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A DREAM OF THE SEA.

I saw the sea in a dream—
Such a great, wide, desolate sea—
Roofed by a dome of blank dead sky,
Walled by blank cliffs that towered as high,
With seabirds, like phantoms, hovering by.

I heard its terrible voice
As it spread its long white arms,
Catching and clutching at the shore,
And falling backwards evermore
With a hollow moan and an angry roar.

Slowly, slowly it crept
To my feet with a cruel smile;
The seabirds mocked and shrieked at me—
Whither, oh, whither could I flee
From the icy clasp of that awful sea?

I looked on the stony cliff,
And then to a pitiless sky;
There was no help, no succour—none!
Never before had I guessed or known
The meaning of that dread word "Alone!"

No blessed human sound,
No faintest glimpse of God's sun!
Is it the night, or is it day?
I could not move, nor think, nor pray,
But stared at Death, on the waters gray;

Coming stealthily near,
Till his dank breath was on my face;
And far away a lurid glow
Like lightning glimmered to and fro—
The gates of Hell swung open slow!

O terrible realm of Death!
O vision wild of Despair!
Not, save in dreamland, can there be,
Neither in time nor eternity,
Such a dismal shore—such a fearful sea!

THE RIVALS.

It was young Count Linden's twenty-first birthday, and a grand fancy-ball was being given in his honor at his father's country-house in Schloss Marburg, in Westphalia. The fine old mansion was a blaze of light, the scent of flowers hung heavy in the air though it was mid-winter, the music would have inspired a hermit to dance, and the portraits of dead and gone Lindens looked down from their frames upon as motley a throng of fairies, demons, knights and ladies as had ever assembled in the lofty rooms. Among the cavaliers, every one noticed Conrad von Rosenhain, a handsome young fellow of two-and-twenty, straight and lithe, who, in his costume borrowed from the Court of Louis XV., attracted the brightest eyes in the room. He wore a doublet of purple velvet, lilac silk stockings, shoes of white kid, a velvet cloak lined with white satin, a plumed hat, and a jeweled sword; and, though he seemed unconscious enough, the vain young fellow was enjoying immensely the sensation he made.

The fourth quadrille was under way, and Conrad, with a pretty little Alsatian peasant as partner, was trying his wit against hers, to the amusement of all who overheard. But to the young knight's flow of repartee there came presently a sudden chilling shock; midway in the dance some one tapped him on the shoulder and said, in a sepulchral whisper—

"Make yourself scarce as soon as possible; you have a long rip in the back of your stocking!"

The horror of that moment was overwhelming for Conrad von Rosenhain—he, the hero of the ball, changed to an object of ridicule, if any one were rude enough to laugh! If he had only an overcoat or a shawl to hide himself under—anything rather than that foolish little cloak hanging to one shoulder and the slashed unmentionables stopping far above his knees. His mirth vanished, and the little Alsatian girl looked piqued, and shrugged her pretty shoulders because her last sally of wit fell upon unheeding ears. Her cavalier sneaked through the remainder of the quadrille more like a whipped hound being put through a trick than a gay courtier, and at its conclusion he vanished with the briefest possible apology.

Raging at the flimsy products of all modern looms, Von Rosenhain dashed through the heavy silk *portieres* in search of some one to restore order to his toilet. It was a big rent, and he wondered that the people in the ball-room restrained their merriment as well as they did. They were probably laughing at him now, confound them! A man in livery told him that by going to the end of a long corridor and pushing open a certain door he would find one of the lady's-maids, who would take the necessary stitches in the unlucky stocking.

Following the man's directions, Von Rosenhain found himself at length in a large dimly-lighted apartment, hung at one end with half-drawn curtains, through which a light gleamed. He advanced quietly, and was about to speak, when surprise at the tableau before him silenced him. The lovely girl sitting with the light glinting on her fair hair was no lady's-maid; in her light blue velvet dress, with soft old lace about the neck and sleeves, she seemed more like a young princess. Nor were her surroundings out of keeping with her appearance. The walls of the little boudoir were hung with pinkish flowered silk, rare Turkish mats covered the polished floor, there were luxuriously-cushioned divans, and the low chair in which the girl sat was a quaint fancy in leopard skin, with silver claws for feet. She looked not more than sixteen, or perhaps younger, and the face bending over a mass of embroidery-silks on the table at her side was the loveliest Conrad had ever seen.

"I have mistaken the room," he said to himself, "and had better take myself off as quietly as possible."

But, as he turned, he slipped and nearly fell, and the girl startled looked up frightened.

"Pray do not be alarmed," said Conrad, advancing. "I was sent in search of a maid who would mend a rent in my dress; but I must have mistaken the man's directions."

"No, there is no mistake—I sent my maid to bed half an hour ago, as she had a bad headache. Perhaps I could remedy the defect in your dress," the girl returned, with a charming smile.

"Oh, no; not for worlds would I trouble you! I will go in search of some one else," said Conrad, with something like a blush.

But the pretty little fairy would not hear of his going, and, almost before he realized what she was doing, she had threaded a needle with a bit of lilac silk and had dropped upon her knees before him on the wolf's skin upon which he stood. Deftly and quickly she mended the rent in the much-reviled stocking, and rose lightly to her feet, scarcely touching Conrad's arm offered in assistance.

"I am very much obliged to you," began the young man, in earnest tones, "and I——"

"Oh, never mind thanks for such a trifle! Any one would have done as much. Now you may go back to the little Alsatian peasant with whom you have been flirting all the evening."

Von Rosenhain seemed in no hurry to go.

"So you have seen me before my appearance here this evening? Surely I see you for the first time now?" he said wonderingly.

"Yes, I was among the lookers-on in the gallery, near the musicians, and I watched you particularly during the hour that I was allowed to stay. My aunt declares that I am too young to appear at the ball as a guest—do you not think it a shame? I shall be sixteen next birthday, and I love dancing!"

"It is an unpardonable shame!" exclaimed Conrad excitedly, as he looked into her plaintive violet eyes, dewy with tears. "I will go and beg your aunt to let you come. Describe her to me, and I will search till I find her."

"Pray do nothing of the kind, Herr von Rosenhain," said the girl, laying her pretty hand on Conrad's sleeve; the whole household would be scandalized if it knew that you had visited me here. It is kind of you—very kind—to interest yourself in me; but is too late now."

"I must do as you wish, of course," returned Conrad reluctantly. "However it flatters me that you cared to discover my name."

"You would like to know mine, I suppose," she said, with a saucy smile; "but I am not going to tell it to you. Call me Penelope, or one of the Fates, or any one who sits working busily while others are amusing themselves, and weave some kind of interesting romance about me. Now leave me, I beg of you. I hope you will enjoy the remainder of the ball, and I am very glad I have been of service to you."

"I thank you heartily," said Conrad, pressing one of her soft white hands gallantly to his lips.

Upon his return to the ball-room the festivity seemed to have lost all its charm for Conrad von Rosenhain; the guests' voices were noisy and discordant compared with the low girlish tones to which he had just been listening, and there was not a face in all the throng that did not pale before the delicate loveliness of the one he had seen bending over the heap of colored silks in the little boudoir. He sauntered alone about the conservatories and ante rooms for the remainder of the evening, asking himself who the lovely little fairy could be whom fate had thrown in his way; he dared not inquire without acting contrary to her wishes that their interview should remain a secret—and her wish was law.

The next day was a dark one for Schloss Marburg; the news spread like wildfire that the Countess Linden was stricken down with a violent fever, and the frightened guests were begged to disperse with all possible haste. Von Rosenhain was obliged to take his departure with the others, much though he yearned to find out who his benefactress was, of whose childish violet eyes and lovely pink-tinted face he had been dreaming ever since. It would have been heartless to pursue his investigations at such a time, and he could not stay and be a burden upon the stricken house.

A few weeks later Conrad von Rosenhain, together with many another brave youth, was called upon to assist in the defence of his fatherland against the French, and in the excitement of army life his mind had less time to dwell upon the pretty little unknown who had so fascinated him.

In an engagement near the village of Kirchfelt Lieutenant von Rosenhain was wounded in the shoulder—not severely, but enough to make him unfit for service for some weeks. As no hospital was in the neighborhood, Schloss Hohenstein, the home of a certain Baron von Remsthal, was chosen as quarters for the invalid, and thither Von Rosenhain was sent to await recovery.

Schloss Hohenstein was a fine old mansion rapidly falling into decay; the shrubberies were tangled and unkempt, the statues crumbled unheeded. And within doors the desolation was nearly as great—the once beautiful furniture and tapestries were worm-eaten and in tatters. Moreover, there were very few servants; and rumors reached Conrad's ears of the Baron von Remsthal's being deeply involved in debt.

One bright sunny day, as Conrad was walking in the garden, rejoicing at the thought of soon being able to rejoin his regiment, some one advanced towards him whom he had not seen before at Schloss Hohenstein—a graceful young girl in a pretty fur-trimmed dress, her cheeks flushed with the cold crisp air. Surely he had seen those eyes before? Was he dreaming, or was this really the same mysterious fairy who had mended his stocking at the fancy-ball?

"Good morning, Lieutenant von Rosenhain!" she said, with the lovely smile he remembered so well. "I am so glad you are well enough to be out again. I have inquired for you every day, but have not had the pleasure of seeing you before. I hope you have not forgotten me."

"Never!" declared Conrad, retaining the little hand so frankly proffered him.

"How odd that we should meet again quite by chance! But you do not know me. I must introduce myself now, because I am your hostess. I am Daphne von Remsthal, and I live here with my father."

"So at last I know the name of the fair unknown who helped me out of my very unpleasant predicament at Count Marburg's ball. It is a question that I have asked myself in vain thousands of times since."

It was astonishing how much these two who had never met before but once found to say to each other in the old garden, and the summons to luncheon came all too soon. From this day on the invalid soldier found nothing so beneficial for his health as a stroll in the shrubbery, even when the weather seemed to others unpropitious; and Daphne, as hostess, could not but chat with her guest when they met.

The two were sitting one day near an old moss grown sun-dial at the end of the garden walk, and a very pretty tableau they made—she with a bright color in her cheeks, her light curly hair tossed about her forehead, and her eyes like diamonds, and he with enough pallor, the result of his illness to lend a new interest to his face, and his fine figure set off by his uniform. Daphne had gathered a tiny bunch of winter violets, and was showing her treasures to Conrad, who bent his head over hers to see them, when both were startled by a voice saying, in not the gentlest of tones—

"Lieutenant von Rosenhain, you are very imprudent to sit in this damp garden while you are still an invalid. Daphne, you will accompany me to the house, as Fraulien Lindes your governess, seems to have deserted you."

Daphne arose with a frightened look in her eyes, and took her father's arm; for it was the old Baron who had so ruthlessly broken in upon her *tete-a-tete* with Conrad.

The next day Lieutenant von Rosenhain took his stroll in the garden alone. Towards evening he was requested to honor Baron von Remsthal with a visit in his study. The Baron received the young man with elaborate politeness, and proceeded to tell him that a summons had come for him to rejoin his regiment; he would regret losing so agreeable a guest from his house, but it could not be helped.

"By-the-way," continued the old man, "it would perhaps interest you to hear that my daughter Daphne is about to be betrothed to a distant cousin of mine, Hugo von Pleyel, a man considerably her senior, but of excellent character, and possessed of a handsome fortune. It is an unspeakable relief to me to know that my child's future is secure."

Von Rosenhain's congratulations, which he felt called upon to make, died upon his lips. Every word the old Baron said was a cruel blow to hopes he had ventured to cherish. He took leave of his host as soon as possible, and began pacing up and down the avenue, a victim to the gloomiest of thoughts. That he loved Daphne with all his heart and soul he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, and from an occasional glance and word of hers he allowed himself to hope that she cared for him. But alas for the fond dreams of either now! He, a young officer, with no other property in the world than his horse and sword, could ill offer himself as rival to the rich Baron von Pleyel when the Von Remsthals were on the verge of bankruptcy. How the young man hated this stranger who was to bear off the prize he so yearned for!

As Conrad strode past a half-ruined summer-house standing a little back from the avenue, the sound of smothered sobbing reached his ear. In another moment he stood in the little arbor, clasping both Dapne's hands in his, and looking down into her tear-brimming eyes with a world of love and pity in his own.

"Am I not to congratulate you on your engagement?" he asked, with a bitter ring in his voice.

"Oh, no, no! I am so unhappy. But what can I do? We are very poor—almost on the verge of want—and I cannot disappoint my father.

"Do you love any one else?" Conrad asked, eagerly watching her face.

For reply she leaned her pretty head upon his shoulder, and the young soldier knew the truth.

The next day Lieutenant von Rosenhain took his departure. His heart was heavy at the thought that he would perhaps never see Daphne again; but the memory that she loved him awakened a song of triumph within him, hopeless though their love was.

* * *

There had been a sharp engagement between French and Prussians on the outskirts of the little village of Apfeldorf, and the contending parties hovered still about the place for another attack on the morrow. At nightfall lieutenant von Rosenhain and a few other officers and men gathered round a meagre camp-fire to try to snatch a few hours' sleep.

"It is a pity we can have no better fire on this bitter cold night; go to the house yonder, Wilhelm, and see if you can find any fuel," said one of the officers.

The man took a lantern and went towards the deserted-looking building standing in its own grounds, the abandoned home of some rich family. He returned with his arms full of books.

"The place has been plundered, sir, of everything but these; but they will make a fine fire."

As no one objected, the soldier flung the armful of books upon the dying flames.

"Bring more—the idea is not bad;" and soon the camp-fire burned merrily, fed by scores of priceless old volumes.

"A pity—a great pity; but our men cannot freeze," said a man, lying wrapped in his cloak, near Von Rosenhain. He had curiously piercing dark eyes, and a mustache nearly white; but his figure was lithe and active as any youth's.

Von Rosenhain watched him narrowly, and wondered that he had not seen him before.

Presently Conrad leaned forward, and with his sabre idly raked a little vellum-bound book towards him out of the burning pile. It was a volume of Dante's Inferno with the date 1530. On the fly-leaf were these words in faded ink—"*Daphne, de son ami Louis.*"

"Daphne," said Conrad, half to himself—"an unusual name, and a very pretty one too."

"I am glad you like it," observed the dark eyed stranger at his side; "it is the name of the girl who is to be my wife."

Conrad looked at the man in silence. The idea took sudden possession of him that his hated rival was before him; but he could not bear to hear the truth from the man's own lips.

On the first opportunity that offered, he asked one of the men who the tall officer was with the eagle eyes and gray mustache.

"That is Colonel Hugo von Pleyel," was the reply.

The next night it was necessary to send an important message to a certain point three miles distant. The way lay through the village, and was dangerous, as many French soldiers were skulking about. Conrad von Rosenhain was chosen as one messenger, and oddly enough it fell to the lot of Colonel von Pleyel to accompany him.

At dark the two men set forth on their dangerous errand, the elder knowing little of the hate for him in the younger one's breast. On the way they spoke little, and followed each other in the darkness as well as they could. Passing through a narrow gateway at the end of the village street, Von Rosenhain's sword slipped and struck on the ground.

"Who goes there?" called a gruff voice in French, followed by the sharp report of a musket.

"Foolish fellow to waste his bullet aiming in the dark!" said Conrad to himself.

Outside the village the danger was over, and Von Rosenhain, having wandered out of hearing of his companion, hurried on alone, delivered his message, and returned to the camp. The next morning, on inquiring for Colonel von Pleyel, Conrad heard to his astonishment that he had not returned. Wondering, he set out again over the road that they had traversed together on the previous evening, and, as he neared the little gate at the end of the deserted street, he saw to his surprise Colonel von Pleyel sitting on a bench beside a cottage.

"We were wondering at your absence, Colonel," he was about to say, but the words froze on his lips. Hugo von Pleyel was stone-dead, shot through the brain.

Von Rosenhain remembered with a shock the striking of his sabre on the ground, the challenge of the French soldier, and the bullet fired. That bullet had struck down the man whom he hated above all others on earth. He had fallen upon the stone bench without a cry, and, supported by the wall of the house, had sat in ghastly silence ever since.

A successor was needed to fill the post of the lamented Colonel von Pleyel, and to Conrad von Rosenhain's delight it was offered to him as a reward for his past bravery. The first person to whom the young man wrote of his advancement was the Baron von Remsthal, and the letter contained a formal request for the hand of his daughter Daphne in marriage. Daphne herself replied with a happy glowing letter; and when the summer came the soldier-lover claimed his bride. Daphne in her orange-blossoms was "beautiful as an angel," the neighbors said.

How Magna Charta was Obtained.

The Barons of England excited by a sense of their wrongs and the wrongs of their kingdom, took an oath before the high altar, in the presence of the Primate, to stand by each other in defense of their rights, and make war upon the King until he should grant their just demands for liberty and law. Yielding to the determined and united force of the Barons in arms, John asked for a conference at Runnymede. Magna Charta was the result of this conference. The name of Stephen Langton is the first mentioned in the body of the charter among the peers to whom its grants are made, and his name is the first among the witnesses to the royal signature. The formation of the Baronial league which assembled in arms to demand the charter was his work. Was not the preparation of the charter itself also his work? We know that his learning exceeded that of any man in England of his day. We know that he possessed the only copy of the charter of Henry that could then be found in the kingdom, and we know that the rough and hardy Barons were neither men of letters nor learning. Do we not, then, owe this great charter of the liberties of the English people to the hand and the brain of a Cardinal Archbishop of the Catholic Church? It is true that this great man subsequently incurred the temporary displeasure of Pope Innocent, and was called to Rome, where the diplomatic and artful representatives had deceived the Papal Court in reference to the condition of England and the doings of its Sovereign, and thereby induced the Holy See to visit spiritual condemnation upon the Barons in their war against the King to maintain the charter they had wrested from him. But it is equally true that the misrepresentations of the envoys of John were successfully corrected by Langton, and he returned to England to resume his functions, and, having revoked the spiritual condemnation, subsequently caused the same charter to be three times solemnly confirmed and ratified by the English Sovereign.

"A late historian of England, in speaking of the services of this distinguished man, says: 'As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobold had rescued England from the lawlessness of Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John.' For many years after the execution of this great charter a solemn ceremonial took place every six months in the great hall of Westminster, designed for the purpose of impressing upon the Sovereign and the legislators of England the obligation to observe its provisions.

"Bishops adorned with their pontifical robes and bearing lighted tapers in their hands pronounced, in the presence of the King and the representatives of England, a curse against any one who should break any of the provisions of the charter. The curse was well calculated to impress the mind, and its terms illustrate the devotion of the prelates to English liberty. Its language was: 'By the authority of Almighty God and the blessed Apostles and martyrs and all the saints in Heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word or counsel, do make statutes or *observe them being made* against the said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of Heaven, from the sacraments of the Holy Church."

A Good Story.

One day Bismarck went out snipe shooting with a friend. They had to traverse a quagmire into which his companion, a short, stout, ponderous gentleman, sunk up to his armpits. After struggling in vain to extricate himself, he yelled for help to drag him out of the vile bog hole, the muck of which was fast raising to his mouth and nose. "My beloved friend," answered Bismarck, with the utmost calm, "you will never be able to scramble out of that hole, and it is quite impossible to save you. But I'll tell you what, my boy, I'll spare you a filthy and protracted death agony by shooting you through the head." "Are you beside yourself?" screamed the other, making frantic efforts to wriggle out of the swamp. "I don't want either to suffocate or to be shot." Raising his gun to his shoulder, and taking careful aim. Bismarck replied in mournful accents, "Keep still for one second. It will soon be over. Farewell, dear friend. I will tell your wife of your last moments." Stimulated to superhuman exertions by the danger threatening him, the unlucky sportsman contrived to wrench himself out of the mud and crawl on all fours to terra firma. As soon as he felt himself safe, he burst, of course, into a torrent of violent reproaches. Bismarck, smiling, listened to him a while, then simply remarking: "You see I was right, every one for himself," turned his back on his infuriated companion and strolled off to look after more snipe.

Two Trees.

A curious tree, or rather two trees grown together at the base and separated twelve feet from the ground, is seen a short distance from the trail leading from the Sierra Valley to Weber Lake, Cal. One of these trees is a spruce and the other a cedar. They are firmly united, and the diameter at the point of junction is nearly four feet. It is said that at a distance of a quarter of a mile, standing out in bold relief, the letters "A. E.," in Gothic form, connected by a character resembling an "&," may be seen. Upon closer inspection no trace can be found of the letters.

How Music Boxes are Made.

The rosewood music box that the dealer raised the lid of with a confident air after inserting a key at one end and turning it a few times, was of the shape and dimensions of a small trunk.

"That is undoubtedly," he said, "the most perfect mechanical music box in this country. It was made in our factory in Sainte Croix, Switzerland, under several recent patents, which make it much superior to instruments of this kind as ordinarily constructed. The price, too, is very low, only $1,500. Is that the highest-priced instrument we have? Yes. We do not keep higher-priced instruments in stock. We only make them to order. We have got as high as $6,000 for a box but the music produced was not so perfect as this, because the instrument lacked the patented improvements which this has. This has a regular set of reeds, with a mechanical arrangement producing an almost perfect imitation of the human voice, together with bells, drums, castanets, and the harp, all of which are used with the finest orchestral effect. Besides, by means of interchangeable cylinders, the number of tunes may be increased to any extent the owner may desire, so that if he tires of one set of tunes by a trifling expenditure he can get another—in fact as many additional sets as he chooses, embracing tunes of his own selection or ours, whichever he may prefer. This box plays forty-eight airs without change of cylinder. Rather high-priced music, you think? Not at all, when you come to consider the quality and amount of labor involved in the construction of these instruments, the mechanism of which is as intricate, in expensive boxes, as that of the watch. Indeed, about the same amount of mechanical skill is required in their construction as is needed in making and putting together the delicate machinery of a fine watch. Our different grades are the ordinary box, with no accompaniment, and those with bells, castanets, drums, zither, piccolo, etc., producing the finest results in expression and harmony. Indeed, the harmony produced by some of our expensive boxes reaches the sublime in point of musical expression.

We employ in our factory in Switzerland about 800 skilful artisans. Our instruments are shipped to all parts of the world, the instruments playing the favorite airs of each country to which they are sent. We manufacture both small and large boxes. Prices range from a dollar up to $6,000, or more if a purchaser desires. The musical mechanism of these boxes is also placed in many fancy articles, made chiefly in France and Germany, such as albums, work boxes, cigar cases, writing desks, clocks, jewelry cases, etc. In clocks the air is played when the hour strikes. We place the mechanism also in chairs, which play when you sit down upon them, automatic figures, mechanical toys, etc. This mechanism, although requiring great skill in its construction, is simple in ordinary boxes. It consists of a brass roller with projecting points, a steel comb, the teeth of which gives the sounds, a spring to give the revolving motion to the cylinder, and a fly wheel or fan to regulate the revolving motion. The rough parts used in the construction of a music box, such as the bed plate, the blank roller, the main spring, the comb, the running gear, etc., are made in large machine shops in Switzerland, which furnish these parts to all the manufacturers there. There are only two of those shops that turn out really good works in the shape of rough parts. The music has first to be arranged for the boxes by thorough musical artists. The cylinder is then given to a person—generally a woman—who, with the aid of the written music and a very ingenious machine, marks the places on the cylinder where the points are to be inserted. Another person then drills all the little holes and another inserts the points. The cylinder is then filled with molten cement and then placed on a lathe and revolved very rapidly. The cement adheres to the inside surface holding the points, and is then allowed to cool. On another machine the points are filed down so as to be of equal length. While that is going on the comb is turned, the turner having first to file the teeth to give the proper flexibility. The tone is lowered by filing near the base, and heightened by filing near the point. The cylinder is set on the bed plate, and opposite it the comb is fastened, so that the points of the cylinder and the teeth of the comb exactly meet. These are the main features of the ordinary mechanical music box. Of course the construction and adjustment of the various accompaniments, etc., in the larger boxes are more complicated.

In Mexico.

Probably the largest sale of lands ever made to private purchasers on the continent was made some time ago by Mr. Lawson, of Denver, to a syndicate of English and Scotch gentlemen. The price realized was $1,000,000 and the area of the country sold was larger than some of the New England States. The possessions are situated in the States of Chihuahua and Durango, in the Republic of old Mexico. The title to the lands purchased and sold by Col. Lawson was the most ancient of any upon the American continent. This was the first transfer that had been made in two hundred years. Longer ago than that the King of Spain conveyed this tract of country to the ancestors of Don Antonio Ansunsola, where it had remained and descended from generation to generation until the present time.

More than 1,000 people as tenants, are living upon this soil and growing corn and coffee and wheat in the villages and sheep and cattle in the mountains. Col. Lawson went down to Mexico two years ago and bonded this splendid country, paying a liberal amount of money for the bond. He then went over to London and Edinburgh and formed a syndicate and effected the sale. The price realized was $1,000,000, with an additional $1,000,000 to be yet invested in cattle, blooded horses and agricultural implements.

This immense estate consists of two immense ranches, the property of Don Antonio Ansunsola, in the States of Chihuahua and Durango, Mexico. The property is contiguous, and consists of six (6) haciendas and ranches named respectively, "San Jose," "San Ysidro," "Noria," "Cienguilla," "Passida" and "Ygaesios," situated in the southern part of the State of Chihuahua, two-thirds of their area being in said State and one-third in Durango.

The area embraced by these properties is very large, being about twenty-seven Spanish leagues in length by an average width of nine leagues, or an equivalent in English measurement of seventy (70) by twenty-three (23) miles, or 1,610 square miles. The river Florida flows for a distance of twelve miles through the ranches of "San Jose" and "San Ysidro." The plains and rolling lands are covered with the finest pastures, consisting principally of black gramma grass. These two ranches have a large area of very fertile and arable land, about 12,000 acres under cultivation. The crops consist principally of Indian corn, wheat, barley, Irish and sweet potatoes. These lands will graze 100,000 head of cattle, or 300,000 head of sheep. In and to the above described six properties the company purchased two important ranches, adjacent to each other, the two different States, known in Spanish parlance as La Grande de la Estocada, or La Grande de San Anosse, and a part of the ancient Hacienda de Canos.

These last mentioned contain from 250,000 to 300,000 acres and most excellent grazing in the greatest abundance. The grasses on these are black gramma and bunch. There were also included in the sale 35,000 head of sheep, 1,300 head of unbroken horses, 300 head of saddle horses, eighty well-broken mules, 300 head of work oxen, 200 hogs, 5,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of wheat, 250 acres of seeded wheat, one-third of which is estimated at 2,000 bushels, furniture, farming tools, saddles, harness, etc. In the etc., was a new church just finished. The preacher was not included in the sale, as no sum could be agreed upon at present market value of the product. Reason, market glutted.

The purchasers, a syndicate of English and Scotch gentlemen, C. Macpherson Grant, Lord Tweedmouth, J. Dalziel and Messrs. Cran, Bruce and others, the price being £200,000 or $1,000,000. Col. Lawson, of Denver, is one of the directors. The company intend stocking the land with the finest and best breeds of English and Scotch horses and cattle, and the lands will be cultivated by skilled laborers and with improved agricultural implements.

The Mystery of Cayuga Lake.

"If you are ever drowned in Cayuga Lake, your friends need not go to the expense or trouble of dragging the lake for your body, for they'd never find it."

This was the cheerful remark made by a resident of Ithaca who has a taste for geological research and who has indulged it during the past few years in investigating the bottom of Cayuga Lake.

"From all I have been able to discover," said he, "the bottom of Cayuga Lake is a series of large openings and cavities, many of them resembling the craters of extinct volcanoes. Some of these are a hundred feet in diameter, and are all surrounded by raised rims, like the sides of a milk pan. These craters as I believe they are, lie at different depths, or rather, are of different heights. Their depth I have never been able to sound, although I have lowered many hundred feet of plumb line into them. They are undoubtedly fathomless, and have become receptacles of the bodies of the hundreds of persons who are known to have been drowned in the lake during the past half century, and of the undoubted thousand of people killed in the fierce battles that were frequently waged on the shores of the lake between hostile tribes of the 'original people' years before the white man appeared on this continent.

"It was in Cayuga Lake that the wretch Rulloff lowered the bodies of his wife and child, enclosed in a chest, after he had murdered them, twenty years ago. The weeks that were spent in dragging for the chest was time thrown away, for it had sunk into the mouth of one of these dead volcanoes, and, if it is not sinking yet, is no doubt floating about in the bottomless depths where, in ages past, fire and smoke and ashes were the dominant elements."

Price of Coins.

The progress of intelligence has affected coins in these days no less than books. It is only in the very out-of-the-way places that coins are to be picked up for a song. The chief hunting-ground, Asia Minor, is well looked after by the dealers, and the private collector has, of course, to pay them their profit. The increasing in value may be gauged by the following instance: A gold coin of Mithridates, the size of our half sovereign, fetched 25 guineas in 1777. In 1817 it came to the hammer, and was knocked down at £80 to a well-known collector. Unfortunately for him a duplicate soon afterward appeared in a safe and he had to pay £90 for that. Later on still a third turned up, and that fell to his bid at £100. Yet a fourth came to light in 1840. The owner of the three bid up to £110, but had to give in to a bid of £113 from a rival. Fancy his feelings! The rare brass medallions of Commodus, intrinsic value 2d. or 3d. fetch up to £30, and the large pieces of Syracuse, the finest coins perhaps that we know of, regularly run up to £50 and £60. It is evident, therefore, that it is not every one who can indulge the passion for coin collecting.

An Ancient Trapper.

Up a tributary of the Pend d'Oreille river, on which is situated Thompson's Falls, is a Frenchman named Baptiste Duchrane. He is 103 years of age, and first saw a railroad car last fall, when a train crossed the Coriacan defile, over which is the highest wooden bridge in the world. This man has a half-blood daughter at Fort Corville 70 years old, of whom he always speaks of as "my baby." Duchrane was a member of Col. Ashley's expedition in 1802, and trapped for the company all that season. After that he trapped and sold furs to both the Hudson Bay and American Fur companies. He ascended the Yellowstone river in 1804 and saw the geysers, but, like the other trappers who saw portions of the wonderful scenery of the Park, he was more interested in furs than scenery, and never told any capable writer of what he saw.

Independence.

A bronze tablet has been placed upon the front of the new Penn National Bank Building, Market and Seventh streets, Philadelphia, Pa., bearing the inscription: "On this site originally stood the dwelling in which Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence, which was adopted by the Continental Congress in this city, July 4, 1776. Erected 1775; removed, 1884." The question whether Jefferson drafted the document in the corner house or in the one adjoining on the west is still a matter of dispute, but as the bank building covers both lots, the accuracy of the inscription on the tablet is not disputed.

Life in a Far-Away Place.

Far up the ancient river Halys, on either side, is many a village where almost every house has a man at work in Constantinople; for the farming of these villages is just as ancient as the river, and needs outside help to hold its own year by year. And as there is no bank in Anatolia and no system of postal notes, sometimes from 5 to 10 per cent. of the hamal's earnings is consumed by the sharp politzadji for transferring the remainder from Constantinople to the old home.

These Armenian women and girls, which they left behind them, are usually robust, as well as the men. Indeed, any one born there with frail constitution dies before long running this gauntlet of infantile disease and exposure, so that only the strong are left. And the twopence worth per day on which they live, of coarse bread and curds, or hulled wheat and simple soups, helps to develop beautiful teeth and bones, good digestion and iron muscles. Some years ago an American doctor, practicing in Sivas, told me it was not at all uncommon for a village woman to take her child, one or two days old, on her back and walk three miles to town to inquire of him if everything was all right with them. But when the doctor asked one of them, "Why don't you learn to read," she answered, with that peculiar shrug of her magnificent shoulder: "Ugh! You get out. What can a cow learn?" And some of them are about as awkward in handling a needle, too, as a cow would be. When a hamal, or custom-house porter, returns after years at Stamboul, he naturally brings with him new ideas. I know one who presented his wife with a full set of civilized spoons, knives and forks; but she promptly traded them off and turned again to rely solely on the great wooden spoons of her ancients and on fingers. Another steadily refused to sell his daughter till the villagers made him pay $75 for a girl his boy wanted. Others discourse learnedly on custom-house tricks and on the different European linguas. Some of them are quite eager for the mental improvement of their women and children. I visited a small village near Silvas which has a good school for both sexes, supported entirely by the interest on money contributed by its own citizens working in Stamboul. Some time ago strolling into an Armenian village church, I took a secluded corner and heard sentiments in the address of the bishop there which ten years ago would have been considered rank heresy, worthy only an American missionary. Among other excellent things the bishop said: "Educate every one of your girls, and simplify your weddings. Here's one of your young men, with elastic step and beaming face. He has a future of vast possibilities. Rumors of a wedding rise. The young man goes to town. At eve he returns, walking heavily. You look into his face. It is no face at all. 'What's the matter, man? Got a toothache? Your girl dead?' 'Oh, nothing, nothing,' he says, but I know he has to-day run 6,000 piastres ($250) into debt for the extravagance of one of our village weddings. A few months later for that debt he goes to Constantinople to be a slave for years, and leaves his young wife to be another here. Beloved! by your own voluntary slavery to evil custom we are becoming poorer and fewer in this progressive country.

An Animated Snow-Plough.

Some time ago a hunter known as "Uncle Bob Giddings" started up Slate river to interview a den of bears known to exist on the mountain side some distance above Cloud City. Just after passing Cloud he came upon a trail in the snow which appeared to be from ten to fifteen feet in depth. The trail was as wide as though an ox had been dragged sideways, and the snow was pressed so hard that a pony could easily have been driven over it. Bob threw away his snow shoes and followed this trail, which led along the mountain side in a northerly direction. Reaching the ruins of the bear den he found nothing but the bones of the bears left. While he stood in blank amazement his eye was directed to the valley beneath, where he saw a huge serpent making its way down Slate river until it disappeared in a fathomless lake near the ranch of Frank Nichols, some three miles from Cloud City. The terror-stricken man, on his return to town, said that the snake was all of fifty feet long. Its propelling power seemed to exist in its tail, which streamed behind several feet.

There is an old Indian tradition about this serpent and that an old Indian belonging to the Uncompahgre Ute nation, in speaking about this monster sea serpent, described it as having a neck ten feet long and as large around as the body of a pony, its head the size of a tepee and eyes like saucers, about one yard and a half apart. It lives in a subterranean passage, which has an entrance in an unexplored part of the Dark Canyon, on the opposite side of the range.

The Telephone.

A police inspector at Odessa has discovered a new use for the telephone. One day a policeman brought to the station a Jew, having in his possession a quantity of silver believed to be stolen. But as the Jew stoutly declared the metal to be his own property, the police inspector was put in a fix, from which all his cross-examination of the presumed thief failed to extricate him. At last a bright idea struck him. He went to the telephone in the adjoining room, and, mentioning to the officials at the police master's office what had happened, instructed them to utter in solemn tones, on a signal being given, the words, "Itsno Smeliansky, it will be better for thee to confess that thou hast robbed somebody, otherwise thy punishment will inevitably more severe." Afterwards, summoning the Jew into the room, he pointed to the instrument on the wall and told him that it really did not matter whether he divulged his crime or not, as the "machine" would do it for him. At this the Jew laughed outright, while the inspector placed a sheet of paper on the table and prepared to take down the confession. When everything was ready, he told the Jew to put the tube to his ear and decide whether he would confess himself or allow the machine to do it for him. Then, giving the signal, he returned to the table, when a second or two later he had the satisfaction of seeing the Jew's face turn deadly pale at hearing the solemn advice mysteriously conveyed to him by the "machine," and of noting down directly afterwards a penitent confession from the thief's own lips.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Connecticut devotes 90,000 acres to the cultivation of the oyster.

—Parlor cars, with bay windows, are about the latest thing on wheels.

—Bear meat is a regular dish at all the hotels and restaurants in Russia.

—There are 63 lawyers practicing in Pottsville. They don't average $1,000 a year.

—The telegram overtakes twenty-nine criminals to one secured by a detective.

—The longest express run is said to be from St. Paul, Minn., to Helena, Mont., 1156 miles.

—It is proposed to make Easter Monday and Whit Monday general holidays in France.

—There are more Roman Catholics in New York city than any other city in the world.

—Twenty per cent. more cotton has been planted this year in Louisiana than during last.

—California is at present producing not far from $18,000,000 of gold and silver bullion annually.

—No less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand persons live in furnished lodgings in Paris.

—The public schools of Japan have over 2,000,000 of students, and are modeled on the American plan.

—Ten million dollars has recently been spent by the Brazilian Government on the new water supply of Rio.

—Fifteen thousand bushels of oysters were planted in Great Bay, Atlantic County, N. J., recently, in one day.

—The bridge over the Schuylkill at Royer's Ford, Pa., destroyed by fire, recently, paid a dividend of 42 per cent.

—Silver coins of the time of Elizabeth have been found in large numbers in the bed of a stream in the Island of Skye.

—At Rostov, South Russia, there is said to be a sect which gives poisonous narcotics to children as a part of its "religion."

—Ida Lewis—the American "Grace Darling"—is reported critically ill at the Lime Rocks Light House, near Newport.

—A Venetian gondola, with native gondoliers, is now a poetic feature of the Thames, introduced by a rich Englishman.

—The ideal ear of corn is one with twelve rows, ten or twelve inches long, uniform in size from the tip and well capped at the tip.

The State of New York, it is estimated, has about two hundred Justices of the Peace who are over seventy years of age.

—The street car drivers in New Orleans not only keep their cars clean, but are expected to furnish the polishing oils for the brasses, etc.

—Japan is said to have the cheapest postal service in the world, letters being conveyed all over the empire for about 1½ cents of our money.

—Austria has no less than eighty-four trade schools, in which stone cutting, carpentry and numerous other trades and industries are taught.

—Preparations are being made at Brandon, in Coos county, Oregon, to destroy the sea lions, which are a great detriment to the fishing interests on the Coquille.

—At the present rate of consumption and destruction, it is estimated that the pine forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan will cease to exist in a few years.

—To prevent the spread of