#### VOL. V.

## RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1875.

NO. 32.

# Bollding.

What builde a nation's pillars high, And it's foundation strong? What makes it mighty to defy Lie foes that round it throng?

Not gold, but only men can make A people great and strong; Men who for truth and henor's sake Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep, Who dare while others fly ; They build a pation's pillars deep, And lift Phem to the sky.

#### AMONG THE CONNEMARAS.

A Sketch of the Irish Famine I was ordered to headquarters-an invitation anything but complimentary. I felt exceedingly uncomfortable when confronting my commanding officer in the orderly room; instead of cordiality he merely recognized me, frowned, and whispered to old Trennery, the adjutant, whom all of us subalterns hated cordi-Trennery was the perfection of cavalry drill; he paid no respect to rank, title or anything else, and the way he used to abuse us, when in adjutant field day, would have gladdened the heart of the bitterest Communist that ever lived. They sent for my captain, who, though his military and social rank was high in the land and peerage, could do nothing with old Trennery, who asserted, in the most matter-of-fact way, I had connived at the escape of Smith O'Brien, and hinted at the reason, sub rosa. This was enough. The colonel was furious at such a plebeian insimation; I became excited; my captain called in the orderlies, and I went to my room to await further orders. Those orders were read at night stables, that I should immediately join the squadrons, under Sir William Russell, then stationed in a small village at the foot of the Con-nomara mountains. Three days after I reported myself ready for duty to the officer, Sir William Russell, commanding three squadrous of the Seventh Hussars. Inwardly I thunked the stars I had escaped old Trennery. I had necessarily to undergo a certain amount of what is known in such benighted places as a messroom "chaff"; but the state of that mess on the first evening of my arrival somewhat astounded me. My comrades munched at bread crusts; there was no wine, only small jugs of table beer. I ordered from a batman some wine; he said, politely enough, the messman had none. I looked to the president of the mess, who was, in fact, the officer com-

manding, for an explanation.
"My dear boy," he exclaimed, in a subdued voice, "we have relinquished our mess luxuries for awhile, the demands of our soup kitchens are so very imperative. You know there are thousands around us actually starving to

"Starving to death! Why, Sir William, I dined at the castle four nights ago and we had Indian meal pudding, and were invited expressly to taste it by nice little speech, that the Americans, with a generosity beyond all praise, were shipping cargo after cargo of it for the relief of Ireland."

"Most true, my dear fellow," he re plied, with a sigh, "but the misfor-tune is, Indian meal is not potatoes—and they have not, neither will they learn, how to cook it.'

" Why ?" "Why? simply, it is supposed to be some invention to destroy them-some iden that the English wish to poison them. They call it 'Peel's Brimstone, and though there is, I have no doubt. enough of it in the country to sustain the population—and it has been well distributed-there is no one here or elsewhere to show them how to cook it. I do get angry at times to see so many starving people dying around us, day after day, knowing full well they are dying in the midst of abundance—but what can one do? I don't understand how to cook the stuff myself-do you? I acknowledged my ignorance then, little thinking how, in subsequent years, that ignorance would be very considera-

bly enlightened.
"Well," continued Sir William, "I have turned my troopers into sportsmen —after parade they are detailed off for wild fowl shooting, and we have three splendid soup kitchens, I tell you, my boy, and we are supporting them on good solid broth, and not fighting them, the poor, good-hearted souls! as we were last year, and between you and I, Frank "— but military discretion pre-vented the completion of the sentence. Sir William Russell, the lineal descendant of the great man of that ilk, had a heart too great for the colossal

frame that juclosed it. I was then, and still am, an habitually early riser, and on the morning succeeding my arrival at the detachment, the first opal blush in the eastern sky found me in my bath; but a few minutes these times, harrassing position. more, with my fly-rod fixed, I was stepping out, happy as a bird, toward the mountains which overshadowed the small village, in the center of which our barracks lay, with a gloomy, forbidding aspect. I passed one or two videttes in progress, who, after the ordinary challenge which I was prepared to an swer, I regarded with some degree of curiosity. The men looked hungry and quartermaster-general. cadaverous, and the dashing chargers of a year ago hung their heads, and the flank bones were painfully obtrusive. I postscript. I had some such revelation felt an oppressiveness in witnessing this,

that only what followed can explain. Is it possible, I thought, that what Sir William said can be true? That we are in a land where people are dying of starvation? That even our own troops the English patrician; but Ireton was a have to share the common fate? I was strange contradiction. The others all meditating thus when I struck a small drank and were constantly in hot water; meditating thus when I struck a small mountain stream, and, arranging my flies, commenced casting. The trout, though not very large, rose eagerly to soldier in the regiment. His personal the fly, and by the time I had ascended appearance was simply magnificent; his to the summit I had killed three parts of Upon attaining the summit, I found that I was on the immediate border of an extensive lake. I threw rod, creel when going upon Castle guard, mounted and coat under the shadow of a fallen upon a splendid dark-bay charger, at-clinker, which is all that is left of nearly tree, and then myself, and, lulled by the tracted the admiration of the Dublin \$2,000,000. It is about the size of one's desolation of surrounding objects, I must have I then asleep,

bly shore, the surge of an undulating wave as it broke the monotony of silence

I was greatly surprised in encounter ing a lady, lightly and gracefully dressed, tall, though it struck me somewhat attenuated both in figure and feature, with a sweep of long, luxurious hair, held by a ribbon behind, that bound it closely to her head, revealing the Phi-dian exactitude of its shape. Her bright violet eyes were regarding me with a half humorous, half curious expression, while the whole face indicated that of a huntress who had secured or captured

"Do you belong to Sir William's men?" she demanded, somewhat impe-"Madam," I answered, with my best

court bow, "I am attached to the Sevnth."
food but potatoes and milk, chickens and a hog, the latter of which were devoted enth she replied archly, and with a domain!

sweet smile. "If you are the proprietor of the small stream I have followed up the mountain, I am afraid I have killed a government of Great Britain so shamegoodly number of your trout.
"Show them to me."

I opened my croel and tossed the fish

prisonment of the offender.' Her eyes sparkled so much, and she ed my hat and told her I was quite ready

jailer. "Spare all compliments, sir, for your garrison belles. I do not want them or you, but I should like to deprive you of the fish, as they would be quite an addition to my stock of provisions that

I am now taking to my starving peas-"I presume I am speaking, then, to be heiress of Connemara. The fish, Miss Martin, are at your service." And

I handed her the creel. 'It is not the first obligation I am under to the gentlemen of your corps, and I thank you kindly. May I ask your name?

I gave it. The heiress had some reco. agreeable as we chatted from one subject to another; but her mind invariably these poor little things to accept food, ate had driven into such strange extremities.

refreshment, and on the other was a great perplexity, and the men and horses couple of wine glasses of rich old Macouple of wine-glasses of rich old Madeira, from a small traveling stock of my own. The box was chased with tremity. I had sent Ireton to the mounsome elaboration, to the design of which, as, seated on the old tree togeththe chamberlain at the request of his ex-cellency. It was really delicious, and his grace afterwards informed us, in a me, Miss Martin, to break my fast—'tis meagar anough: but let us break bread meager enough; but let us break bread together, if it be only to cement our acqaintance."

A shudder, as with a wistful look she glanced at the delicate white bread, passed over her frame, but the proud lip curled, and a natural self-abnegation was evident in the reply which declined my offer.

"The contents of the flask might save life-at least prolong it," she added,

somewhat bitterly.

I closed the lid. "Take it and do as appier times, I trust, I will reclaim my

She took it and rose-her heightened glorious eyes were welling up in tears, but all emotion was rigorously suppress ed. She held forth her hand, which I took and placed to my lips.

"May God bless you! And so, au re know a man in your troop named Ire-

"Certainly; the best man we have. "Sir William has sometimes been kind enough to send him to my manor with provisions. Would you tell him, from me, that if he will leave a basket here inside the cove, I shall find it and be greatly obliged. I shall be here again the day after to morrow. Adieu." with a kindly smile and a wave of her hand, she darted for her skiff, and with a few, well-pulled strokes of her sculls, had passed from my sight.

I turned to retrace my steps down the mountain, minus creel, fish, and silver dask, but endowed with a higher respect for womanhood than I had ever before conceived.

Upon my return to quarters, I soon discovered old Trennery had not forgotten me. I had been made adjutant of the detachment-an onerous and, in quantities of grain were pouring into Ireland; cargo after cargo of flour and Indian meal were arriving in Galway from the American relief committee, and the distribution of it devolved upon the military, who had to escort it and youch for its delivery. All this entailed a great amount of work in our orderly-room which ought to have belonged to the

It is a common belief that the object of a lady's letter is to be found in the in my mind when I sent for Ireton, who

was the regimental mystery.

We had a good many privates in the ranks I knew to be men of good birth, Ireton was never convicted of a minor offense, and was the most exemplary resemblance to Count D'Orsay so strong a creelful of fair average brook trout. that he was known among his comrades as the "count." He refused all promotion; and the elaborations of his toilette belles. He was a perfect Murat as a fist, and was formed by the chemicals in

The grating of a boat's keel on a peb-ly shore, the surge of an undulating offered a commission in his corps; but, wave as it broke the monotony of standard around, disturbed my dreams and partially awoke me; but the outline of a spoke, and I never saw a smile disturbed the wave of that heavy black mustache. Ireton, though he looked young, was

fully fifty.

"Ireton, the messman will give you a basket of provisions; follow up the stream to the outlet of the lake, and leave it in the cove for Miss Martin. Slip a blanket on your mare, and do not mention the character of your mission

to any one. Here is your pass, and the word is 'Water,' the countersign 'loo.'" I have previously reverted to the evi-dences of the fearful famine which was beginning to pervade the whole land from Skibbereen to Galway. The Irish potato—that succulent which constituted the sole subsistence of the Irish peasantry-had been destroyed by a disease that fell as a blight upon the crop be-fore it had half matured. The Irish, in those days, had no other conception of to paying rent and the priest. The spread of the poteto disease was sorapid fully neglectful, that hundreds had starved to death in Connaught before Downing street had received any intimation of the terrible distress that had beover.

"You know, sir, the law made and provided for unlicensed trespass of this kind—confiscation of the game and imediate of the terrible distress that had befallen poor Ireland. What private resources could do—what such men as filled the official rank of the army then in Ireland, in the institution of soup kitchens, and endeavoring to instruct the was so much constrained to conceal her wretched people how to make bread—mirth, that I, taking the initiative, doff-was done. I know we took the allowances of oats for our horses, half the to be imprisoned if she was to be the rations from the men, and stopped our own mess, to provide the soup kitchens with material. For all that, we were

meet a funeral procession of living skeletons, bearing some stiffened emaci-ation of humanity to its grave, and sit-ting in the sunshine, propped for very weakness, would be poor little children in the last apathy of utter starvation, smiling and even laughing to them-selves. The sight of such scenes would have melted a heart of steel, and I have seen grave, bronzed old soldiers cry like I gave it. The heiress had some reco. women over such hapless, but common, lection of a formal introduction in Dub-illustrations of a famine it was beyond lin, and we became more sociable and our power to relieve. Often, indeed, reverted, I could easily discern, to the but they were past the effort to swallow. fearful scenes of which she was a daily Despite our soup kitchens, our forays witness, and which her efforts to alleviactive benevolence of such women as Miss Martin, the famine increased, and wich box, on one side of which were laid among the Connemaras. We were in tain lake, and I observed his name was absent at muster-roll the same night, and the sergeant of the guard could give no information. Now, for a man of Ire-ton's regular habits, this seemed strange. I sought Sir William Russell, and he highly disapproved my sending Ireton to the lake. In fact, high words passed between us. It was late at night that I started, of my own volition and contrary to our orders, to search for Ireton. In the abrupt, hasty conversation with Sir William, I had gleaned a clew to Ireton's actual identity, and I was

filled with alarm for his safety. My horse, though a thoroughbred, had great difficulty in carrying me to the cove where I had parted with Miss ou wish. On some future occasion, in Martin. It was a brilliant moonlight, and I tethered him some little distance below the old trysting place. I could plainly hear voices in the distance loud color alone indicated her pleasure. The in altercation. A pistol shot, and then glorious eyes were welling up in tears. a horse dashed through the brushwood towards me. I knew the dark bay at a glance, and calling her by name she came up to me, looking wild and alarmed, and snorting as horses do when startled by some hidden danger. I roir." She ran toward her boat, paus d startled by some hidden danger. I a moment, and called me back. "Do you quieted her and secured her by the halter chain. Then I ran rapidly to the lake margin and could see the silvery path made by a boat vigorously propell ed from the shore, but too obscure to distinguish whom it might contain. A stifled groan attracted my attention to the fallen tree where, on my previous visit, I had met Miss Martin, and approaching nearer found her kneeling, er face covered with her hands, and in her lap lay the head of a man. Half petrified with horror, I bent over it and

recognized it as Ireton's, quite dead. "Miss Martin," I exclaimed, putting my hand on her shoulder, "who has done this infernal work?" But she gave silly smile, and said : "How handsome my lord looks even in death."

Her intellect was gone. The silver cord was snapped, indeed, for them The silver

The explanation of this terrible tragedy was subsequently given by the confession of the murderer and the secret knowledge possessed by our commanding officer, and in subsequent years confirmed by Miss Martin when eventually she recovered her reason. Ireton was really Lord Dunston, who for some unexplained reason had enlisted and renounced his title and social position. He had met Miss Martin, and a mutual passion was conceived for each other. But Dunston had an unknown rival who watched and detected his secret meetings with Miss Martin. had overheard my previous conversation with her, and had waited and surprised them, and had assailed the soldier, whom, after a fierce struggle, he succeeded in shooting in the presence of the lady. It was all that our force could of this extremely simple device, an even do when the murderer was captured to save him from the fury of the outraged tenantry of Connemara, and the ocene at the scaffold on the day of his execution was one that developed the worst features of the Irish character when under bitter exasperation.

Mrs. Dr. New has received from her son, Mr. Frank New, who is now in the Treasury department at Washington, a cavalryman, highly esteemed by the greenbacks which have been burned.

### THE ARABIAN HORSE.

### How he is Bred, Cared For and Trained.

The Arabs hold that the age most favorable for breeding is, for the mare, from four to twelve years; for the stallion from six to fourteen. They are more particular concerning the qualities of the stallion than of the mare; because, as they say, the colt always has the qualities of the sire. After the colt is weaned he still follows his mother to the pasture, as the Arabs find this exercise necessary for his health and the develop-ment of his faculties. At aight he returns home and sleeps near the tent of his master. The women and children make him the object of their greatest care, playing with him, and feeding him with dates and milk. From this comes the docility so much admired in Arabian horses. After this the colts are fastened up for awhile, which causes them to growthin and lose their appetites. At the age of one year they unloosen them, and their health again returns. If at the age of fifteen or eightenn months the colt does not move his shoulders easily, they do not hesitate to apply fire to the joints. If the knees are badly formed, indicating a predisposition to tumors, they apply the fire to them on three parallel lines. Finally, if they fear that the horse will become deformed,

"I am sorry," I said to myself, "for either in front or rear, they apply fire to the fetlock joints, but only on the front part, which indicates that the Arabs know the tendons and protect them. The fire is ordinarily applied with a

the weather is more invigorating. It is necessary to commence the eduyou wish to have him docile. From that time until the age of twenty months, he is ridden by a child, who conducts him to drink and to pasture. This exercise is good for both, making the child a horseman and accustoming the colt to be ridden. At this time they begin also to tether the colt. At first the tethers are very short, for fear that he will injure his shoulder or chest. Little by little they lengthen them. The colt is always tethered near the tent, and they place beside him a little negro with a stick, whose mission it is gently to correct the colt whenever he kicks at any one who passes behind him. This watchfulness begets in the colt complete decility and

tranquility.
At the age of twenty-five to twentyseven months, they commence to bridle and saddle the colt, but with the great-est precaution, never saddling him until he has already become used to the bridle. For several days they keep a bit I drew forth a handsome silver sand. With it agragation outrage became rife bit is thus covered, not so much for the purpose of keeping the iron bars of the him to hold it in his mouth owing to the salt taste of the wool which pleases him. They consider the colt nearly trained as to this portion of his education when he

begins to chew the bit. One of the first things which the Arabs teach their colts is never to run away of my four aces, I gladly put up the when the master dismounts. They give the greatest care to this part of his education, as it is of supreme importance in the life of an Arab. It is done by placing a slave on each side of the olt who whenever he attempts to start. put their feet on the reins and stop him suddenly, thus hurting his mouth. After many days of this exercise he be-comes so well trained that he will stand wherever his master dismounts from him, even if he is left alone and has to await whole days for his master's return. From the age of thirty months to that of three years they continue these lessons in order to confirm the young animal in that docility so necessary in war; teaching him also to allow his master to mount and dismount easily, and to obey his voice. From three to four years they exercise the colt more, but feed him well, and also begin to mount him with spurs.

# A Destructive Agent.

Nature has a note on a new and remarkably destructive engine of warfare now undergoing artillery experiment in Eugland, known as the "water shell. The chief merit of the invention-made by Mr. Abel-consists in filling an ordinary shell with water instead of with an my own. In any case, there is nothing explosive agent. A small cylinder, con- of actual value that passes. While we explosive agent. A small cylinder, containing from a quarter to a half ounce of gun-cotton and a little fulminate of mercury, is attached to the fuse and inserted into the water-filled shell, and, owing to the almost it compressible character of water, the explosion of this scemingly trifling charge is said to produce more violent effects than have been attained me no reply, merely looking up with a by any other means. We are told that thing that is high and noble, and de 16-ponuder (cylindro-conoidal) shell tilled with sixteen ounces of gunpowder, was broken by the explosion of this charge into twenty-nine fragments. The detonation of a quarter of an ounce of gun-cotton confined in a shell of precisely the same construction and weight, the chamber being filled up with water and tightly closed, burst the shell into 121 fragments, which were violently dispersed. A corresponding charge of gun-cotton, confined in a third similar shell, the chamber being filled with air, did not burst the shell when detonated ; the resulting gases found vent through a minute perforation in the plug or screwstopper of the shell. One onnce of guncotton confined in a similar shell, filled up with water, broke it up into 300 fragments, but in addition there were two pounds one ounce of the shell almost pulverized by the force of the explosion brought to bear upon the metal through the agency of the confined water.

greater recommendation is its saving of expense, enabling even the most economical governments to feel that they may afford the occasional luxury of a war i they can kill five times as many enemies at less than half price.

The rapid fall of the water from the overflowed lands in Arkansas left thousands of fish exposed in pools and shallow water. These when dead and putrid have been eaten by hogs, and have produced in them a disease resembling the "hog cholera." One man lately lost seventeen hogs by the pestilence.

#### THE GAME OF DRAIL-POQUIER,

#### Abou Ben Adhem Relates his Experience by

a Curious Illustration. Listen to my own experience: A great many years ago, in Persia, I made the with eards, which, I presume, you know nothing of here, called in Persia drahpoquier. It is a curious game. The cards are dealt one at a time till each has five; then those who are playing put on the center of the table a coin, such as has been determined upon-say a kopeck; then they are allowed to throw as who sits next to the dealer remarks, sarcastically: "I am the aged one, impoverish me," and the betting begins. It is a curious game, and is fluctuating, the players being kept in a pleasant have till they come to what they call a show-down.

Well, I learned this game and played it with unvarying success for some days, winning, on an average, four or five dir-hems at a sitting. As I gathered in my

all respects, a gentlemanly game.
"I am sorry," I said to myself, "for
Hafiz, the bellows-maker, and for Nadir, the seller of shawls; but Allah knows I risk my substance on the cards as do they, and had they my luck they would have my money. Be chesm, it is a highly moral game, and had I an hunsickle; and for this operation they avoid as much as possible the great heats of summer. The most favorable time is summer. The most favorable time is what is there wrong in it? It is my money which I risk; it is their mon which they risk. There is no trickery or cheating in this game, for the cards are fairly dealt, and we make wagers on cation of the colt at eighteen months, if our judgment or our luck. So does the merchant who buys the wheat of Khurdistan, believing that the crop will be short and that it will go up. So does the merchant who sells the corn of Kohmul, believing that the crop will be heavy and the price will go down. What is this but gambling? If they play with wheat and corn why should not Hafiz and I play with cards? And then it strengthens the mind, it develops the judgment, quickens the reasoning powers, and broadens, widens, and strengthns the mental man. It is a noble game

and a great pursuit.' Thus reasoned I, joyously. I had no emorse, nor did it occur to me that it was gambling. But one night it so hap-pened that I had a certainty on Hafiz. had three cards alike in my hand-that s to say, three aces—and when the cards were helped, as the saying is, I took another. Hafiz drew one card to the four that he had in his hand, and the betting began. Now, four aces is a strong hand, there being but one that can heat it, namely, a strate-phlush. I wagered a kopec to help Hafiz on to his ruin. How gloated over those four aces! I saw nothing wrong in those four aces, nor in making out of Hafiz, the bellowsmender, all that he should make by his trade for a year. He saw my modest ko-peck and said he would wager a dirhem in addition. Exulting in the strength dirhem, and remarked that such was my faith in my hand that I would impoverish him to the extent of ten dirhems more. Hafiz—on whose head curses !-- saw the ten dirhems and boosted me (boosted is a Persian phrase) one hundred dirhems. I made sure that the four aces were not an optical delusion and went him 1,000 dirhems, which he saw and came back at me 5,000 dirhems which, feeling that it would be cruel to utterly ruin him, I called without

further gymnastics. Smilingly I laid down my four aces and reached for the property. Smilingly he put away my outstretched and eager hand, and laid down beside my four aces his accurred hand, which was

a strate-phlush. "The property is mine!" said he.
"It is!" said I.

Then I experienced a feeling of re-morse. Then I felt that drah-poquier was gambling and that gambling in any form was a sin of the most heinous nature, and that I had been guilty of a

"Oh, why," I exclaimed, "did I ever permit myself to become infatuated with the desire for gaming? If I win, it is my neighbor's dirhems; if I loose, it is use capital in gambling, we produce nothing. One side is richer, the other poorer, and there has been a waste of precious time. Besides, it is terribly demoralizing. It infatuates a man and enfeebles his mind. His mind dwells on the game to the exclusion of every-thing that is good; it crushes out everyvelops everything that is mean and small in one's nature. It ruins the loser finan cially and ruins the winner morally. Wretch that I am! why did I ever permit myself to play at all? Why of permit this cursed infatuation to me? And remorse saton me and I beat my breast and pulled my hair. Bewailing my wickedness, I determined to purge myself of the unholy thing.

Would I have so thought and so done had I held the strate-phlush, and the accursed bellows-mender the four aces? I do not know.

# As Sharp as a Razor.

The other evening a man applied at the general delivery window of the Detroit post-office to know if there was a letter for Jones. "Jones? Jones? What Jones?"

the clerk. "Just nothing but Jones," swered. "I must have the first name-John,

Henry, James," she said. "I know your trick," he exclaimed, ooking very cunning. "You want me to ask for Jim Jones and then you'll say that there's nothing for Jim but that there is a letter for Thomas Jones!"

THEY LEFT. - A number of young men from Boston and Cambridge quitted a word to our families.

# BRAVE HANNAH DUSTON.

# How She Escaped the Indians and has Suf-fered Greatly from her Modern Friends.

The Worcester Spy has a letter from

Boston which contains the following: You remember the exciting story acquaintance of a party of men who met Hannah Duston and the Indians; that frequently to indulge in a game played in March, 1697, she, with her baby only a week old and her nurse, were seized by a party of Indians who made an attack upon Haverhill, then a frontier town. Mr. Duston succeeded, by great courage and coolness, in saving the seven older children and himself. The savages killed the baby and forced the two women to make a terrible march in many cards as they choose, taking from the pack an equal number, then the man where the Contoccook empties into it. Here the party camped, and when the Indians were asleep the two women, helped by a boy, also a prisoner, scalped ten of them, only one squaw escaping, and made their way back to Haverhill. state of incertainty as to what the others It was a wonderful piece of heroism and physical endurance, and was told and sung over and over again in the quaint prose and unpoetical verse of that day. The geographies and histories in use when I was a child had queer wood cuts of the murder of the baby and the escape of the women. Other records showed the ten savages dead in a row—a very droll picture and anything but impressive. Then for a long time the story and memory of the brave women were neglected, and seemed in danger of being forgotten. But in 1856 the Duston monument association was formed in the west parish of Haverhill (where Mrs. Duston had lived and died), for the purpose of buying and improving the site of her house and erecting a monument there in her honor. The money needed was raised by subscription. There was decided difference of opinion as to the proper place for the monument, many contributors desiring to have it in the town square or some other public place, and not on the out-of-the-way Duston farm.

But the original plan was carried out, and in June, 1861, a marble monument twenty-four feet high, with lengthy in-scriptions, was erected on the supposed site of the house from which Mrs. Duston was captured one hundred and sixtycarried off bodily one night; the base which was left still stands to mark the place, but the fate of the monument remains a mystery. Nobody seems to have cared enough about it to look it up; and its disappearance remains one of the most curious thefts on record, although many shrewd guesses were made as to the thief. In 1872 a second attempt was made to commemorate the deeds of Hannah Duston and Mrs. Neff. Six thousand dollars were raised by sub-scription, that portion of the island of Contoocook, at the mouth of the Contoocook river, where the wigwam stood in which Hannah Duston killed the Indians, was given for the site, and the work went on energetically. In June, 1874, the completed monument was unveiled, and there was the usual glorification, with an extraordinary address, and more extraordinary poem from Mr. R.

B. Caverley. The structure is of granite, crowned by an awkward, desperate-looking female figure, who in the first draft carried a hatchet, or tomahawk, perhaps, in one hand, and held up a flying scarf with the other. This arrangement of arms was afterward altered, but not improved. On one side is this inscription:

Fides Justitia Hannah Duston Mary Neff Samuel Leonardson March 30 1697

On the opposite side is:

March The War Whoop Tomshawk Fagot and Infanticides were at Haverbill The Ashes of the Camp fires at night and ten of the Tribe are here.

On the third side is a list of names of Donors; but as there was room for only twenty two, the list ends with the words

- and many, many, others. Among the favored names printed are

Benjamin F. Butler and James C. Ayer. On the fourth side are these verses; Statua Know ve that we with many plant it. In trust to the State we give and grant it That the tide of Time may never cant it

Nor mar nor sever; That Pilgrims here may heed the mothers That Truth and Faith and all the others With banners high in glorione colors
May stand forever. The names of five witnesses follow.

the Northern railroad, a few miles above Concord, N. H.

#### In Denmark. In Denmark the houses generally are

well furnished, with the exception of carpets, for which the Danes seem to have a great dislike. In the apartments of the wealthy you will find often velvet rugs and mats in the center of the floors and around the sofas and tables. The floors are either nicely waxed or painted, and have a decided air of cleanliness about them. The Danish housemaids are very fond of scrubbing, and seem to keep it up pretty nearly all the time. The walls of the private residences are very thick, and are built not only for the present, but for posterity. The window frames have a double sash. These are These are of great convenience in ventilating the rooms in winter. The outer sash can be thrown open without letting in much cold air. The space between the sash price of admission. is large enough to hold vases and pots of flowers, and flowers are seen growing in almost every window. The curtains are usually white, or of some very light col-ored material. Many of the partition walls in the Danish houses are made of light canvas, instead of laths and morhotel at Baker's Island after a brief so- upon frames, which can be moved about as a signal of distress, until his ammuourn, and left a corked bottle on the at a mere nominal cost. These can nition gave out. He had just set about beach inclosing this inscription: vased partitions are sometimes very "Starved to death at the — hotel. (Signatures.) If this is picked up, send rooms fully as private as one should wish to have them.

The Nearness of Heaven. Oh, heaven is nearer than mortals think When they look with a trembling dread At the misty future that stretches on From the silent home of the dead.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour Will open the next in bliss; The welcome will sound in the heavenly world Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

#### Items of Interest.

"Moonlight mechanics" is the Troy Press' latest name for burglars. It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the

"My husband," says a lady, "is the most even-tempered person in the world

-he is always mad. Thirty-five lives were lost on New Orleans steamers during the first half of this year, twenty-one by fire.

The youth becomes a man the very day he begins to feel uneasy at the idea of being dependent on another.

"The one thing," says Jean Paul, which a lady most easily forgets is how she looks-hence mirrors were invented. The too-sensitive chief of police in Portland resigned because a robber whom he "wanted" not only cluded him, but

broke into and robbed his house. A correspondent wants to know by what authority we said that flies were of the race of Beelzebub. Doesn't everybody knew that Beelzebub is the father of flies?

Lady—"Well, Biddy, and how is the toothache this morning?" Biddy—"It's yerself's the rale lady to think of poor old Biddy; but sure, me lady, the pain's got so dreadful used to me that I never feel it now at all, at all?"

A Tennessee girl told a fellow she would give him a kiss if he would catch her. She ran well till she got out of sight of the old folks, and then gave in. This shows what a Tennessee girl will do when she's hard run.

Hezekiah Leland, who died in Augusta, was the fleshiest man in Maine. He was thirty years old, and weighed three four years before. The monument cost 81,200. Strangely enough, some time after, the monument disappeared, was after, the monument disappeared, was twenty inches deep, and thirty inches wide.

Charles Dorr of Orland, Me., went to Bangor to buy a wedding suit. He re-galed himself on peaches and ale on his way home, from the effects of which he died the day set for his marriage, and was buried in the clothes he bought for his wedding.

Cider may be preserved sweet for years, by putting it up in air-tight cans, after the manner of preserving fruit.

The liquor should be first settled and racked off from the dregs, but fermentation should not be allowed to commence

The other boys shouted, "boys behind!" and it was astonishing how quick the boy let go the tail gate of that bread wagon and commenced making faces and feeling for something in the seat of his breeches, as the wagon went on without

him and the driver laughing. "Fine cane you've got," said Crabapple to Shawneybaum. "Yes, sir," said Shawneybaum; "I brought it from Hengland." "What kind of wood is it?" said Crabapple. "Well, sir, it looks like 'azel or 'ickery, or you might take it for a helm; but, hafter hall, it's only

a hash!" Kerosene flames are readily extinguished by throwing a cloth over them, thus stifling them. But cloth is not always in the kitchen, where kerosene accidents are most likely to occur. Flour is recommended as a substitute. Thrown upon the flames, it quickly ab-

sorbs the fluid and deadens the flame. The mule felt funny and playful, or ne wouldn't have upset the milk wagon, kicked the cans full of dust, spilt the milk all over the driver and gone home with the shafts and front axle-tree hanging to him. There is no true confidence to be placed in a mule. One may think he's too lazy to kick and run, but he knows more about himself than we do.

If we knew the cares and crosses Crowding round our neighbor's way, If we knew the little losses Sorely grievous day by day; Would we then so often chide him For his lack of thrift and gain, Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our lives a stain?

Excellent advice is given to teachers in the Brooklyn Journal of Education: 'If you cannot answer a question pointedly and clearly when asked, say so; think of it until you can; then, after the lesson is recited, give the information desired." Some teachers are afraid to say frankly that they do not know a The monument stands in full view from thing. Pupils soon find out their weakness.

A young man in Dallas, Texas, awoke suddenly the other night to find a large snake in bed with him. provoking an attack, he lay still till morning, when a friend who came to call him to breakfast killed the intruder. The same room has been visited by reptiles more than once before. In the spring three tarantulas were caught, and about a month ago a rattlesnake four

feet long was killed there. The fashionable people of Louisville, Ky., habitually go to the theater only on Friday nights. So fixed has this usage become that on this evening of every week the house will not hold all who come, and on others it is nearly empty. This is not a profitable custom for manager, and during the coming season he will endeavor to break it up by calling the favored occasions "popular

During the recent flood on the Wildcat river, in Indiana, a resident of Clinton county awoke late one night to find the ground floor of his house entirely submerged, and the waters rising rapidly. He took his children out of bed, set them on the highest part of the tar, as in America. The canvas is placed roof and began firing shots from his gun, composing his mind for death when some of his neighbors, coming down the river on a boat, sailed in at one of his win-dows and rescued the party.