

Poetry.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

A Farmer's Pathetic Soliloquy.

When the times are so hard, with no chance to get softer,
There is nothing a fellow can do but to change his
manner of living to suit the condition.
And haul in his horns to a narrower range.

As nothing is left me, this side of creation,
But to fume and to fret if I yield to my state,
I'll take the best course for my ease and my
comfort
And submit, like a man, to the fiat of fate.

Undisturbed by the ways of the world, with its
falseness,
I'll create, by myself, a pure world of my own,
And with birds and with varnishes and other
such cattle,
That don't cheat, nor can't swindle, I'll dwell
all mine.

I'm as near to the God of the world and creation
As was ever enjoyed by the absence of man,
And can worship the things of this hand with a
revolver
Not felt when I mingled with nothing but
sham.

Here in this dale, while I dream of corruption
Dried oaks, like grim sentinels will guard one
around,
And the brook, as it murmurs all day with its
noise,
Will soothe me at night with its lullaby sound.

The birds in the branches sweet cadence are
making
And the flowers all smile when they wake in
the morn'
All nature's astir from a sweet, dreamless
slumber
And greet me with truth at the day's early
dawn.

The Thomas-cat's squall I'll improve and make
useful,
So that 'twill be mellow and pleasant instead;
And his cat-a-wail changed by such happy im-
provement
I'll think it a serenade there in my bed.

The wild hornet I'll tame to be social and
friendly,
So that he will light on my nose and not sting;
And the bat, that is said to be voiceless and
senseless,
I'll teach how to open his mouth and to sing.

The 'possum I'll learn to be honest and truthful,
So that he will never "play 'possum" again;
But with truth in his eyes, in his belly, per-
sistence
He'll no longer let fraud be attached to his
name.

The skunk, with his incense so loud and knock-
downish,
Will be taught to respect and consider one's
nose,
So that when he's prowling about, he will rival
The sweetest of flowers and smell like a rose.

The flea I'll convert from their habit of biting,
And ticks from the sin that they have to
adhere to
I'll reform the familiar, free ways of all var-
mints
Whose habits are bad and uncivil appear.

Thus alone will I dwell, and with brutes as com-
panions,
Which some may deem cranky as well as
unorthodox,
Turn my back on the world, with its shams and
its follies,
To breathe the sweet breath of fair nature and
truth.

Though poor as Job's turkey, my mouth shall
not water,
Nor will I incline it to be o'erflowing
Or to make me go back on myself by base long-
ing,
For things that my nature doth hanker for so
se,
Away from the thralthood of riches and
fashion,
How'er much I may home for or covet the
same,
I'll manage to throttle and hold in subjection
The wants that I, else, might find hard to keep
tame.

Though hard it may be to stop poverty's craving
When he's sick of short-comings and longs
for a change,
I'll teach him to graze without jumping his
pasture
In search of a "new" one in which he may
range.

A virtue I'll make of necessities strappings,
A trait that I otherwise never would enjoy;
And thus, with my character happily attend,
I'll strive on poor "ridicles" my stomach to
clog.

My wants I'll confine to my means and con-
dition
With subdued inclinations for what I can't get,
Nor enjoy, for to home is the base of content-
ment;
So, deprived of vain longings, I'll live and not
fret.

The world, with its kingdoms, may toss with
commotion,
And the clash of fell war between nations
occur,
The devil in general may stir up creation,
But no fuss will disturb the sweet quietude
here.

In short, a new Eden out here will I establish,
With no snake to invade and to wheedle again;
Where ebullience of joy unmolested, unceasing,
Will make my life glide like a realized dream.
U. B. GWYNNE.

HOUSEHOLD.

MOCK MINCE PIE.

One cup rolled crackers, one cup
sugar, one cup molasses, one cup
water, one cup vinegar, three table-
spoons butter, one tablespoon cinna-
mon, one teaspoon nutmeg, one tea-
spoon salt, one cup chopped raisins.
Mix in the order given, and bake in
two crusts.

POTATO SAUSAGE.

Of cold veal finely chopped add the
same quantity of cold mashed potato,
and season with pepper and salt to the
taste. Make it out in small cakes,
flour them, and fry them a light
brown. They may be fried in saus-
age gravy if you have any left. Cold
potatoes left from dinner will answer
for this dish.

LETTUCE SALAD.

Cut four or five nice heads of lettuce.
Salt it, and let it stand half an hour.
Then add to the lettuce the powdered
yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, half a
teaspoonful of mustard and half a tea-
spoonful of pepper. Add a small piece
of melted butter. Heat half a pint of
vinegar and pour over. Mix all and
garnish the dish with the whites of
the eggs.

STEWED KIDNEYS.

Soak in cold water, scald and remove
the outside membrane. Cut them
through the edge to the center, and
remove the hard part. Put them in
a stew-pan with two bay leaves, four
cloves, four peppercorns, teaspoon of
salt, one onion, two tablepoons of
vinegar and water to cover. Simmer
till tender. Brown one teaspoon of
butter, add one tablespoon of flour,
and when mixed add one cup of the
liquor; season with salt, pepper and
lemon juice. Pour this over the kid-
neys, and serve very hot.

The study of Shakespeare is having
a great revival in Germany.

ALIVE IN THEIR GRAVES.

A Young Girl Who Was Found Lying on Her Side, With Ribbons Torn to Shreds.

Frequently we hear of people being pronounced dead and afterwards coming to life, as it is generally termed, when they regain consciousness. Very queer, incredible and strangely peculiar are the stories related regarding these incidents, but few of them are true. The further they travel the better and stranger stories they become.

Many incidents are on record of people being buried alive, but during the past fifty years not over eight people are known to have met such horrible fates. Every medical college has a record of such cases, and for the veracity of the statements the physicians who investigated the different cases, had appearances only to guide them.

"Twenty years ago," as Hazel Kirke's old father exclaimed so many times a night in the play, Minnie Davis, a girl, young, beautiful, fascinating and accomplished, died in the little town of Asheville, N. C. It was but a few days before the day set for her wedding that her death occurred, the story goes. Before she died she requested that the ring which her expected husband was to place upon her finger when they were pronounced man and wife he tied about her neck with a ribbon. Needless to say her wish was carefully carried out.

The physicians who attended were puzzled by her illness, and when she ceased to live they rather reluctantly stated that heart disease was the cause.

Two months after she was buried the young man to whom she was to have been married died. He begged that the body of Minnie Davis be exhumed and buried in the same grave with him. His friends and the girl's mother promised to carry out his dying request.

When the coffin containing the dead girl was raised from the grave the mother asked to be allowed to gaze once more on her dear one's face. When the coffin cover was lifted a horrible sight presented itself.

The mother's shrieks broke the silence of the graveyard, and the grave diggers, used to ghastly sights, stood seemingly petrified, gazing with horror-stricken faces upon the sight that the bright sunbeams made all the more horrible.

The body was lying upon its side instead of the back, and the blue ribbon which held the wedding ring around the neck was torn to countless shreds. The features of the girl were contorted and strangely discolored, and the muscles of the hands and arms were drawn up in bunches as hard as iron.

Upon closer observation a startling fact presented itself. The wedding ring had been torn from the ribbon and placed upon the fourth finger of the left hand. The right hand was tightly closed over it, as if to shield it from envious eyes.

The town physicians made a careful examination of the remains, and, although the body had been buried two months, they declared that the girl had not been dead over three weeks. Imagine one's thoughts on awakening and finding they are in the grave, coffined and entombed alive. It is almost too horrible to think of; but what must it be to experience!

Another case where a man was buried alive occurred in May, 1879, in Rochester, N. Y. Henry Garlin was the unfortunate man's name, and he was one of the most prosperous and respected men in the community.

Early one morning he was found lying in a stall beside a horse in his barn. He had gone there but a few minutes before to feed the cattle, and the loud neighing of the horse attracted the members of the family.

The unconscious man was carried into the house and physicians hastily summoned. After working over him for more than an hour they pronounced him dead, giving heart disease as the cause.

He had always expressed a wish to be buried in Albany, N. Y., where he was born, but his wife being too ill to leave her home, they decided to place his body in a vault and carry out his wish at some later period.

Three weeks afterward a grave was prepared in a cemetery in Albany, and Mrs. Garlin went to the tomb to take a last look at her dead husband.

The coffin was raised, a figure clothed in black stole tremblingly up and a pale face peered within the rosewood case. There was a shriek, a heavy fall, and all was still.

Only the old grave digger gazed upon the sickening sight.

The flesh on the dead man's face had been torn in strips with his finger nails, and in his terrible death struggle his garments and the silk lining of the coffin had been ripped in shreds. The powerful strength which came into the man's fingers, while in frenzied struggles he fought against death, must have been supernatural.

The doctors thought from the ap-

pearance and condition of the body that the man must have regained consciousness a few hours, or at least a day, after he was buried. These opinions were told to Mrs. Garlin, and she brooded over the terrible fate of her beloved husband. She blamed herself for allowing his body to be placed in the tomb so soon, and two months afterward she was found dead in her bed. The doctors said, and all of her friends believed it to be so, that she died of a broken heart.

Three years ago, while laborers were removing the dead bodies from an old graveyard in the lower part of New York City, one of the coffin lids fell off. The body, which was that of a man, lying face downward, and the limbs were turned and twisted in all kinds of showing clearly that the man had been buried alive.

Another case, which was discovered in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few years ago, was that of twin girls, who had been buried in the same coffin alive. They were but four years old when the doctors pronounced them dead, both having been found unconscious in their beds. The case was a very mysterious one, and was brought to light in a peculiar manner. The bodies were buried prematurely, it was claimed, and, in order to prove it, it was necessary to open the coffin. The baby girls were clasped in each other's arms, and their skin and shrouds were torn.

"That these people were buried alive is beyond doubt," a well known Chicago physician explained to me the other day, when I broached the ghastly subject. "You often hear of people remaining unconscious for days and months at a time, living without food or water, and altogether in a state similar to death. It would be very natural for a physician to conscientiously pronounce a person in such a state dead, and I have no doubt whatever that hundreds of people are buried alive each year. You see there is no way of finding out. We have appearances only to go by, but I think they are enough to satisfy any man of sense and judgment."

Just then the physician's pretty daughter came into the room, and the ghastly subject seemed to fade from his mind, so I bothered him no longer. —Chicago Press.

A MAN WHO WALKS BACKWARD.

The case of Joseph Copeman, a young deaf mute, whose powers of locomotion are so affected from some unknown cause that he is obliged to walk backward, after the manner of a crab, has completely mystified Dr. Horatio C. Wood, under whose care the boy lies in the University Hospital. Copeman was born in England about ten years ago. At the age of three years an attack of scarlet fever brought about the loss of his hearing, and he also gradually lost all power of speech. Shortly after this he came with his parents to this country, settling at Osceola Mills, in Clearfield county.

Very soon after the arrival of the family here the mother died and the boy's father disappeared very suddenly. Since that time the young unfortunate has been living with his grandmother, Mrs. Baker, at Osceola Mills. At the age of six years he had two or three slight attacks of convulsions that did not seem to effect him seriously, but about a year later he had a severe fit, which left him in an unconscious condition.

When he recovered he remained in a state of profound stupor for several days, but later recovered his apparent good health, and continued in a normal condition until April last. His grandmother then noticed that the boy occasionally limped very painfully with his left leg. She imagined he was mimicking an old cripple of the neighborhood, punished him and admonished him not to repeat the offence. The boy rapidly grew worse and finally lost the use of his left leg. The left arm also became affected, and he developed a tendency to walk backward instead of in the usual way.

The grandmother became alarmed and sent the boy to a hospital in Philadelphia. He received no benefit from his treatment at that institution, and was afterwards, through the influence of Rev. Dr. Clerc, sent to St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, Penn. He underwent treatment there for about three weeks and was thought to be considerably benefited. After leaving the institution Dr. Clerc made application for admission to the deaf and dumb asylum at Broad and Pine streets. The boy arrived at the institution in September, but when his peculiar condition was discovered Superintendent Crauter and Dr. Lewis concluded to place him under the care of a physician rather than send him to a class for instruction in the sign language.

A peculiar phase of his case lies in the fact that, when standing erect, if he desires to move from one point to another he is obliged to turn and walk backward, while, by assuming a stooping position he can shuffle forward in the usual way. —Philadelphia Record.

RUN DOWN.

The Many Things Struck by a Locomotive.

Everything From Trains to Geese—The Dangerous Pig and the Irritating Goat—An Engineer Tells How it All Feels.

"Yes," said an engineer who had grown gray in the service of the company, as he stood beside his locomotive, in Jersey City, the other day, "the suspense attending a run-over accident when you are on an engine smothering one. I can assure you," he continued, wiping a blotch of oil off the side rod with a piece of waste, "that I am somewhat of an authority on the subject, because I have had the misfortune to run over about everything from a chicken to a fire engine.

"You would naturally think that a collision, where your own life was in imminent danger would cause you more anxiety than anything else, but it doesn't. Usually a collision occurs before you know where you are. You are sailing along over the rails, trying to keep as near your schedule time as you can, when suddenly something shows up before you. With me it has always been the rear of a train, for I have never tried to pass an engine on the same track coming in an opposite direction. In an instant you slam on the air brakes, reverse the engine and wait for the crash, and the engine buries herself in the caboose or cars of the train you strike. Then you make the most of a bad job, and if you are not at fault for the accident and no one is injured or killed, you soon forget all about it. But it is entirely different when you run over a human being. You are speeding along and see a man on the track in front of you. At first you think that he will hear the train, just as thousands have heard it before, and get off the track in time, but he goes on with his back toward you and you pull the whistle string and the engine shrieks the warning. He does not hear even that, so you try to stop the train. The air brakes are put on, the engine is reversed and the great drivers begin working backward, sending fire in showers from the shining steel rails, while sparks of live coals from the furnace shoot from the stack high up into the sky, as the monster groans and struggles vainly trying to stop the train behind.

"While you draw nearer and nearer the victim the suspense is absolutely beyond description. All efforts are useless. You feel a slight jar as the poor devil is struck, and a coal sweat breaks out all over your body, and a faint feeling comes over you, until you fall back on your seat, sick at heart, and wonder what the fate of the man was and whether he leaves a family and what sadness there will be when they learn the news at home. You think that you would like to stop railroading and earn a living at something else. Meantime the train has come to a standstill. The engine has ceased her struggles and the only sound you hear is the throbbing of the air-brake as it pumps back and forth, making a noise like the breathing of some exhausted beast. The baggage-master, conductor and brakeman rush out of the cars and take all that is left of the victim from under the wheels.

"Well, you know his fate now. As soon as you are signaled to go ahead, and as you touch the throttle, the engine leaps forward eagerly as if she were anxious to leave the dreadful place behind, and in a moment the thought of the accident is driven by other work from your busy mind.

"A pig is a dangerous thing to run over, for he is likely to throw the locomotive off the track. When the pilot of the engine hits him it usually knocks him down and then rolls him for a few yards under it before the trucks strike him, and when they do there is great danger of them leaving the rails. The drivers are almost certain to follow the trucks, and if you don't go down the bank you are lucky. So you see what havoc one pig can make with a railroad. Another disagreeable thing about a pig is that he never stops squealing from the time he is hit until he is stone dead. Engineers are not fond of pork.

"It is next to impossible to kill a goat with an engine. Goats are the most irritating of all animals that wander along a railroad track. No matter how fast you may be running or how quietly you steal down upon him he will see you out of the corner of his eye and manage to get out of the way just in time to miss the cow-catcher as the engine rushes by him at lightning speed. Cows and horses are generally easily disposed of, though sometimes they get under the wheels and cause a bad wreck. But they are so large that the pilot gets under them and throws them to one side. Sheep are the most pitiful of all animals to run down. They seem to realize the danger that they are in and huddle together in the middle of the rails and

await death. Their great innocent eyes stare at you so mournfully and sadly that they haunt you for days to come. A locomotive seems to take savage delight in destroying sheep. She throws them in every direction and will kill a whole flock in an instant. I struck a flock of geese once. Well, I never thought there were so many feathers in the world. I couldn't see anything but feathers for ten minutes, and when we reached the station my engine looked as if she had received a coat of tar and feathers. Hello! There goes my bell; I must leave you," said the "knight of the footboard" as he sprang into his cab and started the train out of the station on its journey to the West. —New York Tribune.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Salmon, pike and codfish are the only fish that never sleep.

A man can live and enjoy perfect health on milk and its products alone.

The fall of rain in the mountains of Southern California has greatly increased since the formation of Salton Lake.

It is only a few years since the nourishing qualities of milk and its hygienic value began to be properly appreciated.

The indispensable use of gutta-percha is for the protection of submarine telegraphs, for which all other substances have proved more or less failures.

G. W. Dunn, the California naturalist, has collected over 70,000 insects belonging to the hornwinged family, 5,000 of the cricket tribe and about 4,000 butterflies and numberless rare plants and animals.

A French anatomist has examined the skeletons of eighty-six chimpanzees, gorillas and orang-outangs, and asserts that he has found in them bone diseases like those which afflict mankind, and in about the same proportion.

A new artificial honey, called "sugar honey," bids fair to become a formidable rival of the natural product. It consists of sugar, a small proportion of mineral salts, water, and a free acid. In taste and smell it very closely resembles the genuine honey.

Professor Munsey says that a good churn will make at least ten per cent. more butter than is called for by the butter fat found in the milk, and if all the butter fat got into the butter it would overrun the amount called for nearly eighteen per cent.

The germs of yellow fever, it is thought, may be conveyed from tropical countries by the pet birds exported in so large numbers. Recent cases of the disease in Marseilles, France, could be traced to no other cause than a pair of parrots from the Australasian Islands.

Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fiber remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.

In using the heavier grades of kerosene or refined petroleum oils in lamps, the wick often becomes charred at the top, which obstructs the capillary action of the wick. When the wick is raised, the charred top obstructs the slot in the flame guard and diminishes the flame. Wicks should be often renewed. The old wicks become hard and partly obstructed in the tube.

An ingenious camera for photographing the internal organs of men or animals has been invented in Germany. It is cylindrical in shape, is contained in a rubber tube, and has two hemispherical shutters and two minute incandescent lamps. Pressing a pneumatic ball moves the camera forward in the tube, opens the shutters, and makes the electric light contact. Removing the pressure closes the shutters, puts out the lights, and replaces the camera.

Experiments made in America with the cottonwood show that the increase in the girth of the tree is made only during a week or two about midsummer. It is believed to be the rule with most American fast-growing deciduous trees. Experiments on coniferous trees, recently made in Scotland by David Christison, show opposite results. There is a retardation of growth at midsummer, and a rather rapid increase just before and just after that time.

1365 MILES AN HOUR.

A locomotive working under a pressure of 140 to 165 pounds to the square inch of boiler surface may move a train at a velocity of sixty miles per hour; and, under favorable circumstances, even a greater distance. While we are apt to think this a wonderful rate of speed, it is slow, very slow, when compared with the velocity of a projectile fired from a modern "great gun." Such missiles push forward through the air at the rate of 1365 miles per hour, the impelling force exerting a pressure of 35,000 to 45,000 pounds to each square inch. —St. Louis Republic.

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO. Africans Are Supposed to Have Used It Long Before Raleigh's Time.

It has generally been supposed that the uses of tobacco were not known outside of America and its islands before the discovery of the western world, says Goldthwaite's *Geographical Magazine*. While convincing proof to the contrary has not been obtained, the explorations of recent years have raised the question whether the tobacco habit in the fifteenth century was not far more widely prevalent than has been believed. It is learned that among many of the Pacific islands the natives used tobacco long before they were visited by white men, and there is no tradition among them of a time when their fathers did not understand the culture and uses of the tobacco plant. Throughout inner Africa also the use of tobacco is universally known and there is every reason to believe that some of the varieties of the tobacco plant in common use are indigenous. For all we know to the contrary the savages of Central Africa, who were quite unknown at the time Columbus discovered America, were puffing their pipes long before he made himself famous.

There is no doubt that the discovery of American tobacco had considerable influence upon the tobacco habit in Africa, if it did not actually introduce it. Our common Virginia tobacco was carried far up the Nile to equatorial Africa long before white men penetrated to that region. Schweinfurth was the first to discover that this imported plant is in use among several of the Bahr-el-Chasal and Welle-Makua tribes, and it is a curious fact that the savages who use this exotic have no native name for it. Each tribe has its own name for the native variety of tobacco, but the appellations the Africans apply to the imported plant show unmistakably that they are derived, one and all, from the word tobacco.

So far as this large region, at least, is indebted to America for an improved quality of the weed the obligation seems to be acknowledged in the names given to the article. But the indigenous varieties are far more prevalent and are largely used even where Virginia tobacco is cultivated. And since the foreign source of the exotic has been so easily discovered in the language of the people, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that in the greater regions to which it has not extended, and where no foreign influence is discernible, the smoking habit had an independent origin.

It is not at all certain that the white race has a prior claim even upon the invention of the cigar. In all parts of New Guinea, the largest island in the world, that have yet been visited tobacco is cultivated, and in some of these districts the humble pipe contributes nothing to the enjoyment of the weed and is not even known. Dr. MacLay saw natives with crude looking cigars in their mouths who had never seen a white man before, and thought he had dropped from the sky. Dr. Finch, who, some years later explored the coast for hundreds of miles, says the natives of the whole north-east coast of New Guinea, though inveterate smokers, had never heard of a pipe and returned those which he gave them as articles for which they had no use. He says they roll the partly dried leaves into a rude cigar, and, not being blessed with Havana wrappers, they tie around their cigar a large green leaf from a tree. Doubtless the vilest weeds sold on the Bowery are superior to these products of Papua ingenuity, which hold fire so poorly that a live coal is always kept at hand to reinvigorate them. But they suit the native taste, and the people seem to regard those who draw tobacco smoke through a pipe stem as belonging to an inferior race of human beings.

A GOLD MINE IN THE TEETH. French statisticians have recently made some curious calculations of the amount of gold which is annually buried in the United States. M. Victor Mennir asserts, after making careful inquiries, that the American dentists annually insert into the teeth of their patients, 1800 pounds of the precious metal, which would be worth \$450,000. This gold is never recovered, of course, but is buried with the person in whose mouth it is placed. Making allowance for the rapid increase of our population and for the continued deterioration of the human teeth, it appears that in less than a hundred years American cemeteries will contain more gold than now exists in France. This is no fancy sketch, but the result of study and cold figuring. —St. Louis Republic.

NOTICE, COUNTY LECTURERS. In the organization of the District Lecture Bureau any member of the Alliance in the District can be chosen President, and the said President shall be District Lecturer.

Fraternally,
W. S. BARNES,
Sec.-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.