ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

CHILD AND MOCKING-BIRD.

[The following poem is in no sense a mere fancy. On the contrary, the strange, pathetic incident it commemorates actually occurred not long ago in the neighborhoo. of Jacksonville, Florida.]

Once, in a land of balm and flowers,
Of rich fruit-laden trees,
Where the wild wreaths from jasmine bowers
Trail o'er Floridian seas,

We marked our Jeannie's footsteps run
Athwart the twinkling glade;
She seemed a Hebe in the sun,
A Dryad in the shade.

And all day long her winsome song,
Her trebles and soft trills,
Would wave like flow, or silvery low
Die down the whispering rills.

One morn midmost the foliage dim
A dark gray pinion stirs;
And, hark! along the vine-clad limb
What strange voice blends with hers?

It blends with hers, which soon is stilled—
Braver the mock-bird's note
Than all the strains that ever filled
The quicklist human throat!

As Jeannie heard, she loved the bird,
And sought thenceforth to share
With her new favorite, dawn by dawn,
Her daintiest morning cheer.

But, ah! a blight beyond our ken,
From some far favorous wild,
Brought that dark Shadow feared of men
Across the fated child.

It chilled her drooping curls of brown,
It dimmed her violet eyes,
And like an awful cloud crept down
From vague, mysterious skies.

At last one day our Jeannie lay
All pulseless, pale, forlorn;
The sole, sweet breath on lips of death,
The fluttering breath of morn;

When just beyond the o'er-curtained room
(How tender, yet how strong!)
Rose through the misty morning gloom
The mock-bird's sudden song.

Dear Christ! those notes of golden peal
Seem caught from heavenly spheres,
Yet through their marvelous cadence steal
Tones soft as chastened tears.

Is it an angel's voice that throbs
Within the brown bird's breast,
Whose rhythmic magic soars or sobs
Above our darling's rest?

The fancy passed—but came once more,
When stolen from Jeannie's bed,
That eve, along the parchway floor
I found our minstrel—dead!

The fire of that transcendent strain
His life chords burned apart,
And, merged in sorrow's earthlier pain,
It broke the o'erladen heart.

Maiden and bird!—the self same grave
Their wedded dust shall keep,
While the long, low Floridian wave
Moans round their place of sleep.

—[Paul H. Hayne.

A SULTANA'S WEDDING.

The following description of the recent marriage of Naile Sultana, one of the two Imperial brides, has been given to me by an English lady who was an invited guest, and will be interesting to your readers, especially to those of the gentler sex: "On our arrival at the house, a large building situated up a steep, narrow street, not far from Dolma Baghtche Palace, we were ushered by half a dozen eunuchs through an ante-room, in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There we were requested to wait, as the Sultana had not yet completed her toilet, coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. The slaves, fifty or sixty in number, were clad in silks and satins, with small gauze turbans perched on their untidy locks; but, except in the huge ear-rings of the favorite hand-maidens, we did not observe a single jewel. Not a Turkish lady was present, the pride of the free-born forbidding them ever to visit, save by express command, the Imperial seraglios, where they would have to humiliate themselves to mere purchased slaves. But in their stead perhaps a couple of hundred gayly-attired attendants from the other palaces mingled with the household as representatives of the Princess' relatives.

"We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng when the stir without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom, a man of 24 years of age, short and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in a certain comeliness. Naile Sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's *selamik*. This power of selecting a husband by inspection, as it were, is a privilege of the Princesses of the house of Othman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the Sultana. Cases of this kind are rare, but one, at least, has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple aid-de-camp, uncertain of promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a General and Higness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver piasters (in olden days they would have been golden liras) amongst the slaves. The scramble that ensued baffles description. Eunuchs and girls fought and tore each other in their eagerness to obtain the coveted coins, which are understood to bring extraordinary good luck to their happy possessors. So great was the confusion that the bridegroom could not force his way along, which, being perceived by an old woman, chief of the harem, she seized a thick rod and laid indiscriminately around her with unsparing fury. On breasts, backs, heads and legs descended the sharp cuts, but the slaves seemed not to care; long acquaintance with the stick had possibly rendered them callous to its stings, or else the pressure from behind did not allow the foremost to retreat, till at length, every piece having been picked up, the mass of heated, disheveled and bruised women fell back and permitted the bridegroom to pass, for the first time, into the presence of his bride. The ceremony of marriage was then immediately performed, but only witnessed by the Sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the Inman tying them together with a rope and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over Mehemet escaped by a side entrance, to avoid being mobbed and buffeted, according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited backsheesh.

"As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter-skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few Armenian ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down and kissed the hem of her garment; but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman, of 22 summers is Naile Sultana. She was dressed in a loose fitting Turkish robe of rose-colored silk slashed with gold, while a long white gauze vail, likewise embroidered with gold, drooped down from behind the little cap that surmounted her tightly drawn up hair. On her shapely hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single-button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her toilet was far less perfect and rich than we had expected. Close by stood her mother, a bright-eyed, plain-featured old lady, who, being a slave, cannot publicly sit in the presence of a Princess, although her own daughter, but who, good woman accepted the strange position with the strongest marks of pride and pleasure, contenting herself with arranging from time to time the folds of the bride's enormous train or sweep of the veil, and repulsing several attempts made by the slaves to pay her, too, respect. Having satisfied our curiosity, and received an unanticipated apology from the mother, who explained that she had been searching for us in a room which had been reserved, but to which we, pleased by the novel scene, had declined to retire, we rose, and after wishing the bride every happiness, bade her farewell. With a kindly smile she thanked us, and shaking hands, asked us to come and see her again. In the outer room further refreshments were brought us, and with them appeared the Sultana's sister, who wished thus to pay us a compliment. Her slaves immediately handed her cigarettes, but she steadily refused to shock our European prejudices by smoking, and when we left she rose with ready courtesy to return in the graceful Turkish fashion our parting bow."—[Constantinople Letter.

The surveying party, under United States Surveyor Berdan, are now at Parks creek, in Shasta valley, sectionizing townships.

THE PAY OF ACTORS.

The salaries of actors vary according to experience and talent. The pay of leading performers outside of New York ranges from $50 to $150 a week, while minor actors receive from $15 to $50. In New York small "utility" people get from $25 to $40. A good Dutch comedian, like Williams or George Knight, averages $100. Ballet girls are paid from $1 to $2 a night, and, of course, have their dresses from the theatrical wardrobe. They are the poorest paid of all the theatrical attaches, and yet there is a constant pressure for such employment. Scene painters are for a short time among the best-paid theatrical people. Isherwood, formerly of Wallack's, has $75 a week, while Roberts and Witham, of the Fifth Avenue, get $100 a week. Nat. Morgan, Voegtlin and Leary are paid by contract, averaging about $200 a complete set of scenes. Stage managers average from $40 to $72 a week, and business managers, outside of New York, are paid a little better. Prompters are rated at $25. The business managers of the New York theaters are well paid. Tooker, formerly of Booth's, got while there $100 a week, and a percentage on the sale of tickets; Stephen Fiske, formerly of the Fifth Avenue Theater, had considerable more. Theodore Moss, of Wallack's, is said to be a partner, and A. M. Palmer, of the Union Square, is also a partner. Augustin Daly is said to have made a large sum by writing plays, but his failure as a manager shows how easily money can be lost. The history of theatrical management, indeed, is a strange record of failure, occasionally set off by brilliant success, and the risks of the drama are considered greater than almost any business. The salaries paid to New York actors and actresses are estimated as follows: Clara Morris, when at the Union Square, had $600 a week, furnishing her own dresses. Fanny Davenport is said to have received $750 a week last year at the Fifth Avenue Theater, but it is more probable that her pay was $1,000. Rose Eytinge got $350 a week at the Union Square; Ada Dyas had $250; Kate Claxton had $175, etc. These salaries seem large, but when one considers how many ambitious girls are broken down to make one good performer, and how brief the range of popularity may be, and also the expense of such a life, it is not so very large after all. Salaries are paid for seasons of eight months, and leading men who can command large houses have an annual benefit in addition. John Brougham netted $1,100 by one benefit at the Fifth Avenue. Thorne made $1,000 by a benefit at the Union Square. Some other princely benefits can be mentioned, but a common benefit is a poor affair. George Rignold, during his last engagement, was paid $250 per week. Sothern had one-half the house, after expenses, and Lawrence Barrett has the same terms. Edwin Booth was the only American tragedian who had a half of the entire receipts, but Fanny Davenport, as a comedian, has claimed in a few instances at least the same enormous fee. Booth, while itinerating through the principal cities in America, received $600 per night, which was the largest fee ever paid under such circumstances. He will not, however, repeat that itinerancy. The late E. L. Davenport had from $500 to $1,000. His place has never been filled, and managers often sigh when they recall the loss of this once admirable performer. Joe Jefferson has been paid as high as $3,500 per week, and his managers were said to have made money by his engagement. Charlotte Cushman was allowed half the whole house. Such is the power of the star performers to force both managers and performers to bow to their dictates. "Stars," however, are very rare, and even this so-called fortunate class is not to be envied. The glare and glitter of the performance is one thing, but the reality of the stage is very different. The difficulties under which this class often go through their performance are peculiarly distressing. A physician is always in attendance to assist in sustaining exhausted nature, and the applause of an admiring audience may be followed by the agony which such efforts have cost the performer.—[Cincinnati Gazette.

ABOUT TOM MARSHALL.

I notice going the rounds of the press a most absurd account of how this dead orator of Kentucky got up and got of his electric bursts of eloquence; we are told that Tom wrote, rewrote, studied, trimmed and at last reduced to writing his oration, and then committed it to memory, and practicing it in the woods, sought an opportunity among his boon companions to let off the fireworks while pretending drunkenness.

I knew Tom Marshall intimately; he was a man of genius, erratic, willful, lazy and indifferent. Had he possessed any particle of the application and design implied in this silly story he would have been recognized as a statesman instead of brilliant loafer—an oratorical Bohemian, feared by his friends, admired by his enemies and beloved by everybody.

To those who knew this remarkable man personally, the thought of his pretending a drunk is to be relegated, as the Chinese Government Commission said of Christianity, to things which amuse. The story is enough to make a mule laugh. Pretend drunkenness! I have seen Tom in a hundred, and they were the most positive, solid, through-and-through drunks I ever knew.

Tom was quick to learn and slow to study. To a singular quickness of apprehension he added a suggestiveness that was at once original and true. He made these qualities tell in the most striking manner by a powerful memory and the happiest facility and felicity of utterance I ever heard. In conversation, upon the stump and on the floor of the House sentences were struck out perfect in their construction. He never hesitated for a word or amended a phrase.

The lie to this silly story the papers are spreading is to be found in the fact that his happiest efforts were drawn out in debate when the preparation charged was utterly impossible. He was, in fact, more of a debater than an orator.

What a keen wit and delicious sense of humor the man possessed! Strange to say, this quality of humor was not accompanied, as generally is the case, with pathos. I have heard Tom, grand in his utterance, original, striking and witty, but I never heard him pathetic. In this he differed from his friend and rival, Tom Corwin, of Ohio. The last-named could pass from laughter to tears, and from tears to the wildest fun, with the ease of a master.

Throughout Kentucky there yet lives an admiration of Tom Marshall's brilliant utterances, and stories are told to-day of his wit and quickness in repartee.

There is one story so illustrative of this quality where once another got the better of him, that I cannot refrain from repeating it, although you are doubtless familiar with the oft-told tale.

Tom was engaged in the trial of a case somewhere in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him as so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."

"Mr. Clerk," responded the Judge, "fine Mr. Marshall $10 for contempt of Court."

"I confess, your honor," continued Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate; but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of Court."

"Mr. Clerk, make the fine twenty dollars for continuous contempt," said the Judge solemnly.

"Well, Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the Judge hastily, "remit the fine. The State can better afford to lose the money than I can."

"I congratulate the Court upon its return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.—[Donn Piatt.

Educate the mind, elevate the motives of life, ennoble the affections, enlighten the conscience, invigorate the will, establish good habits! These are the things necessary to a right state of society. The school-house is better than the prison, the teacher more economical than the policeman, and the Bible one of the most potential factors in human culture. The true citizen is made not by merely repressing the criminal act, but by eradicating the criminal disposition.—[Dr. Platt.

WHY suffer longer from the torment of an aching back? Kidney-Wort will cure you.

HOW SCULPTORS WORK.

I passed a forenoon recently in the studio of Wilson McDonald, a well-known sculptor of New York, and watched him at work on his colossal statue, The Continental Soldier. I was the only visitor, and Mr. McDonald talked to me as he worked, explaining in detail the various stages by which the sculptor's idea is worked out of a shapeless mass of clay into form and beauty. Let me tell you about it; I am sure you will find it interesting. Mr. McDonald is not a worker in marble; he confines himself to statues of clay, which are afterwards cast in bronze, and it is that branch of sculpture which I propose to describe. The first step in the work is to make a model of the intended statue, say two feet high, but always by scale, which he calls the "intellectual," and to it he gives long and careful study. Every feature must have life and expression, every limb strength and character. When it is finished, he prepares for the statue by building a strong skeleton framework of iron, and on this he lays the clay, making a rough outline of the figure. To fashion this unsightly trunk into the shape of a man, he begins at the feet and works upward, calling into service

A NUDE LIVING MODEL,

Who poses hour after hour, with necessary resting periods, in the desired position. Every muscle and tendon in the model is reproduced in the clay, for the statue is always made nude, whether it is to be clothed when finished or not. Over certain parts of the body whose proportions must be carefully preserved, the artist spreads a thin layer of highly colored clay, so that in subsequently working down the drapery with his tools, he will not cut into the figure—the colored clay warns him to stop. When the nude figure is finished, drapery or clothing is put on the living model precisely as it is to appear on the statue, and he is made to pose again in the required position. The sculptor now proceeds to drape the statue by laying on clay where drapery is necessary and working it into shape as deftly and easily as you would write a paragraph, except in the matter of the time consumed. If he could get along as rapidly as I do with the description of it he would make oceans of money, but a colossal statue is the object of close study, hard labor and tender solicitude for from eight to twelve months. Night after night as work is suspended the figure is carefully covered with damp cloths and a sort of sentry box made of strips of wood and oilcloth is put over it to keep the clay in proper condition for work the next day. But the modeling and the cutting and the scraping come to an end at last, and the huge, dark-gray figure stands before its maker all

RADIANT WITH LIFE AND GENIUS.

His eye kindles and his heart throbs with pardonable pride as he looks upon its beautiful proportions—the work of his hands—and an irresistible feeling of sadness comes over him as he thinks that in a few days it must be knocked into shapeless clay again. But I must not get ahead of my story. The sculptor's idea is materialized in the finished clay statue, but it is to live in imperishable bronze, and the mechanical part of the work now begins. His assistants apply liquid plaster of Paris to the figure with brushes, beginning at the bottom and carefully filling every fold and crevice. The plaster hardens rapidly, and coat after coat is put on until it is about two inches thick. This plaster forms the mold in which the model for the bronze foundry is to be cast, and it must be made in sections, so that it can be readily removed from the clay figure when done. To accomplish this, rows of little wooden pegs are inserted around the figure, where it is desired to have the joints in the mold, and on them is placed a strip of clay half an inch thick and two inches wide. The plaster is put on up to this strip, the upper edge of each section is doubled, the pegs are removed, and the plaster allowed to harden. The strip of clay is then taken off, and the edge of the plaster covered with shellac to prevent the next section from adhering as the brushes apply it. This work is continued until the whole figure is covered, and after standing a day or two to harden, the mold is removed by sections. It separates easily from the clay figure, and the latter, having served its purpose and given the sculptor a matrix for his plaster model, is

BROKEN INTO SHAPELESS FRAGMENTS

Of clay, to be used again when needed. The sculptor now covers the inner surface of the mold with shellac to prevent the plaster from sticking, fits together nicely and firmly all the parts belonging to the figure and the plinth, the statue's foot piece, except those for the arms, which for convenience are cast separately, and pours in liquid plaster of Paris by the bucketful until the mold is full. In two days the plaster hardens and the mold is taken off. It only remains for him to join the arms to the figure, and he does this by wetting the surfaces to be welded and holding the arms in position a little while, when they become firm and solid. The original clay figure has now been reproduced in plaster of Paris, the latter is sent to the foundry where the bronze statue is to be cast, and the sculptor's work is done. But let us follow the plaster model and see how the foundryman goes about his part of the work. He makes a mold for casting by laying moist clay in small pieces over the model, cut to fit neatly and compactly and so arranged that one supports another. Pressure upon the clay gives an exact impression of every mark and crevice of the figure on the inner surface of these pieces, and heat is then employed to dry and harden them. They are then taken off and built up into a perfect mold of the figure, the pieces being fitted together pretty much as a boy puts together a dissected picture puzzle. A core of sand is put in the mold—for the statue is to be hollow—and little holes are drilled in it near the bottom to permit the air to pass out as

THE RED HOT METAL

Is poured in; otherwise there would be an explosion and a general smashing of things. Even with all the precautions which skill and experience have taught foundrymen to use, explosions sometimes occur. When the mold has been prepared, as above described, it is inclosed in a large iron flask or box and lowered by means of a crane into a cellar near the furnace which contains the molten bronze. The stream of gleaming metal is then turned on, and it finds its way into every part of the mold. The metal cools in a day or two, the iron flask is raised from the cellar, the mold is taken off in pieces as it was built up, and the statue is finished off and shipped to its destination. It is worthy of note that American foundries can cast a bronze statue cheaper, quicker and better than it can be done abroad. Pure bronze is 90 per cent. copper and ten per cent. tin, but many foreign countries use lead or some alloy on account of the high price of copper in their markets. This spurious bronze is easily detected by its dull, dingy appearance. Marble is no longer used, or rarely, for outdoor statues on account of its liability to disintegrate. It cannot stand great changes of temperature and gradually crumbles away, while bronze is imperishable.—[N. Y. Correspondence Phila. Press.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.—"I shall be obliged to kill my children or go to housekeeping," was the somewhat surprising assertion made by a young mother the other day. She is a delicate woman who, wishing to be relieved of the cares of housekeeping for a year or two, decided to board for that length of time. "My children are good children in the main," she continued, "obedient, not destructive and do not disturb things which do not belong to us, but being children and not little old men and women they are as unwelcome as a frost in June, in the house where we pay a large sum for their board." This mother's experience is by no means an uncommon one; and about the only way by which a sensitive woman can make life bearable under the circumstances is to cultivate a stoical indifference, after she has provided as many legitimate outlets for her children's vitality as she possibly can. If she is conscientious, and her children are wisely restricted, she can afford to be indifferent, and may even find a sort of philosophical content in contemplating the members of a certain class of people who never were children.

A Good Baptist

Clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

THE NORWEGIAN STEAMBOAT.

The northern nations of Europe seem to have hit upon signally appropriate names for that place of torment which in England is called steamboat. There are times when simply to pronounce the words *dampskib* or *dampbaad* is soothing to the nerves; and nowhere oftener than in Norway can one be called upon to seek such relief. It is an accepted thing in Norway that no steamboat can be counted on either to arrive or depart within one, two or three hours of its advertised time. The guide-books all state this fact; so nobody who, thus forewarned, has chosen to trust himself to the dampskib has any right to complain if the whole plan of his journey is disarranged and frustrated by the thing's not arriving within four hours of the time it had promised. But it is not set down in the guide-books, as it ought to be, that there is something else on which the traveler in Norwegian dampskibs can place no dependence whatever, and that is the engaging beforehand of his state-room. To have engaged a state-room one week beforehand, positively, explicitly, and then, upon arriving on board, to be confronted by a smiling captain, who states in an off-hand manner, as if it were an every-day occurrence, that "he is very sorry, but it is impossible to let you have it;" and, who, when he is pressed for an explanation of the impossibility, has no better reason to give than that two gentlemen wanted the state-room, and as the two gentlemen could not go in the ladies' cabin, and you, owing to the misfortune of your sex, could, therefore the two gentlemen have the state-room, and you will take the one remaining untenanted berth in the cabin—this is what may happen in a Norwegian damp-skib. If one is resolute enough to halt in the gangway, and ordering the porters bearing the luggage to halt also, say calmly: "Very well; then I must return to my hotel and wait for another boat, in which I can have a state-room. It would be quite out of the question, my making the journey in the cabin," the Captain will discover some way of disposing of the two gentlemen, and without putting them into the ladies' cabin; but this late concession, not to the justice of your claim, only to your determination in enforcing it, does not in any wise conciliate your respect or your amiability. The fact of the imposition and unfairness is the same. I ought to say, however, that this is the only matter in which I found unfairness in Norway. In regard to everything else the Norwegian has to provide, or to sell, he is just and honest; but when it comes to the question of dampskib accommodations, he seems to take leave of all his sense of obligation to be either.—[H. H. in September Atlantic.

OUT OF LUCK.

"No, I am not one of the old veterans of the war," he slowly replied to the inquiry, "but it is not my fault. I wanted to be there but something always held me back."

"That was too bad."

"Yes, it was. When the war broke out I offered to go, but I was in jail on a six-months' sentence, and they wouldn't take me. I was innocent, of course, but as I was in jail the recruiting officer had to refuse me. Lands! how I did ache to go down to the front and wade in gore!"

"And when you got out of jail?"

"Yes, I got out, but then my mother died. I was on my way to enlist when she died, and, of course, that altered my plans. No one knows how bad I wanted to be down there and wade around in blood and glory."

"Well, you didn't have to mourn all through the war did you?"

"Oh, no. Bless your soul, but I only mourned for thirty days, and then I started out to enlist in the artillery. I was just about to write down my name when a constable arrested me for breach of promise, and it was four months before I got through with the suit. Ah, sir! but if you only knew how I suffered at being held back when others were winning glory on the field of carnage, you would pity me!"

"But the suit was finally decided?"

"Yes, finally, and within an hour after the jury brought in a verdict I started for Toledo to enlist in the cavalry."

"And you enlisted?"

"Almost. I was being examined by the doctor when I got a dispatch that the old man had tumbled into a well, and of course I had to go home. I hadn't got the undertaker paid before lightning struck the barn. Then some one set fire to the cheese factory, and soon after that I had three ribs broken and was laid up for a year. When I finally did get around to enlist the doctor rejected me because I was color-blind, near-sighted, lame and deaf. I tell you, sir, when I think of the glory lost and the gore I didn't shed it breaks me right down and I don't even care for soda water."—[Ex.

THE LANGSHAW FOWL.

This is a new breed, the latest novelty, so to speak, in the chicken line. It is a large, black fowl, of Asiatic origin, and closely-resembles the Black Cochins. These last are not very well known outside of the fancy, and a better idea of the Langshaw will be gathered if it is described as resembling the Light Brahma in size, shape, disposition and general habits. It is jet black, however, and has a single comb, like a Leghorn, though smaller. The comb, earlobes and wattles are bright red; the plumage of the bird is a rich, glossy black, with a beautiful green tinge in certain lights. The shank is feathered, black, but tinged under the scales of a pink or reddish hue. In habit and disposition, says the Bucks County *Intelligencer*, the bird very much resembles other Asiatic fowls, like the Brahma. It is quiet, peaceable, easily restrained, a tolerably good forager, and a very pleasant fowl about the place. It is a good winter layer. Our pullets commenced in December and laid all through the long, cold winter. The eggs are large and brown in color, like the Brahma's. One pullet has laid since last fall without once getting broody, but she is about to take the nest now, and will be indulged in the matter of incubation as soon as she gets ready, as she has fully earned a vacation. Some of her mates became broody in the latter part of March. One was set, and hatched and raised a brood, or thought she had raised them, though she left them sooner than she ought to resume laying. They do not appear to be quite equal to the Brahmas as mothers and nurses, but in all other respects they are about up to them; and that is high praise of any fowl. Our folks seem to like the Langshaws very well; they are quiet and sensible if one needs to handle them, and they are not hard to "break up" when they want to set, and on the whole are a pleasant and good practical fowl.

VACCINATION NOT ALWAYS A PREVENTIVE.

There was a group of gentlemen sitting in a drug store last Sunday morning discussing small-pox. Gilhooly was there, too. The doctor had just remarked what a blessing science was, and how the lives of so many thousands and tens of thousands of human beings had been saved by vaccination alone; that vaccination never failed so save a man's life.

"That may all be so," remarked Gilhooly, "but in the case of my uncle, his life was saved by his not being vaccinated. He lived in California, and the small-pox was very bad, and all that saved his life was his refusal to get vaccinated. If he had been vaccinated it would have cost him his life."

"That must have been a very singular case. I wish you would give me the precise date," said the doctor, taking out his note-book.

"Not at all. He was in jail, and the vigilantes broke in and took him out of jail, and were about to hang him to a tree, when they discovered he was all broken out with the small pox. They scattered like a covey of partridges. The further proceedings were suspended instead of my uncle, and his life was saved. Now you will acknowledge, doctor, that if he had been vaccinated he could not possibly have taken the small-pox, and if he had not had the small-pox at the time, he would certainly have lost his life, so in this case at least, you will admit that vaccination would have cost him his life."

The doctor wanted to discuss the question, but was defeated on a strict party vote.—[Texas Siftings.

The citizens of Bieber, Lassen county, propose erecting a college at that place for the advancement of the youth of that section.

THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

"Prevention is better than cure, and far cheaper," said John Locke, two hundred years ago; and the history of medical science has made it more and more probable that, in a stricter sense of the word, prevention is the only possible cure. By observing the health laws of Nature, a sound constitution can be very easily preserved, but, if a violation of those laws has brought on a disease, all we can do by way of "curing" that disease is to remove the cause; in other words, to prevent the continued operation of the predisposing circumstances.

Suppressing the symptoms in any other way means only to change the form of the disease, or to postpone its crisis. Thus, mercurial salves will cleanse the skin by driving the ulcers from the surface to the interior of the body; opiates stop a flux only by paralyzing the bowels—i. e., turning their morbid activity into a morbid inactivity; the symptoms of pneumonia can be suppressed by bleeding the patient till the exhausted system has to postpone the crisis of the disease. This process, the "breaking up of a sickness," in the language of the old-school allopathists, is therefore in reality only an interrupting of it, a temporary interruption of the symptoms. We might as well try to cure the sleepiness of a weary child by pinching its eyelids, or the hunger of a whining dog by compressing his throat.

Drugs are not wholly useless. If my life depended upon a job of work that had to be finished before morning, and the inclination to fall asleep was getting irresistible, I should not hesitate to defy Nature, and keep myself awake with cup after cupful of strong black coffee. If I were afflicted with a sore, spreading rapidly from my temple toward my nose, I should suppress it by the shortest process, even by deliberately producing a larger sore elsewhere, rather than let the smaller one destroy my eyesight. There are also two or three forms of disease which have (thus far) resisted all unmedicinal cures, and can hardly be trusted to the healing powers of Nature—the *lues venerea*, scabies, and prurigo—because, as Claude Bernard suggests, their symptoms are probably due to the agency of microscopic parasites, which oppose to the action of the vital forces a life-energy of their own, or, as Dr. Jennings puts it, "because art has here to interfere—not for the purpose of breaking up diseased action, but for the removal of the cause of that action, the destruction of an active virus that possesses the power of self-perpetuation beyond the dislodging ability of Nature."

But with those rare exceptions it is better to direct our efforts against the cause rather than the symptoms; i. e., in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is not only the safer but also the shorter way to avoid drugs, reform our habits, and, for the rest, let Nature have her course; for, properly speaking, disease itself is a reconstructive process, an expulsive effort, whose interruption compels nature to do double work; to resume her operations against the ailment after expelling a worse enemy—the drug. If a drugged patient recovers, the true explanation is that his constitution was strong enough to overcome both the disease and the druggist.—[Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.

INDIAN MOUND-BUILDERS.

We are not without testimony to the fact that the present Indian tribes did build mounds. Lewis and Clarke mention the custom among the Omahas, saying that "one of their great chiefs was buried on a hill, and a mound twelve feet in diameter and six feet in hight erected over him." Bertram states that the Choctaws covered the pyramid of coffins taken from the bone-house with earth, thus raising a conical hill or mound. Tomochichi pointed out to General Oglethorpe a large conical mound near Savannah, in which he said the Yamacraw chief was interred, who had, many years before, entertained a great white man with red beard, who entered the Savannah river in a large vessel, and in his barge came up to the Yamacraw bluff. Featherstonhaugh, in his "Travels," speaks of the custom among the Osages, referring to a mound built over the body of a chief, called Jean Defoe by the French, who unexpectedly died while his warriors were absent on a hunting expedition. Upon their return they heaped a mound over his remains, enlarging it at intervals for a long period, until it reached its present hight. Bradford says that many of the *tumuli* formed of earth, and occasionally of stones, are of Indian origin. They are generally sepulchral mounds—either the general cemetery of a village or tribe, funeral monuments over the graves of illustrious chiefs, or upon a battle-field, commemorating the event and entombing the fallen, or the result of a custom, prevalent among some of the tribes, of collecting at stated intervals the bones of the dead and interring them in a common repository. A mound of the later description was formerly situated on the low grounds of the Rivanna river, in Virginia, opposite the site of an old Indian village (Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," pp. 100, 103). It was forty feet in diameter and twelve feet in hight, of a spheroidal form, and surrounded by a trench, whence the earth employed in its erection had been excavated. The circumstances attending the custom alluded to were, the great number of skeletons, their confused position, their situation in distinct strata, exhibiting different stages of decomposition, and the appearance of bones of infants. A mound of similar character, and constructed in layers or strata at successive periods, existed near the south branch of the Shenandoah, in the same State. A *tumulus* of stones, in New York State, is said to have marked the grave of a distinguished warrior (McCauley's "History of New York," volume ii., p. 239), "Beek's Gazetteer" (p. 308) states that "a mound of the largest dimensions has been thrown up, within a few years, in Illinois, over the remains of an eminent chief."—[Prof. N. H. Winchell.

"NEVER MIND THE HAT, MY BOY."

It is only natural that great Generals who commanded thousands of men in the late war should frequently meet men in different parts of the country who cherish some incident of war life with which private and General were closely connected. General Sheridan was idly sauntering up and down the lobby of the Windsor Hotel deep in thought and complacently puffing at his Havana and blowing the smoke into pretty little rings. Suddenly a rough-looking man with face so heavily bearded that one could see nothing but the twinkling of black eyes, approached him, and raising his hat with awkward embarrassment said:

"Good morning, General."

The hero of Winchester returned the greeting, touching his cap with military politeness, and then trying to peer through the miner's heavy beard to get a glimpse of his features, the General added:

"I'm afraid I've forgotten your face, sir."

The eyes of the man from Gunnison twinkled brighter than ever as he remarked:

"It's not unlikely, General, sein's we never met but once afore, you wouldn't be so apt to remember me as I am you. It's seventeen years since I saw you last. Things have changed since then. It was on the battlefield of Cedar Creek. Don't you remember the soldier that gave you his horse when yours was shot from under you by a shower of cannister from the masked batteries on the brow of the hill?" and the old man looked up with eager pride into the General's face.

"That I do," answered the General, with pleased interest and a brighter flash in his eye, "I remember it well."

"I was that soldier," continued the miner proudly. "I remember the circumstance well, sir. When you put the spurs to my horse and galloped off, you left your hat behind you, and I called to you as loud as I could, but you replied, 'never mind the hat, my boy.' I've got that hat yet, General. It's hanging in my cabin in the mountains," and the rough fellow's eyes glowed with pleasure.

Sheridan grasped his hand and led him to a seat, and for half an hour they fought the battle of Cedar Creek over again.—[Denver Tribune.

American pottery manufacture is improving so rapidly that the home productions this year are for the first time equal to foreign importations. Beds of valuable clays have been found in plenty, and the common wares of the potteries are declared to be as good as those of Staffordshire.—[Celtic Monthly.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The readers of the RECORD-UNION will have noticed in the news reports that on Wednesday, in City Road Chapel, London, Eng., there assembled the Methodist Ecumenical Council. As the considerations to which the assembling of this ecclesiastical body give rise may not adequately be treated in editorial space, they are condensed into this form of presentation. This is the first Ecumenical Council ever held by that church. It is modeled somewhat after the Pan Presbyterian Council, but will possess no ecclesiastic authority. Whatever influence it will have will be only advisory, and perhaps it will be the greater for that very reason, as it cannot promulgate a dogma with any power to enforce it upon its church. Whatever it concludes, therefore, must stand upon merit and reason. The Council is a gathering which can make its record prominent in history. It is composed of 400 delegates, and nearly half of these are drawn from our own country, for Methodism has in America had greater growth, in proportion to the time since it was established here, than in any other part of the world.

The delegates to the Convention are drawn from all the acknowledged branches of Methodism, from eighty for the United States to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thirty-eight from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, down to two from the Primitives, Independents, Congregational Methodists and other branches. The delegates have been selected as nearly as possible equally from the clerical and lay forces of the churches. Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia, is made President of the Council, and this award is also significant of the strength of the Church in the United States in general estimation.

One of the marked features of this Council is the rule which insists upon brevity and conciseness. No papers are received which will consume over twenty minutes in the reading, and no speeches are permitted in excess of five minutes in length without special leave. The wisdom of this latter rule is, however, open to question. Some of the subjects to be handled—the range being very broad—cannot be well debated under such conditions, and some of the best debaters among Methodists are not so forcible if required to reduce their thoughts to writing.

The topics to be discussed are, in part: "History and Results of Methodism," "Evangelical Agencies," "The Lord's Day and Temperance," "Possible Perils," "How to Avoid Waste," "Rivalries and Confusion Arising from Different Methodist Bodies Occupying the Same Fields." The delegates come from England and her possessions, the United States of America, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Malta, South and North Ceylon, Madras, Mysore (India), Calcutta, Lucknow, Benares, Canton, Wuchung, South Africa, West Africa, West Indies, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Bulgaria, Japan, Mexico, South America and Australasia.

The delegates from America and Canada represent a constituency of adults of about 3,711,794, or about one-fourteenth of the population. The claim made for that church that it has within it, and attached to it, nearly one-fifth of the population, is therefore not so great a departure from the actual figures as has been supposed. The total Methodist population is placed at twenty-three and one-half millions. It is well known that upon several of the subjects to come before the Council there is a wide difference of opinion among the members, and the debates and conclusions of the body will, on that account, possess all the greater interest to the regular conferences, counseling and ruling bodies of the church, which may adopt or reject the advice of the Ecumenical Council, as they see fit.

It is believed that the meeting of this Council is indicative of a greater and still more important convocation to follow; that it is, in short, a step toward the possibility of a more general assemblage, that shall embrace other evangelical denominations, with the aim of extending the doctrines of Christianity without reference to any one of the many church organizations. But this possibility is not likely to be realized in the very near future.

When we reflect upon the importance, to the believers in the Christian religion, of the London Council of 1881 and the vast constituency it represents throughout the world, it is difficult to realize that but one hundred and fifty years have passed since John Wesley and his brother Charles began to hold the meetings out of which this great growth of Methodism has sprung. There was no such body here prior to 1766, when a few Wesleyans formed a church in New York. Eighteen years thereafter the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a distinct organization, was set up. The first Conference assembled at Baltimore in 1784. This may be said to have been, in fact, the first Methodist Church confederation, for Wesley had never, in truth, made his a distinct church, and remained true to the Church of England to the end. Indeed, up to 1784 the Methodists sought the ordinances within the Episcopal church, and at that altar, in New York, such as Embury, Pilmoor, Boardman and Rankin knelt. Wesley, with wise prescience, saw that such a state of affairs could not long continue. Himself a presbyter of the established church, and believing that presbyter and bishop were but one, he assumed the latter office, ordained Dr. Coke of Oxford, sent him to America, and that dignitary appeared in full robes at the Conference of 1784, and was unanimously recognized. Asbury was next ordained, deacons and elders were designated, and the organization entered upon its wonderful march under the title of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1830 the anti-Episcopal element withdrew, and hence came the Methodist Protestant Church. In 1844 the slavery question brought on another division, and there arose out of it the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The original church claims a membership of 1,724,413, the Church South 838,000 and the Protestant branch 115,644. Besides these there is the Evangelical Association of Germans, founded in 1800, now with 114,000 members; the African M. E. Church, which seceded in 1787, and has 219,000 members; the Zion African M. E. Church, which went off in 1800, and has 194,000; the Union American M. E. Church,