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# PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

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## THE TRUANT.

I carried in dreamland this morning, and lo,
I saw on a cloud that hung over the west
Some school children romping with faces aglow,
On their wind drifted campus with juvenile zest.

Their laughter rang out and was borne to my ear,
As they ran with light step o'er the vaporous plain,
And the sound of their voices, as bell like and clear
Brought me back to the days of my childhood again.

But I started and gasped and cried out in surprise,
When the bright tinted picture swung nearer to view,
And I saw, through the tears that welled up to my eyes,
The mates of my youth in that rollicking crew.

There was Tom, my old seat mate, his face brimming o'er
With the mischief that lurked in his brown, curly head,
And good Godfrey Hilyard and bad Bobby Moore,
And Jerry and Byron and brave hearted Fred.

And there, with the rest was my twin brother Ben,
Who fell at Bull Run in the thick of the fight,
And sweet Nettie Chase, looking rosy as when
We found a red ear at the husking that night.

And now came the teacher, with time frosted hair
And the old, kindly gleam in his sober, gray eyes,
And the loud, tinkling summons rang out on the air
And the group disappeared thro' a rift in the skies.

* * * * * * *

'Tis the breakfast bell ringing—I wake with a sigh,
To wonder what lessons of infinite worth
My schoolmates are learning up there in the sky,
While I'm "playing hookey" down here on the earth

—Detroit Free Press.

## LITTLE CANTEEN.

In the winter of 1861, I lay sick in an army hospital, and was worn nearly to skin and bone by one of those dread diseases of the camp that has slain more soldiers than either bullets or steel.

In this state of being, I felt like a burden, and scarcely gave more than a feeble smile of gratitude when informed by the surgeon in charge that it had been decided to send me home as a chance of recovery.

But after I got on board the cars at Richmond, and the train rolled out from the depot, I began to look about me, and as I did so my spirits rallied somewhat, and I rejoiced in the feeling that home with all of its endearing associations would soon be reached, and there I would get that rest and loving attention which one finds nowhere else, so perfectly, and that if my disease could not be conquered, I would at least have the consolation of dying amongst my loved ones.

The train was a long one, and crowded to its utmost capacity. Soldiers off on a spree, impudent and uproarious; sick and wounded soldiers, pale, feverish and pain racked; here a smart commissary, there a vermin infested rough from the front; yonder an anxious, sad eyed woman taking her boy home to die, further on a young beauty afraid of the soldiers and their rough jokes, and yet half courting their notice—all sorts and conditions mixed together, but all, from the old gray heads to the youngest prattlers, agreed in one thing, viz.: undying devotion to the Southern Confederacy.

We were soon past Petersburg, and a little later were rushing through North Carolina, leaving some passengers and taking up others as we sped from station to station; but the same general description of my fellow travelers that I have just given would hold good from beginning to end of the journey.

We were past Weldon—how far I can't exactly say—and it was late in the night when I was awakened from an uncomfortable nap by the jerking of the train as it started off after one of its numerous stoppages. I looked out to see where we were. It was a wood and water station, and standing on one end of the wood rack there was a little boy. He was peering forward into the car windows as the train slowly moved by. I would have thought no more of the circumstance, but almost next moment the rear door of the car was opened, and the same boy that I had seen on the wood rack came timidly forward.

"Why, sonny," I said, "where did you come from?"

"Out yonder," pointing into the darkness.

"I know that much already, for if I'm not mistaken you are the same boy I saw out on the wood rack just now, ain't you?"

He nodded assent.

"Well, where did you come from before that? Don't be afraid; come here and tell me about it."

The boy looked at me, and seemed to be reassured by my manner and expression, for he came forward without any further hesitation to the place at my side, which I had beckoned him to take.

Everybody else in the car appeared to be asleep. So no one besides myself had observed his entrance. He was a handsome little fellow, but his clothes were torn and dirty, and he limped like one who had been on a long tramp.

I repeated my question, and he replied that he had come from Charleston.

"From Charleston!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, how in the world did you get this far from Charleston by yourself?"

"I walked."

"Now, look here, my little man," I said rebukingly, "do you know where the story tellers go?"

"I declare," said he, his blue eyes swimming in tears, "I'm telling you the truth—I am not telling you a story."

"Well, well, don't cry, bub—I'll take your word for it; and where were you going?"

"To Virginia, to find my papa."

I puckered up my mouth for a long whistle, but as that would be expressive of disbelief, and as I didn't want to risk hurting the little fellow again, I restrained myself, and proceeded to draw his story from him.

"If you are going to Virginia," said I in a kind tone, "you are on the wrong train—this is taking us back to Charleston."

"I know that, sir; but I don't want to go to Virginia now—I want to go back home."

"Ah, has your heart failed you, my little man?"

"No sir, tain't that; but I met a man today who said he knew my papa, and he told me that he had gone home on furlough."

I was amused by the child's simple faith in the assurance of a stranger, but as I thought home would be the best place for him, I said nothing to stagger that faith, but contented myself with questioning him as to his history.

His name was Harry Sinton, and he had reached the mature age of 10, his mother had been dead two years, his father had enlisted at the outbreak of the war, and had left him to the care of relatives, who had not been very kind to him, and he had run away from them with the intention of making his way to his father in Virginia. I was greatly impressed by the boy's intelligence and courage, for it had certainly required extraordinary determination to sustain such a mere child amid all the perils of such a trip as he had undertaken. I thought of the horrors that would naturally rise up before the inexperienced mind of a child whilst wandering alone through woods and fields that were new and strange; I thought of the inevitable weariness of the long journey on foot, of the pangs of hunger, and of all the dangers of the way, and impulsively exclaimed:

"Why, Harry, you are a little hero." When the conductor made his next round through the train, I paid the little fellow's fare, and as he was evidently very tired, I repressed my own weariness and weakness, and gave up the best part of the seat in order to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

After a while day dawned, and we got some breakfast, Harry eating as if famished. I told his story to several of our traveling companions, and they all seemed interested in him, and quite a group gathered around us to hear the little fellow recite the history of his wanderings. He told us that he had kept to the line of railway as much as possible, and had traveled at the rate of from eight to ten miles a day. He had avoided the dwelling houses of the planters, and had obtained food and shelter mainly from the negroes, for the child was shrewd enough to know that they would not be as apt to hinder his progress as the whites, for the latter would undoubtedly have stopped him and sent him back to Charleston.

I promised him that I would look up his father on my arrival in Charleston, and with that assurance he seemed perfectly content, and amused himself in the usual fashion of boys for the rest of the journey.

By the time we reached Charleston the journey had so exhausted my strength that I left the train more dead than alive, and when my mother clasped me to her bosom, her joy over my return was chilled by the gloomy anticipations which my appearance aroused, and her very first movement was to get me comfortably in bed, and then set off at once for our family physician. He came at once, and calmed her fears by the assurance that rest and good nursing would be sure to pull me through.

"We'll have him strong enough to eat two more rations before long," he laughingly remarked as he left the house.

But notwithstanding that the home nursing did greatly benefit me, I was still for some days too weak and ill to give much attention to my promise to little Harry.

My brother ascertained for me that no such name as Sinton was registered at any of the hospitals. He also inquired for the family with whom Harry had been staying before he ran away, but they could not be found.

My mother and sisters were too much concerned about me to think much about anything else, and it was tacitly understood that Harry would just remain quietly with us until I had gained sufficient strength to hunt up those to whom he belonged.

I had been home perhaps ten days, perhaps longer, when the quiet of my sick chamber was interrupted by the direful calamity that befell the city—I mean the great fire that swept from river to river, and in a few awful and never to be forgotten hours rendered hundreds of people houseless, homeless and penniless.

It is not my purpose to describe the origin, extent and incidents of the fire. I could not if I would, for I saw too little of it to do so; but I well remember the scared, white faces of my mother and sisters as the fire gained in extent and rapidity. I had been in great pain all day, and had been put under the influence of an opiate; and although my room was lighted by the glare until it was bright as noonday, and I heard from time to time the frightened exclamations of those who stood at the windows, still I did not fully realize the extent of the danger.

My brother came in late in the night, his eyebrows and mustache singed off, his clothing burned in many places.

"This is awful," said he. "It looks like the whole town is going."

"Let her go," said I, with drowsy indifference.

He looked at me, shrugged his shoulders, and went out again.

How long he was gone I do not know, but ere his return our situation became a critical one, for the fire was making its way rapidly in our direction. Before this we had heard the crackling of the flames and the falling of the houses, but now the dense volume of the smoke poured down upon us. The fiery showers of sparks and cinders seemed all around about us, and the hoarse shouts of the multitude grew nearer to our doors.

At last, when the women folks were almost beside themselves with terror, my brother burst in, and said:

"Mother, girls, I must get you away from here. It's rough on you, old fellow," he said, turning to me, "to take you out on such a night, but it's either that or a roast."

A few things were hastily gathered together, a litter was improvised for me, and somehow or other we all got in the streets. I have a vivid recollection of a sea of faces, a pandemonium of noise and confusion, a jolting and pushing forward through the crowd, and at last we out came into a safer and quieter portion of the town.

But the boy was gone.

How it happened none of us could tell, but it must have been that my youngest sister, who had been specially in charge of him when we left the house, had released his hand at some time or other whilst we were making our way through the crowd and the confusion, and the surging mass had swept him away from us.

The shock of it all nearly killed me, and many weeks elapsed before I could muster strength enough to get out of doors. In all this time not one word of Harry was heard, and we gave up the hope of ever seeing him again. Finally I grew strong enough to return to duty, and in the excitement of war scenes and incidents little Harry Sinton was forgotten.

We were on the lines at Petersburg towards the close of the war, and on one occasion I had charge of a part of a skirmish line. We held our position in a young pine thicket, but as we were about to be flanked and subjected to an enfilading fire, I asked my men to fall back on the main line of works.

As we were in the act of executing this movement, a Minie ball pierced my leg and I fell helpless on the field. I suffered a great deal of pain as I lay there, but oh! the pain of the wound was as nothing in comparison with my suffering for water. How I longed for it, even were it but a single drop!

At last I managed to crawl towards a deep ravine, some hundreds of yards distant from the spot where I had fallen, hoping to find there what I wanted. I reached it only to be disappointed, for not a drop was there.

Another wounded had crawled to the same spot, led there by the same hope, and we exchanged regrets over our failure.

"Oh, if my boy only knew I was here! we would not have to suffer another minute for water," said my comrade in distress.

The words were scarcely spoken when a young boy stood before us, canteen in hand.

"Father, are you hurt much?" said he, anxiously.

"I'm afraid so, my son. How did you find me out?"

"The men told me you were wounded and down this way somewhere, and so I came hunting you as quick as I could."

"God bless you, lad. But give the captain there some water, quick; he is nearly dead for it, as well as myself."

"Isn't that Harry Sinton?" said I, in astonishment, as the boy turned toward me to assuage my thirst. Although my appearance had changed greatly for the better, and I was no longer the pale, emaciated creature that had taken charge of him on the train, the boy recognized me at once, and manifested his delight in a way that gratified me exceedingly.

It seemed, from the explanations that followed, that his father was in the crowd on the streets during the night of the fire in Charleston, and that almost immediately after he became separated from us, Harry was borne by the crowd right into Mr. Sinton's arms.

"I had to be away the very next day, and so I wrote to you, sir, informing you that I had found Harry, and thanking you for your kindness to him, but I never received any reply," said Mr. Sinton, as he concluded his narrative of the boy's recovery.

"I need hardly tell you, sir, that I would have answered it had I received it. But we need not wonder much at its non-receipt, for we soldiers know to our sorrow that the mails go badly astray these days."

A few moments later we were found by the ambulance corps and borne to the rear for surgical treatment. Harry went with us, and at his earnest request we were placed near each other, so that he might be able to wait upon both of us without difficulty.

I learned that he had been with his father continuously since the night of the great fire in Charleston, and that in many a battle the brave little fellow had gone, canteen in hand, among the wounded and dying, to administer relief to them in their anguish. He was well known along the lines, and the men called him "the little canteen boy," and this was finally abbreviated to "Little Canteen."

My wound proved to be more painful than serious, and in a day or two I could hobble about very well on crutches. But poor Sinton gradually sank, and one glowing evening I stood by him as he passed through the death agony.

When he knew that the end was coming, he called me to his side and begged me to take the boy, and so Harry once again became my charge. I treated him as a son, and he never disobeyed me except in one thing, and that was in regard to exposing himself to danger. He would not remain in the rear for any consideration when fighting was going on. Even the terrible day of the "Crater" did not dismay him. And after that glorious charge of Mahone's, who should I see but Harry with his canteens slung around him taking water to the wounded.

In those last days at Petersburg discipline became greatly relaxed. The pickets of the two armies grew exceedingly friendly with each other, and exchanges of tobacco for northern newspapers were of daily occurrence. Harry obtained a good stock of the weed, and went heartily into the business of peddling newspapers. He used to walk on top of the breastworks whilst everything was quiet and sing out, "Here's your New York Herald," "Here's your Tribune," etc. I did not object to his doing so, merely cautioning him to get down inside the trenches whenever any firing commenced.

Well, one day whilst he was thus engaged, and was on the part of the lines where I was stationed, the pickets suddenly commenced firing. I called hastily to the boy to jump down. He was about to do so, when a rifle ball pierced his fair white forehead, and the gallant child fell gasping into the trenches. I gave a yell more like that of a wild beast than a man's, and rushed to his side. He gave me one loving look from his glazing eyes, put out his arms as if to embrace me, and the next moment was dead.

Many of the war scenes in which I participated have long since faded from my recollection, but never until my dying day will I forget my brave little boy and his untimely death, and deep down in my heart there is a place sacred to the memory of "poor Little Canteen."—C. M. Douglass in Atlanta American.

### Cause and Effect.

Many things which seem mysterious, and serve to puzzle the wisest men, might be, if the cause and effect were understood, as easy of solution as the question in the following incident, which is related of Buffon, the great naturalist. One day he entertained a company of distinguished savants at dinner, at the conclusion of which they all went out into the garden.

It was a very hot summer's day. In the center of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned toward the sun.

He communicated this discovery to the other guests, who at once proceeded to verify the statement. What could be the cause?

An animated discussion ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the strange paradox. At length our scientists agreed that it must be so, owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion or exhalation, or some other law of physics with a long name.

The host was, however, not quite convinced, and, calling the gardener, he said to him: "Pray tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun?"

The man replied, "Because just now I turned it round for fear of its cracking with the great heat."—Youth's Companion.

### His Pipe.

In former times, when society ignored the natural and affected the artificial, pastoral poets and painters depicted such graceful, gayly dressed shepherds and shepherdesses as were never seen save in the Arcadia of dreamland. The "craze" attained its climax when the unfortunate queen of France impersonated a dairy maid, and her husband, Louis XVI acted the part of a miller. The absurdity of the "fad" is illustrated by a humorous sketch, quoted in "Stray Leaves of Literature."

A London damsel whose ideas had been Arcadianized by the perusal of pastorals, wandered into the fields in the hope of discovering a live "shepherd."

To her delight, she encountered one under a hawthorn hedge, with his dog by his side and his crook in his hand and his sheep round about him, just as if he were sitting to be modeled in china for a chimney ornament.

But our swain wanted the indispensable accompaniment of a pastoral reed, in order that he might beguile his solitude with the charms of music. Touched with pity at this privation, and lapsing unconsciously into poetical language, the city damsel exclaimed:

"Ah, gentle shepherd, tell me where's your pipe?"

"I left it home, miss," replied the clown, scratching his head, "'cause I ha'n't got no baccy."—Youth's Companion.

### Large Figures.

The population of London has grown from 150,000 in 1603 to 4,500,000 at the present time. Supposing that the recent rate of growth were maintained, London might easily, in the course of another half century, possess a population of over 7,000,000. The six principal railway lines of the metropolis carried annually over 200,000,000 people. The tramway companies carried unitedly some 150,000,000 more, and the two great bus companies, the General Omnibus and the Road Car companies, carried from 120,000,000 to 130,000,000 per annum additional. The three agencies together, therefore, carried annually some 460,000,000 to 470,000,000 passengers, being nearly twelve times the present population of the United Kingdom. There were besides 11,300 cabs, which carried, roughly, some 30,000,000 passengers per annum, 100,000,000 to 120,000,000 more traveled daily to and from the suburbs by every railway that has a terminal station in London, bringing up the total numbers carried annually, into and out of London, to between 490,000,000 and 500,000,000.—Once a Week.

### An Old Steamboater's Story.

Speaking of remarkable incidents, I can tell you one that I have never seen equaled, although it occurred more than half a century ago. The steamboat Charleston was on a trip from Louisville to St. Louis with a big cargo of salt in barrels. When just below Grand Tower, on the Mississippi, she came in contact with a hidden obstruction. While they were preparing to put her afloat again, after being at the bottom of the river a day and night, she popped up with surprising suddenness with her deck to the top of the water. The salt in the barrels stored on her melted when it came in contact with the water, and the buoyancy of the barrels raised the boat to the surface.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Copper-Nickel Cents.

It is estimated by a mint official that there are still in existence somewhere in the country, tied up in old stockings or in the hands of curiosity collectors, over 100,000,000 of the old fashioned copper cents, about 120,000,000 of copper-nickel cents, nearly 5,000,000 of the present issue of bronze pennies and 25,000,000 of nickel three cent pieces and about 200,000,000 of the nickel five cent pieces. The total value of these outstanding various coins is put in round numbers at $62,950,000.—New York Telegram.

## AT THE COMMENCEMENT.

**Burdette Attends the Exercises at Two Schools and Learns Something.**

My son, a few weeks since I was called out to the great state of Illinois to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in Dwight, a pretty little town in Livingston county. You know about what a high school commencement is; there were orations by the young gentlemen and ladies upon "The Golden Mean of Mental, Moral and Physical Power," "From the Morning to the Evening," "Success," "A Plea for the Boy of Today," "A Plea for the Girl of Today," "John A. Logan" and "Night Brings Out the Stars;" you know about what it is. Well, I listened and I grew interested and I learned something that I should have known a hundred years ago and I was glad I went to Dwight, Ills., and attended a high school commencement.

On my way back home I talked it all over with myself—you know I like to talk with myself on the train much better than I do with a casual stranger. Because when I get tired I can shut myself up, whereas the communicative stranger who pulls his mouth upon the defenseless traveler will sometimes hold him up from Chicago to Brooklyn and talk him clear into the Eden of The Eagle office.

Thinking over what the graduates of the high school had said in oration and essay, I began to wish that I could say the same things in the same way. I envied Louise De Clercq, and Nellie Dougherty, and Frederick Smith, and Henry Wood, and Bessie Huey, and Charles Vickery and Nellie Jeffries their views of life. They had a familiar sound, too, but I didn't quite recollect where I heard them before. But it dawned on me after awhile. In began to remember an essay on "The Press and the Ballot Box," which, at the time I read it, I believed contained the essence of all truth and philosophy, and was a prophecy of what was to be within a very few years from the date of that masterly paper. And a bright, rosy tinted, glowing prophecy it was.

I said, "You miserable old cynic"—you see in these familiar conversations which I hold with the best man on the train, I sometimes take things from myself that I wouldn't stand from a smaller man—"you miserable old cynic, I know what is the matter with you; you have lost enthusiasm; and losing that you have lost all the soul that a man's work has. You have lost enthusiasm, and that makes you a hireling; you have lost faith and that shrivels your soul; you have lost your 'hurrah' and are of no earthly account in a mass meeting; your waist has grown faster than your mind, and that has made you lazy; you are too old for tennis, too scant in the breath for baseball, too active for cricket, too fond of ease for society, and because none of these things are right in your line, you say 'All is vanity.' Everything is vanity to a useless man. Get back to the starter's scratch and begin over. Look at the world as do these youngsters and you'll believe more in your fellowmen and more in yourself. You will correct certain mean tendencies toward scoffing and burlesquing every thing that doesn't please you."

I talked to myself like a deacon all the way across Ohio and Pennsylvania. Then, when I came east I attended a college commencement. A great school; standard higher than the mortgage on the Eiffel tower. I cowered in a corner and was pounded into a condition of numbness with Greek orations and Latin essays. And the English orations were marvels of elegant diction, smooth, well rounded sentences, and the choicest English, clothing the noblest sentiments, from which at intervals solid chunks of wisdom fell upon the floor with a dull, sickening thud. It was grand, and even the president nodded approval and grave professors forgot their dignity and applauded. And the president made a speech, and two or three learned doctors of law and divinity made eloquent and thoughtful addresses. But wise and learned as it all was I kept wondering where I had heard it all before—saving only the Greek and Latin. Ah, yes; I had it. At Dwight. That's where I heard it.

Sift the thought out of the language of the high school out west and the university down east, and it was about the same thing. The same generous, manly, brave, hopeful way of looking at things, the same earnestness, the same enthusiasm that keeps the learned doctors as young and brave as the boys whom they teach, year after year; the same sublime confidence in his own ability to do a little better than any other man in the vineyard, shaping the thought and nerving mind and body of the high school boy and the college graduate; no wonder I envied them. I felt grateful to them. I made up—what for the sake of brevity I may be permitted to call my mind, that I would look at the world with their eyes; that I would believe in them; that I would grumble less and sing more; that I would close out my stock of censure and put in a full line of praise; that I would sigh less frequently and hurrah more loudly, and upon slighter provocation.

I am going to every commencement at Haverford, my boy, between now and the year when you will cross the threshold, and you look to it that when you graduate your old father won't know nearly as much as you do.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

### Made a Miscalculation.

A peripatetic pen seller called at this office the other day.

"My dear sir," said he to Top, "do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into ink? Ten dips a minute means 600 dips an hour, or 6,000 dips in ten hours, and each consumes"——

Top—Yes, I know: I have figured it all out.

The P. P. S.—And yet I find you still writing in the old way.

Top—Yes, I am using the new patent fountain pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way because it won't write any other way.

The P. P. S.—Beg pardon; I am in the wrong office. Good day.—San Francisco News Letter.

### Caucasian Flowers.

A Russian journal devoted to the industrial interests of the Caucases describes the cultivation of the pyrethrum plant in the Caucases. The flowers of the pyrethrum (Pyrethrum roseum) are used for making the powder which is sold under various names—"insect powder," "Persian powder," "death to insects," etc. In Europe these flowers are only found in Dalmatia, but these are white, and not rose violet, like those of the Caucases. The Dalmatian pyrethrum is greatly appreciated, and when its crop is scarce the Caucasian flowers are eagerly sought for, and their price increases by from 200 to 300 per cent. This was the case in 1887 and 1888. Prices which had varied between three and seven roubles for the previous ten years, reached all at once, in 1887, fifteen and sixteen roubles at Tiflis. Formerly a certain quantity of pyrethrum in powder was exported from the Caucasus, but Europeans were satisfied with receiving this delicate article in this form, because it was discovered to be mixed with foreign substances, and growers in the Caucasus could not reduce it to the impalpable state requisite to preserve its efficacy. At the present time the flowers only are exported. It is necessary that they should be cut as short as possible at the stalk, gathered when ripe, dried in the shade and in a current of air, because in the sun the bloom and rose color are lost, and, lastly, that they should not be mixed with other herbs when being gathered. Recently a fraud has been noticed in the packages of Caucasian flowers, other flowers resembling the pyrethrum, and dyed the same color, being found. The exports amounted to between 175,000 and 200,000 kilogrammes last year; of those three-fourths were badly prepared, the season having been a very rainy one.

### Cow and Rattler Fight to a Finish.

A fight to the death between a fine milch cow and a large rattlesnake occurred recently on the farm of Mr. Joseph Carter in Bibb county, Ala. Mr. Carter had turned his cows into a fresh pasture where there was some very fine grass, which they began to eagerly devour. A small ditch ran through the pasture, and on its banks the grass was very thick. The cows were feeding in a bunch on the bank of this ditch when they scented a rattlesnake and moved away with the exception of one large, black cow. She stood for a moment looking in the direction the snake was supposed to be. The grass was very fine in that direction, and the cow soon made up her mind. She ventured a little further forward, occasionally stopping and looking about her, evidently trying to discover the snake. She had moved forward perhaps ten feet from the point where the animals first scented danger, when without the customary warning rattle the snake struck and buried its fangs in the lower jaw of the cow. The cow did not run away, but backing slowly a few feet she stood still several moments, lashing her tail from side to side. Then, with a mad bellow, she plunged forward directly toward the spot where the rattlesnake was lying hidden in the grass. The snake was on the alert, and again struck, burying its fangs in the animal's nose this time. This seemed to madden the cow, and she plunged forward, trampling the snake in the ground with her fore feet and trying in vain to pin it with her horns. The snake was soon cut and trampled to death, and the cow died from the effects of the two bites in a few hours.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Be of Good Cheer.

There are some things which seem at first glance to be matters of temperament, but which longer contemplation assures us are matters of duty. Among these is the habit of cheerfulness in a family. If we are placed in families for each other's protection and comfort and pleasure, each member of a family has a part to perform in relation to every other one, which part becomes a duty as a thing assigned for performance, and accepted, is always a duty. But in what degree does it contribute to any one's comfort and pleasure to see a sour and dour face constantly about one, to meet a morose manner, reticent or brooding, or to be called upon to be the perpetual assuager of an undying grief, the bearer of burdens of confidential communications of sorrow, or to be the witness of tears, if any other member of the household has been subjected to wrong or loss or injustice? Thus it is as evident as the first law of mathematics that a part of the duty of each individual in a family is to keep an even balance of good temper, and not to let those things which disturb one's serenity in any way, but in which the family have no direct share, come into the house and make an atmosphere of unpleasantness there. Even if the disturbing cause is something in the family itself, the duty holds in the same manner; the matter, if it is serious enough, should be attended to at once, and composed and settled so that good temper and serenity may be restored.—Harper's Bazar.

### California Wines in the East.

The trade in California wines in the east is steadily growing. There are many people of wealth and taste in this city who buy California wines for home use. Many of these people have been in California and visited its vineyards, and learned the merits of their wines from personal inspection. But the bulk of the California wines is used by the middle classes, who desire a good wine at reasonable prices. Though not fully equal to the best French wines, good California wine compares favorably with foreign wines. Most of it is shipped by way of Cape Horn. The four or five months' trip around Cape Horn improves the wine, provided it is well fermented. Dry white and red California wine retails in this city at from eighty-five cents to $1.50 and higher per gallon, and sweet wines at from $1.25 to $3 and higher.—New York Spirit Gazette.