

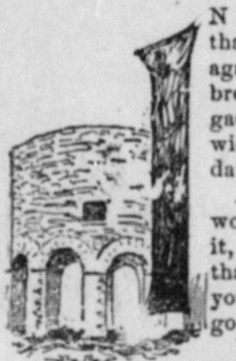
### WHERE THE ROUGH ROAD TURNS.

Where the rough road turns and the valley  
sweet  
Smiles soft with its balm and bloom,  
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced  
the feet  
And the nights with their grief and  
gloom,  
And the skies will smile and the stars will  
beam  
And we'll lay us down in the light to  
dream.  
We shall lay us down in the bloom and  
light  
With a prayer and a tear for rest,  
As tired children who creep at night  
To the love of a mother's breast;  
And for all the grief of the stormy past  
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way  
And the lonesome night and long,  
While the darkness drifts to the perfect  
day  
With its splendor of light and song;  
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and  
love us  
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above  
us!  
—F L. Stanton, Atlanta Constitution.

### A SWISS LOVE STORY.

BY ANNA PIERONT SVITZER.



IN A pretty chalet  
that nestled high  
against the shaggy  
breast of Mount Ob-  
gadin lived the  
widow Neur and her  
daughter Marie.

A lonely home you  
would have thought  
it, but the fir trees  
that wailed so in  
your ears whispered  
good cheer to Marie.

When fierce winds  
came rushing down  
the mountain side,  
she knew the trees  
would bend their tall  
heads together and  
twine their strong  
arms around her  
home, until, robbed  
of his victim, the  
baffled storm rushed by.

When morning broke,  
the same friends  
stood erect and  
stately, drawing  
aside their leaves  
and branches, that  
the sunbeams might  
linger in their soft  
embraces, but hasten  
down to awaken  
their favorite, Marie.

Very lovely was the  
little Swiss maid,  
with violet eyes that  
sparkled and then  
grew soft and tender  
as a little child's.  
Two rose red lips  
shut in her peaches  
teeth, and when she  
smiled a tiny dimple  
for a moment on her  
peachy cheek. Her  
hair hung in caressing  
curls around her low  
white forehead, and  
fell in ripples of  
golden sunshine far  
below her slender  
waist. And her voice!  
Ah! that was Marie's  
greatest charm. Soft  
and clear, not a  
discordant note marred  
its sweet, pure  
harmony. Sometimes  
as she sang at her  
evening devotions,  
the herdsmen far  
below in the valley,  
catching faint notes  
of her song, looked  
up and crossed  
themselves, half  
believing they heard  
the echo of an angel  
choir.

But very few knew  
of Marie's beauty.  
For when she went  
with her mother on  
one of her rare visits  
to the hamlet below,  
she bowed her way  
hair straight and  
smooth back from her  
forehead, and  
trailed it in long  
stiff plaits which  
fell down her back.

Her eyelids, with  
their curtains of  
long silken lashes,  
drooped over her  
dancing eyes until  
one looked in vain  
for a glimpse of  
her beauty. Her  
red lips shut  
firmly over her  
peaches teeth, while  
the dimple hid  
itself resolutely  
away from sight.  
And her sweet voice,  
frightened at its  
own sound so far  
from home, grew  
faint and husky,  
until, in this  
shrinking, sober  
damsel, walking  
so timidly beside  
the Widow Neur,  
you would have  
found it hard to  
recognize the  
beautiful Marie of  
the mountain.

So it happened that  
only her mother  
and one other person  
knew how good  
and sweet and how  
fair Marie was.  
This other was a  
stranger who came  
from a far away  
country and spent  
his summers in a  
little house on the  
mountain's very top.

The simple villagers  
called him "the  
wizard," and told  
strange tales of  
how he spent whole  
nights gazing at  
the heavens through  
a long tube; that  
he could foretell  
to an hour when  
the sun would  
cover itself with  
darkness; but,  
strangest of all,  
he had a little  
wire stretched  
for miles over hills  
and valleys to  
the great city! This  
wire talked to  
him in a queer  
language which  
no one else could  
understand.

"Vick, tick, tickety  
tick," it said,  
and it told him  
things that happened  
miles and miles  
away.

Marie did not know  
how wise the  
wizard was when  
he came to her  
one morning and  
asked for a drink  
of water.

He followed her to  
the spring when  
she went for it  
and stopped by the  
way to break open  
a curious stone. He  
showed Marie how  
to peer into it and  
she was so interested  
she forgot to be  
frightened, and  
thus a strong  
friendship between  
the two was begun.

After this the wizard  
often came to  
the widow's chalet  
for rest and  
refreshment on his  
long rambles, and  
Marie unconsciously  
revealed her charms  
to him, one by one,  
until, long before  
the first summer  
was ended, the  
stranger knew  
that no girl in all  
the canton could  
be compared with  
Marie.

On the other side  
of the mountain  
from the widow's  
home lived another  
widow. She, too,  
had but one child,  
a son, who was  
the pride and  
delight of her life.  
This was the  
brave young  
hunter and guide  
Gustavus Friel.

Every one knew  
and liked Gustavus.  
He was tall, straight  
and handsome,  
with flashing  
brown eyes, and a  
laugh as frank  
as a child's; he was  
the favorite of the  
canton, and there  
was not a girl  
within its bounds  
who would not be  
proud to plight  
her troth with  
him.

Gustavus, however,  
cared little for  
the

Obgadin maidens.  
He would far  
rather chase the  
chamois up the  
mountainside or  
guide travelers  
through its  
dangerous passes  
than spend his  
time with the  
finest of the  
maids of the  
hamlet.

His mother often  
said, "My son,  
when wilt thou  
bring me home a  
daughter and  
thrust a wife?"

And Gustavus,  
smiling and  
pressing a kiss  
on her forehead,  
would answer:  
"When I find a  
maid as good as  
thee, mother; but  
I want no idle,  
shrill-voiced  
wife to disturb  
our quiet home."

But one day his  
mother said more  
sadly and  
seriously than  
ever before:  
"Gustavus, I am  
growing old and  
feeble. I can no  
longer make and  
mend thy clothes  
and keep our  
home. Thou  
must have a wife.  
Promise me at  
the next week  
thou wilt choose  
one from among  
the maidens here."

Gustavus  
reluctantly gave  
her the desired  
promise, but it  
weighed heavily  
upon him. He  
could think of  
nothing else,  
and the more he  
pondered the  
heavier his heart  
grew.

At last he seized  
his gun and  
went out on the  
mountain, but the  
perplexing  
questions  
followed him,  
until at last he  
threw himself on  
the ground  
groaning, "Oh,  
that some wise  
man would make  
this choice for  
me!"

A moment after  
he looked up and  
saw, as if in  
answer to his  
wish, the wizard  
approaching him.

"Why," he  
exclaimed to  
himself, "did I  
not think of him  
before? Surely  
he, if any one,  
can help me." Then,  
with a throbbing  
heart, Gustavus  
sprang up to  
meet him.

The wizard  
greeted Gustavus  
warmly, for he  
felt a strong  
friendship for  
the young guide  
who had taken  
him safely through  
many a dangerous  
mountain excursion.

And now his  
sympathetic  
question,  
"Why, what's  
troubling you,  
my boy?"  
opened the way  
for Gustavus to  
pour out all his  
perplexity, ending  
his recital with  
the question:  
"Canst thou not  
help me choose  
a good wife who  
will make my life  
happy? For now  
I have given my  
mother my promise  
to find a wife at  
the next week."

The wizard  
smiled sympathetically,  
and then thought  
in silence a  
little while  
before he answered:  
"If a pure, true  
heart is united to  
a true, pure heart,  
both lives must  
be happy."

"Alas!" answered  
Gustavus, "but I  
know not which  
maid among them  
all has the purest,  
truest heart!"

"There will be  
one such heart  
at the fete,"  
answered the  
wizard, "but you  
may fail to  
recognize it. However,  
if you will come  
to me to-morrow  
I will give you  
a charm that will  
show you this  
heart."

Here was comfort,  
indeed, and with  
a light heart  
Gustavus thanked  
his friend and  
bounded forward.

Left alone, the  
wizard continued  
down the  
mountain-side  
until he came in  
sight of the  
Widow Neur's  
chalet, where he  
found Marie  
sitting by the  
spring. Instead  
of her usual  
sunshiny smile,  
tiny tear-drops  
stood in her eyes,  
and there was a  
grieved look  
about her rosy  
lips that made  
him wish to  
comfort her.

"What is the  
matter little one?"  
he asked gently.

"Oh, woe," she  
said, "I want to  
see the great fete  
next week, but I  
have no pretty  
ornaments to wear,  
and then—"

The long curtains  
drooped over  
her shining eyes  
and the sweet  
voice sank  
almost to a  
whisper.

"The good  
mother says  
none of the  
young men will  
care to dance  
with me."  
"But why?" asked  
the wizard in  
surprise.

"Because I cannot  
talk and laugh  
with them as  
other maidens do.  
My heart beats  
fast if they do  
but glance  
toward me, and  
I know not what  
to say, and so,"  
—here a tear  
slipped from  
under the long  
eyelashes—  
"my mother  
says I had  
better not go."

"Courage, little  
one," the wizard  
answered. "Tell  
your mother," he  
added suddenly,  
"that I am going  
to lend you a  
silver belt to wear,  
and that my  
knowledge tells  
me that the  
bravest, hand-  
somest youth in  
all the land will  
dance with you  
quite joyfully."

The happy Marie  
thanked the  
wizard as  
Gustavus had  
done, and ran off  
to tell the  
wonderful news  
to her mother.

Early next  
morning Gustavus  
went for his  
charm. He found  
the wizard  
waiting for  
him, and taking  
him into his  
strange room,  
the wise man  
said, smiling,  
as he had the  
day before,  
half quizzically,  
half sympathetically:  
"Here's the charm,  
my good fellow.  
You see it is a  
magic ring. Put  
it on before you  
go to the fete,  
and be sure you  
dance with every  
maiden there.  
When you place  
your arm about  
the waist of the  
one whose heart  
is true and good  
a strange feeling  
will run through  
you and your  
hand will cling  
to her. But you  
must be sure that  
you dance with  
all!"

Gustavus,  
greatly wondering,  
thanked the  
wizard and  
slipped on the  
ring.

It was a  
curious  
culet of iron,  
with a flat  
extension, which  
the wizard bade  
him wear  
pointing toward  
his palm.

When the fete  
day came  
Gustavus was  
there among the  
other young men,  
eager to try  
his charm.

All the maidens  
of Obgadin  
were there,  
also, and on the  
skirts of one of  
the gay crowds  
little Marie  
hovered timidly  
beside her  
mother.

"Why didst  
thou come, Marie?"  
asked one of the  
girls.  
"Didst thou  
think any youth  
would want to  
dance with a  
mouse to-day?"  
asked another.

Then seeing the  
quick tears  
trembling on  
Marie's lashes,  
she added more  
kindly:  
"Ah, well,  
thou canst at  
least see our  
good times."  
"What a lovely  
belt thou hast,  
Marie!" cried  
another maiden.  
"Where didst  
thou get it?"

The wizard  
gave it to her,  
the Widow  
Neur answered  
shortly, for  
she did not  
relish the  
girl's tone,  
and she  
drew her  
daughter away.  
"Come, Marie,  
let us sit here  
under the  
tree and watch  
the dance."  
Marie nestled  
close to her  
mother's

side, and as the  
hours fled and  
no youth asked  
her to dance,  
her head  
dropped  
lower, and she  
wondered if  
the wise man  
had made a  
mistake.

In the mean  
time Gustavus  
danced with  
one after another  
of the maids,  
but though he  
watched with  
intense  
eagerness,  
not once did  
he feel the  
strange  
thrill for which  
he waited.

"I have danced  
with them all,"  
he said at last  
to himself,  
"except that  
shy one over  
there: surely  
she is not the  
girl!"

He asked her  
name of one of  
the girls,  
and then going  
to her, said  
simply:  
"Marie, wilt  
thou dance with  
me?"

Astonishment  
and delight  
made Marie  
for a moment  
forget her  
shyness. The  
wizard's words  
had come true!

Rising quickly,  
she said,  
smiling upon  
him, and  
showing her  
beautiful eyes  
and  
delightfully  
dancing with  
him, and the  
dear little  
dimple in her  
cheek: "Art  
thou come?"

"She is not so  
plain, after all,"  
thought  
Gustavus,  
as he answered:  
"Wast thou  
looking for me,  
Marie?"

Marie hung  
her head  
without  
answering,  
and Gustavus,  
wondering a  
little at  
her words,  
led her to the  
dance.

As he placed  
his arm  
around her  
his hand  
touched her  
shining belt.

Instantly a  
strange thrill  
ran through  
them both,  
and Gustavus's  
arm seemed to  
cling to Marie's  
waist.

"Marie, didst  
thou feel that?"  
he asked  
earnestly.  
And Marie  
smilingly answered:  
"Yes."

So they began  
dancing, and  
as they danced  
it seemed to  
them both that  
a wonderful  
transformation  
came over Marie.

Her hair,  
shaken loose  
from its long,  
stiff braids,  
hung like a  
glittering  
golden veil  
all around  
her, her  
beautiful  
eyes shone  
like stars,  
and the  
dimpled  
cheeks and  
peaches teeth  
formed a  
fitting  
place for the  
laughing  
voice that  
now and  
then rang  
sweet and  
clear from  
her rosy lips.  
Not one of  
the village  
maidens was  
half so fair as  
she!

"Surely," said  
the amazed  
villagers,  
"there was  
never such a  
handsome  
couple."  
"But is not Marie  
under a charm,"  
cried others,  
"she has  
suddenly grown  
so lovely!"

"Love's  
witchery,  
if it is true  
and pure,  
will transform  
all of us and  
bring out  
all that is  
loveliest and  
best within  
us."

As for  
Gustavus,  
he thought  
rightly that  
he never  
seen so good  
and beautiful  
a creature,  
and he  
blessed the  
wizard for  
the charm  
which had  
led his  
heart to hers.

Long before  
the summer  
ended,  
Gustavus  
took home  
Marie to be  
his own  
and his  
mother's  
greatest joy  
and happiness.

When M. le  
Wizard  
returned to  
Paris that  
winter, he  
read a  
scientific  
paper before  
the savants  
of the Academy,  
in it he  
detailed many  
of his wonderful  
discoveries  
and his work  
during the  
summer. But  
he did not  
speak of the  
most  
interesting  
of all—how,  
by the aid  
of a little  
magnet,  
concealed in  
a steel belt,  
and a  
ruddy ring,  
he had  
brought  
together two  
loving human  
hearts, and  
by so doing  
had caught  
some of the  
happiness  
of Paradise  
and  
imprisoned  
it in a  
chalet on  
old Obgadin  
Mountain.—Pittsburg  
Bulletin.

### An Extinct Monster.

The steamer City of  
Topeka, which  
arrived from  
Alaskan ports  
early the  
other morning,  
brought a  
mammoth  
skeleton that  
was the center  
of attraction  
to a large  
number of  
sight-seers  
at Pacific  
wharf, states  
the Port  
Townsend  
(Washington)  
Leader. The  
skeleton is  
that of a  
mammoth,  
or whale-lizard,  
only the  
second one  
known to  
be in  
existence.  
The other,  
a much  
smaller  
specimen  
than this,  
was found  
some years  
ago near  
Oxford,  
England,  
and is  
one of the  
most  
valuable  
specimens  
now on  
exhibition  
in the  
British  
Museum.  
J. L. Buck,  
of Everett,  
claims the  
honor of  
having  
brought  
this  
valuable  
relic to  
light, although  
it was  
discovered  
four years  
ago by a  
prospector  
named  
Frank  
Willoughby.

The spot where  
the skeleton  
was found  
by Buck,  
who went  
north for  
that purpose,  
was nearly  
a mile from  
where the  
original  
location  
was reported.  
The skeleton  
was finally  
located by  
Buck and  
his Indian  
assistant  
on top of the  
celebrated  
Meir glacier,  
six miles  
inland and  
500 feet  
above the  
sea level,  
securely  
imbedded  
in a large  
cave of ice,  
requiring  
the service  
of the entire  
party for  
two days  
to dislodge  
it. At some  
time during  
its existence  
the skeleton  
was badly  
shattered,  
presumably  
by a fall  
or by being  
crushed,  
and was  
somewhat  
damaged  
when taken  
out.

The mammoth,  
or whale-lizard,  
has been  
extinct for  
over five  
centuries,  
and is  
described  
in natural  
history as  
the "king of  
the land  
and the sea,"  
this  
cognomen  
being  
undoubtedly  
based on the  
fact that it  
was equally  
at home in  
the water,  
on land or  
in the air.  
In the first  
instance  
the rate  
of speed  
was  
something  
terrific,  
the momentum  
being  
produced  
with the  
legs, while  
the  
enormous  
wings  
served to  
keep the  
body out  
of the  
water,  
the  
operation  
bordering  
upon the  
impossible  
feat of  
walking  
on the  
water.  
The great  
size of the  
whale-lizard  
can be  
judged from  
the fact  
that a  
single  
bone  
weighed  
794  
pounds,  
while the  
entire  
skeleton  
weighed  
2400  
pounds.  
The bones  
were put  
together  
by Buck  
at his  
home in  
Everett,  
and after  
being  
exhibited  
will be  
sent to the  
Smithsonian  
Institution.  
The  
specimen  
is valued  
at \$30,000.

The lace-bark tree  
grows in the  
West Indies.  
It is a  
lofty tree,  
with  
ovate,  
entire  
smooth  
leaves  
and  
white  
flowers.  
It is  
remarkable  
for the  
tenacity  
of its  
inner  
bark and  
the  
readiness  
with  
which  
the inner  
bark may  
be  
separated  
after  
maceration  
in water  
into  
layers  
resembling  
lace.

Two land  
grants, said  
to bear the  
signatures  
of John  
Adams and  
Martin  
Van  
Buren,  
were  
recently  
found in  
a lot  
of waste  
paper at  
the paper  
mill in  
Palmyra,  
Mich.

### THE GREAT DISCOVERER.

#### HOW CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS LOOKED IN LIFE.

Pen Portraits of the Distinguished Navigator by Some of His Contemporaries and Later Historians.

IN the opinion of Mr. Henry Harrisse, who has made Columbus the study of his life, and who is universally regarded as the foremost of all Columbian scholars, there is not a single authentic likeness among the countless engraved, sculptured and painted portraits that pretend to reproduce the features of America's discoverer. Since they are, without exception, more or less fanciful, there is hardly any better way of bringing Columbus before the mind's eye just as the man really stood and walked upon this earth than to read what has been written about him by those who knew him personally and by historians of later date.

In an authorized translation into Italian of Peter Martyr's first "Decade," made in 1501, and published at Venice in 1504, is interpolated the most ancient pen portrait of the great navigator. This book is so excessively rare that only one copy of it is known to exist, and that is in a Venetian library. It is supposed to be the work of Angelo Trivigiano, who had become personally intimate with Columbus at Granada, in Spain. He says that the discoverer was a robust man, tall, red haired, and with a long face.

Another contemporary portrait of Columbus is embodied in the biography usually ascribed to his son, Ferdinand, although a few later critics are disposed to believe it the work of some other pen. There it is affirmed that: "The Admiral was a man of good shape and more than middling stature, with a long face, and with cheeks a little full, though neither fat nor lean. He had an aquiline nose and light eyes, a white complexion set off with a bright color. In his youth he had fair hair, but, when he was thirty years old, it all turned white. In eating and drinking, and also in the adornment of his person, he was very sparing and modest."

Oviedo, the historiographer of the Indies, was a boy of fifteen and a page at court when Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella on his return from his first memorable voyage, and he had other opportunities of seeing the famous Genoese, although he is not known to have been on intimate terms with him. In his great history the discoverer is portrayed as a man of fine stature and appearance, rather taller than the average, and robust in build, with bright eyes, and his other features well proportioned, his hair being very red, and his face somewhat high-colored and freckled.

The Apostle of the Indies, Las Casas, did not probably begin to write his famous history until at least twenty years after the death of Columbus, but he had been personally acquainted with him and knew many of his friends and fellow-voyagers, so that the portrait he draws may be considered especially trustworthy. He says that in looks Columbus was tall, over middling height, and had a long and commanding face, an aquiline nose, blue eyes, a white complexion tending to fiery red, and beard and hair red in his youth, but early turning gray from trouble. He was of an amiable and cheerful disposition, a good talker, affable to strangers, kind and pleasant to his domestics, of moderate gravity and discreet conversation, so that he could easily awaken the love of people coming in contact with him. In his person and venerable appearance he seemed a man of great state and authority, and worthy of all reverence.

Las Casas further remarks that the great navigator was very plain in his dress, sometimes wearing gray clothes, and that he had seen him after his return from his second voyage attired almost like a Franciscan monk. Bernaldez, the village priest and historian of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, had the honor of entertaining Columbus in his own house, and he, too, noticed that the discoverer was fond of dressing in the color worn by the monks of St. Francis with a Franciscan cord about his waist. Diego Colon, also, in his last will and testament, says that his father was always devoted to the order of St. Francis, and died in its habit. These details concerning his dress prove how little reliance is to be placed on the portraits showing Columbus with a curling mustache, an immense ruff around his neck and a rich doublet.

Nearly half a century after the earthly trials of Columbus were over, a fellow-countryman of his, Girolamo Benzoni by name, spent fourteen years in adventurous wanderings over America, meeting, no doubt, many survivors of Columbus's days; and on returning home he published in Italian a "History of the New World," at Venice, in 1565. It thus describes the Genoese Admiral: "He was a man of a good reasonable stature, with strong, sound limbs; of good judgment, high talent, and gentlemanly aspect. His eyes were bright, his hair red, his nose aquiline, his mouth somewhat large; but, above all, he was a friend to justice, though rather passionate when angry."

Gomara, the Chaplain and Secretary of Cortes, certainly met many of the contemporaries of Columbus, and his history briefly recounts that the hero was a man of good stature and robust, long visaged, of a reddish complexion and freckled.

The historians of later date have to base their descriptions of Columbus's personal appearance upon the Spanish and Italian writers already enumerated, and occasionally they add something from their own imagination. Washington Irving says that the contemporaries of Columbus speak of "his commanding person, his elevating demeanor, his air of authority, his kindling eyes, and his persuasive intonations of his voice." Mr. Frederick Saunders, in his recent epitome of Columbus's career, portrays the famous discoverer as "tall, of good presence, well formed, muscular, and of

an elevated and dignified demeanor." Among other late writers, Mr. Justin Winsor thinks that to picture Columbus as he stood on San Salvador, "we might figure a man of impressive stature, with lofty, not to say austere bearing, his face longer by something more than its breadth, his cheek bones high, his nose aquiline, his eyes a light gray, his complexion fair, with freckles spotting a ruddy glow, his hair once light, but then turned to gray." Mr. John Fiske describes the great man, whom all America is now honoring, as of noble and commanding presence, tall and powerfully built, with fair, ruddy complexion, keen blue-gray eyes, and wavy white hair that must have been very picturesque, and says, also, that "out of those kindling eyes looked a grand and poetic soul, touched with that divine spark of religious enthusiasm which makes true genius."—New York Tribune.

#### SELECT SIFTINGS.

The Crusaders stormed Jerusalem with the aid of wooden towers.

Over seventeen thousand styles of silk goods are known to dealers.

Every available foot of the field of Waterloo is now under cultivation, mostly devoted to wheat, oats and rye.

Cripples are rarely seen in China. Any child born deformed is at once put to death.

General R. E. Lee's signature is worth \$10 in the autograph market; General McClellan's, \$3, and General Sherman's, \$3.

Tender-hearted residents of Helensburgh, Scotland, mercifully killed a centenarian last month—a donkey said to be 102 years old.

A Birmingham (England) steel worker committed suicide in a simple way. He put his head under a trip hammer and had it smashed.

The Episcopalians have eighty-five of the 375 Sunday-schools in New York City, and the Presbyterians come second with seventy-two.

Never forget that the esteem of a single friend who truly knows and loves you should outweigh the applause of undiscerning crowds.

More than \$49,000 has been subscribed for the memorial of Adam Smith, the political economist, to be set up in his native town of Kirkcaldy.

Four brothers who are priests in Cincinnati, Ohio, lately assisted a younger brother who had just been ordained, in celebrating his first mass.

William Felbague, of Hartford, Conn., attempted to open a bottle of ginger ale, when the cork flew out and entirely destroyed the sight of his right eye.

A ten-pound cannon ball was recently dug up at Lakeside, Ind. It has been identified as a relic of the times when Mad Anthony Wayne was in command thereabouts.

The mouse in Penobscot County, Maine, are getting so accustomed to the Canadian Pacific's trains that they gaze calmly at the locomotive and are not disturbed in the least by whistles or hissing steam jets.

A year ago Planter Wolf, of Knoxville, Ark., had an arm pulled off while showing a colored man how to operate a cotton gin. The other week he was in structing another colored man and lost his other arm.

In 1861 the famous Languedoc Canal was completed. This gave France an artificial waterway 143 miles in length, with a summit level of 600 feet above the sea, and including upward of 100 locks and fifty aqueducts.

The sea water originally put in the great aquarium at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, in 1854, is still used there, having been used over and over since that time, a record without parallel in the history of similar institutions.

#### A Flying Serpent.

The Calcutta Indian Gentleman relates the following most remarkable story: A few days ago Atkama Yatzry, a Bengalee gentleman residing on a flat seven miles north of Shutehat, saw, as he affirms, an enormous serpent floating along in a fleecy white "teazarer" of "wind cloud." The cloud and its scaly passenger floated directly over Mr. Yatzry's farm and bore off in the direction of the Great Blue Jungle and disappeared from view. Over a score of men, women and boys who were working along the flat at the time of the phenomenal occurrence, attest that they plainly saw the same hideous monster in his ethereal flight. One witness describes the serpent as being at least four "teongs" (200 feet) in length and as big around as a man's body. All witnesses concur in saying that the head and fore-part of the creature resembled an alligator more than anything else. It was yellow and black striped, according to all witnesses, and kept its body in continued motion as long as it remained in sight. The natives are said to be much excited over the matter.

#### The First Steamboat.

It is not generally known that the first steamboat ever built in the United States was constructed by James Rumsey, at Shepherdstown, W. Va., in the year 1785. Robert Fulton, with his Clermont, was anticipated by Rumsey twenty-two years. According to the Frederick (W. Va.) News, the steamboat was fitted up with machinery partly manufactured at the Catoctin furnace of the Johnson Bros., near Frederick. The boiler, two cylinders, pumps, etc., were manufactured in Baltimore. Some portions of the works were made at the Antietam Iron Works. On March 14, 1785, a public experiment, the first ever undertaken in America, was made on the Potomac River. Rumsey succeeded in attaining a speed of four miles an hour against the current.—Railway Review.

### NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Empire styles are creeping in.  
Some of the cloth capes are lavish.  
Plumes and curling feathers are again seen.

The "Capucine" robe is a new costume.  
Colored lamb's wool is one of the fancies.

Large revers are one of the marked features.  
Ribbons of all kinds are much used in trimming.

Cut steel is coming once more greatly into favor.  
Sloping shoulders are slowly but surely returning.

The latest shoes for street wear are white doskins.  
Miss Mary Anderson is said to be an enthusiastic fisherwoman.

Rev. Mr. Pott, an aristocratic New Yorker, has a Chinese wig.  
Three hospitals in Philadelphia are managed entirely by women.

Seventeen American women keep boarding houses in Paris, France.  
The best table for surgical operations now in use was invented by a woman.

The long, slender, pointed foot is no longer considered a mark of blue blood