# The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887. NUMBER 17.


### BEHIND THE VAIL.

Behind her vail, behind her vail,
Adown the street my lady glides;
We know not whether rose or pale
The cheek that floating fabric hides.
It may be smiles, it may be tears
That safe from sight the tissue holds.
The flush of youth, the lines of years,
Alike are hidden 'neath its folds.

Behind a vail, behind a vail,
We hide our lives from friend and foe;
To smile and jest we never fail,
Though heart and sense are steeped in woe,
Beneath a calm reserve of pride
Concealed alike are love and hate;
Our noblest impulse oft we chide,
And thus we masquerade with Fate.

Behind a vail, behind a vail.
God hides the future from our eyes;
We know not if the chilling gale
Or golden suns behind it rise.
The joys that thrill, the griefs that blight
Alike are shrouded from our ken;
With Him, "whatever is, is right,"
We can but humbly say, "Amen."

—*Harriet Snead, in Current.*

## TALES OF THE ROCKS.

### The Past of Europe, as Told by Geology.

**William I. and the New Forest—Ireland's Snakes—Physical Changes and Meteorological Facts—In the Matter of Diet.**

All things new and old are weighed in the balance of searching inquiry and assayed in the crucible of fierce criticism. Every increase of knowledge throws a more powerful glare upon the things that are. As the light is concentrated and directed to the events of history or the beliefs of the present, some of them shrivel up and pass off in the smoke of exploded error. The gold of truth comes out purified from the dross of superstition, and as the lake flashes back the sunbeams from its surface, so it sends back reflections from the searching light thrown upon it, and thereby stands more clearly revealed. It is, then, not surprising that the characters of many of our Kings should be found varying with the amount of light thrown upon them. Now, a monarch's character appears in bright colors; and then; again, the increased light shows it much darker—the brightness has perhaps been only whitewash laid on by some partial historian. In other cases, some blots disappear as the light grows stronger—they have, perchance, been only mud thrown by some enemy. It is, however, strange and unexpected that geology should step in to correct the historian, and remove a grave stain from the character of one of England's Kings. We have all felt how greatly to the discredit of our First William was that making of the New Forest, of which we read in our histories. We learn how he laid waste villages, and drove out the inhabitants to make a royal hunting-ground. Our histories relate it as a fact, and cast no shadow of doubt upon it. And now geology steps in, and says that such a thing never happened. An examination of the geological features of the New Forest has led to this remarkable conclusion: "To the eye of the geologist," says Prof. Ramsay, "it easily appears that the wet and unkindly soil produced by the clays and gravels of the district forms a sufficient reason why in old times, as now, it never could have been a cultivated and populous country, for the soil for the most part is poor, and probably chiefly consisted of native forest-land (that is, uncultivated land) even in the Conqueror's day."

And so this voice-geological bids us acquit our monarch of a stain which has rested on his name these long centuries. Shall we, then, accept this evidence as conclusive, and let go the long-cherished bit of history? We can only reply in the words of Aristotle: "The matter is before you—judge of it." There are, however, two historical considerations which should have made our chroniclers pause ere they accepted the story. In the first place, forests and wild beasts were, we should suppose, only too plentiful in England at that period. A vast area of the country was covered with woods, which doubtless swarmed with wild animals of various kinds. Is it likely that, under such circumstances, any one would take the trouble to make a forest for hunting? And then, William I. being a foreigner, and having taken land from the natives for his own followers, stories to his discredit would be sure to arise. Some of this false coinage would be very likely to be circulated by historions.

Not only has the light of geological truth been thrown over the broad fields of knowledge, but it has also penetrated into various out-of-the-way corners and brought to light many odd and unsuspected facts. To account for the smaller number of reptiles in Ireland, tradition says they were driven out by St. Patrick. And even on this obscure problem geology has shed a light, and given a scientific reason for the fact. It has been well established by geological reasoning that Britain has been again and again united to the continent, and as many times severed from it. Here, then, is the key to explain the mystery of the reptiles. It appears that there are twenty-two native species in Belgium, eleven in England, and only five in Ireland. Professor Edward Forbes drew attention to this, and explained it by supposing that they migrated from the continent westward while Britain and Ireland were united to it. Suppose them spreading from some continental center toward our land. We know that different species vary greatly in their powers of colonizing; some spread quickly, and others slowly. During the continuance of a continental epoch, some of the faster-spreading species would get as far as Ireland; others, not so quick, would only get to England; while some would not have time to get even as far. And so, when the continuity of land was broken up, Ireland had received fewer than England, and England itself only a portion of the continental species; and it may be that Ireland was separated from England before the latter was severed from the continent. The smaller native flora of Ireland is accounted for by the same facts.

Geology is no respecter of nations. Not only does it show us our proud island as a mere fragment of the continent, but we are also assured that some of our chief rivers were only tributaries of the Rhine. We fear that some patriotic politicians will have a quarrel with geology on this point. During a portion of the glacial period, the land was covered, or nearly so, by the sea, and afterwards united by the continent, chiefly by a plain of bowlder clay. Through this plain Prof. Ramsey thinks the Rhine wandered to its mouth in the north part of the North sea; while the Thames, the Tyne, the rivers of the Wash and Humber, and possibly some Scottish rivers, were its tributaries. Thus the solid lands and the constant rivers are shown to be mere passing phases in an ever-changing picture.

The political geography of Europe has undergone great changes in historic times; geology tells of extensive physical changes in the more distant past. The outlines of a physical geography very different from that of to-day have been sketched out for us in the caves and on the rocks. Geologists have transferred the sketch to paper in the ordinary style of map-drawing. Here is an outline of it: The Bristol channel is a fertile valley, where the horse, bison, elk, mammoth and rhinoceros browse on the rich herbage. Lions, wolves and other beasts of prey pursue and devour them, where now the salt waves roll. The British Isles are united to the continent, and the Rhine flows along a great valley, now the North sea, and is joined by its tributaries, the Elbe, Thames, etc. Extensive valleys occupy the sites of the English and St. George's channels, where the herbivora graze, and are pursued by their carnivorous contemporaries. Spain, and Italy with Sicily, being respectively joined to Africa, divide the Mediterranean into two large lakes; Corsica and Sardinia united form a great promontory, stretching out into the most western of these. Across these connecting areas the animals of Africa—the lion, spotted hyena, Kafir cat, serval, antelope and African elephant—pass into Europe. After long ages their remains are found in the caves, to testify of this former state of things. Geology receives aid from every other science, and in return throws back light upon each. Meteorology, or the science of the weather, is one on which geology largely depends; it furnishes the keynote for the resolution of many geological problems. In return, geology has enriched it with many interesting facts with regard to the weather of the ages that are gone. Rain-prints and ripple-marks on slabs of sandstone or shale tell us that the rain fell, and that the wind ruffled the surface of the water. Rounded fragments and striated pebbles tell us of rivers rolling along their gravel, and glaciers moving down the valleys. Such evidence is so common and well known, that it ceases to surprise us. When, however, we hear that there is good geological evidence to show that in times so remote as the Silurian, the prevailing winds in this region were westerly, as they are to-day, our wonder can no longer be restrained. Evidence of the prevailing westerly winds in the present is seen in the one-sided growth of trees towards the east in exposed situations. The growth of large towns towards the west, to avoid the smoke from the manufacturing quarters, is another proof. And what is the witness of the rocks to a similar prevalence in the past? Long ago, when the rocks which we call Silurian were being laid down, Wales was a center of volcanic activity. Mount Snowdon is formed of the products of the volcanoes of the period, interstratified with contemporaneous sedimentary rocks. The roots of some of these old volcanoes have been found and examined. The ash-beds around them thin out very rapidly toward the west, while to the east and north they are much thicker. Toward the east they thicken for a space, and then thin out. It is evident that the greater part of the lighter volcanic products fell to the east of the mountains. The natural explanation is, that the wind blew more strongly and frequently from the west and southwest than from other quarters.

Geology teaches us that countless forms of life have passed away, as far as we can tell, forever:

> From scarped cliff and quarried stone,
> She cries, a thousand types are gone.

Species and genera which once had a local habitation on earth have disappeared from the stage, and have now only a name; and not only species and genera, but whole orders have gone, leaving only their epitaphs on the gravestones which mark their last resting-places. And yet, side by side with this, we are brought face to face with the remarkable constancy of other species. In the Silurian rocks, which occupy the lowest place but two (Cambrian and Laurentian) in the geological chronology, we are taught that "remains of foraminifera, some of them apparently identical with existing forms, have been detected in various places." And in the Cretaceous rocks some of the foraminifera are the same as those now dredged up from the bottom of the ocean.

As we ascend the scale of time, leaving behind us the shadowy realms of the far past, and come to the most recent rocks, we find the labors of the geologist mingled with those of the archæologist and historian. In their united labors we have a cord of threefold strand to draw up the full buckets of knowledge from the wells of the past. In the study of the caves, the three sciences alluded to overlap, and their devotees work together. Volumes of interesting lore, fascinating as the legends of fairyland or the magic tales of Arabia, are there written in the hieroglyphics of vaulted dome and hanging stalactite, of buried bone and coin and implement of varied use. The many races of men who inhabited the land in prehistoric times appear again on the scene; something of their manner of life is revealed. Again they hunt the mammoth bison and bear over the broad plains and through the thick forests. At one time we see them using the dog, the horse and the hare for food. Strange revolutions have taken place in this matter of diet. The dog early passed out of favor, and its use has not been revived. The horse was used as food in Roman Britain and after the English invasion; it was afterwards forbidden by the church, because used by the Scandinavians in honor of their god Odin; now, it is used in France and other countries. The Britons, however, would not eat the hare—it was held to be unlawful to do so. The revolving hand of time has changed this, and we now accept the hare as fit for food.

Even the rude artists of those primitive times when man was a cave-dweller have left us specimens of their skill. In the caves of Dordogne, in the south of France, are found horns and bones with spirited carvings of reindeer, bison, ibex, and birds done upon them. One of the most interesting of these relics is the portrait of a mammoth carved on the tusk of the same, from the cave of La Madelaine, in Dordogne. Simple as these artistic attempts are, they tell us that man was not altogether uncivilized. This must be admitted, even if we regard these carvings as the most advanced art of that day, which, perhaps, we have no right to do.

What part of the art of to-day will be recorded in the stony pages of the geological future? Not the highest, assuredly; and so it may have been in the past. The bold and striking, though simple, likeness of the mammoth seems to tell us that the artist had seen and hunted full often. We see him sitting at the entrance of his cave after the excitement of the chase and the satisfaction of the subsequent feast, engraving the likeness of the animal on its own tusk! Thus, as the painter takes simple mineral powders and vegetable extracts, and with them makes upon the canvas eloquent glowing pictures of life, so imagination works up the dry bones of fact until the past is again enacted before us.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### IN THE TECHE COUNTRY.

**Grand Scenery in the Far-Famed Land of the Acadians.**

The panorama is always interesting. There are wide silvery expanses of water, into which fall the shadows of great trees. A tug is dragging along a tow of old rafts composed of cypress logs all water-soaked, green with weeds and grass, so that it looks like a floating garden. What pictures! Clusters of oaks on the prairie; a picturesque old cotton-press; a house thatched with palmettoes; rice fields irrigated by pumps; darkies, field hands, men and women, hoeing in the cane fields, giving stalwart strokes that exhibit their robust figures; an old sugar-mill in ruin and vine-draped; an old begass chimney against the sky; an antique cotton-press with its mouldering roof supported on timbers; a darky on a mule motionless on the bank, clad in Attakapas cloth, his slouch hat falling about his head like a roof from which the rafters have been withdrawn; palmettos, oaks and funereal moss; lines of Spanish bayonets; rickety wharves; primitive boats; spider-legged bridges. Neither on the Teche nor the Atchafalaya, nor on the great plain near the Mississippi, fit for amphibious creatures, where one standing on the level wonders to see the wheels of the vast river steamers above him, apparently without cause revolving, is there any lack of the picturesque.

New Iberia, the thriving part of the region, which has drawn away the life from St. Martinsville, ten miles further up the bayou, is a village mainly of small frame houses, with a smart court-house, a lively business street, a few pretty houses, and some old-time mansions on the bank of the bayou, half smothered in old rose gardens, the ground in the rear sloping to the water under the shade of gigantic oaks. One of them, which with its outside staircases in the pillared gallery suggests Spanish taste on the outside, and in the interior the arrangement of connecting rooms a French chateau, has a self-keeping rose garden, where one might easily become sentimental; the vines disport themselves like holiday children, climbing the trees, the side of the house, and revelling in an abandon of color and perfume.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

### BY RAIL TO THE OXUS.

**One of the Most Romantic Chapters in the Story of Modern Progress.**

The poets of Asia have sung for centuries of the beauty and fruitfulness of the Zarafchan valley. The fact that the environs of Samarcand, Bokhara and Khiva are among the most fertile in the world has counted for little in their development, for almost pathless deserts separate them from the lands that would gladly buy their produce. Steam cars, however, have come at last to supersede the costly camel caravans that, since the Czar overpowered the Kanates, have often been sent to the Russian frontier.

When it was announced a short time ago that the Trans-Caspian railroad had reached the Amu-Daria at Chardjui, the telegraph from Khiva and Bokhara at once reported that a number of caravans were loading with silks, leather, furs, carpets and wool, which they would take to Chardjui en route for Europe. Mr. Lansdell told us two years ago that Central Asian cotton was of fine quality and could be raised in enormous quantities. It now appears that as soon as it was positively known that the railroad would be advanced to the Amu-Daria, the planting of cotton in Bokhara was very sensibly augmented. Thus the pulse-beats of Western commerce are beginning to be felt in the remoter regions of the Mohammedan world, revivifying countries long dormant that in the age of Alexander the Great were the seat of an advanced and powerful civilization.

The ruins still exist of those great canals that centuries ago led the waters of the Murghab throughout the Merv oasis, fertilizing the soil and fitting it to be the abiding place of a large and flourishing population. Since the railroad reached Merv the Turkomans there have begun the work of cleaning out and restoring these old works of irrigation, and the day is rapidly coming when ancient Merv will lose the sad and arid aspect that now predominates in all its borders. The railroad that General Annenkoff pushed forward through billows of sand and a treeless desert will be the means of restoring to Merv the verdure and fertility she once possessed.

The history of this railroad enterprise, which is kindling the spirit of the western world amid the ruins of a dead civilization of the far East, is destined to make one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in the story of modern progress.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### SETTING HENS.

**Timely Suggestions on the Proper Preparation of Nests, Etc.**

Nests for setting hens are best on the ground, but where this is not feasible put some clean, moist soil in the bottom of the nests. A good plan is to cut a sod of suitable size, turn it over in your box and pack so as to be of a concave shape in the center; then cover the earth with straw broken short. In very cold weather mix a good proportion of feathers in the nest-lining—chicken feathers may be saved for this purpose—and put a spoonful of sulphur in when the hen is set. The heat of the fowls causes the fumes to penetrate every part of their bodies, thereby killing all vermin and leaving the brood clean and healthy. Never set eggs laid near the close of the season when the hens have been very prolific, as they will produce weakly chicks liable to disease and early death. In arranging nests remember that the nature of the fowls is to hide their nests under a brush heap or some out of the way place, and humor this habit by providing nests so sheltered or hidden that they seem to offer seclusion and quiet.

Set fresh, fertile eggs, and you will have fine, vigorous chicks if the hen does her duty. Sprinkle the eggs with tepid water every few days when the hen leaves for food and rest; this is the secret of stolen nests turning out almost every egg. The hen leaves the nest early in the morning, wets herself with dew or water, and at her return shakes her wet feathers over her eggs. Many young chicks are lost at hatching time because the little things expend all their strength in trying to get out of the tough lining of the shell, and die of exhaustion. So don't neglect to give a thorough wetting the last day before hatching, and do not apply any sulphur the last week of incubation. In summer provide for ample ventilation and also for coolness around the nesting places.—*American Agriculturist.*

### A Car Driver's Fate.

"You fellah," he exclaimed, as he followed a street car down to Jefferson avenue and shook his fist at the driver.

"What ails you?" was the gruff query.

"Behold me! See this collah—this shirt-bosom—these pawnts!"

"I see. You have been splashed with mud."

"And you did it, sah—you are the fellah! I was crossing the street back heah and was about to meet a pwety gurl—a pwety gurl, sah, and she would have returned my bwow, sah—my bwow, when you came along with your old canary-colored vehicle and dashed this mud over me—over me, sah!"

"And you didn't get to bow to the girl?"

"No, sah, of course not! How could I, sah, when I was made wediculous in her eyes? And it was you, sah—you are the fellah!"

"Well what of it?"

"Nothing, sah—nothing except that I shall nevah recognize you as a gentleman, sah—nevah, sah! I shall give you the cold cut—the direct cold cut, sah!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### PITH AND POINT.

—There is altogether too much business about rheumatism for it ever to become a fashionable complaint.—*Washington Critic.*

—He—You don't sing or play? Then, I presume, you write or paint? She—O, no; I'm like the young men we meet in society—I simply sit around and try to look intelligent.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Man's wants.—

> Man wants but little here below
> Of wealth's bright golden calf;
> But when he gets the horns and heels
> He wants the other half.
>
> —*Gorham Mountaineer.*

—The largest diamond known is that of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo. It is not stated whether Mr. Rajah is a summer-resort hotel clerk or an end-man in a minstrel troupe.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Little boy pulls a reveler in a saloon by the coat-tail. "What do you want, Tommy?" "Come home, pa. Ma has been waiting with the poker for you for the last two hours."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A mesalliance at Tuxedo—Mrs. Rapide—Aren't you going to join us after the bag this morning, Tom? Mr. Rapide (who does not believe in his wife's infatuation)—Thanks, no dear. I've got to stay at home and do a little sewing.—*Tid-Bits.*

—Omaha teacher—What is the great distinction between men and animals? Bright girl—Men can talk and animals can't. "That is not sufficient, though, because scientists now assert that monkeys can talk." "O yes, of course; so can dudes."—*Omaha World.*

—Mrs. Grudge—What do you suppose possessed Mrs. Brown to tell me your mother kept a boarding-house, Mrs. Parvenue? Sally Parvenue (who is precocious)—Perhaps it was the same reason that made her tell mamma that your father drove a hack.—*Life.*

—A young man was admiring his young lady's hair. "What a lovely shade of brown it is. I wonder what you would call it?" he said. She smiled sweetly and answered, "Chestnut." The young man left, saying, indignantly, "he didn't mind a joke, but did draw the line at a young lady using slang."

—Miss Ethel—Have you seen the new American book of heraldry? Miss Blanche—No; have you? "Not yet, but I have sent for it; you ought to get one, too, and see if your name is in." "That would only be waste of money; I know it is in. It is in every book. "It is?" "Yes; my name is Smith, you know."—*Omaha World.*

—Though married to a most charming woman, the manager of a West-end shop is "mashed" on a ballerine over the way. Last week he intrusted to the chambermaid the carrying of a billet-doux to his fair inamorata. "And remember, Kate, not a word." "You can rely upon me; sir. In such matters I am as discreet as the tomb. Ask missus."—*London Paper.*

—Mrs. Minks—Mercy me! Did you ever? A young girl got delirium tremens from chewing tea leaves. Mr. Minks—Well, I hope that will be a warning to you; you drink entirely too much tea. "Yes, I know I do, but you don't drink any tea, and I really feared you were getting that way the other night." "Well, I'll have to stop chewing so much coffee."—*Chicago Tribune.*

### INSTEAD OF HANGING.

**What Electricians Say of Taking Life by Means of a Battery.**

An electrician at the Edison building, in Pearl street, where electricity is manufactured for illuminating purposes, was asked how people might be killed with neatness and dispatch by electricity. He said that it was the easiest matter in the world. All a condemned man would have to do at the hour and moment when he was to leave the world for brighter climes, would be to take hold of two wires, one connected with a positive battery and the other with a negative battery. Acting thus as a conductor between the two wires the electricity would go through him like a stroke of lightning. He would die in an infinitesimal fraction of a second. His taking off would be as painless as it was sudden. He would never know what had hit him.

He might stand on two plates, receive the electric current through his toes and die with his boots on. He might sit in a chair with his feet resting on the plates, and die comfortably.

Killing the condemned by electricity is a humane, civilized and scientific way of disposing of them. A man is usually sixteen minutes dying at the end of a hangman's rope, and he usually suffers a great deal before death comes to relieve him. A one-cell battery would kill all the prisoners who will ever be hanged in the Tombs under the present law. The only people opposed to the use of electricity in capital punishment are the hangmen, and they are opposed to it because it would throw them out of work. If the gallowses are taken down all the hangmen in the country will strike.—*N. Y Star.*

### You Should Never Do It.

Talk of your private, personal or family matters in public places.

Defer to another time what can be done at the present moment.

Buy what thou hast no use for lest ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

Allow words to pass for more than they are worth, but let them be worth all that they will pass for.

Speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present is known to have personal defects.

## READING FOR THE YOUNG.

### COMING OF THE SAND-MAN.

He peeps in through the key-hole,
And he bobs up at the pane,
When scarlet fire-light dances
On wall and floor again.
Hush! here he comes—the Sand-man,
With his dream-cap he is crowned,
And grains of Sleep he scatters
Going round and round and round—
While the little ones are nodding, going round.

He whispers quaintest fancies;
With a tiny silver thread
He sews up silken eyelids
That ought to be in bed.
Each wee head nods acquaintance,
He's known wherever found:
All stay-up-lates he catches,
Going round and round and round—
With a pack of dreams forever going round.

I see two eyes the brightest;
But I'll not tell whose they are!
They shut up like a lily—
That Sand-man can't be far!
Somebody grows so quiet—
Who comes without a sound?
He leads one more to dream-land,
Going round and round and round!
And a good-night to the Sand-man, going round.

—*Geo. Cooper, in N. Y. Independent.*

### NAPOLEON'S VICTORY.

**How a Bright Little Darkey Punished a Donkey Who Threw Him.**

There was not such a mischievous being on the farm as Napoleon Bonaparte, aged eight. If the cows got into the corn, Boney was generally found to be somehow responsible for it, not because, like Little Boy Blue, he was "under the hay-stack, fast asleep"—for he kept his eyes wide open enough—but, very likely, the blackberries tempted him across the road, and he just forgot to shut the gate; or a squirrel hid itself beneath a fence, and the rails had to be pulled down before the frightened little animal was captured. Then away would Boney run, to show the other small darkies his prize, while the cattle took advantage of his absence to make a square meal of green corn.

Uncle 'Lias was the only person who could keep the young scapegrace in any sort of order, and sometimes even his authority failed.

For instance, Aunt Mahaley, Major Washington's cook, who had made the major's gruel when he was a baby, died suddenly, and soon as the news reached Uncle 'Lias, he started Boney posthaste, to inquire at what hour the funeral would take place. Now, so grand a burial as Major Washington intended for his faithful servant was scarcely more exciting to Uncle 'Lais than to Boney; but, unfortunately, in taking a short cut through the "briah-patch," a rabbit crossed his path, and he set off in hot pursuit.

Away scudded the rabbit, over field, under brambles, with Boney close behind, till a hollow tree offering shelter to the poor fugitive, it rushed into the trunk and out of sight. The boy's only chance was to gather together a big pile of leaves and brushwood, to kindle a fire, and smoke the rabbit from its hiding place. He was anxiously awaiting the result of this experiment when an unexpected footstep reached his ear.

A moment after, Uncle 'Lias had seized him from behind, and was vigorously applying some of the brush to another purpose. Dear me! didn't poor Boney catch it! In vain he tried to escape by declaring he had seen the funeral pass, and thought it too late to go home then. Uncle 'Lias was only the more enraged.

"De *idee* of a neighb'in sister bein' laid ter rest' 'dout a 'spectable mourner from our place a jinein' in de percesshun!" said the old man, emphasizing his remarks on Boney's back, "en' all on 'count er a ole rabbit pintin' his tail at a fool nigger!"

In fact, Aunt Mahaley was not buried till next day, and Boney, by way of further punishment, was deprived of the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony.

This was Bonaparte's first defeat. The second happened in this wise:

Uncle 'Lias said he must have a horn to call the field hands in to meals.

"It wa'n't no use er him hollerin', long es a hawn could make twict es much noise," he said.

When somebody suggested that the big dinner-bell would answer every purpose, Uncle 'Lias said it wouldn't, and that ended discussion. To satisfy the good soul, Boney was dispatched to bridle the donkey, and sent off to town as soon as possible. He carried a written order to a hardware shop for "a tin horn" and a mail bag, which he was to leave at the post-office for letters, while he executed his other commission.

Arrived at the shop, he delivered his order into the hands of a clerk, and cast his eyes around in search of an instrument that would fulfill Uncle 'Lias' requirements.

The clerk politely handed him one after another for inspection, but Napoleon Bonaparte was not going to do any thing rash, so he presently mustered courage to ask:

"Kin I jes' try de soun' er one dese yere? Unc' 'Lias, he mighty pertickler 'bout de soun', en he tell me ef I brings him a hawn dat ain't jes' right in soun' dey ain't gwine to be a whole bone lef' in my body."

Whereupon he proceeded to blow not one, but *all* the horns, until the patient clerk was obliged to request him to select an instrument from those already tested, or take one on faith, as such a noise would inevitably drive every customer from the shop. Thus adjured, Boney made his choice, and after stopping at the post-office, started for home.

About five o'clock he appeared upon the top of a hill, just in front of the house. An enormously-stuffed mail-bag hung over one shoulder, protruding like a gigantic carbuncle, and over the other was borne a horn well calculated to perform the duty required of it.

By this time all the little darkies on the farm had gathered about the yard to witness Boney's entry. To insure their admiration and prove himself master of his instrument, our hero raised the horn to his lips, and blew a blast which fairly shook the hills.

Alas! "the best laid schemes o' little darkies gang aft aglee." The donkey, jealous of this imitation of his music, bent his head to earth, his heels to heaven, and laid the young Napoleon low. Then, with a bray of victory, brandished his hind legs over his prostrate rival, and set off at a gallop for the stable.

Boney for a moment meditated playing 'possum, and pretending to be killed by the fall, but a glance at Uncle 'Lias, who now swooped down upon him, convinced Napolean Bonaparte that discretion is the better part of valor, and he took to ignominious flight.

Next day he visited the stable at an hour when he was not likely to encounter Uncle 'Lias, and immediately a series of deep bass notes resounded through the air.

"Come here, Boney," shouted some one from the house. "What are you about, you young rascal?"

"I punishin' at mis'able beas'," replied Boney, proudly.

"And pray what was the punishment?"

"Why, I jes' tied him up in de stable, close 'gainst de wall, en' den I fotch de hawn en' stuck it in fro' de winder. Well, I kep' on a-blowin' dat hawn in his year 'twell he mos' 'stracted, 'en he ain't gwine cut up no mo' capers wid me after dis, sho's you bawn."

So, after all, this time the victory was Napoleon's.—*Pattie Pemberton Bermann, in Golden Days.*

### OUR TRAMP.

**How and Why He Frightened a Whole Household.**

In "the long ago," when I was a child, my parents went away for a visit and to remain all night. Sister Essie was a young lady and there were two brothers younger than she. After many directions concerning things about the house the dear mother said to Essie:

"I think, dear, you had better sleep in my room, so you can look more conveniently after the fire."

Mother's room was off the sitting-room and that opened on a porch. When bedtime came the boys, Will and Robert, went upstairs as usual and Essie and I went to bed in mother's room. I had fancied it would be a great treat to sleep there, but somehow when the light was out I was afraid. Essie soothed and comforted me and finally began telling me a story, when suddenly, without so much as a footfall, two distinct raps were heard on the porch door. Essie sprang up, lit the candle (yes, before the days of kerosene,) dressed and stepped into the large room and asked: "Who is there?" No reply, but again those peculiar knocks.

Taking my hand she hurried me along to our brothers' chamber and told them to get up as some one was trying to come in the house by the porch. They soon dressed, and followed us to the large room and listened. The knocking was repeated and Will took the poker, Rob a stick of wood, Essie the broom and I—well I just took hold of Essie's gown. Will stepped to the door and asked again who was there and what he wanted. Still no reply; and he cautiously unfastened the door, opened it the least bit, but could see no one. Asking Rob to bring the lantern—a clumsy, perforated tin affair, with a tallow candle illuminator—he prepared to go out.

"Don't go, Will! please don't!" Essie said.

"But I must; and if it is only some one trying to scare us he must look out, that is all."

Opening the door wide he made a rush just in time to see a figure, all in white, scramble off the porch. Will followed, raised the poker, but did not strike.

"Hello! it is you, is it? you miserable old gander!" and he caught the culprit by the neck and brought him forward for inspection.

True enough, it was only old Romeo, the lawless leader of our flock of geese. During the past winter the sole wish of his life seemed to be the occupancy of the porch. If a gate were left open he was the first to discover it, and with an exultant chuckle in he would waddle with all his retainers. Finally he became such a nuisance the boys decided to confine him, with the others in a close pen, where they had been since morning. But Romeo had managed to escape only to find he had no followers and that he could not get back to them to sleep. Evidently disgusted and homesick, he had sought the porch, where crouching on the threshold he had slept, nodded and consequently knocked.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Enoch Carter, of Newburg, N. Y., was foremost in advocating the laying out of the Cedar Hill Cemetery, and his was the first funeral therein. W. W. Carson took an active part in the construction of a vault in the same cemetery, and his body was the first to be placed therein. George Clark was the chief organizer of the Woodlawn Cemetery Association, and his funeral was the first one within the grounds after they were laid out.—*N. Y. Mail.*