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## Casablanca—1879.

The boy lay in his little bed,  
Though off in his mother's bed:  
"Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred!"  
"Get up!" his father lawed.  
Yet quiet and serene he lay,  
As though he heard them not;  
Opposed did the youngster play,  
"Though things were getting hot."  
The time passed on—he did not start!  
But took another nap;  
His father up the stairs did dash,  
And gave his door a rap.  
He cried aloud, "Say, Freddie, say!  
Why don't you leave your bed!"  
But silently young Freddie lay,  
As though he were quite dead.  
"Speak, Freddie," once again he cried,  
For I must soon be gone;  
And—but a lusty snore replied—  
"Pa's patience nearly gone."  
Up to his face quick ran the blood,  
He tore his aburn hair,  
A shriek at the doorway stood  
In still, yet deep despair,  
And shouted 'gain, with thunderous knock,  
"Young second, do you hear?"  
While in the hall loomed the clock,  
That grated on his ear.  
With angry push he opened the door,  
And slammed it to again;  
With noisy strides across the floor,  
To the bed he walked amain.  
Then came a sound like threatening whew,  
Or butcher tendering steak;  
Near screams! hear moans! hear snoring  
"Ah, Freddie is awake."  
A ringing bell, a mother's call,  
May sometimes rouse a lad;  
But the only sure thing, after all,  
Is a father when he's mad.

## GERTY CARNEGIE'S SONG.

"Ten minutes to ten—if I hurry I shall catch the ten-fifteen train, and may manage to be back to dinner at two, mamma."  
So saying, Gerty Carnegie, with deft fingers, rolls up a piece of manuscript music, and then runs up stairs to equip herself for the expedition to town.  
Gerty is in deep mourning. Only five months ago she lost her brave, noble sailor father, a captain of an ocean steamer, that was lost, with all souls on board, among the icebergs.  
He has left his widow and only child wholly unprovided for, and they have to depend upon their own exertions for the means of subsistence.  
So Gerty, who is a brave girl as well as a pretty one, has thrown herself with her whole youthful energy, into the task of teaching music, and the other day has even attempted a composition; it is a song set to "Tommy's," "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," a very ambitious undertaking; but what is there too high for the ambition of youth?  
This precious work of art, neatly copied, she is now on the point of taking up to one of the music publishers in London—she is living with her mother at Wimbledon—and her heart beats high as she gives herself up to the architecture of airy edifices, furnished with fame, success and prosperity.  
She hurries to the Putney station, and jumps into an empty-looking second-class carriage, and takes her seat with her back to the locomotive.  
There's no one with her in the carriage, so Gerty begins to sing her song, partly out of the fulness of her glad young heart, partly with the purpose of exercising her voice a little, for she hopes to be permitted to sing it to Mr. Doocy; she has a clear and sympathetic mezzo-soprano, and pleased with her own performance, repeats her song over and over again.  
Suddenly she is startled by a cough behind her—a manly cough, and, oh, horror! she quickly turns round, she beholds the corner of the adjoining compartment a man.  
Dreadful! Has she been giving an unsolicited concert to this abominable stranger, who dares to sit there, and, with admiring impertinence, take off his hat to her? She feels inclined to cry with shame and mortification.  
Luckily the train slackens speed at this moment, and, in her own performance, repeats her song over and over again.  
The song ceases, and Gerty still stands listening. She hears the comments and plaudits on the song and the singer, and her heart exults.  
She steps from her hiding-place presently, and is immediately accosted by Ethel Hermon with a request to take the now vacant seat at the piano.  
"But first let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Wentworth, Miss Carnegie. Has he not a splendid voice, and did he not sing that lovely song splendidly?"  
"Would you object to telling me from whom you obtained that song, Mr. Wentworth?" Gerty asks.  
"Not at all. It was in the oddest way. I found it in front of a railway carriage at Waterloo station, probably dropped there by a young lady who had been singing it about half a dozen times in the carriage, fancying herself alone, I imagine, and—"  
"He comes to a full stop, and a look of amazed recognition comes into his face as he notices Gerty's confusion.  
"By Jove! you are the young lady. I've been wanting to find you ever since. I tried to trace you at the time, but you had vanished, and I have been advertising for you the whole of last week. How is it you never read the advertisements?"  
"I never see the papers. I am so glad it is found, for I wanted to take it to the publishers."  
"Then it is your own composition! I had no idea of it. I thought it was simply something you were practicing for your singing lesson."  
Gerty blushes crimson at the recollection of that absurd vocal journey up to Waterloo.  
Then the petition for a song from her being repeated she complies, and she sings and looks her very best, and Tom Wentworth gazes and listens in rapt admiration.  
Later on in the evening he persuades her to walk through a quadrille with him, and presently says:

"Burned, mamma."  
"But, Gerty, how silly. How could you destroy it so thoughtlessly?"  
"Oh, don't scold, mamma. Never mind, it's gone—and I'll never write another," poor Gerty sobs, in great woe.  
"Nonsense, you'll remember every note of it, and just write it out again, that's all."  
"Never, mamma. It is a bad omen; it tells me that I am not to succeed as a composer, so there's an end to that dream. And now let us have some dinner, and then I must go up to the terrace, and give my lessons at Mrs. Harmon's."  
And Gerty dries her tears, and tries to put on a cheerful face, and to do justice to the frugal repast that is presently set before her.

In the afternoon she departs rather heavy-hearted, and with lagging steps on her daily duty of teaching. At the Harmon's she finds her two pupils, the twins, Winnie and Ethel, in a state of glowing excitement.  
"Oh, Miss Carnegie, papa has consented to our giving such a jolly party on the fifteenth, your birthday, you know. There's to be a dinner party first, and then we are to have music and singing, and wind up with a dance. And you must come. It would be so kind if you would just sing a song or two, and Winnie and I are to sing our duet, and then you must stay and join in the dancing with the rest of us—do!"

"I don't dance at present, you know, Ethel, but I will come with pleasure, and help you all I can to amuse your guests, and I'll play for the dancing; then you need not trouble to engage any one. The fifteenth, you say? That's to-morrow week. Very well—it will suit me perfectly."  
And then the lessons are given, and Gerty returns home in the dark, drizzily January evening, forgetting all about the party, and thinking of nothing but her lost song.

The week goes by, and on the eve of the party Mrs. Carnegie asks:  
"By-the-by, Gerty, what are you going to sing to-morrow evening at the Harmon's?"  
"Oh, I don't know, mamma. Anything that comes into my head at the time. It does not signify in the least. The people—the old ones, I mean—will have eaten so much dinner that they'll be content to doze at my ditty, and the young ones will wish to hear as quickly as possible, so as to commence the dancing. My singing will be merely a stop-gap, and the choice of songs therefore immaterial."

"What a lovely girl!" Tom Wentworth remarks to his cousin, Ethel Harmon, next evening, as Gerty makes her appearance in the drawing-room. Who is she? I fancy I have seen her face before.  
"Yes, she does look lovely to-night. That black gauze dress sets off her brilliant complexion," Ethel rejoins. She is Miss Carnegie, our music mistress, and I'll introduce you to her presently. But you must come and sing first. You can sponoon afterward. Come, I'll play your accompaniments if you like. What will you sing? "Tom Bowling?"  
"No, I've sung that at every party these last three years. I'll sing a new song, and play my own accompaniment by heart, thank you all the same, Etty."  
And Mr. Wentworth seats himself at the piano.

What is that?  
"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea."  
Gerty listens with straining ears. Is she dreaming? Her own song! How dare any one—  
But as she stands and listens, her heart beating fast, the tears come welling up to her eyes, and she hastily steps behind a window curtain to hide her emotion.  
Mr. Wentworth has a good tenor voice, and sings simply and unaffectedly, and with intelligent interpretation, and some-how Gerty is more deeply affected by her own song than she has ever been before.  
The song ceases, and Gerty still stands listening. She hears the comments and plaudits on the song and the singer, and her heart exults.  
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"I'll tell you what, Miss Carnegie. Let me take your song to the publishers. I am personally acquainted with Mr. W—, and although your charming song can stand on its own merit, yet these publishers are 'kittle cattle,' and perhaps I may be able to manage it better for you than you could yourself."  
Gerty gladly accepts the offer. The song is published. Gerty does not know till many months later that it has been at Tom's expense, and the business necessitates so many interviews between the two young people that nobody is very much surprised when, in the merry month of June, Gerty Carnegie is turned into Mrs. Thomas Wentworth.

**Wonderful Ice Cave.**  
A correspondent of the *Scientific American* describes a visit to a wonderful natural curiosity at Decorah, Iowa, as follows:  
The thriving town of Decorah lies in a romantic valley of the Upper Iowa river, and the cave is almost within the corporate limits. Following the left bank of the stream, one soon reaches the vicinity, and with a hard scramble through a loose shale, up the side of a precipitous hill, forming the immediate bank of the river, the entrance is gained—an opening five feet wide and eight feet high. These dimensions generally describe the cave's section. From the entrance the course is a steep decline, at times the ceiling is so low that progress on hands and knees is necessary. About 125 feet from the entrance the "Ice Chamber" is reached. At this spot the cave widens into a well-proportioned room, eight by twelve feet. The floor is solid ice of unknown thickness, and on the right hand wall of the room a curtain of ice drops to the floor, from a crevice extending horizontally in the rock at the height of one's eyes. Close examination discovers the water oozing from this crevice, and as it finds its way down the side it freezes in the low temperature of the chamber. Singularly this one crevice, and that no wider than a knife edge, furnishes this nature's house, with the necessary water. It was a hot day in August, the thermometer marking eighty degrees in the shade when the visit was made, and comparatively the cold was intense. In common with all visitors, we detached some large pieces of ice and with them hurriedly departed, glad to regain the warmth of the outside world.

The most remarkable fact in connection with this wonder is that the water only freezes in the summer. As the cold of the actual winter comes on the ice of the cave gradually melts, and when the river below is frozen by the fierce cold of Northern Iowa, the ice has disappeared and a muddy slush has taken the place of the frigid floor. I would add that the ice chamber forms the terminus of the cave. Beyond a shallow crevice in the crumbling rock forbids further advance. The rock formation of this region is the Portland sandstone.  
Why should the temperature of the ice chamber be such as to freeze the water trickling into it? And above all, why should the ice disappear with the cold of winter?

**Snow-Raised Bread.**  
Somebody thinks he has discovered that snow, when incorporated with dough, performs the same office as baking powder or yeast. "I have this morning for breakfast," says the writer in the *English Mechanic*, "partaken of a snow-raised bread cake, made last evening as follows: The cake when baked weighed about three-quarters of a pound. A large teaspoonful of fine, dry, clean snow was intimately stirred with a spoon into the dry flour, and to this was added a tablespoonful of caraway and a little butter and salt. Then sufficient cold water was added to make the dough of the proper usual consistency (simply stirred with the spoon, not kneaded by the warm hands), and it was immediately put into a quick oven and baked three-quarters of an hour. It turned out both light and palatable. The reason," adds the writer, "appears to be this; the light mass of interlaced snow crystals, held imprisoned a large quantity of condensed atmospheric air, which, when the air is warmed by thawing very rapidly in the dough, expands enormously and acts the part of the carbonic acid gas in either baking powder or yeast. I take the precise action to be, then, not due in any way to the snow itself, but simply to the expansion of the fixed air lodged between the interstices of the snow crystals, by application of heat. This theory, if carefully followed out, may perchance give a clew to a simple and perfectly innocuous method of raising bread and pastry." And stop the discussion as to whether alum in baking powders is deleterious to health or otherwise.—*Scientific American*.

**The Long and Short of It.**  
A teacher, in illustrating on the question why the fingers are of unnatural length, made his scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show that the fingers are equal. It would have been better, says Sir Charles Bell, had he closed his fingers upon his palms and then asked whether or not they correspond. The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand ends, adapting the form of the hand and fingers to different purposes—as for holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, engraving tools, etc., in all of which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Telegraph* says that among the poorer classes of St. Petersburg suicides, through swallowing a solution of phosphorus, have become so numerous that it is proposed to prohibit the manufacture and sale of lucifer matches made to ignite by means of phosphorus.

**TIMELY TOPICS.**  
The plea of several Western settlers, who have been writing to the bureau of emigration at Castle Garden, New York city, for wives has been answered. The superintendent has received letters from three or four young women, who are anxious to ally their destinies with the Western Benefited, and it is just possible that they may light the torch of Hymen.

The late Joseph Gillot, the steel-pen manufacturer, after he became rich, had a mania for collecting old Italian instruments, and, although he knew nothing whatever about music, he became the owner of over five hundred violins and violoncellos, a large portion of which were made by the great artists of Cremona. After his death they were found lying in dusty heaps or thrust away in boxes.

A painting that is greatly admired at Rome this season, "The Revels of Massalina," has a strange history. The man who painted it lived in an attic and kept body and soul together on a limited diet of bread and onions. When it was done he gave it to another painter in pledge of \$300, and finally killed himself in utter despair. Now that he is dead, his pictures are selling. The artist to whom "Massalina" was pledged also killed himself.

Advices from India report a circumstance of very rare occurrence, the conversion of a European to Buddhism. The person in question is an Austrian Siam, and he obtained from the king of Siam permission to pass his novitiate in the magnificent temple attached to the palace. His reception gave rise to the most imposing ceremony. He will have to spend four years completely isolated from the world. The reasons which have induced him to take this step are said to be that he may the more readily study the Pali language, which is known to the Indian high priests only.

The Emperor Napoleon III., during his visit to England, contrived to win the warm friendship of the queen and Prince Albert, which, in the case of the former, has been extended to his widow and son. The young Louis Napoleon, before departing for the Zulu war, called upon the queen to bid adieu, and, according to a London paper, she received him with the greatest cordiality, thanking him in a trembling voice for the courageous interest he evinced in her army and country. She seated him beside her on a sofa during the interview, and, as he rose to depart, she drew a ring from her hand, and placing it upon his finger, asked him to preserve it as a mark of her gratitude. The young man was visibly affected by the queen's gift and words.

Anti-treating temperance societies are multiplying throughout the country. In Philadelphia, a Sunday morning breakfast is the inducement to attend a temperance meeting. A member of the Michigan legislature has introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor to sell liquor to a woman under any circumstances. The current temperance agitation in London takes the shape of a controversy as to the extent of beer adulteration. Francis Murphy has been lecturing, during a great part of the season, for \$100 a night. Gough finds favor as a lecturer in Great Britain, particularly in Scotland. An Ohio man has bequeathed \$10,000 to distribute tracts setting forth the injurious qualities of lager beer. A society for the enforcement of the civil damage law is to be formed in Buffalo. The validity of the law having been settled by the court of appeals, this organization will prosecute, free of expense, the cases of drunkards' wives against liquor dealers.

**Some Historical Walking Matches.**  
Among the most famous of the world's walking matches are some of those recorded in military history, where the obstacles of heavy burdens and difficult terrain, added to those of time and distance, rendered the feat almost insuperable. One of the heavily-armed soldiers of the late Roman Empire, marching to Marathon, covering 150 miles of almost roadless country in three days, would have earned high commendation in an age of sporting papers. The consul Nero's march to the Metarus, to surprise the Carthaginians (201 B. C.), lasted two days and a night, with the slightest possible intermission, the soldiers taking food from the hands of the country people, and eating it as they went. Hannibal's retreat from Zama upon Carthage brought him to Andrumetum, sixty-three miles distant, between dawn and nightfall, the pursuing Romans accomplishing the same distance in even less time. Cosar's Tenth Legion achieved a parallel feat in Gaul, while in heavy marching order. The Bernese Swiss, when summoned to aid those of Soler in repelling an invasion, are said to have answered the call so promptly that the newly-baked loaves which they carried with them were barely cold on arrival. Frederick the Great, on the hottest day of the terrible summer of 1760, had a kind of race with Marshal Daun for the occupation of an important post, both armies making such speed that 200 Prussians and 300 Austrians dropped dead on the line of march from sheer exhaustion. Frederick's younger brother, Henry, during the same war, marched for fifty hours, with only three intervening halts. Napoleon's "Old Guard" repeatedly made sixty miles in a day during the great campaign of 1813; and one of the Russian regiments in Central Asia is stated, on good authority, to have accomplished seventy-eight. The similar exploits achieved during the Indian mutiny of 1857, and the American civil war of 1861-5, are too well known to need repetition.

**ARTIFICIAL DEATH.**  
A New and Wonderful Process for Freezing Alive Cattle and Sheep.

The Bathurst (New South Wales, Australia) *Courier* gives publication to a discovery which, if it is as represented, is certainly most wonderful, and will prove of the highest importance to certain industries, particularly that of meat exportation. But listen to the *Courier*:  
The gentlemen engaged in this enterprise are Signor Rotura, whose researches into the botany and natural history of South America have rendered his name eminent, and Mr. James Grant, a pupil of the late Mr. Nicholle, so long associated with Mr. Thomas Mort in his freezing process. It appears five months ago Signor Rotura called upon Mr. Grant to invoke his assistance in a scheme for the transmission of live stock to Europe. Signor Rotura averred that he had discovered a South America vegetable poison, allied to the well known *uroora*, that had the power of perfectly suspending animation, and that the trance thus produced continued till the application of another vegetable essence caused the blood to resume its circulation and the heat its functions. So perfect, moreover, was this suspension of life, that Signor Rotura had found in a warm climate decomposition set in at the extremities after a week of this living death, and he imagined if the body while in this inert state were reduced to a temperature sufficiently low to arrest decomposition, the trance might be kept up for months, possibly for years. Before he left Mr. Grant he had turned that gentleman's doubts into wondering curiosity by experimenting on his dog. He injected two drops of his liquid mixed with a little glycerine into a small puncture made in the dog's ear, and in three or four minutes the animal was perfectly rigid, the four legs stretched backward, eyes wide open, pupils very much dilated, and exhibiting symptoms very similar to those of death by strychnine, except that there had been no previous struggle or pain. Begging his owner to have no apprehensions for the life of this favorite animal, Signor Rotura lifted the dog carefully and placed him on a shelf in the cupboard, where he begged he might be left till the following day, when he promised to call at ten o'clock and revive the apparently dead brute. Mr. Grant continually during that day and night visited the cupboard, and so perfectly was life suspended in his favorite—no motion of the pulse of the heart giving any indication of the possibility of revival, the frame being perfectly rigid—that he felt the sharpest reproaches of remorse at having sacrificed a faithful friend to a doubtful and dangerous experiment. The temperature of the body, too, in the first four hours, gradually lowered to twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit below ordinary blood temperature, which increased his fears as to the result, and by morning the body was as cold as in actual death. At ten o'clock next morning according to promise, Signor Rotura presented himself and laughing at Mr. Grant's fears, requested a tin of warm water to be brought. He tested this with the thermometer to ninety-two degrees Fahrenheit, and in this laid the dog, head under. To Mr. Grant's objections Signor Rotura assured him that, as animation must remain entirely suspended till the administration of the antidote, no water could be drawn into the lungs, and that the immersion of the body was simply to bring it again to a blood-heat. After about ten minutes of this bath the body was taken out and another liquid injected in a puncture made in the neck. Mr. Grant tells me the revival of "Turk" was the most startling thing he ever witnessed, and having since seen the same experiment made upon a sheep, I can fully confirm his statement. The dog first showed the return of life in the eye, and after five and a half minutes drew a first long breath, and the rigidity left his limbs. In a few minutes more he commenced gently wagging his tail, and then slowly got up, stretched himself, and trotted off as though nothing had happened. From that moment Mr. Grant became aware of the extraordinary issues opened by his visitor's discovery, and promised him all the assistance in his power. They next determined to try freezing the body, and the first two experiments were discouraging. A dog (not Turk, his master determined to experiment any further on this favorite) was put in the freezing chamber at Mr. Grant's works, after being previously "suspended" by Signor Rotura; and although the animal revived so far as to draw a long breath, the vital energies appeared too exhausted for a complete rally, and the animal died. The two next animals—a dog and a cat—died in a like manner. In the meantime Dr. Barker had been taken into their councils, and at his suggestion respiration was encouraged, as in the case of persons drowned, by artificial compression of the lungs. Dr. Barker was of opinion that, as the heart in every case commenced to beat, it was a want of vital force to set the lungs in motion that caused death. The result showed his surmises to be entirely correct. A number of animals, whose life has been sealed up in this artificial death, have been kept in the freezing chamber from one to five weeks, and it is found that though the shock to the system from the freezing is very great, it is not increased by duration of time. Messrs. Grant and Rotura then determined upon the erection of the works just finished at Middle Harbor, an enterprising capitalist finding the necessary funds.

On Saturday last I was invited to go down to see what had been effected. Arrived at the works in Middle Harbor, I was taken into the building that contains Mr. Grant's apparatus for generating cold. Attached to this is the freezing chamber, a small dark room about eight feet by ten feet. Here were

fourteen sheep, four lambs and three pigs, stacked on their sides in a heap, alive, which Mr. Grant told me had been in their present position for nineteen days, and were to remain there for another three months. Selecting one of the lambs, Signor Rotura put it on his shoulder and carried it outside into the other building, where were a number of shallow cemented tanks in the floor, having hot and cold water taps to each tank, and a thermometer hanging alongside. One of these tanks were quickly filled, and its temperature tested by the signor, I meanwhile examining with the greatest curiosity and wonder the nineteen days dead lamb. There was the lamb, to all appearances dead, and as hard almost as a stone, the only difference perceptible to me between his condition and actual death being the absence of dull glassiness about the eye, which still retained its brilliant transparency. The lamb was dropped gently into the warm bath, and was allowed to remain in it about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised above water twice for the introduction of a thermometer into the mouth, and then it was taken out and placed on its side on the floor. Signor Rotura quickly dividing the wool on the neck and inserting the sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin and injecting the antidote. This was a pale green liquid and, I believe, a decoction from the root of the *astragalus*, found in South America. The lamb was then turned on its back, Signor Rotura standing across it, gently compressing its ribs with his knees and hands in such a manner as to imitate natural breathing. In ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and when released skipped out through the door and went gamboling and bleating over the little green in front. Nothing has ever impressed me so entirely with a sense of the marvelous. One is almost tempted to ask in the presence of such a discovery whether death itself may not ultimately be baffled by scientific investigation.

Signor Rotura tells me that though he has never attempted his experiment upon a human being he has no doubt at all as to its perfect safety. The next fellow under capital sentence he has requested Sir Henry Parkes to be allowed to operate on. He proposes placing him in the sleeping chamber for one month, and declares he has no fear of a fatal result.

**Childhood, Youth and Manhood.**  
It is a man's destiny still to be longing after something, and thus the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.  
The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of these very excellent things, than he begins whimpering or yelling, it may be for the other.  
At three, the youngurchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pies and confectionery.  
At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles and tops, and an abundance of playtime.  
At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting.  
At fifteen, he wants a beard, and a watch, and a pair of boots.  
At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him.  
The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again.  
From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time, also, he dabbles in politics, and wants office.  
At fifty, he wants excellent dinners, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable.  
The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with an snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, and set up his sons, and live in the country; and then, for the rest of his life, he wants to be young again.

**A New Version of Marco Bozzaris.**  
At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk, Mr. Marco Bozzaris, was dreaming of the hour when Greece should bend her knee in supplication, apologize, eat humble pie and so forth and so on, and tremble at his power. In dreams, or, as we might say, in his mind, through camp and court he bore the trophies of a conqueror. Also in his mind he bore the monarch's signet ring—which cost four dollars and a half—and pressed that monarch's throne—a king! and thought himself a bigger man than the Akoon of Swat. However, an hour passed on—the Turk awoke, he woke to hear his sentries shriek, "To arms! To arms! The Greek! The Greek!" This was not all Greek to Mr. Bozzaris. He knew full well what it meant, and, springing out of bed, told the boys to light into them while he got into his clothes. Then there was flame and smoke and shout and groan and sabre-stroke and death-shots falling thick and fast, like lightning from the mountain cloud, and the awfullest uproar generally that was ever heard outside of a country school. They fought, like brave men, long and well, and were about to mop up the ground with the Moslem slain, when they heard, with voices as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band from behind the cook-stove in his tent: "Strike till the last armed foe expires! Strike, for your altars and your fires! Strike, for the green graves of your sires, and I'll be with you the moment I can get on these blasted boots!"

A Chinese proverb says, "Great souls have strong will; others only feeble wishes."

**Only a Little.**  
A bird has little—only a feather  
Plucked, it may be, from a tender breast,  
Only a thread to bind together  
The delicate fabric of his nest;  
Yet he sings: "The wide free air is mine,  
The dew of earth, the clouds of heaven!"  
He sits and swings with the swinging vine,  
And all he looks on is his given.

Only the little—only a blossom  
Caught at random from fields of bloom,  
Only the love in a tender bosom,  
Freed from the shadows of care and gloom;  
Yet he laughs all day from the deeps of light-ness,  
And feels his joy in the joy of heaven;  
And all himself in a world of brightness,  
And all he asks for to him is given.

A man has little—only a longing  
Higher than labors of sword or pen,  
Only a vision whose lights are thronging  
Or the tumult and toil of men;  
Yet wealth is his from the wealth of being,  
His are the glories of earth and heaven,  
He feels a hero too deep for seeing,  
And all he dreams of to him is given.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**A sweeping reform—Spring cleaning.**  
This is the walking year; the next will be leap-year.

The gold and silver product of California since 1848 is \$1,997,500,000.

Tennessee has 6,334 public and private schools, with an attendance last year of 292,882 pupils.

It is a figure of speech to say that a man walks off on his ear, but he may stand on his gums.

At the present rate of increase of the Slav race, Russia will have 300,000,000 of inhabitants in fifty years.

Irving said of a conceited man that whenever he walked toward the west he expected the east to tip up.

Many persons going to hitting the nail on the head find on investigation that the nail in question is the finger nail.

A Nebraska City woman not only listened at a keyhole, but fired through it at a man whose kick offended her.

A young Philadelphian says he'd rather walk right into the affections of a certain young girl than to win the champion belt.

Can animals learn arithmetic? asks an exchange. We believe they all multiply, and one is a good adder.—*New York Commercial*.

A profound writer says: "We are created especially for one another." Then why blame the cannibals in wanting to get their share?

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?"  
"Then don't go."

The Glasgow bank relief fund has reached \$1,750,000, a sum unprecedented in charitable annals. Lady Burdette Coutts gave \$5,000.

An Iowa horse has a nondescript gait. He simultaneously runs with his fore legs and trots with his hind legs, in a way that astounds the turfmen.

In Philadelphia last year there were 18,346 births (9,649 males), 6,247 marriages, and 15,743 deaths (7,969 males). Of the deaths, 7,385 were children.

According to the San Francisco *Bulletin* the departures of Chinamen from that city during the year 1878 were nearly as large as the arrivals. The latter were 6,675 and the former 6,071.

"Find out your child's speciality," is the urgent advice of a phrenologist. A Boston man says: "We have tried this and find it not so easy. Sometimes rock candy seems to be the favorite, and then again there is a marked tendency to taffy."

Bishop Colenso has issued a form of prayer to be used during the Zulu war, in South Africa, in which occurs this passage: "Watch over, we beseech Thee, all near and dear to us, and all our fellow-men, whether white or black, engaged in this deadly struggle."

As this is done borne on the air,  
Or downy bit of feather,  
So fit along the uncertain hours  
In springtime's catching weather,  
And soon the shepherd will start on,  
To bring his flock to tether;  
O'er rock and fence he'll skip about,  
Employed in catching weather.

**A Question of Damages.**  
Some lawyers take very practical view of cases in which they are retained. In a certain town in Missouri Squire G— was defending a charge of malpractice. A colored man was suing for damages, his wife having died shortly after an operation for the removal of cancer. When it came Squire G—'s turn to cross-examine the plaintiff, he asked: "Mr. Wilson, how old was your wife when she died?"  
"About forty-five, sir."  
"Been in feeble health a long time, had she not, Mr. Wilson, and cost you a great deal for medicine and help?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You have married again, have you not?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"How old is your present wife?"  
"About thirty-five, sir."  
"Is she stout and healthy, Mr. Wilson?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Then, Mr. Wilson, will you please state to this jury how you are damaged in this case?"  
Mr. Wilson had evidently never taken this view of the matter, and could make no answer. The good and true men thought he had made rather a good thing by his bereavement, and brought in a verdict for the defendant.—*Editor's Drawer*, in *Harper's*.

Mr. Grant told me that though he has never attempted his experiment upon a human being he has no doubt at all as to its perfect safety. The next fellow under capital sentence he has requested Sir Henry Parkes to be allowed to operate on. He proposes placing him in the sleeping chamber for one month, and declares he has no fear of a fatal result.

At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk, Mr. Marco Bozzaris, was dreaming of the hour when Greece should bend her knee in supplication, apologize, eat humble pie and so forth and so on, and tremble at his power. In dreams, or, as we might say, in his mind, through camp and court he bore the trophies of a conqueror. Also in his mind he bore the monarch's signet ring—which cost four dollars and a half—and pressed that monarch's throne—a king! and thought himself a bigger man than the Akoon of Swat. However, an hour passed on—the Turk awoke, he woke to hear his sentries shriek, "To arms! To arms! The Greek! The Greek!" This was not all Greek to Mr. Bozzaris. He knew full well what it meant, and, springing out of bed, told the boys to light into them while he got into his clothes. Then there was flame and smoke and shout and groan and sabre-stroke and death-shots falling thick and fast, like lightning from the mountain cloud, and the awfullest uproar generally that was ever heard outside of a country school. They fought, like brave men, long and well, and were about to mop up the ground with the Moslem slain, when they heard, with voices as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band from behind the cook-stove in his tent: "Strike till the last armed foe expires! Strike, for your altars and your fires! Strike, for the green graves of your sires, and I'll be with you the moment I can get on these blasted boots!"

A Chinese proverb says, "Great souls have strong will; others only feeble wishes."

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