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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. BETHEL, ME.

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Diagnoses of the lungs and heart a specialty.

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Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.

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Superintending Physician and Operating Surgeon. All interested will please send for Circular. Jan. 1, 77.

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Business by mail promptly attended to. Jan. 1, 77.

D. G. P. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Poetry.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

A Prayer for Guidance.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

By night or day I ask for grace, O God,
For grace to serve thee worthily and right,
I ask thy love, I seek thy guiding light
To lead me on where others faintly tread,
To make my steps tread still on sacred sod,
And come to Canaan's joy from Egypt's night,
O grant me grace like this, O give me sight,
And let my feet with wisdom sure be shod!
My Father, thou art near to men I know,
Art near to all thy children in their need,
And now will teach us where in love to go,
And write upon our hearts life's perfect road;
Thou, Father, hear my soul and grant her peace,
And lead her safe where sins and sorrows cease!

The Gown Test.

He sang a song, he sang it well,
His voice was low and tender,
He sang in praise of her he loved—
A knight, her brave defender.
He vowed by all the gods above
He would the maiden of his choice
Adorned in the gown he wore.
To test his love she thought it well,
Ere her future life she trusted,
She wore next night, a herring gown,
And he got up and dashed.

Selected Story.

INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

"Nothing succeeds like success" means, perhaps, apart from the implied sneer, that acquired impetus sends us forward to new achievements. At any rate, I found it so when I applied the theory to Kate.

It is true that, owing either to something yet unexplained in their nature, or else to the law of contradictions that makes the spark where positive and negative currents meet, women admire brute strength, and make themselves the adoring slaves of those great creatures who are more agglomerations of muscle and adipose, far sooner than of the slender, wiry men of brains. "And very righteously," Kate said, when I charged the fact. "We are all animals, and they are the perfect animal. If they could have brains too, but that would put the earth off her balance—we should have the sons of God among us again."

"Looking on the daughters of men, and finding that they were fair," I said. No wonder, if they were all as fair as Kate, the bony creature, who knew her power, and knowing, dared maintain.

It seemed to me that I had been in despair regarding the indifference of this bony creature since time immortal. In reality it was only about a year since the fact dawned upon me, as she sat in the stern of the boat, her dark hair darker, and all her soft outlines clearly cut upon a tawny evening sky, her cheeks bright with the breeze, her eyes bright with pleasure, that she was the most charming object that ever skimmed the river, and absolutely indispensable to my existence. But I had never once attempted to let her know as much without meeting a rebuff sufficient to make one's blood run cold, and it was in one such instance that I had declared no man could hope for favor with the women of her set who was not the captain of a nine, the driver of a four-in-hand, or a walker against time.

"You are quite mistaken, so far as I am concerned," said Kate. "For my part I don't believe in muscle at all. Samson and Goliath could do nothing worth while if they were on the earth to-day. I don't believe a boat-race, for example, was ever won by brute strength in the world."

"By what then?"

"By science and nervous pluck."

I had occasion to remember Kate's words when a parcel of our fellows came into the office and began discussing the challenge lately sent to our club, the Cheviots, by the Gaths. The Cheviots had become somewhat demoralized by their victories, and were, so to say, lying on their backs. It had been a hot summer, and the club had really done no work at all, now and then some members taking out a party of ladies, or a solitary man enjoying a stretch, but for the most we had contented ourselves by lounging over to the boat-house for a bath, and a gossip and a smoke on the balconies in the sunset. Our best men, those that had won in the previous contests, were one in Europe, one in Australia, and the rest at the land's end, with the exception of Rogers, who was ill. We were certainly in no condition to accept a challenge from the Gaths, yet still less could we refuse one. Holding the champion colors as we did, we could hardly lower them to any, even to the Gaths. The Gaths, indeed, were in splendid trim; there was Converse, an Englishman, who had been stroke of a winning crew at Oxford, a magnificent creature, one hundred and eighty pounds clear muscle, shoulders and chest that would have made Hercules shed tears; there was Dunbar, another young giant, who had beaten professionals at single scull four times; there was—Well, there's no need to go through with them now; it made one's flesh creep to do it then. We hadn't a man left in the club that they couldn't get away with. Realizing the situation, we looked at each other blankly.

"You'll have to get into the boat yourself, Geoffreys," said Harden.

"Not unless I want to sink it."

"I don't see what else we can do."

"We can't do that; we can't afford to

do it. No, we must look about—not in a hurry."

"Oh, come, Geoffreys, you've been lying off long enough!" cried Jersey.

"What do they propose to row for? Hang 'em!"

"Individual prizes."

"Individual prizes! We can't afford to do that, either; it will stick us for a couple of hundred extra—another assessment, and the boat-house just paid for. It can't be done. Row as we always have—row for colors."

"Well, we looked about us, and the end of it was that they came on another day and took me by main force, and the crew was made up—Harden and Rogers, myself and little Jersey; I to pull stroke, little Jersey to steer; and he weighed, maybe, a hundred and sixteen pounds. And that was the most we could offer. The Gaths insisted on their individual prizes. I tell you things looked dark; the whole thing seemed preposterous; and for about a week I didn't dare look a soul in the face.

"So you are going to show the Gaths what we can do," said Kate one day; for the girls whom we were in the habit of taking out on sunset parties and at other times were all ardent Cheviots. There was another club in town—the Jasons—but the girls never seemed to know it.

"Or what we can't," said I.

"Down-hearted? Faint heart never won you a row," she said.

"Nor monstrous conceit either. We can't refuse; we must row—that's all there is to it. Oh, we've no show at all!"

"I won't listen to such talk a moment," cried Kate, stooping to gather her train, and bringing the bright flush to her peachy cheek. "I have waged all my next winter's gloves on the Cheviots, and if you make me lose them—Mr. Geoffreys, if the Cheviots don't win, I don't know that I'll ever speak to you again!"

And off she swept, the laugh on her lips, but a good deal of sparkle in her eye.

"And that too!" I said; and plucked my hands in my pockets with a groan, for of course there was nothing but dead failure before the Cheviots.

"Still, all we can do is our best," said Harden; and we used his remark for a catch word every day probably during the following weeks.

The thing being decided, we ordered a new boat at once, and went into training, messing together, and keeping up each other's spirits by stories of what we had heard of the Gaths' achievements.

We received a little encouragement, however, from the fact that we soon found ourselves pulling remarkably well together; but the Gaths had been pulling well together long enough to feel themselves entitled to challenge us as the champions. "Well, we'll have a champagne supper out of it, anyway," said little Jersey, after we had ruefully contemplated the facts; and we all found ourselves falling back on that compensation. "And we haven't to give up our colors anyway. Individual prizes!—we only lose what we never had," said Harden.

"And reputation and admiration and triumph and glory," said I, "and self-respect and satisfaction and—"

"Oh, shut up, you croaker! I'll tell you one advantage we have over those fellows: we've been going to bed regularly at half past one every night indefinitely, while they've been stupefying their brains with their pillows at curfew, like the animals they are."

"Boys," said I, fearing that if this state of mind continued, our defeat would be our disgrace also, "I lately heard competent authority declare that brute strength never yet won anywhere. If that was all we had, we'd lose this race any way, the Gaths have so much more than their share. Science, gentlemen, tells in the long-run, and where the lion's skin falls short, we must eke it out with the fox's."

"Shakespeare," said little Jersey.

"Just leave that to me," said I, and we'll see what can be done."

Accordingly I had outriggers attached to the shell full four inches longer than any we ever had before. Our oars were the heaviest made, but I had them plugged with handles an extra length.

"A shell with a man in it is a bird," said I, "and the flight of the bird is measured by the comparative length of its wing. That bird of the air whose quills are longest breakfasts in Senegal and dines in America."

Whereat they all began to sing "On mighty pens," but acknowledged the mighty purchase given by the new appliances.

As the time for the race drew nearer, there began to be a good deal of feeling among the Cheviots at large; some of them were on hand every time we took exercise; they saw us into the boat, and they rowed alongside us, encouraging and coaching, till, finding that we really meant business, and were not absolutely going to give the Cheviots away, they contented themselves by spending the most of their time at the boat-house, and by coming over to our quarters to see the animals fed, as Jersey said, and by regarding us altogether much as the Egyptians regarded the sacred bull. Mighty good appetites we brought to our Spartan diet.

"But how those fellows, fresh from Lucullan banquets," said Jersey, again, who was fond of pie, "can sit and see us surrounding that prison fare, and add nothing but chaff, is one of the mysteries

of the dark side of human nature.

"I don't know, Harden," said I, one sunset, at last, "but it seems that this boat is going fast."

"Flying," said Harden.

"Blowing the smoke of blazes," said little Jersey.

"And it seems to me we are in remarkably good form."

"That's so," said Jersey. I feel your fingers on my oar."

"Well, they may beat us, but they'll have to work for it."

I wanted only a week of the day, when a dreadful whisper stole through the club that Rogers was falling off. It was too true; he had trained too fine, and—Job was a joke to him. The whole club turned out in force, and there were a dozen men at one time in our quarters bringing up reinforcements of hot poultices. It was of no use, Rogers had to lie by, and we had to do the best we could again, gnash our teeth, and take Devil for what he was worth in the place. "Give it to him gently," said Harden on the first night; so we pulled at a good but reasonable gait down to the turning-point, rested under the green shadow of the great hills there that fell half across the river, and made it so transparent that we seemed to be swinging in a bubble, the face of the river, far and near, still as a crystal except where our keel had ripped through it, and we went back at a little livelier rate, and Devil was very well pleased with himself. The next day we quickened matters considerably; but on the third, as we stepped in, I said, "Now, Devil, look to yourself," gave the stroke, and we shot away. Before we reached the shadow of the hills Devil was swinging about his seat and rowing all at loose ends.

"Hold hard, old boy!" muttered Jersey behind him. "I'm nearly blown myself, but I'll never say die!" Devil picked himself up for the time, but a moment or two after we turned he cried, or rather gasped, "Gentlemen, it is this way you row, I must get out of this boat. What's more, you don't need me."

"Sick of it?" said Jersey, encouragingly. "So am I. Should like to throw it up myself."

"Ease him off a little, Geoffreys," said Harden; and we came in leisurely. But after one or two days' further labor there was no complaint from Devil. "I'm going to put it through if it breaks things," said he; and he rowed as the rest did—as if he had but one heart in four bodies.

The day before the race the Gaths arrived. Of course we had to receive them, do the honors, and show them the town and the girls and the river. With them came their boat—a swell thing, I can assure you, covered to the nose with linen, and in charge of their own janitor. As we hadn't any designs on their boat, and although expecting them to win, only meant to make them earn their honors, we didn't object to the janitor. But when we went up to the boat-house and saw him sitting there, the picture of gentle pity and complacent contempt for all boatmen in creation but Gaths, we knew what good reason he had for his complacency in the proud possession of his giants, and felt it slightly exasperating.

"How's the water," said I, as we stepped down the slip, for the wind was blowing through the hills in gusts, and there was a good chop on the river.

"Calm's a pond," said he, placidly.

We looked at each other and groaned inwardly—the Gaths had always rowed on the bay, about the same as sea-water, and we had rowed on a smooth island surface; a chop and swell that would annihilate us would be water over which they would skim like so many oiled fish. But we went off quietly, serenading the janitor with "Weel may the boatie row!" as we went. Our new boat had come, and waited for us, outriggers and all, and we had taken her down to a spot secure from observation, and given her a thorough trial. She was a beauty, and from the moment she took water answered to our will not merely like a steed beneath its rider, but as the breath does in one's nostrils. We came in there at the janitor as we had left him. "I say," said I, "and the flight of the bird is measured by the comparative length of its wing. That bird of the air whose quills are longest breakfasts in Senegal and dines in America."

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The first thing that we looked for in the morning was the water; it was as smooth as a baby's cheek, and as rosy in the sunrise that stole over it between the dowy shadows of the steep and woody shores. Later in the forenoon some of the club went to the railway station. I happened to be with them, to meet certain friends of the Gaths who came over for the day, among the rest some wonderfully pretty girls, one of whom I knew Harden would rather have in Jericho than on the boat-house balcony that afternoon to see the Gaths come in best men. Kate and several of her companions were there too—all our acquaintance had made the affair their own, and there was to be a general half-holiday in the town that afternoon.

We strolled along together a little while, showing them our mild lions—the whispering gallery in the church, the cemetery with its flower garden, and things of that gay and festive character generally; for the truth was that we all were a little serious and solemn, as if we felt the shadow of fate. At length, however, old Red whispered that this would never do—there were these lubberly Gaths taking their ease, and we playing the gallant to their girls; so I made my bow, saying that as I had a little work to do by-the-by, I would be excused, and see them later; at which the fair Gath party opened their eyes and began at once to flirt their colors. "A little work? Not a little, if you expect to keep the Gaths in sight!" And, with well-learned surprise, again, "Oh, Mr. Geoffreys, it isn't possible that you are going to row the Gaths?" And then, with a last gay flaunt of the banner: "Well, then, good-by, Mr. Geoffreys; we suppose there'll be nothing left of you to bid us farewell to-night?"

I took Kate's hand a moment, drawing her a little apart, and she walked on with me a few paces. "Vox populi, vox Dei," I said. "You see, Kate, even the dogs would cry whipped if they—"

"Vox, et praeterea nihil," I've heard you call that 'vox populi' a hundred times, and I don't see any thing of the sort, moreover. If you can't whip those great—"

"Goliaths. Goliaths of Gath."

"Your oars are just as much weavers' beams as theirs."

"They don't row with the sun in their faces, Kate, as I do. And the stakes are more to me than those of all the races ever rowed in Christendom. If you mean never to me—"

"Oh, is it there? I had quite forgotten—"

"What! you were not in earnest?"

"Never more so."

"Kate?"

"Well?"

"Give me something to row for, my girl," and I stopped short and looked down at her with the color rising on her lovely cheek.

She glanced up a moment with a searching gaze. "Well," she said, "if you win—No, no, I don't mean that. You have your race to row for, Mr. Geoffreys," she said, with dignity, "and that's enough."

"And if I lose it? It shall be no such ill luck? How am I to know my fate with you, Kate?"

"I will give you a signal."

"How shall I know what it means?"

"You will know."

"I believe you would send a man into a den of lions for your glove."

"I never blamed the woman who did," said Kate, with a gay laugh all at once, because, as I saw, her eyes were actually full of tears, "and I never thought well of the man in that story."

So we parted. Kate's tears—they augured ill. Pitying me—burial before death! A sudden flash of anger swept through me. If she would not give me something to row for, I would give her something to cry for. I would win, or I would break a blood-vessel.

I went to my office for the mail, on the way back to quarters, and found it full of smoke and Cheviots. "Tell us the truth, Geoffreys," they cried. "These Gath people are up here with fists full of money, ready to wager thousands on their crew. Say, shall we take them up?"

"I can't advise you, boys," said I. "They are mighty men. They row to win. I never saw anything so handsome in my life as their morning exercise. No—don't bet on us. We won't disgrace the Cheviots. It'll be a close thing, perhaps, but it's out of the question to suppose we can win for them."

"That's as it may be," cried Brand. "But I've taken the oars of the Philistines to the last dollar in my pocket." And a cheer greeted him that fairly slammed the door behind me as I left, and told what the rest meant to do; and of course it didn't lighten our hearts any to know how they were going to lighten their pockets.

Well, it was a big crowd that lined the shores and the building-tops, that hung along the banks in boats and skiffs, when we went down to the boat-house, and seemed only like one vast animal with its countless eyes and tongues. The balconies were filled with ladies, the stake-boat was set, the tugs were ready to follow us, and such a tumult of excitement as there was in the boat-house nothing but a menagerie just before dining-time could rival; old Red was kicking through the panels of his dressing-room door because he had dropped his key, and young Smythe was taking his hat and smashing every pane in a sash because he couldn't open a window; they were yelling here and running there—the blood of all the Cheviots was up. In the midst of the confusion, there on a heap of sail-cloth under one of the balconies, the Gaths lay stretched at their ease like a nest of young

lions, and as I looked them over I wondered if four as superb gladiators ever fought in a Roman circus. They had a deuced pretty uniform, too, snow-white, with a deep crimson bandkerchief knotted over their heads. "Come up here," I cried, leaning over—"come up and survey the course, and see the crowd, and be introduced to some—"

"Thank you, Geoffreys," answered Converse. "It's very clever of you, Geoffreys, you know; but we're very well as we are." And when time sounded, and they rose and strode down to their boat, I was not surprised at the shouts of admiration that rent the air—in fact, we shouted ourselves. At the very last moment, brandy of course being forbidden, I had given each of my men a gulp of guarana—it might do good, it couldn't do harm; and we were in our own boat unperceived, as it were, under cover of that shout.

I never want to endure another moment like that in which I grasped my oars, waiting for the start, after places were taken. I glanced back at Harden and the rest, and then across at the Gaths—such white, set faces! My pulse stopped for one second; there was a dead silence; then a word, a dip, a bound, a yell—I was all myself again, my heart beat at my oar's blade, my soul went out of me at every stroke, Harden and Devil were one with me, little Jersey steered her to a hair, my dejection had vanished like smoke. I meant to win that race or die. We were side by side, we were creeping on, we gave them our wash, the silt, tremendous stroke seemed to come like our breaths; I heard nothing but one continuous roar along the banks the whole of the way, I saw nothing but those fellows laboring after; and as for them, they never saw us again without turning their heads over their shoulders. As we rounded the bend, to be losing form a moment, although they rallied; and as we entered the quarter, I asked the men if they had anything left to call for.

"A last breath," piped Jersey.

"Let them have it," I cried. And we came in two lengths ahead, in the midst of a deafening tumult, wild women and yelling men, that might have waked the dead.

Of course we paddled aside to let the Gaths enter at the landing first. But as we came up ourselves, eight great arms were reaching out to seize me; powerless to struggle, we were carried up the slip by Gaths and Cheviots together. Just as I passed under the balcony in that triumph, I looked up. There was Kate leaning far over. Upon my word, for that instant, that one instant, I had forgotten that Kate existed. And there she stood with the others, framed in the sunset, her disordered hair gilded like a nimbus, laughing, crying, flushed, lovely, and half divine! As her eye caught mine, she extended her hand impetuously, kissed the spray of flowers she held, and tossed it down to me. It was a spray of orange flowers.

How Mr. Brown Outwitted the CANIBALS.—One of the wealthiest settlers in New Caledonia is a gentleman from Australia—we will call him Mr. Brown—who went there some ten or twelve years ago with but a small capital, and has become enormously rich by raising cattle for the markets of Noumes. Mr. Brown was on his way through the bush from one of his outlying cattle stations to another, when he lost his way entirely; wandered about till near midnight, and then came upon a large native village. Here he was hospitably entertained, well fed and most deferentially treated by the great chief whose village it was—the chief Atai, I think, whom some persons regard as the chief mover and leader of this year's revolt against the French. Atai was all courtesy to his white guest, and when night had fully come, conducted him himself in state to the hut set apart for his night's repose.

Fortunately, Mr. Brown was acquainted with the customs of the country, and, among them, knew the common method of putting an end to travelers, preparatory to feasting upon them. It is as follows:—The traveler is kindly received; nothing occurs to shake his confidence in his host; he is allotted a cabin to himself to sleep in. The native hosts have usually but one opening, which serves as a door and window both. When the traveler is supposed to be well settled in his cabin this entrance is set on fire. Being thatched and made altogether of light wood it burns very readily, and the traveler is cooked as well as killed. Then the feast begins. Being acquainted with these details of New Caledonian life, Mr. Brown knew that the cabin in which the venerable Atai so courteously led him might probably become for him both a tomb and a cooking stove unless his wits could save him. He entered the cabin of the chief, meeting courtesy with courtesy, till they were both fairly within. Then, Brown being in the prime of life and athletic, and Atai old and infirm, the Englishman knew he was more than a match for the savage. He closed the door within the hut, planted his back firmly against it, and sitting thus, with his hand on his revolver and his other weapons ostentatiously displayed, continued his conversation with the chief. The situation remained unchanged throughout the night. A terrible night it was, no doubt, for the Englishman, and almost as bad for the old chief, who again and again requested permission to withdraw, Mr. Brown as frequently declaring he could not part with him—he should not feel safe except in his company. When daylight was fully come, Mr. Brown felt assured that Atai would not venture to allow his people openly to attack an individual so well known in the settlements as himself, and both issuing forth together from the hut, he gladly accepted the escort of a native guide, and was safely conducted to the French settlements, where his adventure was the theme of considerable interest.

A fool and his father's money are soon parted.

Save the Boys.

Do American boys learn trades any more? One would suppose not, if the multitude of purposeless, aimless young men out of employment is any indication. There was a time when the master mechanic had his house filled with hearty, young apprentices, and when the journeyman went from under his roof to set up in life for themselves. To men in middle life the recollections of those far-off times, when the master, his men and boys, formed a strong productive industrial group, seem like the memory of a primitive age. Sons of rich and educated men did not think it beneath them to swing the broad ax in the shipyard, or the sledge-hammer at the anvil. Or they went to sea before the mast, and climbed to the quarter-deck from the fore-castle. In a family of boys, one would be sent to college, one might possibly go into mercantile pursuits, and the others would choose their trades, after many anxious but cheery family councils. Now-a-days the young lads shrink from the irksome confinement of the mechanic's shop. If they cannot go to college, and so while away their youth, they must "go into a store;" anything but work. We do not belittle the vocation of a clerk or salesman, when we say that to be in one of the other of these callings appear to most young men the most comfortable thing. Of all the pursuits which men follow, this seems to require the least preparation. At any rate, the men who are not willing to make themselves useful more naturally turn to the shop of the retail trader than to have any other source of employment. They never have learned a trade. They like to wear good clothes, and keep their hands soft and white.

If they cannot stand behind a counter or desk, or secure political influence sufficient to push them into an office of some sort, they drift aimlessly about, looking for employment which never comes. False ideas of living and extravagant notions are responsible for a good deal of this hopeless misery. Young lads are brought up to consider manual labor degrading, and fond, foolish parents sometimes seem to prefer that their children should go out into the world helpless rather than that they should learn a trade.

A Clergyman's Involuntary Dance.

I have had, said a well-known clergyman, some very dull experiences. Among the most exciting was the one that I will now relate. A well-known merchant was very sick—some thought right unto death. He would see no pastor, nor allow any one to speak to him on the subject of religion. One day he mentioned my name, though he was no acquaintance of mine. He named me two or three times. At length his wife asked him, if he wanted me to call. He hesitated for some time, and then asked his family to send for me. Headed: "Tell him to come right away." I obeyed the summons, was ushered into the sick-chamber, and at once recognized the gentleman as one who had been an occasional bearer in my church. He greeted me with great cordiality, and asked that all should leave the room. He wanted to speak to me privately. His wife left with evident reluctance. The man was so weak that he could with difficulty turn in bed. As soon as the door was closed the patient sprang from his bed, turned the key in the door, seized me with the strength of a giant and said, "Now, we will have a nice dance," clasping me about the body, and he, in his night shirt, commenced to caper round the room, humming, in a low voice, "I and my Father are one, equally in power and glory." He kept his pace for a full hour, till I was nearly dead with exhaustion and fright. He was a wild maniac. Once I attempted to scream. He seized me by the throat. His eyes flashed fire. He said he would brain me if I was not quiet. Round and round he turned, keeping up the refrain: "I and my Father are one, equal in power and glory." Pretending to be pleased, I suggested that we call in some of the family to join us. He caught at the idea. He opened the door to call the household up, I instantly fled down stairs, pursued by the madman. He was arrested, taken to the madhouse, and in twenty-four hours died a raving maniac. I have never since heard those words repeated without being thrown into a cold sweat. I had danced enough that night to last me the balance of my life

