

# THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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### WAITING.

Learnt to wait—life's hardest lesson.  
Conced perchance, through blinding tears,  
While the heart throbs sadly echo  
To the tread of passing years.

Learnt to wait—hope's slow fruition;  
Faint not though the way seems long;  
There is joy in each condition,  
Hearts through suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, how'er welcome,  
Ne'er could ripen fruit or flower;  
Giant oaks owe half their greatness  
To the scathing tempe's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow,  
Aims not to a higher state;  
Joy seeks not a brighter morn'—  
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness  
Spring not from life's sunny side;  
Heroes must be more than driftwood  
Floating on a waveless tide.

### The Gold Chain.

A dreary November twilight. Dead  
leaves raining down at every gust of  
the heaviest wind—strange, spiky  
scents rising out of the ground—and a  
new moon hanging like a sickle of  
blood over the purpled dark of the  
southerly sky.

Dreary and chilly; a dying year;  
a fast gathering dusk; yet the windows  
of Mrs. Oxgate's old brown farm-house  
hung out their cheery signals behind  
the fringed cotton curtains, and when  
the kitchen door opened you could see  
the red shine of the blazing logs, the  
figures coming and going, like a minia-  
ture magic lantern.

It was Dora Oxgate who opened it,  
and came flitting out to the well, with  
a scarlet shawl fastened over her head,  
and an empty cedar pail in her hand.  
As her light feet pattered over the car-  
pet of autumn leaves in the pathway,  
she sang a snatch of a good old-fash-  
ioned hymn.

"My goodness alive! What's that?"  
For as the words trilled sweetly from  
her tongue, a tall, dark figure had risen  
from the low wooden bench under the  
apple tree, whose boughs overhung  
the well.

"Don't be alarmed," said a deep,  
sweet contralto, with a scornful intona-  
tion in its sound. "It's only me,  
Dora. Joanna Einfeld. What then?  
Have I fallen so low that I am no longer  
worthy to sit beneath the old apple  
tree? If so, tell me at once, and I'll  
quit."

"You know that I am Joanna Einfeld,"  
said Dora, "and I am not a beggar,  
nor a poor creature, now-a-days," said Joanna,  
picking at the mangy fringe of the  
frayed rag of a shawl. "I was tired. I  
wanted a drink of water, so I came to  
the old well. 'I'll go away if you  
say so.'"

"Joanna," said Dora, hesitatingly,  
"are you hungry?" "Hungry?" No. There's a sort of  
craving, though, in my stomach, which  
is next to it, I suppose."

"Would you like something to eat?"  
"I don't beg," said Dora.  
"Wait a minute, Joanna."  
Like an arrow, Dora Oxgate sped  
back into the house, where her thrifty  
mother was just setting the teapot on  
the table. Fresh baked waffles steamed  
on one side, but biscuits were piled in  
drifts of snow on the other; preserves  
gleamed redly through the cut-glass  
walls of the tall dish, and limpid honey  
oozed from a lump of comb. For Mrs.  
Deacon Peabody and her daughter  
Comfort had come to tea, and Mrs.  
Oxgate was a housewife to be excelled  
by none.

"Come, Dora, quick with that  
water," said Mrs. Oxgate. "And shut  
the door. What do you suppose is the  
use of fires, if—"

"Mother," said Dora, speaking in a  
slightly embarrassed tone, "Joanna Einfeld  
is out by the well! She is cold and  
hungry, and—"

chance is to be found in—drink!"  
"Oh, Joanna, I am so sorry for you."  
"Sorry! Say that again, lass! People  
have mostly left off being sorry for  
me," said Joanna, with a hard laugh.  
"But listen, Joanna. Do be serious.  
Won't you try to do differently?"  
"I am not so bad as folks think me.  
Dora Oxgate, except for the horrid  
craving for drink, I have been nothing  
worse than wild and willful. Believe  
me, child, for it is God's truth. Only,  
when a girl gets on the down hill every  
Christian man or woman think it their  
duty to give her yet another push?"  
"Then will you try to retrieve your  
own self?"

"How can I? What is there left for  
me?"  
"Your subdu'd voice, Joanna."  
"You would have me sing myself in-  
to respectability, eh? And in the  
meantime I should starve."  
"You need not starve, Joanna.  
Here!"

Quick as lightning, she drew a small  
gold chain, with a gold locket shaped  
like a heart dangling at its ends, from  
her neck.

"Dear Joanna, take this. It is worth  
money I know; and it is all that I have  
in the world to give! Sell it, and use  
the money for your needs."  
Joanna Einfeld stared vaguely at the  
gleaming trinket.

"Are you in earnest, Dora?"  
"Of course I am. Hush! Mother is  
calling me. I must go."  
"God bless you for this," said Joanna  
huskily. "And, Dora—one word  
more: I am only Joanna Einfeld, but—  
if you will, let me kiss you just once—"

By way of answer Theodora Oxgate  
threw her arms around the tall girl's  
neck, and pressed her soft red lips close  
to the other's cold mouth. As she did  
so something flashed on her cheek—  
a hot, round tear.

The next minute Joanna Einfeld dis-  
appeared into the world of shadows  
that was hovering over all the autumn  
landscape. And as she went she mur-  
mured to herself, unconscious that she  
was speaking aloud:

"Some one believes in me yet! In  
me! It's a strange sensation, and yet  
—it give one something to live for, af-  
ter all!"  
"Dora! Theodora! Why don't you  
answer? But no one thinks it worth  
while to listen to me now-a-days!"

It was Mrs. Oxgate's shrill piping  
voice; and Mrs. Oxgate, helpless from  
paralysis, set in her cushioned chair by  
Joanna's doorway.

"What's the mamma?" Dora asked,  
coming to the door.

The Oxgate farm-house had drifted  
sadly to decay. Fences had fallen;  
gardens were overgrown with weeds;  
sunny pasture lands were neglected; grass  
meadows had topped over their own  
weight of harvest. And Mrs. Oxgate  
herself looked, as she sat in the door-  
way, like the very genius of decay.

### American Enterprise.

Recreative power, the will and the  
energy to encounter and overcome dif-  
ficulties, is the leading characteristic of  
Americans as a people. When sudden  
disasters come upon them, instead of  
yielding to depression, they set vigor-  
ously to work and the time usually  
given to lamentation is devoted to the  
repair of damages and the rebuilding of  
a better structure upon either physical  
or financial ruins. Thus have we seen  
a new Chicago rear its head amid the  
ashes of a wide-spread and desolating  
conflagration. The fire swept away the  
wooden edifices and they were replaced  
by marble. We have seen, too, in this  
generation, the greatest civil war of  
modern times raging over every section  
of the country. No sooner, however,  
had the clash of arms ceased than the  
work of reconstruction was recom-  
menced and wise measures adopted to  
remedy again that Union framed by our  
fathers that it might be bequeathed  
"one and inseparable" to our pros-  
perity.

But it is not necessary that we should  
go so far afield for evidences of the  
elasticity of the American character.  
On the 9th of November last a fire broke  
out in that pioneer and most popular  
of watering-places, Cape May City,  
which, in a few short hours, swept  
away all the large hotels, with a single  
exception, together with the humbler  
but handsome cottages inhabited dur-  
ing the summer months by private  
families. Everywhere the eye turned  
was one scene of devastation and desola-  
tion. To all intents and purposes  
Cape May City was utterly destroyed.

Under such circumstances what was  
the action taken by those most deeply  
interested? Did they idly fold their  
arms and relinquish all hopes aban-  
don themselves to despair? This was  
not the true American spirit. On the  
contrary, while the embers were still  
smouldering, they took a calm survey  
of the entire field. The New Jersey  
railroad company (operated by the  
Pennsylvania railroad company) which  
has already done so much in the way  
of speedy and safe transportation for  
that city by the sea, came nobly to the  
front and offered to deliver building  
materials either at reduced rates or free  
of cost. Temporary tracks were built  
to facilitate the moving of heavy  
freights. The City Councils agreed to  
exempt the larger hotels, when rebuilt,  
from taxation for the term of five years.  
An impulse was thus given to the work  
of reconstruction and the following  
improvements have been commenced  
which will be completed in time for the present  
season.

The new Congress Hall, a brick struc-  
ture of 200 rooms, about half the capacity  
of the former building. It is four  
stories high, the upper being mansard  
roof. It extends 100 feet east and west,  
and 200 feet north and south, located  
fifty feet farther on the lawn, and the  
west wing being much nearer the sea  
than formerly, the end being opposite  
the West End House on Congress  
street, but only extending half across  
the lawn. Washington street is to be  
cut through from Perry to Congress,  
and the office, main entrance, etc., is  
on Washington street. The kitchens,  
etc., are one story and placed on Perry  
street, half-way between the former  
hotel office and the sea.

Mr. Geo. Fryer's cottage, foot of  
Perry street, is up and the third story  
is joint crossed. It is being weather-  
boarded. The Avenue House of Mrs.  
Michael Biern, in front of Fryer's, is  
having the basement dug, and will go  
up at once to be done by May 15. Mr.  
Doughty is still to conduct it. King's  
cottage, foot of Jackson street, is partly  
raised and laid. He is excavating  
cellars on Decatur street, where the cot-  
tages were burned there. Victor Denitz  
is raising his house at the foot of Decatur  
street. It is much larger than the  
cottage. Mr. A. McConnell's cottage,  
half burned, is nearly rebuilt, and Mr.  
Rudolph's, which was but slightly dam-  
aged, is entirely finished. Mr. Mc-  
Connell will rebuild the house adjoining  
his, which was wholly consumed.

Mr. Jere E. Mearry is raising his cot-  
tage on Jackson street, alongside of the  
Centre House site. He will not rebuild  
the Centre. The Stockton bath house  
site is graded ready for the structures.  
They and Mr. King's are to be two  
stories high—a novelty here. On How-  
ard street, Mr. Robb's cottage is up,  
enclosed and under roof. The Chal-  
fente addition of 110 feet is drawing to  
completion. The Whitney cottage, foot  
of Congress street, is to be con-  
verted into a roomy hotel for 200 people.  
The Stockton House is to have an ad-  
dition, but ground is not broken for  
either it or Whitney's yet.

It is said the West Jersey railroad  
will run its rails to Sea Grove and the  
steamboat landing this summer. The  
cross-ties are lying at the creek bridge  
on Broadway, and stakes are driven  
across the Mark Devine property and  
marsh for half a mile. The stake struck  
the creek half a mile west of the Excur-  
sion House, and rumor says it follows  
the beach after leaving Mark Devine's  
land. The U. S. authorities will not  
allow the locomotive to cross near the  
light-house tower, as the jar will injure  
the structure. Mr. Nash, of Philadel-  
phia, formerly of the Arctic House here,  
has the Excursion House this summer.

Mr. Brolosky's summer cottage here  
has the columns supporting the veran-  
dahs of both stories, made from the  
rough trunks of cedars as they grew in  
the woods, barked, but with the knots  
prominent where the branches were  
hewn off. The brackets are formed

from the natural branch left on the  
trunk.

Dr. Emile P'hyssick's super residence,  
near Schellenger's Landing, awaits a  
change in the weather to enable the  
plasterers to proceed with their work.

Capt. W. H. Mills is about to rebuild  
his house, burnt January 4th, on  
Washington street.

The Columbia House will very prob-  
ably go up again on the lawn close to  
the sea, strong talk to that effect now  
prevailing on the street.

Thus almost before the roar of the  
flames had ceased there will rise again  
on the shores of the Atlantic renewed,  
regenerated, though not a more salu-  
bricious or popular Cape May.

Facts of a most curious kind are on  
record concerning the court-cards of  
honor in France, during the eventful  
series of years when King, Republic,  
and Emperor took the lead in turn. In  
effacing the signs and emblems of Roy-  
alty at the commencement of the Revolu-  
tion, the change did not destroy the  
passion for play, either in intention or  
effect. By granting freedom of trade  
to the card-makers (the manufacture  
having been 'til then a State monopoly),  
more facilities for play than were  
afforded. But the passion for persecuting  
Royalty extended to bits of paste-board  
as well as to more important matters;  
kings and queens of all the suits were  
proscribed. The kings were supplanted  
by sages, savants, and emblematic  
personages; the queen had to make  
room for ladies emblematical of freedom  
of marriage, of worship, of the press,  
and of commerce; while the valets or  
knights were displaced by Roman  
heroes, warriors, and even sans culottes,  
according to the taste of the artist.

When the military achievements of the  
First Napoleon had given a new turn to  
the revolutionary fever, card-players  
evinced a liking for the old-fashioned  
court-cards. Napoleon, when he be-  
came Emperor, turned his eagle glance  
to the pictures on playing-cards as well  
as to the conquest and annexation of  
Kingdoms. The painter David was  
commissioned to prepare new designs;  
and during a few years many artistic  
packs were produced. For some reason  
or other, those designs did not become  
popular; card-players asked for the old  
pattern, and their demand was complied  
with. The Bourbon, after the fall of  
Napoleon, had little other alteration to  
make in the current style of playing-  
cards than to substitute the fleur-de-lis  
of their house for the eagle of the Em-  
pire. Some attempts have been made  
in France during the last sixty years  
to introduce new and more graceful  
designs, but in vain; the winners of  
four by honors at whist still cling fondly  
to their dear old absurdly-grotesque  
picture-cards. The backs are often  
very beautiful in color and artistic in  
design, but king, queen, and knave  
retain their nondescript character.

**Rearing Sponges by Artificial Means.**  
During the past few years, Dr. Oscar  
Schmidt, professor of Zoology at the  
University of Graz, and a well-known  
authority on sponges, has employed  
several weeks of the early summer in  
artificially producing and rearing the  
bath sponge. His labors have met with  
such success that his system has been  
adopted by the Austrian Government,  
and is now carried out on the coast of  
Dalmatia. It has for some time been  
a well-known fact that several families  
of zoophytes have such great powers  
of reproduction, that a portion of one  
will grow and form on an entire new  
body. Dr. Schmidt has taken advan-  
tage of this property, his process being  
to cut the sponge into pieces, fasten  
each portion to a pile, and immerse it  
in the sea. The pieces then grow, and  
eventually from each one a spherical  
sponge is obtained. According to the  
estimates of Dr. Schmidt, a small piece  
of sponge at the end of three years will  
represent a value of about ten cents.  
The total cost of raising 4000 sponges,  
including the interest on the expended  
capital for three years, is estimated at  
\$45, and the income at about \$80, leav-  
ing, therefore, a net profit of \$35.  
There is no doubt that the practice of  
this new branch of industry will prove  
a source of considerable benefit to the  
inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast.

**Prolonged Torpidity of the Toads.**  
Professor J. A. Allen, of Cambridge,  
states that he saw a large number of  
toads taken from the mud of a well  
which had been closed for twenty years.  
The animals were apparently lifeless,  
being quite motionless, but after being  
drawn up and exposed to the air their  
legs began to twitch after a few mo-  
ments and their eyes slowly to open  
and close. In two or three minutes  
they so far recovered as to hop about,  
and shortly after became as bright if  
they had not been sound asleep for the  
last score of years. The tempera-  
ture of the mud in which they were  
found was about 45 degrees which was  
no doubt maintained throughout the  
year, and as this is very nearly to that  
of ponds corresponding where hibernate  
in winter, Professor Allen thinks that  
this prolonged torpidity was caused by  
a continued uniformity of temperature  
and that he sees no reason why it  
should not have been protracted indefi-  
nitely.

Since the improvements in machin-  
ery 1,500,000 men not do as much as  
9,000,000 men did in former times.

The most suitable times for felling  
timber, as regards its good qualities, is  
in mid-winter and in mid-summer.

### An Indian Juggler's Tricks.

There was nothing very remarkable  
in the appearance or dress of our con-  
juror. An elderly man, short and  
sparely made, dressed in dingy white  
cotton, with very tight sleeves to his  
robe and very tight legs to his drawers,  
he might have been a respectable ser-  
vant out of place, but actually was a  
small land owner who had taken to con-  
juring for his amusement. When he  
entered the room he spread a white  
cloth upon the floor and sat down upon  
it with his back to the wall, the door  
of the room being on his right hand.  
His spectators were disposed of in the  
following fashion. Mr. Smyth sat on  
a chair nearly in the middle of the  
room, I was sitting on a stool near the  
door, the Parsee merchant stood in the  
door-way about arms length from me.  
The servants stood about in groups, the  
largest group being between the door  
and the conjurer. As soon as he had  
settled himself he turned to the Parsee  
and asked for the loan of a rupee. The  
peddler at first demurred a little, but  
on being guaranteed against loss, he  
produced the coin. He was going to  
put it into the conjurer's hand, but the  
latter refused and told the Parsee to  
hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer.

The bearer took it and at the request  
of the conjurer, looked at it and declar-  
ed it to be really a rupee. The conjur-  
er then told him to hand it to his mas-  
ter. Mr. Smyth took it, and then fol-  
lowed this dialogue:

Conjurer—Are you sure that is a ru-  
pee.  
Smyth—Yes.  
Conjurer—Close your hand on it and  
hold it tight. Now think of some coun-  
try in Europe, but do not tell me your  
thoughts.

Then the conjurer ran over the  
names of several countries, such as  
France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and  
America—for the native of India is un-  
der the impression that America is in  
Europe! After a moment's pause, Mr.  
Smyth said he had thought of a coun-  
try.

"Then open your hand," said the jugg-  
ler; "see what you have got and tell  
me if it is a coin of the country you  
thought of." It was a five-franc piece  
and Mr. Smyth had thought of France.  
He was going to hand the coin to the  
conjurer, but the latter said, "no pass  
it to the other sahib." Mr. Smyth ac-  
cordingly put the five-franc piece into  
my hand; I looked closely at it, then  
shut my hand and thought of Russia.  
When I opened it I found, not a Rus-  
sian but a Turkish silver piece about  
the size of a five franc piece or of our  
own crown piece. This I handed to  
Mr. Smyth and suggested that he name  
America, which he did, and found a  
Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin,  
whatever it was, had never been in the  
conjurer's hand from the time the rupee  
was borrowed from the Parsee mer-  
chant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer turned  
over the five franc piece, the Turk-  
ish coin and the dollar; so the trick did  
not depend on a reversible coin. In-  
deed, it could not, for the coin under-  
went three changes, as has been seen.  
I need only add for the information of  
those who know not India, that a ru-  
pee is only about the size of a florin  
and therefore about half the weight of  
a five franc piece. The juggler per-  
formed several other tricks that day,  
but they were of a common-place kind  
and in no way comparable to the coin  
trick, which I have never seen rivalled  
by any conjurer in India or Europe.

**The Intelligent Monkey.**  
"Monkeys," says an Arabic proverb,  
"can talk perfectly well if they choose  
so to do; but they are far too clever to  
let us into their secret. Well they  
know that, were they to speak, they  
would be made to work; so they wisely  
hold their tongues. If certain strange  
stories that have recently reached our  
hemisphere from the distant realm of  
Siam be founded upon fact, the "incom-  
plete man," as some German physio-  
logists describe our respected ancestor,  
whose fondness for apples is considered  
to have exercised considerable influ-  
ence upon the destinies of humanity, is  
made to work in several ways, dis-  
pense his affected ignorance of articu-  
late language. His prudent science  
avails him naught in the domain of the  
White Elephant; and there are—at  
least so we are assured by an old Aus-  
trian resident at the Siamese Court—  
few professions which he may not be  
taught to practice with amazing skill  
and admirable precision. He is trained  
to fish for crabs with his tail, as com-  
ical a pursuit as can well be imagined,  
except, perhaps, for the worthy and  
intelligent ape engaged in it, who  
sometimes gets a "bite" from a monster  
crab that he is totally unable to land,  
and falls a victim to the superior weight  
of his Cancer Ferox, who drags him in-  
to the water, drowns, and finally de-  
vours him. The Siamese ape is also  
stated to be in great request among na-  
tive merchants as a cashier in their  
counting-houses. Vast quantities of  
base coin obtain circulation in Siam,  
and the faculty of discrimination be-  
tween good money and bad would appear  
to be possessed by these gifted monkeys  
in such an extraordinary degree of  
development that no mere human be-  
ing, however carefully trained, can  
compete with them. The cashier ape  
mediately puts into his mouth each  
coin presented to him in business pay-  
ments, and tests it with grave delibera-  
tion. If it be genuine, he hands it over  
to his master. If it be counterfeit, he  
sets it down on the counter before him  
with a solemn grimace of displeasure.  
His method of testing is regarded in

### commercial circles as infallible; and,

as a matter of fact, his decision is un-  
iformly accepted by all parties inter-  
ested in the transaction. But, though a  
true and invaluable servant to his own  
particular master, it seems that his moral  
character is not altogether irreproach-  
able. His deplorable passion  
for fruit renders him the terror of Siam-  
ese market gardeners, who find brute  
force inadequate to restrain him from  
visiting their orchards, and therefore  
have recourse to divers and sundry  
stratagems, one of which is reported to  
be as successful as it is certainly inge-  
nious. A specially active and enter-  
prising ape is captured and carefully  
served up in the skin of a street cat. He  
is then turned loose in the orchard of  
his predilection, and straightway  
climbers, as well as he may, incumbered  
by an unfamiliar garment, into the  
branches of a fruit tree among his un-  
clothed fellows. Scarcely do these latter  
set eyes upon him, with all his fear-  
ful terrors upon him, when a dreadful  
panic strikes them, and they scramble  
away with piercing, screeching and  
agonized chattering. Never more do  
they return to an orchard which they  
believe to be infested by the deadliest  
enemy of their race. The startling in-  
telligence is rapidly disseminated  
throughout the monkey society of the  
neighborhood, and the wily gardeners  
enjoy an absolute immunity from de-  
predation forever afterward, for the  
very thought of a tiger cat appals the  
Siamian soul, and doubtless the tale of  
"the awful apparition in Tingitise's or-  
chard" is handed down in quadrum-  
mular families from generation to gen-  
eration.

**A Cool, Courageous Man.**  
General Pasley, of the Royal Engi-  
neers, was noted for his bravery and  
coolness. His patient, conscientious  
toil at the details of whatever work he  
undertook, was as remarkable as his  
courage. He was once experimenting on  
the strength of cements. A large stone,  
a ton in weight, had been cemen-  
ted to another, and both were sus-  
pended in the air by means of a clamp  
inserted in the latter.

Pasley, inspecting the joint, looked  
around, above, from below, walking  
under the mass, and scrutinizing it in  
every direction. Just as he stepped  
from beneath the cement gave way,  
and down fell the heavy block. With-  
out the slightest change of color or  
tone, he turned to his assistant and  
said:

"Do you know I call that an extremely  
unpleasant occurrence. I was just  
beginning to feel confidence in the cemen-  
t, but you see I had no ground for  
satisfaction."

On another occasion he had descend-  
ed with a junior engineer officer in a  
diving-bell, to attend some submarine  
experiment. The chain by which the  
bell was lowered became entangled  
with the air tubes and signal line. The  
supply of air was stopped and the water  
at once steadily rose in the bell.

They could not signal to be hauled  
up, nor could they creep beneath the  
edge of the bell and rise to the surface,  
for it rested on the bottom of the sea.  
Death appeared inevitable; it was a  
question of inches as the water rose  
above the limbs of the officers.

"I confess," said the junior, "I was  
alarmed. But Pasley never changed a  
muscle. He continued talking and  
watching the rise of the water as if  
superintending an experiment. The  
water had risen to our breasts, when  
the men above, receiving no signals,  
became alarmed, and drew up the bell.  
I cannot describe my feelings, but Pas-  
ley took it all as a matter of course."

**Feeding a Python.**  
The following details of a recent at-  
tempt to feed a python now at the Raf-  
fes Museum, Singapore, may be of  
interest as upsetting previous ideas as to  
the certainty of that reptile's attack:

The python in question is a fine speci-  
men, caught on the island for the sake  
of the reward given by the police in  
such cases, and measures about 22 feet  
in length. It has been in my charge  
for about two and a half months, dur-  
ing which time it has not been fed.  
About 10 days since it commenced cast-  
ing its skin, and, as is usual after that  
proceeding, was unusually lively,  
snapping at a stick put into the cage,  
and in one or two instances narrowly  
missing the attendant's hand. The  
reptile, I should mention, escaped from  
its cage just before casting, but having  
taken refuge beneath some odds and  
ends of timber near the museum, was  
recaptured without difficulty, and was  
then placed in a cage about five feet  
square every way. A pariah dog hav-  
ing been obtained, it was introduced,  
muzzled, into the cage, the muzzle be-  
ing then slipped. While entering the  
snake struck twice at the dog's hind-  
quarters, but without seizing it. The  
dog crept into a corner and sat down.  
Two or three more blows were then  
made by the snake, but, as before with-  
out gripping, and the dog was then seen  
to have been struck by the teeth on the  
fore-quarters, the punctures slightly  
bleeding. For nine successive times  
the snake struck at the dog with the  
same ill-success, and as it was then  
growing dark, the shutter of the cage  
was closed. Early next morning the  
snake was found coiled round the dog,  
which it had killed and commenced to  
swallow; but a Malay attendant having  
touched the python with a rod, it un-  
wittingly itself and retreated to a corner  
of the cage, refusing to again touch its  
prey.

### BRIEFS.

—The date of the establishment of  
Sunday schools in England, was the  
year 1784.

—Henry III., last of the Valois Kings  
of France, was assassinated August 1,  
1589.

—The district of Coahuila, Mexico,  
estimates its next coffee crop at 3,000,  
000 pounds.

—In 1815 the average yield of wheat  
in France was eleven bushels to the  
acre, now it is fifteen.

—During 1877, 5,877 persons emigrated  
from the Austro-Hungarian empire,  
and nearly all came to the United  
States.

—Salicylic acid is said to prevent  
sour fermenting when used in con-  
junction with one-fourth of all ounce of  
acid to 30 pounds of honey.

—California is expecting the best  
rain crop this year ever raised in the  
State. It is set as high as 190,000 boxes,  
but conservative accounts set it at  
70,000.

—In 1861 New York State dairy but-  
ter sold as low as 13 to 16 cents per  
pound, at which price thousands of  
packages of fine butter were exported  
to England.

—The Western Texas sheep husband-  
ry has grown immensely. In 1868 San  
Antonio received but 200,000 pounds of  
wool, while in 1878 she received  
2,000,000.

—The Western Methodist book con-  
cern reports sales \$725,761 in 1878,  
an increase of \$67,287 over those of 1877.  
The profits for the year were \$46,396,  
and the net capital \$146,371.

—About thirteen thousand bales of cot-  
ton have been shipped from Milledge-  
ville, Georgia, during the present sea-  
son. It is thought the shipments will  
reach fourteen thousand.