

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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SUNSET ON THE NILE.

I saw not such a placid stream as makes A pleasant murmur through an English plain. Ruffling the tranquil bosom of the lakes, Then speeding to the main; Nor such a torrent as on northern hills Comes leaping crystal-clear from rock to rock. Falls o'er the ledges in a thousand rills, Rebounding with the shock. Into a thousand tiny water-jets, That upward spring, as striving to regain Their place upon the rocky parapets, But always strive in vain. I saw a waste of waters, cold and drear. Flow silent through a region desolate, Which the sun lighted up but could not cheer— As fathomless as fate. On either side the palm tree marked its path Beneath great rocks, whose ridges seemed to swell Like stormy billows rising up in wrath, But frozen ere they fell; And on the banks, in lichen-covered rings, Fragments of massive walls, now crumbled low, Castles and palaces of ancient kings Long centuries ago. Yet from time-worn ruins may we trace How strongly stood the bulwarks in their prime; How haughtily defied with changeless face All enemies but Time. Chill grew the scene—the sun had disappeared— Slowly the brightness faded all around; A gauzy mist, that thickened as it neared, Dropped down without a sound. The black-browed rocks, the waters, and the sky It covered with a cloak of pearly gray That hid their sterner outlines from the eye Of the un pitying day. A tender sadness weighed upon the air, A silent mourning for an unknown grief, A sorrow that all nature seemed to share, That asked for no relief. When, lo! a ray of palest primrose light Shot o'er the path of the departed sun, And with slow-deepening brightness put to flight The shadows one by one. Hushed lay the river in its shingly bed, The clear-cut palms were motionless and straight, Like sentinels who bear a far-off tread And raise their heads and wait. Then suddenly the sky above me burned With crimson light that glorified the flood. Until I almost fancied it was turned A second time to blood. And, ere my dazzled eyes regained their view, Color chased color o'er the evening sky: In radiance ever-changing, ever new, The rainbow hues swept by; But ever growing fainter as they passed, And shrinking, till the clouds with threatening mien Drove all the glory from the heavens at last. And night fell o'er the scene. —Jean H. Macnair, in Chamber's Journal.

CHEERFULNESS ITS OWN REWARD. By ANNA FOGARTY. —Written for this paper.

"Oh, dear! The melancholy days have come; the saddest of the year. Aren't you dreadfully blue, Jessie, on a day like this?" and pretty Sadie Atkins threw down the piece of linen she had been working on, and went over to the window near where her cousin Jessie sat reading. Jessie closed her book, straightened out the folds of her little silk wrapper, and clasping her hands back of her head said: "Yes, I wish Kittie Manning would come over and tell us some of the stories her grandmother tells. If some one doesn't come we will turn blue before the day is over." "Why, to-day is Tuesday; perhaps Kittie will come in. She gives a lesson on this street at four." "Think of Kittie teaching music. We never know what reverses are before us. So short a time since, her grandfather was in such independent circumstances it seemed impossible that the day could come when he should fail, and Kittie would have to teach." "Yes, and she is so cheerful. Her grandmother says she is always so. She was speaking of her yesterday, and she said there were few persons so even tempered as Kittie. She never is cross or irritable, and how her grandfather and grandmother idolize her, don't they?" "Well, I don't blame them any. I would forgive anyone for idolizing Kittie." While Jessie was speaking the door bell rang, and Sadie ran to open the door herself. "It is Kittie," she said, dancing out of the room. "Kittie, we were just talking of you," said Jessie, following Sadie into the hall. "We were wishing you would come." "Then you took the right method to bring me," laughed Kittie. "If you speak of angels you know they appear." "Well, you are a good angel to come to-day. We have been so blue all day we couldn't settle ourselves to stay at any one thing for five minutes at a time. Sit here, Kittie," and Sadie drew Kittie down on the couch beside her. Jessie brought her little rocker close up to the couch and sat facing them. "Now for a chat," she said, making herself comfortable. "I'll tell you what we were talking of, Kittie; of your sunny disposition. How do you manage always to be so cheerful?" "Why, I don't know," smiled Kittie. "It seems to come natural to me to take life as I find it. A cheerful disposition can be cultivated, but I never spent much time on the cultivation of mine. I seem to have been born with the happy faculty of finding the bright side of

everything. Like the robin I used to read of when I was a little girl. There was a lesson in one of our readers about a raven who, in the early spring, was sitting on the branch of an old oak tree, feeling very ugly and cross. Soon a little robin, who was looking for a place to build her nest, came with a merry song in the same tree. "You seem very merry about nothing," croaked the raven. "Don't you see those black clouds above us? It is going to snow." "Well, I shall keep on singing until it comes. A merry song won't make it any colder," chirped the robin. "You are very silly," croaked the raven, and he sat still and made himself as uncomfortable as possible. Soon the clouds went away and the sun came out warm and bright, but the raven sat alone on the branch of the old oak and was as sad as ever. He said: "To be sure, it is quite pleasant just now, but I know the sun will soon shine hot enough to burn one up. Then tomorrow it will be colder than ever. It is always too warm or too cold." "Just then the little robin came back. "Well, my friend," she said, "where is your snow?" "Never mind!" he answered. "It will snow all the harder for this sunshine." "And snow or shine," said the robin, "I see you are determined to be miserable. For my part, I shall look on the bright side of everything, and have a song for every day in the year." "And the lesson ended with the question: 'Which was the wiser?' "It was a sort of fictional problem, and as a child I was much impressed, but whether that impression was a lasting one or not I cannot say." "The moral is certainly very good," said Sadie. "Jessie, I am afraid we are too raven. But life in this burg would make a raven out of any robin." Kittie laughed softly. "I am afraid you haven't grasped the moral very well yet, Sadie. No matter how black the cloud is it has its silver lining, and you must keep on singing until you have found it. We won't always be in this burg. Why, last evening I met May Spencer. She is home on a visit, and while I stood talking to her I wondered how so wealthy and so elegant a man as her husband ever come to form such an attachment. She is not at all clever, and she is neither pretty nor stylish," and Kittie couldn't resist snatching a little glance at the reflection of her own pretty face and stylish tailor gown that fit close to her perfect form in the mirror opposite. "Of all our girls May was certainly the most ordinary. In fact she was inferior," said Jessie. "Yes, that is all true, but if she had not gone east for that visit she would never have met her banker," argued Sadie. "One never meets a man like him here, and here we seem fated to stay." "You can't tell what day there may be a convention of bankers, or bonanza iron kings, or Coal Oil Johnnies called here, and we shall all meet our fate." "Grandmother says never go to market for your husbands, the best are brought to your door," laughed Kittie. "Oh, I suppose some day there will be a great commotion at our door and the bell will ring long and loud, announcing the arrival of a stranger. Mother will go to the door and a youth, handsome as a god, will inquire if she is Mrs. Atkins. Mother will answer him yes, and he will ask if she has a beautiful daughter named Sadie, again mother will answer yes, and he will say bring forth the maiden—she is my fate." Then the three girls laughed merrily. "Well, I can't say whether it will be like that, or whether you will fall down the front steps and sprain your ankle and be carried in by one of the delegates to this convention that I have promised," said Kittie. "But for myself, I have never thought of my millions coming with a man. I have always felt that some day or other grandfather would strike oil. I am like a woman grandmother tells of, I feel certain that the day will come when the rustle of my silks and the sparkling of my diamonds will startle people." "Tell the story Kittie," said Jessie. "Your grandmother's stories are always good." "Well, grandmother had a neighbor, in London, such a happy, cheerful woman. Her husband was a carriage maker, and they were in very independent circumstances. They had only two children—Miles and Kathleen. Miles was attending the Dublin college, and Kathleen was at a convent in Paris, when the hard times came in Ireland. The first to feel the depression were the carriage makers, and this family had to sell their pretty home, and take a smaller place. The children were taken from school and Miles, a big, handsome fellow, joined the English army and was sent with his regiment to India. The family kept getting poorer and poorer. Kathleen was a lace maker, and for a long time they lived on what her sales of lace brought in, but as the people all became poorer there was no demand for real lace and thus their only means of support was cut off. But grandmother says that sweet woman never forgot how to smile, and when they were so poor they could be no poorer, she would say: 'Never mind! Mrs. Manning, we will be rich again, and the rustle of my silks, and the flashing of my jewels will startle people,' and sure enough it came about. She had a bachelor brother in India, who, after her marriage, never corresponded with her, because she married against his wishes. But when Miles went to India, and his uncle heard his story, he bought him out of the English service, and a very short time after that he died, leaving Miles sole heir to his fabulous wealth. The boy came home, and bought a magnificent estate for his parents, and his mother's prophecy came to pass. They were the envy of the country around. It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it? but it is one of those truths strange as fiction."

"Isn't it lovely," said Sadie. "I believe it pays to be cheerful." "Indeed it does," said Kittie. "I have watched people scold, and fret, and sulk their lives away; take every plan in fact to make life worth the living except to learn, as they 'drink life's bitter tonic, to smile across the cup.' If it never brings gold, a bright face and a hopeful disposition makes you and those around you happier oftentimes than money could. Like virtue, cheerfulness is its own reward." As Kittie said this she glanced at the little gold clock on the mantel. "Girls, it is 15 minutes to four. I must go." "Oh, dear! I wish you could stay longer. I have enjoyed this visit so much. Your life is a regular little sermon, if you never preached, Kittie," said Jessie, looking up into Kittie's soft brown eyes. "I didn't mean to preach, little one," laughed Kittie. "But there is no reason in the world why either of you girls should be blue. Fall is not the time to be melancholy. It's the time to be real jolly." Then Kittie said good-by and was gone, leaving the girls brighter and better for her visit. "Come to think of it, Jess," said Sadie, "we are two of the very best little ravens. All I wonder at is that we have been tolerated so long, and I'll begin cultivating a cheerful disposition on the spot." "And I too," said Jessie. "Kittie shall be my model." "And Kittie shall be my wife, if she will only say yes," and Fred Atkins, Sadie's handsome brother, parted the curtains that divided the library from the pretty sitting-room, and stood before the two astonished girls. "Why, Fred Atkins—" began Sadie. "I know it, Sadie," he interrupted, "but I didn't mean to play eavesdropper. I came home early to-day to tell you and mother of my good fortune. I have been taken into the firm as junior partner." "Fred!" and Sadie's arms were around him. "I knew you would be glad," he said, "so I hurried home to tell you, but when I came I found mother out, and you girls were in your room, so I went into the library to write some letters. I heard you when you came into the room, but I kept on writing. Then Kittie came, and I meant to come out as soon as you were seated, but Kittie's stories were so interesting I couldn't interrupt them, and I knew I should if I came out." "And do you really mean to ask Kittie to be your wife?" asked Jessie. "Yes; I have been in love with her for a long time. But I never knew until to-day how genuine she is." "Well, I think she loves you, too, Fred," said Jessie. "And so it proved, for in a few weeks the engagement was announced. Fred said, with a laugh and a fond look into the brown eyes of the stately girl beside him: "It is Kittie's reward for being cheerful."

ROYAL SPLENDOR. The Court of King Darius Was a Scene of the Most Lavish Elegance.

The court of the king was maintained with extraordinary dignity and splendor. The person of royalty was surrounded with everything capable of giving it elevation, dignity and charm in the eyes of the masses. Surrounded by a vast body of attendants, bodyguards, servants, eunuchs and court officials, the king was removed as far as possible from the vulgar eye. He gave audience seated on a golden throne, over which was stretched a baldachin of purple, supported on four golden pillars glittering with precious stones. In his presence his courtiers prostrated themselves in the dust. Whoever stood in his presence to address him hid his hands in the sleeves of his mantle as token of his abnegation of will to restrain or harm. He was never seen on foot. He sometimes appeared on horseback, more often in a chariot. Guards and scourgers went before his cart to open the way. There followed the chariots of Mitra and Magi, carrying the sacred fire. Around him and behind him were the staff bearers and his bodyguard. On solemn occasions the ways were purified with frankincense strewn with myrtle. The king's attire was valued, Plutarch says, at 12,000 talents (about \$17,000,000). Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, ranked as the queen of Darius. Among his wives of second rank the first place was held by the daughter of Gobryas, who had borne him three sons before he came to the throne. Below the secondary wives were concubines, who formed a numerous body. Three hundred and twenty concubines of the last Darius (II) were found among the captives after Alexander's victory at Issus. The stories that passed current among the Greeks concerning the extent of the king's retinue and the lavishness of their court, and which come to us particularly through the pages of Xenophon in his "Cyrus' Education and Training," and of Plutarch in his "Life of Artaxerxes," are the natural tribute which the wonder of a plainer people pays to the grandeur, luxury and circumstance of an older civilization.—Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in Century.

Bread Cakes. Take stale bread and soak it in milk; to one quart run it through a colander. To each quart of this add a teaspoonful of saleratus, two eggs, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a nutmeg. These take some time to cook. The eggs may be omitted, in which event use a half a cupful more of flour.—Philadelphia Press.

No Microbes in the Swiss Mountains. A scientist, looking for microbes, says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

BICYCLES IN JAVA. Wheeling is Becoming Popular as an Amusement in the Dutch Orient.

The ubiquitous bicycle has invaded far off Java, where the coffee comes from. Previous to three years ago the silent steed was unknown in the island, but now it is estimated that from 3,000 to 4,000 machines are in use there, and the number is steadily increasing. "Wheeling," writes Sidney B. Everett, our consul at Batavia, "is confined entirely to Europeans, half castes and Chinese, the Arabs and natives not having taken it up. Elderly people do not ride, as they do at home, and women very little, as it is considered immodest for a girl over 15 to ride a bicycle. I do not, therefore, recommend sending any ladies' wheels here. "About 60 per cent. of the wheels in use here are cheap, and the majority of these cheap ones are German. This is due not only to the enterprise of the Germans, which has far surpassed that of any other country, but also to the fact that people here are very close and penurious, and always buy the cheapest article obtainable, regardless of quality. "Of the better grade of bicycles nearly all are English. These first in the field. They are very heavy and clumsy and ought to be easily supplanted by our lighter and better made machines. There are distinct signs that a few people are appreciating the fact that it pays to buy a good wheel, and if that idea spreads—ideas are slow to spread here—our manufacturers should have a great opportunity. "Strange to relate, the most fastidious and the most willing to pay good prices are the Chinese, who are becoming enthusiastic bicyclists, as they are better able to stand the heat than Europeans. "Although the use of the bicycle is spreading steadily all the time, the increase is not at the rate of two years ago. The reason for this is that where everyone who wanted a bicycle had bought one the demand at once ceased and has since been merely from newcomers or boys growing up. The idea of buying a new machine every year, as we do at home, is incomprehensible to people here, and the wheels they bought two or three years ago will be made to last until they drop to pieces. "The wear on wheels is not very great. Long distance riding is unknown, although the roads everywhere are almost perfect. The sun, however, is hot, and the only time one can ride is for an hour in the early morning and about the same time in the evening. Riding at night, even with a lamp, is looked upon with disapproval and suspicion, though it is not prohibited. Consequently with care there is no reason why a wheel should not last ten years."—N. Y. Herald.

ONLY TWO-BARRELED CANNON. The Odd Gun Intended for Cutting a Wide Swath of Death—It Proved a Failure.

The old double-barreled cannon of the Mitchell Thunderbolts is now owned by the city, and is on the city hall lot. Capt. Barnett has been instructed to have the cannon mounted at the head of the park on College avenue, near the confederate monument. There is a history of unique interest that goes along with this old cannon. In the first place, it is the only double-barreled cannon in the world. In the next place, it was invented with a peculiar idea in the mind of the inventor. It belonged to the Mitchell Thunderbolts, a company of old men organized here in 1863 purely for home defense. One of the company, Mr. John Gilleland, invented this cannon, and had it cast at the Athens foundry. The idea of Mr. Gilleland was one of considerable ingenuity. A 50-foot chain with the ends attached to two cannon balls was the charge, and the idea of the inventor was that when the cannon balls came out of the muzzle of the cannon they would have a tendency to diverge, draw the chain taut and mow down an entire company. The company took the cannon out into the country near Athens one day to test it. It was properly charged, and was touched off with great ceremony. One of the balls got a little ahead of the other, and then the mischief was to pay. It had a kind of circular motion and plowed up about a quarter of an acre of ground, the members of the company in the meantime scattering in all directions to keep from being hit by the flying chain. The old cannon was never used after that except at an occasional democratic jubilee, when charges of powder would be fired. About five years ago the old cannon disappeared, and not until a few days ago did our people know where it was. Last week it turned up in a junkshop, but it was promptly purchased by the city. Mr. Neunyer, who owned the cannon, had been offered \$50 for it, but when he learned that it was a rare old relic and our people wanted to keep it he promptly turned down the offer and swapped it to the city for an old bell.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

Happy Chance. "Your money or your life!" cried the robber. "Ha, ha!" laughed the artist, and he drew a pistol. The artist had no money, and, according to the critics, not much life, but that was not why he laughed. He laughed because he belonged to the school which draws rapidly and boldly, rather than the school which draws laboriously, with great attention to detail.—Detroit Journal.

The Vital Point. Mrs. Crabshaw—Woman is at last having her day. What do you men think of that? Crabshaw—Oh, the men don't care about that as long as they have their nights.—Town Topics.

THE SKULL CAP. Question as to Its Being a Head Cover Raised in a Hartford Courtroom.

The propriety of spectators wearing skull caps in sessions of the courts has been somewhat discussed by attaches of the courts in the county building and others during the last few days. The discussion was brought about by an incident which occurred in Judge Case's court recently. Inquiry shows that the officer of the court had good precedent for preventing one of the spectators from wearing a skull cap during the session. It was on one of the days recently when the jury was in attendance that a tall and aged man walked into the courtroom a few minutes after a case had been taken up for trial. As soon as he got inside the door he took off his overcoat and sat in one of the seats without the bar. He had no sooner seated himself than he put his hand in the pocket of his overcoat, which was lying on the seat beside him. He took from the pocket a skull cap, placed it upon his head and then gave his undivided attention to the witness upon the witness stand. The court officer was surveying the spectator all the time and presently left his station and told the spectator that he would have to remove the cap from his head. "I am a clergyman," said the spectator, "and I wear this cap in church. I think I should be permitted to wear it here." "All heads must be uncovered in court," said the officer. "If I am not permitted to wear the cap I shall have to go out," said the tall man. "I can't help that," said the officer. "You must uncover your head if you stay." The man left the courtroom in haste and hurried from the building. He seemed to be a stranger to everyone, and he has not made his appearance in the courtroom since that time. Although skull caps are quite generally worn in halls and other public places, they are seldom noticed in courtrooms. Judge Case said, when asked of the propriety of spectators wearing skull caps in court, that he knew of no rule against it. He said that if a man was in the habit of wearing a skull cap and his health demanded that he wear it, he did not know why it could not be worn under such conditions. If a man wanted to wear a cap in court through fancy, Judge Case thought that would be different. He did not know of the incident regarding the skull cap in his court until after it had happened. Had he known he would have allowed the man to remain and wear the cap. Another member of the judiciary, when spoken to of the matter, said that he saw no impropriety in the wearing of a skull cap in court. He did not know that he had ever seen a skull cap worn in court. If he had he could not recall it, but if a person's health was such as to demand the wearing of one he could see no objection to it.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

NATIVE PHILIPPINE GIRLS. They Are Pretty, Have Graceful Figures, and Are Experts at Riding and Swimming.

The Philippine maiden is usually very pretty, with a graceful, supple figure. Her eyes are large and shaded by long dark lashes; her hair is black in color, long and glossy, and it is her chief pride. She gives it a great deal of care and attention, frequently anointing it with oil of the cocoanut, which probably gives it the peculiar gloss. The young girl usually wears her hair hanging loosely down her back, but the old women build it up in a fanciful knot, often adorned with flowers. Next to her hair the Philippine girl prides herself on her feet. She is not like the poor Chinese woman, forced to have them of diminutive proportions, but she is just as careful of them. She wears no stockings, but incases the feet in elaborately embroidered slippers without heels. Very few of the women in these islands are well educated. Some, however, have been taught in the convents, but their number is very small. The Philippine girl is very fond of music, and is generally able to play both on the harp and the guitar. The guitar is very popular, and might be called the national instrument. For the purpose of assisting them in playing the girls allow the thumb nail of the right hand to grow very long. These girls are athletically inclined. They ride and swim with great dexterity. They are also very fond of dancing. In Manila, which is a very cosmopolitan city, many Mestizes, who are creole girls of the Philippines, go into the best society. One old-time custom now prevails in the Philippines that will undoubtedly pass away with the beginning of the new American life and rule. It is an old marriage custom, and obliges the lover to serve in the house of his intended bride's father for several months previous to the ceremony. The marriage feasts usually last for several days. Then the bride, who has often not seen more than 15 summers, is led away to her husband's home, a house made of bamboo, probably built by his own hands.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Anxious for His Comfort. It was a long play, as the audience was beginning to realize. It was nearly midnight when the curtain was rung up, discovering the actor sitting wearily at a table. Somehow his appearance, instead of occasioning applause, created an undercurrent of sympathy. All was stillness; he had not yet spoken. At last some one in the audience ventured to express the sentiment of the house: "I hope we're not keeping you up, sir?" he suggested, kindly.—Golden Days.

Jam as a Love Offering. Mr. Douglas writes from the Temerich district of Pahang that when his party reached the Sakei camp jam was found to be apparently an unknown thing even to these civilized men. The young men ran off with some as an offering to their sweethearts, who evidently relished the attention, and asked for more.—Pinang Gazette.

Bound to Kick Anyway. If a man is given his daily bread he kicks because it isn't buttered.—Chicago Daily News.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The sheriff of a Tennessee county furnishes a unique description of an absconding bank cashier. He says he is "six feet two inches tall and \$14,000 short." An English guide book makes the curious assertion that a large proportion of those who have made the ascent of Mount Blanc have been persons of unsound mind. Sir Henry Irving carries with him on his tours his own tea—a fine Chinese variety that comes in silk sacks. He has his own teakettle, and, after ordering hot water, sugar and rolls, he attends to the making of the tea himself. Lord Grimthorpe is, perhaps, the most distinguished amateur clock-maker in Great Britain. He has one of the most complete workshops in the world, regularly employing several accomplished journeymen to carry out the rougher part of his experiments. A Philadelphia servant girl trusted an undertaker to act as her executor. Her estate amounted to \$1,100, and the kind executor generously provided for an \$800 funeral. Her remains were tenderly placed in a \$500 casket, and this was an item in the bill, although a cheap coffin was substituted just before the interment. A stuffed bird adorned the hat of a lady who was on a visit to Fort Sheridan, Chicago. A pet eagle belonging to company B, First Illinois cavalry, pounced upon the bird, and sank its beak and claws into it. As the bird showed no signs of defeat the eagle clutched the silent victim and flew off with it and the entire hat. It is conceded that Henry Heitfeld, senator from Idaho, is the finest specimen of physical manhood in the senate. Tall, stockily built, fleshy of form and face, he looks the rough-and-ready westerner more closely than any other man in congress. He has spent most of his days on a ranch and in the mining districts of the trans-Missouri country. Two bright jurors recently figured in an inquest on a man who had been drowned in Mansfield, England. A reflecting witness "thought it strange they didn't use a stomach pump to him." Then the first bright juror remarked that "they ought to have given him a hepematic." The second bright juror promptly suggested: "You mean a hematic." **PRIMITIVE HOOSIER CABINS.** **Crude Pioneer Dwellings Constructed by the Earlier Settlers in Indiana.** In the primitive Hoosier cabin—rough, uncouth, simple abodes—more genuine happiness has been enjoyed than in all the fine and costly mansions in the great city of New York. Thousands of wealthy, respectable men and women are living to-day who were born, reared and married in such humble cabins. And there are millions of people living to-day who have no idea how these cabins are constructed. The pioneer from some of the old eastern or southern states, with his wife, six or eight children, gun and dog, would come to Greene county in his covered wagon, which was his family abode until he erected his cabin, which was constructed thus: Cut about 40 logs eight or ten inches in diameter, 20 of them 16 feet long and 20 of them 14 feet long; slope the ends off half and notch the other half to fit; put chunks in the cracks of the logs and daub them with mud. The gables were made of shorter logs until reaching what is called the comb, the ends sloped down to suit the pitch of the roof. It being now ready for covering, cut poles five to six inches in diameter, 16 feet long, or the length of the house, notch them down on the gables about 3/4 feet apart. Cut down a large oak tree, square the butt and saw cuts four feet long, split them in blocks about six inches square, take a frow and rive boards half an inch thick, lay them lengthwise on the aforesaid poles or rafters, breaking joints, weight them down with small poles. You are now ready for the floors. Cut poles six inches in diameter, length the width of the cabin, for lower joists, place them about four feet apart; cut a tree—generally linn or some soft wood—saw logs about six or eight feet long, split into slabs about three inches thick, hew smooth; with these make the floor. The door is made of boards the same as the roof, only longer; the fastening is a wooden latch with a string hanging on the outside. One window, 14 by 16 inches, with greased paper for glass. The ceiling is made with poles for joists covered with clapboards. Now comes the most scientific mechanical part of cabin building—the fireplace and chimney. Saw out about six feet wide out of one end of the house, six feet high from the ground, case up the aperture, extending back far enough for the back wall of the fireplace and as high as the aperture. Now dig yellow clay, dampen, and with a small maul beat down and form our hearth, jams and back wall. Generally the jams and back wall are about a foot thick. Now split sticks to the proper length for the size of your chimney—the sticks about an inch thick and one and a half wide. Make a mortar of the yellow clay and build your chimney to the desired height. This makes a comfortable dwelling without a nail, glass or paint. Move in and have a "hoe down."—Linton Call.