

THE ISLE OF TERROR.

SUCH IS USHANT, WHERE THE DRUMMOND CASTLE WENT DOWN.

Though the Place Has a Bad Name, the People Are Honest and Generous—Noted Events of Which History Treats Have Happened in Its Vicinity.

Ushant, the island upon whose outlying reefs the steamer Drummond Castle ran, sinking three minutes afterward and carrying down every soul on board, except three, lies off the north-west extremity of France and forms the corner around which vessels from the south turn into the English channel after crossing the bay of Biscay. "Ushant" is the Anglicized form of "Ouessant," the French name. Many call the island "Uxantis," and the Britons know it as "Enez Henusa," which means "The Isle of Terror." It well deserves the Celtic name.

The inhabitants of Ushant are a hardy race, the men all fishermen and seamen, the women all tillers of the rocky soil. The latter on high days and holidays still often display their ancient costume, with its flat coif, which strikingly recalls the feminine headgear of southern Italy, and whence their dark hair streams in freedom below their waists. Within the last quarter of a century a breed of ponies still roamed in semi-wildness over a large part of the island, and for centuries the inhabitants themselves were looked upon as savages. Debarred, often for long weeks at a time, from any intercourse with the mainland, they certainly led very primitive lives. But at the same time they preserved the primitive virtues, and honesty and hospitality have ever been articles of faith among them.

Losing year by year, with unfailing regularity, a score or two of their own kith and kindred in the treacherous waters around their isle, their sympathies have always been with those whom shipwreck has imperiled. Several of the Breton islands have notoriously harbored communities of wreckers, but the people of Ushant have again and again distinguished themselves by their efforts to save distressed vessels or their crews.

Whenever one of the islanders is lost at sea, a touching ceremony, called "the proelia" is performed. The relatives and friends of the deceased carry to his house a small wooden cross, over which the clergy repeat the prayers for the dead, as if this symbol were the corpse itself. Then the cross bearer, who, whenever practicable, is the godfather of the defunct (this again a touching instance of symbolism), incloses it in a coffer, and, followed by all the mourners, deposits it at the foot of a statue of St. Pol Aurelien, the patron of the isle. A few years ago a hundred or so of these coffers could be seen assembled around the statue.

Ushant is known to history. As early as 1388 an English expedition landed on the island and ravaged it with fire and sword. Then, in 1778, its waters witnessed the much criticized naval engagement between Keppel and d'Orvilliers, which English histories usually describe as a drawn battle, whereas the French invariably claim it as a decisive victory. Finally, 16 years later, Ushant saw the "glorious first of June," when Lord Howe certainly shattered the French ships of war commanded by Villaret-Joyeuse, but at the same time signally failed to prevent the large fleet of French merchantmen, on whose arrival France depended for means to prosecute the war, from getting safely into the port of Brest.

That Ushant is, in Breton estimation, predestined to deeds of blood and death is shown by a strange rhymed proverb, which Chateaubriand quotes in his "Memoirs From Beyond the Grave," and which may be Englished thus: "He who sees Belle Isle doth see his isle; He who seeth Grot doth see his joy, but gaze on Ushant's flood, you see your blood."

Of the wild scenery around Ushant there has probably never been any better description than that given by Chateaubriand. The island is the largest and from the mainland the most distant, of those forming the archipelago to which it gives its name. Molene, the next in size, trades largely in its own soil, which on account of certain chemical properties is sought after by Breton agriculturists. Then, in addition to scores of little islets, some of them mere aits and rocks, there is Quemenez, which is about a quarter the size of Ushant, while near to the mainland is Beniquet, or the Blessed Isle, so called on account of its proximity to the Breton shore and the refuge it offers amid the most dangerous of all the adjacent reefs, that of Les Pierres Noires.

Many a stout ship and many a frail fishing boat have been shattered among these reefs, where the waters ever seethe and roar, even on calm summer days. But winter is the time to see Ushant and its neighboring isles, all bare and rugged, rising from amid the gale-lashed waves. No rock bound coast can offer a more impressive spectacle than that which the ocean then presents as it leaps in its dread, blind might around The Isle of Terror.—Westminster Gazette.

Wants It This Time.

"Hand over and be quick about it," said the "hold up" as he put a revolver to the head of the belated man.

"But you held me up last week and didn't get anything," remonstrated the victim.

"Well, hand over what I didn't get then!"—Detroit Free Press.

The 5 cent silver piece familiar to our fathers was authorized by congress April 2, 1792, and its coinage was begun the same year. Its coinage was discontinued Feb. 12, 1873.

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly. He who aspires to nothing and learns nothing is not worthy of living.—A. Helps.

He Gave His Life.

The author of "Tales of an Engineer" pays a tribute to the memory of a man of his own craft who stuck to his engine, knowing that his death alone could lessen the danger of those in his charge.

The train had crossed a bridge and was approaching a tunnel, which, being on the shadow side of the hill, looked like a great hole in the night. Nearer the engine the engineer saw a number of dark objects scattered about. In another second he discerned what these were and realized an awful danger.

As he reversed the engine and applied the airbrakes he shouted to the fireman to jump. He might have jumped himself, for he saw the danger first, but no such thought came to him. In another second the pilot was plowing through a herd of cattle asleep on the track.

If they had all been standing, he would have opened the throttle and sent them flying into the river with less risk to his train.

But they were lying down, and as they rolled under the wheels they lifted the great engine from the rails and threw her down the dump at the very edge of the river.

But so well had the faithful engineer performed his work that the train was stopped without wrecking a car. Many of the passengers were not awakened.

The trainmen came forward and found the engineer. He was able to speak to them. He knew that he had but a few minutes to live and left a loving message for his wife. Then, as if he had nothing more to say or do, he closed his eyes, folded his hands over his brave heart and without a murmur, apparently without pain, died.

People Were Allowed to Look.

The late Lord Bath was one of the first territorial magnates in the south of England to throw open his country seat to the public. Visitors have been for many years past free to walk where they please about Longleat park—which is extremely beautiful and 16 miles in circumference—and to inspect the gardens and grounds, while boats are provided for them on the large lake, which is a notable feature in the domain. The interesting house, with its pictures, library and art treasures of every description, has also been open to thousands of visitors every year.

Longleat was built during the reign of Elizabeth, and the house has never been much altered in appearance, although all kinds of improvements have been carried out. The late Lord Bath built the stables, which are very fine. One prominent feature in the park is a wooded hill which, from the magnificent prospect which it commands, is known as Heaven's gate. The Bath estates in Somersetshire and Wiltshire were in very bad order when the late owner succeeded his father in 1837, but they are now in perfect condition in all respects, and there is not a single vacant farm.—London World.

A Shrewd Market Woman.

The shrewdness and loquacity of market women—a craft numbering more members in the old world than in the new—are proverbial, and the following anecdote in Mr. Doran's book on "Table Traits" bears witness to the justice of their reputation:

A member of the sisterhood in Bristol, England, had a £10 pound Bank of England note and wished to exchange it for gold, which was then at a high premium. Accordingly she entered a bank and made known her request, to be met with instant refusal.

The quick witted woman, without exhibiting any disappointment, thereupon asked the cashier to let her have ten of the bank's £1 notes in exchange for her Bank of England. The exchange being completed, the old woman, taking up one of the provincial notes, read aloud the promise engraved upon it to pay the bearer in cash.

"Very good," said she, with a chuckle, "now gi' me gold for your note, or I'll run to the door and call out, 'Bank's broke.'"

There was no resisting this appeal, and the market woman departed in triumph.

A Reason For Not Marrying.

Pretty Teacher (severely)—Did your mother write this excuse?

Bad Boy—Yes'm.

Pretty Teacher—Humph! It looks very much like one of your scrawls.

Bad Boy—Mamma wrote it; but, please, ma'am, she had sister Jennie on one arm crying with a bumped head and brother Willie on the other with a cut finger, and a lot of sewing on her lap, and she was rocking the cradle with her knees, and she had to write with her toes.

Pretty Teacher (in the evening)—I am very sorry, Mr. Poorchap, but I have changed my mind. I shall never marry.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Gigantic Advertisement.

Near Ardenlee, Scotland, there is a wonderful advertisement, made of flower beds. The beds are each a gigantic letter 40 feet in length, the whole forming the words "Glasgow News." The total length of the line is 123 feet; area covered by the letters, 14,845 feet. The advertisement is situated on the side of a hill, and, being of bright colored flowers, can be read from a distance of 4½ miles.—St. Louis Republic.

Impossible.

"Do I understand you to say that this man never made a statement that was not true?"

"That was what I said."

The questioner laughed long and loud. "Impossible," he said. "Absurd! Preposterous! Why, he's a government weather prophet."—London Tit-Bits.

Crocodile Dying Out.

The crocodile is not as numerous in the Nile as he was in the days of the Ramesses family—in fact, he rather shuns the river now below the second cataract, on account of the annoyance inseparable from tourist traffic.

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Fine Cal. apricots 13c., or 2 cans,	25
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" Syrup, per gallon,	30
" Head rice, per lb.,	05
" Raisins, "	05
" Pure tapioca, per lb.,	05
" Tea, extra quality, per lb.,	20
" Lima beans, "	05
" Navy beans 8 lbs. 25c., 35 lbs. 1 00	
" Coffee cakes, 5 lbs.,	25
" Peas, 10 lbs.	25
Absolutely pure pepper, per lb.,	18
" " baking powder,	20

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