

THE OLYMPIUM.

Of starlit stormy years to ceaseless flow
Is mightier than man's mightiest work sub-
lime:
This shattered splendor, spared awhile by
Time,
Attests his dread victorious overthrow;
Where now thy way triumphant, and where
now,
Born in Athens's Springtime, ere her prime
Flashed conquering rays o'er Hellas' storied
clime,
Thy Temple, Zeus the Thunderer? Where art
thou?
Ye who would grasp Fame's crown, who scorn
the peace
Of lowly hearts secure, the heaven of home,
Lured by vain glitter of some golden fleece,
That mocks the winner—watch Callirhoe's
foam,
Near you wrecked shrine, achieved when wo-
worn Greece
Bowed to the sword sweep of Imperial Rome.
—C. A. Kelley in Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHADOW.

On the border line between New York
and Canada is a small sheet of water
overhung at one point by a high cliff
known as The Snuggler's Shadow, concern-
ing the origin of which name is given
the following singular story:

"What did you make of me, Burk?"
"They are a s'picious looking crowd,
and I set them down as United States
officers."

"Jes' my judgment; and I reckon the
boys had better be put on the lookout."

"Co-rect. Tell them to meet down to
Lingo's and I'll be long later. I jes'
wanter see if everything is all right at
the Horse Shoe."

"Hadn't you better take one o' the boys
'long with you? You?"

"Bak! do you think Burk Brandon
has lost the mettle of this good right
arm? No; I'll go to the Horse Shoe
alone, an' I'll come back, too, in spite of
'em hounds of the law."

He was a tall, burly framed man,
with coarse features and grizzly locks,
his ungainly form clad in a gray suit of
coarse material.

His companion, though smaller in
stature, was evidently a man of his own
stamp.

They were known as farmers by the
few settlers of that thinly populated
country, though had the truth been
known they, with half a dozen others,
followed the more hazardous and un-
lawful vocation of smuggling.

The appearance of several strange
men in that vicinity had naturally
enough aroused their fears. It had been
less than a year since some officers had
suddenly appeared searching for the
smugglers supposed to be lurking in
that locality. Though they had suc-
ceeded in throwing the officials off their
track then it would be more difficult to
do it again.

Anxious each to go his way, the pre-
cious twin separated, the younger hesi-
tating to warn their associates of the
impending danger, while the other bent
his steps toward the hiding place of
their contraband goods.

"So the hounds think to smell me
out!" muttered the smuggler chief as he
followed his way. "Well, mebbe they
will, but more'n likely they'll find that
old Burk Brandon has a keener scent
than they!" and he smiled grimly, while
a latent fire shone in his small gray
eyes.

It was already nightfall when he
reached by boat that part of the lake's
shore overlooked by granite cliffs of
considerable height, but the moon had
risen, so the smuggler was enabled to
pursue his course without difficulty.

Winding his way amid the boulders
that hemmed in his path, and then wad-
ing through a shallow pool of water, he
finally came upon a spot where the cliff
overhanging the water in a semicircle
formed a small cove which could not be
seen until fairly reached.

A narrow shelf about midway on the
side of the precipitous ascent offered a
foothold, and along this Brandon un-
hesitatingly threaded his course.

When reaching the toe of this shoe-
shaped retreat he gained an opening in
the rocky wall where the curious path-
way ended.

Entering within the dark recess he
lighted a lantern and began to examine
the place, which was in truth nearly
filled with such articles as he and his
confederates had concealed there, hop-
ing to dispose of them at their leisure.

"Poor fools!" he muttered, "to think
that I shall run the risk of staying in
these parts longer. Enough of these
valuables to make me independent and
I am off this very night! Ha! ha! some
of this old wine will clear my head for
the work before me."

Speaking thus to himself, with an oc-
casional potation of the liquor, he passed
perhaps half an hour in collecting the
treasures he wished to take away with
him. Then, with a farewell look at the
balance of their plunder, he turned to
retrace his course.

Reaching the mouth of the cavern he
found that the moon had risen above
the line of the cliff so that its mellow
light fell full upon Horseshoe cove,
lighting the place to almost midday
brilliance.

Extinguishing the light, he was about
to step out on the rocky pathway when
he started back with a low cry.

Upon the opposite wall of the cliff he
had discovered the shadowy outlines of
a man with one hand uplifted and
pointed toward him.

At first he thought the wine he had
drunk had bewildered his brain and
that the image was but a hallucination.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again
to find it still there, and after a few
minutes he was forced to believe his
sight.

"Ha! I see!" he chuckled, "tis some
one on the cliff and his shadow falls
on the rock there. Perhaps 'tis one of
the officers lookin' for me! But his shadow
has betrayed him. I'll wait till he is
gone before I venture out."

On account of a projecting rock he
could not see the pathway from his cov-
ert, and he dared not leave the cave lest
he should be discovered and fired upon
by his foes. Had he been armed with
other than a knife he would have felt

less uneasy. As it was he lay quiet
waiting for the danger to pass.

The time wore tediously away while
his gaze was riveted on the shadowy
form until his eyes became blurred and
his limbs benumbed.

To his wonder the figure continued
motionless, though once or twice he
fancied there was a slight movement.

Several times he was upon the point
of leaving the cave, trusting to escape,
but he refrained from taking the risk.

"The furies take 'em!" he muttered;
"they can shoot me down like a dog
without my liftin' a finger."

He chafed at his helpless position and
blamed himself for coming again to the
place, while, higher and higher, the
great round moon stole up the dark blue
dome of night.

Still there was no visible change in
shadow on the rock. In his bewildered
state he never realized that with the
ascent of the moon its shape would alter
and its position vary, or if he did give it
a passing thought it only served to in-
tensify the mystery and increase his
fears.

Vainly he waited for it to disappear—
waited, until his feverish vision it
grew plainer in outline, until the
shadowy limbs seemed substantial, the
body the rounded form of a living being!

"I can't stand this any longer!" he
cried at last. "I must take my chances
whatever they be."

Freeing himself of the plunder he had
hoped to take away, so that he would
not be unduly encumbered, he crept out
upon the shelf.

Not a sound broke the stillness of the
night save the ceaseless murmur of the
sea.

Now that his back was turned upon
the phantom figure, and that his hur-
ried survey of the scene discovered no
one, he moved forward with rising hope.

He had passed half of the circular dis-
tance from the cave to the end of the
narrow pathway without anything to
alarm him, though at each furtive
glance he saw the changeless shadow,
when the sound of footsteps reached his
ears.

A moment later a man's form came
around the edge of the cliff, and then a
second and a third.

With a low cry he turned to retrace
his course to the cavern, knowing that
once there he could defend himself
against a dozen, but in his excitement
he missed his foothold and, clutching in
vain upon the ledge, he went headlong
down its jagged side upon the rocks be-
low.

A piercing cry that rang far and clear
on the night air, a sullen splash in the
water and a deathlike silence followed.

The newcomers proved to be some of
his own confederates, who, anxious at
his nonappearance, had come in search
of him.

The smugglers were about to descend
to the side of their unfortunate leader
when they saw for the first time the
shadow of the cliff.

Without stopping to solve the mys-
tery they beat a hasty retreat to their
homes.

The next day it was found that the
supposed shadow was the painted figure
of a man, and, strange enough, Burk
Brandon's idiotic son had done the
work. He had come to the place in a
boat, and, having singular aptness in
this respect, had performed his self im-
posed task with remarkable faithfulness
to nature. In the glimmer of the moon-
light his father's mistake was not un-
natural, though it had cost him his life.

With the death of their chief the smug-
glers no longer continued their nefar-
ious business, so that Wiltless Jack had
unconsciously rendered an inestimable
service. That was several years since,
and though the figure has faded from
the rock, the place is known as the
Smuggler's Shadow.—George Waldo
Browne in Yankee Blade.

A Collection of Old Pipes.

I have a collection of old English pipes
of all sizes and shapes, and have supplied
my friends with specimens, which they
use not actually for pipes, but as cigar-
rette holders, and well adapted the
small bowls are for that purpose. In
my collection one may trace the history
and spread of tobacco by the gradually
increasing pipe bowl and the proportionate
diminution of the supporting heel or
spur until with present-day clays it is
a mere ornamental appendage. Soon
after smoking was introduced one writer
states that "the rich use silver pipes,
but the poor use walnut shells and
straws."

In 1573 Harrison, in his unpublished
"Chronologie," remarks that "these
daies the taking in of the smoke of the
Indian herb called Tobacco by an instru-
ment like a little ladell is gretly taken
up and used in England against
Rewmes." By 1619 there was an im-
portant industry in clay pipes, and the
manufacturers were incorporated as
"the craft of T. P. makers." Later
pipes bear trademarks and initials
stamped on the heel, thus implicating the
various origins.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Surface Transit in Montreal.

Montreal is probably worse off in the
way of internal transit facilities than
any other large city on this contin-
ent. The snowfall is so great that
three different styles of vehicles are
necessary in order to enable the company
to carry on its business. Cars are used
when the streets are free from snow,
sleighs are used during the winter, and
during the breakup in the spring, when
the slush is too deep to make clearing
the car track practicable, heavy omni-
buses are used.—Engineering News.

Cheap Signs.

A fairly cheap way of advertising
wares by sign is to have the lettering
painted right on the walls of the house.
In some cases we find large raised gold
letters fixed to the house wall. Within
late years a method of affixing white
enamel letters to the window panes has
come much into use. Very often, how-
ever, this constitutes not so much a sign
as a partial specification of the wares
for sale within.—New York Times.

Bare Books to Be Sold.

For some time past it has been rum-
ored that the famous Althorp library,
which Dibdin called the finest private
collection in the world, was about to be
sold, and now the announcement is
made upon authority. It is hoped to
sell it en bloc, but should that not be
possible it will be put up to auction.
Selling the most famous of the world's
private libraries in a lump can mean
only one thing—selling it to America.
We trust that may not happen, since
Lord Spencer's collection contains many
volumes which it is a national pride to
possess—such, for instance, as the fa-
mous "Valdarar "Boccaccio," which
Lord Blandford wrested from the sec-
ond Earl Spencer for £2,200, to be ul-
timately bought for Althorp for the baga-
telle of £750. It will be an epoch mak-
ing sale, for this great library contains
some 50,000 volumes, mostly priceless.

Scarce editions on vellum and large
paper, magnificent printing and dazzling
bindings by Padeloup and Roger Payne
—these are its glories. Many of the
books, too, have famous histories. They
have felt the touch of the Pompadour
or of Diane de Poitiers or the elegant
grasp of Francis I. There are eighty-
two out of the ninety-nine known pro-
ductions of Caixon, to say nothing of
the famous Mentz "Palter," a copy of
which has fetched £5,000. To sell the
Althorp library, indeed, is almost as
though we were to sell the rarest rarities
of the printed book department of the
British museum.—St. James' Gaz-
ette.

A Volcano at Sea.

Only last fall there was a strange oc-
currence near the island of Pantellaria,
between Sicily and Tunis, which would
have filled the imagination of a Homer
or a Virgil with pictures of a supernat-
ural monster and poetical fancy about
the extravagant doings of the deities of
the sea.

A submarine volcanic eruption oc-
curred there, and the inhabitants of the
island saw what seemed like some great
fish sporting himself in the troubled
water, while columns of smoke arose
around him.

Those who ventured near to the scene
in boats saw hot volcanic bombs, com-
posed of black scoriaeons material,
rising to the top of the water and there
running and darting about in the most
singular fashion under the impulse of
the steam which they discharged. Some
bounced more than sixty feet up into
the air as the steam exploded.

Such outbursts of heated matter from
the bed of the sea furnish perhaps an
even more impressive indication than or-
dinary volcanic eruptions do of the
strange conditions prevailing at no
great depth beneath the surface of the
earth.—Youth's Companion.

An Antidote for Mosquito Bites.

The best antidote for the bite of a
mosquito undoubtedly is ammonia,
weakened with a little water or salt
and water. Some people go so far
as to press the poison out of the bite
with some small metal instru-
ment like the point of a watch key
before applying the antidote. This pre-
vents the painful swelling that some-
times occurs. As in other cases, "one
man's meat is another man's poison,"
and the same remedy will not apply to
all individuals. Some find camphor
most efficacious, and salt and water will
not avail. Ammonia, however, seems to
be generally successful as a neutralizer
of the mosquito poison. Where there
are large quantities of mosquitoes and
no reason for their appearance is ap-
parent, it is well to look about the premises
for something which attracts them. An
uncovered barrel of rainwater will
bring them in hordes, and damp places
and stagnant pools are spots where they
delight to congregate.—Salem Gazette.

Ball Lightning.

During a severe thunderstorm Mon-
day the phenomenon of ball lightning
was seen in this village. An inspection
of the locality shows that the ball was
located between a telephone wire and a
conductor pipe about three feet distant,
and was doubtless of the nature of an
electric brush preceding the disruptive
discharge. It was of a reddish color and
exploded with a report like a musket,
but did no damage, nor was it attended
by any small perceptible to those who
saw it, although they were distant not
more than five feet.—Lyons (N. Y.) Cor.
Science.

Wagner's Son Coming Here.

Herr Siegfried Wagner, the only son
and heir of the composer, Richard Wag-
ner, and of Frau Cosima (daughter of
the Abbe Liszt), is making the modern
grand tour. Last autumn he visited
England, but letters which have just
arrived state that he is now visiting
Japan and China and will return home
to Baireuth via San Francisco. In New
York the adherents of German opera
propose to organize in his honor an im-
portant fete, in which of course his fa-
ther's music will play a prominent part
—London News.

A Double Golden Wedding.

A double golden wedding was cele-
brated a few days ago at Thompson,
Conn. The principals were Deacon and
Mrs. Hiram Arnold, of Thompson, and
Deacon and Mrs. Alvin Green, of West-
erly. R. I. Deacon Arnold is Mrs.
Green's brother, and both couples were
married by the same clergyman at Paw-
tucket, R. I., in 1842.—Yankee Blade.

Petunia Cuttings.

If you have a choice petunia among
the seedlings in your bed of summer
blooming plants, make cuttings from it
for use in winter. Stick these cuttings
in the soil near the parent plant, and
they will soon take root and be in fine
condition to pot by the time cold weather
comes.—Exchange.

Goodby to the Ice Cart.

A Wilkesbarre lawyer has invented a
practical and cheap household apparatus
for rapidly cooling boiling water and
making it palatable without ice.—Scr-
nson Truth.

The Frolicsome Chipmunk.

As the woodchuck sleeps away the
bitterness of cold, so in his narrower
chamber sleeps the chipmunk, happy
little hermit, lover of the sun, mate of
the song sparrow and the butterfly.
What a goodly and hopeful token of the
earth's renewed life is he, verifying the
promises of his own chalice, the squir-
rel cups, set in the warmest corners of
the woodside, with libations of dew and
shower drops, of the bluebird's carol,
the sparrow's song of spring!

Now he comes forth from his long
night into the fullness of sunlight day to
proclaim his awakening to his summer
comrades, a gay recluse, clad all in the
mossy—a jester maybe, yet not a fool.

His voice, for all its monotony, is in-
spiring of gladness and contentment
whether he utters his thin, sharp chirp or
full mouthed chuck or laughs a chit-
tering mockery as he scurries in to his nar-
row door.

He winds along his crooked pathway
of the fence rails and forages for half
forgotten nuts in the familiar grounds,
brown with strewn leaves or dun with
dead grass. Sometimes he ventures to
the top rail and climbs to a giddy ten-foot
height on a tree, whence he looks abroad,
wondering on the wide expanse of an
acre.

Music hath charms for him, and you
may entrance him with a softly whistled
tune and entice him to frolic with a
herdgrass head gently moved before
him.—Forest and Stream.

Journeyed Through Thibet.

Two travelers have lately arrived at
Shanghai, China, whose names deserve
not an unimportant place in the roll of
distinguished explorers. They are Cap-
tain Bower, of the Seventeenth Bengal
cavalry, and Dr. Thorold, of the Indian
medical staff, and their claim to distinc-
tion rests upon the fact that they have
journeyed through Thibet by the long-
est route that can be taken through that
mysterious country. They followed an
imaginary line drawn from the Cash-
mere frontier, in the northwest, to the
Chinese province of Szechuen, where it
adjoins the southeastern border of the
territories of the Delai Lama.

They were upward of ten months in
Thibet and a great part of their journey
lay through a series of elevated table
lands, seldom lower than 15,000 feet
above the sea level. On approaching
Lhasa they were turned back when
within eight days' journey of that city
by the officials, but after some parley-
ing were permitted to proceed on prom-
ising not to attempt to enter the Thibetan
capital. No foreign travelers have before
followed the same route.—New Orleans
Picayune.

A New Lifeboat.

The self righting lifeboat is expected
here soon on its way to Iliwaco. These
boats right themselves in ten seconds
after being capsized. The boat expected
here is thirty feet long, seven feet beam
and three feet deep, carved built and
with air chambers at bow and stern, cov-
ered with waterproof canvas. The pec-
uliar features in the construction are
the presence of a false bottom, which
runs from stem to stern precisely at
water line, and is furnished with two
circular gratings, into which, if neces-
sary, pumps can be inserted. In the
sides, just about midships, there are long
flaps working on hinges which, when
opened, will permit any water above the
false bottom to run out, and when closed
are water tight. The space below the
false bottom is packed with dry tulle
grass, which is even lighter than cork
and almost impervious to water.—Wash-
ington Astorian.

Pussy and Her Feathered Brood.

Mr. James Forwood, of Darlington,
Harford county, has a cat which has de-
veloped an interesting trait. Being kit-
tenless, she adopted as her own a brood
of motherless young chickens, which
come to her when she purrs and follow
her around. When any of the brood
stray into a neighbor's premises the cat
follows, and picking each chick up care-
fully by the back of its neck, deposits it
safely on its own premises. Calling the
chicks to her the cat lies down and
hovers over them as tenderly and care-
fully as their feathered mother would
have done. The chicks appear to accept
the situation and are thriving.—Cor.
Baltimore Sun.

Royalty's Traveling Expenses.

Last year the queen's trip to Grasse
cost her £10,000, and it was estimated
that the Hyeres expedition would have
been accomplished for about the same
amount. The queen's visit to Darm-
stadt, however, involved so much addi-
tional expense that her majesty's out-
lay in connection with her Continental
tour will be nearly £15,000, which is
the largest sum that has so far been ex-
pended on one of these trips, except in
1888, when the queen went to Florence
and then visited Berlin on her way
home.—London Truth.

Grandsons of One of the Signers.

It is a curious coincidence that two
grandsons of Josiah Bartlett, one of the
signers of the Declaration of Independ-
ence, should die in New York state
within a week of each other, both being
doctors and both graduates of the Dart-
mouth Medical school. Dr. Ezra Bart-
lett was a native of Warren, N. H.; Dr.
Levi Bartlett was a native of Haverhill,
Mass.—Boston Journal.

A number of fine pearls, some of them
of considerable value, were found re-
cently in mussel shells on the shoals in
White river, near Seymour, Ind. One
man realized seventy-five dollars from
his find in a few weeks.

Lily of the valley should be trans-
planted as soon as the foliage turns yel-
low. Shift to a pot of larger size, dis-
turb the earth around it as little as
possible.

The discovery of a basilica at Sil-
chester, England, is announced and
creates much excitement among anti-
quarians. It belongs to the Fourth cen-
tury.

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