THE FAIR PLAY.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
—BY—
VALLEE HAROLD, Publisher.
Subscription Price, $1.50 per Year.
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, 8 lines (this type), 1 insertion	$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	.50
Business cards, 1 inch, per year	6.00
One-quarter column, 1 year	20.00
One-half column, 1 year	35.00
One column, 1 year	70.00

Displayed advertisements charged by the inch. All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in advance.

FAIR PLAY.

VOLUME XI. STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882. NUMBER 8.

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TERMS CASH.

HEROES OF THE SHORE.

Alone the coast guard moves upon his beat.
Where the mad ocean leaps against the land.
With steady, sleepless eye and weary feet,
Through the wild bitter night along the strand.

He pauses—ah! a light—a vessel's light
Breasting, falling with the angry waves;
O! must the awful tempest in its might
Hurl fellow creatures helpless to their graves?

Red gleams his reaching signal through the dark;
Beware! Beware the perils of the shore!
Too late! the helm is gone; the fated bark
Strikes on the shoals; the waters o'er her pour.

O sleepers, waken to the fearful cry
That now comes speeding landward through the gale!
Haste! noble coast guard, haste! For succor fly;
All, all are doomed to perish if you fail!

Swift come the men, roused by the breathless call;
Out o'er the wreck their saving line they send.
Ah! women, children! see, they rescue all!
Safe! safe on shore where kindly arms extend.

Honor the coast guard for true victories gained;
Raise the glad voice of joy, the song of praise!
Let gratitude and justice unrestrained
Give to these aging men some sunny days.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMICE'S WEDDING DAY

I was always glad when my rounds happened to lead through Sandridge-by-the-Sea; there were many places where I met with kind friends enough, who were pleased to see the old peddler, who had served them for so many years, since they were children themselves some of them, but somehow I liked the tramp to Sandridge best of all my journeys.

One bright spring day I came to Sandridge in the afternoon, and as I neared the place I stopped to speak to an old comrade of mine, who was breaking stone by the roadside.

"Any news up you?" I asked, when we had passed the time of day to each other.

"News?" he grunted, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand; "news, you say? Well, there's more news than I care for, anyhow;" and then resumed his work.

"Come, Sammy," I said, laying down my pack, "you're put out a bit. What's up?"

"What's up?" he repeated—he always had such a tiresome way of doing that, had Sam Penfold—"well, a billet's up."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, just this: they ain't got room for the soldiers that are quartered at Ley, so they've handed them on to us; and neither with your leave or by yer leave, in stalks a great six foot fellier, right into yer house, with a piece of paper in his hand. 'That's his billet,' says he, and there stays as free as you please, whether you want him or not."

I laughed at Sammy's grievances, and reshouldering my pack, prepared to walk on.

"Going to Ben Ryder's?" asked Sam, with a parting grunt.

"Aye."

"Then you won't get lodgings there," he said, with a grim satisfaction; "he's got a billet, too."

Somehow I did not like the idea of a rough soldier being quartered at Ryder's house, though it was no business of mine. It didn't seem just right of Ben toward his motherless girl, but p'r'aps it wasn't any fault of his. Anyhow, I would wait before I came to any hasty conclusion on the subject.

Up the cliff I toiled with my load, and as I neared the top, Amice came out to meet me as usual, but whether it was fancy or not I couldn't tell, her face seemed to look paler and graver than it used to be. She wore her usual fish-girl's dress of coarse home-spun; but stuck in front of it was a cream colored rose, a thing I never saw Amice wear before in my life. She wasn't given to frippery of any sort.

"Come in, Paul," she said, holding out her hand toward me. "You're as tired as you can be, I'm sure."

Just the same welcome as ever; but there was something in the ring of her voice that told me that I wasn't altogether wanted there that day, or at least I thought so. However, sitting down in the porch, I stopped on for some little time, making her tell me all the gossip of the village. Of course, the arrival of the soldiers came up among other things, and by the flush that overspread the girl's pale cheek, as she told me this bit of news, I felt sure that the mischief was done, and that Amice Ryder was heart-whole no longer.

"Did your soldier give you that rose, my lass?" I asked suddenly.

For the first time in my life I saw Amice angry. She did not vouchsafe any answer to my question, but, rising from her seat, she turned abruptly away and busied herself in the house, getting some refreshment for me, which I hardly deserved after my impertinence.

As I smoked my pipe peacefully in the porch, I thought it all over, and made up my mind that it was nothing to me if Amice had a lover. Her father could look after her interests better than I could; only soldiers were such queer chaps; they so often pretended what they never meant, and I was too fond of Amice to see her treated that way.

Suddenly, as I sat in the quiet spring sunshine, I saw a man toiling up the ascent that led to Ryder's cottage. His red coat hanging on his arm showed him to be a soldier. His hat was off, and I could see his face distinctly.

"Amice," I called out loudly, "Amice, come here." Then as she neared me, I continued: "Is you the man that is quartered here, at your father's house?"

For a moment she looked out a little anxiously; then said, quickly:

"Yes, that's him, Paul."

Without another word I left her and walked down the steep road within a short distance of the approaching figure; then I stopped dead and waited for the man to come toward me. He was looking down on the ground as he swung himself up the steep way. Suddenly he raised his eyes and they met mine full. Ah me, how his face changed as he did so.

"What do you want now?" he gasped out.

"Only to let you know that I am here, and can guess the game you are playing," I returned. "As long as you remember that, you're safe from me. Forget it, and I shall keep silence no longer."

With a rough laugh he turned and left me standing alone; then I slowly remounted the rocky path with a heavy weight at my heart, and prepared myself for what I could say to the girl who was waiting for my return above. She stood watching me from the porch, where the roses were growing in their wild beauty, and I could see a wondering sort of look in her face as I came near her; but she never spoke a word or asked a single question. I was a bit out of breath after my tug up-hill, and as what I had to say wanted all the calmness and quietness I could muster, I waited silent for a time; then took her hand in my withered one.

"Amice, my lass," I said, "I've known you since you were a wee thing toddling about here, and seen you grow up into the woman you are with near as much pride as your own father could do, and on the strength of that old friendship I want you to make me a promise."

No answer, only she held her head a bit higher, and looked me straight in the face unflinchingly.

"Will you grant an old whim, Amice?" I said again.

"I must wait until I hear what it is first, Paul?" she replied.

"Well, it's this. I've a strange fancy to be one of the guests at your wedding. Amice, and the promise I want from you is this: five days before your marriage send me word to come to it."

She laughed merrily, her old unconscious laugh, that somewhat hurt me to hear.

"O, you silly old Paul," she said, blushing slightly, "is that all you've been making such a mystery about? Well—yes, I promise.

I looked at her earnestly.

"Amice," I said, "you have given me your promise, and I trust you. Whatever persuasion you may get to the contrary, you give me your honest word that old Paul, the peddler, shall come to your wedding?"

"Yes," she said, "I do, Paul, really and truly."

Only a few months passed away before the summons I had been fearing came. Amice was going to be married and wrote to bid me come to the wedding.

There were few railways in those days, remember, so I had to start on foot and walk day and night in order to reach Sandridge in time, and a heavy jaunt it was, for I was not so young as I used to be.

Many greetings met my ears, and many a laugh was raised at my sorry appearance, for I looked travel-stained and weary enough I somehow.

At last I reached the little lych-gate leading into the old churchyard, and there my spirit almost failed me, for on the ground lay the pretty flowers that the children had thrown before the bride as she walked up the path. But, nerving myself for what was before me, I entered the open door almost unnoticed. Then I saw Amice as she stood in her soft gray gown with her beautiful head drooping on to her breast. I only looked at her, I say, and the sight gave me courage; no man living should harm her while I lived to prevent it, but my task was a hard one for all that. Stepping forward through the little crowd of villagers that looked on, open-mouthed, to see me, I made my way toward the group in the chancel:

"Stop!" I called out aloud, holding up my hand; "this must not go on."

"For what reason am I to stop?" said old Parson Leigh, who was a-marrying them, startled by my voice, and not knowing how to act.

"Because," I said, covering my eyes with my hand to shut out Amice's face from my sight "because that man is my son, and he's married already."

"Is this true?" says Parson Leigh, his voice shaking a little with the sorrow he felt.

"It's just a downright lie, sir," he said, simply enough, "and I am ready to prove it. My father's here to speak for himself, and heaven knows why any one should want to come between Amice and me like this."

I looked up bewildered as the man spoke, and then in an instant the awful mistake I had made flashed across my mind; this was not the man I had seen coming up to Ben Ryder's house at all; this was not my son, but a younger man, and different in every way from that poor wandering fellow. For a minute something seemed to come into my throat and prevent me from speaking. But presently the words came: "I withdraw what I said entirely, sir, and I humbly ask your pardon for the mistake I made, which I will explain later on."

Outside the cottage I stopped, and beckoned the two out into the golden sunlight.

"Amice," I said humbly enough, "I have to ask your pardon for my behavior toward you and yours this day. The man who lodged at your father's house was my son, and it never entered into my stupid head that it might be another soldier who was courting you. I only thought of him, and, knowing his ways, made up my mind to have you from him, though he were a dozen times my son. He has never caused me anything but trouble since he was a lad, and such trouble should never cross your path through one of mine. It is on his account that I have to tramp the country from year's end to year's end, and it is on his account I dare not settle in one place, knowing that he would only bring disgrace on me if I did so. It is from this man I tried to save you, and you must forgive a half-blind old man's mistake, when you remember how hard it was for a father to denounce his own son. Now good-bye, and heaven bless you both."

Then I had to make my way off as quick as possible, for fear an old man's salt tears should bring ill-luck on Amice's Wedding-Day.

—The amended law of the United States in regard to timber claims requires but ten acres to be planted to timber on each quarter section, or a corresponding proportion on eighty and forty acre lots. The conditions are as follows: Five acres on each quarter section are to be broken the first year, cropped the second, and the additional five acres broken. The third year five acres must be planted with trees 4x4 or 2,700 to the acre. The fourth year the remaining five acres which were cropped the third year are to be planted in the same manner. The trees are to be cultivated for eight years, when there must be 675 living trees to the acre. This obtains a patent to the land.—*Chicago Times.*

A Yakoot in New York.

A reporter for the *Sun* yesterday found a Yakoot, probably the first man of that race ever in the United States. The Yakoots are a Siberian tribe of Asiatic origin; they live on the shores of the Lena, where Captain De Long and his party found snowy graves. The name of this Yakoot is Mr. Brakhim. He is of middle stature, with hardly any hair on his chin and lip, though he is twenty-five years old. His prominent cheek bones and the square contour of his face show his Asiatic origin, yet his eyes are rather those of a white man. His legs are somewhat bowed, owing to an apparatus which the Yakoots use in training their babies. Mr. Brakhim speaks his own Yakoot language and also Russian, though with a peculiar accent.

"What induced you, Mr. Brakhim, to leave Yakootsk and come to this country?" asked the reporter in Russian.

"In 1876," he replied, "there was a Congress of Orientalists in St. Petersburg, and the Russian Government brought to that Congress a number of Yahoots, Buriats, Ostiaks, Kirkhizes, and members of other Siberian tribes as samples of Russianization. I was one of the Yakoot samples. Once in St. Petersburg I decided to see more of the civilized world. I have been in Paris and in England, and now I want to see America. I would like to study this country, its people and its institutions."

"Are the Yakoots a numerous race?"

"There are about 250,000 of them. They lead a semi-nomadic life along the Lena and its tributaries. Twice a year they change their abode. In summer they settle on the numerous islands of Lena and on the shores of the other rivers, where they throw hay and cultivate a little barley and still less rye. In winter they move to their winter quarters, where they stay for seven long, cold months."

"What is the chief occupation of your race?"

"We keep cows and mares. We use the mare's milk to make koumiss. The rich men among us own from 100 to 500 cows and half that number of mares. The poor own about a dozen cows. A man who is worth a thousand roubles (about $700) is looked upon as very wealthy. We supply the gold miners with butter and meat. We keep a few deer, and with them make excursions to the Ice Ocean.

"Our villages consist of a number of tents, built regardless of any order, so that we have no streets. The tents are square at the base and pyramidal in shape; they are built generally of rough posts, put side by side. The rich men, however, use cut wood, or even make houses. There are small windows about a foot square, with ice panes during the winter, and with sheets of mica or small pieces of broken glass set in birch bark frames during the summer. Glass panes four inches square are the largest I ever saw in the houses of our rich people. The ice windows last through the winter, although fire is kept on the hearths night and day, and when they melt we know that the time has come for us to move to our summer quarters. We do not move our tents, which are left standing permanently in both the summer and winter quarters. The stables in winter adjoin the tents, so that our cattle have the benefit of the fires. Ample yards, with high fences, complete the picture of our village."

"What about your people?"

"The Yakoots are of middle stature, and have straight black hair, broad noses, prominent cheek bones, and eyes that resemble somewhat those of the Chinese. The men cut their hair short and leave a long loose lock on the back of the head something like a Chinese queue. The women have rich black hair, which they always cover with a handkerchief. The Yakoots are not prolific. A family usually has about three children. They are friendly and peaceable, and the women are regarded as equal to the men in every respect. Monogamy is strictly observed.

"In the morning we drink tea—brick tea. We scrape it with a knife, boil it in a clay pot, and drink it with milk. The rich families use also a little sugar, which they bite off in small pieces. We have no bread at all, for we cannot bake it on our hearths. Bread is a great luxury, and when one of us brings a loaf of it from the city of Yakootsk it is divided into small pieces and distributed around. We have, however, barley flour, of which we sometimes prepare a kind of bun or custard. About noon we eat *tuchuhas*—that is sour milk mixed with fresh milk and water and a powder made of soft pine bark. Sour milk we keep for months in large pits dug in the earth. Of course it is frozen hard, and we cut it with axes. About three o'clock we again eat *tuchuhas*. Before going to sleep the well-to-do people eat meat, while the poor eat more *tuchuhas*. Sometimes we have barley gruel and other preparations of milk. In winter we occasionally have fish."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Eclipse Story.

Apropos of the recent solar eclipse, a story worthy of Hackländer has recently gone the round of the German papers. It appears that on the morning of the event alluded to Captain Von S——, of the ——Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his Sergeant-Major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade: This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill-shed. The Sergeant-Major, having set down his commanding officers instructions in writing, as he had understood them, formed the company into hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barrack-yard, by order of the Captain and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue jackets and caps. The Captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person. Should it rain the eclipse will take place in the drill-shed."—*London Telegraph.*

—Whoever heard anybody complain that griddle cakes tasted flat?

Old Maids.

It is less than forty years since that courteous gallant and fopling of phrases, Mr. N. P. Willis, characterized the class of single women as "The Dried-ups." One can not imagine a writer of equal reputation, a gentleman of equal breeding committing such a discourtesy to-day. From his point of view it was as if a hunchback should be taunted with his bent spine, or a cross-eyed man with his obliquity of vision; for he assumed that unmarried women were celibate because they were so plain, so poor in charms, so unattractive, that no man would marry them.

If literature and society are better mannered now, regarding single women, with courtesy and often with admiration, it is because our theories about them are made to square more nearly with our facts. It is matter of common observation that in every circle some of its most delightful members are maidens past their youth. They are cultivated, witty, gracious, hospitable, charmingly dressed, *demante*, from the ruff at their throats to the rosettes on their slippers. Are these the women whom men pass by? Or there are those others who do not choose society, but who are the *dea ex machina* in so many households, the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself; the incarnate judgment, wisdom, economy, liberality of the family. Are men so dull that they do not see how these bountiful ones hold happiness in their hands and scatter it broadcast?

Thackeray, that tenderest of cynics, that most serious of jesters, declared that any woman might marry any man, if she would. And it is certainly true that most old maids have declined to pay the price of marriage. The just cause and impediment which have withheld them from the holy estate of matrimony have been from within, not from without. They certainly do not hold themselves too good to marry. They concede that true marriage is the ideal state. But it has been their fortune not to find that other half and fulfillment of themselves, whose coming could alone justify the vowing of vows. They are too honest, too brave, and too pure to use marriage as a make-shift. And it is plain that there cannot be in existence more thoughtful, more large-hearted, more self-sacrificing, more modest, tender and truthful women than these.

As the world comes to see that a woman is as separate an entity, as distinct an individuality, as a man, it will pay less and less regard to her accidents and more to herself. It will not take it for granted that she has had a "disappointment" at a tender age, or buried her youthful lover, or been the victim of a "misunderstanding," if she write herself *Miss* at forty. Nor will it audibly wonder why a charming woman is unmarried after twenty-five. It will admire her for her admirableness, whether that has had the certificate of some man's expressed approbation or not. It will permit her to live her own life.

But though it was the old notion of feminine incompleteness and subjection which made the lot of single women a reproach to the unthinking, they themselves have not been blameless. Their patience has been too endless, their meekness too long-suffering, their submission too complete. Almost with one accord have they consented to efface themselves, as the French say, grieving the while in silence that married sisters and preoccupied brothers-in-law and gay young nieces—alas, that even disappointed parents—were so ready to efface them. For there is a certain sanction in acceptance. When they acquiesce in the general verdict that they are nobodies, they enter the final judgment.

Self-sacrifice is a virtue much misunderstood. To deny one's self for a great end, to help the weak, to relieve the burdened, that is heroic. But only to sew for the idle, to take steps for the inconsiderate, to pamper vanity and folly with endless services, to be an unpaid upper servant for inappreciative kindred, to make one's self of no account that selfishness may prosper, this is slavish, and perpetuates tyranny. This degrades and belittles her who ministers, as it inflates and misleads her who *is* ministered unto.

The single woman may maintain that precious dignity of bearing which commands respect. If her plate be below the salt, it is left her to prove that where MacGregor sits is the head of the table. Nor should she slight her dress, and put away from her the ornaments and graces of life. They are her armor and defense, her argument and appeal. For it is for her to show, in her own person, how much more is the woman than the wife, and how incontestable is her right to a place in the house, in society, and in the world.

All women love love. The hope of a home of her own, of a fond husband and the touch of baby hands stirs early in every maiden's heart. It is with a sense of loss and hardship that she sees that hope fade without fruition, when

"the God of bounds,
Who sets to sea a shore,
Comes to her in his circuit rounds
And says: 'No more.'"

But life is full of compensations. It is left her to enjoy, to labor, and to aspire. Perhaps it is left her to illustrate, as her more fettered married sister can not, the real capacity, the actual power of achievement, of her sex.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Sentimental Editor.

A few evenings ago we saw a lovely illustration of the adage, "Every cloud has a silver lining." The entire sky was a dull gray, almost leaden, save in the northwest, where there was an oblong bank of billowy clouds intensely black, each having an edge of bright silver that deepened into gold. Around the clouds the last rays of the sun rested in indescribable beauty. To our mind, ever ready to forget the practicalities of existence and grasp at its beautiful fancies, the scene was typical of life and death. The sky was life, the clouds were the enormous sorrows that sometimes darken it, the silver was the radiant peace that God alone can give, and the gold represented that happiness merged into the perfect bliss of heaven, while the sun but faintly pictured the glorious brightness of the "Sun of righteousness" that turneth the light into day and the shadows into light.—*Oconee (Ga.) Clarion.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dartmouth's income paid its expenditures the past year—the first time in twenty-two years.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.—*American History.*

—A marble church to seat 600 people is to be built as a memorial to his son by Mr. B. F. Bennett, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore. He will present it free of debt to the Cross Street congregation of Methodists.

—A rare experience for a minister is that of Rev. W. F. Parker, of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Indianapolis. In thirty years' active service in the pulpit he has been called on to bury but three members of the congregations for which he was laboring.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The *Independent* has kept up its examination of Methodist church statistics, and from a study of the spring conference figures finds that there are now 97,236 probationers and 695,136 members, an increase in probationers since last year of 9,816 and a loss in members of 1,214. The official tablets of the church contained unfortunate blunders which made out a loss of 10,875 members and 19,053 probationers.

—A curious petition has just been presented to the General Assembly of the Established Church in Scotland. It seems that the Rev. John Campbell, Minister at Iona, uses his church for strange and unusual purposes. At one time pigs were kept in it, at another cattle were housed in the sacred precincts; while every winter, for some time past, it has been converted into a stock yard. On one occasion the church was so full of corn and straw that service had to be held outside. During the past six months the church has been closed altogether.

—One of the college jokers in Connecticut climbed a telegraph pole and tied a fine copper wire around thirteen of the telegraph wires, and ran it to the ground, and connection with Boston and New York was broken for two days. The college student had been studying chemistry or something, and the first thing he learned was that the connection could be thus broken on a telegraph wire, and he hastened to turn his knowledge to some practical use. The telegraph folks have learned that a heavy club applied to a head causes great pain, and they are anxious to test it on the aforesaid student.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mr. Moody, the evangelist, met about one hundred gentlemen in London recently, to confer as to future plans. There were present representatives from many towns in the kingdom, as well as from London. Mr. Moody said that he had in hand sufficient invitations to keep him hard at work in Great Britain for the remainder of his life, and he was urged to return to Chicago at once. He proposed, however, moving about Scotland for a short time, and then visiting Paris for a fortnight. After that he hoped to preach in a number of towns in the south and southwest of England. Liverpool might probably be reached next spring, and London last of all, where a long stay was necessary. It was ultimately decided that all future arrangements should be left in the hands of the London committee.—*N. Y. Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We are pained to learn from Paris that Bernhardt has "lost the irresistible grace of her smile;" but, then, why doesn't she advertise for it?—*Elmira Free Press.*

—Miss Daisy Faralee (of Boston)—O, Mr. Cheviot, I hear you have just returned from the West! Now do sit down and tell me all about Chicago and ranch life!

—Josh Billings says that a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

—"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures?" "Yes, I was married a week after we parted."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her father in this city saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw. The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins, by thunder."

—"How supremely beautiful Nature is, this morning," said the city guest as she looked out upon the sunrise. "Nature is trying to rival you, Miss," said Farmer Robinson, gallantly. "But she has to get up mighty early in the morning to do it." Perhaps the morning coffee didn't taste better after a compliment like that.—*New Haven Register.*

—A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the Court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, Judge, one of the 'it may be for years and it may be forever' sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Little John Fizzletop was a page in the Legislature when it was in session in Austin, Tex., and his conversation has had a political flavor ever since. Yesterday, for instance, he asked his mother: "Am I to get a second piece of pie after I get through with this?" "Indeed you are not." "Then, Mrs. Speaker, in this case, the sooner there is a change in the administration the better for the material interests of the country.

—She kept a boarding-house, was the mother of five romping boys, and had a nervous old bachelor lodger who was too civil ever to complain of the annoyance their pranks caused him. One day, when they had been particularly frisky, and were galloping along the corridor on which his room was situated, she encountered him at the doorway and observed, with a feeling of maternal pride: "Splendid little fellows, aren't they, Mr. Martin? What would you do if you had them?" For a moment he looked like a man in whom the soul of a Herod was struggling for utterance, but resuming his natural reserve replied, with deadly calmness: "Turn them into an apple-orchard, madam, while the fruit was green."—*Chicago Times.*

For Young Readers.

FARMER GREEN'S SCARECROW.

A crow that was black as ever was born
Flew out of his nest one beautiful morn,
And, calling his mates from far and from near,
Spoke words that they all were anxious to hear.

"You all, fellow crows, know old Farmer Green,
Who raises good corn as ever was seen;
Well, funny it is—you it cannot surprise—
He's put up a scare-crow to keep us away."

"Caw! caw!" laughed the crows, "a sorry old wight,
To think an old coat will give us a fright!
Caw! caw!" and "caw! caw!—now let us all go
To where Farmer Green has put his scare-crow."

Then quickly they flew, and, lo! by the one
Who'd called them together to call of the fun,
They soon reached the field where stood, an horrion,
A horrid old image among the green corn.

The crow in advance, to show he had no fear,
Went near to the scare-crow chase too near;
For "crack!" went a gun, and, shot through the head,
The crow that was careless tumbled down—dead.

"Caw! caw!" shriek the crows, now laughing no more,
"Caw! caw!" they all cry as upward they soar.
And never again was one of them seen
To go near the scare-crow of old Farmer Green.

—*Our Little Ones.*

THE STORY OF A SCAR.

"You promised to tell us some time how you got that scar on your forehead, uncle."

Yes, boys, but the story is so little to my credit that I have felt rather inclined to put it off. However, I'll tell it now: perhaps it may do you good—perhaps not.

They do say all boys quarrel. If that is so I don't see *why* it should be so. No good comes of it, but harm very often. I don't believe all boys do, but my brother George and I did, or I should not now be telling you how I got that scar.

We lived, you know, on the banks of the Susquehanna. Do you know the meaning of that Indian name is "Winding River?" It is well named, for, besides its greater winding as shown on the map, described by school-boys of my days as "a zig-zag line in the form of the letter N," its whole course is full of the loveliest little curves and bends, some gentle, some abrupt, all beautiful and leading on and on to new beauties. I have heard old travelers say that some of its scenery is unsurpassed by anything in the way of quiet river landscape.

Well, the boys who are so fortunate as to live along such rivers have good times. There is fishing in all its varieties, with line and with net and with outline—you don't know what outline fishing is? We used to take a half-inch rope which would reach, say, half across the river. Along this at intervals of about ten feet were tied pieces of fish-line perhaps two feet long. These were hooked and baited and then one end of the rope, or outline was fastened at the shore to some underground branch or root, the other being anchored as far out in the river as it would reach. There was nothing very sportsmanlike in this style of fishing, but it was by no means poor fun to go in the early morning in a boat along that line (which was put out overnight) and pull up each short line with the chance of finding a perch, "chub," pickerel, or, possibly, but not probably, a bass on the end of it. How good those fish tasted for breakfast!

Another way was to spear the fish, at night, with a fire of pitch-pine knots made in an old dripping-pan mounted on a pole fixed firmly to the side of the boat. I don't know whether boys of to-day use what we did then, a kind of stud which we bought, in the shape of small black shells, like cocoa shells, only larger. These we threw into the river when we first went out; the fish ate them eagerly and they had an intoxicating effect on them, for they would rush and splash about in the water, making it easy for us to find them. I have since thought it was a cruel advantage to take of the poor things who knew no better than to take that into their stomachs which would lead them to ruin—unlike beings blessed with sense—(or, have they sense?) who do the very same thing knowingly!

I did not, in those days, think much of the picturesque feature of this sport, but I well remember the glow on the trees and the gleam on the water. I think we might easily have been taken for some order of ferocious night goblin in the red glare with our formidable spears—

"Ah! was it one of those gave you the scar?"

No, I am coming to that. It came through a much tamer way of fishing. The long bridge which crossed the river near my home was a very old one, the piers being built in the old-fashioned way, not of stone or of heavy open timber work, as we see now-a-days, but more like wooden boxes, pointing, of course, an inclined plane up stream, but having the lower end open. They were partly filled in with loose, rough stone. These piers were favorite resorts for a quiet, unambitious fish when we had nothing more venturesome on hand. We would row out to one of them, get inside and fish as long as we could get good bites, and then move to another.

I must have been about eleven years old and my brother George two years older, when we went one morning out to one of the piers near the middle of the bridge. George had poor luck, and after a while proposed to try some other place. I, however, was having a good many nibbles, and refused. Then he wanted me to exchange poles, but I would not do that either.

"Well," he presently said, "you may stay here if you like, but I shall take the boat and go where I can catch something."

"You may do as you please," I said.

"Do go with me, Ben."

"No—look there." I jerked a sucker out of the water and laid him wriggling on the stones. "No trouble about catching fish here," I added, rather spitefully, as I took him from the hook.

George angrily got in the boat and rowed away, shouting back to me:

"You may get home as you best can."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, old cranky," I answered. I did not mind at all being left, for I knew he would come back for me when he cooled down. I fished for an hour or so when it occurred to me that it would be a good joke to give him a little fright. It would be quite a satisfaction if I could make him think for a little while that I had come to some harm through his leaving me.

I told you the piers were boarded up on the outside. Up near the top of this one a board was gone, decayed away, as I perceived when I got up to it. For I formed the plan of climbing up to this opening and out upon the inclined plane to hide from George, for he could not see me there when he came to look for me. Then I would climb down again when I had enjoyed his alarm and perplexity at not finding me.

No sooner said than done. I found it rather difficult, for the timbers which supported the planking were some distance apart, and very weak with age. I perceived now that the real supports of the bridge consisted of strong timber which had been set up inside, the outside being now a mere useless shell as I found to my cost. For as I climbed through the opening and reached the incline, hard work, for it shelved over a little, the whole thing began to crumble under me—crashing down fifteen feet below, where on one side lay those jagged stones, on the other the deep, swift running water. With a desperate effort I half leaped, half scrambled up close to the outside wall of the bridge, the decayed wood giving way under every step, till I gained a narrow ledge formed of the remained timber. Here I was safe, but here I found I must stay until help came, for there was no sound supports within my reach.

As I sat on this narrow seat with scarcely any rest for my feet, I began to realize that I was in no pleasant position, and looked anxiously about to see what might be my chances of getting out of the trap I had got myself into. Things were not promising. Less than an eighth of a mile above me the great dam stretched itself from shore to shore. Its hollow roar was enough to prevent my voice being heard far in any direction, and to this was added the ceaseless din of the flouring mills, saw-mills and paper mills at either end of it. I could only wait for George to come, but hours passed, during which my cries for help were thrown back to me by the pitiless noise. As I grew cramped and exhausted and dizzy it seemed to wrap itself around me as if to bear me down to the angry waters.

I never have been able to understand how I clung there so long. The afternoon wore away, and as the shadows grew longer I could dimly hear shouting and perceive more movement on shore. Then rays of light shone from down the river—artificial light, I knew. There certainly was unusual excitement about the mills, and as twilight deepened I could just see a boat put out from one of them and come nearly towards me, when it turned down stream.

I called and shouted, but was still unheard. Then I took a quick resolution, born of the extremity of my position. Gathering all my strength in one scream and one leap, I sprang out over the water in the direction of the boat. My forehead struck on one of the zinc-bound oars and the blood streamed over my face as I felt myself seized by friendly arms. Then a balloo went up from my rescuers, which was carried from boat to boat and from bank to bank. I saw that the river was alive with those who were searching for me—it was their lights I had seen.

"Didn't George go back for you, uncle?"

"Yes, but had never thought of looking for me *above* the bridge. After hunting long for me in sore dismay, he had spread the alarm. Poor fellow! he had suffered more than I had."

"But he was the most to blame."

"I don't think so. I have always observed that when boys, or others either, for that matter, get to quarreling there is generally little to choose on either side."—*Chicago Standard.*

Monstrous Fungi.

Visitors to ancient wine-vaults or damp coal-pits are sometimes astonished by the curious fungi which drape the walls with gruesome tapestry; but every instance of this kind is thrown into the shade by the extraordinary growths which have recently been discovered in some of the deserted Mexican silver mines of Nevada. The dank, warm timber galleries and drifts of these old workings abandoned to themselves for years, have silently given birth to a monstrous brood of morbid vegetation, which, apparently, has no parallel in the regions of the sunlight and the upper air. In general they are all of a snowy whiteness, and some of the hooded masses rise up several feet from the ground like sheeted ghosts. Others, in the distance, take the form of bearded goats or sleeping owls. Here great bunches of long, white hair hang down from the roof; and their huge, pulpy masses encumber the floor like brainstone coral. The latter appear to have sprung miraculously from something spilled upon the rocks in past days, while the former seem to have crystallized like hoar-frost from the atmosphere itself. Some of the rounded masses have actually lifted up from the floor blocks of stone weighing ten, fifty, and even 100 pounds to a height of three feet. In the higher levels of the mines, where the air is drier, the fungi are far less bulky than below, and much firmer in texture. The shapes here are, however, more elaborate and beautiful. One kind grows in a twisted spiral like a ram's horn, to a length of five feet, and hangs from the rafters like a trophy of the chase, or rather, like a serpent suspended by the tail. Another sort sends out a stem the thickness of a pencil to a height of one or two feet, where it blossoms into a bulbous knob something like a flower. Nothing like the toad-stool or the common mushroom is to be found, and the wondrous growths have all the aspect of being called into a special being by the peculiarities of their environment.—*Exchange.*

—The Salt Lake *Tribune* declares that polygamous marriages still occur in Utah, and gives the names of several Mormons who increased their number of wives in the Endowment House on one day.