

# The Rapides Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

ALEXANDRIA, PARISH OF RAPIDES, LA.

Feb. 1873

## 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 glance at his eyes;  
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 downy folds of May  
As it floats;  
May was over, and of course  
He was just a little hoarse,  
And supposed to me to force  
Certain notes.

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

Looking up, I marked a maid  
Float balloon-like o'er the glade,  
Casting evensong a strain  
Gleams 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'aps to you  
Seemed otherwise, I do not know  
But you see you never knew  
Kate Adair,  
What she had; I hear her  
With what dignity it sat  
On the mystery, or mat,  
Of her hair?

We were neighbors, I had do'd  
Cap and hat to her so oft  
That the latter had grown soft  
To the lines;  
I had come out of my way  
To bid 'em her eye good day,  
Though I may say,  
Fond of him.

And we'd met, in streets and shops,  
But by right many a cap  
Where your speech abruptly stops  
And you get  
Incoherent ere you know it  
Where, though the skin of a poet,  
You intuitively go in  
Never yet.

So my love had ne'er been told  
To fill the day when forth I strolled  
And the jolly cuckoo troiled  
To the lines;  
Naught had passed betwixt us two  
Save a bashful "How do you do"  
And a blushing "How do you do"  
Get along!

But that eye—how swift it passed!  
Words that burn'd from me fast  
For the first time and the last  
In my life;  
Low and lower drooped her chin,  
As I murmured "How do you do"  
Or besaid myself to win  
Such a wife.

There we stood, the squirrel leaped  
Overhead; the throats peeped  
Through the leaves, all sunshine-steeped,  
To the lines;  
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  
Not unpleasant at all—  
When she hears a cuckoo call:  
So I've purchased her a small  
Cuckoo-clock.

—January Scribner.

### A GHOST STORY.

He had sat for hours in the snug, brown coffee-room of the Four Swans, Norham, and had ordered nothing, not even a beer, stirring the fire and flicking crumbs from the table. He had only brought himself to the conclusion that this strange guest was "a queer sort," especially for a Christmas Eve.

In fact, they of the Four Swans were not much used to strangers of any sort. They had a quiet, steady-going connection in Norham itself. Three or four trade clubs held their meetings there, and the six or seven bedrooms of the establishment were kept in just the state of order and comfort which suited the individuality of the six or seven "commercial gentlemen" who, when on Norham business, had patronized the Four Swans for the last twenty or thirty years. If ever a stranger appeared, it was generally with some such introduction as this: "Landlord, Mr. Dash, of Blank, told me you would give me good quarters for a day, or for a week," as the case might be. Indeed, the Four Swans, had, as it were, hidden itself from all chance corners, for it was situated in a quiet corner of a very quiet street, down which nobody would think of turning unless he knew something of it beforehand; and altogether, with its interior of brown panelling, its wealth of quaint and grotesque ornaments, its red-tiled verandah, and its communicative confidential old servants, the Four Swans was an excellent type of those honest, homely hotels which are fast being "improved" from the face of the earth.

The gentleman in the coffee-room did not notice that he had done an odd thing by coming in without a word, and remaining without an order. Perhaps he had other things to think about. He was a tall, middle-aged man, with a good deal of hair upon his face, and though he was unmistakably well-dressed, he had that indefinite air which most men carry who at any period of their lives have "knocked about" in ships and colonies, in canvas suits and oorduroys.

He had come in about five o'clock, and six o'clock struck, and seven, and it was within two minutes of eight, when an old Norham townsman came in to look over the papers. To the intense satisfaction of the waiter, that effectually roused the stranger. But so slowly—like the awakening from a long, enchanted sleep, and so it had been an enchanted sleep haunted by a dream of five-and-twenty years ago.

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

The waiter was alert. "There's a little private room up here, sir," he said, throwing open the door. "I'll set your tray there; it's more retired like this."

The gentleman followed as invited. It was a square closet, with two or three stuffed chairs, a polished round table, and a dull oil-painting over the mantel. That was all that would strike any strange eye. But the gentleman walked straight to a panel beside the fireplace, and peered at it. Under the slow discoloration and many washings of a

long time, there was still visible a slight dashing pen-and-ink sketch of an old man, with a long nose and goggle spectacles.

"Dear me! sir, you've got quick eyes to find that out directly," said the chatty old waiter. "Clever, isn't it? A young dare-devil he was that did it, and that was a portrait of the London detective that had come down to take him off to prison. His last meal in Norham he ate in this here room, sir, and a rare lot of ham and eggs he did get through, sir, and never minded a bit that the policeman was watching him."

The gentleman said not one word.

"He's a 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 anything. It's like taking a meal to a ghost, that it is."

"You might do better than poke up old stories about as had 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 ever since, for them as has sense to see 'em, Peter, but I don't think you need be afeard."

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, 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 to there to be fine carols, 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 shame, she kind of took heart. Says she once to my dear wife that she's dead, Mr. Johnston, our poor Dick was the child of my 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 on the other day.

"Bless you, Mrs. Tom," says I, "half the town-people are how 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 her 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 'lection board met here, she always just stepped in yonder and took a look at that rum picture on the wall. 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 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 down the street towards the main quarter of the town.

That stranger know 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 fold of happy times? Oh, little sister, I see that you look on the face of 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 a no good wasting our time, Margery," said the mother, "for we can't afford to buy anything."

"But looking doesn't spend mamma," pleaded Margery, "and I'd like to plan what I'd give you if 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 Sunday, 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 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," Margery 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 who had come 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 such good things as you say. The shop-people say they have come from 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 were 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 faint glimmers but the wintery aroma of the royal feast awaiting them in their Father's mansion?

Lowly knelt the stranger through the old familiar prayers. He sat leaning forward 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 started 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 no account, 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 re-

turn 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-remembered 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, flattered by 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 ever 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 hast cut all their sins into the depth of the sea. 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; a faith that was half despair—the love that survived sin and suffering and death, and stretched a hand to save and soother 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 halo which blighted its bitterness and its aching 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 scene around him, even as the mother must be shut from her 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 crackling 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, dear," said, "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 crackling 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!"

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 discover 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 remembered 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.—Es.

## The Popular Capacity for Scandal.

One of the most saddening and humiliating exhibitions which human nature ever makes of itself, is in its greedy creaturely touching all reports of the misdeeds of good men. If a man stands high as a moral force in the community; if he stands as the rebuker and denouncer of social and political sin; if he is 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 rectitude 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 panderer 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—say, people professing to be Christians—share 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 case as this is natural, it proves just one thing, viz: that these men are hypocrites. There is no man, Christian or Pagan, upon whose character the faintest degree of over-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 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.

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."

The question of future punishment is getting to be quite an interesting one among Methodists, several prominent ministers of that denomination being known and others suspected of holding views on the subject which, according to the orthodoxy of the majority of the Church, are heretical.

## 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 "Hemitage," 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. His wealth 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 \$300,000, 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. The cost of 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, \$5.50. 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 fuel 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 and 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 (wheat, 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, they 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 could 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-light" 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 desiccating 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 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 coral to half consumption, while the contents have the appearance of having remained intact. These relics sell readily for from 25 cents upward.