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M.B.P.

NO. 6.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED

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WHAT BECOMES OF DEER'S HORNS.
 Dr. G. T. Wilburn—I saw a statement in your journal some time since, that it was a puzzle to even old hunters to know what became of male deer's horns, as it is admitted by all that they shed them every year. I think I can solve the question for you. I live in Hyde County, N. C. I follow hunting in the swamps a great deal, and, from the experience which many years has given me in hunting bears and deer, I think I have the right to give to the public what I know to be

One day I had been walking until I was quite fatigued, and I sat down on a log with my friend, J. A. Davis, to rest. Soon after we were seated we heard something making noise in the bushes, which we supposed to be a bear. We watched closely and earnestly, and in a few minutes a large black bear of a large male deer, with a beautiful head of horns, made his exit. He was rather fat, and for a shot, and consequently, we waited for him to come nearer, but he chose not to do so. He walked on very close to the bushes, and we were within a few yards of him, around which was an open space some distance. As soon as the deer was in the bushes we approached the place. We waited ourselves and waited for him to make his appearance. He kept up a considerable rattling and shaking of the bushes. After a few moments he ran for a large male deer made his appearance on the opposite side of the bushes. I shot him, and I shot him dead. I did not think it the same one we saw in the bushes. I called to my friend, Davis to look at it, as there was another, for the one which I shot had just shot had no horns. We decided to

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avis to the fact, we found that the earth had been freshly broken up; 1 dug down with a stick, and at about ten inches' depth I found the horns. They were freshly shed. I applied them to the deer's head, and they fitted exactly. These are facts that can be fully substantiated, and your inquirer may rest assured that all deer on shedding their horns bury them. — J. R. JORDON. — *Georgia* "Eagle" *Journal*.

MAKING GOD HEAR.
George Mason, four years old, went to funeral with his mother. They lived in the country, where, at everybody's funeral, sermon is delivered in which the merits of the deceased are enumerated, and the neighbors are admonished in view of the fate which is inevitably overtaken him, to be ready in similar casualties.

ADVANTAGES OF TREES.

We do not know the author of the following beautiful and comprehensive notice of trees, but we think its perusal will cause many of our readers to involuntarily and heartily respond to the familiar and popular language of the song "Woodman spare the tree":—

How beautiful, most beautiful of earth's

elements, are trees! Waving out on the
 hills and down in the valleys, in wild woods
 or orchard, or singly by the way side, God's
 spirit and bounties seem to us ever present
 trees. For their shade and shelter to man
 and brute; for the music the winds make
 among their leaves, and the birds in their
 branches; for the fruits and flowers they bear
 to delight the palate and the eye, and the fra-
 grance that goes out and upward from their

"Under his own vine and fig tree"—what more expressive of rest, independence and lordship in the earth! Well may the Arab reverence in the date-palm a God-given source of sustenance. Dear to the Spaniard is the olive, and to the Hindoo his banyan, wherein dwell the families of man, and the birds of heaven build their nests. Without trees what a desert place would be our earth—naked, parched and hateful to the eye! Yet how

Many are thoughtful of the use and beauty of trees. How many strike the axe idly or wantonly at their roots. Above all other things in the landscape we would deal gently with trees. Most beautiful where and as God plants them, but beautiful even as planted by the poorest art of man, trees should be protected and preserved.

If he is a benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, he

such greater his beneficence who plants
tree in some waste place, to shelter and shade
to draw thither song birds, and to bear fruit
for man. Plant trees, O man, that has waste
land, and be careful of those that are planted

THE WONDERS OF LIGHT.

Not only does light fly from the grand
ruler of the day, with a velocity which is
million and a half times greater than the

speed of a cannon ball, but it darts from every reflecting surface with a like velocity, and reaches the tender structure of the eye so gently, that, as it falls upon the little curtain of nerves which is there spread to receive it, it imparts the most pleasing sensations, and tells its story of the outer world with a minuteness of detail and a holiness of truth. Philosophers once sought to weigh the sunbeam. They constructed a most de-

ate balance, and suddenly let in upon it a beam of light: the lever of the balance was delicately hung that the fluttering of a fly would disturb it. Everything prepared, the grave men took their places, and within a few minutes watched the result. The subterranean was that to decide the experiment had left the surface eight minutes prior, to pass (the order).—It had flown through ninety-five millions of miles of space in that short measure of time.

MURDER—The *British Whig* says that a man named Matthew Murdoch, a habitué of French Village at Kingston, C.W., was shot by another man, named Duncan Ayscough, on Tuesday night last, at the door of his own house, while endeavouring to force his way in.

Frugality, if it be not a virtue, it is a
least a quality which can seldom exist without
some virtue, and without which few virtues
can exist.