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## The Man in the Moon.

Farewell, forever, I swear! said he:  
You are false and fickle, and nothing to me!  
Lovers will quarrel, at night or noon,  
And the witness of all was the Man in the Moon.

Farewell forever, I vow! said she:  
You are cold and cruel, and nothing to me!  
Lovers will quarrel, at night or noon,  
And the witness to all was the Man in the Moon.

A whole long week is over since then,  
And the two are hand in hand;  
Lovers are perfumed, at night or noon,  
And the witness to all was the Man in the Moon.

## THE SNOW-SHRIEK.

When the snow-shriek rings across the plains and prairies of the great West folks who have a love for their life don't care to camp out. The Indians strike their lodges at the sound, and make the best of their way to shelter among the bluffs, or in a wooded tract. As for the settlers, they take wagons and hurry off to the nearest town, leaving everything behind to its fate.

My story is of the far West. Alberic Parnell was a tall, manly young fellow, with a bronzed face and dark hair, strong, instead, and of a dark complexion, as was reported; but not the Caryl Winthrop, a musician, a singer and a poet, to whom foreign languages and art-talk were familiar.

Both level, and, as is often the case with young men, both loved the same person—handsome, lovely Metella Stewart. There was this advantage on the part of young Winthrop—he had loved not in vain. An intimate friend of the parents of the young lady, it was believed, and all that he was engaged to her, and would make her happy.

Alberic, finding that his suit was in vain had prepared to leave the village, and was bid one evening bidding adieu to Metella, preparatory to his going.

An old friend of hers, she wishes to part with him kindly; but he, heart-sore and looking not in the best of humor, and his parting is as full of bitterness as such a parting might expect to be.

As Alberic bade adieu and rode off the loud wail of the snow-shriek was heard, and he was driven to the prairie. Thirty-six hours, and still the monotonous sound of the snow-shriek, had swollen into a menacing roar, as if angry floods led to ravage and destroy, and a filmy veil drawn over the western sky had darkened from white to orange, and from orange to sable, and then, northward and still the snow fell, there broke upon the Territory the force of such a snow-storm as the hardest farmer there had never pictured.

Down came the whirling flakes, thick, heavy, pitiless; accompanied by a cruel, cold like death's own touch, that pierced the furs and buffalo-robes, and numbed the limbs and chilled the marrow, while still the blinding snow fell and fell, and swept along before the furious gale, like so many white billows, over the country. And still the wind blew from the cold northward, and still the snow fell. The deep piled drifts soon began to blot out every sign of man's domain from the lately subjugated land that had been so recently won from the wilderness. Dismal stories were brought in, ere long, of the disasters by flood and field, that were being met and overflowed their banks, washing down, along with a pack of floating ice, the debris of ruined homesteads and the carcasses of drowned oxen. In the pastures, herdsman and herd lay overwhelmed beneath the white waves of snow that were like a blanket on the roads, wagons and their teams were waded in, to perish of frostbite or exhaustion, unless aid came speedily; while many a bewildered wayfarer wandered from the track, and strayed across the desolate prairie until he found a grave in the deepening snow. It was with difficulty that Caryl could force his horse through the drifts that environed Colonel Stewart's house, and when he arrived there two of the hired men were missing, and a third had come in, half-frozen, from a vain attempt to save the afflicted cattle.

Then did Metella realize the truth of the old hunter's words. She, and those about her, had roused up, for the first time, the snow-accursed, pitiless, inexhaustible whiteness, borne in upon them by the rush of the resistless wind, that howled and raved, with a sound like the cry of rattlesnakes, and blacked the house, and heaped up such masses as cumber the ground, even in those latitudes, but once or twice in a generation. Colonel Stewart, at first incredulous of peril, as it was in his sanguine nature to be, presently began to admit that the calamity was worse than the mere damage to his property. The sheep, hogs and cattle that he had lost represented but a money sacrifice—an affair of dollars and cents. But when all communications between Stewart's flat and the outer world were cut off, and it was too late to fly, and the gathering snow was loading the roof, and darkening the lower windows, and rising, rising ever, he recognized the imprudence of his selection of such a site for his residence, and would have been thankful for escape, even at the cost of half his substance. This, however, was impossible. Stewart's flat had but scanty supplies of food or fuel. It was as much as a man's life was worth to try to reach the great woodpile. It took severe exertion to bring in, from time to time, a few logs and some broken timber from the yard, while,

after the first few hours, provisions ran short. There is little inducement for a settler in that land of Goshen to store up hams and salted meat, flour and biscuits, to any extent; but now that cold starvation was being bled from the wheat and golden maize, had been alike whelmed beneath the sudden snowfall, want, like a giant wolf, began to beset the blockaded household. It was soon necessary to put the family and servants on rations, so as to avert great starvation as long as possible; and the beleaguered inmates of the dwelling huddled together around the rarely replenished stove; talking in tones they vainly strove to render hopeful, of the probabilities of a prompt rescue; for it had come to that now, Respite from death was their only chance. Should the snowstorm continue very long, they must perish of cold and hunger; even if the roof, which they had been forced to prop up in places with casks and pieces of timber, did not cave in beneath the increasing weight piled upon it. Still the storm went on steadily, and still the wind wailed as before.

It was a group of haggard faces that had collected around the great hall-stove at Stewart's flat when at last the snow-shriek died away to a moan, and one of the farm-hands brought in the wooden sled that for the time at least, the storm had ceased. By this time the house merely resembled a mound of snow, one heap among many in the blurred landscape. The inmates were as helpless as so many shipwrecked wrecks in mid-ocean on a frail boat without sail or oar. For twenty-four hours most of them had not eaten. The few morsels of food that remained were reserved, by common consent, for the female members of the starving household. The fire was fed, as best might be, with broken furniture and the remains of the meal, but still no help came. Perhaps the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More likely it was taken for granted that the Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety. If so, and should not a speedy rescue come, the inevitable result would be that the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More likely it was taken for granted that the Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety. If so, and should not a speedy rescue come, the inevitable result would be that the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More likely it was taken for granted that the Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety.

Yes, rescue was at hand. That much was certain. An attempt to penetrate the girding wall of snow was about to be made, but what were the numbers or the resources of the adventurous band without those within the house? There were no more than four or five windows, darkened by snow-wreaths and pendant icicles, whence a partial view of the outer desolation could be obtained. And it was not on that side of the villa that the shouts and the realization of the meaning of the words, Caryl Winthrop, deathly pale, but with a sweet, sad smile upon his face, such as angels might wear, stood beside her couch. She started up, and then, with a guilty blush, put her hands before her eyes.

"O, do not blame me!" she said. "Indeed, indeed, I will be a true wife to you." "Not to me, dear Miss Stewart," answered he, softly. "It is a brother, darling, not as a lover, that you have regarded me all along, and now I come to bid you adieu, and never to see you again. I am not selfish enough to hold you to your promise, dear girl. Let your hand go, along with your heart, to your preserver, to Alberic Parnell." He was very white and haggard, but his eyes were bright and his face lit with the glow of a certain faith in his address; and before Metella could frame her reply, Mrs. Stewart had walked to the door, and returned, accompanied by Alberic.

"This young gentleman," she said, half reproachfully, "was just about to slip away from us, and our acknowledgments of his courage and his kindness. He could not trust himself, forsooth, to meet you again, Metella. Even now I see by his puzzled look that he hardly can guess the solution of the enigma." "This will explain all!" said Caryl, as, to Alberic's amazement, the hand of the young man's muscular hand placed it in that of Metella.

"Be happy, sister, with the husband of your choice. After the innocent confession that, when death seemed to have us in his icy clutch, you made me, I should commit a sin did I come back to you with the wail of the dismal woe, when on his road to New York and Europe, turned back at the rumormongers of this fearful snowstorm, and risked life and health to save the girl he loved."

Metella could not speak. Clinging to Alberic, as a graceful vine to some towering oak of the forest, she hid her face upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud. In the timid, trustful rapture of that moment she scarcely realized that every word which Caryl had spoken had been as a stab to the bosom of the speaker; that his generous self-sacrifice cost him very dearly, when a sudden outburst of voices stratched both of the lovers from their dream of new-found happiness. Poor Caryl Winthrop had sunk helpless on the floor, and was being lifted by Colonel Stewart and the old hunter, who placed him on the sofa where Miss Stewart had so lately reclined.

"He has fainted," said kind, motherly Mrs. Stewart, as he laid his head upon the pillow. "More than that, I guess. He's going home, if ever I saw death in a face!" muttered the rough woodsman. Caryl, who had partially regained his senses, had no illusions on the subject.

"Do not weep for me, darling," he said, as Metella's tears bedewed his face, and the girl bent over him in tender sorrow. "The stroke has fallen; but it is in mercy." He pressed his feeble hand to his heart, and the conviction flashed on all present that the insidious malady from which he had believed himself to be cured, aggravated by hardship and the cruel emotions of the last hour, was reclaiming its prey.

"Kiss me once, sister," he said,

cheer, hearty and triumphant, which was echoed, in feebler accents, by those within the house, while the door was eagerly opened to admit the deliverer. And now a creature, soon enlarged to a cloth, appeared in the snow-drift close in front, and revealed the dark outline of a human form, hewing to right and left with a broad-bladed hatchet, as if cutting a path through the ranks of a resisting enemy. Then a tall, strong man, wet and dripping, and with his beard and hair full of glittering snow crystals, came leaping from the aperture and reached the threshold. It was Alberic—Alberic Parnell; and the next to struggle through the breach in the snow-wall, spade in hand, was the giant figure of Hiram Pell, the hunter, while from behind came crowding up, the rest of the bold and hardy band.

Then followed a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion, in which thanks to God and man for the timely rescue were freely uttered by those who now saw the meaning of the snow-shriek in the living world. But Metella, who had seen nothing save Alberic's face in all that mingled group, was overpowered by the rush of her emotions, and was sinking senseless to the floor, when the young man sprang forward and caught her, fainting, in his strong arms. When she recovered from the swoon, her parents were with her; and near the sofa on which they had laid her, stood the old hunter, Hiram Pell. There was food on a table near, and the rescuers had not come empty-handed; but Miss Stewart had forgotten her hunger, forgotten all, save that she had seen Alberic again for one brief moment of happiness. She drank thirstily, however, the words of the old backwoodsman.

"Thank him, colonel—Mr. Parnell, I mean—not me, for true as Gospel 'tis to him you owe your lives. Talk of gratitude! I never saw a man so true, but never the like of that young chap. He shamed us into sticking to it, squire, fighting, every inch of way, against cold and fatigue, and working more like a young giant than a mere man. Says Mr. Alberic, when there was talk of giving up, 'I will finish, and leave helpless women to perish; I go on alone, and whoever deserts me at this pinch, never let him hold up his head among honest men. Every dollar I'm worth shall be divided among those that help me. And, now, I, and the rest of the boys, your neighbors, we did make a good job of it, spite of frost-bite and beating snow; but it was no sport, colonel, I can tell you that.'"

Mrs. Stewart, who had left the room during this speech, now came gliding to her daughter's side. "Are you well enough, Metella, dear, to speak with Caryl for a moment?" she said, smiling through her tears. "He is very urgent to say a word to you. He says it is for the last time."

And almost before Metella had leisure to realize the meaning of the words, Caryl Winthrop, deathly pale, but with a sweet, sad smile upon his face, such as angels might wear, stood beside her couch. She started up, and then, with a guilty blush, put her hands before her eyes.

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softly; and Metella pressed her lips to his brow, on which the damps of death were gathering. The young people were kneeling beside him. All surrounded him looked up, and his lips moved, but no sound came, and then a spasm of pain contracted his features, and the heavy head fell back. He was dead.

It is scarcely needful to say that some six months later from the date of these events Alberic Parnell and Metella Stewart were married. Their experience of wedded life has been a happy and prosperous one; but whenever the wind wails shrilly around the gables, and the white flakes come driving in heavy showers from the desert country beyond the frontier to the northward, the sound and the sight combine to evoke the recollections of Caryl's early grave, and of the unselfish sacrifice which was the last act of his blameless life.

## The Story of a Student.

The case of a student of the Rensselaer Institute of Troy, who was caught stealing, has been mentioned in the papers. The narrative of temptation and fall is interesting. The students do not lodge at the Institute, and this one had a room by himself over a book store. Late one night while sitting at his window he dropped a gold ring, which struck on a roof below. It was a young fellow, in the opinion of the students, and fell is interesting. The students do not lodge at the Institute, and this one had a room by himself over a book store. Late one night while sitting at his window he dropped a gold ring, which struck on a roof below. It was a young fellow, in the opinion of the students, and fell is interesting. The students do not lodge at the Institute, and this one had a room by himself over a book store. Late one night while sitting at his window he dropped a gold ring, which struck on a roof below. It was a young fellow, in the opinion of the students, and fell is interesting.

Again, it is very important, to my mind, to make one day in the week as different as possible from every other day. I do not assert this on the basis of a revelation to that effect, though that is very distinct, in my judgment, but on the basis of the general good. Such a movement as that suggested would at once break down the wall between Sunday and Monday and result, not in making Monday as good as Sunday, but in making Sunday as bad as Monday. If it is argued that one day is as good as another, I answer yes, and better too. As a wedding ring is better than any other ring, because of the associations connected with it, so some days are better than others. We need one day when we can put on our best clothes, and encourage a ritual institution which holds its services at the same time that I do mine. If a brother minister wants any of my people, and they want to go, I am perfectly willing to shake hands and part with them. But I do not want a theater or a concert to take the place of my church, unless it be more good than I can.

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith says he imagines a musical or theatrical service so pure and elevated in character that its influence should be good, and only good, upon the hearer. Archbishop McCloskey says as soon as any secular amusement interferes with sacred exercises his voice will be heard through the pulpit and not through the press. He strongly opposes Sunday amusements. The clergymen, the writers and the theatrical men are discussing the matter with much earnestness.

## The Yonkers Child Story.

Jacob Muller, a machinist of Riverdale, N. Y., called upon Dr. J. H. Pooley and asked him to visit his little daughter, as he thought she was dying. Dr. Pooley saw the child, a little girl of seven years, and found her suffering from dropsy, which frequently follows scarlet fever, from an attack which she had lately recovered. He was told that the family physician had given up all hope of saving her life. After prescribing for the patient he called again, and again prescribed, with but little hope of saving her life, and promised to call on her again in ten days. When on his way to Muller's house he was met by a messenger, who informed him that the child was dead.

While preparations were being made for the funeral, the family, influenced by the belief that the child was not dead, the suspicion became a certainty, and from the household a report reached the street that Jacob Muller's daughter was lying in a trance. The story traveled, receiving additions as it went, and it was given out with all gravity that the girl had died, had come to life, and had actually up and got on her feet.

Next morning another messenger went for Dr. Pooley, saying that the child was not dead. He hastened to the house, made a careful examination, and assured the parents that the child was dead, without the shadow of a doubt; but they had become possessed with the belief that the little one was alive, and would not let the body leave them until every effort to resuscitate it should be tried. It had then been for some days on ice. Dr. Pooley, feeling that should the body be buried while a doubt remained in the minds of the parents, the mere thought would be a source of life-long misery, advised them to place it in a warmer room and have it watched incessantly. His instructions were followed, and two nights after the parents were convinced that life was extinct, and the next afternoon the body was buried.

## Physical and Mental Disease.

A writer in Chamber's Journal speaks of the fact as decidedly noteworthy that the common opinion that excessive mental occupation gravitates toward insanity is not only not verified by facts, but that, on the contrary, one of the foremost living physicians doubts whether alienation of mind is ever the result of overstrain; it is to physical, not to mental, derangement, he thinks, that excessive work of the brain generally gives rise. Insanity, he points out, finds the most suitable material for its development among the English and Osage vocabularies, the worst forms of physical diseases are originated and intensified by the educated, over-strained brain-workers.

"Slipped his grip" is California for dying.

## CITY SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

The Discourse on the Subject of Amusements on the Sabbath in the City of New York.

For some time in New York city a theater gave regular Sunday night performances, going Monday and paying the fine which the State law inflicted as a penalty. Now no less than seven theaters and concert rooms are opened on the Sabbath, and the matter is attracting attention. It is evident that unless steps are taken against it within a short time, all the theaters will give their performances and matinees on the Sabbath the same as on other days. A city paper interviewed some of the leading clergymen relative to the matter. The Rev. George H. Hepworth says: "The question is a fair one, and should be answered—What would be the practical effect of opening the concert rooms and theaters of New York city on Sunday? I cannot help feeling that it would be disastrous in the extreme. The moral sensitiveness of the community would be dulled. You would divide the people, not as they are now divided, into those who go to church and those who do not, but into those who go to church and rigidly set their faces against all amusement, and those who go to the theaters and cease to even excuse themselves for not attending religious services. Out of this would grow a very peculiar condition of affairs."

Again, it is very important, to my mind, to make one day in the week as different as possible from every other day. I do not assert this on the basis of a revelation to that effect, though that is very distinct, in my judgment, but on the basis of the general good. Such a movement as that suggested would at once break down the wall between Sunday and Monday and result, not in making Monday as good as Sunday, but in making Sunday as bad as Monday. If it is argued that one day is as good as another, I answer yes, and better too. As a wedding ring is better than any other ring, because of the associations connected with it, so some days are better than others. We need one day when we can put on our best clothes, and encourage a ritual institution which holds its services at the same time that I do mine. If a brother minister wants any of my people, and they want to go, I am perfectly willing to shake hands and part with them. But I do not want a theater or a concert to take the place of my church, unless it be more good than I can.

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## How Statues are Made.

The bronze statuary just now so popular is manufactured by a simple enough process. Over the clay model is poured a coating of plaster of paris, which, having been allowed to set, is broken up and the pieces are placed in a hollow mold of the figure. From such a mold is produced a stucco duplicate, either of the entire statue or of such a portion thereof as is intended to be cast at a time, and on this again is formed a second mold of greater thickness. This cavity is then filled with molten metal. The material used for the final mold is a composition of stucco and brick dust. This is applied in a plastic state to the stucco model, from which its inner surface takes the form of the figure. The surface cast solid, the hollow interior is filled with a rate mold from metal, and run metal into the former till its interior was filled. This, however, would involve absurd waste, and in order to economize material, a solid core is placed inside the mold, leaving only such space as is necessary to permit the thickness of metal deemed necessary for the work in hand. The mold with its core having been thus completed and firmly hooped round with bands of iron, is placed in a kiln to bake to perfect dryness. This precaution is necessary in order to prevent the escape of moisture might, and even a trace of moisture might, occasion a dangerous explosion. In the case of the casting now in question the drying of the mold occupies some weeks. On the removal from the kiln the mold is turned in every direction, and the floor of the foundry only the aperture for receiving the metal and the vent-hole for the escape of air remaining visible.

Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 towers. The Temple of Diana at Egebus was 420 feet to the support of the roof—it was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height and 853 feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried off 200 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

## Some Old Cities.

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## THE HURRICANE IN CUBA.

Its Approach Graphically Described—The Loss of Life and Property.

A correspondent thus describes the frightful hurricane in Cuba: A terrible experience has befallen the entire eastern department of the island. It has been devastated by one of the fiercest tornadoes that has occurred in this latitude for many years. So disastrous have been its effects that we have already had several of the coast towns have been almost entirely wrecked, while the loss of human life has been terrible. Crops, cattle, men, women and children have been swept away in a second of time, and the amount of destruction is indeed awful. A letter from Santiago de Cuba says the weather had been unusually sultry for days. The morning of the 8th broke still and stormy with the winds slightly lifting from the mountains, and still more slowly from the surface of the harbor near the old Morro Castle. The old residents knew what this portended. Presently a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared, and spread loweringly, and charged its angry, ragged borders till it enveloped the heavens. The birds flew low and sought shelter. The negroes and Chinese at work on the wharves busily gathered the merchandise under cover. The ships struck top-gallant and royal masts sent down all their superfluous topmasts, making all snug for the storm. The wind had risen by 11 o'clock, and blowing off the mist in huge wreaths, whistled through the rigging and the beautiful trees in the Plaza. The miradors of the Casino and the Cuba Capanari were crowded with officers, merchants and planters, who for once dropped the interminable discussion on the best way to exterminate the rebels for speculation on the coming tempest. The wind all of a sudden fell. It was a dead calm. Then came the fiercest gale, and from the mountains, fragrant with the scent of forest blossoms, harbingers of death and desolation.

And then came the storm in all its majestic grandeur. The rain began with picket firing of enormous drops, and like stones, and the wind howled from the mountains, and then came down in a deluge with a rush and a roar deafening to the ear and impenetrable to the eye. The dome and twin steeples of the cathedral were swallowed up in a fog, the wind shrieked, and the roofs and each tiled patio, and then came down in a deluge with a rush and a roar deafening to the ear and impenetrable to the eye. The dome and twin steeples of the cathedral were swallowed up in a fog, the wind shrieked, and the roofs and each tiled patio, and then came down in a deluge with a rush and a roar deafening to the ear and impenetrable to the eye. The dome and twin steeples of the cathedral were swallowed up in a fog, the wind shrieked, and the roofs and each tiled patio, and then came down in a deluge with a rush and a roar deafening to the ear and impenetrable to the eye.

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