

INDIAN SUMMER.

The tranquil river glideth to the sea,
Thro' purple haze the golden sunbeams fall,
The white sails glimmer by us silently—
The hush of dreamland lies over all.

Our spirits live like flowers in the light,
Nor feel nor fear the sting of any pain,
Nor dread the shadows of the coming night,
In peaceful rest we lie; all toil is vain.

Vain are the hopes and fears and doubts of youth,
We dream our lives away, and ask not why,
Vain all our jolly aspirations after truth;
To-day we spend in ease, to-morrow die.

Why should we work when Nature's heart is still?
Why should we strive when Nature bids us rest?

We let her influence sweet our being fill,
Hushed as a child upon the mother's breast.
—Good Company.

The Honor of a Choctaw.

A VERY remarkable story is thus told by the *Musogee Indian Journal*: The execution of Chester Dixon, convicted of murder at the last term of the Circuit Court of the Choctaw Nation, took place Friday at noon in the presence of but a small number of people. Chester Dixon, the murderer, was a young full-blooded Choctaw about seventeen years of age. He was subject to fits, during which he often lost control of himself. He was, aside from this malady, considered rather a bright boy.

Dixon lived with his mother and stepfather about five miles from Atoka. Their nearest neighbors were an Indian known as Washington, and Martha, his wife. One afternoon, about a year ago, Washington returned from Atoka and found that a horrible murder had been committed. The body of his wife lay on the floor of his cabin in ghastly fragments. The head was severed from the body, and several terrible gashes had been inflicted with an ax. The bloody instrument of butchery lay beside the bleeding victim. The alarm was given and it was discovered that Dixon had been seen issuing from the fated house covered with blood. He was arrested, but stoutly denied the killing.

He was tried according to the Choctaw law by a competent jury. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot September 10, at noon. He was allowed to go home from the Court-room, unrestrained except by parole of honor to be at the Court-house at Atoka at the hour appointed for his execution. Choctaw laws provide for no appeal, else his case would have been reconsidered, for after his conviction he was attacked with a fit, which proved conclusively that he was subject to temporary aberrations, during which, it is presumed, he was irresponsible for his actions. His attorney during his trial had not made any such plea, and the sentence of death having been pronounced, it was unalterable.

On Thursday, Dixon came to Atoka with his step-father, for the purpose of ordering his coffin. He had his measure taken and gave the orders for the disposition of his body without the least appearance of concern. On Friday morning about one hundred persons, most of them whites, gathered about the Court-house to witness the execution. Up to within half an hour of the appointed time Dixon had not appeared. Our reporter asked his companion whether there was not some likelihood of the prisoner breaking his parole.

"If he is alive he will be here within ten minutes just as sure as the sun shines."

Hardly had the words been spoken when a murmur of "Here he comes" was heard on all sides, and there rode up a young fellow, slight of build, tall and straight, but rather awkward in his movements. Alighting from his pony, the boy approached a little knot of Indian women who were gathered around a blazing log. Without giving any attention to those around him he sat down by a stump, and hanging down his head, he seemed lost in meditation. Presently a venerable old Indian approached the boy and spoke to him in the Choctaw tongue, bidding him, as the interpreter said, to meet his fate as became a Choctaw brave; to remember that nothing but his life would atone for the life he had taken, and not to make the expiation grudgingly, but to meet his death feeling

that his people had done justice in condemning him.

While the old man was talking Dixon held his head down, but at the conclusion of the speech he looked up, held out his hand, and, in the hearty grasp he gave the old man's hand, seemed to imply that he would not falter, and he never did throughout it all. Several men and women then came up and shook hands with him. He looked up at each one with a glance of recognition, but never spoke a word. At about 11:45 o'clock the Sheriff, Wm. Nelson, brought the doomed boy an entire change of clothing, which he put on. While Dixon was dressing for the grave, eager eyes watched his every motion to discover, if possible, the least evidence of emotion, but he adjusted every button without a sign of tremor. He then sat down on a blanket while his mother combed his hair.

The Sheriff then announced that the time had come. Dixon arose and walked to the spot pointed out by the officer, and stood facing his coffin. His stepfather held his right hand, his cousin supporting him on the left. The same old man who had spoken to Dixon before now made a mark with charcoal upon the boy's breast just over the heart, and spoke a few words of encouragement. The Sheriff then bound a handkerchief over Dixon's eyes, commanded him to kneel, and immediately thereafter beckoned a man who had until then kept out of sight. This was Abner Woods, a cousin of the condemned. Dixon had chosen him to do the shooting. Abner advanced, and, taking his position about five paces from the boy, he leveled his Winchester rifle, took steady aim and fired.

The ball went to the mark. Almost simultaneously with the report of the rifle Dixon fell forward, uttered a groan and died without a struggle. The mother of the dead took charge of the remains, which were buried by a few friends. The entire proceeding passed without a semblance of excitement. Everything was conducted properly and decorously. As contrasted with the civilized mode of punishment the Choctaw method is more humane, more effective, and is more likely to deter others from capital offenses.

The Ladies of Cyprus.

AN American lady recently returned from Cyprus gives some interesting facts concerning the Cypriote women. Two-thirds of them are Greek, and the remainder Turkish, with a sprinkling of Europeans. Beauty is not their strong point—in fact they are fearfully ugly. The Greek ladies are more intelligent than the men, and their handiwork in lace-making, in cotton-spinning, in the manufacture of silk, is often splendid, but they are opposed to the introduction of steam and the modern improvements. The Turkish ladies are inferior to the Greeks, indolent and uneducated, but a cross between the Arab and Turk is extremely intelligent and witty. The Greek women have a French eye for colors; "my Greek maid wore a blue cashmere skirt, a fine black velvet jacket opened in front, with loose sleeves gold embroidered, and under it a white silk chemise—a sort of gauze with a heavy stripe and trimmed with white lace, cut low in the neck, and set off with considerable jewelry," for a Greek woman dresses to be seen, while if a Turkish woman allows her veil to fall and shows herself, her husband is entitled to a divorce. The Turkish married women wear no jewelry; only young ladies wear it, and they marry often at fifteen years of age. Greek women walk out freely in the evening and often with masculine escorts, but Turkish women are never seen in public with a man, nor after sundown. Though the Greek women often talk very agreeably, and are extremely polished in manners, they cannot write their own names, and are unable to read a line. There are plenty of children in Cyprus, and they are treated as if they were dogs. Even when belonging to good families, their hair often is matted, their bodies are dirty, and beaten in a frightful manner by the parents. Yet every father thinks it his duty to provide a house and garden for each of his children—especially for a daughter, and parents frequently relinquish their own home to a daughter who is about to be married.—N. F. Evening Post.

In the great retail stores in Philadelphia pneumatic tubes have been introduced to do the work of cash boys.

The Wild Hog of India.

THOSE who have formed their conception of pig exclusively upon the tame pig of the civilized sty have no adequate idea of the free wild pig of the Indian jungle. Like the North American Indian, the pig is debased by contact with civilization. He becomes cowardly, weak, dirty, and a prey to an inordinate thirst for swill. The distance between the tame Indian of Saratoga, who steals chickens and wallows drunken in the gutter, and the fierce warrior of the Western plains is not greater than that which separates the despised pig of civilization from the wild and fearless quarry of the East Indian pig-sticker. The latter pig, whose spirit has never been broken with pig yokes, and whose moral nature has never been poisoned with swill, is one of the bravest inhabitants of the jungle, and has been known to attack and put to rout the majestic elephant and the ferocious tiger.

The full name of the East Indian pig is *Sus indicus*, though no one except a punctilious scientific person ever calls him by it. Among beginners in the art of pig-sticking he is sometimes magniloquently described as a wild boar—though he is very often a wild sow; but pig-stickers of reputation uniformly call him a pig or a hog. *Sus indicus* often grows to the length of four feet and eight or ten inches, and reaches the height of three feet, or even forty inches, at the shoulder. When full grown his strength is enormous, and in speed he will sometimes rival the fastest Arabian horse. He enters upon existence in a striped state; subsequently he becomes brown; when in the prime of life, he affects a dingy black color; and when old, he is gray and grizzled. At no period can he be honestly called a handsome or a graceful animal, but his courage and tenacity of life demand our respect.

In point of teeth the tame pig has sadly deteriorated. The wild boar of India, which is the type of the barbaric pig of all ages, is armed with long semi-circular tusks. Those in the lower jaw sometimes attain the length of eight or nine inches. They curve outward and upward, and the edges are kept sharp by the pig's constant habit of scouring them against the tusks of the upper jaw. The swiftness and power with which he uses those tusks to carve an enemy are almost incredible. A hunting-dog is frequently cut nearly in two by a single stroke of a boar's tusks, and horses and men are occasionally killed by boars which have become tired of being hunted, and which try to infuse a little variety into the affair by hunting their enemies. When wounded he is an exceedingly dangerous beast to face on foot, unless the hunter is a lawless ruffian who is capable of killing him with a rifle. One can scarcely imagine an Englishman so lost to all sense of decency as to shoot a fox, and next to that crime ranks, in Anglo-Indian estimation, the loathsome outrage of killing a pig by any process except that of pig-sticking.—W. L. Aiden, in *Harper's Magazine*.

How the Ague Affects Colored People.

THE Secretary somewhat proudly announced the receipt of a communication from the National Medical Bureau at Washington asked to be placed on a harmonious footing with the Limekiln Club, and promising to incorporate as much of its proceedings in medical reports as could be brought to bear on any issue. The Bureau further desired information from the Club as to the general effect of fever and ague upon the system of the colored people of the North.

The Chairman of the Committee on Pills and Liver-pads being out of the city, the inquiry was given to the meeting for discussion, in order that an early reply might be forwarded.

Sir Isaac Walpole arose to presume that he had had over a million shakes of the ague, each one followed by more or less fever, and the effect on his system was to make him sad and pensive, and full of thoughts of how his father was kicked to death by an army mule.

Whalebone Howker begged leave to say that he had wrestled with ague in January, July, and all other months in the year. It had grabbed him at high noon and shaken him out of his boots, and it had stolen along his spinal column at midnight and doled him up. It's effect in his case had caused him to run

for office and get laid out by over three thousand votes.

Waydown Bebee hoped none of the Club would charge him with conceit when he said that he was cradled with the ague, learned to creep with the fever, and was brought up alongside of chills and back-ache. What he didn't know about cold shakes no other man need hope to learn. He had been knocked down, dragged out, left for dead and prepared for burial, and yet here he was weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, heels growing long every day, and a prospect of living to be a hundred years old. He had given the subject a great deal of thought, and had arrived at the conclusion that chills and fever served to develop and strengthen all the best traits in a man's character, as well as to support a great number of drug stores and encourage ten thousand doctors.

Several other speakers took the opposite view of the case, and as the discussion waxed warm the President squelched it by referring the whole subject to the Committee on Astronomy, with instructions to report at the earliest moment.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Stork as a Mouser.

A LARGE and handsome whooping stork, says the Council Bluffs *Nonpariel*, can be seen daily strutting around the yard at the residence of Prof. Paige in this city. The elongated bird was purchased by the professor during a visit to Mexico some months since and has become quite tame. Among other food that the stork relishes is a nice fat mouse. Mrs. Paige has a small wire trap in the house, and whenever a mouse happens to wander therein he becomes a sweet morsel for his storkship. The other day Mrs. Paige noticed the bird standing near the barn watching intently at a small hole leading beneath the building. The stork remained in an attitude of watchfulness for nearly half an hour, and Mrs. Paige, becoming curious, concluded to watch and see what followed. Finally she saw a mouse creep into sight from under the barn, and the same instant the intelligent stork pounced down on the mouse and "took him in," killing it first and then eating it. After performing this intelligent feat, the stork resumed his vigilance at the mouse hole, and after watching sharply for over an hour seemed to grow weary of his work or get out of patience, and marching to the house entered the kitchen, and picking up the mouse-trap, from which he had so often been fed, he returned to the barn and set the trap down near the hole, evidently appreciating the use of the trap, and believing that it would catch a mouse for him. If anyone has got a brighter bird than that we would like to hear from it.

Bright Post-Office Clerks.

THE ingenuity of Post-office clerks in reading illegible hieroglyphics, and correcting blunders of direction, deserves to rank among the wonderful feats of human skill. An English periodical gives an amusing instance of this ingenuity. The late Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, carried on so extensive an official correspondence that he wrote many letters in the cars to save time. He was accustomed to date from the place of writing. One such letter, dated "Rail, near Reading," and signed as usual, S. Oxon (Samuel of Oxford) came into the hands of a man who was ignorant of the official rank of the writer, and of his habit of using the cars as a writing-desk. He, therefore, interpreted date and signature in the most literal way, and directed his reply to "S. Oxon, Esq., Rail, near Reading." The Post-office clerks were sharper-witted, and read in the direction more than he had put into it, for the letter, after a delay of only one or two mails, found its way to Bishop Wilberforce's London residence, 61 Eaton Place. There was no red-tape, as in our Post-office, compelling a long journey to Washington, in order to receive a new direction.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE northern magnetic pole of the earth is at present near the Arctic circle on the meridian of Omaha. Hence the needle does not everywhere point to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about seventeen degrees to the east of north, and at Calais, Me., as much to the west.