

### A RIVER OF FIRE.

Volcanic Eruption in Hawaii—Thundering Explosions—White Hot Rocks and Flowing Flame

The *Hawaii Gazette* gives an account of an eruption of the volcano of Mauna Loa, exceeding in violence any ever before known on the island. The grand outburst of fire is described as follows: It broke out about 7 p. m. on Friday, about six miles north of the summit crater of Mokuawewe on Mauna Loa, and flowed down the elevated plateau lying between Mauna Loa and Kea, sending out two branches, one from near its source toward the old crater of Rilaua, and another branch further down, tending toward the east. On Wednesday the flow could be seen distinctly from Hilo winding its way toward Puna, with a small branch stream running toward Hilo. The stream running toward Puna was about thirty miles in length, and from 100 to 200 yards in width, with a depth of about twenty feet. A correspondent of the *Gazette* accompanied a party to view the grand sight, and they climbed the mountain side. Soon, he says, as the fog gradually cleared off the sides of the mountain, we saw a tremendous river of fire pouring down the steep sides. We could see it distinctly down the slope, till it ran into the fog bank, which had settled like a huge snow bed all over the lowlands.

The fire was an intense white light and was running furiously downward. They then went toward Puna to see the molten river by night, and, he adds, the moon set, and still it was light enough to see to read. Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant fountain head, and thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava. There lay a river of fire beneath us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. The whole front edge, being about three-fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant light, and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along the whole edge. Then there were giant explosions, vast and terrible, as if the earth was being shattered by earthquakes, and all at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about half way up the mountain side, and continued to flow over like an immense fountain. The next day the party crossed the old lava beds for about 1,000 feet. Not twenty feet distant was the immense bed of lava slowly moving forward with irresistible force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders of tons weight.

The whole front edge was one bright red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered up by another avalanche of white-hot rocks and sand. The mass was at its front edge from twelve to thirty feet in height. Along the line of its advance it was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scoria. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only a tremendous roaring like ten thousand blast furnaces all at work at once. Some fears of the safety of Hilo are still entertained, but the flow seems turning in another direction.

A correspondent of the *Honolulu Press*, writing from Hilo, says: The sight on Saturday was indescribably grand. All day, with or without the glass, our eyes were turned toward the mountain. A fountain of liquid lava was pouring up from the summit line of Mauna Loa. Two fiery streams were distinctly visible coursing down its side, one toward Mauna Kea, the other nearer Hilo. At night the sky was a glare of light that made objects distinctly visible in the streets and in our rooms. Wednesday night the sight of the mountain was most glorious. The broken clouds lying around the summit sides were irradiated and shone in wonderful splendor. The force of the eruption seems now diminishing.

### A Farmer's Blunder.

A Scotch farmer, living near the seacoast, saw the shore on the morning after a storm strewn with jelly-fish. He knew in a sort of general way that fish made good manure, and supposed that one sort of fish was as good as another. So blessing Providence for dumping such a lot of fertilizer so handy to his farm he used all his men and horses that day in carting load after load of jelly-fish to his fields.

Great were his expectations of large crops. But a neighbor, who had a little "book learnin'," blighted his hopes. "You've been watering your fields in stead of manuring them," said the neighbor, who knew that the jelly-fish is largely made up of water.

The farmer rose "a sadder and a wiser man" from that. For he learned that a jelly-fish of two pounds contains only thirty grains of solid matter, and in spreading four tons of the fish upon his fields he had added but sixteen pounds of fertilizing matter thereto.

A marriage notice begins, "John Knox has taken a wife." Well, that's nothing. It isn't near so bad as it he had taken the cholera, or smallpox, or yellow fever, you know. John ain't so bad off as you think.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Maiden lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism: "Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

### HE KNEW HOW TO TRAVEL.

A Railroad Incident in the Life of a Humorist.

We were rumbolling merrily along to Putnam, Connecticut, when the new man got on. I think he got on at Wallpole. He carried a valise, a blanket rolled up in a shawl strap, a cane, an umbrella and a book. He wore a plaid suit and a silk hat, and a polo cap was rolled up in his ulster pocket. In one of them, that is, for they were legion. He carried his wax matches in a little pocket on his right cuff, his little case of gentle cigarettes in a little pocket just below the handkerchief pocket; his card case in a little pocket near the right hip, then there were three other unassigned pockets on the right breast and two other mysterious pockets on the left side of his ulster. Then I think there were two pockets on the back of that wonderful garment, just below the shoulders, but I will not be positive. His water was belted in with a belt that might have done duty on the big pulley in a saw mill. He parted his beard in the middle, combed his hair low on his forehead, was very broad across his back, and had a voice as big as his ulster. He paused beside me and looked down at me.

"This seat occupied, sir?"

And he said sir like a regular army officer, with an impressive pause between it and the rest of the sentence, a pause just about as long as the regular army officer usually occupies in saying "bless you," or words to that indirect effect.

"No, sir," I said, timidly, and then with a feeble attempt at cordiality, I added, "sit down, sir."

"Sir," said the new man, "I intend to. I generally find a seat if the car is crowded, or I tell people what I think about it."

And then he sat down, partly on the seat and partly in my lap, crushing me up against the window. He put his silk hat in the rack and the polo cap down over his manly brow; he stood his cane and umbrella up in my end of the seat and set his valise upon my feet. Then he folded his arms so that one of his great elbows jammed itself into my cheek, and then he looked comfortable. Once in a while he would suddenly feel in his pocket for something, and every time he did so, that elbow went cruising up and down my ribs like a street crusher.

In one of these sudden disturbances I ventured, with a feeble effort at timid sarcasm, to "hope that I didn't inconvenience him?"

"No, sir," said the new man, with considerable italics; "no, sir; I'd let you know very quickly if you did, sir. I'd tell you what I thought about it."

Presently he took out his little cigarette case, and a neat little meserscham holder and made preparations for the comfort of a smoke, but the brakeman touched his shoulder and told him he must go forward to the smoking car.

"Isn't this the smoking car?" yelled the new man, nearly grinding me to powder as he turned to face the brakeman.

"No, sir," replied that functionary, very airily; "this is a ladies' car."

"Well, by jove," said the new man, "I took it for the smoking car, and not a very nice one at that. It looks like a smoking car, and the people in it like the people I generally find in a smoker."

And then he ground around toward me again and said:

"I'm an old traveler, and when I don't like anything I tell what I think about it. That is where you'll generally find me."

I wanted to say something smart, but somehow or other I couldn't think of any thing very appropriate just then, so I held my peace, and nerved my wrath against not only the new man but the fat passenger, whom I could hear behind me making pleasant remarks about my position. By-and-bye we stopped at some station where there was a great Concord stage waiting, and the new man was one of the first passengers to rush out, saying he would have a box sent or they'd hear what he thought about it.

"Well, I guess he got it. He was climbing up over the forward wheel, roaring at the apathetic driver to take his valise, when the train started and the noise frightened the horses, and they made a plunge. The new man stepped on the wheel and was thrown headlong on the ground, snapping his umbrella and cane in the spokes of the wheel as he fell. His hat rolled off, his valise fell in front of the wheel, which passed over it, and two or three men, making a rush for the horses, stepped on his hat. I couldn't get my window up in time to cheer, but the sad passenger got his head out, and as the train moved off the crowd around the coach and the new man was thrilled by a tender, insinuating voice, that came singing back from the car window with a melancholy intonation:

"I say, tell 'em what you think about it!"—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

When the cook placed the turkey on the table, upside down on the dish—that is with its back up—the head of the house got his back up, too, gave her a withering look and almost profanely asked if she "s'posed he was going to crawl under the table and cut a hole up through the plate, to get at the breast of the fowl?"—*Norristown Herald*.

A great many men are cottage-built; that is to say, they have but one story, and they are forever telling it.—*Boston Transcript*.

### A Helping Hand

"Every man's Nemean Lion lies in wait for him somewhere."—*Rusk*.

There was a small crowd of boys and men congregated upon an uptown corner the other morning, and the occasion of it was a horse fallen in the harness—a respectable-looking horse drawing a respectable-looking milk wagon, and driven by a boy, who now tugged at his head, vainly urging him to rise.

"Jerk him up," called a man who stood on the sidewalk with both hands in his pockets. "Give him the whip."

Each one shouted out some advice, but no one volunteered to assist the boy, who was just far enough away from his childhood to feel like having a good cry; but he coaxed and pulled at the horse that now lay quite still, and with horse sense did not try to move on the slippery ice, but stretched his neck out in a way that brought despair to the heart of the boy, who believed he was going to die on his hands.

Just then a man came walking briskly along and saw the prostrate horse, and the disconsolate-looking boy; he carried a heavy piece of machinery in one hand, but this he laid aside as he stepped out to the horse and began to take off the harness. In a moment he had run the shafts back and left the horse free. Then he took the middle-iron, gave a quick, sharp chirp and the animal sprang to his feet and gave himself a great shake; the man helped the boy re-harness him, the two exchanged a smile of thanks and welcome, and then the man picked up his machinery and walked cheerily off one way, as the boy drove on another. He had slain the Nemean lion to begin the day, and we may well believe that when evening came he would be one of those who can sing:

"Something accomplished, something done  
Has earned a night's repose."

An old colored woman stopped at a corner of one of the most fashionable thoroughfares the other afternoon, just before nightfall, and looked disconsolately up and down the street; then she appealed to a beautiful girl in a Raphael hat and with eyes like some pictured saint who tripped along in rich and costly attire: "Please, miss, might this be Anthony street, deary," but only a look from the beautiful eyes was vouchsafed her. Then came some fair and prosperous matrons, all laughing and chatting over their Christmas purchases. The old aunty, with her withered face stood in the way. "Please, honeys, will ye direct me to Anthony street? Ise done got lost."

"We never heard of such a street," they said, and went laughing on. It was a weary professor going home from instrumental lesson-giving, with the merest breath of life left in him, who stopped and said: "You mean Antoine street, aunty," and he turned her in the right direction, and saw that she followed it. And so he had slain his Nemean lion before he slept.

For the difficulty of moment in the path of everybody is the small, homely, unheroic duty, which is so unbecomingly we will not see it, and has so little grandeur with which to invest us when we have performed it. Who of us cares to be seen assisting an old woman with an overburden of unwashed clothes, or a blind man groping behind a wheelbarrow. The fear of ridicule is stronger than the creed of ages.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### The Homes of the Irish Peasants.

It may be well to give you a description of the interior of some of the dens, misnamed cott, in which the peasantry of Galway and Mayo counties lives, writes Edward King from Dublin to the *Boston Journal*. They are merely stone shelters; they are not provided with any facilities for drainage, and are often incomparably filthy. The floors are of hard mud; it is rare to find more than one room in a hut, and only one story. Beds and bedding are luxuries which the poorer tenants do not possess; old heaps of hay and straw are the couches on which the lovely brown-eyed maidens of Connaught repose. The smoke from a peat fire in a common peasant's cabin spreads through the room, and you narrowly escape strangulation on your first visit. I have had this experience in Herzegovina, and consequently minded the smoke but little. How family decency is maintained in these dens is a mystery, and how the people manage to keep clean—for they look clean—is a puzzle.

The pigs run in and out of the doors—and such wretched pigs! A North Carolina wild hog would be an aristocrat beside them! In dozens of these cabins sick people are to be found—sick people dependent either on the charity of their neighbors or on friends in America who send them small sums. A gentleman in Galway told me that the agents of landlords treated the poorer tenantry as if they were animals. He instanced the case of one agent who, on rent day, when any tenant was short a half crown in his payment, would knock the money off the table on the floor, so as to humiliate the tenant before his fellows. Up to a very recent date even the better class of tenants would not have dared to resent such behavior; they were ready to fawn before the man who insulted them. Now the tables are turned and the agent sneaks in and out among the people, taking twenty-five per cent. less than the usual rental, if indeed he gets anything at all, and is glad to get away again out of the farming district with his head still on his shoulders.

A meteorological station is to be established on the celebrated Scottish mountain, Ben Nevis.

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

The fuel of the living body is food.

It is known as a fact in geology that below the depth of thirty feet the earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend. On an average the increase is at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty feet.

A journey across Africa from south to north is to be undertaken by Dr. Emil Holub, of Prague, under the auspices of the Vienna Geographical society. He thinks he can traverse the continent lengthwise in three years.

One of the most delicate instruments known to science is Edison's tasmeter or heat measure. The rapid passage of the hand before it, at a distance of thirty-four feet, causes a deflection of the needle of two hundred degrees.

In his new scientific treatise on island life Mr. Alfred B. Wallace, the eminent English naturalist, estimates the period embracing the formation of all the fossil-bearing rocks, since the Cambrian, at twenty-eight millions of years.

Another unsuspected danger growing out of the infirmities of railway employees was suggested at the recent conference of instructors of deaf mutes at Milan. It appears that locomotive engineers are peculiarly subject to a certain disease of the ear, liable to affect their hearing in such a way as to imperil the safety of their trains. Like color-blindness, the defect seems to have been operative long before it was discovered.

### Ye Olden Times.

Thirty years ago Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and breach of promise cases were unknown. Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word stuck to it.

Exactly thirty years ago this month a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him over to DeWitt, eight miles away. While en route he stopped at a log farmhouse to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk, the woman queried:

"Am I right in thinking you are a widower?"

"Yes."

"Did you come out here to find a wife?"

"Partly."

"Did anybody tell you of our Susie?"

"No."

"Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of twenty-two as you ever set eyes on. She's good-looking, healthy and good-tempered, and I think she'll like your looks."

"Where is she?"

"Over in the woods here, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?"

"No. If you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her."

"Well, there's nothing stuck up or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her don't be afraid to say so."

The stranger heard the sound of her ax and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good-looking girl, swinging the ax like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

"Susie, I am a widower from New York State; I'm thirty-nine years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?"

She leaned on the ax and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied:

"Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind."

She sent the tree crashing to earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

"I'm your'n!" was the reply; "and by the time you get back from DeWitt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up and be ready for the preacher!"

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Effects of Fright on the Hair.

The *Gazette des Hopitaux* gave an account lately of a singular case of complete alopecia. A girl, aged seventeen, who had always enjoyed health had one day a narrow escape from being crushed by a floor giving way beneath her. She was very much frightened, and the same night began to complain of headache and chills. The next morning she felt restless, and had itching of the scalp. During the few following days she steadily improved, with the exception of the itching. One day, in combing her hair, she noticed that it came out in large quantities. Three days later she was perfectly bald. Her general health was good, but her head continued bald, and was still so when seen two years later by the reporter.

A little boy having heard his father say that a certain neighbor was a fore-handed man, became very anxious to see him; but when the coveted opportunity came, the little fellow, after looking at him carefully, and seeing that he had but one arm, exclaimed in a tone of bitter disappointment: "You ain't four-handed a bit. You've only one hand. What makes pa fib so?" An explanation was necessary.

A Marathon woman has a husband so sharp that she uses him to cut beef with.—*Marathon Independent*.

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Where Hanging Originated.

It has often been a subject of wonderment to us where our pretty girls got the notion from of combing their front hair down over their foreheads, and cutting off the ends so as to make the inch and a half of hair which they keep hanging down nearly to their eyebrows and which is irresistibly associated in our mind with an imperfectly sheared mule's tail. The mystery was solved to our satisfaction last night as we dropped into Dr. Jackson's. The doctor received from New Zealand, yesterday, among quite a variety of ferns and mosses, and other curiosities from that semi-barbarous land, the pictures of two Maori-natives of that country—a boy and a girl—and the latter had her back hair looped upon the top of her head, and stuck through with white-tipped turkey feathers, and the front hair was hauled down in front, the ends mingling with the eyebrows. So it is from the New Zealand savages, and not from the North American Indian squaws, ladies, that we copy the fashion.—*Columbia (S. C.) Register*.

### Ladies' Patches.

The beauties of the court of Louise the Fifteenth thought they had made a notable discovery when they gammed pieces of black taffeta on their cheeks to heighten the brilliancy of their complexions. The ladies in England had before adopted patches, in quaint shapes, as of a crescent or coach and horses. An epigram was written:

Her patches are of every cut,  
For pimples and for soars;  
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,  
And some of the fixed stars!

The coach and horse patch was an especial favorite. Anstey, in his satire, "The Bath Guide," enumerates "velvet patches" as among a fine lady's necessities; but about the beginning of the present century they seemed gradually to go out of fashion in England.

### Fashion Notes.

Linen "bunting," finished with rows of faggotting, is the new material for window curtains.

Ladies' street jackets are not bordered with fur, but have collar, cuffs and pocket welts made of it. A fur border is thought to detract from the style.

Pinch and brocade velvet fans come in dark Oriental colors, or in delicate evening shades, and are handsomely mounted with pearl or carved ivory.

Black basques and colored skirts are the latest combination.

Big white buttons on overcoats are among the horrors of the winter.

One-half of the lower part of a sleeve is occasionally covered with a netting of jet beads matching a collar and cuff of the same material.

Gray silk stockings embroidered in colors for the house, light tints for receptions, and red stockings or those matching the gown for the street, is the rule in Paris.

Some of the New York girls must look like small hussars in their red jackets braided with gold. Collar, cuffs and pocket fairly glitter with metal, and the effect is decidedly military.

Aprons are now shirred across their entire breadth, the fullness between the drawing threads being pressed into knife plaitings and turned under at the foot to give a full, puffed look.

Casulmeres are prettiest trimmed with velvets; cloths, as already said, with velvet or plush, but the prettiest fancy fabrics for trimming fine woollens are those of wool brocade in tiny silk patterns. The style is now more fashionable than Pekins.

Plaited waists are again fashionable and are often made for indoor wear of material different from the dress. A flannel blouse of this sort is both comfortable and economical, inasmuch as it affords an easy method of utilizing old skirts, the bodies to which are worn out.

Ladies who are making whole gowns out of the brocades now sold at hal price are informed by *Harper's Bazar* that the dresses should be very simple in style, with peasant waists, broad collars, wide belts with sashes, close sleeves, and a full round skirt with no trimmings at the back.

Many of the cloak sleeves are rather short, the lower part being turned back to the depth of ten inches. This gives a bright and stylish effect, as the linings are usually of some gay-colored plush.

The lower edge of the mantle not infrequently is turned up with a band of the same, and the plush is then introduced in the hat trimmings.

Spun-silk stockings in solid colors on antique gold and all the lighter shades of sulphur, cameo, salmon, straw and lemon are among the latest importations in hosiery. There are also handsome combinations of pale rose and bright coral, light blue and garnet, dark myrtle green and carnation, mauve and cream, and royal purple and very delicate lilac.

When a man wants to enlist in the army of China his courage is subjected to a very unusual test. The recruiting officer places the candidate in a chair and proceeds to extract a tooth, and the conduct of the patient under this ordeal is said to decide the question as to his fitness for the military service of the empire. If he howls and jumps up and down he is pronounced unfit; but if he smiles and exhibits generally a feeling of satisfaction he secures a permanent place in the ranks.

A Marathon woman has a husband so sharp that she uses him to cut beef with.—*Marathon Independent*.

### Ancient Fairs and Markets.

During a recent lecture in New York on ancient fairs and markets, Chief-Justice Charles P. Daly said: Fairs have come down to us from a remote antiquity, and their origin was probably Asiatic. They were found in Mexico and Peru when those countries were first discovered by the Spaniards, and were known in Europe as early as the seventh century. From the fourth to the seventh century Europe was devastated by the savage tribes of Asia, and commercial intercourse was almost completely destroyed. At the close of this warfare, the seeds of a new civilization were sown, and people were again brought together for mercantile transactions, but with great difficulty. The roads were infested with robbers and merchants were forced to unite and travel well armed for protection. It is probable that the great fairs held down to the sixteenth century had their origin in this way. Merchants encountered each other at certain seasons of the year at central points, and exchanged their commodities. Another circumstance fixed the places for these meetings, and gave rise to small local fairs. In the middle ages the devotional feelings of the people caused them to visit the shrines of the saints. Pilgrimages were made at favorable seasons of the year, and as travel was difficult and dangerous the pilgrims set out in large numbers. With an eye to business they usually managed to carry with them goods which they knew would be in demand at the holy place; and thus, not only indemnified themselves for the expense of the pilgrimage but served God and turned an honest penny at the same time. After the religious ceremony came the fair and the busy scenes of traffic. The same causes led to the establishment of local fairs or markets on Sundays and holidays in nearly every town where the church was established. They were a source of revenue to the religious houses, a toll being exacted from all merchants who engaged in traffic.

There were seven or eight great fairs in Europe, to which all the great merchants resorted. They were generally held in an open plain, covering a space of six or seven miles. If held near a town all business was suspended there during the progress of the fair. The manner of conducting them was thoroughly republican, every person interested having an equal voice in the government. A president was elected and a council of twelve, in whom all power was lodged. They also had a court, composed of twelve persons, and police to preserve order. The proceedings of the court were summary and without appeal, and execution promptly followed the sentence. The court settled all disputes, and theft was punished by whipping the offender and exposing him, fastened to an iron chain, that all might know that he was a thief. The fair was opened and closed by public proclamation, and merchants were exempt from arrest in person and property while engaged at the fair, and in going to or returning from it. When the fair was formally opened the spectacle presented was striking and picturesque. Booths and tents were spread out in all directions, and amusements of all kinds were liberally provided. Everywhere, as now, the gambler was to be found, and the puppet-show divided attention with the rope-dancers and fortune-tellers. With the advance of civilization, safety of travel and the building of great cities—which are, in fact, but fairs, or markets, on a large scale—the necessity for holding these large fairs disappeared, and they began to be patronized more by the idle and vicious in search of amusement than by traffickers in the necessities of life.

### A Forger's Career.

A Boston letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says: Advice just received here goes to show that the fugitive Rev. Ezra D. Winslow, forger, who ran away from Boston with over \$500,000, is now editor of the *Buenos Ayres Herald*, in South America. The evidence shows that after the English government refused to surrender him he went to South America, where he assumed the name of Lowe and became a great church member and agent of the National Bank Note company, of New York. By credit he got control of the *Buenos Ayres Herald* and got a fat billet as a mediator between the Argentine Confederation and Chili, out of which he reaped a good harvest with certain bankers.

A short time since he published a long obituary of his wife, at present living in this city, and went into mourning, but soon after married a sixteen-year-old girl, the daughter of a wealthy family in Buenos Ayres. Last month the fact of the existence of the first wife reached Buenos Ayres, and there was trouble in his new family. He smoothed matters by claiming that wife No. 1 had been divorced, when the contrary is the fact, and he still continues to "roll in clover." Investigation here goes to show that a few weeks since he wrote to parties here offering to place \$15,000 in the hands of wife No. 1 if she would get a divorce from him. She is almost broken-hearted, and a physical wreck, but yet is disposed to continue her burden without complaint, although her friends and relatives have advised her to get a divorce from her notorious husband.

"I'm drawing a conclusion," remarked Aminidab, as he pulled the cat's tail.—*Ed. L. Adams*.