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Mexico took over 6,000,000 bushels of corn from this country last year.

In Atlanta, Ga., in January, 1873, cotton brought twenty-one cents a pound. To-day it is about seven cents.

The Minister of Public Instruction in France has decided to establish 1000 more experiment fields in addition to the 600 that now exist in connection with the primary schools.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, has vetoed the compulsory educational bill passed by the Legislature on the ground that "free attendance upon free schools seems to most benefit a free people."

The Turks who are on exhibition at the World's Fair do not have a surfeit of the luxurious ease of which their Nation is proverbially fond. They are employed most of the time in carrying people about in palanquins, and sometimes the burden proves onerous. One who with a companion was thus transporting a corpulent woman was heard to murmur: "Accursed am I, and I kick my bones for the day that I first heard of Columbus."

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, says that no person can be brought in close connection with the mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry or of the law of growth without being convinced that behind it all there is a Supreme Intelligence. He says that he hopes to be able some time to demonstrate the existence of such Intelligence through the operation of these mysterious laws with the certainty of a demonstration in mathematics.

A Lowell (Mass.) man gave a surgeon now practicing in Great Falls, N. H., a deed some years ago, disposing of his body for anatomical purposes, at his death, for \$10 in hand. He has since been in South America, has made a great deal of money, and is now anxious to have a decent funeral and interment when he dies, but counsel whom he has consulted, advises him that the deed holds good unless he buys it from the holder. This he has tried to do, but the doctor has refused large offers.

There are 5552 benefices in England and Wales affording a less income to the incumbents than \$1000 a year. There is great complaint at the poverty of the clergy. It is almost as grievous to-day as in Sydney Smith's time, and the New Orleans Picayune suggests that the witty and sarcastic jibes of that roving satirist on the policy that permits such conditions might be reproduced. If England is to have an established church she should not give princely incomes to bishops and leave the humbler clergy to abject poverty and misery.

The other day a drummer on the Chicago and Northwestern Road presented his mileage book to the conductor, and the latter, after asking him a few questions, put the book into his pocket, saying, "Will see you later." After a while the drummer asked for his book, and the conductor refused to surrender it. Thereupon the drummer got off at a station and telegraphed ahead for an officer to arrest a thief. The officer boarded the train and the drummer pointed out the conductor, who was arrested in spite of his protests and taken before a magistrate, who fined him \$7 and costs, and returned the book to its owner. As they were both leaving court the conductor said, "I'll smash your face for this!" Thereupon the drummer immediately had him rearrested and taken before the same judge, who put him under bonds to keep the peace at more costs. That conductor met his match.

During the fishing season of 1892 the United States Fish Commission, which bases itself solely with the propagation of edible fish in the waters all over the country, stocking rivers with species new to the region, distributing eggs and young fish to the lakes and sea coasts, and working in a vast number of ways to the one end, distributed a total of 306,580,432 eggs, fry and yearlings of all kinds of fish. The largest operations were in shad. Of this fish 69,000,000 fry, 1,000,000 yearlings and 3,000,000 eggs were distributed. Cod is the fish most distributed next to shad, and of whitefish, lake trout, pike, perch, salmon, flat-fish and lobster the distribution of eggs, fry and yearlings were away up in the millions of each, every State and Territory getting a share. The work of the Commission, which is of so great importance and substantial value to the whole people, is done quietly, in a thorough business way, without parade of any kind, and the Commission is a by no means widely known department of the Government.

HANDS OF LOVE.

Hands that woo and win you,
(None those hands condemn)
'Till the heart within you
Wrings its way to them!
Wrings its way, and like a dove,
Nestles in those hands of love!
Little hands—too tender
For the thorns of life;
Back of all the splendor
Sheltered from the strife,
Yet they hold the heavens above
Lightly—and a mother's love!
So, they woo and win you
In the dark and day;
And the heart within you
Flutters—beats away,
'Till it nestles like a dove,
Gently, in those hands of love!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

"CHRISTINA."

HE was a German girl who landed in New Orleans from an emigrant vessel, friendless and desolate. Her mother had died on the voyage, and her brother, Hans Herkel, who had come to New Orleans three years before, to make a home for them, had gone, no one knew where. The woman with whom he had boarded, and whose address Christina had, knew nothing of his whereabouts.

"Ach, Gott!" Frau Werlein exclaimed. "But Hans said you would come not for two years."
"No," Christina answered, trying to choke down her sobs. "But the mother wanted to see him, oh, so much, and she got weaker and sicker all the time. Then the mother says, 'I must see my boy before I die,' and the good neighbors, oh, they feel so sorry. They sell our things for us, and they give much money to pay our way here. And the mother is at the bottom of the sea, and Hans is gone, and I am alone."

The poor girl burst into a passion of tears, while Frau Werlein sat much troubled in mind, between sympathy for her countrywoman's grief and prudential considerations. She was not an unkind woman, but a long struggle with poverty had blunted all delicacy of feeling, and in trouble or not, she could not afford an unprofitable lodger. She had found out that Christina was penniless and friendless, and she must be made to understand that she, Frau Werlein, could not give her a home without some equivalent.

"But then, what will you do?" she cried. "I am poor, and I can keep you not without the money. Hans will come not back, perhaps, and how will you live?"
Christina looked up from her eyes and said: "She had been too much stunned by grief and disappointment to have given a thought to her own situation. But she was practical and sensible, and it did not take her a minute to meet the emergency.

"I can cook, I can wash, I can nurse children, I can embroider, and I make fine lace. Ach! I can do many things, and in this great city there must be plenty of work. And then when Hans comes back."

"Ah, yes, yes," Frau Werlein said, much relieved. "If you can do those things you will not starve. We will go to-morrow to the intelligence-office, and you may get a fine place."
"I happened to go to the same office that day in search of a nurse, and heard Frau Werlein's voluble enumeration of Christina's accomplishments.

"I saw a short, stout girl with large features and pale blue eyes. Her costume, a short blue skirt, velvet jacket with innumerable silver buttons, long earrings, silver rings on her red, stumpy fingers, only seemed to intensify her remarkable ugliness. But she was clean, strong-limbed and healthy, and there was a frank, good-humored expression in her pale eyes that took my fancy. I thought I could safely trust baby Ruth to her care."
Her English was almost unintelligible, but that would improve every day, so then and there I made arrangements with her, or rather with the frau, that her protegee was to enter upon her duties the next day.
"Upon my word, Helen," my husband said to me when the new nurse arrived, "where did you pick up that frightful specimen? That girl is as clumsy as she is ugly. She looks like the old woman of Banbury Cross, with rings on her fingers, and I suspect she has bells on her toes as well."
"I never said she was handsome," I answered. "But I do think, Paul, she has a good open countenance."
"Open, indeed," he laughed. "Very open! Nose, mouth, eyes stretched to their widest. Well, my dear, we can only hope she will do better than she looks."
And she did. In her strong capable hands the work of the nursery became a trifle. My children were carefully dressed and systematically cared for. But it was on baby Ruth that all the treasures of her love were poured. It was pathetic to watch her strain the child to her bosom, and kiss it, with little tender German love words on her lips. She spoke to me often of Hans, but the baby had brought healing to her sore heart.
"She do make me to forget," she said.
The hot June had prostrated me as it usually did, and Paul proposed that I should take the children and spend the summer at Last Island. There was fine surf-bathing, and it was near enough to the city for him to run down for a holiday every fortnight.
The island was little else than a long, narrow strip of sandy sand extending into the sea. Looking at the slight elevation of the land from the water,

it gave me rather an uneasy feeling, for the island was evidently of recent formation, and who could say but what it might be submerged again during some storm. But Paul laughed at my fears.

"For fifty years Last Island has held its own against wind and waves," he said. "If it isn't likely you're going to play the Jonah and sink it."
As for Christina, she looked at the strange country with dread and surprise.
"Ach, Gott," she cried, "but it is de wasser all round, and de erf no higher as dat. When de waves come, what to do?"
"They have never come over as yet," I answered. She shook her head, but day after day she took her way to the beach. The scene seemed to have a fascination for her, but the fascination of terror, for she was always measuring the height of the tide on the sand. It became a common thing to hear her daily report.

"De wasser, come two fingers more high dan yes'day," or "De wasser go down so far."
"That girl has water on the brain," Paul said, impatiently. "If a mighty 'Jagre' should come and sweep us into the gulf she wouldn't be a bit surprised."
Meantime life went on as it usually does at those seaside resorts, but pleasant as it all was I was not sorry when the 15th of September, the time decided upon for our return to the city, arrived.

Paul had come for us, but the fifteenth was ushered in by such a storm of wind and rain that the daily steamer did not arrive. The mainland was not at a great distance, but in a storm the sea between it and the island was extremely rough.

Toward noon the gale increased. I noticed that Paul became restless, hurrying out to the beach and examining one or two little fishing skiffs moored there. One of them he drew up and fastened near our cottage, saying: "I suppose there is not a bit of danger, but it's well to be prepared, you know. I think," trying to speak indifferently, "I might as well knock together those old shutters lying in the yard; make a kind of raft. Not that there's the least danger, but it's raining and storming so that I want something to pass away the time."

I watched him with a sinking heart. But Christina was alert in assisting, and, in fact, did more than half the work on the raft. She seemed suddenly to have lost all fear in the presence of real danger and looked brighter than I had ever seen her.

Night came black and starless, but when supper time arrived, Paul insisted upon my going to the dining room. We were in a small cottage, about two hundred yards from the main building, but the wind was so high, it was with difficulty I traversed the short distance.

You can imagine that I had little appetite for supper that night. I heard music in the ball room, where the young people were dancing, as they did every night, but my one object was to get back to my baby, whom I had left with Christina. The two elder children were with us.

Suddenly the utmost fury of the storm burst upon the island, as we reached the door.
"My God," cried Paul, "the wind has gone round to the north! Hold on to me, Helen. Take one of the children; I have Mary."
Our first step was in water above the ankles. Another tremendous gust, and we heard a crash behind us, mixed with piercing shrieks, and knew the hotel was gone. Half fainting, I was dragged through the water. I knew not where or how. When I revived, I was tossing in a skiff with my husband and children.

"My baby, where is my baby?" I cried.
"You have two children, Helen," Paul said in a choking voice. "The cottage was swept away with the hotel. If it hadn't been for the quick flashes of lightning, I never could have found the boat, and we would all have been drowned."
"My baby, my baby!" I cried, wringing my hands.
"Her chances are as good as ours," Paul said sadly. "If this boat is driven out to sea, it won't live an hour. I think the wind is lulling a little, though. Oh, if daylight would only come!"

I do not know how that night passed; that horrible night that even now haunts my dreams. By daylight the storm was over, and we found ourselves in comparatively calm water.
"Look, look, Helen!" Paul cried, "don't you see that stunted orange-tree? Don't you remember it grew on a mound to the left of the hotel? We have been on the island all night!"
I looked. With the exception of that little green tuft above the waves, not a vestige remained of Last Island. We could see black specks on the water, but whether they were boats or the debris of buildings, we could not tell. Later we were told that out of over one hundred people who were on the day before, not more than twenty were rescued.

"Steamers and vessels will soon be coming to our rescue now," said Paul. "Of course they know what has happened. Here comes a steamer now, thank God!"
I did not echo his words. I was numbed by grief and exposure, and even when we were taken up by the steamer, and in the midst of kind, sympathizing friends, I sat there unable to feel grateful, when I thought of my little drowned baby and her poor nurse. I heard my husband ask one of the officers of the boat:
"Have many been rescued?"
"The schooner Gem out yonder picked up several," he answered. "I saw them take up a woman and child a few minutes ago."

THE FATAL GOLD MINE.

CHEROKEE INDIANS CAREFULLY GUARD ITS SECRET.

Only One White Man Ever Saw It, and He Paid for the Slight With His Life.

It appears from a dispatch which was sent out from Wichita the other day that there is to be another attempt to locate what are sometimes characterized as the fabled gold mines of the Indian Territory. Many people have faith in the existence of these mines, while many more smile when the subject is broached, and are inclined to think that they have no existence outside of the fertile imaginations of the speculators. But I belong to the former-mentioned class, and feel that I have the best reasons for my belief, says a Pueblo (Col.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Many years ago a white man, whose name has been long forgotten, an adventurer with more daring than prudence, stumbled upon the mine, when there was not a white settlement within hundreds of miles. He was not a miner, but had found the quartz, filled with native gold, cropping out of the ground in a most unexpected location, and although he was entirely alone and without facilities for mining, as it is usually conducted, had taken out and separated from the quartz within the course of a few days more of the precious metal than he could carry.

Realizing that he had made a discovery that would give him wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, he determined to retrace his steps to a settlement, organize a small party and return, fully equipped for working the lead and taking away the gold. He filled his pockets and his hunting pouch with the virgin metal and started for civilization, first carefully noting the landmarks, that he might have no trouble in guiding his party to the spot upon his return.

He had got some twenty miles away from the locality when he was discovered by a party of Indians, some ten or fifteen in number. They took him in charge and conducted him into the presence of one of their principal chiefs, to whom he told the story of his discovery. The old chief listened patiently, and realizing that this was an important matter, called certain of the sub-chiefs into council. He made the first speech to them, and called their attention to what had first occurred to him—that if the gold-hunter were allowed to return to the haunts of white men with his precious burden their country would immediately be overrun with miners, their hunting spoiled and their tribe eventually forced to vacate their accustomed range.

The Indians were at that time peaceable, and were extremely averse to taking an action which would precipitate trouble with the whites, who were just commencing to plant feeble settlements in the lower Kansas counties, just north of the Osage and Cherokee Nations. Yet it was a serious matter, for it seemed almost impossible to allow the white man to return to civilization and spread the news of his wonderful find, of which every one else, even the Indians themselves, had been in utter ignorance up to that time. It meant all manner of evil for the red men, and the matter was carefully discussed pro and con by the heads of the tribe, the council lasting far into the night. The decision was at last arrived at that it was better that one life should be taken than that the peace of the whole tribe be destroyed. And so, for none other than prudential reasons, the council passed the sentence of death upon the hapless discoverer of the mine.

The result of the deliberation was, however, kept from him at first, and he was induced to make a small party to the locality of his find. Three of the leading chiefs of the tribe were of the party, and under their direction all traces of the lead were covered up, lest some other white man straying through the country in search of pelts might discover it. Then the unfortunate white man was executed on the spot—not by torture, however, but in the most merciful manner—and the party, being far from home, struck camp for the night. Far in the night, when all the others were asleep, the three chiefs arose, having secretly determined upon the course before leaving the council, and with their keen hunting knives treacherously took the lives of their brothers, also, lest in an unguarded moment one of them might divulge the fact that such an enormously rich mine existed, and all the ills which it was so earnestly desired to avoid be thus precipitated. The bodies were buried near the mine, and the three chiefs, after taking upon themselves an oath of secrecy, returned to the tribe, telling I know not what story to account for the non-appearance of their companions.

By this course the secret of the location was left with the three leading chiefs, who, upon their deathbeds, transmitted it to their eldest sons. And so it has been passed down ever since, never more than three being in possession of the knowledge at one time. But no one of them has ever dared to attempt to work the mine or profit by their knowledge.

One girl is kept partly employed in shelling and skinning walnuts for Queen Victoria's table. The nuts have to be extracted and peeled whole; any broken ones are discarded. Her Majesty is also very fond of blanched almonds, and a large dish is always provided for the Royal dessert.

Bourbon County, Kentucky, elects her county judges for life or good behavior. She has had only four judges since 1850, and each has been re-elected till he died in office.

Alive With Snakes.

The Isles of Shoals, mere rocks standing ten miles from New Hampshire coast in a cold sea, are alive with snakes. On a warm day one will see dozens of them running in and out of the boggy places or sunning themselves on the bare ridges. They are not to be afraid of, however, for they are of only one variety—the common little green snake, that seldom grows to a length of two feet.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The diamond drill is pointed with black diamonds.

A whale develops 145 horse power when it flops its tail.

Intense melancholy amounting to mania is sometimes caused by intense heat.

The condor, when rising from the earth, always describes circles in the air and can rise in no other way.

Some of the Comstock mines are so deep that no means have as yet been devised to overcome the excessive heat.

England reports a ten-ton cutter about to be built of the new metal. The theory is that an aluminum hull, with the usual lead keel, ought to be light and stable.

Comfort for the fat and the lean can be derived from some recent medical statistics which show that at the age of thirty-six lean men become fatter and fat men leaner.

Cocoon butter is now being made at Mannheim, Germany. The method of manufacture was discovered by Doctor Schluk, a chemist, at Ludwigs-hafen. It is said that the butter is very nourishing and will soon be placed in the London market.

It has been estimated that the firing of a small pistol sets free about 600 foot-pounds of energy, while a watch consumes only about 1-54,000,000 of a horse power. The energy of a bullet would be sufficient, therefore, to keep the time for two years.

The Government of Queensland has decided to establish a bacteriological and pathological institute in Brisbane for the special study of diseases peculiar to stock in that colony, and an effort is being made to secure as director a member of the Pasteur Institute.

There is a demand for a type writer for travelers, the machine to be of the better class, or two-handed, and not to weigh over eight or ten pounds. The type writer has become a necessity for many traveling men, and a light, portable machine would find many purchasers.

A scientific paper describes how to make ice on a small scale. Touch the convex side of a watch crystal upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the convex, and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.

An European dentist is said to have had great success in curing toothache within five or six minutes, and often in less time, by applying one pole of an electrostatic machine to the troublesome tooth and the other pole to the body of the patient. In seventy-six cases thus treated by him only three are said to have been unsatisfactory.

How water, commonly called sap, necessary to the life of a tree, passes from the roots to the topmost leaf and evaporates is a problem not yet solved by botanists. It is known that the ascent is made chiefly in cavities in the sap-wood only, the heart and bark serving other purposes. That is the extent of our knowledge of the matter. Beyond is mere conjecture, and every theory yet advanced has failed to stand the test of experiment.

Split Cane With Their Teeth.

There is one booth in Jackson Park that escapes the collector of the department of concessions. Because its profits are devoted to entertainments in woman's building the salesroom conducted by the board of lady managers escapes the twenty-five per cent. tax. The booth did a rushing business last week, selling over \$1000 worth of goods. They are sent by the woman's exchanges of all large towns and cities, and articles are replaced as fast as sold.

Some "nests" of baskets made by two Attakpas Indian women are attracting much attention. These two old women, who are both over eighty years, are the only full-blood survivors of the Attakpas tribe, which many years ago was numerous and powerful in Southern Louisiana, where these women live. They found much difficulty in making these "nests"—each basket growing smaller as it approaches the center—because they have lost most of their teeth, by means of which the cane is split. The work is exquisitely fine, distinctly Egyptian in design, and each "nest" represents two years' patient labor.—Chicago Herald.

TWILIGHT.

Slowly dies the long June day,
Slightly rolls the earth away,
Lovelier light at length divine,
All a dream of misty bloom,
Trembling stars, and golden glow,
Larger heavens and sweeter shining—
Which is dearer, dusk or day?

Where the glory died the dark,
Lost in light the ruby spark,
Violet gleam, and saffron splendor,
Melt and mingle into one,
When the long June day is done,
All the depths through close and tender—
Is it day, or is it dark?

Love! the long June day had life,
Silver showers and sunny strife—
Now its vest wriths fades o'er us,
Eid's rosy twilight fills our eyes,
Yet what freedom of the skies
Parts the star-sown way before us—
Is it death, or is it life?

—Harriet F. Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A call to arms—"Come, John, and take the baby."—Troy Press.

Even the worm will turn. If given time, into a butterfly.—Puck.

Little dogs bark the most because that is all they can do.—Texas Siftings.

We don't envy the alligator, although he has a great snap.—Elmira Gazette.

The perpetually irascible man is known by his standing cholera.—Boston Courier.

How we all admire the wisdom of those who come to us for advice.—Bam's Horn.

Luck may be defined as that which enables our neighbors to surpass ourselves.—Puck.

He—"Do you know, darling, I have never kissed any one before?" She—"Well, this is no kindergarten."—Life.

Herdso—"Do you believe in the faith cure?" Saidso—"Yes; one treatment cured all the faith I had."—Vogue.

There are more than a thousand different things made from petroleum, including angels.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"With all her money there is one thing Mrs. Oldgirl doesn't own." "What's that?" "Her age."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"How about this new neighbor—is she agreeable?" "No; she had three new dresses inside of a month."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

He—"Now, darling, what kind of an engagement ring shall I give you?" She—"One that won't fit any other girl's finger."—Detroit Free Press.

"Poor fellow. Did he lose his eyes in the war?" "Oh, no. He tried to pass a woman on the street when she had her umbrella up."—Detroit Tribune.

"Does your teacher get out of temper easily?" "Goodness gracious, no; she has enough to last her if she lives to be 100 years old."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Why is it," she asked, "that stolen kisses are always the sweetest?" "I guess," he replied, "it is because they are taken surreptitiously."—Boston Courier.

Stranger (addressing an old brick-layer)—"Uncle, who's building this house?" "Mr. Hirschbug, he build de house, but Queen Anne she drawed de plan."—Reformed Messenger.

First Tramp—"I found this here bottle of spring-bitters in a bar'l 'this mornin'." Second Tramp—"Trow it away, Fitzzy. S'posed dey was to cure you of that tired feelin'! You might want to work."—Puck.

Officer Flynn—"Come, now, if yez don't get away from there I'll run yez in." Boy (peeping through fence). "Say, cap, if you'll let me see (his double play out) I'll let ye take me to de idlan' life."—Puck.

"De Diggins an old baseball player? I see that he has a mask hanging in his library." "No, he puts that on whenever he wants to have a talk with his wife about cutting down household expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is he a young man of good address?" asked the proprietor when the applicant for a position had left. "I should say so," replied the bookkeeper; "he lives in one of the swellest parts of the city."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Neversee—"What made you tell me he was the carver of his own fortune, when he got every dollar he has by marrying an heiress." Neversee—"Hump! He had to cut out half a dozen fellows to get her, didn't he?"—Buffalo Courier.

Out of Place: "Of course, you have somebody to clean the boots and knives and somebody to do the kitchen—" "Oh, of course, and I send the beds out to be made. I wanted somebody only to be looked at—but you won't do. Good morning."—Judy.

"I tell you," said the proud father as he replaced a letter in its envelope, "that youngster of mine is going to make his mark in literature." "What makes you think so?" "It's only five years old and he writes to me in dialect."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Hichurch (as she gazes out of the window on a rainy Sunday morning). "Yes; it's true. Providence does temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Mr. Hichurch—"What makes you say so?" Mrs. Hichurch—"Why, my new bonnet didn't come home last night!"—Puck.

Pond Mother—"Here's something about a baby whose head measures twenty-five inches in circumference. Is there any danger of our darling being so deformed?" Skeptical Father—"No, dear; not unless he could understand and believe all the things you say to him."—Tit-Bits.

An English Artist's Luck.

Lee Stanton, an English painter, bought a leather valise at the Grand Trunk Railroad Sale of unclaimed baggage for two dollars. On opening it he found 107 shares in the Western Gas Improvement Company, of Chicago, fully paid up and worth \$107,000. The valise was the property of Louis Halbetstadt, who died in Brockville, Canada, in October, 1891, of alcoholism. He went to Brockville from Naperville, Ill. A large sum of money and some jewelry, which he was known to have had just prior to his death, were missing and it was believed at the time that he had been robbed.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Painter's Unique Monument.

Above the grave in New Bedford, Mass., of William Bradford, the Quaker painter who first showed the world what color was in Arctic ice and how impressive were the bergs and the skies and the ships, has been placed a great granite boulder. The boulder has rested for ages on the shore near Fort Phenix, and was a landmark where the painter used to stroll; it lies rough as it was over the grave, with the barnacles still clinging to it, save for the face, where the artist's name is cut, with dates of birth and death, and two lines from Whittier's dedication to him of his poem, "Amy Wentworth."