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BELFAST, IRELAND.

A PICTURE ON A TREE.

Explanation of a Former Slave of the
Tragic Death of her old Master.

Near the terminus of one of the Washington lines on the Tennytown road is a huge chestnut oak tree, which away back in slavery days just before the civil war became very famous. At that time it was on the property of a landowner named Claggett, the owner of many slaves, to whom he was at times most brutal. One evening Claggett left his home, after high words with his wife, and on the back of a very spirited horse started for the village, some two miles distant. It was in September, and a heavy rain had drenched the land, the road was heavy with mud and the foliage that fringed in on either side made it very dark.

When midnight had come without Claggett's return his wife, alarmed at his absence, had the carriage brought out, and, with her maid and driver, proceeded along the road in search of him. As they reached a corner of the wood at the end of their property something which rendered the horses very uneasy was discovered through the darkness, lying at the foot of the chestnut oak. The object turned out to be the bodies of Claggett and his horse, the heads of each dashed to pieces by the force of a collision with the oak tree, which was spattered with their blood.

The bark of a chestnut oak is almost peculiar, being full of twists, cross sections and knots, making as a whole a mosaic of extraordinary design, and an imaginative eye can readily trace upon its surface any outlines that best please the fancy. The silhouette of the bodies of the man and the horse with a full view of the injured foreheads of each was distinctly pointed out by neighbors and slaves to every stranger coming that way. The notoriety grew so unpleasant that the family wished to have the tree removed, but it was, unfortunately for them, a boundary-line tree and therefore could not be cut down.

A few weeks after the death of Claggett a house servant, a banesome mulatto girl of 17, who gossip said was the daughter of the dead man, disappeared, and though every device known to law and personal interest was resorted to, no trace of her was discovered. The family said she had been sold into Georgia because of her supposed relationship to the dead man. The family finally removed north, and the chestnut oak with its history was the sole reminder of the accident after the close of the war, and it has stood in face of storms and changes ever since.

Near this old tree and also near the suburban road terminus a northern capitalist interested in the railroad enterprises has bought a fine place. One day recently he told his wife the tradition of the chestnut oak tree and expressed regret that no one now living in the vicinity knew anything of it beyond hearsay. His wife remarked that their cook, whom they had brought down from the North, was born somewhere in that part of Montgomery county, she understood, and, perhaps, might know something of the story of the tree and its crushed victims. But when the cook, Rose, was asked, she said she knew nothing of such an event; didn't remember

ever to have heard of it. A few evenings later, however, Rose came to the library door after dinner and said she would like to speak to the gentleman and his wife. She seemed embarrassed but they questioned her kindly and she finally said:

"I've got a confession to make, sir, or maybe it's more what you'd call a statement. When you asked me last week if I knew anything about the story that a man and horse had been killed by running against a chestnut oak tree, years and years ago, out here in Montgomery county, I told you no, I'd never heard of it. That wasn't the truth. I did know all about it, but for the minute I dreaded to acknowledge it and bring the matter fresh to my mind, after all this time, and now that I'm an old woman. I was born a slave, as you must know, sir. I belonged to the man that was killed. I had been brought up as a house servant, and as my mistress was a good woman and kind to every one I had but little cause for complaint. Master was a heavy drinker and I think cruel by nature. When he was deep in his cups he would for the slightest cause tie some unfortunate man or woman to a tree in the back yard with a cord that at times cut through the skin at the wrists and kept them there for hours at a time. When he passed them or thought of them he would give them some lashes with his whip that cut sharply and would lay open the skin and start the blood.

"My aunt, a field hand, had been strung up since noontime on the day he was killed, all the upper part of her body being exposed to the rain and wind, and she was chilled through and through and very sore and wretched. Mistress went out at dark and released Aunt Ann with her own hands and helped her to the quarters, where she applied some soothing lotion to her wounds and some soft words to her poor heart. When master had discovered what his wife had done he was furious, and, rushing at her, after abusing her in awful language, struck her in the face with that cruel whip which was forever in his hands. Then he tore out the door and ordered his mettlesome horse to be saddled, saying that he was no longer master of his own house he would go the village tavern. He rode off, and we never saw him alive again.

About six weeks after he was buried, my mother, who was also a field hand, sent word to meet her down by the gate after supper. Mother's manner scared me. She said she had a secret to tell me. I thought perhaps we were all going to be sold, and asked her if that was it. She said no but she could keep her secret no longer and thought she ought to tell it to me.

"It seems when she saw how terribly her poor sister had been mangled by master's whip, heard him curse his wife and saw him strike her, she made up her mind that she would be avenged on him in some way if she lost her life by it. When she heard him order his horse and say where he was going she seized a sheet from the wash and ran out to the corner of the road by the big wood. By a cut across the fields it was only a third of the distance that it was along the highway. She was just in time and as he came galloping along at full speed she threw the sheet over her, ran out in front of the horse and screamed. There was a yell, a fearful crash and all was quiet. She fairly flew back and resumed her place in the cabin, without her absence having been noticed.

"I didn't mean to kill him," she said. "I

only wanted to do him some great harm, but I ain't sorry he's dead. Rose," she went on, "that man was your father."

"Well, sir, I didn't want to hear any more. After that, I knew I never could stay in that family, and two nights after I made my escape. After a while, I went to New York, and there I've lived ever since. I never thought to come back to this part of the country, but when you asked me to I did it, and supposed all that old story was long ago forgotten. My old mother soon after I ran away, I heard, so I never took any more interest in the place. It's funny you should have asked me about that tree first thing, and I'm glad to tell all the truth I know about it now."

Rose's employer says he is going to have a substantial rail put around that chestnut oak to protect it from relic hunters, and then have a white board with black letters giving the facts as recorded here, and soon, no doubt, it will be a place of great interest to outing parties.

ANECDOTES OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

He can amuse the Chinese and soothe an Elephant.

"I have been much interested in the articles regarding Rudyard Kipling's knowledge of engineering, shipbuilding and other technical topics published in the papers," said a well-known business man of Manhattan the other day, "and I have begun to believe that he knows almost everything that is worth knowing."

"I was walking down the main street of Brattleboro, Vermont, one day, and saw Kipling coming toward me.

"He was dressed in a bicycle suit, and came swinging along at an easy gait. Just ahead of me there was a little Chinese laundry, and the Chinaman was standing in the doorway. When Kipling reached him he addressed the Chinaman in Chinese, and began a rattling conversation with him in that language. The Chinaman gave a gasp of surprise, but answered him, and in a few minutes Kipling had him smiling from ear to ear, and both of them were jabbering away in Chinese faster than a horse could trot.

"I understood afterward that every time Kipling came to town he stopped for a chat with the Chinaman. The Celestial would never tell the wondering neighbors what Kipling talked about, and when he was asked only replied: 'Him welly great man.'"

"One afternoon we went together to the Zoo," says an American friend of Kipling, "and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard,—a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound, proceeding from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir," was the answer.

"Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more pitiful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese but certainly was not English.

"Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lower tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers and beat a hasty retreat.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked, when I overtook him.

"Language? What do you mean? he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a Mowgli?" I persisted. "And can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" But he only smiled in reply.

She Knew.

She: "You look very disturbed."

He: "I am. While I was on my way here I lost a valuable ring."

She: "Good gracious! How did that happen?"

He: "I don't know. I put it in my pocket before I came out, and when I got here it was gone."

She: "Was it a diamond?"

He: "Oh, yes—a solitaire, three and a half carats, and a perfect stone in every way."

She: "Oh, well, I wouldn't regret it! You may find it, you know. But if you don't, there's no use crying over it."

He: "That's true. But I needed that ring, and I may have a lot of trouble to replace it."

She (smiling): "Nonsense. If she is a sensible girl she will tell you she can get on without it."

He: "Do you really mean that?"

She: "Why, of course!"

He: "Then, darling, will you be mine?" (Suddenly displaying the ring.) "I did not lose it. It was only to test you."

A Mother's Reflections.

When the evening winds awaken
Solemn music mid the leaves,
Gently dreams the lonely woman
Sitting underneath the eaves;
Faces damp with farewell kisses,
Hidden long ago from sight,
Smiled, as they have smiled in childhood,
Round her knee again to-night.

First among her earth-lost treasures
Comes the form of baby Belle,
With her violet eyes, and ringlets,
Where the sunlight seemed to dwell.
Two brief years this lovely flower
Budded in the mother's sight,
Then the white-robed angel bore her
To the fields of fadeless light.

To her side, with boyish quickness,
Now a graceful foot-step springs;
Like a strain of silvery music
Willie's happy laughter rings.
'Tis a face with genius glowing,
And the mother's eyes are dim,
Thinking of the brilliant future
That her fancy formed for him.

Thinking of her bitter sorrow
On that bright October day
When he slept upon her bosom,
And his song was hushed for aye.
Now another in the twilight
By the mother seems to stand,—
May, with grave and gentle manners,
Last of all that household band.

For eight bright and happy summers
She had watched the roses bloom,
But the ninth their velvet petals
Shed their fragrance round her tomb.
O, the void left by the dear ones
Who had made existence sweet—
Never sound of childish voices,
Never sound of childish feet!

But the lonely mother looking
Upward, to the world of stars,
Sees the faces of her darlings
Smile from heaven's golden bars!
Though her earthly hopes were fleeting,
And have left her one by one,
She has learned to say, with meekness,
'Not my will, but Thine be done!'

Then and Now.

While the amber light is streaming
Softly down the mountain side,
Am dreaming, sadly dreaming,
Of a summer that has died;
Then thy face, love's depths revealing,
With a holy radiance shone,
And thine eyes, in mute appealing,
Found an answer in mine own.

Now the yellow leaves are lying
Where thy form is laid to rest,
And the autumn winds are sighing
Mournful psalms above thy breast.
Now the lids, so pure and snow,
Hide the splendor of thine eyes,
Never here to show their glory,
Though unsealed in paradise!

Then the summer flowers were sweeter,
And the skies more brightly shone,
While the golden hours were fleeting,
With the love-light round us thrown;
And our joyous hearts unheeding
Never thought of coming gloom,
Little thought that path was leading
To the portals of the tomb!

Now a marble, here abiding,
Sheds the beauty of thy cheek,
And the dust of death is hiding
Lips that ne'ermore may speak;
Till thy voice, with angels' blending,
Tuned to songs of endless love,
In triumph strains ascending,
Swells the joyous choir above.

Rudyard Kipling to "Fighting Bob."

Rudyard Kipling has presented Captain Robley D. Evans with a set of his works and a letter containing these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a counting tower,
Bosoming eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
An I take care of mine,
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooping through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hat shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man that has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

Song Should Breathe.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriots' friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doth,
War and peace, and ill, and wrong—
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by song.

Song should stir the mind to duty,
Nerve the weak and stir the strong;
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by starry song!

THINGS OF VALUE.

Some Egyptian boats made of cedar, probably in use 4,000 years ago, have been found buried near the banks of the Nile, and furnish an interesting proof of the power of that wood to withstand the ravages of time.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims when they are aware that danger is near. If attacked, do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

Forty-seven children in ten years have fallen to the lot of a couple in New York. There have been four pairs of twins.

Use this safe, pleasant and effective worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Precure a beetle and take it home.

The bones of an aversus man's skeleton weigh 20lb. Those of a woman are probably 6lb. lighter.

Have you tried Holway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

The smallest salary paid to the head of a civilized Government is \$3 a year to the President of the Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees.

Try It.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astrigent. This oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

The children of the blackest Africans are born whitish. In a month they become pale yellow; in a year brown; at four, dirty black; and at six or seven, glossy black.

In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach come from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parneille's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

The Swedish bride fls her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to church, every piece she disposes of averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Studied, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction.

In a Pennsylvania marriage the other day the bride was 100 years old and the groom two years older. Both were wealthy. The lady, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, has eleven children of a former marriage still living.

Baby . . .

KNOWS A GOOD THING
WHEN HE SEES IT.



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