

THE STANDARD.

State Library
Rough

ANTHONY & CROSS, Editors and Publishers.

TERMS: \$1.25 Per Year In Advance.

VOLUME I.

CONCORD, N. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1888.

NUMBER 2.

Comrades.
One steel I have of common clay,
And one no less than regal;
By day I jog on old Saddlebag,
By night I fly upon Eagle;
To store, to market, to field, to mill,
One plods with the fat-off heights,
Nor hears along the par-off heights
The boots of his comrade clatter.
To field, to market, to mill he goes,
Nor sees his comrade gleaming
Where he flies along the purple hills,
Nor the flame from his bridle streaming;
Sees not his track, nor the sparks of fire
So terribly flashing from it,
As they flashed from the track of Alborak
When he bravely carried Mahomet.
One steed, in a few short years, will rust
Under the grasses yonder;
The other will come three centuries hence
To linger and dream and ponder;
And yet both seeds are mine to-day,
The immortal and the mortal;
One beats alone the clouds of earth,
One stamps at heaven's portal.
—[Henry Ames Blood in Century.]

Max Dwight's Reward.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY-PETERS.

Max Dwight was ready for his early tramp to the upland lake where, as he knew, there was a certain out-cropping of roots suited to the manufacture of some rustic benches he had been promising to make for his wife.

Miss Janet accompanied him to the porch of their cottage, carrying Tottie, who in her pink and white prettiness of babyhood, was as like the young mother as the wild rose's bud is like the wild rose.

"The rain must have been heavy above here," remarked Miss Janet, noting the aspect of the creek in the Divide.

The stream, ordinarily tangled like a silver wire among the bowlders and bosky hollows at the base of the ridge, was chafing in its bed, the acceleration of its current betrayed by a muffled roar.

"Yes, when the Otter's boosting along like that, the pit that the mill stands still, and the hands are idle," complained Dwight.

"Don't fret, Max. I'd not get my benches but for the mill machinery being out of gear."

He laughed, kissed her and Tottie, and a moment later was striding down the path to the bridge, whose arches connected the jutting ridge on which he lived with the further side of the Otter. This stream, lower down, did the work of an army of giants, turning the wheels of the mills and factories, in which hundreds of bread-winners daily tumbled. Alluvial bottoms, cultivated farms, village homes of peace and plenty, and countless other evidences of prosperity lay behind Dwight when he had crossed the bridge and turned into the path leading upward to the lake plateau.

Always observant, he noticed that the creek was steadily rising.

"The rain must have flushed the lake considerably," he thought, stopping once to inspect a tangled mat of drift whirling past. "Bless me! if that isn't a lily-pad from the lake's bed. However anything but a hurricane—" He stopped short.

A horrifying fear had throttled him in the rugged path. The morning was instinct with joyousness. To the ear came the matin symphonies of nature; to the eye her harmonies of light, color, movement. Overhead were flocks of swarming cumuli white as fresh washed sheep browsing in a spacious pasturage of the myosotis bloom.

Whence was the menace of evil?

Wrestling with the Shape in the way, as Christian wrestled with Apollyon, Dwight saw, drifting by, another clump of lily-pads, tangled with a vine full of foliage and budding fruit.

"It's a branch of the wild-grape that climbs the sycamore next the lake's rim," came to him with the force of assurance, and casting aside his axe, he sped up the ascent he had been leisurely climbing.

Reaching the plateau, in the midst of whose picturesqueness was embowered the lake, overhanging the defile like a Babylonian garden, he saw, almost to his chagrin, its hundreds of millions of cubic feet of water placidly smiling and dimpling in the sunshine. The rain had not flushed it. Flushed? The lake was lower than its lowest water-mark!

The fear he had shaken off leaped upon him and tore at his vitals again. As his gaze darted along the embankment to the left through which the creek flowed, he saw that the stream was not only momentarily eating its way deeper into the rim, but that, here and there, the embankment showed fissures, indicating an extended dislodgment of the natural supports of the lake basin. A practical engineer himself, Dwight had always entertained a doubt of the stability of that freak of nature—the disproportionate fountain head of Otter Creek. Some day, he had thought, the crazy-fish, the otters, the thawing and the freezing would do their work and then would come the drainage of the great basin.

But not in his day! Oh, no! Not when he had just killed a home for Janet and the black-eyed Tottie right in the shadow of the superincumbent ruin; not while the valley below was

astir with the whirr of mills, the stepping of busy feet along its ways of pleasantness and peace.

But it had come in his day! As he stood staring, a fissure widened and a bold stream shot forth. At the sight he turned and fled down the path. Naturally, his first impulse was to fly with the warning to his wife and child; surely no man could hold him blamable if he should bear these first to a place of safety!

Yet the path by the ridge was not the direct one to the factory settlements. Should he turn aside, there were hundreds of lives further down to be put in peril. When Jonah was sent to Nineveh what had been counted for him in the scale against the salvation of a city of people? What if the lives of Janet and the child were more to him than the lives of the scores of neighbors and friends for whom God had commissioned him to make this sacrifice?

"Is the servant better than his Lord that he should refuse to pay the price demanded for the ransom of the many?" The words were thought rather than spoken as he dashed past his home. Every muscle he was straining to the utmost, but there were those about the mills, marking his frantic gestures, came running to learn of him what they portended.

"The lake, the lake! Fly, fly!" was the half-articulate cry they caught from his lips.

A wave of his hand toward the creek filling the mill wheels interpreted the dither cry. From mouth to mouth it flew. There was a hurrying to and fro, and a gathering of treasures in hot haste. Messengers of warning galloped along the doomed valley. The weak, the old, were seen climbing the heights. Dwight's sacrifice had not been vain; but his duty done, he had turned back to see if, happy, he might yet save his own treasures. The torrent was leaping against, and tearing at the abutments of the bridge as he reeled across it, and with spent strength climbed the path to the cottage. Through the door he had a glimpse of Janet with the child cradled in her arms, and above the roar of the torrent he could hear the mother crooning her lullaby.

"Max, Max! Oh my dear, what is it?" He lay across the threshold exhausted. She stepped past him to the porch. Below the cliff the Otter was pounding the bridge's supports. She had seen the stream as high once before, though. What was it Max feared? A sound reached her as she waited. The detonation, sharply distinct, came from a distance, but was immediately followed by a horrible crunching and grinding, producing a quivering in the ether about her. In the same instant, almost, she beheld, far up the Divide, a white wall rise up from earth to heaven; it was a cliff's escarpment, scooped and bowed over, and, ponderous as it appeared, it was bearing down the gap at terrific speed. Janet's face blanched, but it was a brave smile she gave her husband as she lifted him into the room, and closed the door.

"I know what it is, Max," she whispered as she sat down by him, with the child in her arms, and tenderly raised his head to her lap; "it will not be hard for us to brave death together."

The roar stifled their senses; the ridge shook to its foundations; the house quivered like an aspen, as a torrent descended upon it, and a pool of water, churned to a froth, gathered about the group. They sat still, unheeding. What time the work of destruction was wrought they knew not. Max crept to the door presently, but as he looked out he uttered a cry, and turned back to Janet. She hurried to him, and this was what they saw: a sheer precipice dropping from their door into the turbulent waste of waters boiling along the length and breadth of the lately smiling landscape of the Divide.

"The bridge is gone, and with it the ridge has been clean shaven away up to our very threshold, Janet, said Max, awe-stricken.

"Yes, the waves and billows of destruction have gone over us," she cried with thanksgiving of heart. "But oh, Max, what of the poor people at the mills and in the villages?"

He told her, shivering, how he had gone to them, leaving her and the little one to perish. She stood for a moment silent.

"You would have perished with us at the last, though, my Max," she said, her hands in his, "only God in his goodness has left us to each other. Let us accept His loving kindness as the reward of your duty faithfully done."

Where Pencil Wood Comes From.
It is not generally known that the world's supply of pencil wood is drawn from the Gulf coast swamps on both sides of Cedar Keys, and that the product of the mills there is shipped not only to New York and New Jersey factories, but also to Germany and, perhaps, other countries of Europe. The industry gives employment to hundreds of operatives, white and black, and disburses large sums of money. That nothing may be lost, the sawdust is distilled in large retorts, and the oil extracted, every ounce of which finds ready sale.

What I Live For.
I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union,
'Tiswixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Repeat truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me
For those who know me true
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—[G. Linneus Banks.]

Humorous.
The aeronaut's business, it seems, is going up.
Men who must draw the line somewhere—Surveyors.
A dog rarely points a moral, but he frequently adorns a tale.
The successful lover thinks he is getting ahead when he is getting a heart.
A good mattress is worth 900 per cent. more at seven a. m. than it is at seven p. m.
Fashions for males don't change much, still there is always a new wrinkle in coat tails.
"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.
There is an athletic club in Indiana composed entirely of grocers. They are all lightweight.A man with a heart in the right place is more of a curiosity than a man with a heart in the left place.
It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed, and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

Pickles and Sauces.
The use of foreign pickles and sauces in this country is very small now. American products have taken their place.
This was the reply of a wholesale New York grocer to a question from a Mail and Express reporter. The reporter then asked:
"Has the fame of the foreign goods died out?"
"Not exactly; but the American pickles are fully equal to them, and, what is of more importance to consumers, they are much cheaper. You will remember that at one time no pickle was thought worth eating unless it bore the stamp of a certain firm in London. The same may be said of sauces. But this is all changed. No one thinks of asking for the London concern's pickles now in any ordinary grocery store, and if anyone should it would be almost impossible to get them. The American bottle pickles are from thirty-three to fifty per cent. cheaper to the jobbing trade, and therefore can be sold at a lower price to the consumer."
"Where are the pickles prepared?"
"They are grown and pickled in this State. At Montrose, N. Y., there is a pickle factory nearly a block in extent. They are put up in quantities to suit both family and hotel use."
"What about the sauces?"
"The old English sauces are no longer on the price lists of large grocery stores, as a better kind can be supplied at from 40 to 50 per cent. cheaper. That the latter gives satisfaction is shown by the fact that it has superseded the foreign among the wholesale trade and jobbers, besides which the old prejudices against anything American has died out. If the article is equally good, and can be had cheaper, it will command the trade."
The Deadly Centipede.
A centipede and a tarantula which were found in a bunch of bananas at Sacramento were placed in a glass jar together to see what the result would be. They commenced fighting immediately. After a severe struggle the centipede killed his antagonist. A mouse was then placed in the jar and rolled over dead after one bite from the centipede.

Japanese Cats and Dogs.
Some of the animals of Japan are quite different from the same species which are seen in America. The cats, for instance, have the shortest kinds of tails or else none at all. Being deprived of this usual appurtenance, they are very solemn pussies. An American once took one of these tailless cats to San Francisco as a curiosity, and it utterly refused companionship with the long-tailed specimens there; but, finding a cat whose tail had been cut off by accident, the two became friendly at once. Japanese dogs are almost destitute of noses, having the nostrils set directly in the head. The smaller the nose, the more valuable the breed.

Papa Gave His Consent.
"You say that you love young George Sampson," said a Chicago father to his daughter.
"Yes, papa."
"And George Sampson loves you?"
"Yes, papa."
"Has he sufficient means to support you in your present style of living?"
"Yes, papa; he's worth dollars where you are worth buttons."
So the old gentleman gave his consent.—[Epoch.]

Tired Enough to Sit Down.
He had been out very late the night before, and it was ten o'clock when he came down to breakfast.
Husband—"What makes the coffee so weak?"
Wife—"Because it has been standing so long."—[Siftings.]

SHARPSHOOTING.

The Experience of a Confederate Soldier in the War.

How a Federal's Deadly Rifle was Finally Silenced.

In passing in and out of the lines as a scout, writes an ex-Confederate soldier in the Detroit Free Press, I saw more or less of the sharpshooters of both armies, and was twice wounded from Federal rifle-pits, but the closest and best shooting of the sort I ever saw was around Petersburg.

At points around Petersburg, where the lines of earthworks were only pistol-shot apart, the sharpshooter plied his rifle night and day, and they became a living terror to both sides. I was for two weeks in the Confederate works, opposite Grant's Fort Holt, and although tons upon tons of Federal shot and shell were hurled at us, we lost more men by the bullet of the sharpshooters than by all cannonading. In the Confederate works, just above the fort which Butler blew up and which has since been known as the Crater, the most effective cannon was silenced for two days by a Federal sharpshooter who ensconced himself only a stone's throw away. I do not know that the one man held the place for two nights and two days, but we judged so from the style of firing, and because when we were finally rid of him no one else took his place. He crept out from the Federal line in a dark and rainy night, dug a rifle pit, backed up the dirt around it, and killed two of our men between daylight and sunrise. He had a sixteen-shooter rifle, and he gave all his attention to one embrasure in the fort and before noon the piece of artillery at that embrasure was silenced.

A round dozen Confederate sharpshooters were detailed to kill the fellow off, but he would not be killed. The dirt was knocked about his ears in perfect clouds by bullets, and now and then a piece of filled artillery sent a shell plowing along over him, but he was there to stay. When night came we intended to creep out and kill or make him a prisoner, but lo! a whole company was brought up and stationed in the ravine just behind him, where their fire would sweep the field around his pit, and we had to turn to some other plan. He was there in the morning, and he killed one man and wounded a second before 8 o'clock. Three pieces of light artillery played on his pit until the guns had fired a dozen shells each, but he was unharmed. It was plain that he had dug his pit so deep and narrow that everything from our side must pass over it, and it was certain that we must try some other plan. Had he been without close support three or four men could have solved the problem pretty quick, but there were sharpshooters by the hundreds in his rear, and that rear so close that not a hat could show above our works without being made the target of a dozen bullets.

By noon of the second day we had had four men killed and five wounded by the one Yankee sharpshooter, and the Colonel commanding had offered a \$30 gold piece to anyone who would flush him off. He might have made it \$20,000 for all we could do, as everybody had cudgelled his brains in vain for a plan. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon that a corporal belonging to some field artillery stationed a mile or so above us on the lines came down to see a relative of us, and when the situation had been explained to him and he had looked over the ground he said: "Give me an hour's time and I'll have him out and win that gold piece."

He returned to his command and secured half a dozen small fusc-shell belonging to a mountain howitzer which was then in park as of no account. When they were brought up he made a sling from the leather of a boot-leg and two stout cords and then gathered a dozen small stones to practice with. While he flung these stones one of the men timed their fall, and in this way he knew how to cut the fuses. The fifth rock, flung high in the air on a curve, as a mortar would throw it, fell so close to the sharpshooter's pit that the corporal was satisfied. He then cut his fuses and began throwing lighted shells. The weight of them was about thirteen ounces, and while they did not fly as high as the rocks, the curve was the same. We were all satisfied as to what the result would be. The fourth shell dropped square into the pit and exploded as it struck, and in the cloud of dirt blown out was the sharpshooter's cap, the stock of his rifle and his canteen. Not another shot was fired from the pit, nor did any Federal dare occupy it again.

The Way of the World.
The rich woman worries herself over the subject of what she will wear at dinner—her mauve silk or her garnet satin. The poor woman worries herself over the subject of what she'll make for dinner—bean soup or codfish balls. And thus the world goes on while we vainly strain our eyes looking for the coming of the millennium.—[Boston Courier.]

A Conundrum.
"Grandpa," inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"
"Yes, my child, everyone in this world must die when his time comes."
"Well"—long pause—"what I'd like to know is, who'll bury the last man?"

Dairy Schools.
Dairy schools appear to have become quite popular in Europe. They have not been tried in this country, and may not succeed as well here. But, as we recently stated, Lawson Valentine has started a dairy school on the Houghton farm. It is announced that a number of students have entered the school, and quite strong hopes are entertained of its practical success. We shall watch with interest for the results. There is need enough for proper instruction in dairying among the farmers generally. As a rule, the smaller farmers, who carry surplus butter to the village stores, are the most in need of information how to turn out better goods. They are probably also the most destitute of proper facilities for successful butter making. But it remains to be seen how far this class can be reached through the establishment of dairy schools. They are the ones most benefited by the creamery, and other forms of associated dairying. If their sons and daughters can be induced to take instructions in dairy schools or creameries, it will not only improve the quality of farm butter, but add considerably to the farmers' incomes. There is no reason, but ignorance, why poor butter should be made. It is just as easy, and costs no more to make good butter.—[Prairie Farmer.]

Story of a Hospital Quilt.
An old Boston lawyer tells the following story: "One of my neighbors is an architect, tall, dark, handsome, and a little more than middle-aged. His wife is a charming woman, fair and beautiful. The husband was a private in a Massachusetts regiment during the rebellion. He was desperately wounded in an engagement, and for several months afterward was an inmate of a hospital. Upon the cot which he occupied was a quilt with the names of thirteen girls embroidered on the edge together with that of the North-east city from which it had been sent. When the patient grew well enough he wrote a letter to each of the thirteen misses, thanking them for the quilt and telling them the story of his illness. He received kind replies from all of them. One of those letters interested him particularly, and he kept up a correspondence with the writer for some months. On his return to the North he called upon her, and before another year passed they were married. Although twenty years have gone by since their wedding, they are still the handsomest couple I ever saw.—[Chicago Ledger.]

Fish-Lines From Butterflies.
The boys in China, as well as the boys in America, have their favorite sports and pastimes. The fishing lines used in this country are of twine, but in China they are the product of a moth. Adele M. Field, of Swatow, China, writes to the Swiss Cross:
In some of the Chinese shops there are sold, for about one cent each, little coils of translucent, yellowish thread, from five to ten feet long. When old and dry they are rather brittle, but when they have been soaked for ten minutes in warm water in which rice has been boiled they toughen and will bear the strain of a four or five-pound weight. They are used as fishing-lines, and are reckoned the best for creek or coast. They are unwittingly supplied to the fishermen by a butterfly.
The large and beautiful Atlas moth, with pink stripes and six glowing crescents on its brown wings, flits about and lays its eggs on the tallow trees. The eggs hatch in the sunshine, the tiny caterpillars come out and feed on the fresh leaves, and grow to be four inches long and an inch thick. They are of a bright pale green color, with a horny black head and jaws, and with eight pairs of legs. The six legs on the thorax are jointed, and each ends in a claw, while the other five pairs of legs are telescopic and end in discs surrounded by minute hooks. The caterpillars crawl, back downward, along the leaf stems, and devour a leaf in a twinkling.
When they are fullgrown and ready to spin the cocoons in which they would wrap themselves and change into butterflies, the Chinese boys pounce upon them, sit them across the back and draw out the two spinning glands which lie looped along each side of the body cavity close under the skin. These glands, when extended, are about three feet long and one-tenth of an inch thick, dwindling to two fine threads that unite near an orifice under the mouth, where the silk is spun out. They are full of the clear viscid substance that would be clear into the cocoon.
After being drawn out whole, through the slit in the back, the glands are dropped into vinegar to remove their outer coating and are then stretched to double or treble their usual length. When dry they form the fish lines sold in the shops.

NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

Origin of Some Leading European Compositions.

Story of the String-French Song, "La Marseillaise."

The origin of the British national anthem, says an English paper, has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. There is almost as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the source of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist, but it has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible to decide definitely for the one or the other. The music of "God Save the Queen" is tame and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the comparatively peaceful, regular course of events which has marked public affairs in England for over 200 years past.

Not so is the national anthem of France. There never was a more rousing composition than "La Marseillaise." "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despair." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was made known everyone was singing it and the words "To arms! March!" were resounding in all parts of France. At every season of disorder since its strains have excited the passions of the people, and if immortality can be predicted for any tune known to man this is beyond a question the one. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night.

They were composed in 1793 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtæan colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseillaise which first marched to it, and hence the title.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the czars usually contented themselves with our "God Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwow, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people; "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc. It is, properly speaking, an official hymn, and is unknown to the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn, and performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore already acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann, and performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore already acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

Scientific Scraps.
Steamboat companies, especially those operating on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, are using Electric head lights and marine projectors to a very large extent. A fish that was pumped from a well down 100 feet, at Charlotte, Mich., is described as having been "two and a quarter inches long, with keen bright eyes, but no fins or scales. Its back was fringed with a row of bony spikes."
Astronomer Henry M. Parkhurst says he has recently discovered "a woman in the moon," and has named her Selene. Certainly the diagram of markings on the moon, which he claims to have seen, includes a striking suggestion of a woman's face and bust.
An Oxford meteorologist seeks to prove that the European and American magnetic poles are coincident with the centres of greatest cold for the two continents, and that the shifting of the magnetic poles is due to the same series of astronomical and geological causes which produce the regular changes in climate.
A so-called cable anchor has proven effective in stopping steamers on the Seine. The device is due to M. Pagan and consists of a rope bearing a number of canvas cones which open out like parachutes when thrown into the water. In tests made, stoppage was effected in a tenth of the space and a fourth of the time ordinarily required.

At a late meeting in London, Dr. E. P. Thwing stated that Americans are more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than Englishmen, and that they are more affected by tobacco than are Hollanders, Turks or Chinese. This he supposes to be due to an increased sensitiveness of the nervous system induced by the high pressure life of this country.
A large stove consuming the same amount of coal as one of smaller size will radiate more heat, and is therefore the most economical. The reason for this is that the larger stove has more surface, and hence when hot its effect is greater upon the surrounding air. Of course the factor of intelligent management must be taken into account with this comparison.
Mr. David Doyle, curator of the Canadian Institute, has in his possession the tooth of an enormous elephant of former ages which was found by Moses Borowman of Buffalo in the creek at Hog's Hollow after the wash-out of six or seven years ago. This remarkable specimen is of great value, as being so far as known, the most northerly discovery of the remains of the elephas primigenius.
Dr. H. Lane of Portland, Ore., began digging a large well some time ago and it promised to furnish an unlimited supply of cold water. Indeed the water came so fast that one pump could not keep it out of the way of the workmen, and a second was to be put in. But in one night the temperature of the water changed, and in the morning clouds of steam rolled up from the well, which was found to contain about twenty-five feet of water almost boiling hot. At last accounts the temperature had not lowered.

A Carnivorous Antelope.
While visiting a friend on a cattle-ranch in the San Andreas Mountains of southern New Mexico, says Ralph S. Tarrin in the Swiss Cross, I saw what to me seemed a most abnormal habit. My friend had a young antelope six or seven months old, which he had captured when very young, and kept as a pet about the ranch. This animal is, by the way, very tame, following its master about without once offering to bite its fellows, which often come in sight of the house. When offered pieces of raw beef, it will eat the meat with evident relish, and in preference to vegetable food. I have seen it eat pieces after piece until it has disposed of half a pound or more, then it would walk to the corn-crib and eat corn as a sort of dessert. It also eats bread, cooked potato, and sweet-potato both raw and cooked.

Curious Electric Freak.
A curious freak of electricity is reported from Cundinamarca, in Panama. A farmer had been superintending some work in the fields and had left his men to return home, when he was surrounded by an electric flame, which disappeared as quickly as it came. The victim's left eye was damaged, and the eyebrow was burned completely off. The hair surrounding his ears, a part of his beard, and all the hair on his breast were burned off, all the brass buttons disappeared from his clothing, his watch chain was cut in two, a small hole was bored through his watch case, and the watch glass was shattered and his right side was burned. He suffered severely, but is recovering rapidly.

Tired Enough to Sit Down.
He had been out very late the night before, and it was ten o'clock when he came down to breakfast.
Husband—"What makes the coffee so weak?"
Wife—"Because it has been standing so long."—[Siftings.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Origin of Some Leading European Compositions.

Story of the String-French Song, "La Marseillaise."

The origin of the British national anthem, says an English paper, has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. There is almost as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the source of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist, but it has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible to decide definitely for the one or the other. The music of "God Save the Queen" is tame and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the comparatively peaceful, regular course of events which has marked public affairs in England for over 200 years past.

Not so is the national anthem of France. There never was a more rousing composition than "La Marseillaise." "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despair." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was made known everyone was singing it and the words "To arms! March!" were resounding in all parts of France. At every season of disorder since its strains have excited the passions of the people, and if immortality can be predicted for any tune known to man this is beyond a question the one. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night.

They were composed in 1793 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtæan colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseillaise which first marched to it, and hence the title.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the czars usually contented themselves with our "God Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwow, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people; "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc. It is, properly speaking, an official hymn, and is unknown to the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn, and performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore already acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann, and performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore already acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

Scientific Scraps.
Steamboat companies, especially those operating on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, are using Electric head lights and marine projectors to a very large extent. A fish that was pumped from a well down 100 feet, at Charlotte, Mich., is described as having been "two and a quarter inches long, with keen bright eyes, but no fins or scales. Its back was fringed with a row of bony spikes."
Astronomer Henry M. Parkhurst says he has recently discovered "a woman in the moon," and has named her Selene. Certainly the diagram of markings on the moon, which he claims to have seen, includes a striking suggestion of a woman's face and bust.
An Oxford meteorologist seeks to prove that the European and American magnetic poles are coincident with the centres of greatest cold for the two continents, and that the shifting of the magnetic poles is due to the same series of astronomical and geological causes which produce the regular changes in climate.
A so-called cable anchor has proven effective in stopping steamers on the Seine. The device is due to M. Pagan and consists of a rope bearing a number of canvas cones which open out like parachutes when thrown into the water. In tests made, stoppage was effected in a tenth of the space and a fourth of the time ordinarily required.

At a late meeting in London, Dr. E. P. Thwing stated that Americans are more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than Englishmen, and that they are more affected by tobacco than are Hollanders, Turks or Chinese. This he supposes to be due to an increased sensitiveness of the nervous system induced by the high pressure life of this country.
A large stove consuming the same amount of coal as one of smaller size will radiate more heat, and is therefore the most economical. The reason for this is that the larger stove has more surface, and hence when hot its effect is greater upon the surrounding air. Of course the factor of intelligent management must be taken into account with this comparison.
Mr. David Doyle, curator of the Canadian Institute, has in his possession the tooth of an enormous elephant of former ages which was found by Moses Borowman of Buffalo in the creek at Hog's Hollow after the wash-out of six or seven years ago. This remarkable specimen is of great value, as being so far as known, the most northerly discovery of the remains of the elephas primigenius.
Dr. H. Lane of Portland, Ore., began digging a large well some time ago and it promised to furnish an unlimited supply of cold water. Indeed the water came so fast that one pump could not keep it out of the way of the workmen, and a second was to be put in. But in one night the temperature of the water changed, and in the morning clouds of steam rolled up from the well, which was found to contain about twenty-five feet of water almost boiling hot. At last accounts the temperature had not lowered.

A Carnivorous Antelope.
While visiting a friend on a cattle-ranch in the San Andreas Mountains of southern New Mexico, says Ralph S. Tarrin in the Swiss Cross, I saw what to me seemed a most abnormal habit. My friend had a young antelope six or seven months old, which he had captured when very young, and kept as a pet about the ranch. This animal is, by the way, very tame, following its master about without once offering to bite its fellows, which often come in sight of the house. When offered pieces of raw beef, it will eat the meat with evident relish, and in preference to vegetable food. I have seen it eat pieces after piece until it has disposed of half a pound or more, then it would walk to the corn-crib and eat corn as a sort of dessert. It also eats bread, cooked potato, and sweet-potato both raw and cooked.

Curious Electric Freak.
A curious freak of electricity is reported from Cundinamarca, in Panama. A farmer had been superintending some work in the fields and had left his men to return home, when he was surrounded by an electric flame, which disappeared as quickly as it came. The victim's left eye was damaged, and the eyebrow was burned completely off. The hair surrounding his ears, a part of his beard, and all the hair on his breast were burned off, all the brass buttons disappeared from his clothing, his watch chain was cut in two, a small hole was bored through his watch case, and the watch glass was shattered and his right side was burned. He suffered severely, but is recovering rapidly.

Tired Enough to Sit Down.
He had been out very late the night before, and it was ten o'clock when he came down to breakfast.
Husband—"What makes the coffee so weak?"
Wife—"Because it has been standing so long."—[Siftings.]