

THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.

NESTLINGS.

O little bird! sing sweet among the leaves.
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest;
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves.

A low refrain, that suits thy music best.
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh.
Four calow nestlings' neath the mother's wing.
So many fashing wings that by and by
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, bird,
sing!

Sing, O my heart! thy calow nestlings sleep.
Safe hidden? neath a gracious folding wing,
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake and soar in beauty. Sing, heart,
sing!

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,
And though thy calow brood thy care require,
Behind the rain-cloud with its trailing pall
Shineth undimmed the gracious golden fire.
Sing on, O bird! nor of the cloud take heed;
For thou art harbor of glorious spring;
And every field is sacred to thy need.
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird,
sing!

Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;
Sing on; for unawares the wind will bring
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing,
heart, sing!

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near,
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough.

With no sweet mate, no nestling, by, to hear
The bubbling song thou singest to thy nest
now.

Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet spring days,
In golden summer, when thy brood takes wing.

Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise,
Because thy work is over? Sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! What if thy birds have flown?
Thou hast the joy of their awakening,
And thousand memories left thee for thine own;

Sing, then, for task accomplished. Sing,
heart, sing!

—Chambers' Journal.

A HIDEOUS TOLL-GATHERER.

In the year 1857, I was mate of the ship *Ellen Bird*, then making her third voyage. It was in the palmy days of the sandal-wood and beeswax trade, and we were at the Island of Timor, anchored at Delhi haven, taking in a cargo.

Sandal wood, so valuable because of its enduring perfume for the manufacture of fancy work-boxes, desks and cabinets, could, at that time, be obtained in considerable quantities in Timor. It grows there as a small timber tree among the mountains of the interior. The natives are hired to take it to the harbor in small logs, carried on the shoulders of two or three men walking together, or upon the backs of their tamed ponies.

When slowly taking in this part of our cargo, log by log, I, as mate of the vessel, was dispatched on a trip inland, to hasten the collection of beeswax. Three of the seamen accompanied me. Some twenty natives of the island also went with us to take up the wild bees' nests, and these were to be paid in goods at the vessel for all the wax they might gather.

For over a week we slept in two bamboo huts set up on posts, with thatched roofs, at a place the natives called the Dardees, twenty or twenty-five miles back from Delhi.

Dardee is the Timorese name for a very curious tree, the roots of which rise out of the ground in a tangled, complicated pyramid to the height of sixty, and even eighty, feet. It is at the top of this vast mass that the real trunk of the tree begins, branching out above in a top almost as thick and extensive as the root. Often these wide-spread and thickly-woven dardee roots inclose an open space at their center, where one may stand directly beneath the great trunk overhead. These root systems are not unfrequently thirty, forty and even fifty feet in diameter, exhibiting a singularly grotesque, gnarled appearance; and where a forest of them stand moderately close together, they present to the eye a most bewildering maze.

But the forests of Timor are, as a rule, by no means dense. Open plots, full of rank, coarse grass and flowers, alternate with the groves of larger trees; and the whole country round about the huts, where we spent our nights, was one great natural apiary. The huts, in fact, were built by bee-hunters, who each year visit the district to get honey and wax.

Much as has been said and written concerning bees, I think the reader will yet find something novel in a brief description of the wild bees of Timor, and the old method by which the natives capture them. These bees (the *apis dorsata*) do not, like the wild bees of America and other countries, build their nests in hollow trees, or clefts in the crags. I was astonished to see hanging to the lower side of some stout branch, far up in the tops of the loftiest trees, a great cone of honey-comb, often four feet in diameter by five feet in length. These combs are so piled and covered in as to resist the weather completely, and are cemented to the branch with a thick, glutinous stump of very tough and compact wax. I estimated the weight of some of these large combs at three hundred pounds.

During the week we were in the forest, we took, I should think, nearly five hundred of these honey-combs. The honey, save what we could eat with our food, was of no use to us, and I have little doubt that thirty or forty thousand pounds of honey were destroyed by us in that one week; for the wax was all that we cared to take.

The first time I saw the natives take a bees' nest, I thought their method of doing it as curious as the nest itself

was odd. This peculiar nest hung from a limb of a tall, straight, smooth-barked eucalyptus tree, seventy-five feet from the ground. The trunk of the tree was a yard or more in diameter. To cut it down would have been several hours' work, even for an experienced woodsman; while to climb it, after the ordinary fashion, would have been out of the question. This is the way Benu, one of the Timor men, set to work. First, he took from his bundle a torch of some resinous wood, and lighted it. This torch he attached to his waist-cloth, or girdle, by means of a string some ten feet long, so that as he climbed up, the slowly burning, but densely smoking, torch would hang beneath him. To his girdle was also hung a chopping-knife, for cutting off the comb from the branch, and a long line, in a coil, for lowering it to the ground. Fola, another of the men, now brought him a strong bush rope, or creeper, some twenty feet long, green and pliable, and freshly cut from a thicket. Benu first passed one end of this creeper round the trunk of the tree, then grasping an end in each hand, leaned back, and setting his feet against the trunk, he began to walk up the tree, holding fast by the bush rope and throwing it up, by a quick jerk, after every second step. It was wonderful to note the skill with which he took advantage of the least roughness, or scar in the bark, to get a hold for the loop, or for his feet. He was not much more than a minute going up sixty feet. All this time, he was almost enveloped in a cloud of smoke from the torch, which seemed to prevent the bees from settling upon his body; which, but for his waist-cloth, was entirely bare and exposed to their stings. Arriving directly beneath the limb to which the comb was suspended, by a dexterous spring he threw himself partly over it, then drawing up his torch, so that its smoke completely enveloped his body, he rested for some moments before creeping out on the branch to cut off the comb. Thousands of the bees were flying about him, and thousands more were clinging in black masses to the outside of the comb. But upon Benu's holding out the torch beneath it, they all rose in a dense cloud, filling the forest with their deep, solemn hum. Defended by the smoke, Benu had in a moment or two more made a double noose of his smaller line round the comb; and then, with a few deft cuts of his chopper, he cleaved off the cone from the limb, and lowered it unbroken to the ground. In three minutes more he had walked down the tree, much as he had walked up, and stood among us, none the worse for his exploit, with the exception of a few stings.

Afterward, I repeatedly saw Fola, Amme, Motuleet and a dozen others of our native squad, climb up for nests in the same way. It was their customary method. Nothing would have induced me to attempt such a feat; nor could any of our sailors be induced or cajoled into attempting it.

A little way out from our huts, on the further side, and just beyond the three dardee trees, there was a rocky gully or gulch, twenty-five or thirty feet in depth, and from forty to fifty feet wide. So steep were its sides, and so tangled with creepers and vines, that to cross it we should have been forced to make a long detour, either below or above, had it not been for a bridge, which nature had provided in the shape of a tree which had fallen across the ravine, spanning it completely from bank to bank. It had been a very large, old tree. The shattered top lay on the side next our huts; and the ends were over-run by a luxuriant wild grape-vine, loaded down with clusters of grapes, the outer skins of which were covered with hair! But their flavor was delicious, though on first putting one in your mouth, the hair gave you a very peculiar sensation. Winding through the top of the tree with the vine, there was a beautiful crown-lily, displaying its glorious festoons of blossoms side by side with the strange hairy grape clusters, so that a most singular and gorgeous effect was produced. The trunk of the tree, which was at least four feet in diameter, offered a perfectly safe bridge across the gully; and for the first four days we were constantly going back and forth on it. It had evidently been used for this purpose, either by men or wild animals, long before our arrival, for the log was worn smooth, apparently, by the many feet that had passed and repassed on it.

Though still tolerably sound and strong, the log was plainly a hollow one; and out near the middle of it there was a hole in the upper side. I noticed this hole the first time I went across, and thought what an ugly thing it would be to step into it when crossing with a load. It must have been not far from a foot and a half in diameter. Several times, while walking over this log, I noticed a strange, sickening odor coming from it, which, though faint, was very nauseating, and once, when standing still for a moment, looking down into the gully beneath it, I saw some bunches of what appeared to be bones wadded together. There were a good many of these lying there among the rank grass, and I concluded that a number of animals had died, or been killed there, and that the peculiar odor came from these.

The fourth evening we were there, just at sun-set, when the natives were coming from bee-hunting, each with his great sack of mashed comb on his head. I suddenly heard a fearful outcry in the direction of this gully.

"Some of 'em have tumbled off'n that log!" Myers, one of the sailors with me, called out, and we all ran from the hut where we were eating supper, to see what had caused so dreadful a shriek.

On coming in sight of the log that spanned the ravine, a strange spectacle presented itself. Dangling from the under side of the log, struggling and shrieking, hung one of the natives—a brother of Benu, named Oati. At the same instant I perceived the folds of a monstrous, mottled snake, rising in great loops above the log, and heard a native who was standing on the farther end of the log, screaming "U'lar le-hai! U'lar le-hai! (Great snake! Great snake!) "Tasahu! tasahu!" (Help! help!) "Come forth, white chief, with your fire gun!"

Without waiting to get my gun, for poor Oati's shrieks were awful to hear, I seized a large handspike lying near, and dashing out on the log, delivered two heavy blows upon the serpent's writhing folds, either of which I feel certain would have broken an ox's back. Feeling these, the monster dropped Oati, whom it had seized by the thigh in its mouth and was holding up by main strength, and rearing its huge, flattened head six or seven feet above the log, looked me full in the face, its great eyes dilated with fury and its tongue licking the air with a strange, hissing sound.

It was a sight to startle the bravest of men. I struck at its head and leaped backward on the log, but lost my footing when close to the bank of the gully, and, slipping off the tree-trunk, went tearing down through the vines to the bottom. The fall did not hurt me much, but I was startled up in vines, and it was some moments before I could struggle out, or even clear away the foliage sufficiently to see whether the great snake was after me or not. I could hear a tremendous shouting and noise, however, and soon the reports of several guns.

The moment I got clear of the lianas, I ran through the bushes and grass, down the bed of the gully; and here I came upon Oati, crawling off on his hands and knees. His thigh was bleeding profusely from several deep, ugly-looking holes, and his ankle was out of joint from the fall.

There was so savage a battle going on above us, that my shouts for assistance were unnoticed. After several efforts I succeeded in throwing Oati's ankle-joint back into place; and then, binding up his leg as best I could, I helped him along to a place where it was possible for us to climb out.

But altogether this had occupied fifteen or twenty minutes; so that the fight which Myers and Benu, Amme, Fola and the rest were making with the "U'lar le-hai" was now for the most part over. The shots had driven the serpent back into the log; whence, according to Oati, it had darted its head out to seize him, as he walked across. Myers was now watching for it—firing whenever it thrust its head out from the hole. He said that he had put two balls clean through its body before it had commenced to slide back into its retreat.

Benu now brought an axe, and in the course of an hour the great log was cut off, close to the bank, and fell down with a loud crash—one end of it—into the gully. It split as it fell, and the body of the python was thrown partly out of the hollow—but the crack closing somewhat again, as the end of the log came to rest on the bottom of the gulch, the great reptile was held fast within it. For awhile it writhed and twisted there, emitting a most horrible odor. Seeing it was caught fast, the natives went down and beat it to death with handspikes. They then cut away the log and let its body fall out.

With my pocket-rule I measured off a ten-foot pole, and when I say that I placed this pole three times along the dead serpent's body, and had still a foot to spare off its tail, perhaps I shall be accused of telling "a snake story;" nevertheless, it's the truth. At the middle, its body was nearly as thick as a man's; and its scales were as large as clam shells. But the most ferocious feature was its great, bony, flattened head, with its huge gaping jaws and great lidless eyes. Its colors were a pale yellow along the belly, shading to coppery hues on its sides, with livid brown and black markings along the back.

There is little doubt that this monstrous creature had long had its lurking-place in the old log; and it made me shudder to think how many times we had all passed back and forth over its head.—*Youth's Companion*.

An Intelligent Horse.

Dr. William H. Murray, the Supervisor of the Sixteenth Ward, is the owner of a gray horse that, at times, seems to be possessed of human reason. This horse is devoted to his master, and it would be next to impossible to steal it in the street, for it will not move after Dr. Murray has left it until he returns and gives it permission. To day the Doctor was driving at a rapid gait down North Pearl street. When opposite the Homeopathic Hospital at Clinton Square a man, who was crossing the street, suddenly became dizzy with the heat and fell down in front of the horse. Stepping carefully over the prostrate form, the horse was suddenly stopped by the Doctor, who pulled the rein the moment he saw the man fall. There lay the man under the horse and between its fore and hind legs. In a moment the animal, apparently understanding the situation, raised itself on its hind feet, and with fore feet in the air backed over the body and away from it. The prostrated stranger arose and went away. If the horse had not been possessed of such intelligence, the stranger would have been run over and badly injured, as his head lay in line with the wheels.—*Albany Times*.

—The Western cyclone blows everything from the farm except the mortgage.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

Our Young Readers.

A LITTLE SAINT.

When grass grows green in spring-time,
And trees are budding gay,
When the breath of bursting lilacs
Mixes sweet the air of May,
When violets fringe the brook-sides,
And cowslips gem the dells,
And tremble mid the mosses
The wind-flowers' slender bells,
When the fragrant lily rises
From its sheltering sheath of green,
In the city's narrow alleys
Saint Emily is seen.
A modest little maiden,
She walks secure from harm;
A basket, flower-laden,
Swings lightly on her arm,
And right and left she scatters,
Alive to bud and grow,
The beauties of the garden,
The treasures of the wood.

When summer days drag slowly,
In languor, heat and pain,
To those who lie in hospital,
Never to rise again,
Dreaming, with fevered longing,
Of sunny courts and fountains,
Where roses hang in clusters,
And honeysuckle blooms,
From out to out, so softly,
Moves dear Saint Emily,
And here a rose she proffers,
And there a bud lays she,
The close abode of sickness
She fills with fragrant bloom;
Her gentle presence passes
Like music through the room;
And many a moaning sufferer
Hushes his sad complaint,
And follows with his weary eyes
The movements of this saint.

When autumn paints the woodlands
With scarlet and with gold,
When the blue-gentian's lids unclose
In frosty meadows cold,
From the little troop of children
That crowd some orphan home,
The joyous shout arises,
"Saint Emily has come!"
An eager little band,
While from the well-stored basket
She fills each outstretched hand
With purple hillside awers,
And wondrous gold-rod,
And all the lingering flowers that love
To dress the autumn sod;

And pallid cheeks flush rosy,
And heavy eyes grow bright,
And little hearts, forlorn and lone,
Stir with a deep delight,
And when the woods are naked,
And flowers no longer blow,
When the green mosses they love so well
Are buried in the snow,
Not quite unknown that presence
To children sick in bed,
Bearing bright wreaths of autumn leaves,
And fragrant herbs rest,
A heaven-sent mission surely,
To cheer the sick and poor
With bounties that the bounteous God
Has stored in his good door—
To gladden little children,
To comfort dying hours,
To bear to wretched hearts and homes
The gospel of the flowers,
What marvel if the blessings
Surround Saint Emily?
What marvel if some loving eyes
In her an angel see?
Yet many a thoughtful boy or girl
As sweet a saint might be.
—*Wide Awake*.

ABOUT SOME NOTED CLOCKS.

Perhaps there are some of my little readers who are, at this very moment, anxiously watching the clock in the dining-room or hall for some happy moment to arrive. Have they ever thought how singular a thing is the measurement of time, or ever wondered about the first inventors of the art?

Perhaps none of them could tell the time of day by the shadow of a tree or a gale, yet just in that way was the sundial invented.

The first on record belonged to King Ahaz, who lived about 712 years B. C. Hour-glasses and water-clocks—or Clepsydres, as they are called—were also invented about this time, and of course you know how King Alfred measured hours, so I will tell you of Charlemagne's clock, which was the first striking-clock on record.

It was sent to him by a King of Persia, and is thus described by an Abbot who saw it:

The dial was composed of twelve doors which represented the hours, each opening at the hour it represented, when out came the same number of little balls, which fell, one by one, on a brass drum. At twelve o'clock, twelve horsemen issued forth, and, marching round the dial, shut all the doors.

Some of you have been to St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, and most of you have seen pictures of it. Well, the first wheel-clock in England was set up in this famous cathedral in the year 1285. It was made by a horologist called Hatholumme, who received a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer each day for keeping it in order. Fifty-eight years after this, it was improved by a man called Waiters, and King Edward the Third ordered a new dial to be made, with two angels pointing to the hours of both day and night.

It was the clock fared for four hundred years we scarcely know, but the clock and cathedral were destroyed by fire in 1666, and the present building, with its magnificent clock, was finished in 1710. The clock is remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels and the fineness of its works. It has two dials, each sixty feet in circumference. The hour numerals are a little over two feet in height. The minute hands are eight and nine feet long, and weigh seventy-five pounds each. The hour-hands are five and six feet long, and weigh forty-four pounds each. The pendulum is sixteen feet long, and its bob weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. It needs winding every eight days, and strikes the hour on a great bell, which bears the following inscription:

"RICHARD PHILLIPS MADE ME, 1716."
The clapper of this bell weighs one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and it can be heard at a distance of twenty-two miles, on a clear day.

Once, during William and Mary's reign, a soldier, called Hatfield, who was on duty upon Windsor Terrace, fell asleep, but he managed to escape punishment by positively averting that he had heard the clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen at the very time when it was said he was slumbering. This was doubted by the court, on account of the great distance between Windsor and St. Paul's; but, while he was under sentence of death, several persons swore that the clock did strike thirteen instead of twelve, which evidence his

Majesty King William accepted, and granted him a pardon, and he lived to be one hundred and two years old.

The bell which Hatfield heard was the "Great Tom" of Westminster, which was granted to St. Paul's in 1698, and is never used now except on the death of one of the Royal family, the Bishop of London or the Lord Mayor.

The hours of St. Paul's clock were struck before 1834 by two figures, which were called "Paul's Jacks," and from which comes the expression, "His Jock o' the Clock," meaning a servant of yours or anybody's time.

The first clock in Westminster was paid for from a fine imposed upon the Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, for reducing a poor man's fine from 13s. 4d. to 6s. 8d. This clock struck hourly, and was intended to remind the Judges of the fate of their brother, and teach lawyers the difference between 13s. 4d. and 6s. 8d. It was built two years after St. Paul's.

About the year 1365, a clock-tower of stone was erected in the court-yard, opposite the palace, or hall, and the old clock removed there; but the clock and tower were destroyed by the Roundhead Mob, in 1662, and continued in a ruinous state for fifty-three years, when it was removed to the side of New Palace Yard, and now, where this famous old clock-house once stood, is a dial inserted in the building, relating the story of the fine imposed upon Chief-Justice Hengham.

The clock now in Westminster was made in 1854. It has four dials, each twenty-two feet in diameter. The figures are gilt, on a blue surface. These dials are said to be the largest in the world. The minute-hand, on account of its great length, velocity, weight and the action of the wind upon it, requires at least twenty times more force to drive it than the hour hand.

It runs for a week, has a pendulum fifteen feet long (which weighs 680 pounds) and all the wheels are of cast iron. It takes two hours to wind, and reports its own time to Greenwich by electric ty.

St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street, London—one of the most curious and historic streets in London—boasted of a clock whose quarters were struck by two giants, or savages, as they were called. They were life-sized, wooden figures, with clubs in their hands, and they struck the quarters of every hour on bells, moving their heads at the same time. They were the pets of cockneys and countrymen, and attracted great crowds. Sir Walter Scott speaks of them in his "Fortunes of Nigel," and Cowper also alludes to them.

The old church was pulled down in 1830, and the Marquis of Hartford bought the old clock and the two famous savages for £210.

The Royal Exchange clock, in London, is perhaps the most remarkable of all. It was made in 1844, and is noted for its accuracy of time as the first Exchange clock was noted for being the worst-kept clock in London.

The old clock had four dials and chimes, which played a tune at three, six, nine and twelve o'clock; on Sunday, the 10th Psalm; Monday, "God save the King;" Tuesday, "The Waterloo March;" Wednesday, "There's nae luck about the house;" Thursday, "See, the conquering hero comes;" Friday, "Life let us cherish;" and Saturday, "The Foot Guards' March."

On January 10, 1838, the Exchange was entirely destroyed by fire, the clock tower alone remaining, the dials indicating the exact time at which the flames reached them—the north at twenty-five minutes past one, and the south, five minutes past five—and the last air played by the chimes at twelve o'clock was, "There's nae luck about the house."

If you should ever go to London, and visit Westminster Abbey, there in the nave you will find two small marble slabs, diamond-shaped, on which is the simple inscription:

"Mr. T. Tompion, R.R. and Mr. G. Graham, 1751."

These men are considered the fathers of clock-making, and were master and pupil, and lie buried together.

Now, my little friends, I hope you will look at your own clock with a great deal more interest and respect.—*Golden Days*.

—The *Troy Times* tells this one: "Mrs. Van Aiken, living near Lake George, was startled one day by the sight of a large rattlesnake making its appearance in her kitchen where she was at work, and, seizing her by the skirt, tried to pull her toward the door. Woman's curiosity at last overcoming her fear, she followed the snake down to the lake, where she was still more horrified to find her little daughter on the point of drowning. Seeing the little one fall into the water, it seems that the snake, with astonishing instinct, crawled to the house to give warning." We would be willing to go fishing with the author of that story and leave it to him to say how much we caught.—*Boston Post*.

—According to a writer in *Nature* the small migratory birds that are unable to perform the flight of 350 miles across the Mediterranean Sea are carried over on the backs of cranes. In the autumn many flocks of cranes may be seen coming from the north with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low and uttering a peculiar cry, as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may be seen flying up to them, while the twittering-voices of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. But for this kind provision of nature, numerous varieties of small birds would become extinct in northern countries, as the cold winters would kill them.