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HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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Longfellow's New Poem.

The Hanging of the Crane.

Prose in a crenelated, to hang the crane, is the French expression for a home-warming, or the first party given in a new house.

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronging came with merriment and
jests
To celebrate the hanging of the crane
In the new house—into the night are gone:
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day!
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad houses of the earth,
Like a new star just springing to birth
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interwoven with
light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
I see the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but more divine
The light of love shines over all:
Of love that says not mine and thine
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They wait no guests to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great forgotten world outside;
They wait no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

The picture fades, as at a village fair
A showman's views disappear in air,
To reappear transmuted on the screen,
So in my fancy this, and now once more
In part transmuted, through the open door
Appears the self-same scene.
Seated I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unwarlike,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, thrust upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it carelessly on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial mannae? These
The ways that win the arts that please?
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,
And whoso'er he does seems best;
He rules by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over these and thine.
He speaks not, and yet their lies
A conversation in his eyes:
The golden silence of the three,
The graven wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak,
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Restless, fathomless and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back her chair and sees,
And so good night to King Canute.

As one who walking in the forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
That seems not for long to intervene,
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed
Through drifting clouds, and then again con-
cealed,
So I beheld the scene.
There are two guests at table now:
The king, deposed, and noble grown,
No longer occupies the throne—
The crown is on his sister's brow.
A princess from the Fairy Tales,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And smiling with soft silken sails
From far off Dreamland intervene,
Above their brows with rings of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper blue
Are looking, dreamy with delight,
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft shining through the summer night,
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their brows,
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

Again the tossing boughs shunt out the scene,
Again the drifting vapors intervene,
And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite;
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light,
See the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's crown
Out of the sky had fallen down;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awake, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that faint would fly,
But do not venture to leave their nests;
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate,
Eager as champions to be,
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues
Through cities and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes,
O sudden thrills of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

The meadow brook, that seemeth to stand
still,
Quickens its current as it hears the mill;
And so the stream of Time, that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,

How They Make Ice in India.

Method of Their Ravages—The Hill of Fare Which They Prefer.

So soon as we had abundance of snow, says N. C. Meeker, writing to the *Tribune* from Greeley, grasshoppers came again and alighted in patches of a few millions each in our wheat fields. The bulk of the grain was too far advanced to be injured, and they only ate off the blades, so that when cut the stalks were slippery. Late wheat was badly injured, and oats were in many places destroyed. They visited the whole of Colorado at the same time, but only in groups, though in larger ones close to the mountains, and they attacked the oats at such a critical time as to make the crop everywhere short and good seed scarce next spring. Of all the crops there is none which the grasshoppers love better than oats, unless it be the corn. As soon as they get the left, they go to work on the corn, and hope were high, but in less than ten days another gang came, and they undertook to finish the oats. Machines were put in immediately, when they attacked the corn, of which we had a large crop, and exceedingly promising. After working at it a few days they seemed to have received orders to start on their travels, and they all took wing, and everybody rejoiced again. But about noon one day the sight began to fade a little, and on looking up at the mountains, or seeing some 500 feet high, millions and millions, going southeast, which made us pity those whom they would visit; but soon a small portion came down, and as in a twinkling they covered gardens and fields, though they were not what we called thick. The next day as many more came, and we had them good, if that is the word, or bad, if one likes it better. They were tired, and in need of rest, which they took; but next morning bright and early, notwithstanding it was Sunday, they went to work in earnest. I thought I had seen them thick before, and that I knew something about them, but they were a new revelation this time.

They worked expeditiously all through the valley, and those who had the patches of a few hundred head at breakfast, had none when the bell rang for church; every one disappeared, and the current and gooseberry bushes looked as though there had been a heavy frost. Before night much of the sweet corn was gone, and the whole of the wheat, the cucumber, the radish, the gladioli, pinks, and the like were wiped away. Still some things they did not touch, and among these were roses and pinks. Beets in the field were riddled, and pie-plant was eaten in part by the acre, however poisonous Solon Robinson's axilla act in it may be. By Tuesday they had made such headway in cornfields that all who could cut it and put it in stocks, and even then they kept chewing so badly that one man hauled his into the barn. They were not very numerous, or as many as could get round the neck of an ear and gnaw deep among the husks. If the corn had been planted by the middle of May it was well glazed and they could do little more damage than eat off the blades; if in the milk they did it as readily as hogs would. The leaves of apple and peach trees disappeared, but those of cherries, plums, and peaches they did not touch, nor did they interfere with strawberries or blackberries, but raspberry bushes were made desolate. Meanwhile they delighted to get into the corn, especially into the husks, and took a fancy to lace curtains. When night came, all who could got into the trees to roost. I have cotton woods, ash, maple and other trees, from 10 to 20 feet high, with limbs from an inch to two inches in diameter, in all over 100 around the house, and many grasshoppers were on these trees that the branches bent down from 10 to 15 inches. Of course, the prospects were dark, for we expected them to stay and lay eggs which would hatch next spring. However, it was not so. Wednesday that they were not quite so thick on Thursday they were certainly fewer, and they continued to leave gradually. I have stated what they would eat and what they would not, but our experience in a former visitation was to the effect that if they stayed a few days there is nothing green they will not devour. They will eat into ripe Hubbard squashes and into watermelons and destroy them.

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The rain it rains every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
Without a blessed gleam of sun,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

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Items of Interest.

There is a young man in Ionia, Jefferson county, Wisconsin, who is eighteen years old, seventy-seven inches in height, and weighs only nineteen and one-quarter pounds when fat. His name is John M. Lewis.

A young lady entered a Troy music store, recently, and, approaching the clerk, said: "Still I love Thee." He replied: "We haven't it." "I Cannot Love Another," said she, and receiving a similar answer, left the store.

At a dinner recently given by a Russian lady in London, the table was entirely covered with moss, and the only evidence of a white tablecloth was seen in that portion which hangs at the sides of the table. Flowers were profusely introduced, and the effect was altogether unique.

Happy thought—That of the fashionable school teacher who, when asked by a pupil, "Who is the present King of Switzerland?" said, "This is not the hour, you know, when talking is permitted. Ask me the next session and I will tell you," and then rushed for the bookcase.

Always acknowledge all courtesies in a kindly spirit. Throw a bouquet and a card of thanks to a serenading party, if not prepared to invite them in. If you haven't a bouquet or a card at hand, throw a bootjack, or a brick, or anything of that sort, just to show your appreciation of the kindness intended.

Creations do not meet with favor in British Columbia. The Chinese have been cremating their dead at a cemetery near Victoria, and the Inspector of Police reported to the City Council that the nuisance had become most offensive to the residents in the neighborhood. The Council took no action.

A New Brunswick jury recently distinguished itself after having been charged to find the value of 20,000 bricks at \$15 per 1,000 by bringing in a verdict of \$294,000 for the price. After being sent back for their verdict, they blundered, and the Judge said that he had great pleasure in dismissing them.

A shower of white toads took place in Larimer county, Col. The shower embraced a strip of country half a mile wide and several miles in length. From a distance the frogs, as they bounced along the ground, looked for all the world like hailstones. After the storm the frogs hopped about over the country in droves of ten thousand.

How to swallow a pill is thus stated by a correspondent: "Put the pill under the tongue and behind the teeth, and let the patient immediately take a large swallow of water, and he will neither feel the pill nor taste it. In fact, he cannot tell where it has gone, and I have seen them look about the floor to see if they had not dropped it."

The Newburyport *Herald* says an amusing feature of the clam-bake at Salisbury Beach was the spectacle of a young lady and gentleman who hungered for the shell-fish. The lady hardly wished to soil her kids, and so while she held her mouth open the gentleman put in the clams and threw away the head after her incisors had decapitated the fish.

That Monument Again.

Once more, says an exchange, by a spasmodic effort to raise money to complete the Washington obelisk, that monumental failure is brought before the public attention. The whole subject was carefully discussed last spring, when a Congressional committee recommended that an appropriation be made to finish the work. This money pile of stones has been too long a butt for the wits of the nation. The original scheme is older than the Government itself, but it was not until 1848, after a series of experiments and failures, that work was actually begun. The Washington Monumental Association took the task of raising the money and building the monument. In about six years, when \$230,000 had been spent and the pile had reached the height of 170 feet, the money gave out and the obelisk was arrested in its growth. Since that time by degrees the work has been added to the work; and there it stands an unfinished monument. An examination showed that it had suffered somewhat by its long neglect, and on account of the insecurity of its foundation. At one time it looked as if the work would be taken down and rebuilt, or abandoned altogether. But it is now understood that the money and labor already expended can be saved by somewhat changing the original plan.

Why Buffaloes Disappear.

Somebody has revived the stories told by Jas. Bridger, who is, next to Kit Carson, the pioneer trapper of all that section of the country. One of his favorite stories was, that in the year 1820 he was wintering in Salt Lake Valley, when it commenced to snow, and continued seventy successive days, till a depth of seventy feet was obtained. The country at that time abounded in buffalo and other large game, all of which, perished in the snow. The lakes and rivers the following spring were so full of dead game that the country was in a good condition in the cold, that he was able to stow up a large stock of meat for the next winter's supply, using the brine of Salt Lake for the purpose. He concludes this tale by declaring that since that storm no buffalo had ever been seen west of the Rocky Mountains. He was a fond of declaring that "Bridger's Butte," a table mountain named after him, had "steered around" to the North since he saw it, and that he had told General Johnson so, who, after consulting his text books, acknowledged that he was right.—*Denver (Col.) News.*

The Calendar.—This is the way the people who live on the coast of Maine describe their weather:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain it rains every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
Without a blessed gleam of sun,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

GRASSHOPPERS IN COLORADO.

Method of Their Ravages—The Hill of Fare Which They Prefer.

So soon as we had abundance of snow, says N. C. Meeker, writing to the *Tribune* from Greeley, grasshoppers came again and alighted in patches of a few millions each in our wheat fields. The bulk of the grain was too far advanced to be injured, and they only ate off the blades, so that when cut the stalks were slippery. Late wheat was badly injured, and oats were in many places destroyed. They visited the whole of Colorado at the same time, but only in groups, though in larger ones close to the mountains, and they attacked the oats at such a critical time as to make the crop everywhere short and good seed scarce next spring. Of all the crops there is none which the grasshoppers love better than oats, unless it be the corn. As soon as they get the left, they go to work on the corn, and hope were high, but in less than ten days another gang came, and they undertook to finish the oats. Machines were put in immediately, when they attacked the corn, of which we had a large crop,