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THE BANNER Rutheforrdton, N .C

THE LOST GARDEN.

There was a fair green garden sloping From the southeast side of a mountain

edge. And the earliest tints of the dawn came grop-

ing Down through its paths from the day's dim

edge. The bluest skies and the reddest roses Arched and varied its veivet sod. And the glad birds sang as the soul supposes

The angels sing on the bills of God. 1 wandered there whon my veins seeme

bursting With life's rare rapture and keen delight, And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting For something over the mountain height. I wanted to stand in the blaze of splendor That turned to crimson the peaks of snow And the winds from the west all breathed i

story of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing The trightest blossoms that breathe

I saw on the east how the sun was glowing And the gold air shook with a wild bird's

tune. I heard the drip of a silver fountain, And the pulse of a young laugh throbbed

with glee. Put still I looked out over the mountain. Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway That led to the path I longed to climb, But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway, For close at my side stood graybeard Time. I plus id with feet that were fain to linger Hard by t at garden's golden gate; But Time spoke, pointing with one stern

finger; "Pass on!" he said, "for the day grows

And now, on the chill gray cliffs I wander, The heights recede which I thought to find, And the light seems dim on the mountain

yonder When I think of the garden I left behind. Should I stand at last in its summit's splendor, I know full well it would not repay For the fair lost tints of the dawns so tender That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the days are winding-If ways there are to that land in sooth. For what man ever suce seds in finding A path to the garden of his lost youth? But I think sometimes when the June stars

glisten That a rose-scent drifts from far away, And I know when I lean from the cliffs and

That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray. E la Wheeler. in Our Continent



PUBLISHED AT RUTHERFORDTON. N. C., EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

Spoopendyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor. "Is that

what you call a crab? I thought --- " "You thought!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke, kicking at the bewildered crab. "That's the trouble with you—you think!

Did ye think I was going to stand here and let that crab chew on my ear till his legs ached? P'raps ye thought. he was whispering to rac! Maybe ye thoug! he was telling me a funny story! Well, he wasn't, and if he was his voice was so hoarse I couldn't enjoy it! Ye thought, did ye!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, his wrath rising as the pain and fear subsided; "thought a crab talked with his toes, like some wowith the renowned custard-apple, the Annona squamosa, and with the Indian men think, did ye! Oh, you thought! If I had such a head as that I'd fit it up with shuck beds and a stick of gum and start a female boarding-school! With your ability to think, you only need a squint and four long words to be a Conother fruits; the Singhalese are far too cord School of Philosophy!" and Mr. Spoopendyke plunged the oars into the

water and began to row vigorously. "Where are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, timidly, after her husband had pulled hard for some time. "Home!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with a horrible expression of visage. "I'm going home to show the people how much damage a rusticating idiot asylum can do with one measly crab when she pins herself down to it!"

"Of course." assented Mrs. Spoop-endyke, humbly, "but say, dear, wouldn't you get on faster if you untied the boat?"

Mr. Spoopendyke turned and gave a sharp look at the bow. Then he hauled his hat down over his ears, stepped ashore and struck out at a brisk waik. "I don't know," sighed Mrs. Spoop-endyke, as I took her boat in tow, "I don't know, but I don't think I care much for crabbing, though I'm not sure but what it's more fun than walking home on the wrong side of the river with

Professor Haeckel's Life in Ceylon.

Violins. Louis Blumenberg, the violoncelol virtuoso, has been spending his between every meal. Next to the bananas of seasons here at his home. When the every variety, of which I consumed Sun correspondent dropped in he was contemplating his instrument with a dissatisfied air. The amber varpish on ra indica), egg-shaped green fruit, from the violoncello shone with its wonted three to six inches long; their cream-like golden pulp has a faint but distinct erect, its carved head thrown back in aroma of turpentine. The fruit of the true Stradivarius pose, and the strings, passion-flower (*passiflora*) was very pleasant to my taste, reminding me of the gooseberry. I was less pleased "What is the matter?" was asked.

"What is the matter?" was asked. "I can't tell exactly," was the reply. "It is tired and needs rest. If I lay it almond, the hard nut of the Terminalia | aside for a week or so, it will regain its catappa. There are singularly few apples and oranges in Ceylon; the latter else being done to it. It is a hard thing remain green, and are not juicy: but to explain, and it is a fact familiar to want of cultivation is doubtless chiefly answerable for the inferiority of this and too much it loses its tone-not enough, perhaps, for the average auditor to perceive, but the artist knows it."

"May be the trouble is then with the est repast, I employed the hot hours of artist himself-losing the precision of mid-day-from twelve to four o'clock- his touch from over-practice," said the

"That is the explanation which most naturally occurs to one, but it is not good. The trouble is with the instrument. Every artist meets with it, and erally occupied with some lovely has to keep more than one in use. country excursion; sometimes I made | Wilhelm] has to lay his Stradivarius vioa water-color sketch, sometimes I lin aside occasionally, and use his sought to perpetuate one of the Gemunder until the Stradivarius is restbeautiful views in photography. Now and then I shot apes and birds in the knows that it gets tired from too much woods, or collected insects and snails, use, and regains its temper from being or hunted among the coral reefs on the laid aside for a while, and it is the same shore, adding many curious objects to with musical instruments. Tone is a my colle tion. Richly laden, I re-turned to the Rest House an hour or of a violin or 'cello you might think less before sunset, and worked for an- would be fatal to tone from its intercepother hour at the preservation and ar- tion of sound vibrations, but somet mes

SCHOOL'S TOOKEN UP.

The boys have come back to their schools. Ah. me! To violate grammar and rules,

So free. The lawless joke, and the stealthy grin, The clinging wax, and the crooked pin, The capsized ink, and the whispered din, Ah. mel

The faces chalked on the outer walls, I see: And the ceiling stuccoed with paper balls,

Ah, mel The shuffling feet on the gritty floor, The inky face at the class-room door, The sudden pinch and the muffled roar, Ah, mel

The questions brisk and the answers slow, The "I furgot" and the "I dun'no,"

Just seel "N four turns seven is twenty-nine:" "Rome is a town on the River Rine;" "George is a verb 'n agrees with wine," Ah, me!

Grimace and giggle, grin and wink,

Dear me! Buzz and whisper-who can think? Ah. me! Wouldn't it be a better rule To let the boy grow up a fool, Rather than send him back to school And me?

-Burlington Hawkeye.

A BIG NUGGET.

Two Hundred and Twenty-seven Pounds of Solid Gold.

In the early times in California claims were small and road-agents numerous, and men, if they found a nugget of extraordinary size, were atraid their ground might be jumped or themselves robbed and perhaps murdered going below, and thus kept the largest gold finds a secret until they could get out of the mountains and the State. The following facts, that have never be 'ore been in print, I came across in a most singular way, and I can rely on the word of the narrator; In 1851 and 1852 I o'clock my second chief meal, or din- ment. Instruments that are well treat- mined with a man from Massachusetts ner, was served. The piece de resist-ance at this was again the inevitable the rich tones of a fine Stradivarius or placers around Down eville and the

came to the conclusion to cut it up, divide it, roll each one's share up in his own blankets, and start for the steamer to Panama and the Atlantic States. I went to town on Monday evening, got a sharp cold-chisel made to cut and divide the prize in e-ual shares, and it took us about al' night to cut and weigh it with our rude appliances.

"It seems like vandalism to destroy the grandeur of such a precious specimen of Nature's work. At the first blow of the chisel it sank deep into the pure yellow metal, it was so soft and vielding. Before daylight we had completed our singular dividend. We caved down the bank near the mouth of the drift. took a brief sleep, got breakfast. rolled up our blankets, and passed through town early, not caring to bid any one good-by, and then no explanations were required. We left the cabin and everything for the first lucky ones to possess. There was plenty more contained big pay; but we had \$16,000 ing.-N. Y. Advertiser. or \$17,000 each, and we were satisfied -A great many thing with our good fortune. We tried to by us as a matter of course in this counappear like three prospectors, carrying our blankets, and passed Goodyear Hill take the acknowledgment of a witness and the dreaded Nigger Tent (then the to a deed. He wrote out: "To me, well beat of the road agents), and hurried to

the next steamer, and landed safely in New York. I have many a time regretted the way we destroyed that natural gold specimen, perhaps the largest ever found in the world, in ancient or modern times.

"When I returned to Downieville after fourteen years' absence, I visited old Slate Castle Ravine and tried it once more, but twenty years had nearly exhausted its riches; still I tried, and of advices were adopted to evade the

He Sat Down.

man sat and growled out :

of such a hat as yours?"

head.

the words:

" Drop that hat?"

Detroit Free Press.

and the quiet voice continued :

"Stranger, what may be the first cost

The young man looked up with a

"Hey! Did you hear me?" roared

Quicker than one could count six a

shining revolver came from you couldn't

tell where, lifted itself on a level with

gers clutching the butt never trembled

a hair's breadth as a quiet voice uttered

The hat fell from the giant's grasp,

"Now you sit down or I'll kill you!

The muzzle of the weapon was not six

inches from the mun's eye, and I saw

him turn from red to white in ten sec-

onds. He backed away at the command,

sat down in a seat opposite, and never

bis ride of twenty miles. He had a

"navy" under his coat, but something in

that quiet voice and blue eye warned

him that the move of a finger on his part

would crash a bullet into his head .--

Indian Marriage Laws.

flash in his big blue eyes, and then

the other, as he leaned over the seat

turned to his paper without replying.

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PITH AND POINT.

-Eloquence is the best speech of the best soul.

-It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret, and I know more than one man who is a woman.-La Fontaine.

-" The astronomers at Harvard University have figured out that the comet went around the sun at the rate of 400 miles a second. Probably the sun had a bill against the comet."-Chicago Tribune.

-An English woman says: "English women can't hold a candle to French women in the matter of flirting." Perhaps if they could it would throw some light on the subject .- Norristown Herald.

-There is a cow in Pennsylvania that goes limping through life with a wooden leg. What a bonanza the owner would have if he could turn that leg into a pump and make the animal stand gold no doubt, for the ground we left | in a stream of water while he was milk-

-A great many things are accepted try. An Austin notary was called to known, personally appeared ---- by the San Francisco, arrived in time to board | way, what is your name, anyhow?"

-Orchestral players are getting to be intolerably conceited. The piccolos are dreadfully high-toned, the trumpeters are always blowing their own horn, the fiddlers complain that they are subjected to such violint exercise, and the drummers are all on a strike .- N. Y. Post.

-Which arm-the right or leftshould be given a lady when walking in made small wages, but its glory had de-parted. My old partner, Dodge, was delphia and other orderly cities give her an earnest, truthful man. I believe the right arm, so that she may not be tons of gold were carried below in early jostled by the passing crowd. In Chitimes by the lucky ones, and all kinds | cago and St. Louis give her the Mft

easy-going to make any progress in horticulture. Refreshed with my modin anatomical or microscopic work in caller. making observations and drawings, and in the preservation and storing of my collected objects. The evening hours, from four to six o'clock, were gen-

rangement of my specimens. At eight cracks seem to cause an improve-

My great resource as an article of diet, was the fruit which abounded at several at every meal, my, standing dessert consisted of mangoes (Mangife-

2. Wint

way!"-Brooklyn Eagle.

Spoopendyke Crab-Fishing.

Coming up the river the other day, [saw a middle-aged gentleman in a plug hat and business suit seated in a scow beside an attractive lady, feeling around among a lot of strings pendant from the side of the boat, and warning the lady that she could not keep too quiet.

"Now, my dear," observed the genileman, "don't you move, because I feel a crab on this line. I'll pull him up until he is in sight and then you slip the net under him. See?"

"Yes, dear," replied the lady, a little flustered as she contemplated her share of the performance. ""But, Mr. Spoopendyke, what shall I do when I get the net under him?"

"Scalp him!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, drawing slowly on the line. "Now wait, he's there," and Mr. Spoopendyke became even more cantious in his movements. "See him! There he is! Scalp him, guick !"

Mrs. Spoopendyke jabbed the net into the water and swashed around ▶ with great vigor.

"What ye doing?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, straightening up and glaring at her, as the crab struck a line for Newark Bay. "What'd ye think I had there, the bottom of the river? What'd ve suppose ye was trying to catch, a church? Take it out! Give it here!" and he grasped the lady around the waist and took the net away from her.

"Did I scalp him?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, flushed with her exertions and trembling with her excitement. "Show him to me! let me see what he looks like!"

"Looks like!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "He looks like Sandy Hook by this time! Why didn't you scalp him? What's the matter with you?"

"I-I couldn't tell which was his head," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, who hadn't seen anything at all. "Pull him up again, and you'll see if I don't scalp the last hair on his skull!"

The English language lost its last sharm for Mr. Spoopenkyke, and he turned to his strings with a withering look of contempt for his wife.

"Now you be careful," he said at length. "Here's another varmint, and you musn't let him get away. When I say 'Scalp!' you shove the net under him and just bring him aboard."

"Can you see him yet?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, waving the net over her head and peering into the water.

"Wait! Yes, there he is! Careful, remember. Now, scalp!"

He must have been a crab of phenomenal scholastic advantages to have gotton rid of that swoop, for Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a view to redeeming herself, went for the end of the string blindly, but with a strength of purpose that made failure impossible. She not only got the crab, but she slammed net, crab and all over Mr. Spoopendyke's head.

'What-wah-h ! !" shrieked that

"Lost him again!" exclaimed Mrs. connections are denoted by mixed colors, iron bands. veather, which could not always be de- the United States mails over that route value of such an instrument. He has a night to feast our eves upon it again, boopendyke, who hadn't the remotest such as pink head and skirt, with light While the American people have th p nded upon. Modern applian esh ve collection of fifteen bows that would and each guessed it would weigh at made its first trip on August 1, 1818. idea what a crab looked like. "Why, deepest interest in the welfare of Mexiblue triangle on the body, for sister-inmaterially hasten d the process of getbring from \$1,500 to \$2,000. No in-The distance was one hundred and thirleast two hundred pounds. We condear, what's that awful big spider in co, and rejoice that she has at length, law. A man can marry his brother's ting the hay cured and in the barn, but struments could be better cared for ty miles and the total cost of constructcluded not to take it to town to weigh under the progressive rule of Porfirio the net! Good gracious!" widow, and her children call him father with continuous wet weather there is than those of his collection; but, ing this great highway across the Allebut divide it some way; for if it were Diaz and Gen. Gonzalez, assumed a "Take it off!" howled Mr. Spoopeneven before their father's death. His strange as it may seem, there are perstill much risk that should if poss ble be ghanies was \$1,700,000, Its traffic known there would be intense exciteproud position in the sisterhood of nadyke. "Take it-wow! the thing has sister's children are only nephews and avoided. To overcome this trouble soon became enormous, and inns to sons with a mania for collecting instrugot me by the ear! Haul him off, will ment. We had gold scales, but they nieces. His mother's sister is always tions, they are also pleased that modmany experiments are now under trial ments who don't know how to take care accommodate the traveling public erate councils have prevailed in Gauteye?" would only weigh only one and a half called mother for the same reason, and with more o less success. One method of them when they get them. I knew sprang up so thickly along its line that even his paternal grandfather's brother's malan Government circles, and that Mrs. Spoopendyke dropped the hanpounds. After some time spent in cona Baltimore collector who had violins proposed is to stack the grass while perthey were said to average two to a mile. war, which once seemed so imminent, dle of the net as if it were an old-fashsultation. Bill Mastings suggested a son is his father. These, and many fectly green, with considerable layers of all over his house, often in places where The pike was admirably constructed, has been averted by the prudence and good sense of the statesmen of both rough pair of original scales; we piled on rock and iron weighed by the gold other distinctions, show that the terms ioned bonnet, and gazed upon her husstraw between layers of the grass, with they were liable to be broken at any but th) heavy traffic which demonband in consternation. of relationship are far more numeran open passage in the center of the strated its necessity put it in need of time. I was up-stairs in his house countries .- New Orleans Times-Demo-"Gast the crab!" yelled Mr. Spoopscales till we got the balance, and the ous and complicated with the Omastack for the moisture to pass out. This once, and was going to sit down on a frequent repairs, and the Government nugget brought down two hundred and endyke, tearing the net away. "Let go, has than with us. A man may crat. has not been discovered to prevent a bed, when he shouted to me to look finally turned it over to the States of ye brute! Wah-ha!" and the unfortuthirty-one pounds gold weight. We marry any woman belonging to ancertain amount of mold forming on the out-that a violin was in there. Sure Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio, and nate man wrenched the fish from off his -At a Virginia watering place a genother gens, whether connected with him enough, a violin was stuck under the burned the quartz, and thoroughly they established toll-gates to pay for its or not; though marriage into his moth er's gens is also forbidden. A man can tleman asked another who was sitting ear and dashed it in the bottom of the Machinery with drying apparatus atbed-clothes because he was too careless picked it out with the point of a knife; maintenance. In 1852, with the openboat. "What's your scheme in doing near kim three questions concerning tachment has been tried, but not suffithe pure gold brought down two huning of the Pennsylvania Railroad to to get a bag for it. I once came across sulphur water, and discovered that he that?" he demanded, holding his ear not marry any woman to whom he is rea fine 'cello in a town in Central New ciently economical and expeditious to Pittsburgh and the Baltimore & Ohio to with one fist and shaking the other at dred and twenty-seven pounds, and the grand specimen looked more beautiful had been consulting the resident physi-cian when he received a bill for \$15.lated by the ceremony of the calumetprove a success. Farmers, however, York, owned by a man who can't play Wheeling, its decline began. his wife. "Think you've got to eat 'em right out of the water? Got a notion lance. Sometimes a man may take the should put their wits to work to comit, doesn't take proper care of it, and than ever. If we had taken it to the children of his deceased brother without -A steamer that was sunk in eighty N. Y. Sun. pass this subject, for it will neve do for yet won't sell it. If it were not for such that he came up cooked and you must London express office there would have their mother herself. Sometimes the feet of water two years ago in Lake men artists would not have to make all time to let the hay crop, the most imbeen the wildest excitement. On Mondown him quick or he'll spoil?" yelled Huron has been raised, and her cargo, dying husband, knowing that his male portant one often on the farm, be engreat sacrifices to get instruments -An old hag, while begging in front down him quick or he'll spoil?" yened Mr. Spookendyke, enraged beyond all control by the sight of the carnage that trickled down his fingers. "What'd ye mean by it?" and he sprang into the air and alighted on the unhappy orab, day we cleaned up the remainder of the kindred are bad, tells his wife to marry consisting of 500 barrels of porter, fifty with which they can realize their contirely at the mercy of a spell of bad crevice, and it paid well, but to us the out of his gens. If a widower remains cases of gin, and 100 cases of brandy, weather that is liable to come at the ceptions. Of course they must have street, was told by the owner to "move fine instruments. Nothing less will content them, even though audiences should be just as well satisfied to hear all imported goods, has been found unpay now seemed small in comparison. single for two, three or four.years, he time it is most hurtful. - American on," when she turned upon him and harmed, and, having lain so long under Now each had enough. We had at must remain so forever. Widows, howdramatically uttered the following ter-rible curse: "May y're daughters kindle Dairyman, least \$50,000 to divide, enough to make ever, must wait four years before remarwater, has escaped duty. The present any well-made instrument as the divine voice of a Stradivarius."-Baltimore Cor. N. Y. Sun. all three com ortably rich. No doubt we could have made more by exhibiting the Iowas, Otos and Miasonris.-Popular it, but we could not run the risk. We slipping up and sprawling full length in the bottom of the boat, -Virginia has 172 tobacco factories, owners paid \$2,000 for the steamer and fires with kerosene and y're sons play with toy pistols,"-Philadelphia News, which consume 48,000,000 pounds of cargo, and \$6,000 for the work of raising, "Was that a grab, dear ?" asked Mrs, the weed annually, - Chicago Herald

bridge within seven miles either

Applying Manure.

Some farmers (or who pretend to be farmers) scoff at the idea of improving the production of prairie soil by stable and barn-vard manures. This is only the outcroping of shiftless and improvident farmers. Others never have any time to haul out manure. In the winter it is frozen in a solid mass, so that it can not be moved. In the spring the ground is so soft that it is almost impossible to haul it, and making mortar of the soil to be farmed. In the summer there is no place to spread it, as the crops occupy the ground. In the fall-well, what is in the way now? It is probable, however, that the manure pile has been bleached and soaked in sun and rains until there is none of the virtue left in it. It has been filtered by the heavy

summer rains until it is not worth anything. The right way is to haul out manure

as it accumulates, when it is, fresh and valuable. Then the soil, just where you want it, gets the leechings. Keep stables and yards clear during the winter. Take it to the fields before it freezes. Then the farm gets the full benefit. Keep up the practice in the spring. The current accumulations can be taken out, if the soil is muddy. And a good farmer can always find a place to spread usefully the summer manure. It is fashionable for farmers to ride in their wagons to the fields when plowing. The manure can be as easily thrown into the wagon in the morning, when cleaning stable or cow yards, as it can be thrown in a heap to waste. Take it daily to the field,

and it is a rare thing if a good place can not be found for it. But if it has accumulated during win-

ler, spring and summer, now is the time to haul it out, if it is not worth half price. In the older parts of the United States good stable manure sells for eight dollars per cord, and the farmers find that it is profitable to pay that for it, and haul ten or twenty miles. Some men let manure accumulate until they class generally soon move to Kansas or Nebraska, as mortgages accumulate

l'egister.

The question of whether hay could not he cured by other than the common and often d structive method now in vogue is being closely investigated by the experts and farmers of England.

The old and original method was to let the grass first get well ripened, then cut it with the reaping hook or scythe, turn it frequently with the fork to dry or ripen in the sun and the next day put it in cocks. After a few days make the whole into stacks or ricks, or put it in

the barn. After this came mowing machines, horse-rakes, tedders, self-loading wagons and hay-forks, and tackling for unloading and placing the hay in the barn or ricks.

of a man are denoted by colors; for Under the first sys em there was often amine it more thoroughly at night. veloping her vast internal resources and gentleman, as he felt himself imexample-black, grandfather or grandheavy loss and always some injury from for that violin at any time. It is "We staid away from town on Saturthe State of Ohio," became a law in reticulating her beautiful territory with pounded. mother; blue, father or mother. His exposing the grass so long to the 1806, and the first stage-coach carrying almost impossible to appreciate the day and Sunday, and brought it out at

curry and rice, followed sometimes by Guarnerius are due largely to the rage, a fish or a crab, which I enjoyed immensely, and then by some dish com- we find in them is the acquisition posed of eggs or meal, and finishing of years. Guillaume, who was, in again with delicious fruit. The important question of "what to is now in disrepute because the fine drink" seemed likely at first to prove tone he imparted to his instruments a difficult one. The ordinary drinking was not lasting. He had some process water of the low lands of Ceylon is for medicating the wood of his instruconsidered very bad and unwholesome, ments that gave them strongth and the highlands, on the contrary, being softness of tune, but age, instead of rich in springs of the purest and freshest water. The great rains which fall | Then, again, the tune of instruments daily on the island bring down a mass of mineral and vegetable deposit into the river, and the stagnant water of be repeated with any sertainty. The the lagoons is not unfrequently in com-munication with them. It is not cus-now in existence may be strokes of good tomary to drink the water unless holled | fortune that the old makers themselves or made into tea, or with the addition of claret or whisky. My friend Scott | see that the bridge of my 'cello here is had given me an abundant supply of not a particularly fine-tooking bit of the last-named beverage, but on the wood. Some time ago when I hapwhole I found no drink so pleasant and pened to drop into an instrument-re reshing, as well as wholesome, as maker's shop, he said: . I have got a

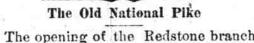
the fresh milk of the cocoa-nut. My frugal dinner at an end, I u-ually and fifty years old, just the thing to took a solitary walk on the shore, or de- make you a new bridge." Well, he lighted my eyes with the sight of the il- made the bridge and it looked right, lumination of the ralm woods by and seemed to fit right, but when I tried myriads of fire-flies and glow-worms. it the strings didn't sound night. Then I made a few entries in my note- worked with it some time, but finally book or tried to read by the light of a had to give it up. Then the buw has a cocoa-nut oil lamp. But I was gener- great deal to do with the time. Its ally quite tired enough to go to bed soon | wood must be strong, and at the same after nine o'clock, after another careful time slender and light; it must be firm shaking of the clothes for the expulsion | without being rigid, and must have per-

of scorpions and millipeds. The great black scorpion (nearly a foot long) is so common in Ceylon that I once collected half a dozen in the course of an hour. Snakes exist also in great numbers. Slender green treesnakes hang from almost every bough, and at night the great rat-snake (Corypho:lon Blumenbachii) hunts rats and mice over the roofs of the huts. Al-

though they are harmless and their bite not poisonous, it is by no means a pleasant surprise when one of these ratsnakes, five feet long, suddenly drops through a hole in the roof into one's room, occasionally alighting on the bed. On the whole, however, my nights in Belligam were but little disturbed by have to move their stables. But this (animal intruders, although I was o'ten kept awake by the howing of jackals and the uncanny cry of the Devil-bird about their farms as fast as manure (a kind of owl, Surnium Indrani), and piles about their stables .- Iowa State other night-birds. The bell-cry of the

pretty little tree-frog, which make their dwelling in the cups of large flowers, acted rather as a slumber song. But I was far oftener kept awake by the whirl of my own thoughts, by the recol'ection of the many events of the past day, and the anticipation of that which was to come. A brilliant succession ly s enes, of interesting observations.

and varied experiences mingled in my brain with plans of fresh enterprise and new discoveries for the morrow .-Deutsche Rundschau.



of the Pittsburgh, Virginia & Charleston Railroad marks a still further decline in the famous old National turnpike from Cumberland to Wheeling. "An act to regulate the laying out and mak-

ing a road from Cumberland, Md., to

Middle Yuba. In 1853 I lost sight of and the exquisite mellow quality which improving them, impaired their quality. seems to result from happy chance adjustments of their parts which cannot could not always certainly effect. You

splendid piece of maple one hundred

fect evenness of texture, so as to give the same quality of percussion from whatever point it may be applied to the strings. There are celebrated makers of bows as well as of instruments. The Lupot bow is famous. The maker is a Frenchman who flourished in the first quarter of this century. He got hold of a fine lot of Pernambuco wood, and all his bows were made of selected pieces. A good Lupot bow is worth one hundred dollars. An ordinary bow, which would look as if it were just as good, can be bought for five dollars.

"It is a hard thing to get hold of a fine old instrument," the virtuosa went on, the 'cello strings now sounding in melancholy chords under his straying fingers. "I believe I told you that Wil helmi plays a Stradivarius. Remenyi has quite a collection, but generally plays an Amati. Ole Bull had a large violin by one of the earliest makers of the Cremona school, Gaspard de Salo. Some fine instruments are in the hands of amateurs. Assistant-Secretary-of-State Hunter has a violoncello of Stradivarius tone, if not of that make. Exgravel. I tried to pry it out, but it was Mayor Havemeyer, of New York, although not himself a 'cello player, I beweve, paid about \$2,500 for a Guarnerius. It is the rich amateur who runs up the price of such instruments until they are out of reach of the poor artist. There is a manufacturer of garden tools in Hartford who has a splendid collec-tion of violins, and yet, so far as his own playing is concerned, an ordinary fiddle would do him just as well as a Stradi-

varius. In his collection is the famous King Joseph Guarnrius violin. It is a wonderful instrument. I can't describe to you the power, softness, and sweetness of its tones. They are exquisite. I suppose he could get \$4,000 or \$5,000

him, but heard that he had gone East. went below together, well armed and, In 1858 I went with the rush to British perhaps, many a large nugget, besides Columbia, and worked out a good millions of dollars in gold dust. never claim, and then took a trip to Australia. saw the light until it was safely de-In going from Sydney up to the mines posited in the banks or mints of the Atwe camped on a creek by the roadside, lantic States." - Downieville (.Cal.) Meswhere a great many teams stopped on sen yer. their up and down trips, as water supply in that dry climate was a long way apart. The great teams and American

wagons arrived along toward evening on the creek in a porfect stream.

olina, when a great big giant of a fellow As we were eating supper we heard with a terrible eye and a voice like a foga teamster's voice that I thought was horn boarded the train at a small stafamiliar, and driving into camp, tion. I think most of the passengers strolled among the teams, and almost sized him up as a chap whom it would the first man I met was my old Downiebe dangerous to argue with, but the ville partner. He was most glad to see giant wasn't satisfied with that. He me, and I being so recently from blustered at the conductor, growled at Downieville he requested me to call the brakeman and looked around as if after he had fed his animals and eaten seeking some one to pick a fuss with. his own meal, to talk over old times in Everybody answered him civilly, and California. He owned the whole fitout he had two or three seats to himself, but that he was driving-was freighted up, the man who wants a row can generally carrying hides, tallow and other cotind some pretext. About the center of lonial products on his own account for the car a pale-looking chap about twenback freight. He had married in the ty-five years old occupied a seat and was country, and was doing a protitable reading a newspaper. After a time the business with his team. giant rubbed along to where the young

After talking of old times here in Calfornia, the whereabouts of old friends and acquaintances, he said: "By the by, George, you never knew why or liow I left California so suddenly." I answered, "No;" but he had not slipped from my memory; but many men in the mines like ourselves were missed, and often turned up thausands of miles away. and lifted the hat off the young man's He said: "I can give you the eventful story now.

"Well, when we worked together in the summer of '52 on the Middle Yuba I heard you tell of the rich claim and the big man's eye, and the white fincoarse gold you found on Slate Castle Ravine on the South Fork, one mile above Downieville. Myself and Bill Hopkins, together with a German partner, went quietly to work in the summer of '53, and occupied an old cabin that had been deserted and the ground abandoned. We stripped the claim in another direction, and came across the lead containing coarse gold, as you had described, and made for two weeks per day per man from one to three ounces. The ground was getting stood up or spoke another word during deeper and heavy to strip, and 1 started a small drift to see how wide the lead was before we stripped further ahead. It was Saturday, about noon. The ground continued still to pay, and we were down in a soft slate crevice, when I struck the pick into a bright lump of gold that seemed to run into the solid

A paper, on this subject, read by Rev. too firmly imbedded. Then I worked Owen Dorsey before the American carefully around it, and it appeared to Association, notices some remarkable grow larger as I dug the gravel away. We placed one on the lookout to see customs in relation to marriage and kinship as prevailing among the Dhegitha that no one surprised us, and I tell you Indians, particularly the Omahas and we were startled; and after some time I Poncas. got it loose, and by hard lifting, and When a tribe is hunting it camps, by there it lay, almost pure gold, nearly centes or nations, in a circle, each gens the shape of a heart, and it fitted exbearing the name of some animal. All actly the bottom of the crevice. The the members of one gens are relatives, quartz attached to it was crystallized, and marriage between members of one and would not exceed three pounds in gens is absolutely forbidden. Memberweight. We got it in the cabin as quick ship in a gens is by descent in the male as possible, in a sack, and placed it line, not in the female. The relations under one of the bunks, intending to ex-

arm and carry your right hand in yo highwaymen, and often large parties pistol-pocket.—Philadelphia News.

> -"What makes you ask such a high price for this little room?" asked Kolusco Murphy of an Austin landlord. "Well, there is a young man next door who plays on the accordeon. You don't expect to have your innermost soul stirred up from the bottom every evening and not pay anything for it, do you? He sings, too!"- Texas Siftings.

-A great many of the scandalous We were running through South Carstories current are built on this formula: -"I say, mother, John told me that he heard Mr. Johnson say that Mr. Handy's aunt was present when the Widow Burnham told Captain Ball's cousin that old Mrs. Oxby understood that Sam Trifle's wife said, in so many words, that her mother heard on the best of authority that you weren't any better than you should be. If I were you I should look the matter up, for the thing comes pretty straight, you see."-N. Y. Herald.

The Guatemala Boundary.

From that epoch which was signalized by the fall of the ephemeral empire of Iturbide until the signing of the recent treaty between Mexico and Guatemala, the people of these two countries have been engaged in a constant dipute concerning the true bondary line between the republics. Several times com-missioners from either country had traced the boundary line, and definitely marked the northern limit of the ambitious little nation, but as often Guatemala refused to acknowledge the decision of the arbitrators. When Gen. Barrios had destroyed or intimidated the enemies of public peace and begun the work of reforming and and regenerating Guatemala, his Government renewed this vexed question, and began persecuting Mexican citizens who resided in the territory in dispute. The property of Don Matias Romero, Mexican Minister at Washington, was destroyed by the troops of the Guatemalan Dictator several years ago, and Mr. Romero's losses amounted to a large sum. Nor was he the only victim. Many other Mexican citizens were ruined by raiding parties from Guatemala, and several times Mexico was on the point of declaring war against her troublesome neighbor.

The boundary line claimed by Mexico is the same that has since been conceded by Guatemala. Thus a sanguinary war and complications with our own Government has been avoided by the firmness of the Mexican President, the statesmanship and tact of the Mexican Secretary of State, and the diplomacy and good management of the Mexican Minister at Washington. Now both Mexico and Guatemala are rid of this "bugbear" of a war-cloud that constantly hung suspended over them, and are at last on friendly terms. The work of reform that has been going on in Guatemala for the past few years will be continued. Mexico, which has made such vast strides forward in the path of political and material reform, at peace with the entire world, can also devote her attention to the grateful task of de-

Caring Hay.

