giving wild guesses. It was ascertained thousands besides himself. Wickedness that there are about 566,000 pea-beaus in cannot be kept inside of a man's heart a full barrel; this result being obtained any more than stench can be kept in by counting the number of beans in a pound weight, and multiplying that by spreads abroad and mingles with the the number of pounds in the barrel. This of course would give only an appass the spot must breathe of its tainted | proximate number, as the figures for each pound will very probably vary which we all live and to which we all slightly, and the stated number of pounds in a barrel may also vary. gentleman of an advanced mathematical education who happened in was asked by ourselves any more than the drop of to guess the number of beans. He water can remain by itself when it is reached a result by measuring one bean, it was one of the most characteristic fallen into the stream. We become a and then figuring how many of the practices of ancient Seythians It is and then figuring how many of the beans could be put in the barrel. He placed the number in the barrel at 2,000 less than the result obtained by the easier method of calculation, and his figures may be even more correct than Naga tribes use the scalping-knife those by the loose method."

Friends.

There are friends who are friends only for the hour, friends for the noontide and the flood; they have no real rooting, as you discover if your horizon gets clouded over and foul weather comes in place of fair, if your rushing waters run dry and your goodly ves-sels are stranded on the beach. These are the parasites of life, the clinging growths which twine round the stronger trees and, may be, strangle them before they die. And there are the real friends, who, if you get into trouole, stick closer to you than a brother. and who only need to be tested to show that they are of pure gold all through. But this kind is apt to be a little stiff and stately when things go well with you, and you feel it rather hard that you must be in sorrow or distress before you can get the starch out of them, would rather they were more familar now, if less devoted then-content to discount the chances of the future for the advantage and pleasure of FOOD FOR THOUGHT, IVE BOLD

----A homospathic knight-Aconite.

Water can come and go when It is

Too thin-The soles of most fadies walking shoes.

Railroad cars rarely stop without & break down.

Hair is the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the annual most say, 'I gelic nature, and may almost say, 'I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—Leigh Hunt.

If a chemical lamp with a clean wick be filled with a mixture of alcohol and glycerine, in equal proportions, the ressult will prove as useful as that from pure alcohol, and will continue intil the last drop of fluid shall have been consumed. When the lamp has been laid aside, however, even the pretection of a ground glass cap will not prevent the wick from becoming clogged and unfit, without washing for subse-

Every man hath a kingdom within himself. Reason, as the Princess, preferring to return, the sedan chairs dwells in the highest and inwardest room; the senses are the guard and itby the son of my host, I took my de-parture, loaded with gifts from my aid nothing is admitted into the presence; the supreme faculties (as will, memory, &c.) are the peers; the out-ward parts and inward affections are the commons; violet passions are tobels who disturb the common peace.

Howell Buxton said: "Phe longer live, the more I am certain that athe great difference between men-between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy-invincible determination-a purpose, ones fixed, and then, death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no cir-cumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man with-

In a closet near the door of the church of St. Nicholas, at Leipelc, is the pulpit in which Martin Luther, the Reformer, preached. The pulpit of the celebrated Richard Baxter is still preserved in the vestry of the Unitarian Church at Kidderminister. It is small, and of the octagonal form. In the front of it, near the top, are the words, in yellow letters, "Praise ye the Lord" and on the four front panels are the words "Daw widow gave this."

The Royal Gardens of England, near Frogmore, are thirty miles in extent, six feet in length, and pits for forcing acres of magnificent grounds stocked with deer

An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart-the front board behind and the tail board in front, which made the old gentleman very trritable. To prevent blunders, he painted on both boards a large "B," then calling Pat to him and showing him the boards make no mistake, as they are now both marked. This (pointing to die board) is B' for before, and that (indicating the tail board) is B' for behind, whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

A woman in Paris has established an institution for the propagation of the ant species. She has inured herself, to the stings of her pet insects and handles their eggs are sold at a fair price to bird fanciers as food for pheasants. She has a number of agents continually sconring the forests in the ratal districts of France and capturing large nests of ants, which they send to her. Her ant house is kept a good distance from the city, and therefore is no nuisance to neighbors, and is a positive blessing to thousands of farming peo-

It seems that the practice of scalping is not peculiar to the North American Indian. A query put forth in nature draws out the following information on the subjebt: Herodotus mentions that practices of ancient Scythians It is said that the custom still prevails among the wild tribes of the frontier in the north-eastern district of Bengal. The Friend of India remarks that "The with a ferocity that is only equaled by the American Indians; and the scalps are carefully preserved as evidences of their prowess and vengeance over their enemies. On the death of a chief all the scalps taken by him during his warlike careers are burned with his remains."

Among Anderson's peculiarities was a mortal fear of dogs. He once wrote to an intimate friend residing in Geneva that he meant to come to pay him a visit, and would arrive on a certain day. The family possessed a large but perfectly gentle and very intelligent Newfoundland dog, which, in anticipation of the poet's visit, was carefully chained up. The day appointed for his arrival came, but no Anderson made his appearance. Days and weeks succeeded, and still he did not come. At last the family received a letter from him post-marked Nice. "Dear friends" he wrote, "I arrived at your house on the day I stated, but when I got to the gate I saw such a big dog in the yard that I did not dare to go in, and so I took the first train to Italy."