

# Zinnia's Latin Journal

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1878.

NO. 26.

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

The rights of women. What are they?  
The right to labor, love and pray.  
The right to work when others sleep,  
The right to wake when others sleep.  
The right to do the falling fear,  
The right to quell the rising fear;  
The right to soothe the brow of care,  
And whisper comfort to despair.  
The right to watch the parting breath,  
To sooth and cheer the bed of death,  
The right when earthly hopes all fail,  
To point to that within the veil.  
The right the wanderer to reclaim,  
And win the love from paths of shame;  
The right to comfort and to bless  
The widow and the fatherless.  
The right the lit to ease to guide,  
In earnest faith to him who guide;  
With simple love and gentle praise  
To bless and cheer their youthful days.  
The right to live for those we love,  
The right to be that love to prove;  
The right to brighten earthly hours  
With pleasant smiles and gentle words.  
Are these the rights? then use them well;  
The silent influence none can sell;  
I show as those who ask for more—  
That has enough to answer for.

## The Gilt Mask.

Two young noblemen were seated on the piazza of a palace in Seville.  
"What you tell me, Estance," said the elder, "is sufficiently romantic to have originated in the brain of the Knight of La Mancha."  
"Yes; you know how I have been one of the favored suitors of Blanche La Mea, the handsomest and wildest woman in Seville. I thought my heart was given up to her—but the mysterious mask I encountered at the Duke's ball charmed me."  
"Fifteen months," cried his companion, laughing, "doubtless you adore both Blanche and her rival, who refused to show her face. 'Tis hard to choose, I fear."  
"It would so appear, for yesterday I received a note warning me that I had incurred the hatred of Lady Blanche, and that I must be on guard against assassins. Last night, as I was returning home, on passing under the piazza of the Marquis D'Almonte, an assassin sprang from behind a pillar, and would undoubtedly have murdered me had not a slight, boy-like figure interposed to ward off the blow. The cowardly villain then fled, but when I turned to thank my deliverer she had fled."  
"She?"  
"Yes; for, though I got but a momentary glimpse of her, yet the shape of the figure, and the long tresses which had fallen from beneath the cap she wore, convinced me that I had been saved by a woman. Although the note I had received was unsigned, yet it was written in a delicate female hand. Can I doubt that my savior and the mask are one?"  
"Well, then your course is plain. Discover your innamorata, and if she is worthy of you marry her. It is plain that she loves you."  
"It is impossible; the estates of the De Leons and the De Montes join together. The Marquis Del Monte has a daughter Maria, said to be very beautiful, but I have not seen her for years. In early life we were betrothed, and our marriage is inevitable."  
"Fernando remained buried in deep thought for a few minutes. At length he said:  
"Estance, you must crush this strange attachment for one whom you have never seen. Your honor is pledged, and you must wed this Maria Del Monte. To avoid temptation you must quit Seville. A month's absence will efface the memory of this unknown, who is doubtless some intriguing adventuress. I will accompany you on a visit to your father's estate. Let us leave to-morrow."  
"Your counsel is hard, Fernando," said Estance, with emotion, "but I feel it is for the best. I will even do as you say."  
The next day, to the great surprise of the good people of Seville, the gayest young gallants in town, Estance De Leon and Fernando D'Artois had disappeared.  
A couple of days' ride, and Estance was once more domiciled beneath the roof of his forefathers, to the great delight of the Count. The latter also cordially welcomed the friend of his son. The Marquis Del Monte called on him during the morning, and was surprised and pleased to meet Estance.  
After dinner Estance accompanied the Marquis to visit his betrothed. The old gentleman, after conducting him to the entrance of her boudoir, merely said:  
"Maria, your old playmate, Estance De Leon, is pushing him in, retired, leaving the young folks to their conversation."  
Maria was engaged in embroidery when she was so unceremoniously disturbed. She arose and bowed rather coldly to Estance, saying:  
"A fair evening, Senor."  
As Estance gazed upon the lovely girl he felt madly and desperately in love, and all thoughts of Lady Blanche and the strange mask quitted his mind, as with trembling limbs he sank on his knees and declared his passion.  
"Are you sure?" replied she, mischievously, "that you love me as much as you say?"  
"Can you doubt me?" he asked.  
"But Lady Blanche La Mea! Is it possible that you have already forgotten her? That argues ill for your constancy."  
"Pshaw, Maria, I know not where you learned of my flirtation with Blanche; but be assured that she is not the kind of person I could love."  
"Well, I believe you, Estance; but there is still another."  
"Nay, there you wrong me," said Estance, decidedly.  
"Oh, faithless one!" she exclaimed, with a mischievous laugh; "then you have already forgotten your innamorata and preserver, the mask?"  
"Estance blushed as he replied:  
"I see you have heard of my foolish

attachment for one whose face I have never seen. But Maria, although I was fascinated by the air of mystery which surrounded her, I have never yet felt toward any female the same tender attachment I have for you."  
"What need to further pry into the secrets of the young couple? Suffice it that when they separated Estance had Maria's promise that the happy day should not be far distant; but as he rode home he was very deeply puzzled to know how she had discovered his former pericardils.  
A few days after Maria took a fancy to spending a few weeks in Seville. As her will was virtually law, it was not long ere the De Leons and Del Montes were ensconced in their town residences.  
A few days after their arrival there was a brilliant masquerade to be given. Maria expressed a wish to attend, and Estance offered to accompany her; but her reply was that her father would accompany her, and that she would do her utmost to disguise herself so as to prevent detection.  
Well, the eventful night came, and Estance was there early. Earnestly he searched the room with his eyes, but although there were pretty girls in every disguise, he could nowhere behold the graceful form of his beloved. It was late; the guests had all arrived, and Estance feared that something had deterred Maria from attending. He was about to leave the saloon when a French Shepherdess, a new arrival, brushed by him, attracting his attention. Her mask was a peculiar one, different from the black and white usually worn. It was a gilt one, beautifully chased, and in the corner of the forehead contained a small silver star. It was the mask of the unknown, who had once saved his life. His strange affection for her suddenly returned, and forgetting his anxiety about Maria, he hastened to her side and soon led her to the dance. She conversed freely with him, though evidently in an assumed tone. Still he thought at times that her voice was strangely familiar.  
After the dance the Mask excused herself for a moment and retired to an ante-room. Estance waited for some time, but she did not appear, but at length a thought struck him, and he hastily entered. The only occupant was a Greek Fisher Girl, whose features were hidden by a white silk mask.  
"My good girl," said he, "can you tell me which way a little French Shepherdess took?"  
"Senor De Leon seems to take a strange interest in her, yet in a sterner mask of his," said the somewhat bitter reply.  
"Maria?" exclaimed Estance, astonished, "you here?"  
"Aye; you might have found me sooner had not your eyes been dazzled by the gilt mask."  
"I assure you, Maria, that I searched earnestly for you."  
"It is of little consequence," she replied coolly. "I must go now. I shall be happy to hear your excuses at some future period; at present adieu!" and she was gone ere he could reply.  
Estance sat down, feeling very miserable. His conduct was a sort of mystery to himself. While he felt that he loved Maria as well as man ever loved woman, yet in the presence of the Mask and he had eyes for no other woman. He came to the conclusion that he was the most false and fickle of his sex; and while in this envious state of mind he sought his hat and cloak and left the saloon.  
As he was about leaving the room a hand was laid upon his arm, and turning, he beheld the gilt mask—this time covering the features of the same boy who had before saved his life. The mask thrust a note in his hand and then disappeared in the crowd. The note ran as follows:  
"If the Senor is really anxious to solve the mystery of one who pretends to care for, he should be gratified. Let him call to-morrow at the old Palais de Roi, and he will then discover who it is."  
Estance re-read the note, and as he was driven home he determined he would fathom the mystery which had crept into his mind. Accordingly he called the next morning found him at the appointed locality. He was conducted by a very ancient housekeeper to a boudoir, the fittings of which, although rich, were old and faded. Here the housekeeper left him to announce his coming, and for some time he remained alone. At length he heard a light footfall, and the page who had once preserved him entered. Estance seized the little hand of the pretended boy and pressed it to his lips.  
"At last I am to know thy secret, fair lady?"  
"Stop a moment, Senor. Before I reveal my countenance wilt thou give thy word that thou lovest me?"  
The tones of the lady were evidently assumed.  
A mingled look of shame and pain overclouded the countenance of the young man as he replied:  
"Senorita, I feel that you will despise me, but I cannot give you the pledge you require. While in your presence I feel as though madly in love with you. Yet I experience the same feelings toward my betrothed, Maria Del Monte. Truly I feel that I am the most faithless of men, and an unworthy of the love of either of you."  
"You have at least one virtue, Senor—you are truthful."  
"Well, your answer; am I still deserving of ignorance?"  
"You shall learn in a few moments; for the present, excuse me."  
She left the room, and for a few moments Estance remained brooding moodily. He heard not the light step that approached until he was startled by a voice which thrilled through every vein.  
"Well, Senor De Leon do you recognize me now?"  
"Maria!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.  
"Nay, the gilt mask!" was the reply, in the oft-remembered tones.  
Estance gazed a moment doubtfully, then replied:  
"I see the whole scheme, Maria.

You cannot deceive me longer. I can now understand my struggle. I can now understand the blushing girl who clasped in his arms."  
A little explanation soon cleared the mystery. Maria had spent the winter with her aunt, who lived near Seville. She frequently spent days in the town with her friend, Blanche La Mea, who was really a good-hearted girl. It was she who had persuaded Maria to adopt the mask. The warning note and rescue were merely a little plot of the girl's to win the young man's gratitude. His sudden departure frustrated their plans, and compelled Maria's hasty return home. Maria's father was cognizant of the plot, and Estance vowed it was not strange that he should have fallen a victim to the Mask.  
Charles Lee's Treason.  
A capital plan of the British ministry for the campaign of 1777 was the seizure and the occupation by military posts of the Champlain and Hudson valleys, from St. John's on the Sorrel, to the city of New York. The object was to sever the close union between New England and the other States, paralyze the powers of each section, and so crack the whole that the subjugation of the resisting States might be an easy task. To accomplish this end forces were prepared to move southward from the banks of the St. Lawrence, while other forces should ascend the Hudson River, and these columns, meeting near Albany, perfect the execution of the scheme. Lieutenant General Burgoyne commanded the northern invading army, and Sir William Howe the forces that were to penetrate New York from the south.  
At this point a treacherous officer of high rank in the Continental army appears conspicuous in the series of events that caused the evacuation of Philadelphia. That officer was Charles Lee, the senior Major General under Washington. He had been an officer in the British army, served under Burgoyne in Portugal, and had risen to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He had served under Braddock in the disastrous conflict on the banks of the Monongahela, and with Abercrombie in the unsuccessful attack on Ticonderoga, about twenty years before the time we are denning his own ambitions scheme to become a chief, with the appropriate name of "Boiling Water,"—for he was a hot and ever restless man, vain, arrogant, jealous, and quarrelsome. Falling to obtain higher promotion in the army, he left the Royal service, came to America in 1773, engaged in politics on the side of the colonists, and when the Continental army was organized he received the commission of Major General. He resigned his commission in the British army, but required Congress to indemnify him against any loss which he might sustain as a consequence of that act. There he began to play the part of an American patriot; and to enable him to continue to do so, Congress, in the autumn of 1776, loaned him upon his own bond \$30,000. He was simply an unscrupulous and selfish adventurer, whose influence in the army was always pernicious.  
Proud, censorious and disobedient, Lee had followed Washington to a distance, with a heavy force during the perilous flight of the shattered American army across New Jersey, late in 1776, pursued by the victorious troops of Cornwallis. Washington repeatedly called on Lee to push forward and give him strength to strike the pursuers, and he as often omitted to obey. He evidently desired to have disaster befall his superior, hoping thereby to promote his own ambitious scheme to become Commander-in-chief. He was not only disobedient, but several days after the chase had ended at the Delaware, and Cornwallis had relinquished his self to linger in New Jersey, suffered himself to be captured, at some distance from his army, by a small British scout.  
Taken to New York, he was used here by the first by General Howe as a British deserter, but very soon that commander and his officers treated Lee with marked consideration. And well they might; for Lee revealed to Howe the political condition of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and presented him with a written plan for the subjugation of the colonies, which promised better results than that of the Ministry. He made it appear so plainly that a land and naval force could be sent to Philadelphia, and Delaware would prove successful that the brothers Howe abandoned the Ministerial plan and largely accepted Lee's. They sailed for Chesapeake bay with a greater part of the British army, instead of going up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne coming down from the north. Howe landed his troops on the shores of Maryland, marched into Pennsylvania, gained a victory on the banks of the Brandywine creek, frightened Congress from Philadelphia, took possession of that city in the autumn of 1777, and held it until June, 1778. The abandonment of Burgoyne caused the loss of the Continental army and its splendid appointments, and the ruin of the Ministerial plan.  
A lake of Soda Water.  
A lake of Louar, in India, has heretofore been the one of the most useful as well as picturesque features of the Hyderabad Assigned Districts. The salt collected from it has been widely used for washing and dyeing chintzes; and when, the dry weather, reduces the level of the water, vast quantities of soda were gathered on the shores. From an official report, however, which has recently been issued, we gather that the supply of soda now greatly exceeds the demand, which, owing to the distance of the lake from the line of railway, has always been a local one. No fresh supplies were taken from the lake in 1876-77, as large stocks of unsold produce remained on hand from the accumulation of the preceding year.

Intrepidity of Keen.  
Of Keen's early skill as a fencer one anecdote must be recorded, as marking not only his quickness of eye and dexterity of hand, but also his calmness, intrepidity and self-command. He was one day, when quite a stripling, called with her aunt, who lived near Seville, she celebrated for the rapidity of his passes and the certainty of his hits. Keen, however, baffled all his attempts to evade or beat down his guard; but, on the contrary, had the mastery in several passes, which so enraged his opponent, that, in a sudden paroxysm of wrath, he struck his foil on the ground, so as to break off the button, determined by a desperate assault, to inflict vengeance on his conqueror. Keen perceived the movement and at once saw his danger, but with perfect composure he awaited the attack, and, disarming his assailant, he caught the foil as it sprang from his hand. Then presenting it to his treacherous antagonist, "unabated" as it was, he bade him "keep his own secret," and, turning on his heel, left the academy. This circumstance was never mentioned for years afterwards, when the death of his opponent, whose name he even then concealed, removed all scruple as to the fact itself.  
The Sandy Hook Pilots.  
Hammer, the pilot who brought the ship Hope into New York recently, gave the following account to a reporter: "No, thank you, sir; I never drink anything. Well, if you insist, I will take a glass of elder. You know I'm sort of tired out. Sixty hours without sleep, and anything strong might make me too nervous to sleep. It's No. 1, you want to know about it? Well, she's safe and sound in the anchorage at Staten Island. I brought her in this morning, and when I left her a few hours ago she was as trim a craft as you'd want to see. That was a tough job, I'd better say, but it isn't the first I've ridden through, but it isn't the last, and you bet it won't be the last. You see we left for the Hook on Monday week last. Beside the regular crew there were five of us pilots aboard—Morley, Hobbs, Ternure, Redden and myself. As we rounded the Hook the wind set in fresh from the north-west. As it increased in force we came to anchor under the Highlands. It was bitter cold, and everything on deck was frozen hard and fast. Shortly after 4 o'clock on Tuesday we kept working to the north-east, just before daylight on Thursday the wind freshened to a gale, and snow, mixed with hail, swept the deck fore and aft. About 7 o'clock the Highlands, about thirty miles distant, were bearing west-north-west. The boat was hoisted under the reefed foresail and stormtrysail on the main. Laid under that canvas from 8 o'clock P. M. Thursday, until 8 o'clock A. M. Friday. The sea was running monstrous high, and the wind howling a hurricane. For years I have been going to sea and have weathered many a storm, but I never saw a boat nestle down further into a boisterous sea under so short a sail as the Hope did that night. On Friday morning we put Ternure aboard a British bark, and on the way home put Morley on a Norwegian bark. But this is a long story, and I'm dry enough to make another glass of elder. I'll tell you the rest of the story when you find her in good condition, as trim and tight as a craft as floats. By the way did you hear about the No. 6—the Mary Catharine? That's a boat we all had some fears about. You know she's the old style of boat with the bulging instead of the sharp bow of the newer pilot boats. She's old, too. It is fully twenty years since she first appeared on the coast of Sandy Hook. By the way, there's Hawkins over there. He went out in the No. 6, and has just brought the bark Rocket in. He can tell you all about the Mary Catharine, but in listening to his story make some allowance for the affection of an old salt for his craft."  
The pilot boat put to the reporter was a sturdy-built open-faced man. As he leaned against the counter in Ayer's store and calmly puffed his cigar, no one but those who knew the modesty of sailors would have imagined that he was the man who only a few hours before had tied safely to pier 17 the bark Rocket, which had rescued from the very jaws of destruction. Pilot Hawkins believes in the crew and anchor of the Mary Catharine, and says that with her tonnage, 40.67, next to the lowest of all the pilot boats, she is as safe as a cradle. She passed the Hook going out on the 25th of January, having on board pilots Johnson, Jewell, Youker and Hawkins; had fine weather until Thursday last, when the gale from the east set in. At that time they were eighteen miles southeast of Barnegat. Here they laid to for sixteen hours. The wind was steady east by north, and the drifting snow and pellets of hail shut out all objects from view. Thursday night the red, white and red signal for a pilot could occasionally be seen. The clear, white flash-light of the pilot boat streamed out in answer, but the heavy billows kept the vessels apart for hours. At last Johnson brought in the Europa, Hawkins the bark Rocket, Youker the bark Germania, and Jewell a brig. The pilot boat was brought home by the crew and anchored at Staten Island. Hawkins says that the only gale which he knows of by personal experience that compared with this in violence was that of December 9, 1876.  
Perhaps one of the narrowest escapes was that of the bark Rocket which was brought into port by Pilot Hawkins. The vessel left Puerto Cabello, January 13, with a cargo of coffee, hides etc., O.

R. Atkinson, captain, H. P. Hanson, mate, and the crew numbered eight men. They had fine weather until midnight of January 30. At that time they were thirty east of Delaware Light-ship. A fearful gale from the south-east then struck the vessel, and she was hoisted. She drifted to the leeward very rapidly, and soundings were taken every hour. The gale continued to increase and the sea to grow more furious. To add to the already great danger the soundings showed that the vessel was shoaling fast. In the morning the depth had three fathoms, at noon fifteen fathoms and at 5 P. M. ten fathoms were marked. At this time the sea was running very heavy, and the ship was almost unmanageable. In casting the lead, owing to the heaving of the vessel, the mate made a mistake, thinking he had fourteen fathoms, when in reality there were only seven. The wind momentarily died down, and the anchor having been let go and taken hold, it was hoped that the vessel would be able to ride out the storm. But in a few minutes the chain parted, and although all sail was made to keep off the beach, the strong wind blew the vessel up among the breakers. In describing the scene that then ensued Mate Hanson says: "I have been cast adrift in an open boat with only one biscuit to last me for a long time. Death at that time seemed to be staring me in the face, but I never felt as hopeless as when the Rocket was among the breakers. The vessel was completely under water, while the breakers rolled upon us from all directions. It was a terrible sight, such an one as I hope never to see again. We expected every moment that she would strike the bottom. This circumstance was never mentioned for years afterwards, when the death of his opponent, whose name he even then concealed, removed all scruple as to the fact itself.  
The Sandy Hook Pilots.  
Hammer, the pilot who brought the ship Hope into New York recently, gave the following account to a reporter: "No, thank you, sir; I never drink anything. Well, if you insist, I will take a glass of elder. You know I'm sort of tired out. Sixty hours without sleep, and anything strong might make me too nervous to sleep. It's No. 1, you want to know about it? Well, she's safe and sound in the anchorage at Staten Island. I brought her in this morning, and when I left her a few hours ago she was as trim a craft as you'd want to see. That was a tough job, I'd better say, but it isn't the first I've ridden through, but it isn't the last, and you bet it won't be the last. You see we left for the Hook on Monday week last. Beside the regular crew there were five of us pilots aboard—Morley, Hobbs, Ternure, Redden and myself. As we rounded the Hook the wind set in fresh from the north-west. As it increased in force we came to anchor under the Highlands. It was bitter cold, and everything on deck was frozen hard and fast. Shortly after 4 o'clock on Tuesday we kept working to the north-east, just before daylight on Thursday the wind freshened to a gale, and snow, mixed with hail, swept the deck fore and aft. About 7 o'clock the Highlands, about thirty miles distant, were bearing west-north-west. The boat was hoisted under the reefed foresail and stormtrysail on the main. Laid under that canvas from 8 o'clock P. M. Thursday, until 8 o'clock A. M. Friday. The sea was running monstrous high, and the wind howling a hurricane. For years I have been going to sea and have weathered many a storm, but I never saw a boat nestle down further into a boisterous sea under so short a sail as the Hope did that night. On Friday morning we put Ternure aboard a British bark, and on the way home put Morley on a Norwegian bark. But this is a long story, and I'm dry enough to make another glass of elder. I'll tell you the rest of the story when you find her in good condition, as trim and tight as a craft as floats. By the way did you hear about the No. 6—the Mary Catharine? That's a boat we all had some fears about. You know she's the old style of boat with the bulging instead of the sharp bow of the newer pilot boats. She's old, too. It is fully twenty years since she first appeared on the coast of Sandy Hook. By the way, there's Hawkins over there. He went out in the No. 6, and has just brought the bark Rocket in. He can tell you all about the Mary Catharine, but in listening to his story make some allowance for the affection of an old salt for his craft."  
The pilot boat put to the reporter was a sturdy-built open-faced man. As he leaned against the counter in Ayer's store and calmly puffed his cigar, no one but those who knew the modesty of sailors would have imagined that he was the man who only a few hours before had tied safely to pier 17 the bark Rocket, which had rescued from the very jaws of destruction. Pilot Hawkins believes in the crew and anchor of the Mary Catharine, and says that with her tonnage, 40.67, next to the lowest of all the pilot boats, she is as safe as a cradle. She passed the Hook going out on the 25th of January, having on board pilots Johnson, Jewell, Youker and Hawkins; had fine weather until Thursday last, when the gale from the east set in. At that time they were eighteen miles southeast of Barnegat. Here they laid to for sixteen hours. The wind was steady east by north, and the drifting snow and pellets of hail shut out all objects from view. Thursday night the red, white and red signal for a pilot could occasionally be seen. The clear, white flash-light of the pilot boat streamed out in answer, but the heavy billows kept the vessels apart for hours. At last Johnson brought in the Europa, Hawkins the bark Rocket, Youker the bark Germania, and Jewell a brig. The pilot boat was brought home by the crew and anchored at Staten Island. Hawkins says that the only gale which he knows of by personal experience that compared with this in violence was that of December 9, 1876.  
Perhaps one of the narrowest escapes was that of the bark Rocket which was brought into port by Pilot Hawkins. The vessel left Puerto Cabello, January 13, with a cargo of coffee, hides etc., O.

There are numerous remarkable and historic trees, among which may be named the bread-fruit tree of Ceylon, from which the bread is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious. In Barbuto, South America, is a tree which by piercing the trunk produces milk, with which the inhabitants feed their children. In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. The great traveler, Park, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cows' milk. At Sierra Leone is the cream fruit tree, which is quite agreeable in taste. At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope is a small tree, the berries of which make excellent candies. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra, and the bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. The talipot tree in Ceylon grows to the height of one hundred feet, the leaf of which is so large that it will cover nearly twenty people, like an umbrella. The banyan tree is wonderful; it never dies, and is constantly extending, for as the branches shoot downward they take root, and thus produce other trees, whose branches in like manner extend downward, and resembling large oaks, the fruit of which is much like rich scarlet figs and furnishes a luxurious subsistence to monkeys and birds of every description. The pippl tree is said to be "the most completely beautiful of all which adorn the wide garden of Nature." The Hindoo called it "Tree of Gold" and the "religious fig," because under its shade they suppose their god Vishnu was born. It is held by them in such veneration that the form of the leaves is only allowed to be painted on furniture used by the princes. They plant them as memorials of persons deceased. They serve also for shade for travelers. The Chinese feed vast numbers of silkworms on this tree. One of the most remarkable trees in history is the great dragon tree, which was blown down by a hurricane a few years since at Orotava, in the island of Tenerife. It was a stately tree, about eighty feet high, as early as A. D. 1402, and so old and remarkable a tree then as to excite particular notice and care for its preservation. Humboldt spoke of it some sixty-two years ago and computed it to be 6,900 years old. Sir George Staunton had a young tree brought to him in 1771. A century ago it was a tree of two or three feet high, and in the year 1840 it measured one hundred and twenty feet in height, one hundred and seven feet ten inches in circumference, and which sheltered Herman Cortez and his followers under its spreading branches, is now 5,000 years old. A type of antiquity in the vegetable kingdom is that of a tree in Ceylon, planted, according to documentary and traditional evidence, 288 B. C., making it 2,168 years old. The oldest oak in England in Herfordshire, is situated in Hatfield Park. It is over a thousand years old. Another oak is the "Parliament Oak" from the tradition of Edward I. holding a parliament under its branches, on one of the estates of the Duke of Portland. It is considered to be thirteen hundred years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman, and was called the "Duke's Walking-stick." It was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak is known as "Cathart Oak," Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet round the ground, while the "Three Shire Oak," at Workop, is so called from its shade covering part of three counties.  
The "Soot" Down on Him.  
After making inquiries of every person they met, no matter if pedestrians were only ten feet apart, old Mr. and Mrs. Jones reached the Detroit & Milwaukee depot in good order, and were shown into the waiting room. They did not enter, however, until the old man had read the sign over the door and remarked:  
"Waiting room, eh? Wonder what she's waiting for. Well, we can't wait as long as the waiting room can—eh Nancy?"  
"I told you," she replied as she deposited her heavy satchel on one of the wooden boxes, "I told you to see all you could and say as little as possible."  
"That's what I'm doing," he growled, as he drew his coat-tails right and left and backed up to the red hot stove. He had just become interested in reading "Broad gauge, double track—three hours' time saved to New York," when the back of his blue coat began rapidly fading to brindle brown, and several particles called out in a warning way. He leaped away, pulling his pants away from his legs, and the old lady pulled him down beside her and hoarsely whispered:  
"If you were a boy I'd spank you good and sound! The back of your coat is falling right off, and everybody's laughing!"  
"It's no such thing—I might laugh, but 'How did I know there was any fire in the stove? How could I see my back?'"  
In a few minutes the troubled waters settled down. The old lady was hunting her snuff-box, and the old man was sticking his four or five teeth into an apple, when he complementarily remarked:  
"I'm going to get this coat off and look at the mortal injuries."  
"You keep still," she warned.  
"You're a nice specter here in your shirt sleeves, wouldn't you?"  
"Hain't this a free country?"  
"You keep still!"  
"That settled that. It was all of ten minutes before he suddenly announced:  
"When the old man, Barnes was here last summer he got the best 'lony sausage he ever stuck his mouth into, and I'm going out to find the place and buy one."  
"You won't do any such thing; you are going to stay right here and keep your head shut!"  
"I am, I!"  
"Yes, you are!"  
And that settled that. He leaned

back, sighing like the last turn of a big fly-wheel, and the old lady was almost dozing when he made a move that started her. He was trying to scratch the sole of his left foot with the toe of his right boot.  
"Them blasted chilblains!" he whispered, as she faced around.  
"You stop!" she commanded.  
"I tell you they itch so I can't stand it."  
"All the folks are looking?" she exclaimed, "and you'll soon be laughing before it comes," says one. This is, however, an indefinite sign. The devastation lining its track certainly proves that "you feel it." "It comes." "One of these typhoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful, and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds shimmering anemones hawk's quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinal twitter in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees and gently swings the surly oranges. Clouds of gulls soar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sandbars, at low tide, are covered with pensiveness and wilets. The droopy roof of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden sheen. Almost imperceptibly the wind may die away. Cries of terns and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mud hens of the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows hazy, and the eastern horizon is milky white. Fiftal gusts begin to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moon, come from the ocean, smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast, and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. Within fifteen miles there is a gale, and soon the full force of the hurricane is felt. Great eagles and pelicans are swept through the heavens utterly powerless. Sparrows and other small birds are lashed to death by leafless twigs, and the torn bodies of snowy herons and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the live oak and cypress trees. All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The limbs of willows and clematis snap like cow-whips. Lofly palm-trees bend their heads to the ground, their great fans turned inside out like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol shot. Orange groves are ripped into shaggy strings. The leaves of the scraggy scrub on the beach are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little bushes. The tough saw-palmetto is blown as flat as a northern wheatfield, and the dead grass of the savanna lashed into fine dust. Boards in the surf are struck by the wind, and sent spinning hundreds of feet into the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sited through pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the main land, and comes up between the cracks of the floor like steam. These hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the lulls rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away whatever is loose, and flooding the low country for miles. The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast and floods the interior and other parts of the island. The damage done after the storm, cent-roads and jib-stays are found in spruce pines, and dead-ends and dead-ends are destroyed, fences swept away, and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to repair damages.  
Mrs. Galine's Alligator Story.  
Mrs. Galine, surrounded by a group of interested listeners in the parlor of the hotel, was laughing and carrying on as merrily as a girl of sixteen, telling strange anecdotes of her most strange and romantic career.  
"Is that so?" said a person in the circle repeatedly.  
"I never heard anyone say 'Is that so,' without thinking of an alligator story," said the little woman. "Have any of you ever heard it?"  
"Well—a ridiculous stranger was going down the Red River in the small packet that navigates that stream. The man encased himself in the pilot house and kept up a continual volley of interrogatives."  
"Are there many alligators in this stream, stranger?"  
"Hundreds of them; indeed, I may say millions of them."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life, sir. One time we were running a race, and everything was excitement. To our surprise, the other boat passed. 'Throw over the lines,' said the captain. The lines were thrown overboard and the alligators took the lines and they just made tracks, and they shot ahead of the other boat and ran our boat down the stream so fast that in five minutes we were out of sight."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life. Another time, the boat struck on a bar. We worked and worked, but she didn't move a peg. 'Throw over the lines,' said the captain. The lines were tossed into the water, and the alligators seized them, and drew us off as slick as the skin on a boiled potato."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life. One time we were running a race, and everything was excitement. To our surprise, the other boat passed. 'Throw over the lines,' said the captain. The lines were thrown overboard and the alligators took the lines and they just made tracks, and they shot ahead of the other boat and ran our boat down the stream so fast that in five minutes we were out of sight."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life. R. ad about George Washington and the hatchet early in my infantile career." The story told in Mrs. Galine's rapid and dramatic manner brought down the house.

Hurricanes in Florida.  
On the approach of autumn the Floridian quakes with apprehension. It is the dread season of hurricanes. Tearing through the West Indies, they often strike the coast with deadly effect. With scarcely a moment's warning, houses are overthrown, salt-beds blown from the water, and orange groves swept bare of leaves and fruit. Some of the old settlers say that they can detect signs of the storm a day before it breaks upon them. "You feel it in the air long before it comes," says one. This is, however, an indefinite sign. The devastation lining its track certainly proves that "you feel it." "It comes." "One of these typhoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful, and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds shimmering anemones hawk's quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinal twitter in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees and gently swings the surly oranges. Clouds of gulls soar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sandbars, at low tide, are covered with pensiveness and wilets. The droopy roof of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden sheen. Almost imperceptibly the wind may die away. Cries of terns and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mud hens of the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows hazy, and the eastern horizon is milky white. Fiftal gusts begin to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moon, come from the ocean, smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast, and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. Within fifteen miles there is a gale, and soon the full force of the hurricane is felt. Great eagles and pelicans are swept through the heavens utterly powerless. Sparrows and other small birds are lashed to death by leafless twigs, and the torn bodies of snowy herons and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the live oak and cypress trees. All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The limbs of willows and clematis snap like cow-whips. Lofly palm-trees bend their heads to the ground, their great fans turned inside out like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol shot. Orange groves are ripped into shaggy strings. The leaves of the scraggy scrub on the beach are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little bushes. The tough saw-palmetto is blown as flat as a northern wheatfield, and the dead grass of the savanna lashed into fine dust. Boards in the surf are struck by the wind, and sent spinning hundreds of feet into the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sited through pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the main land, and comes up between the cracks of the floor like steam. These hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the lulls rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away whatever is loose, and flooding the low country for miles. The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast and floods the interior and other parts of the island. The damage done after the storm, cent-roads and jib-stays are found in spruce pines, and dead-ends and dead-ends are destroyed, fences swept away, and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to repair damages.  
Mrs. Galine's Alligator Story.  
Mrs. Galine, surrounded by a group of interested listeners in the parlor of the hotel, was laughing and carrying on as merrily as a girl of sixteen, telling strange anecdotes of her most strange and romantic career.  
"Is that so?" said a person in the circle repeatedly.  
"I never heard anyone say 'Is that so,' without thinking of an alligator story," said the little woman. "Have any of you ever heard it?"  
"Well—a ridiculous stranger was going down the Red River in the small packet that navigates that stream. The man encased himself in the pilot house and kept up a continual volley of interrogatives."  
"Are there many alligators in this stream, stranger?"  
"Hundreds of them; indeed, I may say millions of them."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life, sir. One time we were running a race, and everything was excitement. To our surprise, the other boat passed. 'Throw over the lines,' said the captain. The lines were thrown overboard and the alligators took the lines and they just made tracks, and they shot ahead of the other boat and ran our boat down the stream so fast that in five minutes we were out of sight."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life. Another time, the boat struck on a bar. We worked and worked, but she didn't move a peg. 'Throw over the lines,' said the captain. The lines were tossed into the water, and the alligators seized them, and drew us off as slick as the skin on a boiled potato."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life. One time we were running a race, and everything was excitement. To our surprise, the other boat passed. 'Throw over the lines,' said the captain. The lines were thrown overboard and the alligators took the lines and they just made tracks, and they shot ahead of the other boat and ran our boat down the stream so fast that in five minutes we were out of sight."  
"Is that so, stranger?"  
"Never told a lie in my life. R. ad about George Washington and the hatchet early in my infantile career." The story told in Mrs. Galine's rapid and dramatic manner brought down the house.