THE HICKMAN COURIER.

ESTABLISHED 1859. HICKMAN, FULTON CO., KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1876. VOL. XII. NO 45.

CURRENT PARAGRAPHS.

THERE was a daily humorous Scotch judge who prefaced a sentence on a female criminal in this fashion: Honest woman, what made you steal your neighbor's cow?"

CAPT. BEDFORD PIM, M. P., told his constituents in England the other day that one sailor only in each of England's 25,000 vessels was an Englishman, and that the foreign crews in the next war would navigate the ships to their own ports.

ONLY a few days ago a little boy died of hydrophobia in New York city, and on Saturday another was killed by the same dread disease. In the latter instance the lad had recently been bitten by a cat, and that the ailment really was hydrophobia is attested by Mrs. Hammond and Flint, besides the attending physician. That cats can have this disease has been strenuously denied, but this case seems to be indisputable.

"TOBACCO leaves" for the manufacture of cigars are now being produced in New York by the progress of chemical science. The material used is a kind of brown wrapping paper, made of straw especially for this purpose. The paper, after coming from the mill, is saturated with the juice pressed from tobacco and other offal; then sheets are pressed through a machine, which gives them the perfect appearance of the tobacco leaf, and the peculiar spots are printed on them as on tobacco.

NOTING the fact that the exportation of American cottons is steadily increasing, the Pittsburg Commercial thinks the probabilities point to the United States ultimately taking rank as the foremost exporter of cotton goods among the nations of the earth. The monthly rate of exportation during the present year has been over 800 packages, which if carried out to the close of the year will make the export for the twelve calendar months something over 100,000 packages. This is a matter of just pride to every American citizen who desires to see his country compete successfully in the consuming markets of the world.

THE military force of England, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers included, is reckoned at 470,766, of which 191,834 are regular troops. The navy numbers 65,000 men. Germany has 1,637,000 troops of all arms and classes, with a naval force of 13,000. The Austrian army, including all reserves, numbers 800,000 men, with about 14,500 in the navy. Italy had 750,000 men in the army, and 10,000 sailors. Greece 40,000 land forces; Turkey can muster 310,000 fighting men; Roumania, 58,000; Servia, 117,000, and Montenegro, 23,000.

THE body of Baron De Palm, whose regular funeral was the occasion of so much comment, is soon to be cremated in the new furnace at Washington, Pa. "The process will be watched by a number of scientific men, who will engage in a full discussion of the matter in all its bearings. The discussion will take place in town, so that all can hear. The boards of health of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Washington City have expressed their determination to send eminent physicians to represent them on the occasion. Many prominent journals will also send representatives, so that the whole question will be fully ventilated."

THE death of Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's near friend and most trusted adviser, reminds us that many of the leading statesmen and rulers of Europe are on the threshold of the grave. Cardinal Antonelli died when over seventy, though long in infirm health. He died at his post, almost broken down by arduous service in the cause of the church he loved so well. The two leading statesmen of France, Thiers and MacMahon, are each nearly eighty. Disraeli and Gladstone, the two greatest men in England, are both past seventy. Kaiser William and Prince Bismarck of Germany are old men; so are the Czar and Gortschakoff of Russia. Pope Pius IX. is aged and infirm, and his death at any day would surprise no one.

AN enormous pump has been placed in one of the Pennsylvania metal establishments, it being of 3,200 horse power—probably the largest pump, therefore, in the country, if not in the world. It is a vertical condensing engine, ten feet stroke, with a clynder of cast iron one hundred and ten inches in diameter, the total weight of the cylinder, with its head and bottom, being forty tons. The piston-rod is fastened to the cross-head by a steel nut weighing 1,100 pounds. There are two fly-wheels, each thirty-five feet in diameter, and each of them weighing ninety-two tons. The walking-beam is in four parts, and weighs in all some ninety-five tones, it gives a motion to four plungers and four lift pumps, raising 17,000 gallons of water per minute, from a depth of two hundred and twenty feet.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE YALE COLLEGE COLLECTION OF FOSSILS.

The great rewards which a vigorous and scientific explorer may obtain in a virgin country of recent geological age, like the great basin country of our west, are illustrated by the results of professor Marsh's six years of labor in this field. The expeditions under his charge have unearthed no less than three hundred new species of fossil vertebrate animals, and among them are some of the most significant forms ever found. Those which prove the progressive development of the horse are an example. The Odontornithes, or birds with teeth, of cretaceous age, include two orders, one of immense swimming birds, with rudimentary wings, and the other small birds, with strong wings. He also found the first remains of Pterodactyl, or flying reptile, which have been discovered in this country, and has collected so many remains of reptiles that he has been able to clear up many doubtful points abou their structure. In the museum of Yale college there are are parts of more than five hundred (individuals) Mosasauroid reptiles, one hundred individuals of the new order, Dinocerata, two hundred individuals of the Brontotherida group, besides a large representation of other important groups. Of fossil horses alone there are over thirty species. It is the intention of Prof. Marsh to rest from the severe work of exploration in which he has shown such energy and had such success. Hereafter he will give himself to the study and description of the immense collections in the museum of Yale college, in which probably one hundred new species remain to be described. The thorough study of this mass of ancient life cannot fail to throw light upon the extinct fauna of our country and will probably be an important addition to the knowledge of life development in general.

HER TREASURES.

I keep them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay,
I thought my heart would break, that day.

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize;
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button of his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay,
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee;
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh, no! I sent his letters back.
Those came to me from Washington.
Pa, look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill—
Poor Jack!—he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps;
Those foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they are such handsome men.
We go to France, next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet ring.
—Those faded flowers? Oh, let me see;
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirl:
He married that fat Cobble girl.

His hair was red.—You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that look forsook;
You know—but you would never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most, because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf—
He's not a hypocrite, in a word,
I'll tell you all about him, dear.

—*Mary Alinge de Vere in Scribner.*

THE BORDER LAND.

An article in Appleton's Journal relates a number of surprising and beautiful incidents at the hour of death. I quote the first. "A family in the village where the writer lives recently lost two daughters. The elder, named Clara, died in the winter or early spring. The younger named Anna, died in the summer. Anna was spending her last moments in talking about her teachers and companions, when, suddenly looking upward, with an expression of joy and surprise, she exclaimed: "Clara! Clara! Clara!" and after a few moments of silence, in which she seemed to behold her departed sister, she died."

Among my memoranda as a pastor, several instances of a similar character are recorded. In a family of my congregation two sons died—the younger in the morning, the older in the evening of the same day. A short time before his departure, looking instantly towards a corner of the room, he said: "I see Willie." He was a child of four years, and had not been told of his brother's death. His father "always believed he saw his brother."

In a family connected with my church a little girl of seven years, an only child, died. Her mother, worse than widowed, had returned to her parents. They were oppressed with infirmities and toils. The only bright and joyous thing in the house was the grandchild; and their hearts were almost broken by her death. Some time after the mother was seized with fatal sickness at the house of her married and only sister, a few miles away. A short time before the end, an expression of indescribable intelligence and rapture came upon her face, her lips moved, and the nurse bending over, was confident she pronounced the name of Effie, her lost darling. Her mother was unable to see her during her sickness or in her shroud; but after the funeral service I was present when the surviving daughter entered her room, rushed into her arms, weeping for a moment, then suddenly raising herself she exclaimed: "But mother, don't cry for Cornelia; I said when I saw that look, I will never weep for you, my sister." The scene was affecting in the extreme.

A pious gentleman related to me the following concerning his own brother, who died about eight years of age: Two days before his end he raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if seeing something which strongly interested him. After contemplating it awhile, he said: "How beautiful you are! how good you are!" then stretching out his arms: "Come and take me!"

Recently a lady, a member of the church in my care, gave me the following account: Some years ago her brother, Russell C——, an active business man and christian, was killed in a railroad disaster. Their aged mother, living in another state, was in such a low and feeble state of body and mind, that it was not thought best to inform her of the decease of her son. After some weeks the time of her departure drew near, preceded by two or three days of mental restoration and activity. During those days, at one time having apparently perfect use of her faculties on all subjects, the daughter named above being present, she suddenly said: "Russell is here!" "Why, no, mother, he is not," replied the daughter. But he is, she presisted, and expressed her pleasure at seeing him.

The article in Appleton closes with the beautiful experience which heralded the death of Eberhard Stilling, grandfather of the author, Judge Stilling. Concisely stated, it is as follows: He went one day with his children into a wood. Leaving them he passed on. Soon a light brighter than the sun appeared before him. A plain extended beyond his vision, white with the light. There were brooks and gardens, and silvery castles. Near him rose a glorious mansion, and from the door came a beautiful angel; but when close by him he saw it was his beloved departed daughter, Dora. "Father," she said, "yonder is our eternal habitation; you will come to us soon." From that hour he seemed as one enchanted, and serene and happy, soon passed away from earth.

There are some points of resemblance to this in the narrative given to me by the grandparents of two little girls who died. A lady who watched with the younger the last night of her life, said she should always believe the child saw angels. On the Sabbath morning following the funeral, the older sister went into her grandmother's room, and said: "I have been dreaming; I want you to tell me what it means." "What did you dream, my child?" "I thought I was walking in a wood, and my little sister met me and said: 'Come with me and I will show you where I live now.' So she led me along till we came to a gate, and beyond the gate was the most beautiful place I ever saw. There was a great many people there, and little children, and all perfectly happy." The grandmother told her that thinking much about her little sister had caused her to dream; but when the girl had left the room she said to her daughter: "That child will die." Before the second Sabbath following she was seized with the same malady, a prevailing epidemic, which had been fatal to the first. From the beginning she told her parents she should die; she was going to be with her sister, and live in that beautiful place. They should not mourn for her, but prepare to meet her there. In that happy expectation she continued to her last moments. She was nine years of age; the younger was six.

My store of incidents is not exhausted, but let me turn in another direction. The writer in Appleton asks: "Were these visions the effect of a delirious mind—*aegri somnia vana*—or were they realities? Is there some expansion of the faculties at the hour of death, that enables the spiritual eye to discover the celestial world and its mysteries? Is there truth as well as poetry in Waller's famous stanza?

"The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

It is easy to raise these questions; it is impossible to answer them. But it is possible if not to answer them, to contemplate them in relations of great interest.

First. Incidents of the character of those related above constitute a numerous class. Let five or six persons meet casually and converse frankly on such subjects, it will probably be found that one or two of them at least know of similar occurrences in the circle of their own relatives or intimate friends. If but one in a hundred years was alleged, it would stand alone, a strange story; but a continual succession, it would seem, must have a ground, or law, worthy of attention.

Secondly. The testimony concerning such incidents is of the highest character. It is given by persons of intelligence and piety, who have no interest in publicity or fraud, but speak of what they have known with reserve and awe. The case is world-wide from the "modern spiritualism," so called. It has nothing to do with the necromancy and imposture of those who seek by their own volitions and arts to call forth "manifestations" of spirits. It is entirely in another realm. It is the observation of facts which are presented to us in the courses of nature and providence.

Thirdly. For christians there is presumptive evidence of reality in such incidents. On other grounds we believe there is a spiritual world to which our souls are kindred, and in which we shall soon be constituent members. It is then a philosophical possibility, or even probability, that peculiar phenomena shall occur along the line where two worlds meet, that in occasional, stimulated, exalted states, our faculties may discern gleamings of spiritual realities; or, in other words, such realities may come within the range of our perceptions in their keenest condition. Such phenomena would be supernatural in reference to this limited nature with which we are familiar, being above our ordinary experience; but also natural in reference to that broader nature which is comprehended in the creation and government of God. Do they not, as truly as anything in physics and metaphysics, open a field for legitimate observation, and perhaps induction?

Fourthly. Incidents of the class we have contemplated have a very interesting relation to the biblical narratives. Many wonderful events of sacred history, such as the appearances of angels, the vision of Stephen, and others, may have a normal as well as supernatural character. They may not be altogether exceptional, but typical facts of a succession intended for the instruction and comfort of believers. It is a fair question whether much of our modern christianity has not been quite too Sadducean, believing neither in angel nor spirit; that is to say, anxious to avoid materialism and superstition in religion, and so going to an extreme which leaves little or no spiritual substance on which the soul can lay hold with definiteness of thought and joy of anticipation. This may partly account for some of the *ennui* of the times. If it sees not the true, human nature will yearn for a false spiritualism. A little more of the Pharisee's faith, or rather Christ's vindication of it, would help us. The logical effect of such incidents as have been cited, regarded on due evidence as having a foundation in reality, would be to confirm the spiritual testimonies of a future life; and that effect has been experienced.

Further, that effect is consolation in sorrow. It adds richness, definiteness, and if I may so say, a spiritual solidity to the Apostle's delightful conception of the family of God in heaven and earth, named after Christ; and Paul, it will be remembered, had seen "visions." It brings closer to our hearts, it seems to unfold, in some degree, Christ's precious and wonderful word: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

HELP EACH OTHER.

A father was walking one day in the fields with his two children. The wind was blowing over a fine field of ripe corn, and making the golden ears wave like the waves of the sea.

"Is it not surprising," said one of the children, "that the wind does not break the slender stalks of the corn?"

"My child," said the father, "see how how flexible the stalks are! They bend before the wind and rise again when the wind has passed over them. See, too, how they help to support each other. A single stalk would soon bend to the ground, but so many growing close together help to keep each other up. If we keep together when the troubles of life come on us like a stormy wind, we shall keep each other up, when one trying to stand alone would fall."

OSTRICH eggs are worth ten dollars each at the Cape of Good Hope, where they are hatched by an artificial process.

THE SEA AROUND THE POLE.

Not the Most Delightful Country in the World to Winter or Summer In.

Additional details from the returned arctic expedition show yet more clearly the difficulties encountered. A new name is proposed for the ocean that is supposed to surround the pole—the "Palaeocrystic sea"—*i. e.*, the sea of ancient ice. The belief of the explorers is that the ice there has been accumulating for years if not for centuries, and that the sea is never free from it. The description given of this ice shows that it is quite different from that which is found forming each winter in high latitudes and breaking up and floating southward with every open summer. At its lowest point the ice of that northernmost sea floated fifteen feet above water level; it resembled low icebergs; in places its thickness was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The accounts indicate, though they do not distinctly state, that this ice is in motion, and a map in Nature gives the direction of the shaft as to the eastward. That the ice is in separate masses is further presumable from the fact that soundings were obtained at the highest latitude reached by the sledges, proving that the depth of the sea at that point was only seventy fathoms. It is possible, however, that the soundings were obtained through a hole in the ice, made by blasting.

The obstacles which this ice presented to sledge travel can now be better understood. Its masses had been jammed together so as to create an utterly irregular surface, which could only be reduced so that sledges were drawn over it by making a road with the pickax. The actual advance made to the northward, with the greatest labor, was only seventy-three miles from the place where the Alert was harbored, but nearly four times that distance was passed over by the sledge party in dragging their loads by installments, and seventy-two days were consumed in the effort. It is evident that the task of sledging along the shore was much less arduous than that of advancing northward over the frozen sea. The party that went to the westward made three or four times the progress, and the party to the eastward more than twice as much, as that which went northward. The route of the western coast party after rounding Cape Joseph Henry was nearly due west for the first half of their course, and south of west for the latter half, ending in lat. eighty-two deg. ten min., and long. eighty-six deg. thirty min. The route has been spoken of in telegrams as along the north coast of the continent, particularly in specifying the position of Cape Columbia, lat. eighty-three deg. seven min., long. seventy deg. thirty min., the highest land discovered; but Mr. Richard A. Proctor, commenting upon the news, says this land on the western side of Smith's sound is a range of islands. The eastern coast party traced the western shore of Greenland in a northeasterly direction up to lat. eighty-two deg. fifty min. and long. forty-eight deg. thirty min. The highest point reached by the expedition is now exactly specified at eighty-three deg. twenty min. twenty-six sec.

Before a determinate opinion can be formed as to whether these results preclude further attempts by the Smith's sound route, it will have to be shown whether the thick ribbed ice of the "Palaeocrystic sea" is permanent or changing in its position at the head of Smith's sound. If it drifts at all, there is a possibility that in some years it may move southward. English writers, since the return of the expedition, seem to regard the gate by Smith's sound as hopelessly closed. They generally speak of the Spitzbergen route as the only alternative. Mr. Proctor makes the result an occasion for expressing a hope that antarctic rather than arctic research will next be attempted. Certainly the results of the British expedition cannot be called encouraging to polar explorers, though it has furnished geographers with nearly six hundred miles of the southern boundary of a hitherto unknown sea.—*Tribune.*

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION

Following two presidents the president-elect of the United States will take the oath and enter upon his duties at noon on Monday, the fifth of March next. The precedents are in the case of president Monroe, who was re-inaugurated Monday, March 5, 1821, and Zachary Taylor, who was inaugurated on the same day of the week and month in 1849. The record in the case of Monroe is incomplete, but in the case of Taylor the journal of the senate shows that on Friday, the second of March, 1849, Mr. Polk, the president, sent a communication to the senate requesting that body to meet in special session on Monday, the fifth of March, at ten o'clock a. m., as there would, on that, day, be matters of interest to engage its attention. The record also shows that the senate extended its session on March 3, by recesses, until six o'clock on Sunday morning, March 4 when the presiding officer declared that body adjourned sine die. The term of United States senators expires on the third of March, but this has been construed to mean until noon on the fourth of the same month. A precedent was established in 1851 which has been followed ever since. McDonald's manual for the use of senators says:

"On the third of March, 1851, on which day the Thirty-first congress expired, and on which the term of one-third of the members of that body would also expire, the senate being in session at twelve o'clock midnight, a senator [Mr. Mason, of Virginia,] expressed a doubt whether the term for which he had been elected did not expire at that hour, and desired to be qualified as senator under his credentials of re-election. The senate thereupon passed a vote of twenty-seven yeas to eleven nays, the following resolution [offered by Stephen A. Douglass]:

"Resolved, That inasmuch as the second session of the Thirty-first congress does not expire under the constitution until twelve o'clock on the fourth of March instant, the honorable James M. Mason, a senator elect from the state of Virginia is not entitled to take the oath of office at this time, to-wit., on the fourth of March at 1 o'clock a. m."

Under this resolution the retiring senators at that time were United States senators, whether the senate was in session or not, until noon of Sunday and no longer. On Monday, the fifth of March, when the senate was convened in session they could take no part in the proceedings, their terms having expired at noon on the preceeding day.

That there is an actual interregnum of 24 hours from Sunday, March 4th, at noon, until Monday, March 5th, at noon, when the country is without a legal president, there is no doubt. In the two cases referred to in our national history this interregnum has been unsupplied. Neither the presiding officers of the senate nor any one else has ever attempted to exercise the functions of president for the space mentioned, nor, it is safe to say no one ever will. The pay of the outgoing president ceases at noon on the fourth of March, and that of the incoming one begins at that time. To suppose that any trouble will grow out of this hiatus "putting too fine a point on it," as Mr. Snagsby would say. President Grant will convene the senate in special session on Monday, March 5th, when the new senators will take the oath of office.—*Washington Star.*

HOW AMERICAN GIRLS HAVE BEEN JILTED BY FOREIGNERS.

The notice of the arrival at New York of Earl Roseberry reminds me of the number of American girls who have been jilted by foreigners on account of their lack of fortune. Settlements always form so prominent a part of marriage in the old countries that these foreigners attempt the same stipulations in the United States. Last winter the daughter of W. B. Duncan of New York, visited Miss Edith Fish, and was frequently seen in society, where she ranked among the belles. Prior to the failure of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., this young lady's engagement to the Earl of Roseberry was announced, and last winter she was looked upon as his *fiancee*. He is now the husband of the wealthy Miss Rothschild. There are more than one of the fair belles of this city who have been similarly treated. One young lady even went so far as to change her religion in order to remove what the family called an objection. Her lover departed with the promise of returning. She has never seen him since, but shortly after his arrival in France he wrote to announce his marriage to a lady whom his father had selected for him on account of the dower she brought. Six years ago the Count Turenne, one of the attaches of the French legation, plighted his troth to a beautiful girl in Georgetown. The count met with an accident in childhood that has stamped his proportions and produced a hump-back from which he will never recover. Notwithstanding all these defects, the young lady preferred him to all other suitors. The count's father refused his sanction to a marriage without the necessary settlement being made. This the young lady's father cannot do, without impoverishing his large family; and, much as they would like to be allied to the great house of Turenne, they are not disposed to make so great a sacrifice. The count was so jealous of his betrothed that while he was here he would not permit her to see any company, even with her sister, in her mother's parlor. When he returned to Europe, five years ago, he laid the same injunction upon her. She has been a recluse all this time, while he enjoys society in Paris and Rome. Every six months it is announced that the marriage is to take place, but "He comes not," she cries. Perhaps he is waiting for his father's death. Most people believe that he is inconstant, and that he no longer desires his father's consent. His letters and presents continue to arrive, and it may be a case of true love, but, if all is true that is said of such alliances, the deserted girls are the most fortunate. It is alleged that these foreign gentlemen rule their wives, and speak to them very roughly. That don't suit our free spoken, independent girls. They are educated to believe themselves the equals of any man, and if there is to be any yielding it must come from the husband. They expect to be treated with deference and respect, and to be allowed a large liberty. It is sad that the most fruitful source of trouble is the children. The mother wishes to care for them herself, as do all good American mothers; but these foreigners don't like any such at trouble, and so they confide to nurses the care of these little ones, and deny the mother's right to interfere. When the children are old enough to be educated the difference of opinion is greater, and gives rise to coolness and indifference between husband and wife. Three engagements are announced of Washington girls to foreigners, and each one pleases and satisfies society.—*Hartford Times.*

SOUTHERN NEWS.

NASHVILLE is to expend $110,000 for new pumping machinery in the city water-works.

THERE are only thirty-nine prisoners in the Atlanta jail.

THERE are three editors in the North Carolina legislature.

THE recent "norther" was very disastrous to the Texas grasshopper crop.

SEVEN cows died in Lawrence county, Ala., from eating smut in a corn field.

THIRTEEN prisoners in the Columbus, Ga., jail, ran over the jailer Tuesday and escaped.

MR. MILLER, of Austin, has contracted to the army at San Antonia, Texas, six hundred and fifty northern horses at one hundred and twelve dollars per head.

FIFTEEN attempts have been made to take the life of the editor of the Hansboro (Miss.) Democrat, and he still lives. The last shot intended for him killed a boy.

BROOKHAVEN (Miss.) Ledger: The cholera has been very destructive among hogs this fall. There are but few planters in this state who have not lost more or less hogs with cholera. There have been many remedies tried without success, and our opinion is that there is no remedy after the disease fully sets in.

SAN ANTONIO (Texas) Herald: On Saturday we on noticed the plaza a two-horse wagon around which were collected quite a large number of persons. On investigation we found that the wagon was nearly full of dried fish, very much resembling in appearance, taste and smell, the cod-fish. The fish, however, were gulf trout, caught and dried at the coast. They sold quite rapidly.

IT was predicted in 1870 that Illinois would pass Ohio in population before the next national census, but the Buckeye state polled 100,000 more votes this year than her younger and broader sister.

OUR JUVENILES.

Wanted—Twelve Pairs of Stockings.

Wanted—twelve pairs of stockings,
Come we folks — one and all.
Hunt up your knitting-needles,
And leg a bright, soft ball
Of yarn, from dear grandmother;
Perhaps she'll show you how
To knit the tiny stockings,
We'll need them quite soon, now.
For Blackey, the sly pullet,
Has hatched a dozen chicks—
Of course they're all barefooted,
So we must try and fix
Each one a pair of stockings
Before the snowflakes fly.
Else they're so young and tender,
They might catch cold and die.
At best, she's very foolish—
The mother-hen I mean—
She's not one bit of forethought,
But proud as any queen;
Goes clucking with her chickens
And never thinks, I know,
That wintry days are coming,
That stockings do not grow.
So get your knitting-needles,
And when the socks are done,
Send them right on to Blackey,
She'll need them every one.
Then when cold winds are blowing,
'Twill be sure sport to see
Twelve little chicks in stockings,
Each proud as proud can be.

—*Jennie Eugene Sherman.*

Papa's True Story.

"Oh, papa, papa, tell us a story!" cried little Mary and Emma, running up to their father, who had seated himself upon the porch, and was about to read the evening paper.

"Tell us a true story," said Emma, the little four-year old, as she climbed upon her papa's knee.

Papa could not resist this appeal. So he laid down his paper, and began as follows;

"Once upon a time there lived a toad who had but three legs, having lost one of his hind-legs."

"Was it shot off in war?" asked Emma.

"I do not know how he lost it?" said papa. "He may have lost it in a battle with a snake. All I know is that he had one hind-leg, and that in jumping over the ground he reminded one very much of a crippled soldier."

"This old toad, being thus badly crippled, was put to many shifts in order to get his daily bread."

"Toads don't eat bread, do they?" asked Mary.

"I mean flies, bugs and such things," said papa, "which take the place of bread with toads."

"He had to use his wits so much that he soon came so be very wise. He used to hide under a leaf, or bunch of grass; and, by pouncing upon unwary flies, he was able to get quite a good living.

"One day he hobbled into agarden, and squatted under a cabbage leaf, hoping to catch a nice large bug for his dinner. But he was very tired, and before long he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was quite dark.

"'Oh dear!" said he: "I have overslept myself. How hungry I am! I wonder if I can find a bug in the dark.' So saying, he began to hop along, when down he went into a pool of muddy water. He sank to the bottom; but, by kicking lustily, soon got his head above water.

"Then he swam around, trying to find something to rest upon. At last he came upon a little hummock of earth, in the middle of the pool, and there he sat waiting for the morning. When morning came, the toad found that he was in a great square pit half full of water. It was a pit that had been dug by the gardener, in making an asparagus-bed.

"The poor toad had to sit there all of that day and the following night without a bite to eat. Early the next day he was delighted to see two little girls come into the garden.

"'Now I shall be helped out,' thought he. 'Those dear little girls will be my friends.'

"They were both dressed in white sacks, with brown sashes, and had on their heads chip hats trimmed with brown."

"Oh, papa!" said Emma, "that is just the way Mary and I dress!" Papa went on without making any reply.

"When the little girls came to the pit the older one cried out: "Oh! look at that old toad sitting in the water!"

"'Let us throw dirt at him!" said the smaller.

"So both little girls threw dirt and sticks at the toad, which raised such waves around him that he was in danger of being washed off.

"'Oh, dear,' said the toad, 'who would have thought that those little girls would be so cruel?' Just then a big piece of dirt struck the poor toad upon the head, and laid him sprawling on his back in the water.

"When the toad had recovered from the blow, and had crawled back to his resting-place, he noticed a man with a hoe on his shoulder, approaching the pit. 'Oh, dear!' said the toad; "here comes a great rough man; now I shall certainly be killed.'

"But the man put his hoe under the toad, lifted him carefully out of the pit, and laid him on the dry grass.

"'Well, I never!' said the toad. 'Who could have thought it? One can't always judge by appearances."

Here Emma hung her head, and Mary giggled nervously.

"Do you know what little girls these were?" asked papa.

"I didn't know the toad felt so bad when I frew at him," said Emma, the tears starting in her eyes.

"No," said papa; "but you will be more thoughtful the next time, I am sure." This was papa's true story.—*Nursery.*

Johnny's Dreadful Punishment.

Johnny had been naughty. It's astonishing how naughty two-year-old babies can be when they try; and Johnny had tried. His blue eyes didn't look as usual, and his hair wasn't as golden, and instead of a bright smile, a cunning—oh! dear, what am I saying?—an ugly pout rested on his pretty little mouth. There he stood in the middle of the floor, baby fists on baby hips, feet very wide apart, the sweetest—I mean the mightiest—wee rebel that ever defied mamma. Just think of it, only two years old, and defying mamma! "Will you be good?" asked mamma sternly. "No, mamma!" Mamma opened her eyes—they were not as blue as Johnny's—very wide. "You won't?" she said. "No, *ma'am*," repeated Johnny. "Then," said she, solemnly, "you must be punished. Go into the store-room and stay there until you can say 'Yes, ma'am.'" Johnny went, and mamma closed the door, expecting to hear the wished-for "Yes," shouted forth instantly. But, to her great surprise, she heard not a word or cry. Five minutes passed; utter silence. Ten minutes went by; not the slightest sound; and mamma began to grow impatient—for, after the manner of mammas, she was longing to kiss and forgive her boy. "Oh! the blessed darling," she said to herself, as the twelfth minute stole away; "the punishment is too dreadful for him. How could I have been so hard hearted? To shut a merry little thing like that in a dark place; a baby, that should never be out of sunshine except when he's asleep; it's too bad." And she flew to open the closet door. "John," as his father calls him, looked up at her, his whole face sparkling with fun. The blue had come back to his eyes and the gold to his hair and the smile to his lips. In his chubby hand he held the last piece of what, just fourteen minutes before, had been a fine brown, fragrant, fresh-baked loaf of cake. Crumbs covered his dress from chin to toe, his shoes, and sundry crisp fragments clung to his neck and bib. "Good gracious!" said mamma. "Dood take!" said Johnny.—*Madge Elliot, in Baldwin's Monthly.*

The Boys of My Boyhood.

The boys of the generation to which I belonged—that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this—were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and, certainly, never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane which hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow fledged with a feather from his own wing; in other words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation.

It has never been quite clear to me why the birch was chosen above all other trees of the wood to yield its twigs for this purpose. The beech of our forests produces sprays as slender, as flexible, and as tough; and farmers, wherever the beech is common, cut its long and pliant branches for driving oxen. Yet the use of birchen rods for the correction of children is of very great antiquity. In his "Discourse on Forest Trees," written three hundred years ago, Evelyn speaks of birchen twigs as an implement of the schoolmaster; and Loudon, in his "Arboretum," goes yet further back. He says: "The birch has been used as the instrument of correction in schools from the earliest ages." The English poets of the last century make frequent mention of this use of birchen twigs; but in Loudon's time, whose book was published thirty years since, he remarks that the use of these rods, both in schools and private families, was fast passing away—a change on which the boys both of England and the United States may well be congratulated—for the birchen rod was, in my time, even more freely used in the school than in the household.—*William Cullen Bryant, in St. Nicholas for December.*

How to Make Mother Happy.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once, when his sister Katie teased him and he spoke quick and cross to her, he turned round of his own accord, and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young and never look tired or unhappy again, if, every day, my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little ones. And now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine.

COTTON SUPPLY, DEMAND AND PRICES.

Ellison & Co., the well-known Liverpool cotton brokers, say in their last circular which has just come to hand:

The consumption of Europe in 1876-7 will probably reach—

	Pounds.
For Great Britain	1,297,000,000
And for the Continent	1,009,000,000
Or a total of	2,306,000,000
To meet which we have a supply of	2,183,000,000
Showing a deficit of	124,000,000
Deduct the surplus held by Continental spinners	65,000,000
Leaves a net deficit of	58,000,000

or about 145,000 bales of about four hundred pounds each. This result comes out upon the basis of an American crop of 4,350,000 bales, and liberal estimates of supply from other quarters. If the American crop should reach 4,500,000 bales, or 150,000 more than we calculated upon, there will be no more cotton than Europe requires to leave the stocks in the ports twelve months hence where they are now, and no surplus in the hands of spinners. But suppose the American crop, instead of reaching 4,500,000, or even 4,350,000, should only reach 4,150,000, to say nothing of still smaller figures contemplated by many southern firms. With dull trade and unsettled politics, our estimated supply, as given above, would probably meet the requirements of the world without necessitating any serious advance in prices; but what would be the effect of a general revival of trade, and a settlement of the eastern question?

An uninterrupted succession of commercial and financial disasters since 1872—in this contry, in America, and on the continent—has so thoroughly demoralized the public mind, and so completely soured the disposition of the commercial community, that we are on the eve of a better state of things is almost universally pooh-poohed; nevertheless, we are strongly disposed to take a hopeful view of the future, and as prices are very low, and the prospective supply less than the probable demand, we look for an advance in prices during the course of the season. It should not, however, will not allow me to be described as your relict!"—*Punch.*

..Irate subscriber (excited and pointing to objectionable article)—"What does that mean? Every statement is false." Editor (gazing reflectively at the article in question)—"I shouldn't wonder if the whole article was a typographical mistake.

..A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in a high controversy, the husband exclaimed, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

..A Boston woman had perpared to elope, but when her husband, hearing of her intention, came forward with his check-book and offered her money for her expenses, while his face was illuminated with unbounded joy, she considered the matter and concluded not to go. It took all the romance away.

.."My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you should tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, and straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or reveal the flowery paths of literature?" "No, marm; dad says he's going to set me to work in the tater field."

..The good old days are dead and gone; the rich coloring has faded out of the warp and woof of the past, and yet we rejoice that it is still true that pretty woman can not ride by her lover's side through a tunnel without emerging in a hat that looks as if it had been struck by lightning.

..Engagement rings are now made like bracelets, to close round the finger with a spring clasp. They are no longer made plain, but embody various neat and chaste designs. About the most chaste and appropriate is one that simulates a rat-trap, and goes shut for keeps when a finger is stuck into it.—*Hawk-eye.*

..A gentleman who had tarried late at his club found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. She said: "Here I've been waiting and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top." "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

..A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her!" said one of the boys.

..A petition is being circulated by the "woman's national christian temperance association," begging the legislature to enact a law that no license be granted to any liquor saloon unless the petition for license is signed by the majority of the women in the ward or township.

..A correspondent desires to know what sort of a thing a "pocket gymnasium" is that he sees advertised in the papers. Well, a pocket gymnasium holds from a pint to a quart, and is made of glass covered with leather; but we can't recommend it. We once saw a young man have one in good working order, and after practicing with it a short time he found it much easier to stand on his head than on his feet, and he couldn't find his way home.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN TO BE IDLE.

There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking, great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed and knit stockings in the dark, or rethread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith