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To an Absent Friend.
BY SOPHIA ANDREWS.
I cannot tell you all I feel,
The joy your friendship brings;
Those happy hours I've passed with you
Are unforgotten things.
The fate should strew my path with thorns,
Submissively I'd bend;
When I can call that treasure mine
A true and faithful friend.
For Fortune does not smile on all,
She favors but a few;
Yet, whether weal or woe befall,
I've found no change in you.
The bitter lesson we must learn,
That all things bright must fade;
The shadow and the sunbeam
By the same hand were made.
But friendship burns with steady light,
A boon from Heaven sent,
To help us in life's darkest hour,
To bear God's chastisement.
Like Mercy's self it is "twice blest,"
A fair and holy thing,
To soothe the troubled storms of life,
And hope and comfort bring.

Entering a Panther's Den.
It was while we were in Southern California, in 1857. My brother Lewis and myself had located a rancho, and gone into sheep-raising, at a place about fifty-three miles east of Milwaukie. My brother Lewis was very dear in Stockton and San Francisco at that time. Lewis and I determined to use what money we had for buying sheep, and then take them to the high, cool grounds amongst the Sierras. We hoped, by this investment, to drive out a flock of several thousand at the end of five years, and thus make our fortunes.

Even ordinary sheep were then sold for from twenty to thirty dollars apiece, and the opportunity for a large per cent. profit seemed very flattering. It took all the money we had to buy a flock of eighty sheep. But if the prices at which they sold would only remain the same for the next few years we did not care. Ah, well! we did not then know California as well as we do now.

To save time and expense, we located on a deserted "greaser" rancho. Portions of old cattle corrals were still standing on it, which by a little repairing, we put in order for sheep.

The pasture was along the base and sides of a large mountain, that, eight or ten miles to the east, rose in high, bare peaks. In front, towards the north, there was quite a deep gully, or gulch, as the miners would call it, leading down from the mountains. Its edges were fringed with flowering shrubs, high grass and bushes, while its bed was strewn and heaped with ricks of drift-wood, logs, boughs and huge stumps, brought down by freshets.

The banks were so abrupt that a person carelessly approaching the bush-fringe was in great danger of tumbling over an almost perpendicular precipice, fifty or sixty feet deep.

Higher up, on the top of the mountain were covered with a heavy growth of pine. Towards the south, on the rising ground, there were beautiful groves of madroñas.

It was a place where a man would like to spend his life, and take his ease with his family, and his health, and his property, and his good air and a lovely climate. Showers fell from November to March. Then followed a season of almost unbroken dry, bright weather, which lasted during the rest of the year. No colds, nor coughs, nor catarrhs there.

We were quite alone. Our only neighbor—if neighbor he might be called—was an aged "Digger" (Indian). The miners had named him "Old Peelygarlic." He lived with his two squaws and one little mungy pup, in a hut about a mile from the rancho.

We repaired the corrals, built a log house and a store-house, and turned out our sheep to grow fat and multiply. Having heard that the grizzlies had broken up the former "greaser" proprietor, we went prepared for them, with plenty of powder and ball, and two good rifles. But not a bear molested us during the whole time we were there.

For the first year and a half we did not lose a sheep, either from disease or by the hands of man. In the February of the second year, however, we heard at night, among the mountains by our pasture grounds, queer noises—the squallings and screechings of some kind of panther cats, and one morning we found that a corral had been broken into and four sheep killed. The body of one of the sheep had been carried off, while the fleeces and half-eaten carcasses of the others lay outside the pallings.

Strands of wool, strung along, marked a trail from the corral fence out to the gully. The creature had gone down the steep bank, amongst the heaps of drift-wood. It was a dangerous-looking place. We supposed a den was somewhere down there; but though we followed along the bank looking over into the ravine for a mile or more, we could discover nothing.

That night and the next, Lewis and I took turns in watching the corrals. Two days after, however, a lamb was missing from the pasture, and the next day another—a fine large lamb—was caught. We saw the sheep running, and had a glimpse of a slate gray creature, as large as a big mastiff. It dashed out of a thicket of alders that bordered the gully, and seized the lamb and dragged it off. We ran out to the spot, but did not get another sight of the beast.

We now determined, at all hazards, to put a stop to his depredations. Some part of the ravine was evidently the beast's favorite retreat. Taking our rifles and our dirk-knives, we went to the gully, and climbing down, followed up its bed, going past our pasture and towards the mountains.

But we were disappointed. The brute's den was not near. We found, at the bottom of the ravine, a well-trodden path, winding among and under the stumps and logs, and leading up the gully. We followed this trail at least four or five miles, up among the mountains, to where the gully narrowed into a mere rocky chasm that separated crags seventy-five or a hundred feet high, down which had toppled the dead trunks of great pines.

It was as wild-looking a place as ever I was in. Directly in front of us, a rock, larger than an ordinary house, which had fallen from the cliffs above, blocked off the chasm. Beneath the rock there was a low ravine, scarcely a yard in breadth, through which the brook found its way. The trail led under this rock.

In mud and water we crawled on our hands and knees through this cranny. Clambering over and under huge boulders and damp logs, we suddenly found ourselves in front of a hole in the left side of the crag, seemingly the mouth of a den. A second glance made us sure of it, for chewed-up wads of wool and bones lay scattered all around.

Here the beast had dined and supped on our lambs, and on other animals, also; for there were bushes of bones lying around, some quite fresh-looking, others old and dry. The mouth of the den was an oblique cleft in the rocks.

We examined our guns. Here was the very lair of the marauder. What if he should rush upon us! Lewis hung a stone into the cleft. There was no response. The animal might be away from home. Going up close to the mouth we looked in. Far back we could see light, as if it came through a fissure from above. My brother Lew, though only a boy of nineteen, was very brave and determined.

"I'm going in here," he said, and in he crept. I waited a moment or so, and then followed, holding my rifle ready to shoot. After crawling under rocks for ten or a dozen yards, we came to a large hole, into which the light shone from a great crevice above. We at first thought we had reached the end of the cave, but looking about, we discovered in the rocks another dark hole, which turned short to the right. It was dark as pitch, and dripping with water. We listened, but could hear nothing except the dripping of water.

"I'd go in there if I had a torch," Lew said. I had matches with me, in a little bottle that I always carried. Going out of it I gave, each of us gathered an armful of slivers and dry boughs, with which we kindled a fire near the mouth of the dark hole. When it was blazing, Lew took a brand in his left hand, and holding an open dirk-knife in his right, crept in. I closely followed, with my gun ready.

Crawling twenty or thirty feet through the wet, we came into a larger opening, and rose up on our feet. By this time the brand had become a mere smoking coal. We were poking about, trying to make out how large the place was, when we heard a rumble, and then an ear-splitting squall.

We were so startled that we scrambled out the right. Being in the cavern, the dark hole through which we had crept seemed quite light. I assure you we went out through that hole in a hurry. One outside, in the lighted part, we stopped.

"We've got him now, panned in!" exclaimed Lew, throwing brands in the hole, to keep the animal from coming out. We prepared better splints for torches. Lighting one of these, and holding others ready to light, we again crawled in.

The bright blaze showed that we were in a long, narrow, ragged fissure, some twenty-five feet high and ten or twelve feet wide. How far back it extended we could not tell. The rocks were black and damp. Water dripped from above. The light did not shine far ahead, as it is light of cavern, where the rocks are white and glistening.

We knew the beast was somewhere ahead of us, and advanced slowly, stopping at every step to listen. Lewis then went back after more splints and his rifle. We each lighted a splint, and started forward. We had not taken many steps before we heard a scratching noise, as of nails on the rocks, and then a fearful squalling and growling. The noises sounded as if the animal were near, for they were evidently more than one. In that dark, narrow cavern the sounds were frightful.

This time we stood our ground, and strained our eyes to get a glimpse of what was before us. Lew threw forward one of his splints. By the light of it, we saw a great heap of rocks, forty or fifty feet farther on, which seemed to block up the passage.

"See one of 'em," Lew muttered. Laying down his splint and dropping on one knee, he fired. The report nearly deafened us, while the concussion whiffed out the splints. We were in pitch darkness, and a frightful growling going on close at hand. To say the least, I felt queerly.

Striking a match, we lighted two of the pine splinters. Our courage rose again. Laying the splints together, we built a little fire, which gave a much better light, and Lew went back and brought in a fresh armful of splints.

As these blazed up I saw a big gray brute far back in the darkness, crouching in the rocks. Taking a good aim, I shot it through the head. It rolled down, and after a few kicks, was dead. We could still hear growling.

Lew threw brands ahead, which, falling among the rocks, started in sight another gray-coat. We both fired, but lost sight of the beast at the same moment. The growling, however, stopped. After poking about, we mounted the rocks and saw the beast lying in a heap behind them. Another shot finished it.

and scarcely seemed to have their eyes open. Not wishing to leave any of this sheep-eating brood alive, we killed them. Fearing the cinders might be lurking about, we blocked up the entrance of the hole with big stones. We meant to exterminate the whole family, and I think we did, for we were never troubled again.

No wonder we had lost sheep, with such a nest of panther cats for neighbors. I saw panther cats, for I suppose they must have been a kind of panther. They were of a purplish or slaty gray color, and had big cat heads, with long feline teeth, and sharp, formidable looking claws.—*Youths' Companion.*

The Orange Free State.
The correspondence of the New York Tribune, writing from Philadelphia with reference to the Centennial, gives the following exceedingly interesting information:

At the corner of the Main Building nearest to the principal entrance to the grounds, visitors come upon a small enclosure draped with yellow and orange, mingled with the familiar red, white and blue. The name inscribed above the portals puts everybody's knowledge of geography to the test. "Orange Free State," it reads. "Where is it?" ask the puzzled visitors of each other. Not one in ten appears to know. The general opinion is that it is situated some where in the many, but some say Central America, and many frankly acknowledge utter ignorance on the question. The trophies of ostrich feathers that first strike the eye furnish some clue to the problem, and the courtiers attend with interest to what it is at once by replying to the fire of questions somewhat in this wise: "The Orange Free State is in South Africa, north of the British colony of the Cape of Good Hope. It is inhabited by Dutch emigrants and their descendants, who are called *boers* (farmers or peasants), and native Kaffirs—about 75,000 of the former and 25,000 of the latter. The Government is republican, and is administered by a President and a legislative body called the Volksraad (People's Council). The country has an area of about 70,000 square miles, and the productions are wool, cattle, wheat, corn, diamonds, and most of the fruits of the temperate zone."

When you have heard this you will say to yourself or to the friend at your elbow: "Wonderful! Here is a country of which we know nothing, or next to nothing, that has sent its products from the other side of the earth to do honor to our Centennial; its 75,000 people, lost from the sight and knowledge of the civilized world in that *terra incognita*, Africa; without a seaport, or a railroad, without a town as large as an average New York village, have actually done more for our Exhibition than have several of our own States—more than Georgia, for example, with her million of inhabitants, or Texas, when you think of this you will feel like taking off your hat to the little Dutch African Republic and giving a cheer for its flag; and when you get home you will, no doubt, get out your cyclo-pedia and read the romantic history of the country. It will tell of the great *trek* or emigration of thousands of Dutch colonists from the Cape of Good Hope, who, in 1839, to escape from British rule, sought a new home in the wild country upon the Orange River; who struggled with the warlike blacks, who harassed their settlements just as the Indians did those of our forefathers; of the successful oppressions of the British, and of the final grant of independence in 1854, growing out of the desire of the English Government to have the aid of the Boers in a threatened Kaffir war.

What do they show, these enterprising Dutchmen, who are thus civilizing a barbarous land? Not many things, but the few they send are interesting and good in their way. There is white wheat with remarkably large berries; excellent corn; a singular grain called Kaffir corn; wool in the springlock, duck, and goat; and bituminous coal. Then, in the way of manufactured articles, there are rick-noceros-hide whips, harness of first-rate workmanship, and a model of a wagon for wood transport. Among the natural curiosities is the fruit, the *crayfish*, or tartar plant—a small gourd containing a handful of brown seeds about as large as Lima beans, each covered with a white powder, which it is said possesses all the properties of cream of tartar. The cases of stuffed birds of brilliant plumage, and an idea of the ornithological richness of the country, and a diamond in the rough, worth about \$7,000, stands for the recently discovered wealth of the diamond fields. A pair of elephant tusks are the largest in the Exhibition except those of the Egyptian section.

The Orange exhibit is a Government affair, made through the agency of Mr. Charles W. Riley, the United-States consul at the Cape. A handsome printed pamphlet gives a good resume of the history and statistics of the country. A photograph of President Brand, taken in Bloemfontein, the capital, represents a man of about fifty, of the square-built Holland type, with an intelligent and remarkably resolute expression of countenance.

GEORGE TICKNOR thus describes the way in which the news of Washington's death was received: "There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than here in Boston when the news came of Washington's death (1799). It was a little before noon; and I often heard persons say at the time that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard the Washington news, closed his store, as a matter of course, without consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped. My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome; my mother was alarmed to see him in such a state, till he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm; no boy could go on the street without it; I wore it, though only eight years old."

Bringing Them Up.
A good old lady, whose grandchild-reen play about her knees, remarks relative to the training of children: "Bad temper is often the result of unhappy circumstances than of unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritability is immediately shown in bursts of passion.

If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sickness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble when the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness, the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence and worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill temper.

CRABAPPLE JELLY.—If the fruit is gathered before dead ripe, it will make firmer jelly, and it is not necessary to pick it from the stems, only remove all leaves or sticks. Put the fruit in a pail, or pan, over a kettle of boiling water, and boil until the fruit is soft, break it easily, then dip into a bag made of flannel, and squeeze till dry. Measure the juice, allowing for every pint, one pound of white sugar, but do not add the sugar to the liquor till it has been allowed to settle. Sugar, if crystallized, should be more, removing any scum that may arise. The sugar is now added in the proportions mentioned, when the process of coagulation is so rapid that lumps of jelly are often formed before it is dissolved, while in color it grows with all the richness and transparency of the genuine. The secret of making all fruit jellies is to boil the juice before, and but little after adding the sugar; if boiled together, the product is apt to be soft, dark and gummy, if it ever becomes jelly at all. Use a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit in preserving currants, and if all the necessary boiling has taken place before the sugar is added, the juice will become a tender beautiful jelly.

GOON FRUIT.—Can be canned without sugar. If the fruit is sweet, ripe, and good, sugar is neither desirable nor necessary. It is good enough without. Fruit properly cooked and put up hot, and the cans sealed, will keep, if need be, ages without sugar. Sugar, if crystallized, should be more, removing any scum that may arise. The sugar is now added in the proportions mentioned, when the process of coagulation is so rapid that lumps of jelly are often formed before it is dissolved, while in color it grows with all the richness and transparency of the genuine. The secret of making all fruit jellies is to boil the juice before, and but little after adding the sugar; if boiled together, the product is apt to be soft, dark and gummy, if it ever becomes jelly at all. Use a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit in preserving currants, and if all the necessary boiling has taken place before the sugar is added, the juice will become a tender beautiful jelly.

TOMATO PASTE.—Scald and peel as many tomatoes as will fill a large stone jar. Set them in a warm oven for an hour, then skin off the water, liquor, press and squeeze them in a sieve; add salt, cayenne pepper, pounded mace and cloves to your taste; to every quart of tomatoes allow half a pint of best vinegar; stew all slowly for three hours, stirring well until it becomes a smooth, thick paste. Then put it into small jars and cover with egg papers. It is excellent when fresh tomatoes are not to be had, and is a nice addition to soup.

TOMATO HONEY.—To each pound of tomatoes allow the grated peel of a lemon and six fresh peach leaves. Bill them well, and then chop them up, and squeeze them through a bag. To each pound of liquid allow a pound of sugar and juice of one lemon. Boil them together half an hour, or until they become a thick jelly. Then put them into glasses and by double tissue paper over the top. It will scarcely be distinguished from real honey.

TO MAKE PICCALILLI.—To half a bushel nicely chopped tomatoes, which must be squeezed dry, add two dozen onions chopped fine, one dozen green peppers chopped, one box of ground mustard, one large root of grated horseradish, nearly a pint of salt, four tablespoonfuls ground cloves, four of allspice. Mix thoroughly in a stone jar and cover with vinegar, making a hole in the center to let the vinegar to the bottom.

WILD FOWL PIE.—The fowl should be trussed like a duck for a pie, larded with anchovies and seasoned with pepper, salt and sweet herbs; put a good quantity of butter into the pie, and flash like all others.

ROLLED JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful sweet milk, half teaspoonful soda, essence, etc. Beat sugar and eggs slightly, then put all together and beat thoroughly.

RICE CUSTARD.—Into a quart of boiling water stir in two tablespoonfuls of rice, one dissolved in a little cold milk; add two well beaten eggs to boiling mixture; sweeten and flavor to taste.

CORN CAKE.—One quart of sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, yellow corn meal enough to make a batter as thick as for pancakes. Bake quickly in pans well buttered.

Cham, the French Caricaturist.
The greatest caricaturist in France is the Comte Amanle de Noe, better known as "Cham." He was born in 1819, and of most aristocratic lineage, for his father, the Comte de Noe, was a peer of France. His mother was, however, English, and young Amanle, having been brought up entirely by her, acquired a British accent, which he retains to this day. Very tall, thin, and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manners externally cold and polished, he thoroughly realizes the Parisian *vieja* of the Londoner; the more so, as, like the sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most practical jokers in existence.

On an occasion, going into a restaurant, where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stock-broker who was there every evening. The waiter said nothing; but the stock-broker coming in, felt wroth at the usurpation, and was about to complain of it, when he recognized the familiar features of the caricaturist. He might have walked up to Cham and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication. "May I ask him out as quickly as possible, else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stock-broker. "It is Heidenreich, the executioner." The landlord gave a jump; but, without an instant's delay, he walked up to Cham and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication. "May I ask him out as quickly as possible, else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stock-broker. "It is Heidenreich, the executioner." The landlord gave a jump; but, without an instant's delay, he walked up to Cham and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price.

A Frog Barometer.
Out at the Lafayette Park police station they have a weather prophet which eclipses Tice and all the barometers in the neighborhood. It is a frog of the genus *Hyla*, more familiar to the general reader as the tree-toad. The Superintendent of the Park, was mildly abusing his barometer one day for mis-leading him, when the officer on the beat, an old frontiersman, said he would show him a trick. He took a glass jar and three or four small stones and a couple inches of water. Then he whittled out a little wooden ladder and put it in the jar. After some lively scrambling a tree-toad was caught, clucked in and a tin top screwed on. The weather indicator was complete. When it is raining to be fair weather that toad roosts on the top round of the ladder solemnly blinking the hours away. From twelve to fifteen hours before a change to bad weather, "the general" as they call him, begins to climb the ladder, and hours before a storm he squats himself on a stone, and with his feet just above the surface of the water, peers aloft at the coming storm. Let the weather be changeable and "shifting," as old Prof. says, and the toad goes up and down the ladder, and in a severe rain, when it is fair and the toad roosts aloft, his skin is of a light greyish green. When the change comes the skin turns black as the toad goes down the ladder, becoming a jet, shining black by the time he reaches the bottom. The same frog, the toad has agreed to hang at the Lafayette Park neighborhood.—*St. Louis Times.*

Our Exports.
With the exception of a single year, 1874, says the Boston Post, the gold value of our exports is estimated to be greater for the current fiscal year than for any previous one in our history. Right here was Massachusetts, who has never shipped to England 17,000 pieces of cotton cloth weekly six weeks ago, she now ships 21,000 pieces. And our exports of manufactured leather are showing a similar encouraging outlook. Only cotton, however, of these, of a very recent date, were exports from New York to Liverpool, raised higher in the scale than cotton and leather. It is reckoned that the export of cottons this year will be twice as much as last year, and leather is increasing almost at similar rate. The probability of any occasional arising for large exports of specie, in view of the condition of the great banks of Europe, is very small. As they are more than supplied at present with gold, and the rates of interest rate at three per cent, and below, the preference abroad is, of course, that we should pay our debts in products and interest-bearing bonds rather than in that of which they always have a glut. These facts, taken together, go to establish the conclusion that we shall not soon be favored with a better opportunity to bring about resumption, whether it be approached by the sale of bonds for the slow but steady accumulation of gold, or by the sale of bonds for the purchase and retirement of greenbacks, or both.

ANOTHER KENTUCKY WONDER.—The Louisville Courier-Journal says: Lucy Kenyon is her name. She is black; lives at Milford, Bracken county, and was formerly a slave of Mr. Robert Kenyon, a correspondent of a correspondent of the Bracken Chronicle. She is within a few days of being 123 years old. She has been married seven times and is the mother of twenty-three children. Her perfect and memory astonishing. What a perfect and memory remarkable, she has always been an invalid, and never within the recollection of the living did a day's work. Kentucky may challenge the world on the centenary in question.

The door-sill of home is the threshold of heaven.

A Barbarian Monarch's Funeral.
The *Journal de Paris* contains a letter from an eye witness, giving the following particulars of the atrocities committed on the occasion of the funeral of Kamrasi, King of Ounyouy, in Central Africa. An immense grave or pit, capable of holding several hundred people, had been dug, at the bottom of which the wives of the deceased King had been placed in the form of a ring, to be in readiness to receive upon their knees the corpse of their late tyrannical and barbarous master. Several regiments of the Royal Guard had been sent on the preceding night to silently surround some of the neighboring villages. The first human being—the man, woman or child—that made its exit from the surrounded huts, was forcibly seized and carried off, and the captives entrapped in this manner conducted towards the pit prepared for the funeral. The first of these poor creatures, a young man, arms and legs, were broken by the soldiers. The lamentations and cries of despair of the victims intermingled with the shouting of the fanatical crowd, empty and lax, that on the banks of the gaping gulf below. Then commenced the beating of drums, the flourish of trumpets, the piercing sound of the whistle and pipe, which, together with the violent vociferations of the crowd, drowned the cries of the victims. The soil dug out of the pit the previous day was then thrown back into the monster grave. The fanatical spectators of the dismal drama, as soon as it was filled up, commenced the wailing and the lamentations, gazing gulf below. Then commenced the beating of drums, the flourish of trumpets, the piercing sound of the whistle and pipe, which, together with the violent vociferations of the crowd, drowned the cries of the victims. The soil dug out of the pit the previous day was then thrown back into the monster grave. 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