The Democratic Times.

THURSDAY.....DECEMBER 7, 1876.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When Nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendid
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the fair spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes;
The sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber,
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, ablaze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there.
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh, beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year—
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile.
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more.
Thy loveliness thrills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best;
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.—On Saturday evening, the 18th ult., a terrible accident occurred in Sacramento, by which some nine or ten persons were killed, and seventy or a hundred more wounded. A concert hall, which had just been fitted up over a stable on Second street, and was filled to overflowing with persons, fell in, stage and all. Luckily from some unexplained cause the walls remained standing, otherwise the loss of life would have been much greater. The hall was formerly used as a State Armory, and has often been crowded with people, and was considered safe. It was the opening night, and over five hundred men were present. The *Record-Union* gives the following summary of the injured: Killed, 7; believed to be fatally injured, 4; seriously wounded, 16; less badly hurt, 20; slightly bruised and hurt, 32; total known, 79. It is known that fully fifty persons who can be classed as slightly hurt, were taken to their homes before their names could be secured. Workmen in the ruins place this class as high as 100. At the lowest estimate not less than 130 persons were injured.

TIGHT BOOTS.—Wearers of tight boots will, no doubt, find the following interesting reading: Hard corns are caused by too much pressure of the shoe, or by its being so loose as to slip back and forth on the spot where the corn afterward shows itself. Medical books record several cases where paring a hard corn caused bleeding which no means could arrest, and death ensued. Nothing harder than the finger-nail ought ever be allowed to touch the corn, which can always be cured or kept from causing inconvenience by simply bathing the part in warm water for half an hour for several days in succession; often a single bathing will accomplish the object of softening the parts adjacent to the actual corn so that it can be picked out with the finger-nail, and the shoe can instantly be worn without much discomfort, which an hour before gave great pain. It may return in a week, or a month, or a year, but the same treatment will always prevail. Paring causes them to spread and take deeper root.

UTILIZING HIS DAUGHTERS.—John Luikens, a musician residing in Grand Haven, Michigan, is carrying out a novel plan to utilize his rather large family of girls. He has eight daughters, the oldest of whom is seventeen, and the youngest is three years of age. He thinks there will be twelve or fifteen of them some day in the future, and being a comparatively poor man, "how to make daughters self-supporting" has been an exceedingly practical and important question to him, an earnest consideration of which led him to decide to teach his girls music and organize them into a string and brass band, and thereby make them pay for their keeping. About one year ago, he, with considerable difficulty, procured the necessary brass horns and violins and engaged a teacher. His four eldest girls have made such progress in their art that, assisted by their father and teacher, they play in public occasionally, and will undoubtedly, in the course of time, grow into a first-class band and earn their own "pin money."

SERVANT (to Irish laborer)—"Here is some beer, Pat, if you care to have it; but I'm afraid it's quite dead." Pat—"Och! dead is it? Shure, then, darlin't, I'm the boy to bury it!"

MRS. CARR, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The coroner's verdict was that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced "switch."

A HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.—There is in Hindostan a sect called the Jains, one of the articles of whose creed is that men should not only do no harm to animals, but protect their lives and cure their ills. The Jains have many hospitals, where sick or maimed animals are tenderly cared for. The following interesting account of one of them is from Rousselt's "India:"

"The pious Jain, who meets on the road a wounded animal, stops to take care of it, or receives it into his house. The hospital at Bombay is situated in the centre of the most densely peopled quarter of the "Black Town," and all visitors are freely allowed to enter it. You go, in the first place, into a large court, surrounded by sheds, in the midst of which are kept a number of oxen. There is nothing more curious than this assembly of sick quadrupeds. Some have bandages on their eyes; others lame, or in a helpless condition, are comfortably stretched upon clean straw. Their attendants rub them down, and bring the blind and paralyzed their food.

"From this court we pass into another of less extent, containing dogs and cats in the same pitiable condition. This is so utterly repugnant to one's feelings that I ventured to tell my guide that it would be greater charity to put an immediate end to their sufferings; to which he replied by asking whether we treated our invalids in that way. A little further on is an enclosure reserved for bipeds. Aged crows spend their lives peaceably in this paradise of the brute creation in company with bald vultures, and buzzards that have lost their plumage. At the other end of the court a heron, proud of his wooden leg, strutted about in the midst of blind ducks and lame fowls.

"All the domestic animals, and those that dwell in the vicinity of mankind, have here their representatives. Rats are seen here in great numbers, and display remarkable tameness; mice, sparrows, peacocks and jackals have their asylum in this Jain hospital."

BALKY HORSES.—The Kentucky *Home Journal* gives the following directions for breaking up the balking of a viciously stubborn horse: "Put on your harness and hitch him to anything you desire, either single or double, as you feel disposed, and give him the commanding word to go ahead. If he goes you have nothing to do or say but let him go on and do your work; but if he refuses to go, take him out immediately, take all the harness off except the bridle, and take a small rope, the size of a plough line, and tie one end to the bit on the right hand side and pull it through the ring of the left under the chop, pull his head around to his left side, and slip the rope under his tail like a crupper and make it fast, keeping his head well close to his side. Now all is ready, let him go, and take a good long whip and make him go, talking kindly to him all the time. He will travel like a dog after his tail, for he can travel no other way, but after a while he will fall down, when you will immediately let loose the rope and let him get up; now talk kindly to him and caress him. Your work is now half done, for you have only to tie the rope to the other side of the bit, and pull his head around the other way, and make it fast like a crupper the same as before, and start him off again and let him go till he falls down a second time; let him get up immediately and hitch him up, you will probably never have any more trouble with him."

THE denizens of Tuolumne, Cal., go to curious extremes on the subject of politics. A Democrat and Republican in Sonora agreed to take three drops of croton oil in case the Presidential favorite of the other was successful—the victor to administer the dose to the loser. In Tuttletown a Republican agreed with two Democrats that the latter were to eat a crow if Hayes was elected, and the former would partake of the same palatable diet in case Tilden took the Presidential chair. The Republican is fattening his crow so that his friend will not have to make too many wry faces.

IT is told that during Edwin Booth's recent trip to California he and others were very much disgusted with the admiration of a loud-talking woman who declared, among other things, that she would give $100 for a kiss from the great actor. At Omaha an emigrant, who had been robbed of his last penny, boarded the train, and Booth, after giving him $100, asked his admirer if she would really give $100 for a kiss. She declared she would, and the actor, bestowing upon her a resounding smack, turned over that $100 also to the emigrant.

A GENTLEMAN in Virginia City, Nev., whose Chinese cook left him, was unable to retain any of numerous "Johns" for over a day, until he induced one of them to explain that some apparently meaningless strips of red paper on the kitchen wall contained the Chinese inscription: "Boss woman, long time tongue. Muchee jaw, jaw."

A SOLDIER on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the president of the courtmartial: "Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst!"