

# CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

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**A Question.**  
Joy comes and goes; hope ebbs and flows  
Like the wave;  
Change does admit the transient strength of  
Love lends life a little grace,  
A few sad smiles, and then  
Both are laid in one cool place.  
In the grave.  
Dreams dawn and fly, friends smile and die  
Like spring flowers;  
Our vaulted life is one long funeral.  
Men dig graves with bitter tears  
For their dead hopes; and all  
Maze with doubts and sick with fears  
Count the hours.  
We count the hours. These dreams of ours  
False and ill flow,  
Do we go hence and find they are not dead?  
Joy we daily apprehend,  
Faces that smiled and fled,  
Hopes born here, and born to end,  
Shall we follow?  
—Matthew Arnold.

## Nothing Venture, Nothing Won.

"I declare to man, I won't stand it no longer!"  
Miss Celosia Clematis looked as beligerent as a setting-hen, when the privacy of her nest is invaded.  
"It's a-goin' on nine year now that I've kep' house for Brother Ben an' his family, an' Joanna ain't never give me so much as a Christmas-gift even. Reckon she thinks my board is enough pay for gittin' up of mornings an' cookin' break ast, summers an' winters, rain or shine, besides doing the washin', ironin', mendin' and bakin'; an' twelve in the family, besides a hired hand. But if she thinks so, I don't. Why, I might as well married Pete Stebbins an' his 'leven, when he first asked me, after his second wife died. But la! I wouldn't have him then, nor I won't now. It's about time for him to be a-renewin' his offer, like he does every year; but he won't git nothing galy no for his answer, if he offers from now till kingdom come!"  
Miss Celosia was strong-minded. Needless to add she was "getting along" in years. That is to say she was thirty-five or thereabouts; but her bright eyes and fresh complexion gave her the appearance of being ten years younger, at least.  
"I won't stand it, not another day longer!" went on Miss Celosia. "Joanna gets lazier an' lazier every day; a-laying in bed till breakfast is half-eat sometimes, an' not pertending even to help with the patchin' an' darning. There's Ben's blue ducking overhauls jest a-goin' to rags, but I ain't a-goin' to mend 'em. I've patched the last patch an' darned the last darn I 'low to in this house. I'm sorry for Ben, though, but it'll be better for him an' the children, too, if Joanna has to stir herself a little. She won't have so much time for fault-finding. I've been a fool for nine year, but I ain't a-goin' to be one no longer."  
And having twisted her black hair in a tight knot on the top of her head, and tied a clean apron around her waist, Miss Celosia assumed her most resolute expression and walked into the dining-room, where her sister-in-law was sitting, with the breakfast dishes still ungathered on the table.  
"Dear me, Celosy!" she gumbled, fretfully, "if you hain't got on your best calico frock an' cross-barrad apron. Here, 'tis Monday, too, an' nothin' a-goin', not even the wash-b'iler put over to heat. What on airth be you a-thinkin' of, I'd like to know?"  
"I'll tell you what I'm a-thinkin' of, Joanna," returned Miss Celosia composedly. "I'm tired of workin' an' slavin', fur no thanks an' my board. If I can't earn nothin' more'n my vittles an' houserom a-workin', I'm a-goin' to quit—that's what."  
"Wall, I declare!" cried her sister-in-law, astounded at what she heard.  
"An' I'm a-goin' to see if I can't do better for myself than I'm a-doing here," continued Miss Celosia, frankly.  
"Oh, so you're a-goin' to marry Pete Stebbins an' his 'leven young ones, after all your fine talk, be you," sneered Joanna, spitefully.  
"No, I hain't. He hain't asked me this year yet, an' if he did, I wouldn't," was the emphatic reply, if not very lucidly-stated answer. "But I'll tell you what I am a-goin' to do, Joanna. I've got a little money, two hundred dollars or so, that I let Ben have the use of, when I come here to live. He promised to give it back to me when I wanted it. So, I'm a-goin' to take that, an' rent me a little house an' a patch of ground, an' go to raisin' truck for the market. There's plenty of men-folks makes a livin' at it, an' women has jest as much right to be gardeners as men."  
"Humph! You'll be glad enough to quit it, an' come back to us, when you've lost your two hundred dollars, I kin tell you. Better not risk it."  
But Miss Celosia was not to be dissuaded.  
"Nothin' venture, nothin' have," she declared, stoutly.  
And so the house was rented—a bit of a cottage, with a porch or so of

ground, and furnished with some pieces of cast-off furniture, to which Miss Celosia had fallen heir in various ways—an old fashioned wooden-dresser, a faded rag carpet, six split-bottomed chairs, and a high-posted, cord bedstead.  
And having purchased a few needed articles, together with a good stock of provisions, she took possession, as happy and independent as if she were the Sovereign of all the Russias, or any place else.  
"And now," she commented, as she sat down to her cozy supper of tea and warm biscuits, clipped beef and raspberry-jam, "now let me see. First, I must have a cow, and some black Spanish hens. Tain't like living to do without milk and eggs. Besides, I can make butter to sell, and if my hens lay good, I can sell eggs, too. Then I must git the ground broke up. That'll cost something, but it can't be helped. An' then there'll be garden-seeds to buy. I can do the plantin', hoeing and weeding myself. I'll git Eph Boyers to do the plowin'; an' I'll make out a list to-night of what seeds I want, and git 'em right away, so's I can plant 'em, soon as the ground's ready."  
And that night, Miss Celosia sat up until some unheated-of hour, quite unusual to her, looking over various seed-catalogues, and debating the relative merits of snowflake and early-rose potatoes, dwarf and marrow-fat peas, six weeks and German wax-beans, mammoth sugar-corn, blood-beets and ox-heart cabbage, short-horn carrots and butterhead lettuce.  
Her list was finally made out, however, including several choice varieties of cauliflower and celery, cucumbers, egg-plant and spinach.  
And with a tired frame, but an approving conscience, Miss Celosia sought a few hours of repose on her comfortable cord-bedstead, only to awaken when the first pink rays of the morning sun crept in through the shining panes of her little east window.  
The ground was duly broken up and harrowed by Eph Boyers and his yoke of oxen, and after a little more help from Eph himself with the spade and hoe, Miss Celosia got to her planting.  
The first pink rays of sunlight never caught her abed now. She had her breakfast over by daylight, and long before sunrise she was at work in her "truck-patch."  
But gardening is hard work, and in spite of her most indefatigable efforts, the weeds would slip in here and there among her crops; and the fox-tail grass persisted in growing faster than cucumbers and squashes.  
Then, the weather was not always to be relied on implicitly, and her first planting of mammoth sugar-corn rotted in the ground.  
Miss Celosia bought more seed, and replanted. This time the crows pulled up two-thirds of it as soon as it had sprouted. Again she replanted, put up a "scare-crow," and this time the corn grew rapidly.  
Miss Celosia hoed it carefully and laboriously, giving a sigh of relief when she was through, for hoeing corn is hard work.  
And the very next night Farmer Hodson's pigs found their way into the patch through a gap in the fence made by a defective rail, and destroyed at least half the corn, and all the butterhead lettuce.  
Miss Celosia was almost in despair, but she replanted her corn and lettuce with later varieties, and worked away early and late, harder than any farmer of them all.  
But somehow or other fate, or fortune, or the weather, or all three combined, seemed adverse to Miss Celosia's success in "truck-raising."  
The rabbits eat up her early peas and cabbages, the striped-bugs killed her cucumbers and cassava muskmelons; garden fleas devoured her purple strap-leaf turnips and rutabagas; and the squash-bugs destroyed her young crook-necks and Boston marrow squashes. The cut-worms s'vored the stalks of her thrifty tomatoes; and the hawks, foxes, "possums, weasels and other 'varmint's" feasted on her black Spanish hens and fat spring chickens.  
Then the cow took to jumping into Farmer Hodson's clover-field, and he threatened to shoot her if her mistress didn't keep her out.  
This was the last in the catalogue of mishaps, and like the oft-quoted camel, Miss Celosia broke down under it.  
"What's a love woman a-goin' to do, I'd like to know," she demanded, wrathfully, in a private interview with herself, "when the weeds, an' the bugs an' the varmint's are all in league agin' 'em? An' now my two hundred dollars is gone an' I hain't raised gald dollars enough to do me over winter, let alone havin' any to sell. An' how Joanna will laugh!  
"I almost wish now I'd— No, I don't either. I don't wish I'd married Pete

Stebbins, an' went to be stepmother to them 'leven children. He's shifless! But I won't go back to Ben's, that's certain! I'll hire out first, or pay an' house-keep for somebody that'll pay me, an'—"  
"How-de-do, Miss Celosy—how-de-do?" cried a hearty voice.  
And there was Mr. Phœbus Filbert standing in the doorway, with a friendly smile on his cheerful face.  
Mr. Filbert was a good-looking, well-to-do bachelor, of about forty summers and winters alternately, but like Miss Celosia, he looked ten years younger.  
He was a neighbor and intimate friend of her brother Ben's, and had seemed almost like a brother to herself in the old days, before she had set out to mend her fortune by vegetable raising.  
"And how do you git along with your truck, Miss Celosy?" he asked with interest. "You must let me see your garden."  
"I shan't!" declared the lady, flatly. "It's full of weeds an' grass—I couldn't keep 'em out. An' Farmer Hodson is a-goin' to shoot my cow, if I don't keep her out of his clover-field. An' how does he 'spect I can keep her out, I'd like to know, when he can't?"  
"Sho, now! Why, that's too bad!" Mr. Filbert looked as amazed and sympathetic as if he hadn't heard the whole story beforehand.  
"But I tell you what 'tis, Miss Celosy," he added, gravely. "You'll hev to git married, and that's the hull of it!"  
"I shan't!" declared Miss Celosia. "I've said I wouldn't marry Pete Stebbins, if he offered till kingdom come, an' I shan't—so there!"  
"Who said anything about Pete Stebbins?" demanded Phœbus. "I didn't. I want you to marry me—not him!"  
"You!" Miss Celosia stared incredulously at her visitor.  
"Yes—me!" repeated Phœbus, stoutly. "I'm tired of keepin' bach, an' I reckon you air about tired of raisin' truck—"  
"Yes, I be!" declared Miss Celosia, emphatically. "I don't never want to tech a hoe nor drop a row of corn the longest day I live!"  
And so Miss Celosia's venture turned out a success after all.—Helen Whitney Clark.

**Public Suicides in China.**  
The most barbarous of all the death rites which have been observed in China was that of immolating human beings at the tombs of the departed great. As high as one hundred and seventy-seven men have been buried alive in the tomb of a single individual. This horrible custom does not prevail at all now, of course, but the same false and inadequate notions of the sacredness of human life do prevail universally. But of all Chinese customs the most remarkable has been the prevalent, public, fashionable suicides, conducted in public with every show of pomp, and sometimes actually under the general direction of a mandarin. A gay procession would be formed, and a delighted throng would follow the prospective victim to a scaffold which had been erected with great care. The seats commanding the best view of the sacrifice would be sold, and there would be a grand turnout of the suiciding party's friends, as well as of the public at large. Perhaps it would be a young widow, who had resolved to end her miserable existence on account of the death of her husband, a widow not being privileged to remarry in China. The occasion would be treated as a regular holiday by the natives. For a time the woman would chat pleasantly with her friends, partaking of a bountiful feast with them on the gallows. Then, having caressed a little child that was placed upon the table before her, and adorned it with a necklace, she would take a basket of flowers and scatter the blossoms gayly among the crowd, after which she would cheerfully place her head in the noose and swing off into eternity. As a rule, suicides are now performed without such publicity but they are very common.

**The Small Advertisement.**  
Because a merchant cannot afford to insert a half column advertisement in a newspaper is no reason why he should not advertise. All heavy advertisers began with small announcements. The great merchant princes, like A. T. Stewart, spent at the beginning only small sums each year—a certain per cent. of their income. It is a mistake to suppose small advertisements are not seen. They are not only seen, but as a rule read by all who see them, because their contents can be taken at a glance. Merchants who do not advertise should try the experiment, especially in the dull season. The public will not seek a business man. He must interest the public and make it seek him.

**THE ATROCIOUS BENDERS.**  
How Four Murderers Met Their Fate.  
Pursued by a Posse and Shot Down Without Mercy.  
The sudden disappearance of the members of the murderous Bender family after the revelation of their numerous atrocities, and the failure of all efforts to discover the whereabouts of the fugitives enshrouded the whole affair with an air of impenetrable mystery. The veil was not lifted until some twelve months ago, when the St. Louis *Republican* published the story of one of the avenging party which overtook and annihilated the whole family in the Indian Territory not far from the banks of the Grand River. The author of that graphic narrative, Captain J. C. Reeves, of Appleton City, Mo., was in St. Louis recently, and when seen by a *Republican* reporter last night he cheerfully consented to give all the details of the Benders' tragic ending, except the name of the man by whose hand they were slain.  
"When Dr. York was missed," the captain began, "Col. York traced his brother to the house occupied by the Benders. Being unable to obtain any further information of his lost brother, he returned to Independence, Kansas, and communicated the result of his investigation to Capt. Stone, sheriff of Montgomery county. The next day Col. York and Capt. Stone visited the Bender residence, and they were received by the man who married Kate Bender, and who went by the name of John Bender. John Bender admitted that Dr. York had stayed at their house, and asserted that he had heard nothing of the doctor since. Being unable to obtain any satisfaction, Col. York and Capt. Stone retraced their steps to Independence. A posse was formed, and the company started forth determined to investigate the matter to the bottom. When they arrived at the Bender homestead the birds had flown. The house and garden were examined, and in the garden we found nine bodies of murdered persons, one of which was recognized as that of Dr. York. Public indignation at this discovery knew no bounds, and the excitement became intense. A party, consisting of S. S. Peterson, Deputy United States Marshal, Col. York, Bell Wright, George Dawson and myself, was formed to follow the trail of the Benders. We tracked the wagon to Thayer, Kan., where we found the wagon abandoned. At this point we took the railroad cars for Chanute, on the M. K. and T. Railroad. At Chanute we procured another wagon and proceeded in the direction of the Grand River, which runs through the Indian Territory. It was in the Indian Territory on the banks of the Grand River, that Col. York, who was in the van of the party, overhauled the Benders. They all died very suddenly, and they are buried in the Indian Territory near where they fell. I have nothing more to say. That ends the story."  
"Were they shot?"  
"Yes; they were shot with a sixteen-shot repeating Henry rifle."  
"Who did the shooting?"  
"That I am not at liberty to state."  
"Are you certain that they are all killed?"  
"I saw them killed, all four of them—old man Bender and his wife, John Bender and Kate Bender."  
"Were they shot by one man?"  
"Yes, by one man only. He killed them 'bang, bang, bang, bang.' Every shot counted."  
"How were they shot, from behind?"  
"They were shot from behind and to their faces. We were very much exasperated at finding the nine bodies in the garden, and immediately we overtook them the firing commenced. They were not looking when we overtook them, but as soon as the firing began they turned round. The man was ahead that did the shooting. We had our carbines leveled ready to shoot but there was no resistance offered."  
"What description of vehicle were the Benders in?"  
"They were in a two-horse wagon. I think the two men were seated in the front and the two women behind."  
"Are you sure you got the right people?"  
"We knew we had the right people. We all recognized them and identified them after they were dead. I knew every one of them. At one time I had seen them every day for six months."  
"What did you do after the bodies were buried?"  
"I started off to deliver the news, but after I had gone about fifteen miles I was overtaken and told not to say a word about the killing. 'All right,' I replied 'mum's the word.' We solemnly agreed not to give the thing away, and the first time it was told to the

public, except as a suspicion, was about a year ago, when I gave some of the facts to Senator Wear for publication in the *Republican*; but you have fuller details now than have ever been published.

**A Comical Scene.**  
I was married in India, writes Phil Robinson, the author and traveler. I engaged for our honeymoon a little house—sixteen miles or so from any other habitation of white man—that stood on the steep white cliff of the Nebudda river, which here flows through a canyon of pure white marble. Close beside our house was a little hut, where a holy man lived in charge of an adjoining shrine, earning money for himself and for the shrine by polishing little pieces of marble as mementos for visitors. It was a wonderful place altogether, and while my wife went in to change her dress, the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the first clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house, and up the trees that grew in the ravine behind it, from the house-roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys. They came up singly and in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda and sat there, like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated—I went in to call my wife.  
"Breakfast is ready and they are all waiting," I said.  
"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown."  
"Never mind," I said, "the people about here are not very fashionably dressed, themselves. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."  
And so my wife came out. Imagine, then, her astonishment. In the middle of the veranda stood her breakfast table, and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver—my wife sat down.  
"Will they eat anything?" asked she.  
"Try them," I said.  
So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company. And the result! Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for one instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.  
My wife threw them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another and another. But at length we had given all that we had to give and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day's occupations.

**New York Markets.**  
New York, says a metropolitan correspondent, has one great market and a half dozen of moderate size. The first is Washington Market, which is the largest in the world, and the chief of the second class is Fulton, which is on the East River side. Next is Catharine, which is the great fish mart. Some of the small markets are peculiar in their nationality. The lower part of Ludlow street, for instance, has become a market for articles used by the Jews. I do not mean that any buildings have been erected for that purpose, but the streets and sidewalks are thus appropriated. Mott street, on the other hand, is the Chinese market, and here are the stores bearing the vertical characters which show us what the Celestials consider an attractive sign. Bayard street is also a market where goods unsalable anywhere else find purchasers. The population in this last mentioned locality is chiefly the poorest class of Jews. The only complete market this city ever had was the Manhattan, whose destruction was one of the boldest and most successful deeds of modern incendiarism, and Washington Market thus removed a rival of the most threatening character. Since then the rebuilding of Washington Market has begun, and when finished the establishment will, no doubt, be one of admirable character. It will never, however, equal the Manhattan in point of beauty.

Seventy-five fires have been caused in New York city during twelve years by rats and mice nibbling matches.

**THE SPONGE FISHERIES.**  
An Industry of Importance to Nassau.  
Methods of Fishing for Sponges and Preparing Them for Market.  
A writer, describing the sponge fisheries of Nassau, the capital of New Providence, one of the Bahama group of the West Indies, says: There is no single industry of so much financial importance to Nassau, I think, as the sponge fisheries. "Sponging" is a regular business in Nassau, of such large proportions that a Sponge Exchange has been established, governed by rules on the plan of the Stock Exchange; and to do a sponge business successfully in Nassau a firm must be represented in the Exchange. Sponge is an important thing in Nassau. It is plenty, of course, and cheap. You see sponges lying in the streets and kicking about the wharves that in New York we would have to pay 50 cents or \$1 for. Wherever sponge can be used in place of cotton or woolen cloths it is used. Kitchen maids use sponges for "dishcloths," and frequently the seat in a boat is nothing but an immense sponge as big as half a barrel. Windows are invariably washed with them, glasses polished with them, and they are used for almost every conceivable purpose. Around the hotel in winter are always two or three "boys" with long strings of them, trying to sell them to the Americans. Hardly any visitor leaves Nassau without taking a box of them along. I bought a string of about fifteen sponges, that stretched out far higher than my head, for "one-and-six," or thirty-seven and a half cents. They make very fine presents to give to your friends when you get home, they are so cheap, and a sponge is more valuable when you know it has just been brought by somebody you know from the sponge fisheries. Some of the servants about the hotel understand the knack of pressing sponges, and for a trifling consideration will take a bushel of sponge and pack it in a cigar box.  
The sponge fleet is composed of small schooners ranging from ten to forty tons. Each schooner carries from four to six men, and makes periodical trips out to the sponge beds around Abaco, Andros Island and Exuma. The men do not dive for them, as sponge fishers in the Mediterranean do, but use long-handled things like oyster tongs to fish them out of the water. In this clear water they can see every inch of the bottom, make up their minds what sponges to take, and seize hold of one carefully, detach it from the rock to which it clings, and lift it into the boat. They are not the nice, delicate, light-colored things we see in shop windows. When taken first from the water they look and feel more like a piece of raw liver than anything else I can compare them with. They are slippery, slimy, ugly and smell bad. Their color is generally a sort of brown very much like the color of gulf weed, only a little darker. Most people are taught, in their days of freshness and innocence, that the sponge is an animal, and when they visit Nassau they expect perhaps to see sponges swimming about the harbor, if indeed they do not surprise some of the more athletic ones climbing trees or making little excursions over the hills. But they are disappointed when they learn that the animal part disappears entirely long before the sponge reaches a market; and that the part we use for mopping up fluids is only his house, the many-roomed residence in which he sheltered himself while at sea. After the sponges reach the deck of the vessel they are cleaned and dried and go through a curing process. They then become the sponges of commerce, and are divided into eight varieties in the Bahamas. Some, called "lamb's wool" or "sheepswool," are as fine and soft as silk and very strong. Others, although large and perhaps tough, are coarse and comparatively worthless. There are, too, bouquet sponges, silk sponges, wire sponges, and finger and glove sponges. The process for curing them, I believe, is to keep them on deck for two or three days, which "kills" them. Then they are put in a crawl and are kept there from eight to ten days, and are afterward cleaned and bleached in the sun on the beach. When they reach Nassau the roots are cut off, and the sponges are trimmed and dressed for exportation.

**The American Holiday.**  
Poor Jones, how I pity him! He always has a haggard look on his face. Yet he works at least twenty hours a day.  
And then this morning I saw him lugging six large baskets. He looked as if he hardly could move along.  
Oh, that's all right.  
All right! I don't understand you. Why, he's off for a holiday.—*Free Press.*

**HUMOROUS.**  
A kiss he stole ere she could faint;  
She shudder'd at the snuck,  
And grimly said, in language quaint,  
"Now put that right straight back!"  
"A red nose," says a noted physician, "is one of the signs of insanity." It is not infrequently a sign of an insane desire for something to drink.  
It is impossible to convince a woman who arrives five minutes late at a depot that the engineer did not see her coming and steam off, just out of spite.  
It is said that ten minutes after biting a dude the mosquito becomes raving crazy. The trace of insanity in the dude's blood goes at once to its head.  
"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.  
A lady who had just returned from Europe said to a friend: "You ought to hear them laugh and chaff at our American way of talking over there, you know." "Oh, well, we can stand it," said her friend, "we laugh and chaff at them when they come over here."  
Little Paul—"Are whiskers catching?" Big Sister—"No, my little pet; why do you ask?" Little Paul—"Well, I thought if they were you would have hair all over your face." Big Sister—"I don't understand you, my love." Little Paul—"Oh, of course not; but I'll bet that Sam Jones, who comes here three times a week, will."  
"What is the breed of your calf?" said a would-be buyer to a farmer. "Well," said the farmer, "all I know about it is that his father gored a justice of the peace to death, tossed a book agent into the fence corner, and stood a lightning rod man on his head; and the mother chased a female lecturer two miles, and if that ain't bred enough to ask \$4 on you needn't take him."  
**The Pet Beeties of Yucatan.**  
In a letter dated Progreso, Yucatan, W. A. Coffey says: In the market place, an open space under a large flat roof, were offered for sale all simple products of the peninsula—fruit, prepared food, ropes and matting, bead work, embroidery, and especially the chameleon. This latter is not, I suppose, a chameleon at all, except in the fact that he "lives on air"—that is, without food. It is a yellowish gray beetle about two inches long, with black specks on his back. Each well-bred lady of Yucatan has at least one of them for a pet. With a small six-inch gold chain fastened to his waist and pinned to his mistress' dress, he wanders about her shoulders for months, till, senile with old age, his soul forsakes his earthly tenement. This well-mannered but rather sluggish bug is the poodle-dog of the tropics, and in some cases he seems to become fond of his owner. I saw one this morning on board a ship, wearing a golden harness. Pinned on one end of a pillow where a Creole was sleeping, he had dragged his shining tether to its fullest length in the direction of her nose, and there he stood, silent, immovable and pensive, watching that precious promontory with affectionate interest. The chameleon is the Dr. Tanner of insectaria; he has tremendous endurance; his digestive apparatus works so feebly that he can live for six months or a year without a mouthful of food. He is literally a light eater, for the owner of one confessed to me that she gave him for a monthly lunch "a bit of cork." But he looked fat, and was probably a glutton.  
**In Short, "Brace Up."**  
"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes; rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice, keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and the jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws.  
When first caught sponges are slimy, ill-smelling things, looking like pieces of raw liver. The sponge of commerce is the dwelling of the sponge fish.