

# The Chronicle,

WILKESBORO, N. C.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Fire and water and air. The three things that cost the least and are the most necessary to our existence are the most dangerous when unrestrained. Last Sabbath evening my wife and I walked down to Jessie's house to comfort her in her sick bed, and play with the little girls and help nurse the little baby boy. Suddenly the fire bell gave an alarm and my wife walked out on the veranda to find out where the fire was. In a moment she came hurrying back and almost screamed, "It's our house—it's our house; run quick. Oh! mercy." I threw the baby down on the floor—no, I didn't, either—and departed those coasts with alacrity. Firemen and people were hurrying that way. I struck a fox trot for awhile, but soon relaxed into a fast walk, and then a slow pull up the hill, for I felt my palpitation coming on. Before I reached the mansion I met some of the advance guard returning, who said the fire was out. So I sat down on the front steps to blow for a minute. When I went through the hall to the kitchen where the commotion was, I found our daughters and some good friends still drenching the smoking walls and pouring water down the flue up in the garret. The accumulated soot of twenty years had caught on fire and somehow got to the lathing and then to the ceiling and dropped down to the floor. Nobody was at home. The cook was in her cabin asleep. Her little boy was sitting on the back steps and when our girls arrived he very quickly pointed to the kitchen and said: "Dar's a fire in dar." Then they heard the crackling flames and saw smoke pouring through a broken pane. On opening the door they were astounded, for the whole room seemed ablaze. One ran to the front door and screamed "Fire, fire, fire," and the other went to the telephone and then they flew to the water faucet and good neighbors gathered in and filled the buckets and went to work. They were just in time, for a delay of ten minutes would have caused the loss of the house and all of our time honored furniture and pictures and books and my wife's fine clothes and golden wedding presents. When I left Jessie's house my wife hailed me on the run and said save something, but I am not certain whether it was her fine dresses in the wardrobe or her silverware in the dark closet or her Bible. I reckon it was the Bible that she has read a chapter in every night for all these long years. I had a good old Baptist aunt in Rome and when her house caught on fire away in the night and the firemen came running she ran out in her night clothes and begged them to save her Christian Index. She had a stock of them and treasured them more than anything else.

Our good old professor, Charles F. McCoy, of Franklin College, used to lecture to us students, and his favorite subject was "The Regularity of Irregular Things," and he satisfied me that the longer my house escaped a fire the more I was liable to have one. The chances against me increased as the years rolled on, and so I have been expecting a fire. The insurance companies understand this and base all their calculations and rates upon it. They will tell you what is the average life of a dwelling, a store, a gin, a planing mill or a church. The professor illustrated with a dice box and said if you cast the dice a dozen times the six spot might come up three or four times in succession and the ace several times, but if you cast the dice a thousand times, each number from one to six would show up about an equal number of times. That is according to the calculation of chances and proves the regularity of irregular things. So it is with the rainfall which, however uncertain in its coming, amounts to about the same every year. Since 1838 the losses by fire in the United States have averaged \$105,000,000 a year, the lowest being \$100,000,000, and the highest \$110,000,000, and yet in 1871 the loss in Chicago alone was \$200,000,000.

But where did fire come from and who gave it and when. There is no mention of fire in the Mosaic account of the creation nor for two thousand years after it. Until after the flood there was not much need of fire, for the people were not permitted to eat meat. Their food was the fruits of the earth. But I reckon they did have fire and blacksmith shops and made hammers and hoes and nails. The presumption is that the Creator supplied Adam with tools to dress the garden and Abel with knives to sacrifice the firstlings of his flock, but there are Indian tribes in our day and negroes in Africa and Esquimaux in the Arctic regions who have no knowledge of iron or its uses. A thousand years before Christ Homer wrote that Jupiter only possessed the element that we call fire and when man was created man he refused to give him fire. But Prometheus stole from heaven and gave it to man and it made Jupiter so mad that he chained him to a rock and sent eagles to eat his liver out and as they eat it by day the liver grew again by night, but finally he was unchained and the eagles driven away. It seems that Prometheus was a friend to mankind and by command of Jupiter actually created man out of the mud that was left after the flood—not Noah's flood, but the flood of Deucalion, away back in the ages. He was a god nearly as powerful as Jupiter and was always in a quarrel with him. He taught mankind architecture, astronomy, figures, medicine, navigation and all the arts that adorn life. At Athens and other ancient cities, temples were built to his honor. They believed that the very fire that he brought down from heaven was still preserved

and was always burning on an altar in the temple of Vesta. It is called the sacred fire—the Vestal fire—the fire of the hearthstone and must not be allowed to go out. If it does go out from accident even the family who loses it must go to the temple of Vesta and get a new supply.

Of course all these stories about the gods are superstitious, but they are very fascinating ones and old Homer still stands as the greatest poet, and ranks as the equal of Shakespeare or Milton. That reverence for sacred fire is not yet extinguished, and it is said that the Roman Catholic priesthood burn candles in their cathedrals day and night because the custom was handed down from the ancient churches and those churches probably got it from Grecian and Roman mythology. Anyhow, we know that the Jews had great reverence for fire, for they had to use it in their sacrifices and God appeared to Moses in a burning bush and descended on Mt. Sinai in fire and the Israelites were guided through the wilderness by a pillar of fire by night, and fire came down from heaven and destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah and many other important events were marked by fire. In our young days when there were no matches it was no sure or certain thing to find fire on the hearthstone every cold morning that came. Sometimes the live chunk that was buried in the ashes at bed time went out or burned out, and then one of the boys had to go to a neighbor's and borrow fire. It was always called borrowing fire, for it was reasonably expected that the neighbor would sometimes find himself in the same condition. The Cherokee Indians made fire by rubbing two hard dry sticks together with great rapidity. I have seen little Indian boys do it very quickly, and I tried to imitate them, but failed.

But if the good pure vestal fire came from heaven I reckon old Satan got some of it when he fell and took it down below. That's the kind that concerns us most. The old preacher who used to go around preaching about the "Mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for its first born, and he played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect," also had a few broken remarks about fire. "My impertinent hearers, there are several kinds of fire. There are fox fire and camp fire and fire and fall back, but the kind that concerns you most are the fire that is not quenched and is called hell fire for short."

BILL ARP.

## Wade Hampton Passes Away.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 11.—General Wade Hampton died this morning at 9 o'clock from valvular disease of the heart. The general had just passed his 84th birthday. Twice this winter he has had attacks that have greatly weakened him, but he rallied wonderfully on both occasions. He was out driving a week ago, but it was evident his strength was deserting him.

The Governor issued this proclamation: "Whereas, the Hon. Wade Hampton, a former Governor of South Carolina and United States Senator, died at his home in Columbia this morning at 10 minutes before 9 o'clock, full of years and of honor; therefore, I, M. B. McSweeney, Governor of South Carolina, in view of his services to his people and his country through his long and honored career, and in further recognition of his broad statesmanship and true nobility of character and his high patriotism and devotion to duty and his State, do request that on to-morrow, Saturday, all public offices in the State of South Carolina be closed, and as a further testimonial to his worth that the flags of the State and of the United States be put at half mast on the State capitol and all other public buildings in the State and remain in that position until funeral services are held."

The family objected to a State funeral. Bells were tolled in all the towns when the news was received and many schools were closed.

## Like Another Enoch Arden.

READING, Pa., April 7.—M. and Mrs. Henry Daubert, old residents of Emmaus, Lehigh county, have separated after living together 24 years and raising a large family. Mrs. Daubert's first husband, whom she had long believed to be dead, has appeared and claims her as his lawful wife.

The first husband's name is J. A. Gilman. He and his wife were married in New York, and after a few years he went to Doylestown, Pa., to work. He became ill and his wife was informed by letter that he was dead.

After a few years she married Daubert. Gilman was not dead, but his illness caused him to lose his mind, which was a blank for nearly 20 years. Then he recovered his reason, but memory was gone on many points. He inherited \$50,000 from a relative and for several years searched for his wife.

He found her a few days ago, and she will return to him, though she and her second husband have always lived happily, and their hearts are almost broken at the thoughts of separation.

A young white woman of the highest standing in Wilmington was slapped by a negro girl the other day on the street. No reason for the offense is known and the offender escaped in the crowd, although the police, aided by the recipient of the blow, made diligent search for her. A reminder, this, of the dark days in Wilmington, but, thanks to the white supremacy rule that overthrew Populism and the travesty of municipal government which it foisted upon Wilmington for a time, such occurrences are very rare to-day.—Charlotte Observer.

—Mr. Geo. C. Smith, one of Stanly county's oldest citizens and farmers, died last Sunday night. He was buried Monday with Masonic honors.

## STRANGELY BURIED TREASURE.

Now Covered by a Sandy Flat Where Once the Missouri River Flowed. Anaconda Standard.

Among the many tragedies that have reddened the history of Montana the story of how a half million dollars in gold dust and nuggets was lost in the Missouri river thirty-six years ago is perhaps the most wonderful. It has to do with the snuffing out of a score of lives and the loss of a treasure in the sombre waters of the Missouri, where the eddy was crimsoned with the life blood of the unfortunate miners, who had won fortune and were returning to their loved ones back in civilization.

That the precious cargo of yellow dust is a reality there is not the slightest doubt, where it rests beneath the quicksands there is but one man call tell. He hopes some day to find the sunken scow with its glittering wealth, but the ever changing eddies in the treacherous channel of the river have erased the evidences in the sand and his chances of again finding the spot rest entirely on his recollection of the place as it was described and pointed out to him by one now long since dead.

J. D. Emerson, of Basin, one of Montana's earliest pioneers, is the only person in the world that knows the true story of the tragedy that cost twenty miners their lives and their fortunes.

In 1865 a party of miners started from Virginia City for their homes in the East, with the accumulated savings of several years of hard work. Of the vast army of placer miners that invaded the primordial wildness of the treasure gulches of the territory, few were fortunate enough to find great wealth.

This ill-fated score one day decided that enough gold had been dug, and started down the Missouri River for home. A rude scow was built, stanch and rough, which was to take them down the river to civilization. In the bottom of the scow in watertight compartments lay the wealth of each man securely tied in sacks of buckskin and marked with the names of the owner. A floor of boards hid the treasure of gold dust and nuggets above this floor were packed the rifles, ammunition and provisions of the voyagers.

The journey down the Missouri river Fort Benton was fought with thrilling adventure. As the boat was carried along further and further into the land of the hostile Sioux, traveling became so dangerous that for several hundreds of miles, the little band concealed the scow in the bushes by day and journeyed only by night.

At last when but two days distant from old Fort Rice, danger was thought to have been passed and the voyagers pushed boldly out by day. Floating on the turbid waters of the river with scarcely a sound marring the silence, the crack of a rifle on the bank came like a thunderbolt from a sky of blue. Closely following the shot one of the men in the scow leaped to his feet, gave a sharp gasp for breath and plunged overboard, his life's blood dying the dark waters a crimson hue.

From out of the bushes came a rattling fire which splashed the water and bit little pieces out of the wood of the boat. The current was swift at this point, and in handling rifles in the boat looked not to the steering oar. With a crushing sound the scow went full upon a rock and the rush of water through a hole in the square prow showed that this was to be the last stand of the little party of fighters.

The story of how the miners fought until dusk, wounded and sorely pressed, is a tale of thrilling heroism. When their ammunition gave out the red foes on the shore were quick to see the advantage and swam out to finish their bloody work.

In the little band of white men there was a Frenchman who had taken unto himself a Sioux maiden for a bride. When the last rush came and the glittering scalping knives reddened in the horrid work, she begged for the life of her husband and it was granted her.

The bodies of the white men were stripped and thrown into the eddy, and after the scow had been looted of rifles and provisions it was pushed in the swift whirling stream and the weight of the gold carried it to the bottom. The Indians suspected not the existence of the white men's wealth and the scow with its precious load rested upon the sandy bottom of the Missouri.

The Frenchman, whose name was Pierre Lavalle, soon after left the Indians and enlisted with the soldiers at Fort Rice so that he might be near the spot where the treasure was lost.

Some months later he confided his secret to an old Quaker named Richard Pope, and the old man's son. Together the three went up the river from Fort Rice to the fatal spot to find the sunken scow. Where the boat had sunk a sand bar formed and they dug beneath the gravel and found the prow. A barking of an Indian dog and the zip of a bullet warned them that the white men's foe was on the opposite side of the river and they at once ran through the woods. A running fight followed and Lavalle was killed.

In 1867, two years after of the loss of the scow, J. D. Emerson, now the agent for the Northern Pacific at Basin, was working for the Northwestern Fur Company. He was at Fort Benton and one day when he met Richard Pope. The old man's son had died of fever and he was the sole person in the world that knew of the existence of the gold. The old man was without money and wished to get back to his home in Ohio. Mr. Emerson was on his way down to Omaha and offered the Quaker passage.

On the way down the river he told Emerson the story of the gold in the river. A fleet of boats were going down the river at that time, so it was decided to stop at Fort Rice and come back alone. They started back from the fort, a distance of twenty miles. When ten miles from the place the boat sprang a leak and before they could reach the bank it had sunk. Pope was nearly

drowned and Mr. Emerson, saved him only by the greatest effort. With their boat sunk in the middle of the river it was folly to think of going further, so they turned their faces toward the fort. The old Quaker never fully recovered from the hardships of the trip, his battle with the water and the tedious walk back. Soon after he sickened and died, but made Mr. Emerson promise that if he should ever find the gold he would share it with Pope's family.

Years have passed and the course of the river has changed, until to-day a broad sandy flat, covered with a sparse growth of cottonwood trees, marks the spot where the treasure boat was sunk. Men have searched and dug, but without success. The height of the land overlooking the bend in the river, the clump of trees and the general appearance of the place still remain fresh in Mr. Emerson's mind as it was pointed out to him by Richard Pope and he hopes to find the place again some day.

## Wedded at Wife's Funeral.

Wyoming, W. Va., Special to Baltimore Sun.

The wife of William Markell died some three weeks ago, leaving three small children, the youngest of whom was a babe of 11 days, all three of them being girls. As is the custom of the country folk here in the mountains, the burial took place shortly after death and the date of the funeral was set at a late time. Yesterday the friends of the late Mrs. Markell assembled in the little chapel to pay their last sad respects to the departed wife, and the minister highly extolled her virtues.

As the audience was dismissed with the benediction, Mr. Markell, the chief mourner, stepped up to the pulpit and handed the minister a document. All was silence, and a breathless curiosity pervaded the little sanctuary, which was accented when Miss Haldee Richards, a comely girl of 22, left her pew and advanced to the chancel rail. The minister, with hid voice he was praying the strain under which he was laboring, requested that the audience again be seated, whereupon he announced to them that the document he held in his hand was a license permitting any ordained minister of the Gospel to unite in wedlock Mr. William Markell and Miss Haldee Richards, and that he had been asked to perform the marriage rite at this time. Thereupon the ceremony took place, and the audience, which had just been called upon to condole, were given an opportunity to congratulate the same man who had been suddenly transformed from a sorrowing widower to a happy bridegroom. Explanations were then demanded, and it was shown that the strange proceedings were in deference to the dying request and expressed wish of the deceased, that her schoolmate and closest friend, Miss Haldee, should on the day of her funeral become the bride of her late husband, and thus be permitted a mother's rights to care for and rear her motherless little ones.

## Silence You Can See.

There is no such thing as silence in this world. It is an impossibility. That is partly the reason why science has enabled us to see it. The explanation of the paradox is this: Silence, as we understand it, simply means that there are sounds too delicate or too loud for the ear to register. In other words, when we can't hear anything we call that condition "silence." But wherever you are there are sounds around you. Even in the deepest mine the air vibrates and makes a sound. An instrument has been invented that will catch these sounds and permit of the vibrations being represented pictorially on a screen, and in that way you may see silence and properly understand what it means. By comparing the pictures of noises with those of that condition of things known as silence we gain an idea of the difference between a noisy night, for instance, and one when "absolute silence reigns," as the novelist puts it. It is rather surprising to find so much disturbance at the time when everything appears to be perfectly quiet.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Diplomatic.

The late Lord Savile used to say, according to The Candid Friend, "that high diplomatists had always to be on their guard against intriguing women, mainly Russian agents, who would use any wile to extract information. During the Russo-Turkish war, when Europe was always on the verge of a crisis and Russian statesmen were most anxious to know what England would do under given circumstances, a lady came up to him suddenly at a ball and said: "I hear that the Russians have made a forced march and entered Constantinople," hoping no doubt that he would be surprised into some indiscreet expression. He merely replied: "I need! And I suppose the sultan has conferred on them the order of the Turkish Bath?" The lady continued gravely: "And they say in Paris that if England does not interfere the eastern question is settled in favor of Russia." "And that," replied his excellency, "is, I suppose, the new judgment of Paris."

## Just What He Needed.

A man went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his life partner, said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"

No bird can fly backwards without turning; the dragon fly, however, can do this, and can outstrip the swallow in speed.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

New York Press.

Many proverbs are the wit of one and the wisdom of none. You don't have to wait so long to be sorry as you do to be sure. It is better to take pride in your descendants than in your ancestors. If a woman is born beautiful she can marry riches and they buy luck. A woman cries either because she has a reason or wants to have one.

Getting on in the world means getting around the people of the world. The dandruff in some people's hair seems to work through into their brains. The sins of the second and third generations are visited upon the family name.

Calomel settles a good many heart problems that otherwise would be unsolvable.

The man who doesn't owe some of his success to some woman hasn't had any.

Any woman can love a man if he can make her believe other women would like to love him only he won't let them.

The respect which a good many men have for themselves is in the inverse ratio to the respect which others have for them.

Mirrors would be a bad thing to have in a theatre, because the women in the audience are expected to look at the people on the stage.

Women admire the heroes of fiction, because there was never a novel where one of them found fault with the way the cook got the breakfast.

It is queer that no matter how rich you are you can't buy happiness, but no matter how poor you are, you can get all the unhappiness you want for nothing.

Women never learn discretion from experience; no matter how often they walk into a predicament they will do it again just to see if the same thing will happen.

## Brother Dickey's Sayings.

Atlanta Constitution. Some folks holds dat Adam wuz a red man; but he wuzn't nigh ez well read ez some er dese young niggers what knows it all.

De befo' de war nigger is a-dyin' out in dis country; but bless God, ez he gwine he got faith enough ter holler "Halleluiah!"

De Bible say dat Satan is de prince er de powers er de air, en I reckon dat's de reason w'y, w'en hell gits too hot fer 'im, he hops inter a cyclone ter cool off.

Ef dis worl' is lak a circus, or a theater show whar de po' folks hez ter look on f'um de gallery, praise God dey's nigh ter heaven up dar dan de rich mens in de pit!

"Odd," says a critic, "that many a man in the literary swim can't swim a lick without a life preserver!"

Ef we could git holt er de angels w'd clip dey wings fer feathers fer de Easter hats.

Ef some folks would change roun' en dress up dey hearts on Easter dey worl' wouldn't know 'em.

In dis day en time some er de churches is fixed so fine you can't see God tho' de stained winders.

We hear 'bout lots er folks dyin' wid dese a hope er heaven. 'Pears ter me, w'en a man gits dat fur along, he orter know fer sartin des whar he's gwine.

## Wood Too Hard to Burn.

There are certain kinds of wood that are too hard to burn, or refuse to ignite for some other reason, such as iron-wood and the good brier root, but it is a curiosity to come across a piece of common deal—the soft, light wood of which so many boxes are made—that cannot be set fire to.

The piece of wood in question was common white deal from Sweden, but was remarkable for its comparative weight. It had formed part of a boat belonging to a whaler and had been dragged below the surface of the water to the depth of more than half a mile by a harpooned whale. The length of line and the short distance from the point of descent after being struck at which the whale rose to the surface was a proof of the depth to which it had dragged the boat.

Only part of the boat came up again at the end of the line, and it was taken on board when the whale had been killed. That piece of wood was so hard that it would not burn in a gas jet. The weight of water had compressed it.—London Standard.

## Birds' Songs.

A French writer, Henri Coupon, says that, notwithstanding the fact of their simplicity, the songs of birds cannot be imitated with musical instruments because of the impossibility of reproducing their peculiar timbre. The notes of birds, while corresponding with our musical scale, also include vibrations occupying the intervals between our notes. The duration of birds' songs is usually very short, two or three seconds for thrushes and chaffinches, four or five seconds for blackbirds, but from two to five minutes for the lark.

## A Salmon's Leap.

One of the directors of the Norwegian fisheries has been endeavoring to discover the height a salmon will leap when clearing a waterfall which obstructs its passage up stream. Measurements were placed below the fall to insure accurate measurements. It is stated that a fish can leap to the height of twenty feet. When a fish failed to clear the fall at one bound, it remained in the falling water and then, with a rapid twist of the body, gave a spring and was successful.

—It is stated that General Manager Ackert, of the Southern, has given orders that all trains must run on time. The result of this order is apparent in the improvement of the time on which the trains run.

## TOO LATE.

Bring no vain chagrin to my grave. Once, when you might, you could have blest A lonely life, an aching breast; But nothing now can help or save. Your love, when needed, was not given; And now who cares? Life's bonds are riven.

Shed o'er my dust no fruitless tears. Ah, once your pity had been sweet To bleeding hands and weary feet. Through all the joyless, bitter years! Nay, weep not for the might have been; God's rain will keep my grave plot green.

Br. atho' er me, dead, no word of praise. Once, living, I had leapt to hear The tones of love, the voice of cheer Make music through my senseless days; But now! the wind alone may sweep Over the daisies where I sleep.

O! idle tears, O! wrath too late I care not now; the need is o'er; My day is past—I feel no more. The stress, the heat, the chill, the hate. O! Love, in life ye came not nigh; And now! 'twere well to pass me by. —Longman's Magazine.

## "LAZINESS A BESETTING SIN."

Bishop Fowler Gives a Warning to Young Ministers.

Not doctrinal questions, nor those of discipline, but laziness, pure and simple, was recently declared by Bishop Fowler, in his address to six applicants for membership into the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be to-day the undying cause of the failure of many preachers of the Gospel, and the one temptation which they must fight against most earnestly. No life was so conducive to laziness as the ministry, he asserted.

"If during the six days of the week," said Bishop Fowler, "you only put as much life, zeal and energy into your work as the business man does you will surely win."

Grace Church was crowded to the doors to-day at the third days session of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, and many women were present to hear the words of advice the presiding Bishop had to give to the probationers who were about to be admitted to orders.

"We take you," he said, "when you are hardly known to anybody except yourself. For two years you have been allowed to practice on the people, and now you come seeking full authorization. We have not held you to very strict account. We have treated you much as a new farm hand is treated. When he comes in from plowing the farmer does not ask him how much he has plowed, but how much he has worried to the steers."

Continuing, the speaker said that what was most needed in the Methodist Episcopal Church was preaching on doctrine.

"The principal doctrine needed for this century and generation is the doctrine of sin," he said. "We've had altogether too much of goodly-goody preaching and the good Lord and infinite mercy. Why, at the present day, if a man walks passably straight, keeps his face clean and his boots polished he is deemed worthy of entrance through the gates of heaven."

"Wake up this city to the terrible, infinite horrible, condition of sin and you will have men and women crowding around your altars seeking grace. Preach good sermons even if you have to steal the stuff out of some book and acknowledge it afterward."

Bishop Fowler then cautioned his hearers to discriminate between sanctification and "crank-tification," the former he defined as consecration unto God, the latter as godliness turned sour.

"And when godliness is sour," he added, "you can be sure it is not true godliness. Sanctification is critical to itself, charitable to others; crank-tification is charitable to itself and critical to others."

"If I had to choose between a person who was pious and lacked common sense and a man who was sensible but lacking in piety," said Bishop Fowler, "I would take the latter, for the former's piety would be but perverted, while the sensible man would surely become pious in time."

## The Great Tobacco War.

RICHMOND, April 7.—A copy of the charter of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland, together with the articles of the association and a power of attorney to James MacDonald to represent the corporation in this country, was filed in the Chancery Court here to-day. The primary object of the association is to acquire and take over certain of the principal tobacco manufacturing concerns in the United Kingdom, to carry on not only the business of manufacturers but that also of planters and growers, exporters, importers and merchants.

The company may prepare for market, notwithstanding the fact of their simplicity, the songs of birds cannot be imitated with musical instruments because of the impossibility of reproducing their peculiar timbre. The notes of birds, while corresponding with our musical scale, also include vibrations occupying the intervals between our notes. The duration of birds' songs is usually very short, two or three seconds for thrushes and chaffinches, four or five seconds for blackbirds, but from two to five minutes for the lark.

## A Fatal Argument.

Atlanta Constitution. A story with political features, and which points a moral, is sent in, as follows, by a Billville correspondent: "Old man Pullins was up in an oak tree, sawing off one of the limbs, when one of the candidates for sheriff came along, and the man up the tree and the man on the ground got into a political argument, which grew so heated that old Pullins lost track of what he was doing and sawed off the limb he was on, coming suddenly down on the head of the candidate, who somewhat broke his fall, although the old man succeeded in breaking a couple of ribs and the candidate's head—or most of it; all of which is a warning to political argyfers with a man up r' tree."