

General Miscellany.

PRAISE.

Clover blossom, tell me true,
Why was your perfume given to you?
"That all might know," the flower confessed,
"How God blesses the lowliest."
Robin-redbreast, let me hear
Wherefore your voice is so sweet and clear?
"A thankful heart," then whistled he,
"Is the secret of all melody."
Smiling corn-field, speak me fair,
How did you come by your yellow hair?
"When the sun gave me kiss after kiss,
What return would I make but this?"
Stars illuming the depth of night,
Where did you borrow your kindly light?
"From the fountain whence all beauty flows
A drop was given to us that glows."
Brooklet, running away in the sun,
Where did you gather your bubbles, each one?
"God's snows and rains have lent unto me
That which I hasten to give to the sea."
Where did you find the colors seven
That paint your picture, rainbow, in heaven?
"When first God said, 'Let light begin,'
These were the colors that entered in."

LOVE AND LOGGING.

Louisa's father had gone off with the ox team up into the woods, sixty miles away, to make the camp before the winter's logging should begin. She felt very lonely as soon as he was out of sight, for more reasons than one. In the first place, there was nobody at home but little Tim, who could dig the paths, to be sure, and look after the cattle; and grandmother, who was companionable enough, with her stories of old times, but a care more than a protector; and Susette, who helped about the house, but was only a child. The second reason was that she had quarreled with Ben; and last, but not least, he and her uncle Simon had driven off on the ox team with her father. If there had ever been a time since their quarrel when she had felt disposed to make it up, it was when the ox team had disappeared from sight and it was impossible to do so.

The fact of the case was that Ben had been looking upon Louisa as his own property ever since he could remember. He had beavered her to and from singing-school; he had helped her out with her hard problems at district school, and had carried her home on his sled; at quilting, sewing circle, or picnic he had chosen her for his partner in the dance, had paid his forfeits to her, and had revolved about her daily. And she had seemed to relish the whole thing till she went away to the city one winter to work in a milliner's shop, and so came home quite out of conceit with country living and country men, and had rather given Ben the cold shoulder, refusing his gifts and attentions, and showing pretty plainly that she looked higher. But Ben, with the instinct of a free-born American, felt himself as good as anybody, and charged her one day with having come by his fault in ideas of herself and life in the city, which didn't in the least become her, and averred that she couldn't do better than to marry him.

"Well, Mr. Benjamin Thurman, I hope you're concited enough," she answered him. "Marry you! I won't say but you're well enough yourself; but to live in this slow, backwoods fashion forever would be the death of me; and not so much as a lecture or concert to while away the time; to be wearing homespun all my days, and worrying about the crops. Oh dear, no, thank you; I've had enough of hard times. I believe I'll wait a while before I settle down."

"Perhaps there's somebody else?" ventured Ben.
"No, I can't say that there is; though I don't mind telling you that I didn't come home single for want of a chance. He had a house too, in the suburbs, and a housekeeper, and he said I never should bring the water to wash my hands."

"And why didn't you marry him?" asked Ben, frigidly.

"Oh, he didn't exactly suit me; he'd lost his front teeth and his hearing. There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught," she sang, gayly.

"Well," said Ben, rising, and looking blue lightnings, "on the whole, I'm glad that you won't marry me, for you've got no more heart than an adder." And then he could have bitten his tongue out for saying what wasn't true, when his heart was almost breaking for love of her; and if she had showed that she was wounded, by word or look, he was ready to abase himself beneath her feet, and take it all back.

"You're amazing polite, Mr. Thurman, I must say," she returned. "I'm sorry you asked for what you didn't want, because it would have been awkward if I hadn't refused. I didn't know that this was the way folks made love—calling names, when I've always treated you well."

"Treated me well with a vengeance!" cried Ben, his face white as a star, and his eyes like thunder-bolts. "Do you call it handsome treatment to let me go on loving you year after year, while it strengthened with my strength, without a hint that you couldn't return measure for measure? And then go back upon a fellow, and throw him over because he doesn't live like a nabob, though he loved the ground you walked on, and thought nothing too hard to do for you! If that's what you call treating me well, good-by—I don't want ever to see you again."

Louisa had been looking at him with sparkling eyes. She rather liked to see him angry; it was vastly becoming. And then he loved her so desperately. She felt a strange, delightful thrill at her heart, as if it responded secretly, she had half a mind to go to him and hold out her arms and be clasped to his beating heart, and forget ambition and luxury and choose rather a heaven on earth; and while she hesitated he said, "Good-by—I don't want ever to see you again—good-by."

"I return the sentiment," said she, instead. "I believe I can live without you, Good-by." And when he was safely out of sight she took revenge in a good cry.

logging began in order to lay in provisions for the camp—as they had only taken up enough for a week or ten days—and perhaps Ben would be the one to come; in which case he could hardly avoid bringing her some word of her father and uncle. And then who could predict but he might think it worth his while to reiterate his love in his eloquent style? And then Louisa laughed wickedly at the prospect, and decided that if he was enough in love to do thus and thus, it would be safe for her beyond a peradventure to take her own time about making up, to show a supreme indifference to his regard. No more heart than an adder indeed! What was it then, that ached so day after day, as the dull, cold November wind sighed about the house and touched the neighboring pines into Aeolian harps and swept up the dead leaves only to scatter them again? Why was she always straining her eyes down the frost-whitened country road? And what was it that trembled in her bosom whenever a speck appeared against the frosty sky? But Louisa had reckoned without her host. Ben was not the man who was fond of reiterating a love that had been received so coldly. He didn't mean to leave the woods till March, if he could hold out so long. Moreover, it was Mr. Bruce himself who proposed to go back with the ox team and bring the supplies and hire the men.

"I don't feel quite right about the head," said he, "and I want Louisa to cooet me. Then I'll go out to Shopton and see Scaler and Weight about the supplies, and be back before you and Si have eat up all this 'ere victuals."

"All right, sir," said Ben, smothering a twinge of disappointment which he wouldn't own to himself. "We'll get the hovel ready for the cattle while you're off, and take a tramp through the woods and spot the best timber for felling."

"There'll be enough to do," said Uncle Simon. "You'll be back in five days, say?"

"If I'm lucky. How's the stores, Si?"
"Good for a week, I should say, such as they are. But the sooner you get back the better. It'll be a slight easier for you if you can manage to get up before a heavy snow comes. You see, we haven't had any thing but splits yet, though maybe we're going to hev an open winter."

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Bruce, as he drove off through the woods with the ox team. "Provisions for a week, eh? That'll tide ye over, I reckon. There's a sight of work to be got through with in a week's time. There's the supplies to be got, and hands to be hired; lemme see—five cutters, two teamsters, and a cook; that's about it, and to hev 'em ready to start when I do, and I ain't so young as I was. Heyday, it's rub and grind a lumberman's life is!"

Alas! there was more work to be gotten through with in a week's time than Mr. Bruce had an inkling of; so much that it ran over into the next week, as work has a trick of doing.

When Louisa saw that it was only her old father trudging along with the returning ox team her mercury went down to zero in half a second. She saw before her a weary three months of loneliness and longing, and she saw, too, that she deserved it.

"It's a deuced cold day for an old man," said Mr. Bruce, shivering before the wood fire, as if there should have been special sets of weather created to suit customers.

"What's that you've got cooking on the crane, Lu? Stew? I ain't got no more appetite than a bear in August. Briaddle and Trot were slow as cold molasses; they've seen their best days, I reckon, like their master. Wish I'd swapped 'em to Dunn for the yearlings and boot; it would hev bin a good bargain. Si sent his love to you, Lu. I've got a cold. I reckon I'll turn in and sleep it off."

"They oughtn't to have let you come," said Lu, indignantly, as she carried him a bottle of hot water for his feet. "Uncle Si or Ben ought to have come instead."

"It wa'n't their fault; I thought I could drive a better bargain with the hands. Ben said he'd come in my place, but his heart wa'n't set on it," which assurance in no wise comforted Louisa.

Mr. Bruce was restless all night, and in the morning was out of his head, and didn't know his right hand from his left, and called Louisa Ben, and asked grand-ma to put the oxen into the cart, mistaking her for Uncle Simon. And Louisa, half frightened to death, jumped upon old Roan's back and galloped all the way to Shopton for the nearest doctor.

"Ahem! Nothing more nor less than a fever," said he, the instant he laid eyes on Mr. Bruce.

"Is he dangerous?" asked Louisa.
"Dangerous? Oh, I guess he'll pull through. I'll leave this prescription, and be round to-morrow. There's Mr. Maverick of the tavern—Maverick's tavern at our place—had the same symptoms a week ago, and he's about to-day. There's no telling about these things; different constitutions take things differently. At least, you needn't be alarmed at present. Good-morning," with an emphasis on the good. Louisa thought it was anything but a good morning, after the comfort of his professional presence was withdrawn. But the next day her father was no better, nor yet the next, though the doctor assured her that he was doing as well as could be expected, whatever that might be.

Louisa was too busy, and weary with watching and nursing, cooking and looking after the house, and seeing to grand-ma's cold, and keeping order and quiet among the children, to take note of the sick man's delirious words, though he was constantly talking about the camp, sixty miles away—where her own thoughts wandered whenever she had time to think—bargaining with imaginary teamsters, haggling with Scales and Weight over groceries, and repeating, "Provisions for a week, for a week, for a week," and counting the days on his fingers and losing the count, and beginning over again and again, as if it were a puzzle upon the solution of which his life depended. And so the fever ran to the ninth day and turned, and the patient fell into a quiet sleep, and awoke too weak and languid to put words together, or to remember anything but that he had suffered a fearful nightmare and it was over. It was perhaps the third day after the fever turned that he suddenly took up the thread of life where he had dropped it, and asked, "How long have I been a-laying here, Lu?"

"Twelve days."

"Where's Ben and Uncle Si?"

"Why, you left 'em in camp, father."

"Left 'em in camp! Twelve days ago,"

he gasped, "with a week's provisions! I shouldn't wonder if they were both in heaven by this time! What hev you bin thinking of all this while, eh?"

"I didn't know they had only a week's provisions," said Louisa, showing a ghastly face; "and I had to look after you and the fever."

"Well, don't wait another minute round me; just harness up old Roan and Quickstep, and take some brandy and things—and don't let 'em eat all they want; make gruel; keep 'em short. Come, start yourself, and don't be standing still like a ghost and folks a-dying for lack of you."

"And you?"
"I'll take care of myself, and so'll grand-ma. Roan and Quickstep can do the distance by nightfall. Take my gun to keep off the wolves, and little Tim, and a lantern."

"But how shall I find the way?"
Louisa was already inside her pelisse and mufflers.

"Bless you, a baby couldn't miss it; the trees are notched with a star, every half mile, on the left-hand side. There, take Tim, and be off."

And as there was not an able-bodied man short of Shopton at that season who wasn't off logging, and as grand-ma and Susette could take care of her patient, and Ben was starving without her, what could she do but go?

And how were they faring in the camp, sixty miles away in the heart of the wood, which was almost like a primeval forest? After Mr. Bruce's departure they had gone about their work with a will; while Uncle Simon was busy on the level for the cattle, Ben had walked miles and miles through the timber; and suns had risen and set, when one morning, before the week was out, Uncle Simon was surprised to see the bottom of the meal-chest.

"Tough luck!" said he, briefly; "but there's swamp pork to eke it out." And he plunged his hand confidently into the pickle, and had something of a chase after two or three insignificant pieces. The two men looked at each other in dismay for an instant.

"But he'll be back day after to-morrow," said Ben.
"But what if he shouldn't?" asked the older man, not so sanguine.

"What can keep him? At any rate, we've got legs of our own."
"Precious stiff ones mine are! It would be a nice excursion, sixty miles afoot. Why, we shall freeze to death!"

"Well, let's wait; no use running from your shadow."
And so they waited. "He'll be sure to come to-morrow," was the assurance with which they comforted each other; and when to-morrow passed without bringing him, "We will wait another day; perhaps the oxen were disabled on the road." For a storm had set in, cold and blustering; not much snow; just enough to make the world lovely. The wind sang among the pines like the voice of an angry water-course, and splintered great boughs in the forest, and uprooted blasted trees, and seemed like an invisible presence haunting the recesses of the wood—some impersonation of Thor, whose touch was a blow; and all the while the snow built up its Aladdin palaces, crystal by crystal; wreathed about the living green, tapestried every boulder, hid the dead leaves and hollows under the screen, for it was by no means deep; the weather was too bitter cold for more than a light fall, just enough to drape nature gracefully in its folds, and give a promise of more to come.

Before the sky had cleared the last mouthful of food had vanished, and except for a partridge that Ben had made shift to kill with a club—for there were no fire-arms yet in camp—and a rabbit taken in a rude trap of their own constructing, they had not eaten anything for two days. But they were robust men, who would have a tough fight with starvation before succumbing; and then there was no lack of water.

In the mean while they were almost as much concerned for Mr. Bruce as for themselves. He might have lost his way, they feared, or been overtaken by the storm or the wolves; he might come into camp any moment too far reduced to help himself, and need their weak assistance. Since their stomachs were idle, their brains became correspondingly active with fearful imaginations. Every day they proposed setting out to walk home—but perhaps he would come to-morrow; and then they hated to desert their post; besides, the weather was stinging cold, and, reduced by hunger, they might faint by the way, frost-bitten, or, unarmed, encounter Indian devils and wolves! Whatever he might be able to endure himself, Ben felt that Uncle Simon's strength was utterly inadequate to the struggle. They were beset with a thousand peradventures; there was not only a lion in the way, but all manner of perils, real and imaginary. So they waited, perforce, watching the days vanish in a tender dream of color, and the stars make their silent journey across the deeps of heaven, and the morning's dawn as the rose blooms, unfolding petal after petal of exquisite bloom.

They busied themselves still about the camp and hovel, giving a thousand last touches, such as they would never have thought of giving at another time, gathering fire-wood, and setting the rabbit trap in vain. And one day the axe fell from Ben's resolute hand, and he just dragged himself inside the camp, and stretched himself before the fire. Uncle Simon had already given out.

"Walking home could hardly have been worse," Ben said, simply. Perhaps he was thinking of somebody who might have met him, kindly, at the journey's end, in view of the dangers he had passed.

"Perhaps Bruce'll come yet," returned Uncle Simon.

Through a chink in the camp door Ben watched the sunset fade like a fire among the woods, and one by one the stars shine out, each in its appointed solitude, and the northern lights palpitate rosy along the sky. The howling of wolves echoed dimly, while now and then a branch cracked in the forest, and the wind trembled among the pines. Inside the fire made a comfortable glow, under the influence of which he was soon nodding off to sleep, when through the fog of his semi-consciousness he seemed to hear a sort of ringing in his ears, at first a mere thread of sound, then louder and nearer, as if every tree in the forest was a church steeple with all the bells a-swinging. Then he heard no more till a smothered groan from Uncle Simon caused him to raise himself upon his elbow. The fire was still snapping and

blazing brightly, and the form and profile of a woman was shadowed forth upon the wall of the camp—a very familiar face and figure it was, too, that appeared to be bending over something that was cooking on the fire. Was it the excited action of his brain that photographed Louisa Bruce on the wall? If so, he prayed that it might last forever. Then he turned his head languidly toward the fire, and met a pair of eyes that had shone for him all his life with the fascination of a will-o-the-wisp. Were they still to haunt him across the confines of this world?

"If you are awake, Ben, you had better taste this gruel that I have made for you," said Louisa, quietly. "You must be nearly famished."

"How came you here?" was all the answer Ben vouchsafed.
"You are mighty polite if you are 'most starved. Who else could come, and father not able to lift his head? I brought Tim; he is putting up the horses. It's no such pleasant journey either, I can tell you, between the wolves and the frost, not to mention a cold welcome. Come, ain't you going to take something? Here's broth and brandy and gruel—take your choice."

"Nay, you shall choose for me," said Ben. "Listen. Unless you take back the words you spoke when we met last, unless you give me back love for love, I swear I will not taste a morsel of anything you have to offer. I'll stay here and starve rather than take a crumb of comfort from your hand."

"What did I say?" asked Louisa, meekly.
"You said that you could live without me."

"Oh yes, I suppose I could, but I shouldn't want to."
"But you refused to marry me."

"Certainly, because you didn't want to marry a girl with no more heart than an adder, Ben."

"I want to marry you, heart or no heart."
"Very well; have some broth first, won't you?"

And then Tim came in, and Uncle Simon awoke, and there was an end to starvation in camp.—Harper's Weekly.

Activity of the Mind in Sleep.

Undoubted proof has been afforded that the energy of the intellect is often greater during sleep than at other times, and many a problem, it is asserted, has been solved in sleep which has puzzled the waking senses. Cabanis tells us that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in dreams in the conduct of many affairs in which he was engaged. Condillac states that while writing his course of studies he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete, and retired to bed, and that on waking he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head.

In like manner Condorcet would sometimes leave his complicated calculations unfinished, and, after retiring to rest would find their results unfolded to him in his dreams. La Fontaine and Voltaire both composed verses in their sleep, which they would repeat on waking. Dr. Johnson relates that he once, in a dream, had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his antagonist had the better of him. Coleridge in a dream composed the wild and beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," which had been suggested to him by a passage he had read in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" before he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of between two and three hundred lines, and taking writing materials, began early to set them down. Unfortunately he was interrupted before a quarter of the task was done—was called away to attend to some business which detained him an hour—and found, when he had returned to his writing, that the remainder had vanished from his memory. The most remarkable testimony of this kind is perhaps that of Sir Thomas Browne, who declared that, if it were possible, he would prefer to carry on his studies in his dreams, so much more efficient were his faculties of mind when his body was asleep. He further adds, that were his memory as faithful as his reason was then fruitful, he would prefer that season for his devotion.

Asthma in the Oil Regions.

The Titusville (Pa.) Herald says that asthma is of very rare occurrence in the oil regions, and that the cause of such exemption is found in the fact that the atmosphere there is strongly impregnated with the vapors of petroleum, which act almost as a specific for the relief of asthma, and at the same time as a preventive of consumption. It adds: "Let any one who is afflicted with asthma and feels a particularly difficult spell of breathing coming on, go in the vicinity of a producing well, where petroleum vapor hovers in the neighborhood, he will find great relief, and continued presence in such a neighborhood will be the best means of a permanent cure. We look forward to the time when physicians all over the United States will recommend to their asthmatic patients a journey to the oil regions, and we hope some suitable preparation will be made for their entertainment and diversion. The prospect for an infirmary for such subjects has been seriously discussed by many of our citizens but has not yet taken definite shape."

Breeding Horses for Farm Work.

A writer in the London Mark Lane Express, in discussing the points to be considered in breeding horses for farm labor, says:

The head should be comely, but not so small as that of the running horse, as it enables the horse to throw more weight into the collar. He should be broad and flat in the forehead, have neat, well set-on ears, prominent, placid eyes, thin eyelids, large nostrils, neat neck, and deep towards the chest; not very high in the withers, with upright shoulders, broad forearm, broad, flat bone below the knee, rather short pasterns, good round feet—neither too flat or too upright, plenty of hoof, clean leg, straight back, with plenty of loins and ribs well arched. He should be long on the back rib and long in the quarter; the haunch should be strong, the hip well down, the hock joint broad; and for a breeder, no animal should be used that is not perfectly free from curb, bog or bone spavin, splint or side bones. Horses with well developed muscles and good constitutions are easy to keep, and can endure a great deal of fatigue.

An Existing Race of Pygmies.

Dr. Schweinfurth, who has traveled extensively in Central Africa, recently entertained the Berlin Geographical Society with an account of a diminutive race of men, the Acca, whom he takes to be the originals of the Pygmies celebrated in Grecian literature, agreeing with Aristotle in the opinion that the Pygmies of Homer and Herodotus were not altogether creatures of imagination. Dr. Schweinfurth made diligent inquiry wherever he went as to the existence of dwarfish races of men. On the Upper Nile he was told of men "not over three feet in stature, wearing white beards, who were skilled in elephant-hunting, and who sold ivory to foreign traders." But it was at the Court of Munesa, King of the Mombutu, that he first saw an individual of this diminutive race. "One morning," says he, "the camp rung with a joyous shout, as my people brought in a curious, timid little man, the palpable embodiment of myths which have been current for ever so long." By means of gifts and kind usage the pygmy was induced to take a seat, when he was measured and his portrait taken. He stated that he was the head of a family, living half an hour's journey from the capital; that his tribe are called Acca, and that their country lies south of that of the Mombutu; that they had been conquered by the latter, and settled in the neighborhood of the royal residence. His height was one meter (thirty-nine inches), and albeit he had a pendent belly and very slender shanks, he performed incredible feats of agility. On the next day several others of his tribe, induced by the promise of gifts, paid our traveler a visit, and they, too, were measured, and had their portraits taken. It is to be regretted, however, that, during the entire three weeks' stay of the Doctor at Munesa's Court, he never had the good fortune to see a pygmy woman. But why did he not go to the settlement and visit the ladies himself?

The Acca are noted warriors, notwithstanding their diminutive stature. It happened during Schweinfurth's stay at the court that King Munesa, escorted by several hundred Acca warriors, paid a visit to his brother Munesa, bringing him a share of the plunder taken in a recent campaign. These Tikitiki (men who understand war) fought sham battles for the entertainment of the traveler.

The only domestic animal among the Acca is the common barn-yard fowl, and it is worthy of remark that an ancient Mosaic of Naples pictures the pygmies in company with such fowls. The Acca are much superior morally to the Bushmen, and are of great service to King Munesa, who in turn deserves the thanks of ethnologists for saving from extinction so interesting a race.

Ingenuity of an Insane Man.

The Lancaster (Pa.) Express relates the following in giving an account of an attempted escape of an insane man: "In the insane department of the Lancaster County Hospital there is confined a man named John Elchburne. He is not dangerous, but is not safe to be let at large. A short time since he managed to scale the yard wall, fourteen feet in height, but was shortly afterward captured. Yesterday evening one of the assistants, in making a tour of the yard, discovered him under a pile of stones in a corner a singular-looking ball, which he took to Superintendent Cox. On examination it was found that this ball was made up of a rope, something thicker than broom twine, and that the material used in making it were the leaves of peach trees, with which the yard is studded, the bark of the small limbs and some grass. The rope when unwound is nearly 300 feet in length, when in a ball it is as large as a twenty-four pound round shot. It is so tough that the strongest hands cannot tear it apart. The man must have been working upon it for several weeks, his object being to escape from the institution by its aid."

Moravian Customs in their Cemeteries.

A letter from Salem, N. C., to the Richmond Enquirer gives the following: "In the Moravian cemetery, in Salem, they separate and classify their dead—male infant from female; the old from the young; the married from the unmarried. They won't bury the husband by his wife. The dead are all placed on an equality. The tombstones are all alike, being small blocks of marble a foot square, that they place at the head of the grave. No different tombstone is allowed. Neither can you find a single epitaph. Some of the graves are over one hundred years old. One, a negro's, reads: 'Abraham Niger, Guinea, died April 12, 1770.' On Easter mornings, soon after midnight, the Moravians get up and march to the cemetery with a band of music in front, and the procession tapered off from the youngest to the oldest person, who brings up the rear. They remain in the cemetery playing music and conducting services until morning. It is said they go there to see the dead rise. When a Moravian dies in Salem, instead of tolling the bells, they announce the death with a band of music in the church belfry. They have three different tunes; one for the old, one for the young, and one for the married. An old inhabitant's death is blown out soft and solemn with lengthened notes."

Glass bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to this country, in the hope that they will become popular, and be "all the fashion" next fall. The hat is described as made of loose pieces of glass fastened closely together by a gutta-percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, colored so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces, only a very small quantity being used in its construction. Of course they are very durable, rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small.

During the last twelve months not less than fifteen army officers in the British service have been killed hunting tigers. In this country tiger fighting is a very pacific avocation, and attended by no detriment except to the purse.