Jno. G. Hall

The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher. NIL DESPERANDUM. Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XII. RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1882 NO. 6.

In Future.

It seems to me the bud of expectation
Has not yet swollen to the perfect flower
That with its wondrous exhalation
The world of faith will dower.

The lamps we light are but the stars of promise
The faintest reflex of a distant sun
That wakes an eager salutation from us
'Till nobler heights are won.

The past was but the preface of the story
In which the romance of our lives is wrought;
The deeds that win imperishable glory
Live scarcely in our thought.

Whate'er we do falls short of our intending;
The structure lacks the beauty we design;
And tortured angels, to their home ascending,
Depart and leave no sign.

By all the doubts and trials that so vex us,
By all the falls and failures that annoy,
By all the strange delusions that perplex us,
And yield no fruits of joy.

We know that unto mortals is not given
The strength of knowledge that is yet in store
For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven,
And dream of heaven no more.

The hear of earth has secrets yet withholden,
That wait the dawning of some future day,
When angel hands from sepulchre so golden
Shall roll the stone away.

Man has not touched the zenith of creation;
The godlike thought that filled Jehovah's mind
Has had in Him but feeble revelation,
Uncertain, undefined.

The days wherein time reaches its fruition,
With moments weighted with no vain regret,
Those days of which the soul has sweet provision,
Draw nigh, but are not yet.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

THE QUAKER ARTIST.

"I tell thee now, Richard, that thee'll never get a cent of my money if thee keeps on with this devil's work."

The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris, and he held at arm's length a small picture in water colors, the features of which were hardly discernible in the gloom of the winter morning. Friend Joseph had been at the barn, as was his custom, to fodder the cattle and feed the horses before breakfast, and had discovered this humble bit of art in a nook in the granary. He did not have to be told that it was his son Richard's work, whose inclination to such ungodly pursuits had been the distress of his parents' lives.

Full of suppressed wrath Joseph burst into the kitchen where the family were waiting breakfast, and without preface addressed his son with the threat which he considered the most dreadful he could use—that of disinheritance. It meant something, too, for in spite of his plain surroundings Joseph Harris owned nearly two hundred acres of land worth easily a hundred and fifty dollars an acre and his visits to the county town on the first of April of each year were not to pay interest but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was nearing sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions, and sharp black eyes, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-two, was of a different mold, short and stoutly built. His face at first sight seemed heavy and vacant, but this was in fact the abstraction of the dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and hair clustering in thick curls over his low but broad forehead, made amends for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He rarely dared face his father's anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of his sect, made up in severity at home for the smooth and passionless exterior he maintained abroad.

"Will thee give it to me, father?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with unspeakable disgust.

Poor little painting! It was a fragment of an autumn afternoon, during which Richard had been husking corn in "the hill field" and which had abided in his memory clothed with the halo of a hundred day-dreams. There was a corner of a woods, the foliage half green, half shading into tints of brown and red. A rivulet leaving a piece of meadow still gay with autumn flowers and green with late grass, flowed rippling and sparkling out of the sunlight into the shade of the dying leaves. What courage and hope it must have! Richard followed in thought its waters as they flowed on to Chester creek and then to the stately Delaware river, and far out till they met the mighty ocean which washes the shores of all the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his husking knife into the shucks and turned out the golden ears one after the other, he humbly took this lesson to himself, as was his wont, and said: "I, too, must have more courage, firmer hope. Why should not I go forward in my study of art with greater faith? I must, I will." And to fasten the vow he had painted two studies of this little piece of meadow as a constant reminder, snatching the time on First days and Fifth days, when his father and mother were at meeting, and he and Mose Riddle, the colored man, were left to look after the stock. One copy he had sent on a venture to a commission house in New York, the other he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to him, and each tree had become a symbol of some rebuff or danger he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibbilla Vernon, and had promised this sole confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over some time and let her see it. But Sibbilla lived two miles away, and as her parents were also strict members of meeting, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with due caution.

Richard's first impulse, therefore, was to secure the picture. But his father had a double cause of displeasure, and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only was this painting business an ungodly amusement, but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped.

"I'll put it where it deserves to go, and where thee will follow unless thee turns thy steps from the world and its follies. But the fire that thou wilt meet will be that which is not quenched, and where the worm dieth not."

With these words, which Friend Harris spoke slowly and with that slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of the speakers in meeting, the solemnity of which was further increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he stepped to the kitchen fireplace, where a goodly wood fire was burning under the crane, and striking the picture against the corner of the mantelpiece tore a rugged split through its center and threw the whole into the flames. In a moment it was a shriveled cinder.

There are certain natures whose inherent strength can only be developed by a violent shock. Full of latent power, their weakness comes from a native humility. They distrust themselves through a genuine admiration of others. Such was Richard Harris. But the necessary shock had come. He gazed a moment at the cinder, his face crimsoned, but the severe discipline of the Society and the family exercised the sway that it usually does even on the very young among Friends.

"Father," he said, in a low and even tone, "I repeat what I have often told thee; I have no light that there is evil in painting; but as thee thinks there is, I shall bid thee and mother farewell to-day, and seek employment elsewhere. I shall not ask thee for any share in thy estate."

Taking his hat from the window-sill he passed out of the kitchen door, leaving his father speechless with amazement at this rebellious utterance, and his mother—a poor weak woman, constantly in misery between carrying out the severe rule of her husband whom she feared, and yielding to her tenderness for her boy whom she loved—wiping her tears without emitting any sound, either word or sob. As for his two sisters they sat demure and motionless through the whole scene, at heart rather pleased at it, as they had no sympathy with their brother's taste for forbidden arts, and thought him a queer, wasteful, uncomfortable member of the household. Moreover, though younger than he, they were not too young to see at once the pecuniary advantage to them of his renunciation of his share of the estate.

Richard went toward the barn and took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder stack that was built along the side of the barnyard. He did not feel the cold raw air of the early morning. His mind was too full of the step he was about to take and what had led up to it. Now or never he must quit the farm, renounce the teachings of the Society, throw aside the coat with standing collar and the quaint broad-brimmed black hat, give up the plain language, reject the counsels of the venerable facers of meeting who would surely be appointed to visit him, and prove a recreant to the revered precepts of Fox and Barclay. All this was meant by a pursuit of his strong bias for art.

Why was he born with it? Whence came it? These questions he had often asked himself. For six generations his ancestors had never touched a brush or palette; not a painting nor a statue nor a musical instrument nor any drama or work of fiction had been allowed in their houses. How had he been created with a passion for color and form, with a love of poesy and music, which neither the dreary farm work nor the colorless life, nor all the frigid, deadening discipline of the Society could quench?

Going back to his earliest memory he could recall that when four years old he was left for a few hours at the house of Mike Wallis, an Irish tenant on a neighboring farm, and that Mike's wife had kept him in the utmost bliss by showing him a colored print of the Virgin and the Infant, and telling him the pathetic history as it had pictured itself in her warm Irish heart. But what was the horror of his parents next day when he toddled into the room when they were at dinner and called:

"Mudder, mudder, come see God."

His parents ran to the door to see what this strange appeal meant, and lo! there, on the floor of the front porch, chalked in rude but faithful outlines, were the Child, with rays of glory around his head, and the Mother, by his side, holding a cross. He could still recall the scowl that came over his father's face and his mother's impetuous rush for a bucket of water and scrubbing-brush. Nor had he forgotten the violent shake and immediate spanking he himself received for his artistic endeavor.

His memory leapt till he was a boy of ten, and to his intense delight at effecting a trade of a Barlow knife for a box of paints. Many an hour of joy had they given him, hiding himself in the garret of the old house, in the back part of the hay-mow near the dusty gable window, or in a little hut he had built in the woods. But his prying little sister betrayed him one day, and not only was his treasure confiscated but he himself was tied to the bedpost by his mother and given such a whipping as would have discouraged most youthful artists.

Later in life, when he was too old for such vigorous measures, many lectures had he received on the frivolity of such tastes and the wickedness of ministering to them.

These scenes passing through his memory convinced him that it was vain to battle with such inflexible rules, and that to be free he must leave the farm and all its associations.

There was but one which had really held him. This was Sibbilla Vernon. The daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meetings was familiar to all members of the Society, Sibbilla was a not unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Calm, self-possessed, clear-headed, she had announced when but fifteen to her family that her own conscience was her guide, and that in all essential matters she should follow it.

From childhood she and Richard Harris had delighted to play and talk together; and though no word of love, no kiss and no caress had ever passed between them, both their families and themselves considered their union merely a matter of time and money. Nor did this absence of the usual passages of love seem to any one concerned a strange circumstance. They were accustomed to the repression of all outward show of feeling. In neither household had the children ever seen a kiss exchanged among its members, young or old.

Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibbilla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She looked upon his peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect, which condemn them indiscriminately.

"Wilt thou presume to deny the many testimonies of Friends, both in England and America, against these sinful arts?" her mother would ask; being a "public friend" of considerable local fame she never employed the incorrect nominative "thee," even in family life.

"Mother," replied the daughter, "they spoke for their day. I must act in mine by the light I have, not by theirs."

Her mother wisely avoided argument, trusting that the Spirit would enlighten her daughter in time.

Leaving the fodder stack Richard walked across the bare fields toward the plain brick house which was Sibbilla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority about three hundred dollars. He had youth, strength, talent, love—was not that enough? Would Sibbilla approve of it? Would she make the serious sacrifice it involved?

As he approached the house it was about 10 o'clock, and all the males were out at work. He knocked at the front door, instead of the side door as usual, and Sibbilla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an expression of pleasure, which Richard did not fail to note, and which filled him with both joy and anxiety.

"Why, Richard, what brings thee here at this hour?" was her exclamation.

"Sibbilla," he said, "I wish to see thee," and stepping in he closed the door, and they both stood in the wide hall, obscurely lighted by the transoms at each end. He paused a moment to recover his control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: "I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. I shall have to give up my membership in the Society, as thee knows. Father says he will leave me nothing if I do, and I know thy mother agrees with him. But I am not afraid. All I ask is that thee approve of my decision and will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home."

At that supreme moment of resolve all the strength which for generations had been nurtured by the noble Quaker theories of self-reliance, all the passion which for generations had been muffled and smothered under the narrow Quaker system of formality and repression, burst forth and were expressed in the face of Sibbilla Vernon. She seemed to rise in stature, and looking him full in the eyes, laying one hand on his arm and passing the other round his neck, she said:

"Richard, I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now."

The tone was low and the words without haste, but he who heard it felt in his inmost soul that no oath could be stronger.

"Thank God and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in their lives each felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love.

Seated on the wooden "settee," which is the common furniture of the country hall, he told her his father's words and action and his own unalterable determination to seek his future in art. It was agreed that they should be married by a magistrate as soon as Richard should have an income of seven hundred dollars a year.

Full of quiet joy he went home, announced his intended marriage and immediate departure, packed his trunk, and told Mose to have the dearborn ready at 6 o'clock in the evening to take him to the station. After the 5 o'clock supper the members of the family maintained almost entire silence, his mother quietly crying, his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his favorite literature.

The dearborn drove up with Mose, who had been to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the postoffice, had brought a letter for Richard. It was rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, therefore Mose announced it with considerable emphasis, addressing his master by his first name as is the custom in strict families:

"Joseph, hy'u-'s a letter for Richard. Hiram sez it's a letter from York, and 'pears as if it mout be on bizness."

Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it passed it to his son. It was from the firm in New York to whom he had sent a copy of his picture, and it read:

NEW YORK, January 18, ——.

DEAR SIR: We have the gratification of informing you that the study you sent us on sale has attracted the attention of one of our patrons, to whom we have parted with it for $500. Deducting comm., stor'ge, insur'ce, del'y, etc., as per inclosed statement, leaves a net bal. of $372.62, for which find our c'k herewith.

You mention a duplicate of the study yet in your possesion. We will take that at the same figure, cash on delivery, and will give you an order for five more studies to be completed within a year. Respectfully,

SMILES, WILES & Co.

As he read this letter the check fell from his hand on the table. The sight of the colored and stamped paper was too much for his father. Glancing at the large amount, as much as he received for the best wheat crop his farm could raise, he snatched the letter from his son's hand and eagerly read it. Richard stood by in silence.

"What does he mean by the duplicate study?" said his father, in an uncertain voice.

"He means," said Richard, quietly "the picture you threw in the fire this morning."

A new light dawned on his father's mind. So long as his son's taste seemed nothing but a time-and-money-wasting form of idleness it had no redeeming features; but the incredible fact that there were people willing to pay hundreds of dollars apiece for such vain images now stood right before him. He was too shrewd to misunderstand it and its results.

"Richard," he said, with a softened voice, "I desire that thee would postpone leaving us for a few days. Thy mother and I will accompany thee to the city, and will be present at the ceremony. I think Sibbilla's parents will also not refuse to attend."

As he went out he said to Mose, who was waiting with the dearborn:

"Mose, thee should always be slow to anger, and avoid the committal of rash actions when out of temper."—*Our Continent.*

Danenhower's Life in Yakutsk.

Mrs. Danenhower has received a long letter from her son, Lieutenant Danenhower, of the Jeannette exploring expedition, dated Yakutsk, Siberia, December 30, 1881. It contains no news which has not been anticipated by telegraphic dispatches, but it gives some interesting details with regard to the life of the Jeannette survivors at Yakutsk. In the letter Lieutenant Danenhower says:

We are passing the time quietly but impatiently. It is daylight here at about 8 A. M. We get up and have breakfast at a little hotel that is handy. The forenoon I spend reading a little, writing a little and in attending to any business I may happen to have on hand. About 2 P. M. General Tschernieff's sleigh arrives, and I go to dine with him; generally return about 4 P. M., and if I do not have visitors I take a nap and kill time as well as I can until 9 P. M., when we have supper at the little hotel, and then go to bed. As I have told you before, I have found nice people in every part of the world that I have visited, and this place is by no means an exception. Last evening, for instance, we spent very pleasantly at the house of a Mr. Correikoff, an Irkutsk merchant, who entertained us very well. His wife is a charming lady, and it was very pleasant to see the three beautiful children. They have a fine piano, the first one we have seen since leaving San Francisco.

Yakutsk is a city of 5,000 inhabitants. The houses are built of wood, and are not painted. The streets are very wide and each house has a large yard or court. The principal trade is in furs. In summer a great deal of fresh meat is sent up the river. During nine months of the year snow and ice abound. In the winter the thermometer falls to seventy degrees below zero. Since our arrival it has been sixty-eight degrees below, and to-day it only thirty-five degrees, or thereabouts. In the summer the temperature rises as high as ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, but the nights are cold. There are many horses and cows in this vicinity. The natives, the Yakutzs, eat horse meat, but the Russians eat beef and venison. Potatoes, cabbage and a few other vegetables, a few berries, wheat and rye are grown in this vicinity. There are a few sheep and poultry also.

Dr. Kapello has examined my left eye and he says that a very ordinary operation is required to make it a very efficient eye. What is called an "artificial pupil" will have to be cut in the membrane that now clouds the vision. He advises me to wait until I get home, for after the operation I will have to remain in a dark room for a month or two. My general health is excellent. I am stout and hearty.

Of course there is very little American news in this far-away place, but I have been able to pick up a few bits of it here and there. The death of Garfield is a topic often mentioned, and from the accounts here I learn that he was shot by Guiott on the train near Long Branch. A great deal of interest and sympathy is manifested by the Russians. Last evening I saw a Tomsk newspaper, which said that the Alliance had made a cruise in search of the Jeannette, and had reached latitude eighty degrees fifty-five minutes north on the west coast of Spitzbergen. Had our ship held together ten (two?) years she would probably have drifted out in that vicinity. About 900 miles south of this place there lives an Englishman named Lee, and from him I hope to learn a great deal of news.

Creamy Gold.

According to the statistics of the Northwestern Dairymen's association there are 12,442,137 cows in the United States, which yield their owners an annual profit of $35. Strange as it may seem, says one writer, the poultry interests of the country, and the poultry and dairy, which go together generally, though separated in this figuring, is greater than the beef trade. By reference to the figures of the New York produce exchange it will be found, and may astonish some, that six thousand barrels of eggs are sold there every week, which, at $12 per barrel, makes a total of $72,000, or for the year in one city, $3,744,000 paid for eggs alone. Then think of the chickens, the turkeys, the geese and other fowls sold there, and the eggs and fowl sold in Chicago and throughout the country. This, however, is nothing compared to the dairy interest since the creamery and co-operative system has been introduced, and which is now in vogue everywhere in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin.

It seems curious but it is a fact that there are 10,000 more men than women in Utah.

EARTHQUAKES.

Some of the Shocks that Have Visited the Western Hemisphere.

The last great earthquake which visited Central America was on March 19, 1873, when San Salvador was utterly destroyed. That part of the world is peculiarly exposed to these convulsions, but the disaster of 1873 was not so fatal as that just reported, for, though three successive shocks were felt, the inhabitants, warned by previous noises, were able to find places of safety, and only about 500 perished. Earthquakes have been so frequent in the Central American States that the Indians are accustomed to say that it is "the land that swings like a hammock." The city of Caracas was entirely destroyed in fifty-six seconds on March 26, 1812. Quito, in Ecuador, was almost destroyed on March 22, 1859. In Peru, Callao was destroyed in 1586, and the accompanying sea wave was ninety feet high. It was again destroyed in 1746. An earthquake which will be readily recalled was that of August 13 and 14, 1868, in which Arica suffered severely. The tidal wave carried a number of ships inland, among them the United States steamer "Wateree." A United States storeship was also lost by it. In Chili destructive earthquakes have occurred. One in 1822 caused a permanent elevation to an extent of from two to seven feet of fully 100,000 square miles of land lying between the Andes and the coast. February 20, 1835, the city of Concepcion was destroyed for the fourth time; there were felt over 300 successive shocks within two weeks. April 2, 1851, a severe shock was felt at Santiago.

In the United States have been many severe shocks. The most severe which ever visited the Eastern and Middle States was that of November 18, 1755. The shock felt in New England was undoubtedly promulgated from either the same center which emanated the disturbance that had destroyed Lisbon on the first day of the month, when 60,000 persons perished in six minutes, or from a center whose activity had been stimulated by the continual quaking that then prevailed from Iceland to the Mediterranean. The earthquake of the 18th began in Massachusetts with a roaring noise like that of thunder. After a minute's continuance of this there came a first severe shock with a swell like that of a rolling sea—a swell so great that men in the open fields ran to seize something by which to hold on lest they should be thrown down. After two or three lesser shocks then came the most violent of all, producing a quick horizontal tremor with sudden jerks and wrenches; this continued two minutes, and after a short revival died away. Numerous other shocks followed in the course of a month. In Boston many buildings were thrown down and twisted out of shape. On October 19, 1870, occurred the most considerable shock that has been observed in the Middle and Eastern States during the present century. The source of this disturbance has been traced, with some probability, to the volcanic region fifty to 100 miles northeast of Quebec. From this region the shock spread to St. Johns, N. B., and thence was felt westward to Chicago and southward to New York. The velocity of the wave or shock was about 14,000 feet per second. The occurrence of the shock felt at Quebec was telegraphed to Montreal by the operators of the Montreal Telegraph company in time to call the attention of those at the latter city to the phenomena, about thirty seconds before the shock reached them. In California the earthquake of 1852 destroyed one of the Southern missions. That of March 26, 1872, was the most severe that has occurred there during many years. Special damage was done in San Francisco by the cracking of the walls of fine public buildings. In Nevada the mining regions suffered in 1871 by the destruction of Lone Pine and other settlements.

Wonders of the Brain.

Dr. H. W. Mitchell, of New York, in a lecture on the "Brain and Its Wonders," said that the cerebellum of the brain presided over the organ of motion, and that it could be removed from animals without taking away their intelligence. The effect, however, would be that they could not move. The same symptoms, he said, could be observed in man under the influence of alcohol. If the latter takes too much of the stimulant his cerebellum and the little cells of which it is composed refuse to do their work and the man staggers. He claimed that a person learning to play on the piano and a lady threading a needle were regulated by their cerebellum, and without its assistance could do neither. He said that the medulla oblongata was the most vital part of the whole system, and if run through with a knife life would be destroyed in an instant. Advantage has been taken of this in the process of hanging people, and the garrote had been introduced on the same principal. He claimed that the brain could not get along without nerves and that it had twelve pairs of them. The first three nerves were of special sense—olfactory, optic and auditory. The olfactory nerve was not very well defined in man, as it was not necessary, but it reached its highest development in dogs, cats and rats. It was more perceptible in the rat than in any other animal, and the bloodhound came next in order. After describing the optic nerve the lecturer said that the sense of hearing was less developed in man than in the animal. He contanded that if either of the three nerves mentioned were cut there would be no sense of pain and that the only result would be the destruction of the sense of smell, sight or hearing. The fifth nerve, he said, confers sensibility on the face, and when irritated gives rise to intense pain. He insisted that the pneumo-gastric nerve was the great vital nerve of the whole body, and said that if it were divided our respiration would cease at once. He then explained the workings of the spinal cord and its connection with the brain, and concluded by reciting the effects of alcohol, chloroform, opium and strychnine on that organ of the body.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The total losses by fire in the United States last year aggregate $81,280,900, of which the insurance companies paid $44,641,900.

The savings banks of the State of New York represent financial resources of $443,000,000. The savings banks of New England represent as much more.

In June, 1783, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier sent up the first balloon. To commemorate the centenary of the event, it is proposed that an international exhibition of "aerial arts" be held at Paris next year. The "aerial arts" are to include every industry, science of art, relating to gas or the atmosphere, which is supposed to have any connection directly or indirectly with aeronautic experiments.

Our Continent quotes from Baron Nordenskjold's scientific reports that the only song-bird he found in the extreme north was the snow bunting. Its merry twitter was often heard near heaps of stones and craggy cliffs, where it builds its nest of grass, feathers and down. Delighting in cold and snow, this cheerful songster enlivens the gloomy shores of northermost Spitzbergen with its lively notes, and defies the rigor of the Arctic winter.

The superintendent of the New York Central railroad denies that it is economy or oldfoginess that prevents the heating of cars by steam. It is impracticability. If the steam is not returned to the engine—which has not yet been successfully done—the locomotive cannot afford the waste. If it comes from a separate boiler, say in the baggage car, and on account of a broken wheel or other trouble the baggage car has to be cut out, then the heat supply has gone, and any single car which had to be side-tracked or left waiting for another train on another road would leave no heat as soon as separated from the train. Every car must have its own source of heat. Tests are now going on for heating the trains by a small boiler under each car, which, in case of collision, would tumble off and not set the car on fire. The superintendent claims that the road has spent $12,000 in experiments on heating cars, but the subject is surrounded with many difficulties.

The proportions in which foreign countries have contributed to Mormonism are shown in the following figures, which are compiled from the censuses of 1870 and 1880:

	1870.	1880.
Born in England	16,073	19,654
Born in Scotland	2,391	3,201
Born in Wales	1,783	2,396
Born in Ireland	502	1,321
Born in Denmark	4,957	7,791
Born in Sweden	1,790	3,750
Born in Norway	613	1,214
Born in Switzerland	509	1,040
Born in Germany	358	885

England, it will be seen, makes the chief contribution to Mormonism, and next to England come those Scandinavian countries to whose people the Anglo-Saxon stock is close akin. The infrequency of Irish or German Mormons is very remarkable, and the Latin races of Europe never have been hospitable to Mormon missionaries. The number of proselytes made among Americans during the last twenty years is very small. They are few and far between. The recruiting ground is Great Britain and Scandinavia.

Professor Morse in one of his recent lectures before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, expended a manner calculated to fill the minds of æsthetic people who have been living up to their pottery with sincere grief. From his statement it appears that the Satsuma pottery, to be worthy of which soulful æsthetes intensely strive, is held in no esteem in Japan. There is no such thing as ancient Satsuma pottery, and, more than this, plates with heavy rims, cups with handles and saucers and pitchers have no existence at all as genuine pottery. Just what it is that æsthetes are worshiping Professor Morse told his audience as follows: The large articles sold as ancient Satsuma are from two to four years old, are principally manufactured in Tokio and are rubbed with charcoal dust to give them an appearance of age. I have myself stood beside an agent of an American firm which deals in "Satsuma" ware, and heard him give an order for a great quantity of this "ancient" pottery, directing the designs and telling the maker to put on plenty of decorations, no matter what. These large pieces are regarded by the Japanese as abominable paraphrases, and a name is applied to them which signifies that they are made salely to be exported. They are for the most part not Satsuma at all, but Awata, and the decoration is performed by children and cheap work men of all kinds. I know that I am breaking many hearts in this audience and I am sorry for it, but I must speak to save other hearts from being broken.

Effect of Heat on the Nerves.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the distinguished neurologist, in an article in *Our Continent* with the taking title, "How to Escape Nervousness," warns against overheated apartments. He says: An overheated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to ninety degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find the woman who swelters all day in such a temperature, and adds to it at night by superfluous bedclothing, cross and disagreeable from little every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her room at sixty degrees and opened the windows every now and then.

Pointed V-shaped waistcoats appear on imported costumes. The point of the V is at or near the waist line.

THE JEANNETTE'S COMMANDER.

The Search for Lieutenant De Long and His Men.

The United States secretary of the navy has received an official report from Engineer Melville of the Jeannette, dated Yakutsk, January 6, and containing a narrative of his adventures and his search for Lieutenant De Long since the dispersion of the Jeannette's boats on the night of September 12, 1881. At that time the three boats containing the crew of the abandoned ship were only fifty miles northeast of Bonkin, their destination. A gale arose, blowing from the northeast, and the boats were separated. The story of Melville's landing on September 19, and his search for De Long and his party, has been told at different times in the newspapers, and so the report does not contain a great deal that is new. He transmits various records left by Lieutenant De Long in huts at places where he and his party stopped in their search for a settlement. From these records he is able to trace the course of Lieutenant De Long up to October 9. A letter was found in a hut near the mouth of the Lena, where Lieutenant De Long landed on September 19. Various articles left by the missing party were found in the hut, including cast-off clothing, two broken rifles, a box of specimens from Bennett Island, two cook stoves, four log books, and other things. The letter is signed by Lieutenant De Long and the thirteen other members of the party, and is copied in six languages, with a request that the finder will forward it to the secretary of the navy at Washington. After speaking of the separation of the boats on the night of September 12, Lieutenant De Long says:

"My boat made the land on the morning of the 16th instant., and I suppose we are at the Lena delta. I have had no chance to get sight for position since I left Simonatki Island. After trying for two days to get in shore without grounding, or to reach one of the river mouths, I abandoned my boat and waded 1½ miles, carrying our provisions and outfit with us. We must now try, with God's help, to walk to a settlement, which I believe to be ninety-five miles distant. We are all well; have four days' provisions, arms and ammunition, and are carrying with us only ship's book and papers, and blankets, tents and some medicines; therefore our chance of getting through seems good."

A second letter was found in a hut on the Lena delta, twelve miles from the head of the delta, by a Yakut hunter. It was dated September 26, and recorded the arrival of Lieutenant DeLong and his party there and their departure for the southward. Another record left by Lieutenant DeLong was subsequently found by a Yakut hunter in a hut on the Lena delta, and dated September 52. A request, copied in six languages, that it be forwarded to Washington, was found with it. In this letter Lieutenant De Long says:

"My boat, having weathered the gale, made the land on the morning of the 16th instant, and after trying to get in shore for two days, and being prevented by shoal water, we abandoned the boat and waded to the beach, carrying our arms, provisions and records, at a point about twelve miles to the north and east of this place. We had all suffered somewhat from cold, wet and exposure, and three of our men were badly lamed; but having only four days' provisions left, reduced rations, we were forced to proceed to the southward. On Monday, September 19, we left a pile of our effects near the beach, erecting a long pole where will be found everything valuable, chronometer, ship's log books for two years, tent, etc., which we were absolutely unable to carry. It took us forty-eight hours to make these twelve miles, owing to our disabled men, and those two huts seemed to me a good place to stop while I pushed forward with the surgeon and Ninderman to get relief for us. But last night we shot two reindeer, which gives us abundance of food for the present, and we have seen so many more that anxiety for the future is relieved. As soon as our three sick men can walk we shall resume our march for a settlement on the Lena river.

"SATURDAY, September 24, 8 A.M.—Our three lame men being now able to walk, we are about to resume our journey with two days' rations deer meat and two days' rations pemmican and three pounds tea."

The latest record found was dated October 1. A Yakut hunter discovered it in a hut on the Lena. At this time all of Lieutenant De Long's party were yet alive. They had two days' supply of provisions, but had no fear of the future, as they had all along been able to get game. Erickson's toes had been amputated in consequence of frost bite. The party was about to cross to the west side of the Lena. From the two men sent ahead by Lieutenant De Long on October 9 Melville learned something of the wanderings of the lost men subsequent to the west bank at a summer hunting lodge called Usterda. Erickson was carried in an improvised bed drawn by his comrades. They proceeded south slowly for two days, and crossed a small branch of the Lena, which they had to wade. On October 6 they stopped at a small hut, where Erickson died the next day, and was buried in the Lena. By this time they were in a deplorable condition, having eaten their last allowance of dog meat, and being on an allowance of three ounces of alcohol per man per day.

They pushed south until October 9, when Lieutenant De Long decided to send two men ahead to seek relief. The feet of Ninderman and Noros were better than those of the others, and they were supplied with their blankets and Remington rifles, forty rounds of ammunition and six ounces of alcohol, which was a per capita division of the whole stock of the latter. They were ordered to proceed south on the west bank of the Lena, and to send relief if found, being told that the others would follow their footsteps. When the two men started the party was at a halt on the north bank of a large western branch of the Lena. The two men ascended that branch about five miles to make a crossing, and then traveled east to a hut situated on the Lena bank. After fourteen days of intense suffering and slow progress they reached Belcour and were found by three natives, who supplied them with food and transported them to Belun by deer sleds, arriving at that place on September 27.

Melville visited the place where De Long crossed the Lena in November. His party suffered greatly, and got back to Belumon November 27 in a nearly exhausted condition. Concerning the further search for Lieutenant De Long, Melville says:

"From my knowledge of the country, and from the evidence of Noros and Ninderman, I am convinced that Lieutenant De Long and party are somewhere to the westward of the Lena, and between Sixteraneck and Belcour, which are separated by an extent of about 150 verats of barren and desolate region devoid of subtance. To reach that region a large force will be required, with proper authority from the Russian official. I therefore came to this place to communicate with the United States, and immediately, with the aid of the authorities, to organize searching parties. In the meantime the commandant of Belun is searching with all the force his small town affords. The governor of this province has sent a general order throughout the entire region from the Lena to Kolyma, to search for and render assistance to both parties that are missing. I am now completing my arrangements, and will start north in a few days."

A Useful Table.

In laying off small lots the following measurements will be found to be both accurate and complete:

52½ ft. sq. or	2,722½ sq. ft. is	1-16 of an acre
74⅜ ft. sq. or	5,415 sq. ft. is	⅛ of an acre
104⅓ ft. sq. or	10,890 sq. ft. is	¼ of an acre
120¾ ft. sq. or	14,520 sq. ft. is	⅓ of an acre
147½ ft. sq. or	21,780 sq. ft. is	½ of an acre
208⅝ ft. sq. or	43,560 sq. ft. is	1 acre

A very severe case: Tommy. "Oh! oh! oh! mamma, I've rund a great big splinter in my hand, and it hurts so offul I can't go to school." Mamma. "But, my dear, mamma doesn't see anything the matter." Tommy. "Oh! oh! Zen I guess it must be ze uzzer hand."