

### The Cause of Liberty.

We love no triumph sprung of force—  
They stain her brightest cause;  
[Tis not in blood that liberty  
Inscribes her civil laws.  
She writes them on the people's heart,  
In language clear and plain;  
True thoughts have moved the world before  
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love  
Of freedom's cause sublime;  
We join the cry, "Fraternity!"  
We keep the march of time,  
And yet we grasp not pike nor spear,  
Our victories to obtain;  
We've won without their aid before,  
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,  
To show a front to wrong;  
We have a citadel in truth,  
More durable and strong.  
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,  
Have never striven in vain;  
They've won our battles many a time,  
And so they shall again.

Peace, Progress, Knowledge, Brotherhood—  
The ignorant may sneer,  
The bad deny; but we rely  
To see their triumph near.  
No widows' groans shall lead our cause,  
Nor blood of brethren slain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we shall again.

—Charles Mackay.

### Snow-Bound in a Car.

THE DILEMMA OF A BRIDE-EXPECTANT.

I don't mind telling you about an incident connected with one of those snow blockades. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I've since thought it worth remembering. One day I found myself at Smethport, the county seat of McKean county, Pa., waiting for a train to Bradford. The only train I could get for on the Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua railroad, and as business was somewhat pressing I had to go. It had been snowing steadily for some hours when I went to the station late in the afternoon, and I had fears that the train might not get through to Bradford before morning, for the road runs through a mountain forest all the way and there are some pretty steep grades a few miles out. Well, as I couldn't do any better, I determined to run the risk. There were only a few passengers, all of them oil men but one, and that one a young lady. She sat alone in the ladies' car, for the men wanted to smoke and so kept themselves in the smoker. There were only two passenger cars, a baggage car and an engine in the whole train, for you see a narrow-gauge engine can't drag very many cars up the side of a mountain. Well, down in the valley, where the road was level, we made good headway, but as soon as we got into the woods and struck the first grade we crept along like a snail. It began to snow harder than ever, and such snow I never saw before. It came down in flakes as large as an egg and as soft as feathers—just the kind of snow to stick and block things. I was beginning to wish I hadn't started when I felt the train come to a standstill. The railroad men began to swear and the engineer tried to go ahead. The train jerked and jostled, and dragged itself a hundred yards up the grade and came to a standstill. The trainmen and the oilmen held a council and decided to run back to Smethport, but that was easier talked about than accomplished. The rear car hadn't been backed three hundred feet before it ran off the track, and there we were. We couldn't telegraph for help, because we hadn't an instrument, and even if we had the wires were already broken with the weight of snow and falling limbs of trees.

By the time we came to a standstill for good it was pitch dark and snowing as though all Greenland had moved down on us. There was nothing to do but to sit down and wait for morning. We pulled up the seats and made beds of them and were about to make ourselves comfortable for the night when "Judge" Cowan, a driller, jumped up with a half yell. "Well," said he, "we're selfish wretches—going to bed here and never once thinking of the woman alone in the other car." With that he bolts through the door and goes into the other car. "The young lady was in there in the dark, the trainmen even having forgotten to light the lamps. The minute the judge came through the door she calls out, 'How long before the train will get to Bradford, conductor?' 'Madam,' says he, 'I'm not the conductor, and I came in to say that we're stuck fast in the snow, and will have to stay here all night and perhaps longer.' With that she gives a little gasp of disappointment, and probably had a little cry all to herself while the judge was lighting the lamps. You see, she had come all the way from some Eastern city—Philadelphia, I think—to meet her lover, and by the delay of a snow blockade she might miss her wedding day. When the truth was known the boys were sorry enough, and would have done anything in their power to help her out of the difficulty, but what could a handful of men do against a mountain of snow?

After her first disappointment the young lady was brave enough and was not at all afraid of staying in the car all night, provided there was a fire, so that

she could keep warm. The judge said he guessed he could fix things up comfortable, and went to work making a bed out of the seat cushions and three or four overcoats borrowed from the men. By the time he got things in shape he had learned that her lover was an old friend of his. From that minute the judge took her under his own special protection and relieved the conductor of the responsibility of her safe arrival in Bradford. He made the rest of the men go to bed and sleep, while he sat up all night tending the fire and keeping watch over his new-found charge. The night wasn't very cold, but the way it did snow was a wonder. Before morning the cars were half covered under, and by daylight one half of the train was out of sight. You see, we were in a fix, with no hopes of getting out.

Along toward 9 o'clock in the morning the young lady woke up and asked how soon the train would get through, and the judge, who had made a careful survey of the surroundings every half hour since the night before, answered in a good-natured way that the train might be delayed a week for all he could see at that time. Would you believe me? if that woman didn't burst out crying! But she was as brave as a man the next minute, and she even smiled when the judge proposed to go and hunt up something for breakfast. It wasn't much of a breakfast, but it was the best the train could afford. A box of biscuits was found in the baggage car, along with a barrel of apples. Every box and barrel in the car was broken open, but not another eatable thing could be found. We had an elaborate bill of fare that day—apples and biscuit for breakfast, biscuit and apples for dinner, while for supper we had baked apples and toasted biscuit. It snowed all day and nobody left the cars. At night the judge appointed a relay of men to keep the fires going and to gauge the weather every half hour, he himself taking the first watch. During the night it stopped snowing, and truly it was high time, for it seemed as though the whole crop of snow had been exhausted. In the morning we had a sumptuous breakfast of apples and biscuit. The more impatient of the men, seeing that the snow had ceased falling, made an endeavor to beat a path up the track, but they might as well have stayed in the cars. In the afternoon they tried again, and the snow being somewhat settled they succeeded in getting some little distance from the train.

You, being a city man, would naturally ask why we didn't get out and walk back to Smethport, but when I tell you that the snow was neck-high to a tall man and as soft as feathers you will not wonder that we were helpless. We could do nothing but go back to our fires and baked apples for the third night. The men sat up half the night in their car discussing a way of escape. Stranger, I am proud to say that not a single man thought of himself; it was all for the young lady. We could see that she took the imprisonment and the delay very much to heart, although she never uttered a word of complaint. It was mighty hard to think of her shut up in a snow-bank when she should be attending her own wedding, and the boys felt nearly as bad about it as she did.

In the morning the judge made the important discovery that the provisions had given out. Being healthy men we had made short work of the apples and the biscuits. There was just enough for breakfast and dinner for the young lady. The men were terribly hungry when this became known. It is amusing to think of the melancholy manner in which they wandered around the baggage car, prying into every corner, ransacking the boxes and overhauling the barrels. It wasn't at all funny then, but was a thing of remarkable seriousness. By dinner-time the men declared themselves half starved, but there was nothing to eat. The day was spent in looking out at the blankness of the snow and in trying to beat a path away from the train. Night came, and the men went hungry to bed. There were the most discordant grumblings among them until the judge came in and said that the young lady had eaten the last half biscuit for supper, and then they forgot their own hunger in genuine pity for her. Even a hungry man will sleep, and the little party never awoke until the cold gray dawn was creeping in through the car window. The judge was nowhere to be found. Search was made, but no trace of him could be seen. There were no tracks leading away from the train, for the simple reason that the drifting snow during the night had covered everything from sight. But the judge had gone—that was certain. One of the railroad men ventured to say that the judge had given the crowd the slip and had started back to Smethport. The fellow never repeated his little assertion, for he was dumped into the snow head first by the oil men so quick that he didn't know what had happened.

I don't know how the young lady felt that forenoon, but I know she must have been terribly hungry. The men

were beginning to get weak from lack of food, and almost certain starvation stared, the party in the face. Hunger isn't a pleasant thing. I never want to feel it as I felt it that time. The snow as bright and beautiful as it was, became hateful to look upon. There was no breakfast on that third day and no dinner, and when the shadows of the fourth night began to fall there was no supper. The coal was almost gone. Another day would leave us without fire. There had been no sign of the judge all day, and although the men felt that he had gone for help, yet they began to fear that he had never reached Smethport. Every one was down-hearted and ready to rush off into the snow in the hope of forcing a way out of the horrible place. The young lady never once flinched, and although her face bore plainly the traces of hunger, yet she spoke not a word of complaint. The men were in their most despondent mood, when all at once the judge tumbled through the door with something in his hand. It was a rabbit. How he caught it no one knew, for he was half fainting from hunger and benumbed by the cold. The boys soon had him warmed, when he told his story. He had struggled through the snow all day and had by rare good fortune caught the rabbit. The men soon had the animal skinned and nicely roasted, and the judge himself carried it to the young lady. She would take only her share, however, and insisted that the meat, scarce as it was, should be fairly divided among the party.

In the afternoon of the next day a gang of railroad workmen, armed with shovels, and reinforced by four locomotives, a snow plow and a passenger car, worked a path down the grade and came upon our engine and train. There was no sign of life about the cars, and the rescuing party that had started out from Bradford early in the morning of the second day of the storm, working toward us night and day, thought that the relief had come too late. But the snow-bound prisoners were alive, and the very first man to rush into the rear car of our train was the young lady's lover. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the meeting, for the young lady just threw her arms about his neck and cried for very joy. When he led her out of her prison and carried her to his arms, the passenger car of the relief train, the men of both parties set up such a cheer that made the mountains echo and re-echo again, and the frightful way in which those four locomotives joined in the chorus with their steam whistles would have awakened the dead.

—Letter to Philadelphia Times.

### Injury to the Eyes.

It is difficult to restore perfectly the eyesight when it is seriously injured, because of the wonderfully delicate and complicated mechanism of the eyes; and because of the difficulty of securing to them the needed rest. A broken bone may be put in splints or in plaster, and the bone is soon as strong as it was before the injury; but the very light of heaven frets and irritates a weak or inflamed eye, and it is hard to refrain from using it.

Those persons, therefore, who have good eyes cannot be too careful in guarding them from harm. They need to be on their guard, for the feeling is apt to be strong that their eyes can stand anything.

The eyes may be injured by using too little light, whether that of poor oil or of the twilight; by too much light, as when the sun shines directly on the page which a person is reading. They may also be injured by a flickering or any variable light—the eye becoming exhausted in its incessant attempts at accommodation.

Sudden changes from light to dark, and vice versa—when one who uses a shaded lamp looks back and forth from the bright page into the darkened room—are also injurious. By holding the head down near the book when one is reading, or by reading while in a reclining posture, the minute capillaries of the eye may become congested and the sight weakened.

The eyes may also be injured by using them too continuously without rest; by holding the eyes habitually too near their object, thus giving rise to short-sightedness; by reading in the cars or a carriage, the eyes being wearied, fretted and congested by their effort to follow the lines; by too much reading during the weary hours of convalescence, when the eyes share in the weariness of the body; and by reading fine print on poor paper.

This last source of harm needs to be emphasized, in view of the millions of cheap publications now pouring from the press. The thinness of the paper—allowing the reading to show through—is even worse than the small size of the type. —Youth's Companion.

Statistics disclose the fact that of every ten children born in England and Wales, less than seven ever reach their twentieth year. In France only one-half of the boys and girls who are born attain that age, and Ireland falls even below this miserable standard of juvenile healthfulness.

An Eel Pond.

The greatest eel pond in the country is on the farm of Mr. Wells, of Riverhead, Long Island.

The pond covers five acres. Two years ago Mr. Wells put into the pond two thousand dozen eels, with no intention of disturbing them for five years. They have increased wonderfully, millions being in the pond, and it is thought that there will be quadrillions before Mr. Wells gets ready to market them, and that he has a fortune in them.

The eels are fed regularly every three days on what is known as "horse feet," a sea product, with meat inside a shell which takes the shape of a horse's hoof, and it is doubtless from that that it derives the name. The eels seem to know that they are to be fed, for when Mr. Wells beats upon the side of his wagon with the butt end of his whip, they swarm toward him.

Any other person may beat and bang for hours without causing the slightest commotion among them. Hundreds of people go to see them fed. Mr. Wells, to satisfy the visitors' curiosity, will hold a horse foot in the water for a minute or two, and then withdraw it with numerous eels clinging to the contents of the shell.

The largest eel ever taken from the pond in this way weighed five and three-quarter pounds, but there are, it is thought, still larger ones. They consume seven hundred and fifty horse feet in three days. It would seem impossible to furnish so many, but the number does not begin to detail the extent of the catch. Millions of them are annually fed to swine and poultry, and some men make a business of catching them. On June 15, after a storm, Captain Downs, with a trap of his own invention, caught one thousand "feet," and between the 15th of July and April his aggregate catch was nineteen thousand.

### The Hare and the Fish.

The Hare and the Fish, having borrowed tobacco of each other for several months and agreeing perfectly well on politics, set out to make a journey together and see the sights of the world. They had not proceeded many miles when a Wolf was discovered in pursuit. The Hare at once started off at the top of his speed, but the Fish called out: "Do not leave me thus—I cannot run!"

"A Fish who cannot run has no business to make a journey," replied the Hare, and away he flew to save his bacon.

The Fish hurried after as fast as possible, and both found themselves on the bank of a river, while the Wolf was yet a furlong away. The Fish at once rolled into the water and darted away, but the Hare shouted after him: "Do not leave me—I cannot swim!"

"A Hare who cannot swim has no business to make a journey," and he sailed away and left the Hare to be eaten on the half shell.

MORAL.

An Owl who had overheard the affair from his perch in a persimmon tree drew down his left eye and softly said: "You don't know a man until you have traveled with him."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Laughing Plant.

This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. A boy friend writes me that he has just been reading about it. It grows in Arabia, and is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers, he says, are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings. —St. Nicholas.

### An Arabian Beauty.

Amena, the daughter of the chief of the Algerian revolt, is the great beauty of the Arab tribes. She appears to be distinguished above all her rivals, not only for her loveliness, but for accomplishments likewise, being a poetess of no mean order, and for her courage in the field, where she takes her place by her father's side and gallops fiercely on her Arab courser, as fleet and powerful as his own. The picture is worthy of Horace Verne, the Frenchmen say who have pursued the flying hot under Bon Amen's command—the chief with his white bournes flying behind him and the red and purple tassels of his horse gear dancing in the wind, while the dark blue and white striped veil of the girl, with its gold border, flashes in the sun as it floats out beyond the long streaming tail of her fiery steed.

A Faithful Shepherd Dog.

One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty shepherd dog that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about with their hands in their breeches pockets, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was urged by the assistants that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted off toward the forest. I said: "That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head or wag her tail even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. —Colorado Letter.

### Poison for the People.

It would appear from the following extract from *Food and Health* that food adulteration is more general than is usually supposed: Committees of experts tell of adulteration in food that is simply appalling. Were the ingredients which are mixed with food innocuous it would still be a very great hardship; but when it is known that the most violent poisons are employed it is a marvel that the whole country does not rise up and put a stop to such practices and punish all dealers who sell poisonous articles of food. If confirmation of these startling statements were needed one has only to read the facts recently brought to light in Chicago, where it is impossible to find pure sugar and where not ten per cent. of the milk is good. In that city the bread, without exception, is poisonous; the tea were never imported, but are made of leaves "faced" with Prussian blue and chromate of lead. Seventy-five per cent. of the cream of tartar is white earth, and the coffee is coated with lamp black. But Chicago is no worse than other cities. Baking powders are largely composed of alum. Pickling fluid is diluted with sulphuric acid, alum and verdigris to give it a peculiar flavor.

The manufacture of a great deal of our confectionery should be punished as a crime, for much of the candy sold to children is simply a lump of white earth, made attractive to the eye with arsenical paint, and sweetened with glucose. Costly spices are counterfeited in a terribly grotesque manner, the flavoring being given by the rankest poisons. In these and other adulterations arsenic plays the largest part. We import annually two million pounds of this deadly poison—one cent's worth of which would kill 2,800 people—and the bulk of this import is used in the preparation of food and clothing.

### How False Teeth are Made.

A reporter of the *Star* recently visited a factory in this city where false teeth are made by the million. In the process of manufacture the silex and feldspar in their crude state are submitted to a red heat, and then suddenly thrown into cold water, the effect being to render them more easily pulverized. Having been ground very fine in water and the water evaporated, the two materials mentioned are dried and sifted. The kaoline is washed free from impurities. These materials, with feldspar, sponge, platina and flux in proper proportion for the enamel, are mixed with water and worked into masses resembling putty. This done, the unbaked porcelain masses are ready for the molding room. The molds are in two pieces and are made of brass, one-half the teeth or sections being on either side. The coloring materials are first placed in the exact position and quantity required, and the body of the tooth and the gum is inserted in lumps corresponding to the size of the tooth. The molds are then closed, and they are dried by a slow heat. When perfectly dry they are taken out and sent to the trimmers' rooms. The trimmers remove all imperfections and send them in trays of fire clay to the furnace, where having remained for twenty minutes they are complete. —Wilmington (Del.) Star.

A Valentine.

Ah, dear the fond conceit that now,  
While bitter chills delay the blood,  
While the ice sheathes the next year's bud,  
While earth is frozen stiff and dead,  
And the heavens show a frowning brow,  
The flower of love uplifts its head,  
And blossoms with its white and red;

Blossoms upon a damask cheek,  
In warmth and fragrance spicy sweet,  
Where some one stays, with lingering feet,  
To read the burden of my line—  
To read the words I dare not speak—  
Then lifts a dewy lip to mine,  
And takes me for her valentine.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A brilliant idea—Selling paste for diamonds.

A Boston man says his fur-trimmed overcoat is "too utterly otter."

A whaling expedition—Going after a bad boy with a hickory switch.

The hands of a clock are genuine bummers—they are always going the rounds.

If the blind people were to hold a convention, could a motion be carried by the eyes?

A mailed knight must have required a good many postage stamps to carry him through successfully.

A baby in Ohio that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week. It was the baby elephant.

This is the time when the small boy puts in eight hours a day flattening his nose against the confectionery window.

When a man brags that he can tell a person's character, by the color of his hair, it is deemed rough to swindle him by steering him up against a man who wears a wig.

A Brooklyn man has just found his sister, from whom he has been separated fifty years. She was the cook in his boarding-house, and he recognized the style of her hair.

"Custer county, M. T., is about as large as the whole of Pennsylvania." Yes, but it will never have as large a population. That is, so long as it remains in an M. T. state.

The speaker had failed to awaken a very deep interest in his hearers, but when the small boy had stolen quietly out after leaving red pepper on the stove there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Bachelor Jones—"The State would be better off if every Chinaman was kicked out of it to-morrow." His married friend—"Where would you get your washing done then?" Bachelor Jones—"Marry some nice girl and have it done at home." Chorus by six eligible young ladies who happened to hear Jones and his friend talking—"The Chinese must go!"

"Memory is a wonderful thing," said Jack Miller to his friend Dan Watts. "Just think of what a fellow's head can hold! It's gigantic, sir—gigantic!" Watts: "I have often heard your friends say you have a very fine memory, Jack." Miller (flattered): "Well, that's very kind. Yes, I have a pretty good memory." Watts: "Do you think you can recall the ten dollars I lent you three years ago?"

Quite an outcry is being made about the alleged dangers of the electric light. 'Twas always thus. The wise men of a few years ago were afraid to use gas, for fear the gasometer might blow them up as often as a shrewish wife. Others thought that applying a match to a gas-jet would be analogous to firing a train of gunpowder. The light, it was argued, would run along the pipe and cause an explosion every time. Such, however, was not the case. The explosions occur only quarterly, when the bills are brought in.

### A \$700 Hen.

A young man of Providence, R. I., and well known, wears a handsome cluster diamond pin, valued somewhere about \$700. A few nights since he arrived at his home late, and hurriedly undressing threw his shirt carelessly on the floor, with the valuable pin in the bosom, and retired. The next morning when he came to don his shirt the pin was gone, and the strictest search for it was unrewarded with success. It happened that there was about the house a hen—a sitting hen, kept in the house on account of her occupation—and the thought occurred to the father that perhaps the pin had become detached from the garment when it was thrown down, and the hen, in her wanderings, might have been attracted by this shining valuable, and gobbled it down. He had a great mind to kill the hen then and there to investigate, but he didn't want to, as if he did the eggs would be no good; so for a couple of days the hen was kept close, not allowed to go out of the house, and closely watched in the hope of finding the missing diamonds. But no pin was found. Finally, on or about the third day, it was decided to kill the hen, when, sure enough, in the gizzard was found the missing pin. The gold setting was bent and scratched and one of the smaller diamonds was missing, but four of the diamonds were all right.