LAND BEACON.

Real Live Country Paper,
hed Every Saturday Morning,
—BY—
ILEY P. MANGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....$3.00
One copy, six months.....2.50
Ten copies, in clubs one year, each.....2.00
Single copies.....10
☞All subscriptions invariably in advance. No name entered upon the list until the subscription is paid.

RICHLAND BEACON.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

VOL. V.---NO. 5. RAYVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873. WHOLE NO. 212.

RICHLAND BEACON.

Rates of Advertising.

Space.	1 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
1 Square	$1.50	$4.00	$8.00	$10.00	$18.00
2 Squares	2.25	7.00	15.00	18.00	25.00
3 Squares	4.00	9.00	20.00	25.00	35.00
4 Squares	5.25	11.00	25.00	32.00	45.00
5 Squares	6.50	13.00	28.00	38.00	55.00
6 Squares	7.75	15.00	35.00	46.00	65.00
1 Column	30.00	50.00	85.00	120.00	160.00

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.50 per square for the first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent one. Ten lines or less constitute a square.

☞Professional Cards, 10 per annum for six months, $12.50, in advance.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE CUCKOO.

Forth I wandered, years ago,
When the summer sun was low,
And the forest all aglow
With his light—
'Twas a day of cloudless skies;
When the trout declines to rise,
And in vain the angler sighs
For a bite.

And the cuckoo piped away—
How I loved his simple lay,
O'er the cow-slip-fields of May
As it floats!
May was over, and of course
He was just a little hoarse,
And appeared to me to force
Certain notes.

Since mid-April, men averred,
People's pulses, idly stirred
By the music of the bird,
Had upleapt;
It was now the close of June;
I reflected that he'd soon
Sing entirely out of tune,
And I wept.

Looking up, I marked a maid
Float balloon-like o'er the glade,
Casting evermore a staid
Glance around;
And I thrilled with sweet surprise
When she dropt, all virgin-wise,
First a courtesy, then her eyes
To the ground.

Others' eyes have p'raps to you
Seemed ethereally blue,
But you see you never knew
Kate Adair.
What a mein she had! Her hat
With what dignity it sat
On the mystery, or mat,
Of her hair!

We were neighbors. I had doff'd
Cap and hat to her so oft
That the latter had grown soft
In the brim;
I had gone out of my way
To bid e'en her sire good day,
Though I wasn't I may say,
Fond of him:—

And we'd met, in streets and shops,
But by rill or mazy copse,
Where your speech abruptly stops
And you get
Incoherent ere you know it—
Where, though nothing of a poet,
You intuitively go it—
Never yet.

So my love had ne'er been told!
Till the day when forth I strolled
And the jolly cuckoo trolled
Out his song,
Naught had passed betwixt us two
Save a bashful 'How d've do'
And a blushing 'How do *you*
Get along?'

But that eve—how swift it passed!—
Words that burned flew from me fast
For the first time and the last
In my life:
Low and lower drooped her chin,
As I murmured how I'd skin
Or behead myself to win
Such a wife.

There we stood. The squirrel leaped
Overhead; the crosstle peeped
Through the leaves, all sunshine-steeped,
Of the lime.
There we stood alone: a third
Would have made the thing absurd:
And she scarcely spoke a word
All the time.

* * * * * * *

We've a little Kate, a dear,
She's attained her thirteenth year,
And declares she feels a queer
Sort of shock—
Not unpleasant though at all—
When she hears a cuckoo call:
So I've purchased her a small
Cuckoo-clock.

—*January Scribner.*

A GHOST STORY.

e had sat for hours in the snug, brown e-room of the Four Swans, Norham, had ordered nothing, not even a bed- n or a cup of coffee. All in vain had honest old waiter bustled in and out, ing the fire and flicking crumbs from table. He had only brought himself e conclusion that this strange guest "a queer sort," especially for a istmas Eve.

here

fact, they of the Four Swans were much used to strangers of any sort. had a quiet, steady-going connection Norham itself. Three or four trade s held their meetings there, and the or seven bedrooms of the establish- nt were kept in just the state of order comfort which suited the individuali- of the six or seven "commercial gen- men" who, when on Norham business, patronized the Four Swans for the twenty or thirty years. If ever a nger appeared, it was generally with e such introduction as this: "Land- d, Mr. Dash, of Blank, told me you uld give me good quarters for a day, or a week," as the case might be. In- d, the Four Swans, had, as it were, lden itself from all chance comers, for was situated in a quiet corner of a very let street, down which nobody would nk of turning unless he knew some- ing of it beforehand; and altogether, th its interior of brown panneling, its alth of quaint and grotesque orna- ents, its red-tiled verandah, and its com- unicative confidential old servants, the our Swans was an excellent type of ose honest, homely hotels which are st being "improved" from the face of e earth.

The gentleman in the coffee-room did ot notice that he had done an odd thing coming in without a word, and re- aining without an order. Perhaps Satte d other things to think about, and sled tall, middle-aged man, with a hair upon his face; and, had grey as unmistakably well dressed on T at indefinite air which most n ho at any period of their lives fell knocked about" in ships and on lev canvas suits and corduroys.

He had come in about five o'c some x o'clock struck, and seven, and it was ithin two minutes of eight, when an old orham townsman came in to look over e papers. To the intense satisfaction e waiter, that effectually roused ranger. But so slowly—like the ing from a long, enchanted sleep. And ith d been an enchanted sleep haunt y a dream of five-and-twenty years ago

"I want to stay here for the night, wai- ," he said, abruptly. "Any comforta- e sort of bed-room will suit me. And ing me some tea and toast."

The waiter was alert. "There's a little ivate room off here, sir," he said, throw- g open the door. "I'll set your tray ere; it's more retired like than this."

The gentlemen followed as invited. It as a square closet, with two or three tuffed chairs, a polished round table, nd a dull oil-painting over the antel. That was all that would strike ny strange eye. But the gentleman alked straight to a panel beside the fi- lace, and peered at it. Under the slo iscoloration and many washings o ong time, there was still visible a slight ashing pen-and-ink sketch of an old an, with a long nose and goggle spec les.

"Dear me! sir, you've got it all b o find out directly," said which wi ld waiter. "Clever, isn't it? hare-devil he was that did it, and able exc portrait of the London dete sa had come down to take him off t rison. His last meal in Norham he a n this ere room, sir, and a rare lot of ham and eggs he did get through, sir, and never minded a bit that the policeman was a- watching of him."

The gentleman said not one word.

"He's queerer than ever," confided the waiter to the old cook, as he received the tea and toast from her hands. "I began to tell him about young Rogerson, but he did not listen a bit, did not even ask if he was hanged or anythink. It's like taking a meal to a ghost, that it is."

"You might do better than poke up old stories about as bad a young scamp as ever lived to disgrace a honest family," retorted the old cook, who was sharp in her temper; "and as to ghosts, there's plenty o'ghosts everywhere, for them as has sense to see 'em, Peter, but I don't think *you* need be afeared."

Meanwhile another Norham tradesman had dropped into the coffee-room, and Peter, in the intervals of his attendance, came out and chatted with them in a cheerful equality, wherein the sole line of social distinction lay in his remaining standing while they were seated.

"Real Christmas weather this," said Mr. Johnston.

"But Norham's very dull," answered Mr. Lee.

"They're a dead-and-alive set of people, now,—the Norhamites," said Mr. Johnston, who was one himself, and would allow nobody else to abuse them. "It used to be different in my young days. I remember it quite gay, what with oxen roasting to be given in charity, and the puddings boiling for the same, and everybody that was anyways connected with the Church—and everybody seemed to be in those days—invited to tea in the Town-hall. And used'nt there to be fine carol-singing through the streets! And rare Christmas sermons he used to preach, the old rector that was in my young days."

"Ah, that was Mr. Rogerson," put in Peter directing his thumb toward the open door. "I've just been showing that gent that bit of an old sketch up agen the wall. He broke the good old gentleman's heart, that young scamp did."

"Ah, yes, and did a deal of harm to Norham every way," pursued Mr. Johnston; "we've never had a lively Christmas since; I remember the first after his going off. What could people do when they knew there was nothing but misery in the rectory house? The town just kept as quiet as ever it could, and it couldn't do less every Christmas after, during the old rector's days. And so it got out of the good old ways."

"Poor young Rogerson," said old Mr. Lee. "I used to think there was something good in the young fellow for all his wildness, and I always hoped he'd right himself, till he went and did that wickedness that set man against him, as well as God."

"I don't know about good or not," persisted Mr. Johnston, "but I know that it took years and years before his sister Mary looked up again. Only at last, as time began to thicken over the tender spots o' grief and shange she kind of took heart. Says she once to my dear wife that's dead, 'Mrs. Johnston, our poor Dick was the child of many prayers, and I've faith God will keep hold of him.' And then she took fancies that he was dead. And I noticed she was happier-like after that—just as one breathes freer in a house after the dearest corpse is buried. As for poor Tom Rogerson, his brother ruined him for this life anyway. Maybe he needn't, but poor Mr. Tom was awful proud and sensitive. Miss Mary, she told my wife that her brother Tom said he'd never ask people to trust him, because he couldn't expect they would, after his brother's ways, and he wouldn't lay himself open to be half-trusted, and watched, and suspected all the time. And so, he that was so clever stayed a poor under-clerk all the rest of his days, and has left his poor widow just to struggle on and get what places she can for her boys. Such a pretty, dainty miss as she used to be, and now she's wearing an old rusty silk that's been turned and turned till she's forgotten which is its real right side. 'I should think what their uncle did won't go against my sons, Mr. Johnston,' she said only the other day. 'Bless you, Mrs. Tom,' says I, 'half the town-people are new since then.' 'I'm always so afraid he'll come back,' says she; 'I'm sure I don't wish him not to repent,' says she, 'I always hoped he would—but I can't help thinking of my own, and for their sakes, I'd rather he never came back.' 'The more penitent he is, the more he'll stay away, ma'am,' says I. 'It isn't as if the whole story was above ground still, and he'd only got to be forgiven and all would go well, but there's some that's dead that died in wrath and bitterness with others for his sake. Look at poor old Mrs. Rogerson—how she turned against Mr. Tom, good dutiful son as he was, because he wouldn't stay by Mr. Dick through thick and thin, and defend him as if he were innocent. Poor dear old lady, she knows better where she's been this many a day. But Mr. Dick had better wait to ask your forgiveness till he can ask hers too. You forgive him, ma'am,' says I, 'and that's enough for you, but I maintain that he'd have no right to come disturbing your mind to ease his own.'"

"There was one that would have been glad to see him, had he returned in ever such shame and misery," said kindly old Mr. Lee.

"Aye, aye," chimed Peter; "I know who you mean. You know she was on the charity school committee, and when the election board met here, she always just stepped in yonder and took a look at that rum picture on the wall. She never thought I saw her. She never thought nobody was looking at her. My old woman says she always walked regular among them green avenues by the old abbey, where she used to walk with Mr. Dick when he was courting of her. May be she thought he'd be sure to go there, if ever he'd come back."

At that instant the stranger came suddenly out of the brown closet, crossed the coffee-room, left the house, and walked up the street towards the main quarter of the town.

That stranger knew a little boy who had attended many a service in that cathedral—awed by its sweet music, wondering at its white-robed choristers. The little boy had known every face on the quaint gargoyles of the ancient chapter-house, and with child-like familiarity he had given a name to each one of those contorted countenances. That little boy, muffled in black weepers, had stood beside an open grave right under the great west window, and listened to a funeral service over a little sister. The stranger went to seek that little grave—went straight to it without one mistaken step. But it is not a little grave any more, for under the name of "Amy Rogerson, aged four," is written "Also the Rev. Richard Rogerson, father of the above, aged seventy. Also his wife Amelia, aged sixty-nine. Also their son Thomas, aged forty-eight."

Oh, little sister, who went so long before, how much did you know of earth while you were growing up in heaven? Was not your father very glad on the day when he entered rest and joined the folded lamb of happier times? Oh, little sister! is there any look on the face on an angel, whose human heart was broken?

The stranger stood still by that household tomb, and looked around. There was another grave which that little boy had known—the family grave of that little boy's playfellow, the Herons. But the stranger knew that he could not find that grave in the twilight, though he could have found the way to their house in the utter darkness.

He crossed the Cathedral Square, and issued out on Norham High Street. The shops were bright with Christmas goods, and busy with Christmas trade.

There was a little, thin, sharp-looking widow, with a boy on one side and a girl on the other, gazing intently into the best draper's shop. The stranger stood still when he first saw them, and then he went up slowly and stood behind them.

"It's no good wasting our time, Margey," said the mother, "for we can't afford to buy anything."

"But looking doesn't spend mamma," pleaded Margey, "and I'd like to plan what I'd give you it I could, mamma, and to choose what I should like you to give me. There, you should have that beautiful thick black silk, and it should be made with one deep flounce like the mayor's wife's, and you should have that soft gray shawl to wear with it. And I would have two of those merinos—a dark brown for every-day, and an olive green for Sundays, and one of those neat, plain black-cloth jackets. And there's Tom gone off to look at the watches. Tom is going to save sixpence a week to buy one, mamma, but won't it take a long time?"

"Ah, I wish I could give you children pleasant surprises," said mamma wistfully. "I was so fond of that kind of tricks once upon a time."

"And so you are still, mammy dear," Margey replied, pressing fondly to her. "Isn't it always a pleasant surprise when you make us a fig-pudding? I'm sure we are very happy, and I won't talk any more of my nonsense if it worries you."

Then the little group passed on; and the tall stranger followed them out of the glare of the gaslight into a small by-way, where they entered a house with "Mrs. T. Rogerson's day-school for young ladies," written on the door. Then he went back to the High Street, and that same night a large parcel from the draper's came "For Mrs. Rogerson and Miss Margery," and a little packet from the jeweler's, for "Master Tom Rogerson."

"Everything we wanted," sighed Margery happily. "I only hope they are real. How *could* they have come? The shop-people say they were ordered by a tall, dark gentleman, very pale. I wish mamma would let us believe in ghosts, and then we could understand it easily, for that description is like dear papa. But I never did hear of any ghost that had money. I wonder what Aunt Mary will say when she comes to-morrow!"

The stranger went back to the Four Swans. Next morning he went to the cathedral, and stole into a shady corner to take part in the service. The sharp little widow came in, looking sweeter and happier than would have seemed possible the night before. Beside Margery and Tom, she had a lady with her—an elderly, fragile-looking lady, with one of those pale, fair faces, that look as if perfect repose was their only remaining atmosphere of life, and any jarring element, even of joy, would shake and rend the tender spirit from its feeble dwelling. A face bright with spiritual joy, and pleasant fancies and sentiments. God often sends pleasant fancies to those pure but weakly souls that could never rise to create and grasp pleasant facts. What are such fancies but the dainty aroma of the royal feast awaiting them in their Father's mansion?

Lowly kneeled the stranger through the old familiar prayers. He sat leaning forwards with his face in his hands, while the white-stoled choir chanted the glorious anthem: "Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Then he came out, silently, among the crowd of worshippers. People were exchanging good wishes with each other—actually Peter, the old waiter, saluted even him with "A merry Christmas."

A merry Christmas!

The stranger stayed and wandered among the graves. There was a world of silent memory seething in his heart. Beside that vision of the little boy, listening awe-struck to the choir, there were others of a young man, vain, extravagant, selfish, counting as of nought, or of little value, all the love and pride and household joy which looked so very fair from this point of view, this lonely wandering among the dead! More pictures still. Of a young man, reckless and cruel in his sins, full of that bravado which dares God and good men out of fear of the devil and his minions; of the ghastly horrors of a convict ship; of a shunned man on a wild, lawless shore—the prodigal feeding on the swine's husks. Then of a little rough, miscellaneous group, listening to a simple mission sermon, which even "black fellows" could understand, and which, perhaps, was the more likely to touch the white men, because it was so like what they had heard at their mother's knee, or in their Sabbath-schools; of a hard heart broken, of a sinner seeking salvation, as men dying with thirst seek for water-springs. And then the sweet household instincts, dried and dead under the forgetfulness of God, stirring again in the remembrance of Him, and the return to his ways. O God! such longings for a comforting word in the old familiar voices—such dreams of atonement and reconciliation!

All these memories between that little boy and this strange, silent man, whom nobody knew.

Was there any long-tried servant of God in Norham that afternoon, poor, humble, stricken, and tempted to think that God in his mercy forgets his justice, and tears the moral from the page which He purifies with his pardoning blood? Or was there any heedless young sinner, flattering himself that he will repent in time, and that then all will be as if he had never sinned? Could either have read the secrets of that silent wanderer, each would have got a lesson never to be forgotten.

"How can I bear it? he said to himself. "I wanted to hear the divine love and forgiveness in a dear human voice; but I must not tear open old wounds, that are healed as much as such wounds can ever heal. It is just. They cannot forget. My life lies among theirs like a waste field, whence noxious weeds creep into other people's gardens. Will God Himself forget? How can I bear even his pardon, if his eye is fixed on the sins that hang about my neck? And yet, O God, though Thou slayest me, yet will I trust in Thee."

And so he made his way among the long grass to a square, old-fashioned grave—with all the names on it very old, except one, which, with its remarkable epitaph, had only been written the very last year.

To the memory of
BARBARA HERON,
Aged 47,
who expressly desired that these words of God should be written on her grave for the comfort of whoever should come here, repentant and sorrow stricken.

"Who is a God like unto Thee?....Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be found therein: thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

And the stranger bowed himself to the ground, as if he had heard an angel's voice. Perhaps he did. Here was the love—type of that heavenly love that he was wildly clutching in a faith that was half despair!—the love that survived sin and suffering and death, and stretched a hand to save and soothe from the very grave itself.

Oh, Barbara, Barbara, your tenderness had taught you to lay sweet snares for every possible opportunity! Oh, Barbara, Barbara! surely God must have comforted you in your lonely walkings in those green avenues by the ruined abbey. He did not empty your pure heart of its earthly love, but he dropped into it a balm which changed its bitterness to celestial nectar. Up in heaven, where you are, Barbara, there is only joy over the returning sinner!

And still the stranger sat on the damp winter sod, with his face between his hands. He was not wishing her back, the dear love of his youth. Better where she was, where no mortal soil could ever touch that great love, which was long enough, and strong enough, to stretch from heaven to earth. Only there he sat, shutting out from his eyes the sweet, peaceful scenes around him, even as they must be shut from his life, and seeing far beyond the "waste places" and "wilderness" that his own sins had made, into that joyful country where "the ransomed of the Lord shall return," where "they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

That night the stranger walked again in front of that lowly house in the quiet by-way. Christmas savors came through the kitchen window, bright light gleamed between the curtains, even sounds of glad young laughter and merry song reached the lonely watcher without. And he could thank God for them now. He could even smile in sympathy with the joy he might not share. He had his own.

In that lowly house, after supper, when the young ones were quiet round the fire cracking nuts and asking riddles, Aunt Mary fell into a soft sleep on the sofa. They saw her smile in her slumber, and when she awoke she told them in her subdued, pathetic little voice, that she had been dreaming of poor Uncle Dick; she saw him with dear Barbara Heron, and Barbara looked so happy!" "And even in my sleep, dears," she said, "I wondered within myself, were we all on earth still, or all safe together in heaven?"

It must have been about that time that the stranger left Norham by the midnight mail-train. He stood up in the carriage, and stretched out his head till the last spire of Norham Cathedral was lost in the darkness. But even he had gotten his Christmas blessing ere he departed—the prodigal son had found his royal feast—heavenly peace and human love.

"He came and he went like a ghost!" said old Peter, at the Four Swans.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Cinchona.

It is doubtful whether the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, were acquainted with the virtues of the cinchona plant as a febrifuge. It seems probable, nevertheless, that the Indians of Loxa, two hundred and thirty miles south of Peru, were aware of the qualities of the bark, for there its use was first made known to Europeans. It was forty years after the pacification of Peru, however, before any communication of the remedial secret was made to the Spaniards. Joseph de Jussieu reports that in 1600 a Jesuit, who had a fever at Malacotas, was cured by Peruvian bark. In 1638 the countess Ana of Chinchon was suffering from tertian fever and ague at Lima, whither she had accompanied the viceroy, her husband. The corregidor of Loxa, Don Juan Lopez de Canizazes, sent a parcel of powdered quinquina bark to her physician, Juan de Vega, assuring him that it was a sovereign and infallible remedy for "tertiana." It was administered to the countess, who was sixty-two years of age, and effected a complete cure. This countess, returning with her husband to Spain in 1640, brought with her a quantity of the healing bark. Hence it was sometimes called "countess' bark" and "countess' powder." Her famous cure induced Linnæus, long after, to name the whole genus of quinine-bearing trees, in her honor, "Cinchona." By modern writers the first h has usually been dropped, and the word is now almost invariably spelled in that way, instead of the more etymological "Chinchona." The Jesuits afterward made great and effective use of it in their missionary expeditions, and it was a ludicrous result of their patronage that its use should have been for a long time opposed by Protestants and favored by Catholics. In 1679, Louis XIV. bought the secret of preparing quinquina from Sir Robert Talboy, an English Doctor, for two thousand louisd'or, a large pension and a title. Under the Grand Monarch it was used at dessert, mingled with Spanish wine. The delay of its discovery until the seventeenth century has probably lost to the world numbers of valuable lives. Had Alexander the Great, who died of the common remittent fever of Babylon, been acquainted with cinchona bark, his death would have been averted and the partition of the Macedonian empire indefinitely postponed. Oliver Cromwell was carried off by an ague, which the administration of quinine would easily have cured. The bigotry of medical science, even after its efficacy was known and proved, for a long time retarded its dissemination. In 1726, La Fontaine, at the instance of the lady who owed her life to it, the countess of Buillon, composed a poem in two cantos to celebrate its virtues; but the remarkable beauty of the leaves of the cinchona and the delicious fragrance of its flowers with allusions with which he might have adorned his verses, were still unknown in Europe.

The cinchonas under favorable circumstances become large trees: at present, however, in any of the explored and exploited regions of their growth, the shoots or suckers of the plants are all that remain. Wherever they abound they form the handsomest foliage of the forest. The leaves are lanceolate, glossy and vividly green, traversed by rich crimson veins: the flowers hang in clustering pellicles, like lilacs, of deep rose-color, and fill the vicinity with rich perfume.—*January Lippincott.*

Hints for Young Mothers.

The three requisites for babies are plenty of sleep, plenty of food, plenty of flannel. The saying that man is a bundle of habits is as true of babies as it is of grown children. If an infant is accustomed from its birth to sleep from 6 o'clock at night until daylight, the habit of early sleep will be formed, and the mother may have all her evenings to herself. If the baby sleep all night, a long morning nap will naturally come about dinner time, after which the child, except when very young, should be kept awake until 6 o-clock. Perserverance in this routine will soon result in securing quiet evenings for both the child and parent. Some mothers have a long season every morning and every night in getting the baby asleep. They rock them and sing them till Morpheus enfolds them. With most children this is entirely unnecessary. An infant can be accustomed, by a few days training, to go to sleep itself for a morning nap as well as for the longer rest at night.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

The Popular Capacity for Scandal.

One of the most saddening and humiliating exhibitions which human nature ever makes of itself, is in its greedy credulity touching all reports of the misdemeanors of good men. If a man stand high as a moral force in the community; if he stand as the rebuker and denouncer of social and political sin; if he be looked up to by any considerable number of people as an example of virtue; if the whole trend and power of his life be in a high and pure direction; if his personality and influence render any allegation against his character most improbable, then most readily does such allegation find eager believers. It matters not from what source the slander may come. Multitudes will be influenced by a report against a good man's character from one who would not be believed under oath in any matter involving the pecuniary interest of fifty cents. The slanderer may be notoriously base—may be a pauderer to the worst passions and the lowest vices—may be a shameless sinner against social virtue—may be a thief, a notorious liar, a drunkard, a libertine, or a harlot—all this matters nothing. The engine that throws the mud is not regarded. The white object at which the foul discharges are aimed is only seen; and the delight of the bystanders and lookers-on is measured by the success of the stain sought to be inflicted.

As between the worldling and the man who professes to be guided and controlled by Christian motives, all this is natural enough. The man bound up in his selfish and sensual delights, who sees a Christian fall, or hears the report that he has fallen, is naturally comforted in the belief that, after all, men are alike—that no one of them, however much he may profess, is better than another. It is quite essential to his comfort that he cherish and fortify himself in this conviction. So, when any great scandal arises in quarters where he has found himself and his course of life condemned, he listens with ready ears, and is unmistakably glad. We say this is natural, however base and malignant it may be; but when people reputed good—nay, people professing to be Christian—shrug their virtuous shoulders and shake their feeble heads, while a foul scandal touches vitally the character of one of their own number, and menaces the extinguishment of an influence higher or humbler, by which the world is made better, we hang our heads with shame, or raise them with indignation. If such a thing as this is natural, it proves just one thing, viz: that these men are hypocrites. There is no man, Christian or Pagan, who can rejoice in the faintest degree over the reputed fall of any other man from rectitude, without being at heart a scamp. All this readiness to believe evil of others, especially of those who have been reputed to be eminently good, is an evidence of conscious weakness under temptation, or of conscious proclivity to vice that finds comfort in eminent companionship.—*Scribner's.*

Do Cats Kill Babies?

The old superstition that cats sometimes kill infants by sucking their breath has been lately revived by a story in a Portland paper, in which it is stated that a babe was recently found dead in that city, with a large cat lying upon its breast. A writer for the New York *Tribune* shows that it would be almost impossible for a cat to kill a child by sucking its breath. Alluding to the Portland case he says:

"I do not doubt the death of the child, or that the animal was present at the time, but that a cat "sucked its breath," or would or could do so, must be regarded as a piece of gross superstitious ignorance; as such it is hurtful and ought not to pass unchallenged. Death is a serious matter, and therefore this subject must be treated seriously, otherwise it were easy to ridicule the assumption made, which I do not now meet for the first time.

Let me say, then, that a cat could have no possible motive for sucking a child's breath, even if it were possible to do so. The breath of any animal after it has entered the lungs is disagreeable and poisonous, and we know of no creature with a liking for such air.

Are we to suppose that the cat applied its lips closely to those of the child, and exhausted the lungs of the latter by filling its own? If so, what next? The cat must breathe or die. If it breathes, the child will breathe also and live.

But it may be said that the cat places its mouth in such proximity to that of the child, as to intercept the pure air and so "suck" in that which the child required. This would involve the death of the cat first, for it is the smaller animal; and the child's mouth must also be in the proper position to intercept the pure air required by the cat. That the latter, either from malignity or affection, would voluntarily suffer semi-suffocation, is of course absurd.

In fact, the statement is absurd altogether, and it would require the clearest circumstantial description of the way in which the act was performed, and that by a disinterested observer, to entitle the assertion even to the consideration here given. The true explanation of the case is doubtless very simple. The cat lay upon the child's mouth, and so smothered it, or upon its stomach and chest, and by its weight tired the respiratory muscles so that they gradually ceased to act, and the poor little infant to breathe. Let me say, in conclusion, that such accidents are frequently facilitated by the senseless way in which mothers and nurses place their children, deeply imbedded in soft clothes and pillows, depriving them, by so doing, of a full supply of the fresh, pure air, which is their very life."

Canadian Independence.

In discussing the question of colonial independence the St. John (N. B.) *Globe* remarks that there is no doubt that if Canada made up her mind to dissever her relations with England no Englishman would do anything to stop her, and many would be glad to let her go; but, significantly adds the *Globe*, "the present leaders in Canada will not take any steps to make the Dominion independent so long as they can persuade England to guarantee her loans and to create baronets and knights of themselves and their friends." These considerations should not have much weight in discussing the question whether or not the Dominion of Canada shall become a free and independent republic, and, like the United States, take care of her own loans and titles of nobility. It may be here mentioned that at the time of the American Revolution a small party wished to retain titles of rank and the prerogatives of aristocratic and privileged classes, but the plain republican sentiment overwhelmed the adherents of a mock nobility, and they finally dwindled into country squires and Georgia majors—an aristocracy that exists to this day. When the Dominion of Canada becomes a republic, as in proper time it surely will, the "almighty dollar" is as likely to be the ruling element of her people as it is asserted to be that of her cousins across the St. Lawrence at this time, and all thoughts of a blue-blooded nobility will be sunk into insignificance when weighed in the scale against dollars and cents, or pounds, shillings and pence.—*Ex.*

The Wealth of our Presidents.

Washington left an estate valued at $300,000.

Jefferson died poor, and had not Congress purchased his library his estate would have been unable to pay his debts.

Madison saved his money and was comparatively rich. The fortune of his widow was increased by the purchase of his manuscript papers by Congress for $30,000.

James Monroe, the sixth President, died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives, in a cemetery between Second and Third streets, near the Bowery, in New York city.

John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of industry, prudence, and a small inheritance. He was methodical and economical.

Andrew Jackson left a valuable estate known as the "Hermitage," about twelve miles from Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren died rich. His estate was estimated at nearly $300,000.

James K. Polk left about $150,000.

John Tyler was a bankrupt when he became President. He husbanded his means while in office, and married a rich wife, and died wealthy in worldly fortune.

Zachary Taylor left about $150,000.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man.

Franklin Pierce saved $50,000 during his term of service as President.

James Buchanan died a bachelor, and left an estate valued at $200,000, at the least.

Abraham Lincoln left about $75,000.

Johnson is said to be worth about $50,000.

President Grant was poor before the war. By a careful husbandry of his salary and through the generous gifts of friends before he became President, his fortune is a handsome competence.—*Amer. Historical Record.*

Corn as Fuel.

A curious state of affairs exists in some portions of the West. Farmers are not only burning corn for fuel at the present time, but laying in supplies to serve for the winter. It is asserted that corn gives a better heat for cooking purposes than any wood excepting hickory, while, for economy of consumption, it is cheaper. Hard wood on the spot costs $7.50 per cord, corn, $5.00. As compared with coal, it is estimated that three tons of corn will give heat equal to one ton of coal, while in economy of use, it is equal to one and a half tons of the latter.

That this is an unpleasant commentary upon our facilities for transportation cannot be denied. The cost of food here in the East is notoriously large, and it is equally true that living expenses have in but a small degree decreased since the darkest period of the war. Yet, such are the rates of freight or the fewness of carrying lines that it seems a better paying operation to burn food than to send it to Eastern markets for sale.

A contemporary aptly suggests that evidence is here afforded of the gradual diminution of our forests, a serious fact to which we have frequently adverted. There are strong efforts being made by the National Bureau of Agriculture, as well as by State societies, to protect the growing timber, and suggestions from these sources should be heeded and acted upon. It, as the burning of grain implies, the woodland in the neighborhood of corn-producing districts in the West has become so sadly depleted, it is time that protective means were adopted and effective means inaugurated which will at least supply the deficit to future inhabitants of the country. Corn may make excellent fuel for future generations, but it will scarcely answer as a material from which houses or furniture can be constructed.—*Scientific American.*

Making Raisins from Grapes.

It seems very remarkable that no successful attempt has been made to dry our American grapes. With thousands of tons annually produced—many hundreds of which in seasons of great abundance the owners would gladly take two cents a pound for—there seems to be no way to dispose of them but the wine-tub; and even then, unless doctored with alcoholic elements, so repulsive to a large and continually growing portion of the community, it is almost like throwing the grapes away.

The chief trouble with the American grape is said to be that the skin is so "water-tight" that it will rather rot than dry up; and it is supposed that the thin-skinned European grape is free from this defect, and thus affords the raisin-maker a better reason for his efforts. But those who have tried the grape as grown in our hot-houses report that it is just as difficult to dry those of the American variety. As we understand it, there is a process peculiar to the raisin-making countries which the grape goes through before it will dry. This is chiefly the dipping of each bunch in a weak lye. The effect is to open the pores of the fruit, or to make pores, and in this way the surface moisture readily escapes under the proper dessicating treatment. In California, where the grape of Europe thrives in the open air, as it will not do for us, they have succeeded in making raisins equal to the best of the Old World. These are selling in the San Francisco market at twenty-four cents per pound, which, after deducting all the expenses of preparation and manufacture, is said to leave eight cents per pound for the grower of the grapes. Now, if we did not know that in this region, by the ordinary methods of drying, there is no more success with the foreign than with the native grape, one might say that it was because they have the European variety that they are successful; but as it is, it is evident that the whole secret is in the manner of preparation, and it offers encouragement to those who complain of an overstock of fruit here in the East, to try over again what can be done in the raisin line.—*Forney's Press.*

THE glass-blowers in the vicinity of Boston are making quite a profitable job out of the great fire in the shape of curious relics. Their plan of operation is to blow bottles and other vessels into all sorts of shapes, resembling the result of intense heat, while the inside is ingeniously filled with liquids, from cheap whisky to castor oil. Corks are inserted showing every degree of burning, from a slight scorch to half consumption, while the contents have the appearance of having remained intact. These relics sell readily for from 25 cents upward.

A MAN who snores was described by his friend the other day as follows: "Snores? Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning, and find that the house you lodge in has been moved half a mile during the night by the respiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performance. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his bed around."

—Japan is to be represented in the Vienna Exposition of 1873. Commissioners, who were appointed a year ago, have been busy collecting samples of her vegetable and mineral productions and articles of native manufacture. The uncle of the mikado will represent Japan in Vienna.

Learn to Listen.

But first learn what listening is—for it is not merely the exercise of the sense of hearing. The stupidest of us all can keep ears open and mouth shut. To listen properly means to make other people talk properly. That is a definition, if it is not a Websterian one. The good listener is a cause of talking in others, and by a proper exercise of this valuable and too scarce gift, makes the dullest say what they think, and the verbose think what they say. For the greatest talkers are careful when they find they have a good listener. They know that they may not often be so fortunate, and they talk their best. The adept in listening may sometimes hear more prosing than he likes, but if he be skillful this will not often happen. When it is impossible to get anything interesting or useful out of a man, he need be listened to no longer. Every one of sense will agree to that. But it is astonishing how many good things some very unpromising persons will say if they be properly and conscientiously listened to.

To be sure it is very hard for some persons to listen. They have a gift for talking, and they like to exercise it. But these are the very persons who should do a great deal of listening. They know what a luxury it is to talk, and they should give their family and friends a chance to learn the art. Besides, like farmers, they will often find much advantage in a rotation of crops. A season of listening is often a most excellent preparative for a season of talk.

It is often supposed that if a man has a good thing to say, he will say it, but this is not necessarily the case. Very often he never says it, because no one will give him a chance. He don't want to waste his speech on fools, and the smart folks want him to content himself with hearing what they have to say. This happens—not in connection with very good things, perhaps, but with things that might lead to very good things—every day and every hour, in thousands of families, all over the land—to say nothing of society.

There are those who so seldom have a chance to speak to interested ears, that they gradually withdraw themselves into themselves, where, not generally finding much, they intellectually pine away.

To be sure, we should not fail to become good talkers, if we can; but, do what we may, we can only make one talker of ourselves, whereas, by proper listening, we may make a dozen talkers of other people.—*Dr. Holland.*

Marshal Bazaine.

The French have an ingenious system for compelling a prisoner, by a process akin to that whereby a stone is gradually worn away by the constant dripping of water upon it, to prove himself guilty before trial. Their criminal procedure begins with an inquisition, of which the inquisitor is an official called the *juge d'instruction*. This personage is unknown to other than French jurisprudence, and is only to be compared with the men who, amid the solitude of dungeon-walls, administered the rack and the thumb-screw in olden Spain. A man, accused of any offense, however innocent he may be, is subjected to the mental torture inflicted by the *juge d'instruction*, and is not seldom worried, out of mere weariness and pain, into statements which afterward appear to accuse him on the public trial. This inquisition is of so democratic a nature that it is undergone by distinguished and obscure prisoners alike. For the past four or five months Marshal Bazaine has been the victim of this persistent, tireless, pitiless dripping of close interrogatory and vigilant cross-examination; and it is no wonder that, as those who have been admitted to see him allege, his hair has thinned and whitened, his color has gone, and he has the aspect of a feeble and disheartened old man. Day after day he takes his seat at a desk in his prison-house; the cold and stern minister of the law confronts him; no one else is by except the judge's clerk, not even the prisoner's counsel; and, amid the solitude of locked doors and carefully-guarded corridors, question after question, searching into the minutest events of his life, into the innermost springs of motive, and the most hidden impulses of the heart, falls upon him until the passage of hours thus employed forces him to sink back dumb and exhausted. Every answer is noted, word for word; a mis-statement, an assertion made when off his guard, a feebly-uttered "no" or "yes," when he is so wearied that he knows not what is asked, are placed on irrevocable record, and will enter into the indictment when the judgment-day arrives. Otherwise, the lot of the capitulator of Metz, even supposing him guilty of the worst that is charged against him, is deserving of commiseration. Few criminals are the victims of more severity.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Sure Test of Death.

To learn with absolute certainty whether a person is dead or not, Dr. Hugo Magnus suggests the following simple method. Tie a strong ligature tightly around a finger or toe of the supposed corpse, and if life is still present a reddening, which grows gradually darker until it becomes a bluish red, will occur in that portion of the member beyond the constricted point. Where from exposure or toil the skin of the finger has become very much thickened, a toe may be selected. On the other hand, if life is extinct no change in color will ensue. The bluish coloration of the nails so often seen on