

THE GIANTS OF THE MOUNTAINS ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

WED children, Hedni and Liod, lived with their mother in a little cottage in the wild mountains of the North. The father and all the other strong men of the village, had taken their shields and spears, and gone to the war, leaving their families under the protection of the good fairy Friga. Hedni was a willful, disobedient boy, and caused his mother much anxiety by his wild ways. His favorite sport was to tease the women and little children; and even the dogs ran away howling when he came to their neighborhood. Liod, who was a year younger, was no better than her brother. She would never stay in the house and spin, or rock to sleep the baby sister, Signe. The poor mother was much grieved on account of her naughty children, and every time they ran away to the mountains she feared they would be devoured by some wild animal or carried away by the wicked dwarfs who made their home among the high rocks. Not far from the village, in a lonely spot, shaded by great forest trees, was a well owned by the giant Thor, and every time the children came to the well, they were obliged to drink the sweet water. A large wooden bucket, held by a thick rope, fastened to a large beam, hung over the water. One day the children came to the well, and after filling their pails, sat down on the grass to rest.

"The well is very deep," said Hedni; "and were it not for the bucket we could draw no water." "But," said Liod, "the bucket and rope are fastened so firmly that no one can loosen them." "No one," cried the boy; "I can do it, and will. What fun it would be to see the women when they come and find no bucket!" Hedni then began to rub the rope with a sharp stone. "Oh, I know a spring in the mountain where there is plenty of water." "That is no difference," was the reply; "and when the men come home they will get drunk on the water." Hedni then began to rub the rope with a sharp stone. "Don't do it, Hedni," cried Liod; "I am afraid." But the boy only rubbed the harder. "Hedni," cried Liod, "hear thunder; Thor is coming. Do stop."

Already the rope was cut through, and the bucket fell with a splash into the water. A great roar of thunder followed, and the children cried out with terror as they saw Thor's cart, drawn by two huge stags, rush down the mountain's side. Hedni and Liod were seized by the giant and thrown into his cart. Then they were carried up the mountain and through the clouds at such a speed that they thought they must surely die. Up, up, they went, straight toward the moon, which appeared more and more brilliant as they came to it; and how terrible sounded Thor's voice as he cried, "Here you shall remain, wicked, disobedient children, and draw water out of the deep well. My brother Mani, who lives here, will watch you and see that you have no time for idling." Then Thor thundered away, and the two children were left on the cold, old mountain, where they were compelled to draw water day and night. If they stopped but for a moment to rest, Mani would be coming, blowing his horn and shouting, "Draw water, draw water with a rope which he held in his hand. Alas! the poor mother, in an agony of

suppense, awaited the return of Hedni and Liod. But when the second night passed and they were still absent she implored the aid of the villagers in finding her lost children. The women, although secretly rejoicing in the disappearance of the two "boymen," yet out of sympathy for the mother searched as best they could for the missing ones. When the search was continued throughout the country, but in vain; no trace of Hedni and Liod could be found. As their pails of water were discovered near the well, it was thought perhaps Thor had carried away the children on account of their evil deeds. Two years passed away and nothing had been heard of the lost children. The baby, Signe, had grown into a beautiful girl, and was the pride and comfort of her parents, who still mourned for Hedni and Liod. Signe had often heard of the strange disappearance of her brother and sister, and wondered what had become of them. "Where are they?" she said to herself, "I look up into the moon I seem to see two children drawing water. How happy my dear parents would be, if I could only help them to get away from the old mountain."

So Signe thought and dreamed about her lost brother and sister, but could contrive no way of getting to the moon. At last, she thought, "I shall ask Friga. She is so kind, and I know she will help me." But it was not easy to see this good fairy, for she only came when the children were asleep, and she was watching the moon.

people, she had never been seen by any of the village. Signe knew that the evening of every Mayday, when the maidens were dancing about the Maypole, Friga visited their homes to examine their spinning, leaving rewards for the industrious and reproofs for the careless. "Now," thought Signe, "I shall spin very diligently, and on Mayday evening shall I quietly enter the house and watch for Friga."

Finally the day came when the little girl was to await her fairy guardian. The evening seemed very long to the lonely weaver. She could bear the shouts of the merry children around the Maypole, and wished she could join them in their songs. But when the great round moon arose Signe forgot herself in her anxiety for her brother and sister. "Friga, Friga," she cried, "please come and help me spin!" "What calls?" sounded a sweet voice, and Signe saw standing in the moonlight a tiny creature dressed in white, with such a kind, tender face.

"Oh, dear, dear, is it you?" asked the little girl. "I want you to help me. I am sure my brother and sister are in the moon. If they were bad, I know they are sorry, and I would like to see them." "But," said Liod, "the bucket and rope are fastened so firmly that no one can loosen them." "No one," cried the boy; "I can do it, and will. What fun it would be to see the women when they come and find no bucket!" Hedni then began to rub the rope with a sharp stone.

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the girl. "It is really true, my dear child," replied the fairy, "that your brother and sister are in the moon drawing water, and they are so good that I would like to help you. But Mani will not free Hedni and Liod till some one takes their place." "Oh, dear, dear," cried Signe; "please take me to the moon, Friga." The fairy covered the little girl with a white veil, and hastened to the moon, where she left her and brought back the two lost children. The people were so astonished when they learned that Hedni and Liod had returned; but every one sorrowed over the sad fate of the good little Signe. One day when Signe had been many weeks on the moon, Mani said to her: "How do you like my new dress?" "Oh, dear, dear," she replied, "it is very beautiful, but it is so cold, and there are no pretty birds and flowers, as in my home. I know my parents are grieving for me. Don't you think you could let me go to them?"

Unable to resist these pleading words, Mani said: "I shall be very lonesome without you; for I love to hear your sweet voice. But Friga will not take you to the moon. The next evening when Hedni and Liod were sitting with their father and mother the door softly opened and Signe entered. Great was the rejoicing in the little cottage that night, and the moon came out so bright and clear that it seemed as if it were helping laughing with the happy people. And now, every clear night when the moon is in the sky, Signe sees the face of Mani smiling down upon her." FAYSLIE.

A HISTORICAL SICKLE.
There will be placed on exhibition in Concord in a few days, at the office of William Weston, says the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror, a sickle which has been in the possession of the descendants of Captain John Locke for nearly 200 years. On account of its great value as a relic, George Locke of this city, in whose family it has been kept for many years, has had it mounted in a handsome oak case, together with a portrait of his grandfather, William Weston, and a copy of the deed which gave the sickle to the New Hampshire Historical Society. The following description will explain the part taken by the sickle in the history of the State: "This sickle was broken in combat with Indians and presented to the New Hampshire Historical Society at Concord, 1830, by George Locke, of Manchester, N. H., the grandson of William Locke, who was the great-grandson of Captain John Locke. This is the instrument which was used by John Locke, his last battle against eight Indians, who ambushed themselves in his field on Joselyn's Neck in New York, now known as Strat's Point. The Indians came upon and killed him August 26, 1690, he being 70 years old."

Another account says a boy was with him, who secreted himself in a hollow tree and escaped. Captain Locke, an Indian being shot, partially cut off the nose of an Indian by his sickle, which was given to the family of William Locke, the fourth son of Captain Locke. Afterward it fell into the possession of William, the great-grandson of Captain Locke, who lived in the city of Alexandria in 1808. George Locke, who has lived for many years in this city, has never seen the sickle, although he has not until friends convinced him of its great value that he thought of presenting it to the Historical Society.

A CLOCK ON A TREE.
A Staid Old Timepiece Goes Crazy and Alters the House.
Cincinnati Times-Star.
The only clock that runs backward, does two days' work in one, and yells and swears because it hasn't more time to spoil, is owned by Gus Huss, of the County Commissioners' office. Mr. Huss purchased the clock at the recent sale of the effects of the Owen jewelry store by Deputy Sheriff Jake Cormany. He paid \$110 for it, and was "laying for it" over a week. The machine has a mug of celluloid, is about as large as a clock, and has a wooden case. He put it in the parlor, where company would see it, took all the transoms from the doors so the neighbors would hear it strike, and set it going at its "cathedral chime" of 7:30 o'clock next morning. In the night a harsh, rasping sound like an asthmatic saw-mill during a foggy morning, awoke Mr. Huss and the family. Mr. Huss, in a hand, looked for burglars, but instead found the clock raising Cain in the parlor. It was grinding a grinding gear. Perspiration was on his forehead, and the hands were running backward with lightning rapidity and a combination fire alarm, patrol call, burglar whistle, and G. filled the room. Opposite the clock hangs a steel historical chronicle of Washington and Napoleon snow-balling each other on the top of the Alps. When Mr. Huss reached the room, George and Benny had joined in an attack on the infernal clock, while a wood out of the denure and reverend Martha Washington was a pained expression, as though she had "loaded up with green apples on the Delaware." Mr. Huss called in some help and locked the clock in the ice chest, but there it tampered with the butter, tainted the steaks and skinned the milk of its last (o'clock. The clock is for sale.

The old man is happy; he cured his rheumatism with Salivation Oil. Price only 25c.

SLAYING A MONSTER.

Details of an Exciting and Perilous Hunt, That Resulted in THE CAPTURE OF A RICH PRIZE.

How the Gigantic Arctic Whale is Killed With Lances and Bombs.

AN AWFUL STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"There she blows!" "Where away?" "Three points of the lee bow." "How far?" "About five miles." "Down with your helm! Let go the lee brace! Call all hands! Clear decks to lower away the boats!" The whaling vessel is about 100 miles north of Wrangle Island, in the Western Arctic Ocean. It is a small, sturdy, yet the men, who were then sleeping in their bunks, are now working with a will, getting things in readiness for the dangerous chase that is to come. Five minutes later eight long and fast boats, manned and fully equipped, are in the water. They carry all the implements of the hunt, such as harpoons attached to long coils of rope, lances ten feet long, with broad, leaf-shaped, two-edged points, keen enough to cut a hair, and bomb guns, with their secretory bolts, and ammunition. Meantime the whale had gone down, and the sailors were all wondering whether, when he arose, he would appear to the leeward or windward. In the former case his capture would be almost a certainty, but in the latter all attempts to get near him would be useless.

A WARY MONSTER.
The Arctic whale is extremely shy and can be approached only by the use of the dipping oars, no matter how cautiously, would drive him under water at a mile's distance. The sailboat he takes for the whale, and almost every national does not mind it at all. Were it not for this wild-wittedness, no whale could ever be caught.

"Dear Friga, is it you?" asked the little girl. "I want you to help me. I am sure my brother and sister are in the moon. If they were bad, I know they are sorry, and I would like to see them." "But," said Liod, "the bucket and rope are fastened so firmly that no one can loosen them." "No one," cried the boy; "I can do it, and will. What fun it would be to see the women when they come and find no bucket!" Hedni then began to rub the rope with a sharp stone.

THE PURSUIT BEGINS.
Immediately the eight boats lying at equal intervals along the lee of the vessel, darted away forth over the choppy sea. Each had ten men at the long oars. The Seabird's crew of 100 men, would make a motley and noisy party. Almost every national is represented, and men of every class, from criminals escaped from justice to good-natured youth, bent on a life of adventure; their dress of sealskin and reindeer, the broad hats, and the long, pointed boots, with fur hats on their heads and moccasins upon their feet; all their garments more or less greasy and worn for wear, these whalers are a motley and noisy party. The boat nearest the monster, which carried the captain, was the first to approach. With all the force of his lungs he gives the command: "Cast off your painters and go for him!"

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ALCOHOL WITH MEALS.
A Very Perverse Argument Taken From the Squared Circle.
A great many people drink wine with the meal, and end up with a pony of brandy or liqueur and cigars. It must be plain to any observer that these people are a comfortable-looking lot so long as moderation prevails. But, suppose two great fighters matched for \$30,000. Suppose it was learned that one fighter was a perfectly healthy man, and the other would be the sports part their money. As a matter of business they refuse to back a man who drinks hard stuff while training. As a matter of fact no fighter is ever allowed to drink hard stuff while training. A little wine and cheap, American wine, are commonly used to get that.

A HINT FOR BANK CLERKS.
One Made Himself Very Solid by Carrying a Bible.
A clerk in one of the Third street banks made himself solid with the President of the bank some years ago, probably by accident. He lived up the road and carried a good-sized basket, in which he brought his lunch in the morning and took out his marketing and groceries in the evening. One day after finishing his lunch he left his basket on a desk in the bank. The President came along for a walk and saw the basket, and he was so struck by the sight of it that he knocked it off onto the floor. In the fall the basket came open and a Bible fell out. "What are you doing with a Bible in your basket?" "I am carrying it to the bank every day on the train going to and from the bank," answered the clerk. The President immediately increased his salary and made the clerk a partner in the bank. The other bank clerks, some distance had had to be performed. Water was accordingly poured over the pulley to keep the rope from being damaged, for on its durability depended the success of the operation. The other boats, some distance had had to be performed. Water was accordingly poured over the pulley to keep the rope from being damaged, for on its durability depended the success of the operation. The other boats, some distance had had to be performed. Water was accordingly poured over the pulley to keep the rope from being damaged, for on its durability depended the success of the operation.

THE WHALER REAPPEARS.
In our boat the situation was getting extremely critical. Fifteen hundred yards of the line were gone, and it still ran with downward tendency, though not as fast as at first. Our line would give out in another minute; we would have to cut it, and the whale would be lost. Just then Jim, the rooper, who was watching the line

MORALS AND MANNERS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

When the Pan-Americans were here they were shown our shipyards (not many), our factories, our mines, our railroads, our work-shops, our farms (not the mortgages on them), our cities abuzz with life, even the barrooms. And they were wine and dined at libitum. But, so far as appears, some things yet more important, and even more characteristic, they were not shown. Our churches, our Sunday schools, our homes—our farms (not the mortgages on them), our cities abuzz with life, even the barrooms. And they were wine and dined at libitum. But, so far as appears, some things yet more important, and even more characteristic, they were not shown. Our churches, our Sunday schools, our homes—our farms (not the mortgages on them), our cities abuzz with life, even the barrooms. And they were wine and dined at libitum. But, so far as appears, some things yet more important, and even more characteristic, they were not shown. 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