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TRESPASS NOTICES.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE ALL shooting on the Angola, Belleview, Loango and Lake Killarney plantations in this Parish will be considered trespassing, and all offenders prosecuted therefor. S. L. JAMES.

HUNTING OF ANY KIND ON THE AFTON Villa and Layson plantations is hereby prohibited and offenders will be vigorously prosecuted. K. T. CATLETT, Agent.

HUNTING ON THE ROSEDOWN AND Hazlew places, will after this date be considered as trespassing. JAS. P. BOWMAN.

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MY SCHOOLDAYS.

I can not forget them, I can not forget,
Though for ages to come I am doomed to exist;
They're as bright and as fresh in my memory yet,
As the rose blushing red that the sun has just kissed.
It seems like a day past, it seems like a day,
Though really the days have passed on into years,
Since I was a school-boy—and shouts of the play,
The songs and the laughter still ring in my ears.
Oh, the days they were long then, the days they were long,
Like a beautiful song! Like a beautiful song!

The grass then was greener, the sky was more blue,
The birds they sang sweeter high-up on the bough;
And I do not know why, yet indeed it is true,
I believe that the stars then were brighter than now,
And my dreams of the future, ah, how you would smile,
Did you know all the castles I built in the air;
No lamp of Aladdin could ever beguile
Into being such castles, so grand and so fair.
Oh, the future I planned then, the future I planned,
Indeed it was grand! Indeed it was grand!

And the forms of my schoolmates—the happy and lorn—
I see in their places around me once more;
Oh! could I but meet them again in the morn,
Oh! could I but greet them again as of yore.
They have taken their places as women and men,
In the battle of life they are not in the rear;
And one who was dearer than life to me then,
I shall never see here! I shall never see here!
My heart it was lighter, much lighter 'twas then
Than it's since ever been, than its since ever been!

Oh, the battles we fought then, the battles we won
The problems we mastered, 'twas really sublime;
You could tell very easy how well we had done,
By the way we marched up to recite every time.
'Twas much that I knew then of Profit and Shares;
'Twas much that I knew then of Grammar and all,
But 'twas little I knew of life's labor and cares,
'Twas little I knew of life's trouble and toil,
And songs any sweeter never fell from the tongue,
Than the songs that we sung then, the songs that we sung.

And the master, whose voice was a sentence of death,
Or whose words were repeated and treasured for days,
To the culprit who trembled in front of his desk,
By the urchin whose efforts he greeted with praise,
I remember them all, and I think with a smile
Of the punishment cruel inflicted by one
Who seated me on the girl side of the aisle,
Where I tried to diminish when visitors came;
I have not forgot him, nor will I forget,
And I think if I met him I'd punish him yet.

Oh, that very same school-house now stands on the hill,
And the very same bell gives a warning as still,
With the same raft of urchins surrounding it still,
With little bare feet! With little bare feet!
But they're not the same faces, they're not the same forms,
They're not the same voices that ring in my ears;
And I throw down my pen with a feeling forlorn,
Nearly blinded with tears! Nearly blinded with tears!
But perhaps I will meet them, God willing, sometime,
In a far better clime, in a far better clime.

—A. E. VanVelsan, in Good Housekeeping.

HER CORRESPONDENT.

She Makes Running Comments as She Reads.

[Jack's room, with Jack in it. He is tramping up and down, hands in pockets, jacket half off his shoulders, furiously smoking a perfectly empty pipe.]

Jack (savagely soliloquizing between puffs)—Glad I wrote it. Glad I sent it. Glad I've broken with her. Only sorry didn't do it sooner. Flirt. Thorough flirt. Went to see her. Found her going out. With man. Young man. Good-looking. Also stylish. She says she's extremely sorry. But unexpected arrival, and— I flare up. Interrupt. Wish her very good evening. Which means very bad one. Fling off. Lie awake all night. Morning, write letter ending engagement: Post it. Meant to go to Europe instantly. This noon. But thought I'd wait for answer. Wonder if letter's reached her yet? Hope it has. No; I don't. Hope it hasn't. Ethel! (Dashes down pipe, looks at watch.) 3:45, and she'll get it by the five o'clock delivery. Even now I've time to go up there and see her before it comes—time enough. But what do I want to do that for? Haven't I any strength of mind? (Tears off jacket.) Or firmness? (Puts on coat.) Or resolution? (Bathes face and hands, brushes hair.) Or determination? (Hurries into ulster and arctics.) Or a decent amount of self-respecting pride? (Snatches hat.) No; by Jove, I haven't! (Exit, running.)

[Ethel's parlor. Jack, slightly heated and tremendously agitated; to whom enter Ethel.]

Ethel (fondly smiling and not at all conscious)—Why, dear!

Jack (awkwardly)—Ah!—hem!—good afternoon, Miss—Ethel!

Ethel (instantly comprehending)—O Jack! what a foolish, good, blind, quick-tempered stupid you are! You're the most ridiculous being that ever was; and sometimes you try me almost to death, and sometimes you're too funny for any thing. This time you're funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jack (attempting dignity)—May I ask—

Ethel (laughing)—Oh, yes; you may ask—but whether I can get breath enough to answer is another matter—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jack (with a sort of shame-faced haughtiness)—If you can do nothing but jeer at me, I'd better—(moves to go.)

Ethel (pulling him down into the chair)—Don't be silly, Jack. You know you don't mean to go—you're only pretending—and you wouldn't be able to, if you meant it—goose!

Jack (helplessly) — Yes; I know Ethel, it's because I love—

Ethel (delighted at this victory)—Of course it is. That's what you intended to tell me at the very first, wasn't it? (Jack confused.) Well, now, you've told me; I'll tell you something. It was my uncle!

Jack—Eh?

Ethel—Yes; Uncle Joe, just from California. He's papa's younger brother, whom you've never seen—as was quite evident from your behavior—ha, ha, ha, ha! If you'd waited one second, you'd have learned all about it and—

Jack—O Ethel! what a donkey I am! (Seizes her.)

Ethel (unresisting)—Not quite that, but possibly some other kind of big, strong, unreasoning animal—from your actions, I should say a bear. Good old jealous Jack! (Peace breaks out with great violence.)

Servant (entering later)—Th' letters, Miss. (Exit Servant.)

Jack (suddenly recollecting)—Great Heavens!

Ethel (examining letters)—Only one for me. Why, Jack, what ails you? You're absolutely white! Are you ill? You're not? But why do you look so? (Glances at address on envelope). Ah!

Jack (apart)—I'd forgotten all about it!

Ethel (with very piquant air of being mistress of the situation)—Now, whom can this be from? The hand is a man's—very much like yours, Jack. The resemblance is quite strong.

Jack (apart)—What a horrible scrape!

Ethel (leisurely opening letter)—And the envelope's like yours, too—and the paper. (Reads.) "Miss Fay;" Must be from some shop-keeper on business. (Reads.) "When you read these lines I shall be outside of Sandy Hook—" Well, well! What do you think of that, Jack?

Jack (perspiring with agony)—I don't—I can't—

Ethel (thoughtfully)—Do you suppose this person is really where he said he should be when I read these lines?

Jack (wincing)—Merciful powers!

Ethel (resuming)—"—outside of Sandy Hook, never to see you again." At any rate, this isn't from a shopkeeper. (Reads.) "You have tired me out—" I don't know but that it may be, though—(Reads.) "—and I leave you forever—" (Jack groans.) You don't appear interested, and it *is* stuff, I acknowledge. (Jack groans again.) Let's go on, though, just for fun. (Reads.) "—forever, not to remorse—" dear me, I should hope not. (Reads.) "—which you are incapable of feeling—"

Jack (apart)—I wish I were dead!

Ethel (looking hard at him)—My correspondent seems rather severe, doesn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but I do leave you to one who is far my superior, no doubt—" No doubt, truly. Any sane person would be. (Renewed groans from Jack. Ethel continues.) "—in merit as he is in good fortune—" how very Johnsonian and prize-essayish my correspondent is! "—who is, I trust, worthy of your love." Why, he means you, Jack! Now, are you really worthy of my love?

Jack (desperate)—O Ethel! Stop! I—

Ethel (putting her hand on his mouth)—Quiet, Jack! I've not finished reading *my* letter! (Reads.) "—He can not love you more than I—" can't you, Jack?—(reads) "loved you once"—ah, past tense—(reads) "nor less than I love you now—"

Jack (wildly)—Ethel! Please don't!

Ethel (quietly)—My correspondent is just a little wee grain brutal, isn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but you will not care.—" What is your opinion about that, Jack? (Reads.) "Farewell, cruel girl—" do hear my correspondent spout, Jack! "and never think more of—"

Jack (trying to snatch the letter)—I must have it!

Ethel (holding him off and reading)—"Yours —"

Jack—Don't read—oh, don't read the sig—

Ethel—"—most —"

Jack—Don't, oh, don't!

Ethel—"—sincerely"—(tears up letter and throws in grate)—I can't imagine who my correspondent may be—can you—Jack?

Jack (in grateful adoration)—You darling girl! (Second and this time lasting reconciliation. Only, some minutes after —)

Ethel (dreamily) — I'm afraid I'm sorry I destroyed that letter!—Manley H. Pike, in Puck.

Ill-Assorted Guests.

Big dinner parties of ill-assorted guests are failures from a conversationalist point of view. A fireside, or a table, round if possible, and, say, four or half a dozen guests, are sufficient. More will break up into separate knots and fewer mean a tete-a-tete. "I had," says Thoreau, "at Walden three chairs in my house—one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." The hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush. An unhappy husband, living in Portland Place, whose wife inflicted huge parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn condition leaning against the chimney piece. A gentleman came up to him and said: "Sir, as neither of us are acquainted with any of the people here I think we had best go home." Social crowds must not expect the great men among them to talk well. She must have been a most unreasonable person who was disappointed with Napoleon because when a lot of ladies were presented to him he only remarked to each of them how hot it was.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Power of Will.

The influence of a powerful will in arresting or retarding the progress of a disease apparently fatal is one of the most wonderful of all mental phenomena. A person of feeble frame, but of a determined and hopeful spirit, sometimes keeps death at bay for weeks, months, even years, and finally, in defiance of the physicians who have sat in judgment on his case and pronounced it utterly hopeless, recovers and returns to his customary vocations. On the other hand a man of strong physique not unfrequently wilts and dies under a comparatively controllable ailment simply from a lack of the mental energy which enables the strong-willed weakling to repel the destroyer.—N. Y. Ledger.

A FEATHERED PHILOSOPHER.

How the Catbird Has Ceased Its Migratory Habits.

I presume there is not a boy who lives in the country east of the Mississippi river who does not know the common catbird. With most people, it must be admitted, this slate-colored thrush is not at all popular because of its propensity to raid upon early fruit; besides, its cat-like fretting is far removed from music. The fact that the bird can, when it chooses, sing magnificently is generally overlooked; and, as for the matter of a few cherries or strawberries, deny them the fruit if you will, but never destroy the saucy thieves.

As most of us know by observation, catbirds are not with us in winter. The frosts of November send them far south, and they do not return until winter is over. So we all say in New Jersey, at least; but now I can say it no longer. Of late years, in the valley of the Delaware, we have winter catbirds and jolly birds they are. One by one these former migrants have given up the habit and accommodate themselves to their summer haunts under the changed conditions that winter effects. The study of a bird under such circumstances is very delightful. Here are my field notes concerning my first winter catbird.

The day was indescribably dismal; even the wind was fretful and only puffed in icy gusts through the old oaks. The sun skulked behind cold gray clouds, and not even the crows uttered a warning cry as they passed over the woods. There was absolutely nothing to tempt one out of doors, yet I strolled along my favorite path, thinking of other days and seeing what did not then exist, no end of flowers. Suddenly a familiar bird-cry sounded in the smilax tangle near me. Was I dreaming? I listened and again the same peevish plaint of the catbird was heard. Then I turned quickly and hunted for the stranger, and soon found him. It was an odd sight. He was stuffing himself with smilax berries, and between times uttered the familiar cat-like cry. Beyond the fact that it was a novel thing to have the bird here in winter, perhaps nothing can be said. Such would be the case, if I had not followed it up. Berries supplied the food, I saw, and now what of the bird's other habits? Could it withstand the extreme cold of a winter's night, with no other shelter than a cedar tree affords? Curious to determine this, I kept that solitary catbird in view until nearly sundown, when, by mere chance, I saw it fly to a decayed oak and enter a deserted high-hole's nest. To make sure, I went to the tree and pounded upon the trunk. Immediately the catbird appeared and showed some consternation at being so unduly disturbed. I withdrew a short ... snug abode.

That was in January, and all the winter through this catbird haunted the same thicket and roosted in the same hollow tree. Since then, many catbirds have been seen during the winter, and during last winter, at least, had no reason to seek such effective shelter; but will not all agree with me, that the first winter catbird I had ever seen was strictly philosophical?—Charles C. Abbott, in American Agriculturist.

BARREN PINE RIDGE.

The Desolate Home of the Sioux Indians in Dakota.

The Pine Ridge Reservation, the home and center of the recent Indian troubles, lies in an immense rolling basin of nearly four million acres in extent. The surrounding country is smooth and undulating as the sea, with nothing to arrest the eye but endless bare and barren moors. No fence, no tree, no house, no hill, no stream, nor any living thing except, sometimes, far off upon the plain, a herd of Indian ponies, looking up with pointed ears and tossing mane, and wondering with indignation and dismay at the panting iron horse which, belching fire and smoke, traverses their primeval wastes.

These ponies find a meager sustenance along the dried-up river beds, or clip the bleached brown grass on the plains, where it grew perhaps years ago in some rainy season. This unmown hay is called "buffalo grass," and is said to have fine fattening qualities.

In some low-lying prairies the ground is almost swampy, and the grass long, sour, thin, hard like wire and void of nutrition. In these bottoms there is a constant moisture, but no clear water. Among the tufts of reeds and knolls of wiry grass, droves of cattle may be sometimes seen searching for a palatable mouthful.

On these boundless prairies around the reservation any object—a horse, a man, a train—can be seen in the clear air miles and miles away, like a ship far off at sea. The loneliness of these unfrequented plains exceeds the loneliness of the lone sea.

I know nothing which impresses one so deeply with the vast and limitless extent of this mighty country like traveling over these interminable solitudes, or driving, reins in hand, as is often done, with the aid of a compass, sixty or seventy miles a day.

It must have been a savage instinct that led the Sioux to accept or choose, these arid plains for their retreat and final camping-grounds. The buffalo, elk and antelope have vanished from the scene, but settlers and passing trains might be robbed with ease, without any hope of timely aid.

Within the reservation there are frequent deep and sudden gulches and dry river beds, sometimes with scrubby bushes of wild plum and cherry trees about the banks.

Geologically, Dakota is considered the newest land in North America, and, while it was still unformed, the great waves have gone rolling on and on, sometimes breaking into long, white, circular sandy ridges, with uneven, zigzag crests.

To-day, strange as it may seem, it is only on the sides of these low sandy ridges that any trees are to be seen. It is supposed these lands were once all overgrown with forests, but the prairie fires devoured all the trees on the plains, whilst the bare, broken sand on the ridges arrested the fires and preserved the solitary trees on the slopes.

The dark, lonely pines, clinging to the heights, with the white sunlight dancing all around, look very somber, like sentinels of the night, or the shadows of a former age. It is these straggling pines on the ridges that give the name to this reservation.

The Bad Lands lie to the northwest of the Pine Ridge Reservation and extend about one hundred miles in length and fifty miles in breadth.

If there is a region on this earth given over to the fiends for their infernal orgies and demoniac, ghostly dances, it is these notorious Bad Lands.

Imagine here five thousand square miles of broken wilderness, black, barren, bare, devoid of any living thing, studded with innumerable weather-beaten crags, irregular, conical hillocks and rugged plateaus, with abrupt edges of crumbling lava, precipitous canyons, steep gulches of slippery, springy clay, treacherous quagmires, weird and darksome glens, hollows, holes, chasms, dens where robber-bands could hide, defying attack, or, if spied, could turn a ridge, shoot unseen, scamper off and lie in wait again; no road, no path, no visible trail, hardly a green blade or level acre through all this twisting, zig-zag, endless, labyrinthine maze.

The biting winds drift the snows in winter into the ravines and hollows, gorging them full and leaving bare only the tops of the hillocks and pinnacles of crumbling clay, like desert islands, frozen in a sea of snow.

Much of the soil of South Dakota is a peculiar, heavy composition, called gumbo; it is a lead-colored compound of blue clay and sand.

The name gumbo might be suitably derived from gum, for when moistened this soil is as sticky and cohesive as gum, and clings to the wheels and horses' feet till every thing is clogged up and the wheels look as big as the wagon. When dry the soil is hard and tough as hickory wood.

A certain quantity of rain, but neither more nor less, at a certain time in spring and summer, but not sooner and not later, would perhaps produce the requisite amount of moisture to insure good crops.

But the course of clouds and rain is seldom affected by the exact requirements of the farmers of South Dakota, and the requisite quantity of rain, at the proper period of the year, does not choose to fall more than once in every five or ten years.

In the East we are accustomed to ascribe the origin of many of our thunderstorms to Dakota and the Northwest, and rightly so. Almost every night out there it lightens all round the horizon, and the people live in perpetual hopes of rain and plenteous harvests.

But these Dakota lightnings are a pass on to burst in the east in terrific thunder and rain.—Prof. W. C. Robinson, in Golden Days.

THE MEXICAN HEAVEN.

Strange Burial Customs of the Original People.

The ancient Mexican idea of heaven, hell and the after state of souls is extremely curious and interesting. According to their notion souls neither good nor bad, or whose virtues and vices balanced each other, were to enter a medium state of idleness and content. The wicked, or those dying of any of a long list of different modes of death (which list was sacredly kept by the priest), went to Meitlan, a distant hall within the bowels of the earth. The souls of those struck by lightning, or of those dying by any of a given list of diseases, also the souls of children, were transported to a remote elysium, called Tiaocan. The actual heaven was reserved for warriors who fell in battle, for women who died in defense of their children, for those offered as a sacrifice in the temples, and for a few others. After death, according to their belief, the souls passed immediately to the "house of the sun," their chief god, whom they accompanied for a long term of years in his circuit around the sky, honoring him with songs, dances and other forms of revelry. Then, being reanimated in the forms of birds of brilliant plumage, they lived as beautiful songsters among the flowers, among the stars, sometimes on earth, sometimes in heaven.

It was the custom of the original Mexicans to dress the dead in the garb appropriate to the guardian deity of his craft or condition in life. They buried a jug of water with him, and placed small bits of white bark in his hands, which were covered with characters, this last probably his passport to the regions beyond the stars. As soon as one of their number died they made a bonfire of his personal effects—all except the clothes in which he was to be buried—the idea being to warm the soul during its flight through the cold regions of space.—Sioux City Journal.

DUTIES OF A DRUMMER.

His Life Is Not One of Unalloyed Happiness.

"You drummers must have a nice time traveling over the country as you do," said a man the other day to a drummer.

"Yes, of course we do. It is just jolly to go to an average hotel in the country towns, sleep on hard beds and eat tougher victuals than you will find in a miners' or railway construction camp. Why, I was up in Idaho the other week and was laid out at nearly all the sidetracks because of late trains, wrecks, etc. One night I sat up till 4, first waiting for the train, then waiting to get off, and not even a chair in a warm room where I could keep from getting frozen. After daylight I got breakfast, and, being detained till dinner, a friend asked if I was going in to eat. Looking at him, I replied: 'Well, I don't think I have strength enough. It takes a good deal of courage to attack such meals as we get here.' Yes, we drummers have a jolly time in our business, and it don't take much labor to pack and unpack one dozen or so sample trunks at every town. You ought to join our army of drummers if you want to enjoy life."—Arkansaw Traveler.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

These People Are Built By the Realist on the Plan of a Machine.

The hero, in the general sense, is merely the badge of value. He may be evil, like Tito; manly, like Ivanhoe; crazy, like Hamlet, or desolate, like Enoch Arden; but he must be a creation. In him we recognize the fruit of original genius. If he is of our own time we do not find him a familiar personage, living, perhaps, next door to us; yet we acknowledge him without hesitation as genuine. He is the interpretation of some current, universal desire of man. This is the hero of romance. But is it possible to say just what the realist understands a hero to be? In the course of discussion the opponents of romance here appeared unwilling to admit that romance can adapt itself, nay, must adapt itself, to the civilization it addresses, as well as to that which it portrays. The hero must be of his own time, but the novelist must be of the time he addresses—an individual of his own audience. Our realists are abnormally sensitive to the fact that the world has changed since Scott's day; but they seem quite unaware that romance, in the abstract, has not changed. To suit the new order of things they hasten to cast away substance instead of remodeling it. The new hero must not be extraordinary. Why? Simply because Scott's and Shakespeare's heroes were extraordinary. We have come into a new day, they exclaim, therefore we must have a new order of heroes—to-wit: no heroes at all, but just the baker on the corner or the shop woman next door. The point is to prevent the baker and the shop woman from doing any thing interesting, especially any thing noble or thrilling.

In this connection I like to use that word thrilling, it suggests so much in speaking of fiction, and then it is (like a red rag to a bull) such a stimulus to certain critics who live in constant dread of a sensation. The hero and the heroine in fiction are but poor ones if they do not possess the power to thrill the reader; but how much of a thrill shall be permitted is a puzzling question. The low pressure critics will have no thrill at all; indeed they demand depression instead. To effectually secure this they have set up a rule that makes it inartistic to indulge any manner of optimism.

The heroes and heroines of the realists are built on the plan of a machine that disappoints every body but the inventor—a machine that does nothing that is expected of it, nothing that is of any interest or value. Tragedy is unknown to these people. Romeo may die, but his taking off is attended by the odor of medicine and the disgusting details of a physician's report. Juliet rarely dies; she is too much of a philosopher in small matters to be very ... dians.

The view taken by all the masters of fiction, from Shakespeare down to Dumas and Hawthorne, has been that the hero must be an unusual, an extraordinary person; but not an impossible person. Wonder stories must be grouped to themselves outside the limit of novel writing. When we think of a nineteenth century hero or heroine we have a pretty definite idea before us. It is not a steel clad knight and a lady of the olden time that we call up in our imagination; the environment forbids. What we do see, however, is heroic, but in a different sense. The knight and the lady of old romance embody the idea of mediæval civilization; the man and the woman set up by genius are always exponents, never mere photographs. To-day civilization has its forms of heroism and its ideal heroism, its aspiration towards a certain ideal state. No fiction of our time will be lasting if it has not a hero or heroine, or both, that can be accepted as standing for some essential element of this aspiration. To keep faith with the highest motives of current life is realism in the best sense and romanticism in the only worthy sense. Heroism lies in the line of duty and duty grandly done is the keynote of every truly great work of fiction.—Maurice Thompson, in America.

HEARD ELEPHANTS' EARS FLAP.

Strange Sounds in the Mighty Forests of Lower Burmah.

I lately made two shooting trips to the jungles of Lower Burmah, and each time, in the midst of the greatest hardships, the forest scenery had the power to force itself upon the notice as seeming, each day, more and more impressive and magnificent, writes a traveler.

At such times both the silence and the strange sounds of the jungles, each in their different way, combine to affect the sportsman; the occasional weird hootings of the monkeys in the tree-tops; the distant flap, flap of an elephant's ears breaking in upon the perfect stillness as you approach the herd, or perhaps, instead, the penny-trumpet-like squeak which announces its proximity; and, as the day wears on, the stillness suddenly broken in upon by the whirring, and soon almost deafening sound with which with one accord the insects revive after the heat of the afternoon; all these influences combine to produce an effect which those who have not experienced them will find difficult to imagine, and those who have experienced them must find hard to describe.—N. Y. Journal.

He Despised Flattery.

"Now, Jimmy," said a Texas mother to her croupy son, "you just take this ipecac, and I'll say you are the noblest and most intelligent boy in the United States."

"After that I don't think I need the ipecac. What's the use of nauseating me twice?"—Texas Siftings.

—The late Dr. Schliemann was once lecturing at Assos on the subject of the excavations. At the close of the lecture one of the students went up to him, quietly called his attention to a statement he had made, and convinced him of the error of it. "You are right, young man! You are right!" burst forth the doctor, with prompt recognition of the service rendered, "and I will immortalize you in a foot-note."