The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

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A WINDY EVENING.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The sun sank low; beyond the harbor bar
The waves ran white and high;
The reefed sails of a vessel showed afar
Against the gray-blue sky.

harp called the gulls, as 'mid the tossing spray
They circled swift; and loud
.e north wind roared, as it rushed down the bay,
And rent the seaward cloud.

Past the old lighthouse, rising white and tall,
Like birds the wind deceives,
Swept from the forest by the surging squall,
Sall the sear autumn leaves.

Fast o'er the dark and foam-capped waves they fly,
Brown ghosts of May and June,
Seeking the ship tossed up along the sky
Beneath a thin white moon.

Then as they sped on to the shadows gray,
The sun sank lower down,
Sending a golden light across the bay,
And through the dark old town.

It made the church spires glow with shifting light,
That slow grew faint and pale,
As it was borne into the coming night
By the swift rushing gale.

The shadows darkened, and along the sea
The swaying ship had flown;
The sun was gone; one bright star glisteningly,
Near to the moon outshone.

Through crimson, flame, amber and paling gold,
Faded the day's sweet light;
And on the sea and land gathered the cold,
Gray shadows of the night.

—*Transcript.*

From the Chicago Ledger.

A Story of Passion and Jealousy.

BY S. C. A.

The sunshine flickered through the leaves and played on the tangled ferns and maiden's hair. The birds sang sweetly as they hopped from branch to branch. The tall pines nodded their proud heads as the breeze passed whispering through them; at their feet, the profusion of tall grasses denoted the dampness of the shady woodland. In the distance a low, musical murmur betrayed the fall of a cascade. Overhead the bright, blue sky was dotted with fleecy clouds, waiting for the sun's sharp needles to knit them into shadowy blankets for the hills below. All nature seemed at peace.

Suddenly, low laughter rang through the forest and was echoed from the hills behind. The noise of crackling brush and the rustling of dead leaves stilled the song of the merry birds as a youth and maiden appeared and stood beneath the waving pines.

"What a beautiful spot, Ed! Spread the shawl, and let us rest here awhile," said the girl in joyous tones.

The young man took the shawl carelessly from its resting place on his shoulder, and spread it out, stretching himself at full length thereon.

The young girl stood leaning against a tree, hat in hand, looking wistfully through the long path by which they had come.

"I say, don't you think it rather damp here?" interposed Ed.

But the girl did not hear. He turned and glanced curiously up in her face—the face of his *fiancee*, noting, as he did so, with the true characteristic of a critic, the lack of regularity in her features, the pale complexion, the thin-cut lips, the dark eyelashes, shading the expressive grey eyes.

While he mentally took in these points, she turned quickly, and, looking him full in the face said: "Well, what do you think of me?" He flushed slightly as he answered, "I'm afraid my opinion would not interest you."

"No! but I can easily guess it. It would not be very difficult," she retorted bitterly.

A long pause followed these words, broken only by the renewed twitter of the birds and the measured stroke of a woodman's ax in the distance. Ed. braided and unbraided the fringe of the shawl. Marian, for so was the young girl called, tied and untied the strings of her hat.

Finally Ed. broke forth, "I say, Marian, why do we always fall into this strain of talking when we are alone?"

"I had not noticed that we did, but if it bores you we had better bring Aunt Mary next time we come," interrupted Marian.

The young man's face clouded, but he only said, "Perhaps it would be better to bring Aunt Mary, and leave me behind."

Marian's eyes flashed; color came to her pale face, as she answered, "That arrangement would please me very well."

Ed. rose, and bowing low before her said, "Perhaps Miss Gray would prefer Aunt Mary's society to mine now."

"I certainly would at the present moment," she said, hastily.

The young gentleman raised his hat, and with a "Good afternoon," he walked quickly away into the forest, and was soon lost to sight.

Tears came to Marian's eyes when the last footsteps had died away, and she sat down on the crumpled shawl.

"He is very unkind to go and leave me like that. I do believe he is jealous because Harold Watson paid me so much attention, last night." Her thoughts took another direction, and the handsome face of Harold Watson came before her eyes. How warmly he had pressed her hand in the "Lanciers" at the party the night before. He was going away, he had said, but hoped to return soon, for the little town of N—— had many attractions for him. The tears were dried, as she recalled the curious looks the girls had cast when they saw her promenading with the great catch, Harold Watson. But soon poor Ed., the party, Harold Watson, and all were forgotten in a refreshing sleep. Yes, Marian slept; the pretty head resting against the old pine, her hands crossed on her lap, while the shadows began to creep over the hills. The wood music had ceased; even the birds were still.

And there, as the sun's last ray had disappeared, Harold Watson stumbled upon the sleeping Marian. A look of exultation came over his features as he saw who it was; a look not pleasant to see. He stooped down beside her and took one of her little hands in his. He longed to awake her with a kiss, but did not dare. He touched her gently on the shoulder.

She half opened her eyes, and by some strange fatality said softly, "Harold!"

Joy and triumph shone in every feature of the man's face, but he controlled himself and said, "I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Marian, but it is growing late, and I thought you would accept of my escort home."

Marian, now fully awake, blushed at the glances of admiration cast upon her by those black eyes, as she related how, being tired, she had fallen asleep.

So, laughing and talking they wended their way through the wood. They were nearly to the home of Marian when they met Ed, who explained that he had seen Marian's Aunt who told him Marian had gone into the forest and had not yet returned, so he had come out to find her. He said he was glad to see she was in good hands, bowed to them both, and walked on.

Harold Watson thought within himself, "The fellow is jealous;" while Marian had the same thought, modified, she felt, with a little thrill of joy. How nice it was to have somebody think of her when she was not with them. Then again, she felt some compunction when she thought how he had looked.

But they had reached the gate, the good-bye's were to be said, and Mr. Watson was to leave the next morning; and with his dark eyes looking into her's she thought she really was sorry to part from him.

As she slowly went up stairs to smooth her hair she shed a few tears; she did not know exactly for what.

Down stairs in the cosy dining room Aunt Mary sat waiting for her niece. Eighteen years before her sister-in-law had died, leaving for a substitute her little daughter. Her husband soon followed, and was laid beside her in the little cemetery, where Aunt Mary often took little Marian. Thus Marian had known no other mother than her Aunt, who was a kind, yet strict, New England spinster—who believed in the old-time doctrines, and despised "new fangled" ideas.

Marian was about eight years of age when an event occurred which outlined her path for the future.

Across the garden by which her home was enclosed stood a large vacant house, which had been unoccupied for years, Suddenly there came through the village the rumor that it was to be taken by a strange family. They were coming there to live and work the vast farm. And for once Madame Gossip was right. The family came, and the lights of the great house shone out like a beacon; smoke curled up from the chimneys, and the garden showed signs of cultivation.

One bright morning as Marian took her seat in the little village school she glanced across the aisle timidly and saw a strange face and two black eyes looking admiringly at her. And from that day at recess, she adored the young lad, who was not slow in making her acquaintance.

When he was old enough, had been through college, and had seen a little of the world, she became his promised wife.

But "the course of true love does not always run smooth." It did not in the case of these two young people's hearts, who, though trying to be true to each other, were not true to themselves.

Yes! there sat Aunt Mary, with her grey hair banded neatly down, thinking sadly of the time when she must part with Marian. The day was not far distant, only a month, and Marian would be a bride.

The old-fashioned clock in the corner struck seven, as Marian entered the dining-room, and took her place at the table, opposite her Aunt. A silence followed, as with bowed head they asked for grace.

The ticking of the pendulum, and the purring of the cat, were distinctly heard. The sweet smell of wild flowers in the vase upon the table, pervaded the room, as the evening breeze played with the thin muslin curtains, and stirred the soft hair on Marian's brow.

Aunt Mary looked anxiously at her niece's swollen eyelids and flushed cheeks, and sighed as she thought it was a quarrel had made her darling sad.

"Are you not well," dear? she asked, tenderly.

"Yes, Auntie. I am very well, but I am a little tired," answered Marian.

"Did you meet Ed? I sent him after you, I was so worried."

"Yes, Auntie, we met him just before we reached the gate."

"We! Marian! Why, child! who do you mean by we?"

"Mr. Watson. I met him in the forest and he asked permission to escort me home."

A frown came over the serene countenance of Aunt Mary as she hurriedly said, "Marian I do not trust that man! He is too worldly. No one around here knows any thing about him; who he is, or whence he came."

But here she was interrupted by a loud knock on the door." Marian rose to answer it.

It is needless to say it was Ed. coming to make peace, which was soon declared, as arm in arm they walked up and down between the sweet briar hedges and talked of that inexhaustible subject, the future.

Let us pass over two months during which time Marian became a bride.

The leaves, scarlet and gold are dropping now, and the wind is chilly as it sweeps through the forest, over the tarnished brakes. Marian has returned from her bridal journey, a little less happy than when she left. Her husband, fondly jealous ere they were married, is madly jealous now. He does not like the looks of admiration cast upon his wife by the male sex. He tells her she encourages them; and, being high tempered, she does not take it well. So the quarrels are bitter and frequent.

As fate would have it, when they reached home, one of the first to pay homage to the young bride was Harold Watson. He was very tender with her; told her she was not looking well. And Marian, having just had another scene with her husband was very excited, and burst into tears. Oh, silly Marian! Ere she knew it she was repeating to that worldly man her domestic troubles. And he, sitting beside her, with his arm on the back of her chair, her hand in his. How well he played the comforter! He praised her husband, found ready excuses for him, and ingratiated himself into the young bride's favor, and when at last he tore himself away, she had told him to come often. Her husband coming up the path had heard her, and his blood boiled with jealousy as he saw the bright, smiling faces of the twain.

Ah it is often true "a little spark kindleth a great fire." No sooner had the maid withdrawn from the room at dinner, than he commenced: "Madame, I wish you to understand that I forbid you to receive Harold Watson in my house. He is a scoundrel, and if I ever meet him here again you will regret it!"

"How dare you insult me by threats; I shall receive whom I please; if I can not, I shall go back to Aunt Mary's."

Ed. knew he had said too much; but not wishing to retract, he added, "I wish to heaven you had never left Aunt Mary's."

Marian rose, livid with anger, and retorted: "You will never have to wish it twice," she then left the room, and taking a small shawl from the rack ran hurriedly across the garden towards Aunt Mary's.

Ed. saw her from the window, and his heart sank a little; but he thought to himself that she would be back before supper. But when supper time came, the maid said her mistress had not yet returned, and he was obliged to sit down to a lonely meal. Before he had finished a servant brought a note, which he hurriedly tore open, it was from Aunt Mary, who stated that, as Marian could not live in peace with him, she thought it would be best to separate. That was all; but long, long into the night Ed. sat there in the same position, like one crushed. "She loved him," he said bitterly. "If ever I meet him I will kill him! He shall yet pay for this!"

Early the next morning, valise in hand, Ed. took his way down through the village to the little station. He was obliged to pass by the house of the elderly Miss Grey, and as he neared it he saw with beating heart his wife picking flowers in the little garden.

"Marian," he cried, loudly; "my wife! come to me!" She turned suddenly without looking toward him; and ran into the house, dropping her flowers as she went. O! heaven forgive me he said in a tone of anguish, leaped the wall and picked up one of the roses she had let fall, then started on his way. The train soon bore him far away from the little village towards the great city of New York.

Three years came and went; the crescent moon rose pure and pale over the hot city of New York; the crowd of people went by in a continuous train. Hardly a breath of air stirred. Away down in one of those horrible gambling dens, elegantly fitted up, there entered, on this particular August night, a man upon whom all the loungers turned to look, so handsome was his appearance, and so carelessly he came sauntering in, seating himself at a small table. Then, much to the surprise of everybody, he called for a "lemonade." As he sipped it slowly, one could perceive by the lines on his forehead that he had seen trouble, and not a little.

Suddenly a commotion around the door, foretold some new comer, and all looked up, as another man, scarcely less handsome than the first, entered. Not a few of the men crowded forward to shake hands with him, for he was the well-known gambler, Harold Watson.

After the new comer had greeted his friends, he glanced around the room. His eye falling upon the stranger, he started forward with the exclamation: "Marian's husband!"

The stranger rose, and drawing a revolver from his coat, took aim at Watson. The crowd pressed eagerly forward. Quick as a flash Harold Watson knocked the weapon from the other's hand; it discharged, the ball entering the stranger's side. He fell with a deep groan.

"A doctor; for heaven's sake send for a doctor!" cried Harold as the crowd fell back.

A doctor came forward, the unconscious man was placed on a shutter and carried into an adjoining room. His wound was dressed, and as it was not very serious, he was soon able to stand. He appeared to be a little out of his head, talked wildly about his wife, and did not seem to be able to walk straight. He said he was going home. The doctors thought it the best thing he could do, so they put him in an open carriage, never dreaming, but that his home was somewhere up town. Then having done their duty they thought no more about it.

The next day at twilight a man came slowly up from the village of N—— taking the way to the "Grey Cottage." He seemed rather undecided which way to go, but he finally reached the little wooden gate, opened it and walked up the narrow path. His face was deadly pale, and as he staggered to the vine-covered porch, he saw a baby-boy sitting on the step. He did not see the soft, curly hair so like his own, the beautiful grey eyes so like Marian's. He asked him weakly if there was any one at home. The boy stared at him, said he would go tell mamma, and toddled in.

A maid came out and asked him sharply what he wanted. "I wish to see Miss Grey," he said, faintly. "Miss Grey! she's dead and buried this long time," answered the girl; thinking he meant the spinster. "But I'll tell my mistress to step out. Come in sir, won't you?"

"Marian dead! my wife! it is not so; she has not forgiven me! Dead!" and he gave a hollow laugh, reeled against the door, and fell dead in the hall, the purple blood staining the white floor, his hands clutching convulsively.

A door opened, a light form came along the hall leading the little baby boy. "Be quiet Eddie," she said, "somebody wants to see mamma," never dreaming who the somebody was. The servant in the dining-room, brushing up the crumbs, heard a piercing scream, and rushing out saw her mistress kneeling on the floor beside a corpse,—her hands and dress stained with blood—rocking too and fro crying, "O, my boy! My boy! Papa has come! Ed. has come home at last!"

"Yes! he had come home to die; without the longed for forgiveness, without knowing he was loved, without recognizing his little son who loved to be the consoler of his mother. His lamp had gone out and left him in utter darkness. Youth, beauty, riches, had been his, but Happiness took unto herself wings and flew away.

The Tunnel Beneath the British Channel.

From the London Daily News.

Operations connected with the submarine tunnel have already been commenced on the other side of the channel, several pits having been sunk to the depth of about one hundred and ten yards. At the same time the French and English committees have definitely drawn up the conditions of working for the route. The property of the tunnel is to be divided in half by the length—that is to say, each company will possess half of the line, reckoning the distance from coast to coast at low tide. Each company will cover the expense of its portion.

The general work of excavation will be done on the one hand by the Great Northern of France, and the Chatham and Southeastern companies, the two latter having each a direct route from London to Dover. All the materials of the French and English lines will pass through the tunnel in order to prevent unnecessary expenses and delay of transhipment, as in England and in France railway companies use each other's lines, and goods can pass from one line to another without changing vans. It is understood that an arrangement will be established for a similar exchange of lines between all the English and Continental railway companies when the tunnel is completed. The tunnel will belong to its founders. At the expiration of thirty years the two governments will be able to take possession of the tunnel upon certain conditions.

A Recontre With "The Devil."

From the Austin Reville.

He dropped in to look at a few exchanges and have a quiet chat with the editor. While he was tracing with his finger on our table an outline of the movements of the contending armies in Bulgaria, the devil came in munching an apple, and the current of conversation immediately turned to the subject of fruit. After drawing a comparison between the fruit grown in California and that produced "back in the states," he remembered it, and descanting on the superior flavor and plentifulness of the latter, he said to the devil:

"Why, back yonder where I used to live when I was a boy, apples was so plentiful they used to feed them to the hogs."

"I s'pose you got all the apples you could eat, then," returned the boy.

He got up to go, and as he went out he heaved a deep sigh, and said:

"Boys ain't what they were in my time."

TOTTEN AGAINST SNOW,

Or the Perils of Walking With a Young Lady in a Meadow.

From the N. Y. Times.

Æsop informs us that there was once a small boy who was accustomed to go out into the back yard and alarm the family by calling for assistance to rescue him from an imaginary wolf. His father ran to help him some three hundred times, and was always welcomed with the irreverent announcement that he was "sold." The monotony of the thing ultimately wearied the affectionate parent, and when the small boy for the three hundred and first time yelled "wolf," his father turned his newspaper inside out, in order to get at a powerful review of Sappho's last poem, and remarked that in course of half an hour he would take a club into the back yard and convince that boy of the impropriety of "selling" his own father. What was the parent's surprise and delight to find at the expiration of the half hour that the real wolf had actually eaten nearly the whole of this mendacious small boy, and was in the act of carrying away the remnants of the feast. This teaches, as Æsop remarks, that the boy who tells three hundred lies about a superstitious wolf may finally be devoured, to the great joy of all who know him.

So many falsehoods have been told concerning imaginary girls who fancied themselves attacked by snakes, and after undergoing acute mental agony, discovered that the supposed snake were merely bits of wire or sections of discarded crinolines, that whenever a story of this general character appears in a rural newspaper it is received with as much incredulity as was the three hundred and first yell of Æsop's small boy. Undoubtedly, the story of Miss Totten, of Guilford, Ohio, will be classed by most persons among apocryphal snake stories, but the fact that it led to a lawsuit—"Totten against Snow"—which is still pending, ought to be sufficient evidence of its truth. Moreover, aside from all questions as to how the public will receive the story, there seems to be no doubt in the mind of the earnest journalist that it is of too great importance to be passed without comment. Wherefore, the Muse will please to come to order and relate the woes of Miss Totten without further delay.

One August afternoon, when the sun was about to take off his golden garments and strew them along the western horizon, preparatory to diving into the Pacific,—in short, just before sunset,—Miss Totten and Mr. Snow, a theological student whom she had promised to marry, were walking sweetly through a newmown meadow, exchanging vows of affection and discussing the comparative merits of different patterns of cook stoves. All at once Miss Totten shrieked loudly and began to dance in a way that filled Mr. Snow's mind with the conviction that she had suddenly gone mad and with regret that he had not a tract in his pocket on the sin of dancing. Her conduct was, however, soon explained by her frenzied shriek, "There's a snake! O! Take it off! Take it off!" an entreaty which instantly brought a cold perspiration out upon the expansive brow of her theological lover.

Mr. Snow was well aware that the neighborhood was not entirely free from rattlesnakes, and he had often heard in the construction of feminine garments nature has placed opportunities within the reach of lurking serpents, of which rattlesnakes may occasionally be bold enough to avail themselves. While he would, in a good cause, have fearlessly faced the deadliest snake in existence, the peculiar circumstances of the case filled him with horror. Either he must leave the object of his affections in the folds of a rattlesnake while he ran to summon female aid, or he must himself endeavor to capture the snake and drag it from its hiding-place. Appalling as the alternative necessarily was to a conscientious theological student, he nerved himself to beg Miss Totten to pause in her wild dance and permit him to help her. But to all his offers of assistance she cried, "Go away," and in the same breath added, without the slightest apparent perception of her inconsistency, "Don't stand there grinning, but do help me." It need hardly be said that nothing was further from Mr. Snow's thoughts than "grinning"; but he could not see his way clear to help Miss Totten and at the same time to go away. From this painful state of mind he was finally relieved by the ingenuity of the young lady herself, who implored him to get a club and strike the invisible snake, no matter how heavily the blow might fall upon her.

The only available substitute for a club was a fence-rail which lay near at hand. This Mr. Snow instantly seized and poised with both hands, while he awaited further instructions. "Aim here," cried the suffering, but cool-headed girl, pointing to the region of the pocket, and Mr. Snow, with a strength born of his great excitement, swung the fence-rail and hit the snake with the accuracy and efficiency of an accomplished army mule.

The effect of this blow was startling. Miss Totten was whirled before it, and landed in a confused lump at some distance from the striker. For a moment he fancied that the snake was a boa-constrictor ornamented with transverse red and white stripes, but the sight of a dead snake of the agile though harmless species known as the black racer convinced him of his error. Mr. Snow's attention was speedily withdrawn from the snake by a feeble announcement on the part of Miss Totten that he had killed her. This was an exaggeration. His mighty blow had broken her leg and otherwise impaired her efficiency; but she was still alive, and is to appear at an early day in court to accuse Mr. Snow of assault and battery, and to exact from him such damages as an intelligent jury may assess.

While the practice of knocking down young ladies with fence rails cannot be indiscriminately advocated, it must be conceded that Mr. Snow is entitled to sympathy. His situation was one of exceptional difficulty, and before the jurymen decide to give a verdict against him, they should ask themselves whether, had they been in his place, they would have acquitted themselves with as much delicacy and consideration for Miss Totten's feelings as Mr. Snow displayed.

Beautiful Autumn Days.

From the Rochester Daily Union.

It is autumn: eldest daughter of the year, brown-skinned and glossy, lazy and warm, a rich Southern blood mantling her cheek with a crimson dusk. Eyes of dreamy looks, and from lips idly apart, low singing murmurs come like sleepers talk. Say you the theme is hackneyed? Could we live a thousand years the Eden that comes from Heaven upon earth in autumn time with sweet October days, it would charm our age as it charmed our youth. True, it is the season of sad associations, of serious thought of dreams half gloomy and half pleasant, of a soothing, delicious melancholy, this Sabbath of the year, as we glance back over the shade and sun-flecked road we have come, and with Whittier say "It might have been." But though it brings with it tokens of decay and death, there is a beauty, a chastening influence in that decay which makes it lovely, and throws such a spirit of breathing holiness over autumn scenes, that we speak of it with the hush and tenderness felt for a dying friend. Who does not love the gorgeous and variegated hues of the autumn time; love to watch the hills, with the mellow haze brooding in them; the autumn days burning the woods away in blue and gold and orange, though we know it is but the lighting up of the spirit of beauty for a single moment ere the final extinction. There is a subdued reverence in our affection for these autumn days, when the shadows grow longer; when the landmarks of summer have gone out of the farm-fields and they are golden in their shorn beauty; when there is a strange mellowness in the haze brooding among the hills; when the wind rasps through the dying corn; when the breeze windrows the dead-dry leaves along the edge of the approaching winter; when there is a quick alarm in the whistle of the startled quail in the coppice; a louder drum of the pheasant in the dim depth of wood; when the cattle troop earlier adown the hills to stand idly in the little patches of sunshine by the roadside; when parasitic plants, masking the abrupt eminences, hang in festoons of gold and scarlet; when the nuts are pattering down on last year's withered leaves, and squirrels go foraging; when streams, thrice the summer's depth, are gathering sinew to resist the ice-king; when the drone has gone out of the woods and the requiem is sung; when the nights are resplendent and the stars seem to come down nearer to earth to listen in mute sympathy to the melodious death-song the dying year is singing; when sweet, lovable summer has descended into her hard, white sepulchre, there to lie until spring comes again to roll away the stone. The roses that bloomed so brightly in her path, and all about her, have shed their sweet petals, and the winds have blown them and dried them; but as the spirit survives the body, so the scent of the flowers that owed their living beauty to the warm caresses of her hands, still lingers near her as she goes down into the draped valley, recalling the sweet memory of their brief lives. The soft, warm breezes are loth to leave her, and woo her kisses still; the sun blazes as though there was no coming winter for him; the air is warm; but on a sudden the chill winds rustle through the already thinning trees, bringing a wild flight of crackling leaves, whirling, as though in homage, to her feet. Then, when the sunshine pales; when the woods are glorious with the magic of amber and crimson light; when these rich dyes seem new-born in the upper air, as the skies burn and blaze at the dictates of the dying sun, who darts his slanting rays at the painted mantle of the hillsides, and sets them afire with heavenly flame till earth and sky, the reflected world beneath the water, meet in a universal glory; when the whole face of nature turns to gold beneath the Midas touch, then, what is more delightful than a visit to these rural scenes. The world is then full to overflowing of beauty of a great truth, full of love and premonition. It is a divine wisdom that has thus measured our time, with these regular returning aspects of nature, which divide man's time and which he has only to number as they succeed each other, like as he letters the milestones by the roadside, to inform him how far he has come on his journey to that other country from whence no traveler returneth. These changes irresistably rouse our attention to the notice of Time's rapid flight. Nature signifies to us by no faint intimation; she proclaims in a loud voice, paints in strong colors. The leaf unfolds in the spring and fades into the amber gold and orange of the Autumn. By and by it will be a long way back to those golden, joyous days, but memory and sympathy are fleet, and some of us will come back to loiter with the events of the present.

The Largest Snake in America.

From the Shreveport (La.) Times.

We were yesterday informed by Mr. Smith, living on Quapaw Bayou, that while he and his son William, aged about thirteen years, were out in the woods on Monday afternoon last, driving up their cattle, their attention was attracted by the bleating of a calf some distance from them. Thinking probably that the poor animal had bogged, they started to its assistance. They had gone a short distance down the bayou when they discovered a yearling, in the coils of a huge snake, the body of which was suspended from the limb of a black gum tree about twenty feet from the ground, and which projected from the bank immediately over the water. Mr. Smith and his son were almost terror-stricken at the sight, and stood speechless for several moments, unconsciously watching the movements of the huge reptile as he entiwined himself around the already dead body of the yearling, and at every coil of the snake they could hear the bones of the calf break.

After coiling itself around the lifeless form of the yearling and crushing every bone in its body, the serpent let loose its hold from the tree and dropped down alongside its victim, and began licking it all over, preparatory, it is supposed, to swallowing. About this time Mr. Smith recovered his senses, and, after watching the monster snake open its capacious mouth several times, he fired on it with his rifle, striking it near the head, and was quickly followed by his son, who discharged a double-barreled gun loaded with buck-shot, both re-loaded as quick as possible and again fired on his snakeship. In the meantime the reptile had coiled itself into a huge mass, and was making a hissing sound that could be heard fully 100 yards, and was protruding his forked tongue several feet. After discharging about a dozen volleys each, Mr. Smith and his son succeeded in dispatching one of the largest snakes ever seen in Louisiana, and, probably, North America. It measured thirty-one feet in length, and the body measured, ten feet from the head, thirty inches in circumference, and about the centre of the body forty-two inches. It has a regular succession of spots, black and yellow, alternating, extending from his head to his tail, while either side is a deep purple. Mr. Smith has no idea what kind of a snake it is, but thinks it must be of the boa-constrictor species. No doubt this snake has for many years inhabited that section of country and depredated upon the young calves and animals that came within its reach. The skin of this hugh snake has been preserved, and will be sent to Shreveport and put on exhibition.

THE Russian peasant has made the act of spitting a fine art. He spits as a sign of astonishment; he spits as a sign of defiance; he spits to avert an evil omen; he spits for a fine day, and he spits against bad weather. It is not strange, then, that those enemies of everything that exists in Russia—the Nihilists—should adopt as the title of one of their newspapers: "*I Spit at Everybody.*"

A WOMAN was offered a thousand dollars if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?"

THE TURK AT HOME.

An American Naval Officer's Opinion of Him.

Constantinople Cor. World.

For the last three weeks Constantinople has been in a state of comparative calm. The excitement has subsided, but for a time it ran so high that no measure seemed too violent, no precaution too extreme, to satisfy the public anxiety. The Sheikh Ul-Islam had frequent audiences with the Sultan at the palace of Dolma-Dagtche, and the advisability of raising the green standard—the flag of the prophet—was discussed. But since the recent victories of the followers of the prophet, the moral atmosphere has become more serene, and the "great rabble" believes that when once the Ottoman troops have driven the Russians from the Balkans the delay in making them recross the Danube will not be great.

The most popular man is Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna. The Sultan has been pleased to confer upon the wife of the said Osman the sum of 12,000 piastres, and upon two of his children, aged eight and six, the sum of 8,000 and 4,000 piastres respectively. Even the servants of Osman Pasha have received handsome presents. In contrast with this liberality the soldier is not paid, and the daily piastre he is supposed to receive has been for months past a myth. Two meals a day—not very sumptuous at best—are his allowance; coarse black bread and weak soup, to which a small piece of mutton is added at the chief repast. And yet the Sultan can afford to shower presents on a commander whose principal merit consists in keeping his men in almost impregnable trenches and fighting them with the Martini-Henry in opposition to the Russian steel. Oh! the pashas! Talk of the corruption at Washington! The exposures of the past years in the United States sink into insignificance compared with the exploits in the same line of these oriental dignitaries. Gorged with plunder and ever grasping at more, they grind the faces of the poor, and while the public groans under the burdens laid upon it, and the hard-earned pay of the soldier is kept back, these bloated officials revel in luxury and ease—palaces in the capital and kiosks up the Bosphorus—wives surrounded by all that eastern opulence can devise, and slaves to forestall their slightest wish.

I dined the other day with a young Turk. Let not your fancy picture baggy trousers, a turban, and all the paraphernalia that constitutes the "make-up" of a Turk of the Stamboul Bazaar. Nothing of the sort—my friend wore a neat European costume differing in no wise from the most approved style, except in the head-covering, which was a fez. He is the son of the general of the left wing, Mehemet Ali Pasha, and was educated abroad. His position in the war office naturally enables him to see the workings and wire-pullings that escape the outsider's eye. The state of affairs was deplorable, he said—the pashas got everything, deceived the people, oppressed it beyond endurance and imposed upon it the most grievous system of taxation. He added that to foreign nations his country was under obligations for aid in their hospitals—that associations were supplying money for medicines and other necessaries, notably the Stafford house commission and the Adrianople British committee, with some others. For his part he was an admirer of republics, a form of government in which one man could not appropriate whatever money he wanted for his own gratification and that of his favorites. Notwithstanding these liberal views, my friend is a thorough Turk, although he does not profess to believe in fasting during the Ramazan, which, by the way, begins in two or three days. During a period of thirty days the devout Moslems fast from sunrise to sunset. But at night, at night! such orgies! No wonder that the next day these rigid disciplinarians are too lethargic to think of eating or even of stirring languidly about.

It is now more than six weeks since we returned here with the object of protecting the Christians in general, and the Americans in particular, in the event of an uprising of the Turks. But despite its far-famed beauties, I am beginning to find Constantinople somewhat monotonous. Yet never shall I forget the impression produced by its swelling domes and slender minarets all resplendent in the glow of the rising sun, and seeming to touch the blue vault above as we steamed up to our anchorage, nor far from the Golden Horn. It was as if some beautiful picture had been suddenly warmed into life—as if some artist's dream had been transformed into an enchanting reality—a vision to be treasured up and to be evoked when many a fair scene has faded from the tablets of memory.

Captain Semmes' Death-Bed.

When Captain Semmes was told by his physicians that his disease would prove fatal in a few hours, or at most days, he calmly thanked them, and requested that a father of the Society of Jesus, his confessor, a bosom friend, be sent for to come at once. In the meantime he arranged his worldly affairs quietly and satisfactorily. When the father came the Admiral received the last sacrament. He then addressed a few words of consolation and advice to his family. Soon after he became delirious, looked up, and ordered every window closed that the rain might not be blown in. Then, after a few moments of silence, he said: "You will see the Judge about it. The case has not been decided properly. I ask for nothing but justice; should I not have it? Promise me to attend to the matter, since I cannot do it myself." Then he imaginined that he stood upon the deck of his ship, preparing for battle; he conversed with his officers on the appearance of the enemy, preparing for a decisive conflict. This speedily passed away, and a short period of return to consciousness followed, during which, thoroughly conscious that this indeed was his last battle, he calmly bade farewell to each member of his family. Death did not close his eyes or stop his breath, however, ere he pronounced his confidence in God and his hope and belief in salvation.

Forrest's Prediction Regarding Rachel.

About five years of ever-increasing success in his profession, Forrest visited Europe, and gave two years to study and travel in the old centers of civilization. While in Paris he was asked to pass his judgment upon the talant of a young and promising actor who was to make his debut at one of the theaters. At the close of the play Forrest said to the manager, "He will never rise beyond a respectable mediocrity. It is a perfectly hopeless case. There are no depths of latent passion in him, no lava-reservoirs. His sensibility is quick, but all superficial. But that Jewish-looking girl—that bag of bones with the marble face and flaming eyes—there is demoniacal power in her. If she lives, and does not burn out too soon, she will become something wonderful." That little bag of bones was the then unknown Rachel.

"THERE isn't a vegetable," says the enthusiastic Worcester *Press*, "that can ketchup with the tomato."

"WONDER WHO THEY'RE FOR?"

My ma's been working very hard
And also very sly,
And keeps her sewing out of sight
Whenever I am nigh.
I asked her once what made her stop
Her work when I came in;
She said she only stopped to get
A needle, thread or pin.

The bureau-drawer next to mine
Is locked both night and day,
And when ma wants to open it
She sends me off to play.
I stole a peep one afternoon,
Although it was not right;
But oh! the little things I saw
Were such a pretty sight!

The cutest, nicest little clothes—
Just big enough for doll;
But then I know they're not for *her*—
She needs them not at all.
I know they're not for ma nor pa,
Nor me nor brother "Hor,"
For we can't wear such little clothes;
I wonder who they're for.

—*Phila. Times.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

THE song of the book-keeper—"A charge to keep I have."

"IF you call that coffee," said Squib to his landlady, "you don't know beans."

SPOTTED TAIL, musing: "I'm to have overcoat. Ugh! Ulster with big pockets—hold heap scalps. Ugh!"

"YOU have only yourself to please," said a married man to a bachelor. "True," replied he; "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find."

THE doctors are in luck again; just as green fruit is going out, a brig has arrived in New York bringing 190,000 cocoa nuts.

ABOUT the meanest thing any of those buccaneers have done is to name a town Bismarck and then charge 15 cents a glass for lager.—*Boston Post.*

A LITTLE Philadelphia boy startled a friend of the family the other day by remarking that he was "four years old with his clothes on!"

AFTER the honeymoon's over:
* * * * Eh?
* * * * What?
Did you speak?
No!—*Judy.*

HAD him there: Tourist (to friend) As to that my boy, one year I drank nothing but milk. Friend—Indeed. I have known you a long time, but I don't remember that. What year was it? Tourist—My first.—*Funny Folks.*

LATELY twelve of the multitude of destitute men in the Black Hills offered to draw a loaded wagon from Deadwood to Bismarck on condition of being fed by the way, and their proposition was accepfed by a teamster.

"POSTAL-CARD proposals!" exclaimed a haughty young miss, reading over the government advertisements; "well, I never! If a fellow hasn't stamps enough to send his proposal in a letter, he hasn't stamps enough to marry me."

THE New York *Herald* inquires: "What is more beautiful in autumn, on the cold, white beach, than a shell, with its flickering pinks and greens?" We should say a boiled dinner, with its flickering greens and things.

A MILBURN woman was so astonished the other day when her husband brought her home a thirty-dollar bonnet that it was an hour before she could open her mouth, because she couldn't remember the combination.

A MAN in Springfield, Mass., sold his horse last June, but the blacksmith he had employed has sent in his bill for shoeing, etc., monthly, with unvarying regularity ever since. We hope that man is a president of a gas company.

"DON'T make a fool of yourself with that girl now, Tom; you know love's blind," said his cautious parent. "That's all bosh," said superior Tom. "Love's not blind at all; why, I see ten times as much in that girl as you do."

SELKIRK, of the Placerville *Democrat*, sat one night in a saloon, eating a pig's foot, when the notorious Billy Kirby entered and bawled out: "I'm the wild boar of Tehama." "Yes, and I'm eating one of your paws," retorted Selkirk. The bully was literally laughed out of the house.

THE Russian army is very scantily supplied with bands, the men marching to the music of their own songs. We should think that when a man has been compelled to listen to a Russian song he would want to fight somebody, if he had to walk one hundred miles to find the man.—*War correspondent's letter.*

A TRAVELER, going to bed was surprised to see a ghost, which—or who—in a sepulchral tone began, "I am the spirit of one who was foully murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the traveler, turning round on his pillow. "Apply to the proper quarter. Good night."

"QUARTER, quarter!" shrieked an exhausted Turk, falling upon his knees and holding up his clasped hands beseechingly toward the pursuing Cossack. And the Cossack, who was fighting in the cause of humanity and Christianity, felt the appeal and answered it. He quartered him.

A LADY sent a note to the newspaper to get a recipe to cure the whooping cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a recipe for pickling onions was unconsciously inserted and her name attached, and received this answer through the "Answers to Correspondents": "Mrs. L. H. B.—If not too young, skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with salt, and immerse them for a week in strong brine."

THE Russians are evidently suffering severely from sickness in the Dobrudscha.—*Philadelphia Press.* We have had pains in our head, pains in our stomach, and pains everywhere else, save in our Dobrudscha. Thank heaven we're all right there yet. When a man's Dobrudscha gives out he had better measure his length on the ground and send for an undertaker. He's gone sure.—*Globe-Democrat.*

A NEW YORK *Graphic* correspondent says the city of Deadwood offers $250 for the scalp of an Indian of any sex or age. Five thousand dollars for twenty scalps is good wages, and any enterprising young man might earn that sum in two days—if the Indians would only hold still and not insist upon embarking in a scalping business themselves. The scalp of a cigar-store Indian don't count.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Hindoos have so many gods that a good Hindoo has to pray seventy-five times a day in order to get in a single mention of every deity during an ordinary life time. Now, in America, when a man has to get up in the night and chase his neighbor's cow out of the garden, he could use up the entire system of Hindoo theology in ten minutes, and then not be through. And he wouldn't pray very extravagantly, either.

AN old negro named Pete who was very much troubled about his sins, "O, massa, I'm sich a great sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete, when you go duck-shooting and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete," said the master, wondering what was coming next, "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debbil has got you, sure; but as he am not sure ob me he chases dis chile all de time."