& Hall

VOL. VIII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1879.

NO. 50.

The Reign of Ice.

Roused from the chill of a frozen sleep, The ice-king spoke with curses deep, And bade the bitterest north wind blow Down from the realm of eternal snow. Down from the home of the ice and frost, Where silence reigns and life is lost, The north wind came at the king's comma With speed, and hate and a cruel hand. He furrowed the seas with frozen foam, And mocked the mariner's dream of home, Of wife and child and sweet surcease From strife and storm in a port of peace. On slippery deck, with stiff ning sail, The seamen saw the gathering gale, And, freezing, stood by the icy mast, Palsied and dead in the spell of the blast. Down from the realm of the frigid sea, Relentless, and cold, and cruel came he, To cast his curse o'er the land of rest, Where hearts are warm and homes are blest. The traveler, tracking his homeless way, Begging for bread in the storm that day, Fell frozen and dead in the lev air. As the mocking wind depied his prayer. The widow shrank with shivering dread From his icy couch, in her chilly bed, And her heart stood still in the cold embrace Of that spectral flend with the fatal face. His curse was fierce at the homes of the poor But the rich in their palaces bolted the door. And laughed him to scorn, as he hastened

To visit the wretched ones over the way.

The woes of the wretched were carried back To the bitter north on the wind's wild track, And the ice-king, touched with the old desire Of power supreme over heat and fire, Prophetic spoke in the frigid blast : 'The human race must end at last, Despite their pride and their faithless prayers, Their selfish schemes and worldly cares. I'll crush their hopes with endless death I'll chill their hearts, congeal their breath; I'll freeze for ayo this wicked earth From central fire to outer girth ; Their farms shall be but frozen land ; Their ships be locked in icy strand; Their cities, filled with woe and ice, Shall lifeless stand in lifeless ice; The long-complaining waves shall be Peaceful and still on the frozen sea; The ocean, chained from shore to shore Shall boast his mighty strength no more. The reign of justice I'll renew, And banish all the selfish crew, Whose sin, and shame, and quick desire

At war with life, and scorning prayer, His curse is now in the bitter air. The ground is clad for the grave to-day. And, should no power the ice-king stay, A wail of woe and wild despair Would strike the unrelenting air : Voiceless and cold, the earth would rell, A lifeless orb, with frozen soul.

Find food and life in heat and fire."

OF COURSE!

"Gwezdolen!" from Mrs. Olivia Glenmoreland's sanctum. "Jessie!" from Mr. Gerald Glenmoreland's studio.

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," from the pretty little maid coming up the stairs. She stops a moment when she reaches the landing, as though considering which summons to answer first, and as she pauses, a handsome young man leans over the baluster and looks down upon her, and as he looks he thinks he never gazed upon a prettier picture. A slight, graceful young girl, with

serious, dark eyes, delicately-cut features, clear pale face, and light wavy brown hair, showing little specks of gold as the sunlight falls through the hall window upon it, parted simply on the low, broad brow and repoling away behind the lovely ears until lost in the heavy Grecian co'l at the back of the small round head; in a closely-clinging dress of some soft, dark material, with a knot of garnet ribbon at the throat, and a sister knot on each lace trimmed pocket of the dainty white apron.

"Oh! I say, Browneyes," he calls out, cheerily, as the girl, becoming conscious of his presence, looks up with a smile, "will you pose for me?"

"As scon as I cau, Mr. Denys," she but as frank and cheery as his own. "Your father and mother have both called me. I must attend to them first." Aud as the handsome head is withdrawn, she enters the room on the right, which one can see at a glance is the den of a sculptor; and a sculptor who, if it be of all good things," can never hope to at end any wondrous height in his pro-fession. Half-finished statuettes and busts, dilapidated arms, legs, and torsos in clay, plaster and marble, are standing and lying about in the greatest confusion. Over Shakspeare's dome-like forevery violent we were obliged to leave. sion. Over Shakspeare's dome-like fore-head droops a broad-brimmed hat; from Then we tried furnished rooms; made the throat of a dancing faun stream the long ends of a silken neck-tie; and a flower girl offers with her flowers a pair of crumpled kid gloves and a soiled collar. The sculptor himself-an odd-looking man with w.ldish black eyes, and a massive head covered with a tangled mass of the darkest curls, a gray thread gleaming here and there-attired in a ful we weakly succumbed to the tempt blouse, the back of which alone gives a hint of its original color, is regarding with critical gaze a half-modeled bust on the table before him, which in turn regards him with the blank stare pseu-

provingly, as Jessie comes quietly in. "It is well, I want your nose, my 'Tis just the nose for Elaine, Couldn't find a better if I searched the Mephistopheles." to sing in a strong if not altogether musical voice the "Gold Song" from Faust," as the voice from the opposite room calls again, "Gwendolen "Can you spare my nose a little while, sir?" asks the model, still looking steadily at the grinning tempter in the corner, but with a gleam of mischief in her bonnie brown eyes. "Mrs. Glenmoreland is calling.'

"You may; but come back soon; for kings may die and emperors lose their crowns, but art is deathless and forever have been perfect strangers. The re-"Yes, sir," assents Jessie, demurely,

"Yes, sir," assents Jessie, demurely, and trips away.

Mrs. Glenmoreland, sitting before her desk, on which is piled many sheets of paper covered with eye-exasperating chirography, her right hand nervously waving her pen about, her left grasping her fluffy fair hair, to its great derangement, allows the wrinkle of perplexed thought on her brow to melt away as the prestry girl appears.

thought on her took the pretty girl appears, "Gwendolen, my dear," she exclaims, turning suddenly toward her, and thereby scattering the pile of manuscript in every direction, "I want your ear. She has the most correct ear"—this to an elderly lady who is sewing industriously by a small work-table in the center of the room. "Now my prose is excellent and my poetry not bad—so I am told; and my poetry not bad—so I am told; but sometimes my rhymes don't rhyme exactly, but that sort of thing is only allowed to the very greatest of poets. I'm introducing a battle-song in the last chapter of my novelette, and I'm in doubt about 'hurrah' and 'war'—'rah' and 'war.' Are they twins, or are they not, Gwendolen?"

But before Gwendolen, who is on her knees picking up the scattered papers, can reply, somebody comes down the stairs with a rush and bolts into the sanctum.

"Mother, I kiss your little ink-stained fingers," he says. "But all the same I must have Browneyes; I want her arm. My grape gatherer is waiting for the wherewithal to gather the grapes."

"It is—I mean are they?" asks Mrs. Glenmoreland, as Jessie puts the manuscript on the desk again, and places a paperweight upon it. And then she smiles at her son, who, after tenderly ruffling the ruffled hair still more, kisses the brew beneath it.

"I don't think they are," modestly

answers Jessie.
"Thanks, dear!" And the pen is dipped into the ink again.

"And now, Browneyes, your arm— your arm!" cries Denys, striking a melodramatic attitude. "I'm afraid you can't have it just yet-Mr. Denys. I have promised your fa ther my nose for an honr or so," says Browneyes, dropping a cunning little

courtesy.

"By Jove! is the governor at work again? Ten to one he never finishes it. I'll look in on him for a moment or two; he'll turn me out at the end of that

time. By-by mamma,"
"I really don't know what we would do without her," says Mrs. Glenmore-land, musingly, letting her pen fall and blotting the sheet before her as the

blotting the sheet before her as the young perple vanish.

"Meaning Gwendolen, Browneyes, Jessie, or whatever her name is?" inquires the elderly lady (who by-the-bye, s an aunt of the author's, on a visit to her niece for the first time in fifteen

years). "Known as Jessie to her sponsors in baptism, explains Mrs. Glenmoreland, "but Denys has always called her Bro vneyes, and I have a habit of giving her the name of my heroine for the time being; it helps to keep my story in my thoughts. D. ar, dear, how many names the little girl has answered to since she came here four years ago! And she never objected but to two-' Phantom of Yel'ow Hill, and 'Hag of Murder Creek.' And I don't much wonder at her not liking them."

"Neither do I," says the aunt, with grim smile. "But you have never told me anything about her. Who is she?' "Haven't I? Well, as I can't take up the thread of my poem—that horrid Denys!—I ll take up the cat "—lifting a pretty white and black kitten from the floor-"and narrate for your especial benefit. You know when Gerald and I were first married we were very unpractical"-

"I should think so," interrupts the elderly lady, with a decisive nod. "One a scribbler of sixteen, the other a sculptor of nineteen."

"But dear mamma, with whom we lived," her niece goes on, "made life "As scon as I cau, Mr. Denys," she replies, in a voice softer and sweeter, she died. Then for five years all was experiment and confusion. At first we triel boarding; but the people with whom we boarded objected to our breakfasting at odd moments between eight and twelve, and thought it upreasonable that we should expect little suppers at sculptor; and a sculptor who, if it be midnight. And, besides, they also true that "good order is the foundation complained that Denys—then only twelve, but already developing the ar--used their best saucers, plates, and other things to mix paints on; and when the dear boy borrowed the marble coffee over the gas in the morning, and dined at the restaurant in the evening. But we were soon obliged to give up this mode of life; the principal reason being that the bill of fare proved such a temptation; and to our shame be it said -having the most uncertain of incomes -that when our ventures were success

er, and ate birds on toast, and broiled chicken, and omelette-souffle, and terra-pin, and all sorts of expensive good things, as long as our money lasted, and in consequence were restricted to bread and cheese and dried beef in the priva-"Ah! there you are," he says, ap. cy of our apartments for a week or more after. At last, after baving dined sumptuously one day, with a few invited guests, off a medallion and a three-columned story, and then being obliged to wide world o'er. Stand over there by live for two weeks on one short column, Hercules -that's a dear-and look at | we concluded to try boarding once more And he commences if not altogether mu"Gold Song" from voice from the opponot go to school, and would paint, might be out of the way of the landlady's china, But, my dear aunt, the other fellows were in that studio from morn till night;

spent their nights there, and very little work was done." "Oh! ah, yes. Gwendolen" - work-g away. "How long have you been tunately, but providentially—no, I don't mean that either, but I won't waste time "For two weeks past, sir Ever since my mistress began 'The Princess and the Dairy Maid.' May I go, sir?" still, best of models, with her eyes fixed on best of models, with her eyes fixed on the proper expression—Gerald's old uncle died, and left him this house. 'Let's go to housekeeping,' said I, and we went. Heaven save the mark | 1 never could make

indeed, several of the most impecunious

have been perfect strangers. The result of this ignorance could not fail to be an expensive one. Everybody cheated us. The servant girls wore my best dresses to wakes and parties, and one of them had two of her friends concealed in the house for three months, waxing strong and stout on my provisions, and when at last they were discovered, de-clared that she never knew they were there at all at all.

"And we were forever in debt, and fast losing our senses, when my dress-maker, a dear, good-hearted English-woman, who used to give me advice, housekeeping advice, in a motherly sort of way, which I would have taken if I could have remembered it, died, after a long illness, leaving a fifteen-year-old daughter. The child looked up at me with those wonderful brown eyes when I asked her, after her mother's funeral, asked her, after her mother's funeral,
'And what will you do, my dear?' and
said, 'I don't know ma'am; I have no
relation but a grandfather out West,
and he has just married again, and I
don't think he wants me.' I gave her a
kiss, and told her to come home with
me. And she came, and since then life has been more than endurable. She proved to be the eleverest little thing that ever lived, intimately acquainted with the arithmetic and heaven's first with the arithmetic and heaven's first law, and has learned to manage every-thing and everybody in the house with marvelous tact and skill. And the man-ner in which she understands my absent-minded ways and contrary orders is ab-solutely wonderful. Who else, for in-stance, would know that often when I say 'shoes' I mean' hat,' and vice versa? and who else could translate 'both dark and white meat and the Chinese, you know, my dear,' into 'chicken salad and rice pudding?' She's a treasure—rhymes like a bird, poses like an angel, and "— "Has she no lovers?" asks the elder-

ly lady, looking solemnly over her "Lovers! Bless you, no. Never the slightest sign of one. Her mother was an old maid; that is, she wasn't when-I mean she was before she was married. Lovers! Good gracious! don't speak of such a thing. I should murder them. And I'm quite sure Alicia-the name of my next heroine," she explains, in answer to a questioning look from her aunt—"has never dreamed— Was that a knock at the door? If it be Alicia, enter; anybody else, depart immediately."

The door opens in obedience to this

command, delivered in a loud voice with much emphasis, and "Alicia" enters with downcast eyes and a black-edged letter in her hand.

"I don't want it! I won't have it!" almost screams her mistress. "I hate black letters. Take it away."
"It is not for you, ma'am. It is mine; and—and "(with faltering voice)
"I fear I must leave you."
"Leave me!" shouted Mrs. Glenmoreland, starting to her feet and drouping the cat, and in her excitement.

dropping the cat, and in her excitement she seizes the worn garment the elderly lady has been carefully patching and darning for the last hour from that worthy persop's hands and rends it from top to bottom. "Leave us! What can -what do you mean ?"

"My grandfather has sent for me, ma'am. His wife is dead, and he says t is my duty to come and live with him, as I have no other relative in the world."

"And you are going?" demands Mrs. Glenmoreland, in tragic tones. "I do not know how to refuse.

"Gerald! Denys!" calls Mrs. Glenmoreland, loudly, running across her room and flinging the door wide open. Come here instantly."
In flies her husband, a lump of clay

in his hand, and down rushes Denys, palette on thumb. "My darling, what's up?" asks Ger-

"By Jove! mother, how you frightened me! Thought the house was on fire," says her son.

"Gwendolen-Jessie - Browneyes -Alicia-she," pointing at the weeping girl, "is going away, never to return."
"Going away!" repeats her husband,
striking his head with his right hand, and then stalking wildly about the room, totally unconscious that he has left the lump of clay among his raven curls. "Browneyes leaving us forever," re-

proachfully cries Denys. "After I've loved her all these years, sobs Mrs. Glenmoreland.

says Mr. Glenmoreland.
"And I've"— begins Denys, and then stops with a blush that is reflected in

the girl's sweet face. "Going to her grandfather-horrid old hunks !—who never thought of her before he killed her step-grandmamma, and who only wants her now to save the expense of hiring a housekeeper and nurse, which he is well able to do, the venerable wretch! And she thinks it her duty to go, because he's her 'only relative.' And I've always felt as though were her mother;" and overcome with emotion, Mrs. Glenmoreland drops into

"And I as though I were her father," sserts the sculptor. "And I as though I were her brothsays the painter, and stops in confusion as before.

her chair again.

Jessie turns from one to the other with clasped hands and streaming eyes. 'I shall never, never be as happy any-where as I have been here. I would have been content to have served you all my life. But how could I reconcile it to my conscience if, without sufficient reason, I disregarded the appeal of my only relative, and that relative my mother's father?"

"But he needn't be your 'only rela-" says Denys, earnestly, flinging palette, paint side down, on his mother's silken lap, and springing with one bound to the young girl's side. "There can be other and nearer relatives than grandfathers, Browneyes. I never knew how dearly I loved you till this moment. I cannot bear the thought of losing you. I want your hand and heart. Take me for your husband, dearest, and then your duty will be to

share my fortunes for evermore."

Jessie, the innocent child, holds up save the her pretty mouth for his kiss before change; them all—the cat is playing with her

grandfather's letter—and a wonderful smile turns to diamonds her tears, "The very thing!" proclaims Mr. Glenmoreland

"Of course," says his wife. "Why didn't you think of it before, you tiresome boy, and save all this bother? And now go away, all of yeu. I have an idea for a story."

What Blind Men Have Done.

The long list of the names of the blind who have been eminent in the various branches of learning from the time of Diodatus, who lived fifty years before the Christian era, to the present time, is well worth remembering. The fol-lowing are some of those to whom we

Diodatus, of Asia Minor, celebrated for his learning in philosophy, geometry and music.

and music,
Eusebius, also of Asia, lived from 315 to 340 of the Christian era; became blind at five years of age; died at twenty-five. And yet, during so short a lifetime, this blind man, by his theological writings, has come to us, and will go down to posterity, as one of the fathers of christianity.

Henry, the minstrel of Scotland, author of "The Poetic Life of Wallace,"

was born blind in 1361.

Margaret, of Ravenna, born in 1505, blind at three months; celebrated for her writings on theology and morals.

Hermann Torrentius, of Switzerland, born in 1546, and author of a history and poetical dictionary. Nicholas Sanderson, of Yorkshire, England, born in 1682; learned in math-ematics, astronomy, and wrote a book

Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Sectland, born in 1751; blind at six months; celebrated for his learning in poetry,

divinity and music,
Francis Huber, of Geneva, Switzerland, born in 1610; wrote on natural sciences, bees, ants, and on education.

John Milton, born in 1608, in London; author of "Paradies Lost"

author of "Paradise Lost."

John Metcalf, born in 1717, in England; road surveyor and road contractor. John Gough, born in 1757, in England; blind at three years; wrote on b-tany, natural history, etc.

David Macbeath, born in 1792, in Scotland; learned in music at d mathematics and inventor of the string about

matics, and inventor of the string alphabet for the blind. M. Focault, born in Paris in 1799; invented a writing apparatus for the

M. Knio, of Prussia, born blind; was director of an institution for the blind, and wrote on the education of the

Alexander Rodenbach, of Belgium, born in 1786; member of the Belgian congress, and wrote several works on the blind and the deaf-mute.

William Henry Churchman, formerly superintendent of the institution for the blind, at Indianapolis, Ind., and author of architectural designs and re-

ports for the institution. Prof. Fawcett, member of the British parliament, and an eminent philosophi-

The Widower and the Widow.

When Mr. Thomas Thompson was courting the widow who became his sixth wife, said he, taking a pinch of snuff and looking wise, "I will tell you what I expect of you, my dear. You are aware that I have had a good deal of matrimonial experience. Ho-hum! It makes me sad to think of it, and I may truly say that my cup of misery would be running over at this moment if it were not for you. But to business, was about to remark that Jane, my first, could make better coffee than any other woman in the world. I trust you will adopt her recipe for the preparation of

that beverage. "My first husband frequently remarked "- began the widow.

"And there was Susan," interrupted Mr. Thompson, "she was the best mender that probably ever lived. It was her delight to find a button off; and as for rents in coats and things, I have seen her shed tears of joy when she saw them, she was so desirous of using her needle for their repair. Oh, what a

woman Susan was !' "Many is the time," began the widow, "that my first husband

"With regard to Anna, who was my third," said Mr. Thompson, "I think her forte, above all others, was in the accomplishment of the cake known as slapjack. I have very pleasant visions at this moment of my angelic Anna as she appeared in the kitchen of a frosty morning, enveloped in smoke and the morning sunshine that stole through the window, or bearing to my plate a particularly nice article of slapjack with the remark, 'That's the nicest one yet, Thomas; eat it while it's hot.' times, I assure you, my dear, these re-

collections are quite overpowering."

He applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and the widow said, "Oh, yes; I know how it is myself, sir. Many is the time that I see in my lonely hours my dear first hus"-

"The pride and joy of Julia, my fourth, and I may say, too, of Clara, my fifth," interrupted Mr. Thompson, with some apparent accidental violence of tone, "lay in the art of making over their spring bonnets. If you will lieve it, my dear, one bonnet lasted those two blessed women through all the happy years they lived with me—they would turn them and make them over so many times! Dear, dear, what a changeful world-what an unhappy, changeful

"I say to myself a hundred times day, sir," said the widow, with a sigh; "I frequently remarked to my first

"Madam," said Mr. Thompson, sud-denly, and with great earnestness, "oblige me by never mentioning that chap again. Are you not aware that he must be out of the question forever more? Can you not see that your con-tinual references to him sicken my soul? Let us have peace, madam—let me have

"Very well, sir," said the widow, meekly. "I beg your pardon, and promise not to do it again." And they were married, and their lives were as bright and peaceful as they could wish.

To make your coat last-Make your

TIMELY TOPICS.

The monument in China to the American, Captain Ward, who became com-mander-in-chief of the Chinese army, is very costly, and has on its top an ever-growing lily, which is watered every day.

A Weyauwega (Wis.) German pound-ed his wife, cut a young man who came to the rescue upon the nose with a sa-ber, whipped a deputy sheriff and his posse when they went to arrest him, and for all of these offenses was fined by a police justice the sum of \$10.

The Cincinnati Times alleges that an old man in that city, after running through a fortune of \$65,000 after marrying a second wife, carried the monu-ment he had erected to his first wife at a cost of \$1,400 to a marble-yard, and exposed it for sale, after the erasure of the inscription upon it.

One Beinert, a miller of Plauen-Dreden, Saxony, has philanthropically presented the town with money for planting cherry trees along the streets, the money to be refunded from the sale of the cherries when the trees begin to bear. Beinert was under the impres-sion that there was no small boys in Plauen-Dreden. Plauen-Dreden.

A clerk in a Denver (Col.) grocery A clerk in a Denver (Col.) grocery stole provisions to send to the workmen and o in a mine that he partly owned. He had recently married, and bore an excellent reputation, so the exposure of his crime was a stunning blow. He begged the officer who made the arrest to let him stay at home until morning. The officer complied staying on guard The officer complied, staying on guard in the house. In the night the prisoner and his wife committed suicide with

cott, Felton, Motley, Hawthorne, Agassiz, Howe, Sumner, Andrew, Wyman and Quincy. The living members are R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, E. P. Whipple, J. S. Dwight, J. G. Whittier, J. T. Fields, B. Pierce, the two Danas, E. R. Hoar, T. G. Appleton, C. E. Norton, J. E. Cabot, H. James, W. D. Howells, J. M. Forbes, F. H. Hedge, M. Brimmer, W. M. Hunt, C. F. Adams, C. W. Eliot, C. C. Perkins, F. Parkman, Asa Gray, Horace Gray and A. Agassiz.

that of a snake. It was flat on top, and a foot and a half broad. In color it was black, with green spots. The left eye, which was the only one we could see, stuck out of its head like a frog's eye."

"How large was it?"

"About as big as a decent-sized saucer. As he went along, he kind of turned his head and kept his eye on us. This was in broad day-light, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The eye showed angry, but he never turned on us or showed fight. I could have put cott, Felton, Motley, Hawthorne, Agas-

A Wisconsin girl put on trousers and started through the deep snow to walk six miles to a village for provisions, the six miles to a village for provisions, the family larder being empty. She soon became tied out, besides losing her way, and the cold was intense. A big Newfoundiand dog which accompanied her was the means of saving her life. She scoored out a hollow in the snow, lay down in it, and made the warm dog lie on her, shifting him about so as to successively cover the coldest part of her body. In that way she passed a whole night, and was not very severely frost bitten. "With two or three more dogs," she says, "I would have got along very comfortably."

The following simple rules for preserving health and promoting comfort, if not new to some of our readers, are none the less important to every one. The object of brushing the teeth is to emove the destructive particles of food which, by their decomposition, generate decay. To neutralize the acid resulting from this chemical change is the object of dentrifice. A stiff brush should be used after every meal, and a thread of silk floss or India rubber passed through between the teeth to remove particles of

food. Rinsing the mouth in lime water entralizes the acid. Living and sleeping in a room which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun-bath is the most

refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken. Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes or wear foot covering fitting

or pressing closely.

The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast, A full bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water before bathing. Do not

take a cold bath when tired. Keep a box of powdered srarch on the washstand; and, after washing, rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent If feeling cold before going to bed,

exercise; do not roast over a fire.-Scientific American,

The Gardener's Lesson. Two gardeners had their early crops

of peas killed by the frost. hem was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it very much. other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After a while, the impatient, fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be. "These are what I sowed while you

were fretting," said his neighbor. "But don't you ever fret?" he asked "Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all !" "True," said his friend ; "aud that' the reason I put it off."

The Water Torture in Japan.

The originators of this cruel device

relied upon the torments of thirst as

nore powerful than mere corporal suf-

fering. The prisoner is for several days confined to an extremely salt diet, without rice or water. When two or three days have passed the craving for water ecomes incessant, and the sufferings of the tortured man approach the bounds of insanity. Efforts are then made to obtain confession by subjecting the sufferer to the agony endured by Tantalus when in the midst of the infernal lake, whose waters he could not touch. On all sides the thirst-distracted prisoner

beholds water-water for which he would sacrifice everything-but which

he cannot touch except upon the condi-tions of confession, -Japan Gazette,

THAT SEA SERPENT!

This Time it is Seen by the Vernelous Cap-tain of the Sloop "Jane Eliza," in Long Island Sound.

A guileless New York reporter was told the following sea serpent yarn by Captain Daniel Dalton, of the good ship

Captain Daniel Dalton, of the good ship Jane Eliza:

"Now, put it down just as I tell you," the captain said. "The Jane Eliza started from the foot of Harrison street, Brooklyn, on Jan. 2, 1879, loaded with 1,200 bushels of salt, consigned by J. P. & G. C. Robinson to S. E. Merwin & Son, New Haven. You will remember it was the time when the big New Year storm was blowing along the coast. When we got along as far in the sound as Greenwich point, near where Tweed's club house used to be, sailing under close reefs (I was on deck, my son Frank was at the helm, and my son William was at the helm, and my son William was walking along the side, which left Joe down below doing the cooking), William sung out to me and says:

"'Pop, anything sunk here?'
"'No, says I; but we're in deep water here, and you wont touch it if

there is. " 'By George !' says he, 'there's the

sea serpent.'
"That's just as it was said. We were heading east southeast at the time, and he (the serpent) was healing west-southwest, toward Captain's island. We had approached each other at an angle, and our bow must have passed over his Did you feel any shock ?"

"No, I don't think there was any shock. The first I noticed was when I heard William sing out, 'By George!' Then I saw ten feet of a big snake out of water. He must have been not less than fifty feet away at the time. It was about a minute, I judge, that Frank and William and I had to take observa-The famous Boston "Saturday Club" has lost by death during the last few years the following members: Presthat of a snake. It was flat on top, and

> showed angry, but he never turned on us or showed fight. I could have put a bullet through the eye as well as not, or I could have thrown a harpoon into his body, but I never carry fire-arms, and I'm not a whaler, as I used to be. The head was about three feet long. At least it began to taper down about that distance from the tip of the nose. This smaller part continued for about ten feet, and was held up entirely out of water. After that it began to swell all at once until it was as large as a barrel. We could see that about twothirds of this part was under water as third was cut of water. We couldn't see any of the rest of him." How long to you think the serpent

"Well, now, you guess, and I'll guess, and I'll guess that he couldn't

have been less than thirty feet." Tue reporter guessed twenty feet more, judging from the size of the head and body, and Capt. Dalton thought that the serpent might well be fifty feet feet long. He had put the length at the smallest figure he could conscientiously. "In what way did he disappear?"

was next asked. "Well, after he had kept his eye on is for about a quarter of a minute, he lipped his head into the water and went lown (Capt. Dalton wriggled his nand slowly toward the floor) with a kind of easy, waving motion."

'And didn't his tail rise out of water when his head went down?" 'No. because he was a snake "

"Why not, because he was a snake? "Snakes, you must understand, have no fins. They have to move themselves with their tails, so that if their tails get out of water they are lost. He had to keep his tail under. If it had been a shark or a porpoise, it would hav showed its tail for certain. This is demonstration. I've seen lots of sharks and porpoises and all kinds of sea creatures in my travels all over the globe, and I know that this was a snake. then there's another thing. I've read in the Sun that on Friday, August 24, 1877, a serpant rose up out of the Sound about twenty feet, and was bigger round than a barrel, at this very spot that is near Captain's island lighthouse. It hissed and roared. A few days afterward Capt. Wicks, the two men at the wheel, and others on the steamer Bridgeport felt her hit something on her starboard quarter. It shook the whole boat. William Gamble, the deck watchman, heard something like a hiss and a bark, and then something black rose up as high as the flagpole and went down again. That was just off of Captain's island, too; and last summer, just about the same place, it was seen again by somebody else."

Capt. Dalton drew a picture of the animal he had seen with the reporter's pencil. In constructing the eye he first frew a large round cipher and scoured t all black with the point of the pencil. His two stalwart sons, who constitute his two mates and the crew, corroborate learned ladies of the seventeenth cenevery word of their father's story.

Some European Statistics.

According to Hubner's "Statistica tables of all the countries of the earth," there are yearly, births, deaths, mar-riages and number of children in elementary schools for every 10,000 inhab itants, in the following countries

pire..... Austria-Hungary Great Britain and Ireland..... 346 267 360

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An ugly miss-Miss Government. Lying down-An incipient mustache. Jack Frost is one of the coolest fellows

Le Mars, Ia., is numerously begirt by prairie wolves. "A last farewell" - A shoemaker

giving up business, Caleb Cushing couldn't abide to have his room tidied up.

Hatred is keener than friendship, but less keen than love. Tramps are no longer allowed to sleep in Cincinnati parks.

Chief Joseph wears coal black hair banged on his brow.

A man in Illinois has found a way to make good lumber out of compressed

A farmer, who keeps his fences in good order, has a good deal of stile about him.

When a young lady wants to appear in a blaze of glory she indulges in a little torchon lace.

The Toronto Globe calls the proposed international park at Niagara falls an "international play ground."

A clock keeps its hands before its face, probably because it is ashamed of the cowardly manner in which time flies. The first postoffice in America was established in New York in 1719, under the anspices of the colonial govern-

A gentleman writing from the West, says that he is altered so since he left home that his "oldest creditor would not know him.

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers, became a little pale when she said she wooden ware it.

Dr. Abel, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, can get up off the ice and rub the back of his bead in seventy different languages. She asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a spring rose, and the brute said it was, even to the minor attraction of having a little due upon it.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet.' So delicate is the machinery for cutting out wood for papering walls that 200 leaves are cut from an inch of white maple and 125 out of wood with open grain, such as oak and walnut.

Wishing to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked, "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melan-choly smile; "she's never idle; she's always finding something for me to do." "Isn't it funny?" he exclaimed, a he leaned back in his seat at the theater, and wiped away the tears that the laughter-provoking comedian had produced. "Yes, I should say so," responded his fair companion; "it's one her sister's old one's made over." His jaw dropped into his lap as he turned his gaze upon the young lady in front, whose personnel his partner had been

studying .- Rockland Courier. Oh, the S., the beautiful S.! How the folks want it in the press "Can you not next let it appear?'; They write to the editor every year; Even the schoolgirls of fourteen or less As original verse send the beautiful S.,

Begging, Praying, Implering to print it. But the editor's stove is aglow for to bless And welcome the coming of beautiful S.

— Chicago Tribune.

Legends of the Rose. In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is

pleasant valley, which still bears the

name of Solomon's Rose Garden, and

where, according to a Mohammedan

myth, a compact was made between the

Wise Man and the genii of the Morning

Land, which was writ, not in blood, like bond between Faust and Mephistoph-eles, nor in gall like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose water upon the petals of white roses. In Paris, in the sixteenth century, an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breast, as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol, in the present day, betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. have played, and still play, an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their en-trance into the world, and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift, in the shape of a rose gar-land, is laid upon her bier. Julius Cresar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At mid-Lent the pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor. Martin Luther wore a rose in his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A rose figured on the headsman's axe of the Voehmgericht. Many orders, fraterni-ties and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" be instanced. The "Society of the tury, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections, the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosiere," by which, in certain localities, a money gift and a crown of roses are bestowed on the devoutest and most industrious maiden in the commune. The infamous Duke de Chartres established an "Order of the Rose," with a diametrically opposite intention, the avowed object being the undermining of female virtue. At Treviso a curious rose feast is or was held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the bestborn maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmers roses and aquirts filled with Russia has the smallest proportionate number in elementary schools, about 150 per 10,000 inhabitants, and the United States of America the largest, 2,180 for every 10,000 inhabitants.