

Rafferty's Journal.

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I YEARN FOR THE SPRING.

I yearn for the Spring, when the birds shall sing,
And each morning awake fresh flowers;
We have waited long for the lark's blithe song,
And the lengthening evening hours.

A shroud of snow had lain on the earth,
An icy hand on each stream,
And each morn shall awake new flowers;
And sent but a sickly gleam,
And the frosty breeze moaned among the trees,
And the rattling hail and rain
Came sweeping past, with an angry blast,
And dashed against the window pane;
And never a flower in the stormy hour,
Dared raise up its tiny head—
For all gentle things fled on the Summer's wing,
Or else in the snow lay dead!

I yearn for the Spring, when the birds shall sing,
And each morn shall awake new flowers;
We have listened long for the wood-lark's song,
And the thrush at the evening hours.

Tis a beautiful time when the bud first bursts,
And child-like the young leaf stands,
And catches the drops of the gentle shower
In its small and velvet hands;
When the tender grass feels the south wind pass
In its chariot unseen,
And old mother Earth, at the new Spring birth,
Arrays her in robes of green—
When the unbound stream, as if in a dream,
Murmurs on its unknown home,
And tells the tall reeds, as onward it speeds,
That the fair Lady Spring has come!

Oh, I yearn for the Spring—for the balmy Spring—
Who floats like a fairy queen,
And touches the land with a magic wand,
Till all beautiful things are seen.

I long to be out at the early dawn
When the eastern light is low,
Among the odorous blossoms of the scented thorn,
And the showers of silvery dew,
Oh, I cannot tell how my soul doth swell
With an inward happiness;
For simple joys are a bliss to me,
For which my God I bless!

With an unknown source comes a nameless force
Which pervades my being through—
A joy, and a love, and a strength from above,
And I seem to be made anew!

Oh, come then, Spring—let the wood-lark's sing—
Let the lark I'd soar to the heaven's blue floor—
Like the flower, gaze up to the sky.

THE LITTLE HUSSAR.

ON FRENCH MILITARY GLORY FIFTY YEARS AGO.
The Place Beauvau, in 1801, was a rugged plain, through which vehicles passed with difficulty and almost impassable mud which spread treacherously over the many deep holes and ruts, the place became a series of traps in which the unwary passenger often floundered most absurdly, and even dangerously, as upon the quicksands of an unknown shore.

It was after two days' storm, in the month of November of last year, that a slender young man threaded the dubious path of this slough, evincing the greatest caution in picking his dainty steps, as he directed his course toward the Boulevard. The youth seemed scarce beyond the age of childhood, so small and delicate was his figure, so fair and smooth was his cheek, and might have been taken for some frolicsome young girl, in masquerade, from his slender waist, tiny feet and hands, and long, fair, curling locks.

He was habited somewhat feebly in the uniform of the Royal Hussars, and displayed great agility, as well as extraordinary care, in leaping from stone to stone, clearing each muddy rivulet, and tripping daintily over the dry intervals of ground, when his attention was attracted by a burst of laughter, and he perceived four grenadiers of the Guard watching his gymnastics with mocking glee.

Although indignant at their insulting conduct, the young gentleman continued his route until the grenadiers directly addressed him: "Look out for that hole," cried one, "it is six inches deep—you may drown in it."

"Hold your tongue," said a second; "don't you see that it is a young girl? you don't know how to address a lady: Mademoiselle, we are going to the Barriere to drink some famous wine; shall we have the honor of your charming company?"

"Beh!" sneered the third soldier, "it is only a little boy running away from his father to play truant for a while. Go home immediately, you young scamp; do you hear me?"

The youth stopped, half surprised, half angry. "Why do you annoy me, sirs?" asked he.

"Why? because you amuse us,"

"I have nothing to say to you; let me pass on my way."

"Not without chatting a little first."

"Well, then," said the young hussar, mildly, "what do you want?"

"Let us see—oh, tell us truly, if you are a young lady?"

"You must be laughing at me, comrades."

"Hat! he calls us comrades! Because his mamma has dressed him in uniform to make him look pretty, he thinks he is a soldier. What fancy dress is that you wear child?"

"It is no fancy dress," replied the youth; "it is the uniform of my regiment."

"Go to, boy! we do not swallow such fables as that; go back to your school my lad."

"I am very young, it is true, gentlemen, but I am, nevertheless, a cavalier of the first regiment of Hussars."

"A fine regiment, truly," grinned the soldier, "if it is composed of chits of your feather."

"It is a brave regiment and a good regiment," returned the youth, losing patience, "of which the poorest soldier is worth all the impudent grenadiers of the Guard."

"Oh! you are getting angry, are you?"

"Because you torment me."

"Ah! you call yourself a trooper, and you beard the veterans of the Guard, do you? This shall not pass, sir Malapert; you shall prove your title to enrollment in a brave corps."

"That is, you wish me to fight? Very well."

Altho' you are four to one, and have all joined in insulting me, I will not baulk you, sirs."

"Oh, we will not be hard on you. I shall let you off with a scratch, on the word of a 'maitre d'armes!'"

"Don't be too confident, Sir Fencer; I understand how to handle a sabre somewhat."

"That we will prove immediately. Strip, my child, and take your position."

The noise of this altercation had, by this time, attracted a number of spectators—shopkeepers in the neighborhood, and chance passers by—and they formed a circle around the disputants, getting denser every moment, and all eager to behold the result, and see fair play.

The little Hussar and the maitre d'armes took off their mantles, and unsheathing their sabres, began the combat. The grenadier soon perceived that he had no novice to deal with; but as he had bragged of his skill of fence, and announced the nature of the wound he would deal upon his young antagonist, he fought with the sole purpose in view—a method which ended in five minutes, by his receiving the youth's sword through his heart.

The boy victor leaned calmly on his bloody weapon, as if he had not yet finished.

The companions of the fallen grenadier finding their comrade perfectly dead, left him on the spot, and turning to the Hussar, one of them, said: "You have fought bravely, young man, and tho' you have killed the best swordsman of the Guard, it was fairly done; therefore, go quickly, in safety."

"Not so soon as you think," replied the little hero. "You have each insulted me; I intend to pass you each in review—that is our way in the cavalry!"

"What! will you fight again?" cried the soldier amazed.

"Precisely so."

"Come on, then, I will avenge our poor Charet," cried the grenadier, and a new combat began. This time the assailant regarded neither the youth nor the apparent weakness of the little Hussar, but fought with all his might and force. But the great agility of the youth defied all fury; and in as short time nearly as before, he ripped a ghastly wound in the stomach of the burly soldier, which laid him dying, near his comrade.

"The crowd buzzed in excited applause and wonder."

"Now for the third!" cried the victor in his boyish voice.

The third grenadier strode forward. He was gigantic in size, and the great length of his arm hindered all the little Hussar's efforts to get within the reach of his huge carreaux for a long time. But the boy, evading with great dexterity all his savage thrusts and fierce blows, beset him so constantly and actively on every side, springing here and there like a "sautin banque," and causing the great bulk of his adversary to make most tiresome efforts in guarding his quick assaults, that the giant failing from very weariness, and dropping his guard for a single second, sealed his doom.

In that second, the Hussar's sabre drank his life blood, and he fell besides his brothers-in-arms; while almost in the same moment without a pause, the relentless youth cried, "let me see the last one; I must finish the play speedily."

The spectators could no longer restrain their applause with the limits of murmuring.

They clapped and braved the young conqueror, as they would an actor at the successful rendering of a difficult role, exported him to the last combat with hurrahs of sympathy and encouragement.

That the last grenadier of the Consular Guard advanced with a mournful resignation, as if he foresaw the fate that awaited him.

And his forebodings were not deceived.

Scarcely had three blows been exchanged, when the Hussar drove his sabre through his skull down to his very eyes.

The applause of the crowd now rose to a pitch of intensity equal to the rejoicing over a signal victory achieved by their own prowess, or rather that of their chosen champion. They surrounded the youthful gladiator, they grasped his hands; they embraced him in regular order, and finally, when he had been thus passed entirely round amid his enthusiastic admirers, they nited him, in spite of himself, on their shoulders, and lighting torches, for the night had gathered, they fairly commenced a triumphal march through the streets of Paris with their young conqueror, shouting and singing, and replying to the numerous questions of the fast gathering followers, "our infant hero has just slain four grenadiers of the Consular guard in fair fight."

"Killed four grenadiers!" cried the new comers. "Charming! What a dear little fellow! What glorious promise!" And while the men kept joining in the procession and increasing the enthusiasm, the women even threw garlands of flowers upon him in the height of their admiration, until, between his modesty and his boquets, the poor little Hussar was half suffocated before he reached his quarters.

This, however, was not all. His regiment gave him a grand jubilee; the master at arms of the army offered him a banquet; the ladies of Paris got up a ball by subscription for him. In short, for several months, he was the hero, the lion of the day, and fond mothers held his example before their sons as gloriously worthy of emulation.

Most fortunately these extravagances did not turn the brain of the youthful soldier. He possessed too much real courage and good sense to waste his fame on individual quarrels, and his future efforts for "the bubble reputation" were at the cannons mouth on the field of battle; for this same little Hussar was no other than the brave General Trobriant, whose name became so distinguished in all the conquests of the succeeding campaigns of his country, and who, after attaining many high honors of rank and fortune, became so disgusted with a long interval of peace and retirement, that, throwing up all his hard won laurels, he departed for Sicily, to commence a new career of glory, starting as at first, with his good sabre as a simple Hussar, which he knew so well how to handle.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

The Westminster Review contains an article on the positions occupied by women in different nations from which we derive the following:

The Mohammedans nearly all believe that a woman has no soul. This is not taught in the Koran, but is countenanced by the fact that in the Prophet's Paradise, hours are given to the faithful instead of their earthly wives. The Chinese make slaves of their women in this world, and deny them any hope of compensation hereafter. M. Hue states that the Chinese women, in the Southern provinces, have formed a sect called "abstinentists," who live wholly on vegetables. They think that after death, if they have been faithful to their vows and abstinence, they will return to life as men.

In Western Australia, female children are always betrothed a few days after their birth.

Should the first husband die before the girl attains maturity, she belongs to his heir.

In New Zealand, if a girl's future husband should die, no other man can make a proposal to her.

Among the Hindoos, widows may not marry again.

In China, parents bargain for the marriage of their children while they are yet unborn.

The New Hollanders steal their wives; and in a recent instance, a woman was captured, he at once thrusts a spear through the fleshy part of her leg or thigh.

All methods of enslavement are, with very rare exceptions, the most universal. It is practiced by the Africans, by the black and brown races of the Indian Archipelago, and by nearly all the nations of Asia.

The Circassian women prefer being sent to Constantinople and sold.

Six girls, intended to be sold as slaves, were taken from a Turkish vessel recently by the Russians. They were informed that they could either marry Russians or Cossacks, their own free choice, or be taken to Germany—lastly be sold at Constantinople. Without a moments consideration they exclaimed "to Constantinople to be sold!"

In Siam and Cochinchina, men invariably purchase their wives, but the women have one privilege—the parents cannot sell them against their will.

In Japan presents are made to the bride who transfers them to her relatives to defray the expense and trouble in bringing her.

In China a woman is sold without being consulted on the subject; and has to obey every one in the family of her purchaser without exception. Her husband can strike her, starve her, sell her, and even let her out for a longer or shorter period. A large number of women are thus driven to suicide, when the husband manifests a great deal of emotion being under the necessity of buying another wife.

Truly woman, even more than man, should be the warm supporter of Christianity, and all institutions based upon Justice and Freedom.

For wherever there is Heathenism and Injustice, she is the greatest sufferer.

GUANO.—At the last meeting of the New York Farmers' Club a resolution was adopted, recommending all the Agricultural Societies in the United States, to unite in a petition to our government to take possession of all Guano Islands which have been, or may be, discovered by Americans, for the benefit of the United States and of the discoverers—the taking of such possession to occur only on islands uninhabited, and entirely out of the maritime jurisdiction of other nations. The Farmers' Club took the initiative last June, in requesting our government to extend its protection to two guano islands discovered by American shipmasters in the Pacific, and the United States frigate Independence was despatched to the islands for that purpose, several months ago. It is estimated that, with the encouragement of our government, pure guano can be furnished to American farmers at three-fourths or even one-half the cost of the Peruvian article.

NEW VARIETY OF FOWLS.—Since the war with Russia a new kind of domestic fowl has been introduced into England from the Black Sea, and is likely to prove a formidable rival to the Shanghai and Cochinchina. It is quite as large as the Barndoor-fowl, is crested, and has feathered legs, its color is generally all white or black—when the latter, of a raven hue, and glossy. This bird is pugnacious, and its movements are very lively. Its most distinguished peculiarity is, however, in the arrangement of the tail feathers. These are arranged as in other birds, very few, and do not protrude far from the body, but drop down and lie close to the body, so that the creature appears tailless, and when its head is erect it scarcely has the appearance of a bird.

ANCIENT RUINS.

About six miles north of Santa Cruz, California, there is a small romantic but secluded mountain-bound valley containing about 110 acres of level and fertile land, formed around the junction of two small creeks coming from the northeast and north out of two deep canyons. In the forks of these creeks rises to the elevation of four or five hundred feet, a rugged mountain of sand; at its point, which is nearly perpendicular, and perhaps 30 or 40 steps from its base, is an oblong, ancient, and certainly interesting ruin covering an area of 100 feet west and east, and 50 feet north and south. No walls are now to be seen, for if such there be, they are covered with sand, which to all appearance has gradually fallen from the point of this mountain, which has evidently formed a little more than half a pyramid, perhaps 60 feet high, the base of which covers over two acres of land; the sides of which rise at an angle of over 40 degrees, and are composed of loose sand, in walking over which you sink two or three inches at every step you take. An occasional shrub is seen growing over it, and several large pitch-pine trees are also growing on this half mound, resting on its north side against the base of the sand mountain before referred to. On that part of this half mound, facing to the west, is seen all the evidences of a building. There were pillars of solid masonry rising out of a coarse, sand rock, that is exceedingly hard. The masonry is laid in cement; the pillars are circular, and of various sizes—from 1 1/2 to 2 feet in diameter—all but two or three of the largest have circular flues, as if they might have been intended to conduct smoke from the building below, and for this reason we call them chimneys. The other pillars were solid, and all of them were circular on the outside; the masonry is not only of the most substantial character, but unique in the manner of fitting and lapping the pieces together, that in the writer's opinion is more substantial than that of the present mode of laying down a work of a similar character. Starting in this valley from the level of this plateau due west of the ruin, and going up the side of the mound of sand before spoken of, about forty steps, you will come in contact with the west line of the ruin, as indicated by these pillars, they being so arranged as to show the outline of an oblong structure. These pillars number about thirty, and appear to be regularly dispersed around the exterior, except the three large ones, which seem to run through the building at about 12 feet south of the north line; and five chimneys in a cluster, being about 2 feet apart, two in one line and one in another, near the centre of the east end of the ruin.

HOW APES CATCH CRABS.

A traveler in Java relates the following amusing scene, which he witnessed in the company of some of the natives:

After walking close up to the old campaign, they were upon the point of turning back, when a young fellow emerged from the thicket, and said a few words to the mandoor. The latter turned with a laugh to Frank, and asked him if he had ever seen apes catch crabs.

Frank replied in the negative, and the mandoor taking his hand, led him gently and cautiously through the deserted village, to a spot which the young fellow had pointed out, and where the old man had formerly planted hedges, rendering it an easy task for them to approach unobserved.

At length they reached the boundary of the former settlement—a dry, sandy strip of beach, where all vegetation ceased, and only a single tall pandanus tree, whose roots were thickly interlaced with creeping plants, formed as it were the advanced post of the vegetable kingdom. Behind this they crawled along, and cautiously raising their heads, they saw several apes, at a distance of two or three hundred paces, who were partly looking for something as they walked up and down the beach, while others stood motionless.

It was the long tailed, brown variety, and Frank was beginning to regret that he had not his telescope with him, to watch the motions of these strange beings more closely, when one of them, a tremendous large fellow, began to draw nearer to them. Carefully examining the ground, over which he went with all fours, he stood at intervals to scratch himself, or to snap at some insect that buzzed around him. He came so close that Frank fancied he must scent them, and give the alarm to the other monkeys, when suddenly passing over a little elevation covered with withered reedy grass, he discovered a party of crabs, parading up and down on the hot sand. With a bound he was amongst them, but not quick enough to catch a single one; for the crabs, though apparently so clumsy, darted like lightning into a quantity of small holes or cavities, which made the ground here resemble a sieve, and the ape could not thrust his claws after them, for the orifice was too narrow.

The mandoor nudged Frank gently to draw his attention, and they saw the ape, after crawling up and peeping into the various holes, with his nose close to the ground, suddenly seat himself very gravely by one of them, which he fancied most suitable. He then brought round his long tail to the front, thrust the end of it into the cavity, until he met with an obstacle, and suddenly made a face which so amused Frank, that he would have laughed loudly, had not the mandoor

raised his finger warningly—and directly the ape drew out his tail with a jerk. At the end of it, however, hung the desired booty, a fat crab, by one of its claws, and swinging it round on the ground with such violence as to make it loose its hold, he took it in his left paw, picked up a stone with the other, and after cracking the shell, devoured the savory contents with evident satisfaction.

Four or five he thus caught in succession, on each occasion when the crab nipped him making a face of heroic resignation and pain, but each time he was successful, and he must have found in the dainty dish, and the revenge for the nip, abundant satisfaction for the pain he endured, or else he would not have set to work so soon again.

Thus then the ape, quite engaged with the sport, and without taking his eyes off the ground, had approached to within about twenty paces of the party concealed behind the pandanus tree. Here, again, the ground was full of holes, and looking out the one he conjectured to be the best, he threw in his line once more, and probably felt that there was something alive within, for he awaited the result with signs of the most eager attention.

The affair, however, lasted longer than he anticipated; but being already well filled by his past successful hauls, he pulled up his knees, laid his arms upon them, bowed up his head, and half closing his eyes, he assumed such a resigned and yet exquisitely comical face, as only an ape is capable of putting on under these circumstances.

But his quiet was destined to be disturbed in a manner as unexpected as it was cruel. He must have discovered some very interesting object in the clouds, for he was staring up there fixedly, when he uttered a loud yell, left hold of his knees, felt with both hands for his tail, and made a bound in the air, as if the ground under him was growing red hot. At the end of his tail, however, hung a gigantic crab, torn with desperate energy from his hiding place, and Frank, who could restrain himself no longer, then burst into a laugh.

The mandoor at first retained his gravity; but when the ape, alarmed by the strange sound, looked up and saw men, and then bounded away at full speed, with his tormentor swinging at the end of his tail, the old man could no longer refrain either, and they both laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

The ape, in the meanwhile, flew across the narrow strip of sand, followed by all the others, towards the jungle, and in a moment after not a single one was visible.

HOW TO KEEP SMOKED HAMS.—Hams can be secured and sweetly preserved through summer, by packing them in cobs in the following manner; first, a layer of cobs in the bottom of the cask; then hams and cobs until you finish the whole. Be particular that they do not come in contact with each other. Unbroken cobs I would prefer, but broken ones selected will answer. It would be necessary to take them out once in summer, and give them a dry rubbing. Your cask should stand upon a bench, in a dry, cool cellar. Having packed in this way, the cobs absorb the heat and air, sufficient to keep them fresh and fine. It has been my practice for more than ten years, to treat my hams in this way, and I have never lost one.—You take them out perfectly clean, not plastered, not ashed, not greased; neither is there any chaff to be swept off. Cask to be covered.—Michigan Farmer.

The Brooklyn Eagle thinks in rhyme, that shawls should be worn for the following reasons:—"If you want to be in fashion, wear a shawl; if to ladies an attraction, wear a shawl; if to sleep and cower a terror, or like shanghai in full feather, or even rags upon the heather, wear a shawl; if your hips are badly moulded, or your shirt and vest unfolded, are unpleasant to behold, wear a shawl; if you're coming some gay linnut, wear a shawl; you might wrap your lassie in it, in your shawl.—It's like charity on pins, and hides a multitude of sins, although it causes grins, does your shawl. If you wish to be a dandy, wear a shawl; or have a cover handy, wear a shawl.—In a word, it is a most useful article, as you may wrap your feet, head, body, knees; make a seat, a blanket, a bed, a rug, a pillow, a wrap-rascal, or a Scotch plaid, of your shawl."

TRANSCENDENTAL—VERY.—Some enthusiastic exponent of "Free Love" gives the following very lucid description of what it is:—"Free love is essentially and solely a spiritual element—one of the fundamental spiritual harmonies—a primordial inseparability of the eternities—a primordial co-efficient of the supersensible Zones—a cognate principle of original materiality, flowing lineally towards matrimonial, social and moral consonance in the universal and eternal law of things."

"An' he played on a harp up a thousand strings, spirits of just men made perfect."

WHAT IS FASHION? Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning. What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions. What is joy? To count your money and find it run over a hundred dollars. What is knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words, to be "kicked off" than your neighbors.

HISTORY OF DRUNKENNESS.

Dr. Turner, in an address which he delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle on the 17th of November, in behalf of the U. S. Inebriate Asylum, in speaking of the influence which inebriety has upon nations, uses the following language:

Inebriety is the first disease of which we have any record. It dates its existence from the birth of the grape, the formation of wine from which was one of the first discoveries of man. We find nothing in the medical records of the Egyptians to prove that it was recognized as a disease. Aesculapius, Hippocrates and Galen are likewise silent on the subject. Yet we have for the recorder of the pathology of inebriety, the most renowned man of the ancient or modern times. Solomon describes the malady in the most significant language:—"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Thus we have sacred history to establish the fact that inebriety was the most frightful and destructive disease then known; comparing it to the venomous bite of serpent and the deadly sting of the adder, which have no specific—no cure.

We are compelled to trace the influence of this disease in all nations rather than individuals, and from our opinions from the facts of history which record the rise and fall of races and nations. When the seeds of this deadly malady were sown by the great men of Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome, in their Bacchanal feasts, then the greatness of these mighty nations began to decline, and their chosen people perished and passed away. Babylon, with all her glory and magnificence, fell into the hands of the Persians, when her rulers were drunken with wine, and her people were maddened by the intoxicating bowl.

By inebriety Egypt lost her ruler, the world her conqueror, in the death of Alexander the Great, in the thirty-third year of his age.—The historian pens the fact that he perished through self-indulgence—by a disease "that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Pollished Greece, the grand depository of the arts and sciences of the civilized world, the residence of the historian, philosopher, statesman and physician, was the first which erected a temple to the god Bacchus. Little did her great men consider that they were dedicating a temple to a god on whose altar would be sacrificed the glory of their beloved country.

The Bacchanalian feasts in the Roman Empire were the cause of her degenerated councils and her weak government. Inebriety was the malady that destroyed the Roman statesman, general and soldiers. Thus Rome fell by this physical and moral contagion, and the dark ages followed in her downfall.

MYSTERIES OF THE AIR.

Let a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips, and all the world is at war; give it to a Fenelon, and he shall manage it with his tongue; that there shall be everywhere peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets mankind in motion. If we could live without air, we could not talk or hear any sounds without it. There would be a blazing sun and a black sky—sunshines mingled with thick darkness; and there would be an awful silence. There is less air in the upper than in the lower regions of the atmosphere; the bottom crust of air is, of course, densest. Snassure fired a pistol on the summit of Mont Blanc and the report was like the snapping of a stick. There is a well at Fudra three hundred palms deep; throw a stone down it, and the noise it makes in its descent will be like the firing of a park of cannon. It goes down among the dense air, and also it reverberates. When a man speaks, he strikes air with his throat and mouth as the stone strikes water, and from his tongue as from the stone spread undulating circles with immense rapidity. These circles may be checked and beaten back in their course as it is with the waves of a sound made by the stone tumbling down a well, beaten back and furiously multiplied. At the castle of Simonetti, near Milan, one low note of music will boget a concert; for the note is echoed to and fro by the great wings of the building that reflect and multiply a sound just as two mirrors reflect and multiply a lighted candle. Sound is, in fact, reflected just as light is, and may be brought quite in the same way to a focus.

A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse will be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was illustrated oddly in the great church of Agrigento, Sicily. The architect—perhaps intentionally—built several confessionalis of an elliptical form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which, whoever stood, heard all the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprang up in town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hidden in it; but at last by chance a discovery was made of the tale telling stones, and the walls had their ears stopped.

The Dutchman who refused take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a paper stage traveling to railroads.

mer, he says, rides him eight miles, while the latter only "Dar bespices can't sh"