The Laurens Advertiser.

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My Cottage.

My cottage stands upon a gentle hill,
Where, daisy-studded, slopes a velvet lawn,
And at its foot dances a laughing rill,
Singing its welcome to the summer dawn:
Singing its vesper hymn, as in the west,
Over my lordly neighbor's wooded park,
The royal sun sinks slowly to its rest,
And the stars throb and dazzle through the dark.

Over my cottage, in a tangle rich,
Roses and jessamine and clematis
Climb, filling jealous every little niche,
Fling sweet blossoms to the breeze's kiss;
And all the day the wild birds, winter-fed,
Warble and trill and gurgle 'mid the trees,
While the brave skylark, lost in blue o'erhead,
Pours waves of music o'er the sunny leas.

Inside my cottage memory holds her sway
In pictures, speaking of the loved and lost;
In books, the faithful friends of every day;
In trifles, love engraved at countless cost;
And, singing Time's gay delusive song
Murmurs "The spirit flags, the fire grows cold;
Yet, since both heart and hand have served me long,
Your cottage claims my glamour, as of old."

—All the Year Round.

THE CANDELABRA.

A Birthday Story.

It is surely more blessed to give than to receive. Arthur is decidedly not of that opinion. I would give you his entire name and the name of his friend, the general, but you will readily see why I had better omit them. Arthur is highly discontented. Poor Arthur! The general and the general's wife and Arthur are as much one as the fingers of the hand. Whoever sees one invariably sees one of the other two almost immediately after. But, by a singular chance, one sees Arthur and the general's wife together more frequently than Arthur and the general. It is evident that one must help fortune a little, and then she will smile upon one.

The general's wife is 28. Such a beautiful age! With her intimate acquaintances she answers to the charming name of Genevieve. She had served five years in the great army of married people before she knew Arthur. She was married at 20. Five and three are eight. The last three years may be counted as spent in the reserve corps. As her birthday was near at hand the general took his friend Arthur aside and said to him: "My young friend, if I do not prevent it you may perpetrate the same folly this year that you did last year, by remembering my wife in a senseless extravagant manner. That would be highly disagreeable to me. We are on too friendly terms for me to hesitate to speak my mind plainly to you, are we not? Last year you gave my wife a magnificent vase, set with rubies, valued by connoisseurs at 2,500 francs, at the least. That is too much."

"But my means warrant——"

"Something handsome, but not extravagance."

"I assure you——"

"As an intimate friend of the house you have a right to remember a birthday with the usual conventional politeness by some substantial gift. I consent to that willingly. But I do not understand how it comes that you should repay ten, and the little dinners and suppers you have received at our house."

"And the kindness and affectionate consideration that surround one in your home! Do they count for nothing?"

"My dear boy, that is given freely. You would not wish to pay us for that? But, in a word, I do not wish you to spend more than 300 francs for my wife. That is a responsible amount."

"You put me in a very embarrassing position. Nothing respectable can be had for that amount. It is a beggarly sum."

"Bah! I never spend more for my sister, and what is good enough for her will do for my wife."

"Let me go as high as 600 francs at least."

"No?"

"Five hundred then?"

"No! No!"

"Four hundred and fifty?"

"Four hundred; that is the utmost; if your present costs 450 francs I will return it. If it costs 500 francs, I shall be angry. If it costs more than that, it will be the last of our friendship."

* * * *

Genevieve continually discovered new failings in her husband. She had long had a consuming desire to possess a beautiful little bronze candelabra that cost 1,800 francs. Indeed, her husband carried his authority a little too far. What right had he to meddle with her private matters? Did she trouble herself about the payment of the soldiers in the brigade? No! Then why did he not observe a similar discretion in regard to her affairs? Was she not old enough to decide what she should receive and what refuse? On this ground she paid no attention, but dealt with her friend as if her husband had treated her wishes in the most congenial spirit.

"Do you remember what I said to you last year when you gave me that exquisite little present? 'Dear Arthur, you go beyond all reason.' Those were my very words, were they not? I have been afraid you would repeat that folly, and so I have in view something more modest, that you might present to me if you are bent upon doing something."

"This thoughtfulness was entirely unnecessary. My affection——"

"Your affection needs no proof of that kind."

"Genevieve, O Genevieve!"

"Arthur."

"Tell me what you have in view."

"Well, my friend, after long search, I found at last a little candelabrum at Barbizon's; a candelabrum, mind, and it is a superb piece, Louis XV. style. And, just think, it costs only 1,800 francs. You see my husband's interference was unnecessary. I am reasonable myself; but, if I do not mistake, the general went still further. He fixed the limit for you, did he not?"

"Yes, 400 francs."

"That is certainly modest, but—more than enough."

Arthur declared he would revolt against the general's order, but she would not hear to it. However, he held to his resolution in spite of her opposition. Finally they came to an agreement. It was settled that he should send the candelabrum to his dear Genevieve, but should assert and maintain to the general that it did not cost over 400 francs.

* * * *

When Arthur made his call of congratulation on the birthday of the general's wife he was angrily received by the general.

"You seem to have forgotten our recent conversation entirely."

"Why, what is the matter, general?"

"Ah! And this candelabrum?"

"Well, what of it? Perhaps you don't believe—This candelabrum did not cost a sou over 400 francs."

"Nonsense."

"It is as I tell you. It cost me trouble enough, though, to find them; I swore at you not a little."

"Impossible; where did you rake up such a fabulously cheap thing?"

"At—but it is of no importance."

"It is a pure curiosity—where?"

"At Barbizon's."

"And yet people say that Barbizon is the dearest bronze-dealer in Paris. Four hundred francs? Incredible!"

"You do not doubt my words?"

"So little that within an hour I shall order one like it at Barbizon's. For four weeks I have nearly split my head trying to think of something to buy for my sister's christening anniversary. Now I have it. She will dote on the candelabrum."

* * * *

Arthur entered Barbizon's breathless.

"Sir, yesterday morning you sold me a Louis XV. candelabrum for 1,800 francs. Do you remember me?"

"Certainly, Herr Baron."

"A gentleman is coming to you who wishes to order one like it. You must tell him that you have no more in the store."

"Impossible, sir; we have three for sale."

"How unfortunate! But listen. I have a request. You must render me a little service. A singular circumstance, which I have no time to explain, compelled me to declare to the person that the candelabrum bought here cost only 400 francs."

"And he believed it?"

"Strong reasons—you hear—very strong reasons force me to conceal the truth. If he wishes a similar candelabrum do not charge him more than 20 louis d'or; I will pay the difference."

"That is satisfactory."

* * *

Ten minutes later a gentleman entered the store and wished to buy one of the three candelabra. Faithful to his agreement, Barbizon asked only 400 francs. The purchaser looked very much astonished. "Four hundred francs! Please send me two." Barbizon trembled at this unexpected double order, but he remembered Arthur's anxiety, and wrote down the order in his book. Fifteen minutes later the general entered the shop with his sister. "One of my friends bought a candelabrum of you yesterday. I see you have more of the same kind. My friend told me he paid 400 francs for it. Is that right?"

"Saperlot!" thought the dealer. "I have got myself into a nice fix. The purchaser who was just here was not the baron's man. So much the worse for him. How could I know?"

"Yes, sir," turning to the general after his brief monologue. "It is right. The candelabrum costs 400 francs."

"Wonderful! Very wonderful! Will you have the goodness to send one of them to my sister? She will give you her address."

"Yes," said the lady, much pleased, "and I will take the other two with me into the country."

"The other two, madame? They are sold," replied the Barbizon.

"There is no hurry. I have time. If you can have them in five months it will do. By that time you can get some more."

"We wish to present them to our friends, Herr Barbizon," added the general. "The French industry must be encouraged. You can safely order five or six. I pledge myself to take them."

"But—at that rate the order stands seven candelabra for the Herr General and two for madame. Have I understood you correctly?"

"To make an even amount I will say ten; that makes only 4,000 francs!"

* * * *

Poor Arthur! During the following week he went back and forth between the general's hotel and Barbizon's shop oftener than ever. The orders fairly poured down. The story cost him not less than 35,000 francs.

I do not know whether Genevieve's affection was really worth so much to him or not.—*Translated from the German by Margaret O. Polk.*

Modern surgery has achieved a great triumph in Germany. Eleven years ago Professor Nussbaum, of Munich, took charge of a boy so malformed and crippled that he was obliged to crawl about on all fours. Nine serious operations were performed, four crooked bones were broken, three stiff joints forcibly extended, several sinews cut through and nerves stretched. Weights were then attached to certain muscles, and by means of massage baths, ointments and electricity so much progress was made that in a few years the boy was able to walk erect with the aid of crutches and a special apparatus fastened to his feet. Subsequently he was able to throw away this apparatus and exchange his crutches for a cane, and to-day he is a healthy, vigorous youth, able to walk, dance and ride on horseback.

The French government would like to give the army the privilege of wearing beards, but feels the necessity of first consulting several high military authorities, as the opinions on the subject are contradictory. Meanwhile the press falls back on history, and finds that the conquerors of all ages were about equally divided between the shorn and unshorn.

The great Mexican volcano Popocatepetl has just been remeasured and found to be 17,800 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscured within by sulphurous vapor, is about two and one-half miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire center of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of a ton a day.

Stirrups of solid silver, silver pommel and ornaments worth thousands of dollars may be seen on the saddle of the gaucho, the most picturesque character in the two Americas. Some saddles of the sort weigh as much as the riders, about whose heels rows of silver jingle. The gaucho always carries tobacco, paper, flint and steel, and he rolls his cigarette at full gallop.

FALSE PEARLS.

The Description of the Processes of Manufacture of These Imitation Gems.

The workroom of the pearl-blower, says Sauzay in his "Glass-Making in All Ages," just issued, is most simple. It is composed of a small table about a yard in length, on which is placed a lamp with a large wick. This lamp, fed either with oil or lard, gives a long jet of flame blown by a pair of bellows under the table, which are put in motion with the foot.

On this table are placed tubes of hollow glass of two kinds—some of common glass, which serve for the manufacture of common pearls; the others, of a slightly iridescent tint approaching opal, are only employed for the finer pearls, designated in commerce Oriental pearls.

The secret of the composition of this latter glass, due to the researches of M. Pierreiot, a chemist who died a few years ago, now belongs to the firm of Valez & Co.

BLOWING PEARLS.

The first material being known, let us now seek to understand by what means from a tube of hollow glass, in every respect like those which children use as pea-shooters, the makers succeed, without using any mold, in making pearls of all sorts, from the most common to those which in shape and opalescence imitate perfectly the most splendid pearls of the East. (The only exception to this is for the pearls called flued, which can be done in a mold. As they are now out of fashion, we shall say nothing more about their manufacture, which belongs more to the subject of blown and molded glasses.)

The blower seated at his table has his lamp before him, and at his right hand are placed tubes of about one-third of an inch in diameter and one foot in length. The thickness of the tube to be employed being necessarily in proportion to the size of the pearls to be made, the first labor of the blower is to draw out the tube—that is to say, to increase its length by diminishing its thickness.

When the tube is made of the size desired he breaks it in fragments of from four to six inches; afterward he takes one of these and brings one end of it to the lamp. As soon as the glass begins to melt he blows gently through the tube, which, although drawn out, has always preserved its internal bore, and, the air soon dilating the heated extremity, a ball appears. It is this ball that is to become a pearl, but it is still only in a rudimentary state. Three operations are necessary to make it a pearl.

First, the piercing of two holes for round pearls intended to form a necklace, or of a single one if they are round or pear-shaped, to be set either for necklaces or earrings, or for buttons or pins, etc.

Second, to give the form, round or pear-shaped.

Third, the interior coloring.

The double piercing, indispensable for the cord to pass through which unites the pearls and forms a necklace, is done at the moment when the spherical glass adhering to the tube is still ductile. The first hole is made in the lower part of the pearl by the breath only of the workman, and the second is naturally formed by the opening to the tube when the pearl is separated from it by means of a light blow.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.

This work is required in the preparation of all beads; but, before passing on, we would call the attention of the reader, and especially of ladies, to one kind—we mean Oriental pearls, which, as their name indicates, must be the most exact imitation possible of those produced by Nature.

Although made in exactly the same manner as the most ordinary beads, these pearls are yet distinguished from them, not only by the employment of opalescent glass, but still more by the care the blower takes in their formation, as well as by the different coloring they receive in the interior.

As for the shape, every one knows how rare it is to find a pearl without defect, and defects not in material but in form, and still more in color. A single example will suffice to show how difficult it is to find many pearls almost alike in form and tint. The pearl necklace belonging to the ex-Empress of the French is composed of only thirty-three pearls, and, in order to complete this limited number, it is scarcely possible to believe that, after having chosen from among all the most perfect ones French merchants could offer, it was necessary to have recourse to those of England.

The work of the blower being, as we have said, to imitate nature as much as possible, his talent consists not only in destroying the exact regularity obtained by the blowing, but also in producing on the false pearl the defects usually found in natural ones. This work requires much practice, and is only the fruit of long observation. The good blower, the artist, should be sufficiently acquainted with natural pearls to execute on his own only the defects which may increase the value of his work by skillfully prepared reflections. To obtain this important result, the blower, profiting by the moment when the pearl still adheres to the tube, takes a very small iron palet, with which he strikes lightly certain parts of the small malleable pearl, and it is only by this last operation, which places here a protuberance, there a flattening, both almost imperceptible, that he succeeds in producing a pearl which, losing its mathematical regularity, becomes the perfect imitation of nature.

There the work of the blower ceases; for it is then that the pearls—which, it should be remarked, are still only objects in colorless glass—are to pass into the hands of workwomen charged to color each of them. But, before dismissing the blower, we must be allowed to go a little into statistics. The reader, however, need not be alarmed; we shall be very brief. We merely wish to say that a good workman can make 300 pearls in a day, and is paid from 2s to 2s 6d the hundred.

COLORING OF FALSE PEARLS.

Although the work of coloring of which we are about to speak is the same for all pearls, it will be easily understood that, since pearls are divided into ordinary and Oriental pearls, it is necessary to have two sets of workpeople. This labor is generally intrusted to women—some specially employed in coloring the common, and others the finer, pearls.

We shall only occupy ourselves with the work of the latter, which, we repeat, merely differs from that of the other from its greater finish.

Each workwoman has before her a series of small compartments, containing altogether several thousand pearls, arranged so that each of them should present the side having the orifice pierced by the blower.

Before introducing the coloring substance, which would be too easily detached from the glass if it were not by some means more firmly fixed, every pearl has to receive inside a very light coating of a glue which is perfectly colorless, being made from parchment. This layer being equally spread over the interior of every pearl, the workwoman takes advantage of the moment when the glue is still damp and begins the work of coloring, properly so called.

After having taken up the thin and hollow tube, and soaking it in the bleak paste, the workwoman introduces a certain quantity into each of the pearls by her breath; and would you know how many she must do in a day to enable her to earn the modest sum of from 2s 7d to 3s 4d? Forty thousand! For every thousand glued and filled with the paste is only paid at the rate of about one penny.

Colored beads are done in exactly the same way; but, instead of the bleak paste, a paste of the color desired is blown into them.

Mountaineer Trout.

Not long since I followed one of these dashing trout-streams from the valley up the mountain.

Nature seemed to have done her best to protect the little fishes that lived in the dark deep pools and eddies. The higher I climbed up the mountain, the more fish I found; the stream became a succession of falls, some of which were three feet or more in height—the brook in its track forming steps down the mountain—and I began to wonder how the fish came to be up there.

In the village, I chanced to mention the subject to a friend who owned a mill on the same stream; and he told me that the fishes' ascent was a puzzle to him, until one day his boy called him out to the dam, where the riddle was solved. The dam was nearly four feet high, and to relieve the stream, several auger-holes had been bored in it, allowing a small stream of water to jet forcibly out and go splashing down into the clear pool below. As my friend approached the spot, and looked through the bushes, several large-sized trout were moving about under the mimic fall, evidently in great excitement, and darting into it as if enjoying the splash and roar of the water.

Suddenly, one of the fish made a quick rush that sent it up the falling stream, so that it almost gained the top; but by an unlucky turn it was caught and thrown back into the pool, where it darted away, evidently much startled.

Soon another made the attempt, darting at it like the first, and then rapidly swimming up the fall, but only to meet the fate of its predecessor. This was tried a number of times, until finally, a trout larger than the others made a dash, mounted the stream, and entered the round hole. The observers were almost ready to clap their hands, but it was not successful yet. As the water stopped flowing for a moment, they saw that though the athletic trout had surmounted the fall, the hole was too small for it to pass through, and there the poor fish was lodged. The lookers-on hastened to relieve it, and found that its side or pectoral fins were caught in the wood, but by pushing the fish ahead, which you may be sure they did, they liberated it, and it darted away into the upper pond.

Here, then, was the explanation. The trout climbed the mountain by swimming up the falls, darting up the foaming masses, and adopting every expedient to accomplish their journey. For these fish deposit their eggs high up stream, so that the young fry, when hatched, may not be disturbed by predatory fish and other foes living in the lower waters.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

A Born Drummer.

"Do you think you are fitted to become a canvasser, Walter?"

"I do."

"Well, suppose you were calling on a customer, should you consider it a hint to leave if he ordered you to clear out of the room?"

"I should consider that an invitation to remain."

"Suppose he kicked you down-stairs?"

"I should regard that as a pleasant introduction."

"What should you regard as a hint to leave?"

"I will tell you from my own experience. Last winter, wishing to study Greek, and having no money, I cast to remain at the Presbyterian hospital as an invalid. As ill-luck would have it I grew so fat in a fortnight that, groan as loud as I would, they told me to leave. I only clung the closer to my berth. The good doctors then kicked me out of the door, but I climbed back though the window. At length they told me that all the beds were taken, and that I must sleep in the dissecting-room. I slept like a top for a week. But one day a drunken student came into the room brandishing a huge knife, and cried out: 'Where's that new subject?' I lay still till he had thrust his knife two or three inches into my side. Then, fearing that all my members would secede unless I did something desperate, I cried out 'I take the hint,' and skipped."

A correspondent writes: I noticed in the *Evening Post* of Nov. 2 a specimen of German translation which brought to my mind a sentence I took from an old German grammar some time ago, which perhaps may be new to you: "A blind-become hen, who to the scratching accustomed was, after that she blind became ceased not to scratch. Of what to the poor fool availed it? Another seeing hen, who her tender feet wished to spare, this observing, yielded not from her side; and as often as the blind-become hen a grain upscratched had, ate it the seeing one away."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Facts of Interest, Gathered from Various Quarters.

—Bread riots are occurring near Quebec.

—Crime is on the increase in New York.

—A revolution has broken out in Uruguay.

—The Socialists in Europe are urging revolution.

The car drivers of the Fourth avenue line in New York are on a strike.

John Dillon declares that an Irish Parliament is a thing of the near future.

—There are said to be 150 houses tenantless in Chicago because they are said to be haunted.

—It is understood that the telephone suits will be brought to trial in Columbus, Ohio, before a jury.

It is estimated that the depredations of British sparrows in England last year will reach $4,000,000.

—The breaking up of the ice gorges at the North will cause the loss of thousands of dollars worth of property.

—A steam velocipede has been invented in Switzerland which attains a speed of 12½ miles an hour.

—Business is quite brisk in Savannah in nearly all lines of trade, wholesale merchants being as busy as bees.

—Riots have occurred in Leicester and Yarmouth, England. The unemployed workmen are becoming desperate.

—Two Americans have been expelled from Holstein, Prussia, for "having made themselves troublesome to the authorities."

—It is generally believed by the Delaware peach growers that the buds have been almost entirely destroyed by the cold.

—Lula Hunt's magnetism drew $100,000 into her pockets and she is taking an education at Shorter College.

—Sergeiv Ivanhoff, recently arrested by the Russian police, was one of the Nihilists concerned in the murder of Alexander II.

—James Madison Wells, a famous Republican politician of the Reconstruction era of Louisiana, has become old, poor and blind.

—Jefferson and Samuel Ellis, brothers, had a quarrel in Chattanooga, Tenn., when the latter was shot through the head and killed.

—A slight shock of an earthquake was felt along the Tombigbee River, Alabama, on Saturday, but no damage was done.

—Henry Sullivan, colored, was crushed to death between two cars in the Central Railroad freight yard in Augusta on Tuesday.

—Governor Knott, of Kentucky, says the State must have more penitentiary room, and have it at once too, without any more fooling.

—In the Mississippi Legislature on last Saturday, in a contested election for a seat in that body between a negro and a white man, the negro was seated.

—Geo. Robinson and S. J. James, colored desperadoes, were hanged in Louisiana on Thursday—one at Monroe and the other at Beauregard.

—John B. Gough, the renowned temperance advocate, was struck with paralysis in Philadelphia, while lecturing last week, and his condition is considered serious.

—During the Presidential reception on Friday night, Mrs. ex-Governor Groome, of Maryland, lost a valuable diamond earring. It was not recovered.

—Two colored convicts were killed and others severely injured by the explosion of a blast on the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, on the 15th inst.

—John Halford, his wife, sister and four children, of St. Legar, Mo., were caught in a heavy snow storm and so badly frozen that their lives are despaired of.

—The great McCormick reaper works at Chicago closed down last week and 1,400 employés are idle. A strike was threatened unless five non-union men were dismissed.

—James A Deland, of New York, aged thirty-five years, Superintendent of the Boston Art Club, shot himself at the club-room, dying instantly. He leaves a widow and seven children.

—Two miners, Perry and Gleason, had a difficulty in Red Cliff, Colorado, and the latter was killed. A mob afterwards took the murderer from the Sheriff and hung him from a railroad water tank.

—A revoluntionary conspiracy, with ramifications in Barcelona, Malaga, Cardova and Seville, has been discovered in Madrid. A quantity of dynamite, revolvers, etc., was captured.

—James Ehle, his wife, father and three children and Mrs. Kinney perished in their burnt residence in Greenbush, Wis., The hired man escaped, and he is suspected of setting fire to the building.

—A drunken brute told Mrs. Martha Johnson, of Pownal, Vt., a lady 75 years old, that her son had dropped dead in the street. The story was untrue. The old lady went into convulsions and soon died from the shock.

—It is a notable fact that on Monday before last the period of mourning in the army prescribed for the late Gen. Grant ceased and, on Tuesday came orders to put on badges of mourning for Gen. Hancock, who had died that day.

—John Ahearn, who was convicted of bigamy in Scranton, Penn, and sentenced to eighteen months in the Eastern Penitentiary, died on the train while on his way to Philadelphia with eight other convicts in the custody of the Sheriff.

—At Atlanta eight sat down to a quiet game of poker Saturday night in a private room. Before the game wound up on Sunday morning $1,400 had been lost. One actor lost $200 and another showman $250. Three drummer boys scooped in all the money.

GEESE.

Interesting Habits of an Interesting Bird—Their Utility as a Barometer.

One of the unchallenged declarations of the gospel of our New England folklore, as applied to the changes of the seasons, says the Hartford *Times*, is the saying that when several flocks of wild geese are seen heading southward in the late fall it is a sure sign of speedily coming cold weather, and it is apt to be so. It was the belief of our forefathers, as it is of their descendants, that the spring and autumn migrations of these great birds unerringly heralded the real change of the seasons—the former proclaiming the approach of spring weather and the latter the coming down of the northern winter. The Canada goose is credited with the character of a weather prophet, a part which, it must be admitted, he sustains more creditably than some of the weather prophets among those other geese who, without wings or its intelligent forewarning instinct, continue to put forth their meteorological predictions for each coming year. For the flocks of wild geese, in their last and heaviest southward migration, do undoubtedly foretell the rapid coming of wintry weather. True, they begin that long southward journey, many of them, in scattered, earlier flocks that are seen at intervals in some years all through the month of October, but the later and larger companies generally come sweeping down from the far north through the cold and leaden skies of late November. Wilson, the ornithologist, says of this bird: "Their first arrival on the coast of New Jersey is early in October; and their first numerous appearance is the sure prognostic of severe weather."

How far do they go in seeking a nesting-place by the shores of the northern seas? And how long or how far, in their return southward, do they fly in a single day? Ornithologists tell us that the wild goose (*Anser Canadensis*), as the rule, "breeds in the most northern portion of the continent," passing the season of incubation beyond the boundaries of the United States, and generally along the cold shores of northern Labrador, of Hudson's bay, of southwestern Greenland, and the shores of both sides of Baffin's bay, almost on the edge of the unending ice and snow. Instances of its breeding on the New England coasts (it is said, at Martha's Vineyard) have been reported; but such statements seem to need confirmation. Wild geese have a wider range. Their habit is to breed in the far north, though some of them do not go further south, on their return, than the bays and sounds of the North Carolina coasts. How far they fly without resting may be a less easy question to answer. The poet, Bryant, who was a good observer, says:

All day thy wings have found
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near—

which would imply that they fly, day and night, till they reach their resting-place in the "summer land," they seek, and where (the poet continues, addressing the goose) "reeds shall bend, soon, o'er thy sheltered nest." This is probably crediting the wild goose with too great powers of flight. He must, and does, pause at times for rest, food and recreation, in some open water, discerned, from his "star height," beneath him in the land over which he directs his flight; and the best testimony seems to be that that flight never is continued, unless it happens to be under the pressure of very rare circumstances, beyond 24 hours at a time, and generally not much beyond 12. It is true wild geese often do fly in the night; but there is reason to believe that when they do they rest in some river or bay for a few hours during the day. They seem to know, even in the darkest night, when they are over a river. This was shown once in a wild November night of storm and sleet, when a flock of these great birds, finding their wings laden with the ice that froze upon them, descended with great clamor into the Park river in Hartford, just north of the Ford street bridge, where amidst the missiles of the ottachies of the old jail (which stood near the bank) and of other assailants they contrived, with great din of screaming and thundering and diving to clear their wings of ice, and rise again into the night, and go sailing on toward brighter skies.

Their rate of speed varies somewhat under different circumstances, and seems not to be very accurately known. But, though their flight is heavy and laborious, it is generally swift. Watching a flock of forty or fifty of these large waterfowl as they went flying over this city Sunday morning on their journey toward the "land of eation," their motion, as well as their wild gobbling cries, could be distinctly marked. The flock, which was not formed in the customary triangle, but in a great irregular curve, was still led by the old gander, and his deeper note could occasionally be heard amidst the din of the wild, reedy voices of his gabbling flock. He may have been cautioning them to keep well together, and promising a good time ahead if they all kept bravely to the work—and the ladies of the company, as is apt to be the case, were all talking at once, and eagerly giving all sorts of goosy assurances. But the interesting thing to note was the speed of the flock. They swept on through the scowling sky at a tremendous rate; much faster, apparently, than that of the fastest railroad train. In making such an estimate allowance must be made for the absence in the sky of all standards of comparison, like those which, in the shape of hills or cities, or other terrestial objects, afford in the case of the express train some means of realizing its rate of speed. And these loquacious geese swept on like the wind—their long necks stretched out straight ahead, and their gurgling, reedy cries sounding almost continuous.

Those cries, perhaps, only three days before, had blended with the fierce trumpet blasts of the shrill northwester as it swept far and wide over the now frozen wastes along the shores of Hudson's straits—or even, it may be, of the lower part of Baffin's bay; for there seems to be no reason to doubt that these large, strong birds, in their long migratory journey, fleeing from the wintry wrath to come, do really accomplish five hundred to six hundred miles a day. Looking at the great continental flight of the wild goose, one is tempted to apply to him some such hyperbole as that which the enthusiastic Frenchman, Michelet, applied to the frigate-bird. "He sups in Senegal and breakfasts in North America." In a similar spirit it might be said of the wild geese—they take breakfast one day on the shores of Labrador, the next on Long Island sound.

They fly from the realm of cold and darkness. Out of the bleak world of oncoming winter, with its ice, its chill shadow, its piercing blasts, and the reign of nature's death, they speed on and away, flying faster than the wind, and heading over to the land of light and life, where the sun broods bright and warm all day on the still lakes and lagoons of Florida, or the gulf shores of western Louisiana or Texas. What an instinct is that that drives them so unerringly on!—and how fine it would be if we, too, could travel like the continent-sweeping wild goose, and, leaving the northern winter far behind, dart on, almost in a day, to the zone of unending sunshine and warmth!

The late Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, of Kars, when he stood for Marylebone some years ago, was told at an electioneering meeting that he wasn't a workingman. "I don't know exactly what you mean by workingman," was the cheery reply, "but I have worked hard all my life. For several months I groomed my own horse, and, what is more, I ate him afterward."

Some men while fishing in White river, Indiana, one night recently, built a fire, using for a backlog what they thought was a section of a large elm tree. As the fire grew hotter one of the men noticed that the "backlog" kept cracking, and finally burst open, or rather transversely across. Investigation revealed the fact that the "backlog" was bone—a huge femur of a mastodon.

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