MANY MYTHS OF MANXLAND

Superstitions and Folk Lore of the Fisherman-Farmers of the Isle of Man.

WEIRD REMINDERS OF PAGAN TIMES

Modern Spirits Powerless to Expel the Fairies, Elves and Gnomes—Some Prominent Supernatural Personalities—Particular Omens and Portents.

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DOUGLAS, Isle of Man, Dec. 3.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Few writers ever troubled themselves at all about the Manx people. Those have invariably set them down as "extraordinarily superstitious." Then they have galloped away, leaving the Manxmen in mist and their readers in mystery.

A truer statement regarding these interesting and sturdy people would be that they have emerged from boundless superstition. Everywhere one may go in Manxland are found evidences of that extreme antiquity which so impresses and at times appalls the student in Ireland and Cornwall. Coming to a later though still remote period, one cannot escape the conviction that the first Celts of Ireland and the west of England and the first people of Manxland were not only of common stock, but for centuries were, while pagans, a people of common language, customs and interest.

In the interweaving of paganism and Christianity there was undoubtedly large ecclesiastical sanction entertained toward many of the superstitious practices of the ancient Manx people. Long isolation from the remainder of progressive England and the retention of a distinct language, in which the gospel is still preached, in a few instances precisely as a friend of mine preaches one Gaelic sermon per month in the little old church of Fas na kyle, Strathglass, Scotland, fostered the clan theory of society, and left countless legends, superstitions and customs among this stolid, though singularly impressionable and sentimental people.

But I have gradually come to know that, however grim-visaged the face of the one confiding the wierd assertion of uncanny belief, secretly the masses of the people scout and flout them all, save those of a tender and winsome character. Briefly, the Manx folk today reject the essential slavery of superstitious practices, but universally insinuate on retaining the pleasure of subscribing to the superstitions themselves.

Some Manx Superstitions.

One illustration out of many which could be given will serve to emphasize this conclusion. In olden times it was a universal custom here on retiring on New Year's eve for the family to carefully strew ashes upon the floor, in the expectancy of finding the next morning the impression of a fairy foot. It was religiously believed that the direction of the foot predicted death if toward the door and if toward the fireplace an increase in the household by birth or marriage. The custom is quite as universal at the present time; but the element of terror is wholly eliminated; foot prints are always discovered pointing toward the fireplace and the superstition prevails only in its gentle and kindly aspect to give added zest to the merry holiday time.

In tracing Manx mythology there will be found, precisely as in the Gaelic mythology of Scotland and the Celtic mythology of Ireland, two classes of bugaboo immortals. One of these consisted of imps and demons having the power of taking upon themselves the form of man or woman at will, and by wooing human men or women, and particularly by holding out ravishing promises of immortality, leading them into fatal unions, through which the souls of mortals so deluded were endlessly banished from heaven.

The second class comprised semi-immortals and magicians wholly devoted to druidism and the black art. Whether the latter had existence, or were solely creatures of the imagination, centuries behind them some sort of folk really existed in ancient Manxland. Their wonderful skill in the erection of sepulchral mounds, stone circles and menhirs, and in the making of metal ornaments and delicately formed spear heads, was such as to compel from a less skillful and more warlike people the gradual deification of the mysterious race, and their eventual identification with local phantoms and gods.

Only the Good Natured Sprite Remains.

In the gradual evolution of Manx fairies, whose real origin was in the Finnish sylvans, satyrs and fauns, that portion of its demonology providing impish spirits of a malevolent nature has been largely extirpated. The "man of the hills," the identical fellow found in the Irish and Scottish Highlands, was a wicked fellow indeed. Among the Manx shepherds Snaefell and North Barrule mountains I found a few who still firmly believe in his power for harm; who recognize his voice in the soughing of the winds through the gorges; and, when troubled in conscience, avoid the darkness of night and lead their flocks to the lonelier glens.

The banshee, that fateful mother of grewsome brood in all originally Celtic countries, has given way in Scotland to its host of "guid neibors," or brownies, as mighty a host of good and ill sprites in Ireland, and in Manxland to an intangible army of gnomes, elves and sprites. These in general possess power of rewarding the good and punishing for evil. A Wesleyan clergyman named Corjaine a few years ago undertook to "lay" them by stoutly declaring from his pulpit that he saw them with his own eyes depart in a body from the bay of Douglas in empty rum puncheons, scudding before the wind in the direction of Jamaica. But the "wee people" are safely ensconced in the hearts and traditions of Manxmen and cannot be deported and marooned even by well-meaning clergymen.

One will still find among the Manx fishermen farmers clear traces of exact congeners of the ancient water bulls and horses of the misty north of Scotland lochs. The "tarroo ushtey" is the wild water-bull, and the "glashtin" the furious water-horse of Manxland. The former destroyed cattle, the latter left the sea to chase Manx ponies over the mountain crags to destruction. These have no terrors now for Manxmen; but if ill befalls kine or horses, these creatures of the misty days always return in the fireside banter and gossip.

The Friendly "Phynnodderee."

These folks have one remarkable friend among the elves. He is called the "phynnodderee." For some form of misdemeanor he was banished from elfland and became a satyr with shaggy hair. Those who have seen him assert that he has feet like an elf with a protruding spear-like horn where the fetlocks should be enabling him to scale walls and mountains at will. One good old lady of ninety whom I found among the glens of Sna fel remembers distinctly an encounter with the "phynnodderee" when she was still in her teens. She was "yarded," that is, legally made a servant at a neighboring estate, and was set to carrying peat in a creel by a cruel master.

She was ill unto death, but was driven to her toil relentlessly. One day she came to the bog, but could not return laden. She fell upon the ground and moaned her wish to die. Then the "phynnodderee" appeared. He stood beside her shivering with the cold, and piteously begged her for her tartan to prevent him from freezing. Appalled at the thought of any being suffering more deeply than herself, she instantly complied with his request. Her strength and health at once returned. The next morning all her month's task was found to have been performed by invisible hands. And, better than all, the handsomest tartan in man was found hanging beside her bed—in proof of which she produced a bit of the selfsame plaid, and a handsome one it surely must have been.

This same handy elf possesses the infinite drollery of the Irish dullaghan, who is generally found with his head under his arm, in his pocket, or, where a number are together, flinging it merrily at some other dullaghan, or again engaged with it in games of foot ball. It also possesses the power of numberless devices and disguises of that most exasperatingly impish practical joker of all Irish fairies, the leprachaun, or "the little imp in green." Everywhere in little Manxland where liquor is in and wit is out, where uncouth folly meets with retributive humbling, and in all those sluggish rustic channels of forgivable mischief and merriment where penalties are light as countryside laughter, the kindly, helpful avenging "phynnodderee" is ever ready with a helping hand.

The Gloomy "Moody Dhoo."

One traditional spook which represents the evil genius of dull despair, of dumb inevitability and of rank fatalism glowers through Manx tradition as black and dreadful as the gloom of the halls of Edis. This is the "Moody Dhoo." Tangibly and as crystalized in tradition it took on the form of a huge, voiceless black spaniel which haunted ancient Peel castle, the daring of whose Satanic power by a drunken soldier terminated in the tragic death of the latter, as made famous in fiction and song. Generalized, the "Moody Dhoo" is the sable spirit of loneliness, of impending danger, of irrevocable despair. To a people barren of book lore, impressionable with a thousand misty shadows from the past, whose mental activities are chiefly in contemplation of the saddening sea and the keening voices of mountain winds, some form of a mental "Moody Dhoo" is a logical and inevitable presence.

I have never been able to discover among the peasants of Brittany, of England, Ireland or Scotland, the exact equivalent of a curious sort of elf of darkness which the Manx people still possess. It is called the "shonney-oie," or nightman. He meets certain belated persons along the highway, or in lonely spots, foretelling dismal events with great volubility, but always without personal malevolence. Indeed his hints of impending danger are regarded as invaluable. He provides the only weather bureau the Manx people possess, and on all parts of the coast his weird cry of "howlan, howlan!" foretells an approaching storm.

All evil spirits in Manxland are known under the universal term of "buggane." If the cream fails to "rise," if the crops are poor, if the catch of herrings be worthless, if harm befall the sheep upon the mountains, or the kine and fowls at home, if a love affair goes wrong, or any ill whatever betides for which there is not a present clear and unquestionable explanation, the "buggane" is held responsible. Useless vexation and anxiety are thus dispensed with, and, as a good Manx dame pleasantly explained: "Aw, mon, th' buggane doan't mind aw blame; an' its better n' fast nin t' nachors!"

Fairy Doctor and Hermit.

Fairy doctors and hermits are popular in the little island. In olden times the person and home, usually a cave, of the Manx hermit were so venerated that the person of a mortal enemy was sacred against harm when in a hermit's presence. These canny old heifers are no longer proof against skepticism, but they are well liked by the peasantry who hospitably tolerate them. I have made the acquaintance of several. One was in quite a despondent mood and threatened to leave his vocation forever. He admitted that the countryside people were friendly enough, but the Liverpool holiday excursionists guyed him unmercifully and the Douglas hotel landlords, who had engaged him to unexpectedly appear to tourists in lonely glens, were not prompt about paying his contract stipend of 6 shillings per week.

The "evil eye" is still possible to be cast upon horses and cattle and even upon children in unfrequented places where old superstitions die hardest. Fairies also work mischief in butter and among the fields. There are still those who prepare and sell charms not only to remedy but to ward off such ills. All but the most ignorant of Manxmen regard "fairy doctors" in a jocose spirit if its expression emanates from themselves. But among the best there lingers a genial toleration for all these olden vagaries; and should a foreigner first offer the skeptical allusion, the inherent stubborn resentment to iconoclasm would instantly find expression in something like: "Aw, mon, safe side's no harm's side.

Naturally among a people where folk lore largely takes the place of book lore omens, portents and what might with much exactitude be called "whimsies" are exceedingly frequent among Manxmen. The birds of the island and their habits provide as many of these as among their Irish neighbors with quicker invention and warmer fancy. A raven hovering near a herd of cattle is an unwelcome sign. The plaint of the linnet is associated with the cry of a lost soul. When the robin will not sing in church-yard trees the place is said to be haunted. A fine is still imposed in man if a sea-gull be killed during the fishing season; and the feathers of the poor wren which is so mercilessly hunted here on St. Stephen's day are sold for trifling sums as charms.

Other Omens and Portents.

There is throughout the island an actual dread regarding publicity of weddings. Though all the neighbors may be aware of little details leading up to the ceremony, households directly interested affect the greatest secrecy. Cooking for the feast, dressing and the like, is often done with closely curtained windows at night, and when all is ready the wedding party will mount an open car and gallop away to the nearest church in the gray of morning as though all the witches were after them. But the arrival of the Manx baby brings a host of traditional superstitions, safeguards and ominous portents into immediate activity.

No one must step over it or walk entirely around it, lest it become dwarfed and weazened. Amulets of undyed woolen cord are often were around the mother's neck until the babe is weaned to ward off fevers. Until baptism all babes are quite at the mercy of the fairies. The baby will remain lucky through life if it first handles a spoon with its left hand, but it will come to perfect estate if it shall have repeated tumbles out of its mother's arms, its cradle or bed before it has attained its first birthday.

One of the most winsome of half superstitious customs in Manxland is for the family on stormy nights to retire to rest at a very early hour, so that the good faries may unobserved enter to find shelter and repose. A very ancient tradition that a fairy in the guise of a beautiful woman once bewitched a host of the esle men of the island and then led them bilt over a cliff to their death in the sea, prevails so unyieldingly to this day that a Manx wife or sweetheart will on no occasion precede her husband, lest her character for correct womanly attributes be impugned. The same fairy which established this custom is the one which, in its efforts to escape Manx vengeance, was transformed into a wren and has ever since, on St. Stephen's day, been hunted, stripped of its feathers and beaten to death in countless numbers. The same unaccountable mercilessness toward the wren exists, though

The robin and the wren
Are God's two holy men—

in Ireland. There, in the vicinity of Galway, I have seen the wren hunted on Christmas day, its pitiful remains beribboned and hung to tree branches, the exhibition of which by children before house doors proving an unfailing prompting to the gift of coin or "sweets." EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

An Irish Bull.

An Irish gentleman was entertained by a party of Englishmen at a hotel in a certain town in England, says the Million, when the conversation turned on Irish bulls. The Irish gentleman being a little nettled, said:

"Bulls! bulls! You can't talk about an Irishman without speaking of a bull. You have as many bulls in England as we have. In England you can't put up a sign on a public house without sticking up a bull. In the very street where we are sitting now there are six public houses with signs of bulls."

"Oh, no," said one of the gentlemen, "not so many as that."

"But I tell you there are just so many."

"No, we have counted them, and we know there are not six."

"Well, I will wager the dinner for the company in the same place where we are sitting now, that there are six public houses with signs of bulls on them. There is the 'White Bull,' that's one; the 'Black Bull' is two; the 'Brown Bull' is three; the 'Spotted Bull' is four; the 'Pied Bull' is five."

"Ah, that's all! that's all!"

"No, there's another one."

"Ah, but we know better."

"I tell you there is another one—'Black, 'White,' 'Brown,' 'Spotted,' 'Pied,' and there's the 'Red Cow.'"

"Ha, ha! that's an Irish bull."

"Very well, if the 'Red Cow' is an Irish bull, that makes six, and I've won my wager."

Commissioners at European Exposition awarded premiums to Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne for its delicious bouquet and purity.

FAMOUS TRAIL OF SANTA FE

History of the Path of Civilization in the Southwest.

ENORMOUS PROFITS IN THE EARLY DAYS

Single Caravans Netted Fortunes for Adventurous Traders—Sketch of Life on the Trail—An Interesting Record of Bygone Times.

The opening of what was known for half a century as the "Santa Fe trade" had no definite origin, but was rather the result of accident or the force of circumstances, as is almost every important event. The first European to enter New Mexico territory, and open up commerce with the French territory of Louisiana, was a French creole named Baptiste Leloud. A merchant named William Morrison of Kaskaskia, a city a few miles above the French village of St. Louis, dispatched Leloud to the frontier with a supply of goods to trade with the Indians. He was well received by the Indians at Albuquerque and Santa Fe, and realized a small fortune, but never made any returns to his principal, Morrison, at Kaskaskia. This was in 1762.

The first American to enter these wilds was James Pursley, a Missourian, who came from the French village of St. Louis in 1805, being enroute about eighteen months, spent mostly in trapping on the Osage river. He and his three companions were capsized in the river, losing their hides and peltries, the result of a year's labor. They then engaged in hunting, and were driven by the Sioux Indians into the mountains of Colorado, where he discovered indications of gold about the head waters of the Platte river. He did not stop to prospect for the valuable minerals, as he had no hope of getting into civilization again. However, he soon reached Santa Fe, where he settled, pursuing his trade—carpentering. He was looked upon with suspicion by the Spaniards, and was not permitted to leave the country or to write home. This was due to his imprudence in telling the Spaniards of his discovery of gold, and because he afterwards refused to conduct them to the gold fields. He believed these fields to be within American territory, and so refused the information. Had he done so, New Spain would have reaped the "booms" that were enjoyed by Denver and Leadville nearly three-quarters of a century later.

The First Expedition.

The first organized expedition, the forerunner of the "overland trade," was that under Colonel Meriwether Lewis of Virginia and Captain Jonathan Clark of Kentucky. They had twenty-eight men and an escort of Mandan Indians. They started from the "French village of St. Louis" in May, 1803, ascended the Missouri to its sources, crossed the Rocky mountains, and, reaching the head of the Columbia river, followed it to the Pacific. The second expedition was under Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike in 1805, the discoverer of Pike's Peak, and the second American to enter Santa Fe. About the time of the arrival of his expedition New Mexico was thrown into a state of excitement over rumors of the Aaron Burr conspiracy, and people believed that Pike and his party were invaders and were in the alleged plot to capture this western country. But his mission was to reconnoitre the Spanish frontier and conciliate the Pawnee and Comanche Indians in the interests of the United States. His party consisted of twenty-two men. He built a stockade on what he believed to be American territory and hoisted the American flag. The party were taken captive to Santa Fe as Burr conspirators. As they entered the palace of the governor they were looked upon as "wild Americans," being dressed, or undressed, in moccasins, blanket coats, leggins, buckskin pantaloons, leather coats, foxskin caps, with not a hat in the party. They were taken to Chihuahua, and thence escorted through Coahuila and Texas to Watchitoches, La. In this party was a Dr. Robinson, who had come out especially to collect the money due the merchant Morrison from the treacherous Leloud. The fellow was seen at Santa Fe, but would not disgorge.

Pike's Starts a Rush.

The return of Lieutenant Pike and the published account of his travels in 1810, depicting the beauties and wealth of the country, gave it a second "boom," and led to the actual establishment or beginning of the Santa Fe trade, subsequent immigration and the ultimate conquest of this country. In the same way, 300 years previous, a few adventurous Spaniards, half soldiers and half freebooters, came to this land of the Pueblos in search of wealth. They returned with glowing accounts of a land teeming with abundant harvests filled with diamond mines of fabulous wealth, "and the sands of whose rivers were washed with gold." This led to military expeditions and the ultimate conquest of the country by Spain. The reported immense profits of the traders, hunters and trappers increased the "New Mexico fever," and the migration began. In 1812 the Robert McKnight party left the "town" of St. Louis, coming westward to the Colorado mountains and thence down the Rio Grande to Taos, an Indian village near Santa Fe, and said to be one of the "seven golden cities of Cibola." About this time the Spanish governor, Hidalgo, had interdicted foreign commerce, unless "by special permission." Not having "seen" the governor, the party was arrested on the charge of being spies of the Mexican revolutionists, their goods were confiscated and they were imprisoned at Chihuahua for nine years. Congressman Scott of Missouri made several efforts to have them released, but Secretary Adams' letters to the king of Spain were not even answered. They were released only when the revolutionists gained their independence. They finally returned to St. Louis.

Another party, composed of Auguste P. Chouteau, Julius de Mun and others of St. Louis, was arrested at Santa Fe and robbed of $30,000 worth of goods. They entered suit at St. Louis against the New Mexico authorities, which dragged along until the United States captured this country, and then, perhaps it was dropped from the calendar. Before the Mexican revolution this section of country depended upon Spain for a market. Afterwards it looked to the United States, and the now "old Santa Fe trail" was alive with caravans of goods, valued at from $5,000 to $200,000 each, and both New Mexico and the trades of "the states" waxed wealthy under the more liberal policy of the Iturbide government.

Some Fancy Prices.

The coarsest calico was sold to the Mexicans at $3 a yard, and other goods in proportion. These enormous profits induced other merchants to send their goods to this distant market, and this led to the "innovation" of wagons. Up to 1834-25 goods were transported by pack mules, but now the caravans consisted not only of mules, but of wagons, known as "Dearborn carriages," and drawn by from twelve to sixteen pairs of mules. The common starting point was Independence, Mo. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of mules, oxen were gradually substituted, and, to the surprise of the teamsters, they found that oxen would do equally well, did not kick so much and were cheaper and stronger; so the mules were sent back to the plow fields. The first starting point was from Franklin, Mo., but in about 1830 Independence was chosen as being nearer the western frontier. This was on the direct line of the emigrants to Oregon and of the Rocky mountain traders and trappers.

A description of these caravans, consisting of from twenty-five to 100 wagons, would appear novel in these days of railroads. Each caravan elected a captain, whose authority was never questioned. Each proprietor furnished him with a list of men, wagons, etc. The caravan was divided into divisions of from ten to twenty-five wagons, each in charge of a lieutenant, whose duty it was to inspect the roads ahead, construct bridges, etc. Sentinels stood guard day and night, and, in addition to the usual armament, two or three small cannon were generally carried. The packing of merchandise required no little adeptness and practice. A "Santa Fe assortment" consisted of woolen and cotton goods, silks, hardware, notions, etc. Cotton velvets and domestic cottons were principally in demand. Besides these, provisions were carried for the teamsters, such as bacon, coffee, sugar, etc. The captain gave the command, "All set," and the long, snail like, white covered caravan began moving, usually in parallel columns of three or four, the teamsters cracking their whips, the sound somewhat like the rattle of musketry. At night the wagons were wheeled into a hollow square, serving as a defense against Indians and a "corral" for the stock.

Drummers Ahead.

When the caravan was within 200 miles of Santa Fe "runners" went ahead to notify the natives of their near approach, so that they could have their money in readiness. These "runners" were generally the proprietors or agents of wagon loads of goods. They also had to "fix" the custom house officials at Taos. The caravan was met by a Mexican escort, which accompanied it to Santa Fe, so as to prevent smuggling. As the wagons wended their way down the steep hills to the ancient city of Santa Fe her little brass cannons sent forth a weak salute, the muleteers cheered and there was great excitement and confusion over this extraordinary event. The wagoners spent the days and evenings at the numerous fandangoes, while the merchants were disposing of their stock. Custom house duties were about 100 per cent, and for a few years Governor Armijo exacted a duty of $500 on each wagon load of goods, irrespective of the amount of goods or their value. The merchants then used only the largest wagons, and brought the finest goods. This caused the governor to revise his tariff schedule.

The returning caravans were not so large, many of the wagons being sold. The return cargo consisted of special silver bullion, gold dust, furs, buffalo robes, wool, and Mexican blankets. A wagon load was about 3,000 pounds. The westward trip occupied seventy or eighty days; the home trip about half that time. Among those traders was Captain John A. Sutter, who established himself in business at Santa Fe, in 1836, but, not liking the future of the sleepy city, went to California, where he discovered gold at his "old mill" in 1848.

Government Aid.

The people of Missouri in 1825 got a congressional appropriation of $30,000 for the building of a better wagon road to Santa Fe. Reeves, Matthews and Sibley were the commissioners and I. C. Brown made the survey, but the road was never completed. The first Santa Fe trail was directly westward from Independence to the mountains of Colorado, and thence south to Taos, which is about 175 miles north of Santa Fe. Afterward, as the trade grew, another trail was considerably used—a route which was followed substantially by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. But the favorite "old Santa Fe trail" was that along the Arkansas, thence across to the Cimarron, thence almost in a direct line to Wagon Mound, N. M.—a conspicuous landmark—thence to Las Vegas, San Miguel and Santa Fe.

The scheming Mexicans, at last awaking to the importance of the traffic, attempted to establish an independent trade with Chihuahua, leaving out Santa Fe, but the "opposition line" did not last long. Guiding parties over the Santa Fe trail gave to the famous scout, Kit Carson, his first notoriety—his skill and daring now coming into full play. His first trip was made in 1826. Later A. G. Boone, a grandson of the original Daniel, achieved a record as a guide and friend, if not philosopher, to the pack train. He was an excellent Indian fighter, and understood nearly all of their numerous dialects and languages. As the trade became more valuable troubles with the Indians increased. Murders and outrages became so numerous and frequent that it became necessary for the government to furnish escorts of troops. The escorts were commanded by Major Riley, Captain Whartan and Captain Cooke.

Valuable Caravans.

The merchandise of the pioneer pack train in the Santa Fe trade which entered Santa Fe in 1822, was valued at $15,000. The train consisted of seventy men, of whom sixty were merchants or owners of merchandise. The following year the caravan was smaller, and in the next it was larger, twenty-six wagons being used. The expedition of 1826 consisted of sixty wagons, 100 men and a cargo valued at $90,000. The noted "Arkansas expedition" of 1829 was valued at $250,000, and had 130 wagons and 250 men. The expedition of 1843 was valued at $450,000, had 230 wagons, 250 men, and the cargo was owned by thirty men. It had an escort of government troops.

During this year the wily Santa Anna, president of the Mexican republic, by a peremptory decree closed the custom house at Toas and all the ports of northern Mexico to all commerce. The cargoes had amounted to about $5,000,000 during these years, and upon this valuation the merchants no doubt realized a profit of four or five times that amount. The ports were opened the following year, and the "Santa Fe trade" continued, not being seriously affected by the Mexican war. The caravan of 1846, when Santa Fe was taken by the Americans, consisted of 414 wagons and a cargo valued at $2,000,000. After the war the Santa Fe trail was but a procession of "prairie schooners" loaded with goods for the "Santa Fe trade." With the building of railroads, the point of starting for the caravans was moved further westward, from Independence to Hayes City, to Kansas City, Kit Carson, Granada, La Junta, El Mora, Las Vegas; and finally the railroad occupied the "trail," and the caravans ceased altogether.

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

New York Tribune.

You won't find no man fonder much
Of music sweet than me,
The hummin' of the butterfly
An' of the bumble bee;
The laughter of young children,
An' the shouts of schoolboys gay,
Is music sweet; each 'mongst to chase
The blackest care away.
But there ain't no kind of music
Kin toy ear so quick unlock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at 6 o'clock.

I love to hear the music of
The organ in the church;
An' the robin singing sweetly
On his swayin' hazel perch;
An' the babble of the brooklet
As it ripples 'mong the trees;
An' the soft, angelic whispers
Of the scented evenin' breeze;—
But, b'gosh! there ain't no music
Gives my ear a sweeter shock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at 6 o'clock.

O! I tell you, when a man is
Nigh to three score years and ten,
An' he keeps his shovel movin'
All the day 'gainst younger men;—
When his poor old back is breakin',
An' his head a-whirlin' goes,
An' he feels his heart a-goin'
Downward, downward to his toes,
There's no sweeter kind of music
In all Mother Nature's stock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at 6 o'clock.

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE.

Brown, Jones and Robinson are members of Queen Liliukalani's cabinet.

Governor-elect Lewelling of Kansas was once a mule driver on the Erie canal.

It is given out upon the authority of Henry Villard that Prince Bismarck is interested to the amount of about $50,000 in Milwaukee street railway properties.

An alderman in Eau Claire, Wis., is charged with taking a $500 furnace. Probably had a fire in it at the time.

For a young man just beginning his business career George Gould seems to be getting along swimmingly. He has made about $15,000,000 since his father's death.

The subject of getting the best design for a statue of General John A. Logan, to be erected in Washington, was under consideration last week at the capital, whither General Alger from Michigan went to consult with the other members of the monumental committee.

M. Marinoni, the principal proprietor of the famous Parisian newspaper, Le Petit Journal, which has a circulation of nearly 1,250,000 copies a day, commenced life as a factory lad.

Vice President-elect Stevenson is to be most hospitably entertained by his southern friends during his visit in the end of December. On the 21st a banquet will be given in his honor by the Commercial club of Atlanta, on which occasion he will deliver an address. He has also accepted an invitation to a banquet at Anniston, Ala. He will be accompanied on his trip by Mrs. and Miss Stevenson.

Mrs. Lease has given out a little information about her modest and retiring husband, of whom very little is known. His initials are C. H. and he runs a drug store in Wichita. He does not have to devote much of his time to housework now, as the children are large enough to help themselves.

The little town of De Rayter, Madison county, N. Y., was the birthplace of two men well known in the world of finance and in public life, Lyman J. Gage, the Chicago bank president, and ex-Governor Alonzo B. Cornell. The grandfather of the governor was a manufacturer of red pottery in a district of De Rayter known as Quaker basin.

The Pittsburg Post says that if Thomas Ridley of Wilkinsburg, Pa., the Pennsylvania's veteran engine house foreman, lives until 1894—and there is every prospect such will be the case—he will have been in continuous railroad service fifty years, he having begun his almost unprecedentedly long railroad career in 1844 on the nucleus of the Philadelphia & Reading system.

Xmas 1892.

What present shall we give our boys and girls? It is quite proper that the present should be useful as well as ornamental. The facile and correct use of the English language in writing and speaking on the part of one's children is the earnest wish of every parent solicitous for their future success in life. The home use of the Remington typewriter will make this dry study interesting and enable the child to attain correct speech in the mother tongue at the beginning of his or her education.

"The typewriter accomplishes its greatest good when used by pupils, for it begets habits of neatness and accuracy, secures skill in execution and develops a more perfect mastery of our language. It perfects the operator in spelling, capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, business and social forms; defect and strength in thought, style and sentences are more easily observed when in plain type than is possible in writing".
President Frank E. Plummer's address before the National Educational Association.

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