F N Potter
13nov81

The Democratic Eagle.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
AT
CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.,
BY
CHARLES B. WOOD, Editor and Prop'r,

To whom all letters should be addressed.

All correspondence and advertisements should each us Tuesday morning to insure publication.

JOB WORK A SPECIALTY.

The Democratic Eagle.

CHARLES B. WOOD, Editor. Home and Home Interests. TERMS: $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X. CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1882 NO. 47.

The Democratic Eagle.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 Inch.	$ 75	$1 25	$1 75	$ 2 25	$ 4 00	$ 5 00	$8 00
2 Inch's	1 25	1 75	2 25	2 75	5 50	8 0	12 00
3 Inch's	1 75	2 50	3 25	4 00	7 00	9 00	14 00
4 Inch's	2 50	3 25	4 00	4 75	8 00	10 00	16 00
5 Inch's	3 25	4 00	4 75	5 50	9 00	12 00	20 00
¼ Col.,	5 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	45 00
1 Col.,	10 00	12 00	14 00	16 00	25 00	45 00	80 00

Business Cards, five lines or less, $5 a year.

Advertisements in Local column, ten cents per line the first week, and five cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Obituary Notices will be charged five cents per line for all over six lines.

Notices of Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

UNION HOUSE,

JAMES BATES, Proprietor.

Nearest hotel to the depot and steamboat landing. Good stables and cattle yards. Reduced Terms, $1.00 per day.

JAMES AUGUSTUS,

Dealer in

LIGHT and HEAVY HARNESS,

Opposite St. Lawrence Hotel, Market St.

REPAIRING

in all its branches done promptly and at low figures. I make the

BEST COLLAR IN USE!

Give me a call and satisfy yourself.

M. E. LEE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR, CAPE Vincent, N. Y.

Office Cor. Broadway and Point Sts.

E. C. KELSEY,

Represents the old and reliable

Continental Fire Insurance Co.

Pays full amount of insurance. Capital $1 000,000. Surplus $1,038,422. Governed under the N. Y. State fund law.

A. S. SMITH, M. D. C. M.

Physician, Surgeon, & Accoucheur.

Office and Residence next door north of the Episcopal church on Market street. Calls promptly attended to both day and night.

S. K. BISHOP,

Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, Cigars and Tobacco. A full stock of Pure Liquors and Wines.

Opposite Post Office, Broadway.

DANIEL QUINLAN,

Dealer in

Choice Family Groceries.

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, and Notions.

Nearly opposite the Depot, Broadway.

WM. T. EBBS,

House, Sign and Carriage Painter.

Paper Hanging and Graining a Specialty. Work done with neatness and dispatch.

Shop on Broadway, Cape Vincent.

F. A. CROSS,

Dealer in

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes,

Groceries, Provisions, Yankee Notions, &c., Broadway, Cape Vincent, N. Y.

GEO. KELLY.

Blacksmith & General Jobber,

Broadway, Cape Vincent, is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line cheaper than the cheapest. All work warranted. Horseshoeing a specialty. Contracted feet cured or no pay.

C. W. LONDRAVILLE,

Fashionable Barber Shop,

First door west of Woodruff's Drug Store,

Broadway, Cape Vincent.

A number of years of experience will enable me to give satisfaction.

MRS. H. EARL,

Hair-Dresser,

Cape Vincent, N. Y.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of Ladies' Switches, etc.

Henry Earl,

Retail Dealer in

FRESH & SALT MEAT,

First door West of Post Office, Broadway

Cape Vincent, N. Y.

Cash Paid for Hides and Pelts.

H. N. BUSHNELL, M. D.

Dealer in

DRUGS, MEDICINES

Wall Paper, Window Shades,

HARDWARE AND GROCERIES

AT

BOTTOM PRICES.

PHILIP MARKS,

Dealer in

FURNITURE,

Lumber, Coal, Salt, &c.,

At Cross' Old Stand, Cape Vincent, N. Y.

HENRY PEO,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Lake Ontario Fish,

Cape Vincent, N. Y.,

Prices as low as any other reliable house.

JEROME'S HOTEL,

AND BILLIARD ROOMS,

Ice Cream Always on Hand.

(4lly) Cape Vincent N. Y.

THOMAS MASSON, M. D.

Graduate of Queen's University Kingst'n

(Successor to Dr. Fairbairn.)

Office at Mrs. Hamlor's. Professional calls punctually attended to at all hours, day and night.

"IT IS COMMON"

So are the stars in the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the Spring,
So are the songs which the wild birds sing:
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth
So are the precious gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June;
So is the generous harvest-moon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills,

Common the beautiful tints of the Fall;
So is the sun, which is over all;
Common the rain, with its pattering feet—
So is the bread, which we daily eat:
Blessed be God, it is common!

So is the sea, in his wild unrest—
Kissing forever the earth's brown breast!
So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air!

So, unto all, are the "promises" given;
So, unto all, is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife—
So is the life which is after life!
"Blessed be God, it is common!

A STORY OF A NIGHT.

The Ocean House parlors were crowded that lovely August night, and Mordaunt Leslie leaned against one of the windows in a lazy, lounging attitude, that betokened a very faint interest in the gay merry making that was going on, in the exquisite music of the band, to which scores of feet were making rythmic fall in the graceful evolutions of the *trois temps*, or even in the bevy of pretty, elaborately-dressed women who passed by his post of relief like the swift brilliant changes of a kaleidoscope.

He was a fine-looking fellow, dressed in the regulation evening costume, and looked every inch the refined, well-bred gentleman he was. Just now, however, there was a very perceptible deepening of a shadow that had been growing on his handsome face ever since a day, a month ago, when he had been presented to Violet Verne.

Just now there was almost a hopeless despair in his deep set, splendid gray eyes, as a slight fairy-like creature gilded slowly, gracefully past him in a dance—a girl with eyes that matched her name—tender, loving eyes, whose violet tints deepened to almost liquid darkness as she looked up at him, half-smiling, half-adoring, as she came within the range of his ardent, gloomy eyes.

He was conscious of a suffocating quickening of his heart-beats; he was conscious of a wild, passionate yearning toward this slender, lovely girl, whose face lighted so at sight of him—whose faintest flush set his heart madly throbbing; and the wild wishfulness and yearning tenderness almost maddened him with their savage strength, as he watched her—a picture in her navy blue silk, with cardinal ribbons setting off so uniquely her piquant brunette beauty.

He compressed his lips with the stubborn determination of a man who knows he is bound to wage war with himself, and not only to wage the war and fight the battle but gain undoubted victory. He looked after her one long, long minute, and then turned resolutely away, to almost gasp for breath as he saw Olympia Osmond's face smiling in his—Olympia Osmond, the fair stately, yellow-haired girl, who wore on her finger the blazing solitaire his hands had placed there, three months before, when he had asked her to be his wife,

It had been a pleasant enough wooing. Mr. Leslie had been attracted to her by her evident supreme disregard of him, whom women were prone to make a good deal of, on account of his godlike beauty and kingly presence, no less than his fabulous wealth and high social position.

He admired Miss Osmond for her undeniable beauty, regular, girlish feature, as cold and passionless in expression as perfect in outline. Then her disregard for him piqued him, all unused as he was to being disregarded. Then, when some one told him that Miss Osmond had said she disapproved highly of penniless girls making a market of their charms to entrap wealthy husbands, and that she for one should lead the crusade in favor of reform on that score, then Mordaunt Leslie felt that the time and the woman had come, and he deliberately set himself to win this fair-haired, passionless girl, who was so difficult to woo that the task gained in importance, and man like, the wooer gained in eager determinedness, utill the fortress finally yielded, and Miss Osmond blushingly acknowledged her defection from the ranks of the crusade she had avowed her intention of leading,

Leslie had been content: nothing more, for his heart had only been superficially touched. His pride was gratified at owning such a splendid creature as Olympia Osmond, and at being envied by other less fortunate men; and there its topped, although his manner was perfect to the beautiful woman, who moved so regally grand throughis magnificently appointed household.

So he had been perfectly content; and had told himself he had not the capability of ardent, intense love for any woman, and had played the lover very agreeable to his betrothed, and had his carriage and horses at the sea-shore for her especial benefit—while her cross old aunt, in a thankfulness that Olympia would soon be off her hands for good, made an extra effort and dressed the girl like a princess, and made her the belle of the Branch—until Miss Verne came, heralded by the newspaper correspondents, who described her looks, her manners, her toilette, her carriage and her pair, her jewels, until all the men were the *qui vive* of dying curiosity, and the women in a condition of the highest wrought envy,

She came—a tiny little lady, as unassuming as lovely, as graciously sweet as dignified, who took male and female hearts alike by storm, and who, made Mordaunt Leslie almost mad for love of her; who taught him, all too late, that his real, true love had slept the enchanted sleep, until Violet Verne's dainty hands had broken the spell.

That was the condition of affairs that lovely August night, when Mordaunt Leslie turned away from looking after the girl who was like light to his eyes, and met the cool, placid face of the woman he was to marry in less than a month.

Miss Osmond was leaning gracefully on a gentleman's arm—a stranger to Leslie—and Miss Osmond quietly introduced the two.

"Mordaunt, this is Mr. Helvernon, an old friend of mine. Mr. Helvernon, Mr. Leslie, to whom I am engaged to be married."

It smote Mordaunt like a chill of icy air, that calm possessionship of him. And yet, why should it? It was true, he was engaged to be married to her, and a remembrance of Violet Verne's lovely eyes came up before him maddeningly.

He bowed; and gave Mr. Helvernon his hand, and said some pleasant word, then asked Olympia if she was enjoying herself.

Miss Osborne smiled languidly.

"Oh, yes—thank you. Very much. The music is delicious, and I have been blessed with good partners. I didn't see you dancing, Mordaunt, after the Lancers. Oh, doesn't Miss Verne look exquisite to-night? She is the very first who has worn cardinal and navy blue, and how it becomes her! How unfortunate that I am not dark!"

She was coming toward them alone, a faint suggestion of the odor of violets heralded her, and Leslie felt his pulse quicken and his breath come in short respirations.

Miss Osmond met her with the effusion that it was the proper thing to show the beautiful young heiress.

"My dearest Miss Verne, we were all admiring you in the *trois temps*, weren't we, gentlemen? Oh, Mr. Helvernton, that is our quadrille! Excuse us please!"

For a second Mr. Leslie wondered at Olympia's unwonted excitement; then he remembered he was alone with this girl, with her violet eyes and drooping lashes.

The temptation was fiercely strong on him—should he ask her to go for a quick walk on the sands? He knew it was he height of mad, presumptuous, unpardonable folly, and yet, only to feel her slight form on his arm, to look down in her eyes, to hear the tones of her voice!

Should he commit this folly, this heavenly imprudence? And fate took it in her own hands on the spot, for Miss Verne gathered up her silken train in one hand, and looked up half-smiling at him.

"Would you be bored if I asked you to take me a little stroll on the sands? The moonlight is so delicious, and the air so crisp."

And so Violet Verne took his arm, and they two sauntered away from the music, and the lights, and the crowd, and the dancing, down the softly-lapping waves and the numerous songs they chanted to the white moonlight.

There were only a few couples loitering there, arm-in-arm, soft-voiced, lagging-stepped lovers, and every nerve in Mordaunt Leslie's frame thrilled to the mockery of the time the scene, and the influence of both.

The girl on his arm was so passing fair to see, with her flushed cheeks so temptingly lovely, her long, dark lashes sweeping them, her dainty hand lying like a snowflake on his arm, and her sweet vibrating voice coming to his ear like some melody that enchanted him—that made him feel he had forever forfeited all hope of ever hearing it intone love words to him.

They walked along, close to the water's edge, silent with a silence that was more eloquent than language, while Mordaunt Leslie felt his whole soul rising up in consternation at the blissful happiness he was enjoying. He felt a paradoxical sensation of reveling in what he knew was not lawful, and Mordaunt Leslie. was a man of honor to the heart's core, despite the slip he made himself make that seductive night in moonlight on the sea-sands.

That was how he came to lose all thought of Olympia Osmond, all thought of duty, all thought of anything but the witching creature who leaned on his arm, and whose dropping lids were as eloquent of her feelings at the time as was her silence

That was how it happened that, in a moment of ungovernable feeling, Mordaunt Leslie, who all his life had conscientiously thought himself heartless, indifferent—Mordaunt Leslie suddenly stopped in their slow promenade, and snatched Violet Verne to his heart with a fierce, abrupt passion in the act that was so indicative of the equal fervor and hopelessness of his love.

He kissed her mouth, her forehead, her lustrous hair, her flushed cheeks, like one whose heart was starving for affection. He called here name over and over in a perfect agony of passionful longing, then, as if suddenly aware of the wickedness of his behavior, he dropped her quivering hands and stood away a step from her,

"Miss Verne—Violet, have mercy on me! Pity me—forgive me! As there is a God in heaven I deserve only pity and pardon from you—you, the only woman I ever loved. Oh, Violet, Violet, my darling, my sweet."

His voice fairly vibrated with pain, and Miss Verne looked up in his white face, half wonderingly, with little flushes and pallors alternating on her own, with all the sweet, shy light of answering love in her eyes.

"Please don't talk so Mr. Leslie! Don't tell me to pity or forgive you, because—because—"

She hesitated, and the warm blood suffused her very hands.

Leslie groaned in almost deathly anguish at her evident love and trust, and happiness. What had he done, brute, fiend that he was?

She must know the truth, all the truth that comprised his unpardonable sin, and her own heart-soreness she must know, and at once, and then—well, after she had once turned away from him, in the just wrath and horror in which he knew she would turn away when he confessed his rascality, then it mattered little what came to him.

He nerved himself, in all his weakness, like a man might nerve himself for a death-blow. He felt his heart growing a heavy, icy lump; he heard the roaring of the sea, as if it were a thousand miles away; he saw the look of consternation on the girl's face, that changed to fear, to horror, to such mortal woe, as he rushed like a doom through the confession he was bound to make, and told her, on his knees, how he was to marry Olympia Osmond—how he had learned the lesson too late—how he cursed himself for blighting her sweet young life that had never before known a cloud.

She listened, with a deathly ashening on her face, with a hopeless pain in her eyes, whose patience almost killed him to see.

Then after a silence of several terrible minutes, her low, strengthless, yet agonized voice answered him.

"Mr. Leslie, it is not in my heart to hate you for this. How could I when you love you me so, and I—love you just as well? You must try and not mind me, but be happy as you can with your—your wife.

And then her voice deserted her, and she turned quickly away, the tears flowing in warm, salt torrents down her cheeks.

That was the way she gave him up, this pure-hearted, grand-natured girl; and she went back to the Ocean House, side by side with him, yet separated as if by eternities—went to her room, and knelt to pray God to help her bear it, to help him to bear it.

Down in the parlors the music was still crashing in loud sweet strains, and Mordaunt Leslie walked away from the hideous mockery of gaiety and happiness—away to the furthest end of the long verandah, where the moonlight came only dimly, and where, in one of a dozen vacant chairs, he threw himself, in sheer prostration of spirit, in utter horror at the prospect that stretched endlessly before him, in anguished dismay at what he had left behind him.

Into the almost unendurable pain of that vigil, a woman's voice, low, intense, earnest, broke with sudden voice—a woman's voice, from just on the other side of him—of whose presence Leslie had no knowledge until he heard her speak—until, with a start almost as keenly sharp as if he had taken an electric shock, he recognized Olympia Osmond and Mr. Helvernon as the speakers.

"There is no use of our recalling it, Harold—no possible use. I told you then—that was four years ago—that, although I loved you as I never should love another man, I should not marry except for fortune. I tell you to-night, Harry, as frankly as then, I shall marry Mordaunt Leslie, because he can give me the wealth my soul craves and will have."

Mr. Helvernon's quick, eager answer came:

"You are too cruel, too heartless, Olympia! The woman never lived who could deliberately act and talk as you do; and by the heavens above us, I have a mind to go to Leslie with the story, and make him give you up!"

Leslie straightened in his chair, and listened to Miss Osmond's low, cold laugh.

"No, you wouldn't Harry, and if you did it would be of no avail. He believes in me implicitly. Why, for months I succeeding in convincing him I would not look at a man who had money—poor dupe—when all the while I was in agonies lest I should let him slip. So you see, Harry, that I shall be all I desired—rich, courted, envied, humored—"

Mordaunt suddenly stepped in front of the two, a perfect glory of thankful relief on his face, a perfectly crushing contempt and disgust in his words.

"Permit me to add, Miss Osmond, as one who is only too jubilant at his narrow escape, that not as the wife of Mordaunt Leslie, will you reap your reward. From this moment I consider myself well released from my engagement to you. Be so kind as to return to me the visible form of our late betrothal.

He stood there like a prince in his glad, stern authority, and Miss Osmond's face blanched to the hue of the ivory silk she wore, as she returned his calm glance in speechless confusion and rage.

"The ring if you please, Miss Osmond. Thanks very much. Good-by. Good-night, sir."

He tossed the glittering toy clear off the lawn, the avenue, the bluff, the sands, into the ocean, and walked away, almost staggering under the weight of the glory of happiness suddenly opened to him.

He was free—free as the air; and Violet loved him—Violet his darling, his treasure, his dear one.

He looked at his watch, it was not late, half-past eleven, not too late to claim his love for his own before that fated day ended. So he rushed into his room and penciled a short imploring note, half-explaining, half-entreating her to come to him for only one moment, to tell him she would take him for all and forever.

Then he waited for her, in the hush of the midnight that was coming—waited for just one glance of her eyes to think of till the morrow—waited while the servant delivered the message and was gone, oh, so long, so long, and then came back white-faced and trembling-voiced, to say that the doctor was there, but said Miss Verne was dead. They had found her kneeling by her bed, fifteen minutes before, but nothing could be done—heart disease, undoubtedly.

And so was recorded the romance of Mordaunt Leslie's lonely life—the story of one night, whose shadow of sunless darkness never should lift again for him.

London.

The British Ministry has prepared a bill for reorganizing the Government of the city of London. The Lord Mayor and his Court of Common Council are retained, the Metropolitan Board of Works is retained, the School Board is retained. The Lord Mayor is changed from lord of the city into king of the town. His jurisdiction is extended. He is made to represent all Londoners, and he will be expected to give in the name of London, the same feasts as of old. Each branch of the Government has certain defined duties, but the great central Government will be that presided over by the Mayor,

A Share for Myself.

Three months ago, when a new servant girl came to a Brush street family, in Detroit, the mistress said she desired to post the girl in advance on one certain little point. She and her husband belonged to an amateur theatrical company, and in case Jane heard any racket around the house she must not imagine that they were quarreling. They would simply be rehearsing their parts. The "play" began on the third evening of the girl's engagement. The husband taunted his wife with extravagance, and she said he played poker for money, and chairs were upset and footstools kicked around and threats were made of going home to mother. Next morning the mistress said to the girl:

"Did you hear us playing our parts in the 'Wronged Wife' last night?"

"Yes'm."

"It was simply a rehearsal, you know, and you musn't think strange of my throwing a vase at my husband and calling him a vile wretch."

Three or four nights after that the curtain went up on a play called: "The Jealous Husband," and Jane heard sobs, sighs, protestations, threats and exclamations. The next play was entitled. "Coming Home Tight," and was mostly played in the front hall. Then followed the "Depths of Despair," "Threats of Divorce," and "Such a wretch," until Jane was at last tired of having a private box and being the only audience. The other morning she appeared in the sitting-room with her hat on and her bundle under her arm and said:

"Please, ma'am, but I'm going this morning."

"What, going away?"

"Yes'm."

"For what reason?"

"Please, ma'am, but I'm tired of tragedy. I'm a girl as naturally likes to see hugging and kissing and love-making on the stage, and when Marks the lawyer comes in on the what-do-you-call-it I'm sure to be tickled to death. I think I'll try some family where they rehearse comedy and have a deal of kissing, and perhaps I may come in as a supe and get a small share of it for myself!"

Hanging in Switzerland.

The authorities of the Swiss canton of Appenzell recently asked the chief justices for a written opinion as to the advisability of restoring capital punishment. The chief justices in reply, declared against its reintroduction, their argument covering the following points: The punishment of death does not meet the conditions properly demanded in a punitive instrument. If one murderer deserves death another deserves something more, which cannot begiven. A death punishment necessarily excludes all possibility of an improvement in the criminal and is not more deterring than other punishments, and crime has not decreased where it has been introduced. The unjust administration of the death penalty is irremediable; the possibility of judicial murder has great weight in the discussion. The criminal statistics of the canton of Appenzell are cited. There have been eighteen executions in the canton during the present century—seventeen by the sword and one by hanging, as follows: 1805, 4 for theft; 1806, 1 for theft; 1808. 1 for arson; 1810, 2 for theft; 1812, 1 for murder; 1817, two for theft, one for poisoning; 1818, one for theft; 1834, one for arson; 1846, one for arson; 1851, one for arson and 1862, one for murder. From this year, when the punishment of death was abolished, no crime ruled worthy of death by the criminal code of Appenzell has been committed in the canton. In the voting for or against the abolition of death punishments in the canton, the people of Appenzell gave their deliberate judgement on behalf of its abolition. The tasks of the State in its punitive system are the reduction of crime and restraint of the criminals from doing further injury. To kill them is a barbarous method of securing the latter end

Gimme That Pen.

One day in a "cow case, at Wabash, Indiana, the Judge was in a hurry to go to the races over on the Fair grounds, and he put on his hat before the lawyer for the plaintiff got half through and said:

"There, John, you can dry up now; I have heard enough about the case, and I'm going to decide against you."

"But, your Honor," expostulated the lawyer, "you can't decide against me; the law is all on my side."

"Law! What do I care about law! This ain't no law office, sir, this is a justice office. If you want to practice law, go to a law office."

"But, Judge, you can't decide this case against us, I say, the law is all ——"

"I can't, hey?"

"No, it's impossible!"

"Who says so?—gimme that pen."

—The standing army of little Belgium is twice as large as that of the United States.

The True Helpmate.

The story of the parting of Lieutenant De Long and his wife is thus told by William Bradford, the artist "You were Lieut. De Long's most efficient adviser were you not?" I asked. "Lieut. De Long," he replied, "needed and had no more competent adviser than his wife. She is a noble, highly intelligent woman and like himself an enthusiast upon the subject of arctic exploration. She has read and studied everything that experience and science have made known upon that topic, is familier with the minutest detail of every endeavor ever made for the penetration of the profound veil of mystery overhanging that field of most daring adventure. Could she possible have done so, she would have been most glad to have accompanied him upon his expedition sharing his hardships, his perils and his fate. That however, was manifestly impracticable, as she had the good sense to recognize. I think one of the most touching episodes I ever witnessed was the parting between Lieut. De Long and his wife, and I know that the pang of separation was heightened by her regret that she could not share his trials in the heroic endeavor for the attainment of the purpose in which her heart was as much bound up as his. We went out of the bay of San Francisco with a tug following us to take back those who were to return, and not a word was spoken of the separation momentarily drawing nearer. Finally, when we had got pretty well out, Lieut. De Long came to me and said: 'it is time to go.' A small boat was lowered from the side and manned; he and Mrs. De Long got into it. I followed them and he gave the order to 'pull away' for the tug. During that short trip the silence was oppresive, painful beyond description, the only sound being the thump of the oars in the rowlock and the swash of the water. When we reached the side of the tug Lieut. De Long pressed his wife's hand and simply said 'good-bye.' She stepped upon the tug and turning bent upon her husband a look in which there was expressed the most poignant feeling, mingled with a devout silent prayer for his safety and success, For an instant he seemed to hesitate, as if for the moment unnerved by her attitude and look, then, recovering his self-control, turned to his men and in a full, strong voice commanded 'Pull away men!' Soon their swift plied oars placed him alongside the Jeannette. We saw him mount the side, saw the vessel bear away and watched her in silence until she was a mere speck upon the distant horizon, without a word being spoken. Then finally when the Jeannette was fading from sight, Mrs. De Long said to me; 'Please let me go below; I want to be alone for a moment.' I complied with her request. Soon however, almost immediately, indeed, such was her power of self-control and I believe, also her confidence in her husband's ultimate success and happy return to her, that she regained her self-possession and entered into conversation. It was such a manifestation of bravery on the part of a woman as I never saw before and never expect to witness again. But she has never had any doubt, and has none now, of the safety of her husband and his ultimate return to his native land. She was here only a few days ago, and we have been in almost constant consultation or communication during the two years or more in which the fate of her husband has been shrouded in obscurity.

Farmers and the weather.

Out of 100 storm-centers noted during 1879, one moved north, three southeast 24 northeast, and 72 nearly due east. Their velocity varies from 20 to 40 miles per hour, so that either storm centers or cold waves travel from the mountains to the sea in from two to five days, then passing off upon the ocean, frequently taking a northeasterly direction after reaching the coast. Sometimes a storm may be deflected from its course or spend its force midway, or increase in severity, as it moves eastward. It is these possibilities together with the varying velocity of the wave, which render us dependent on the telegraph for its record of daily or even hourly progress, and which sometimes contradict the best founded predictions. But with all these possibilities of error, 80 or 90 per cent of the predictions are verified, and upon perhaps 75 per cent our reliance may be almost perfect. At times either on land or sea, a single warning may save property to an amount greater than the whole annual expense of the bureau, to say nothing of life and comfort. Our weather then in general terms comes from the west, and when we read in the paper that "an area with low pressure with heavy rain and severe gales is developing in the Upper Mississippi, or Upper Lake region," the farmer had better not begin his haying or his harvesting and the traveler had better not set out by way of the lakes or ocean until it has passed by. While in the Fall or Winter you read that "an area of high pressure with violent winds and rapidly falling temperature is prevailing," in the same regions, the farmer had better look to his young stock, and make all snug about cellar and barn and the traveler will do well to take his heaviest overcoat.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The butcher bird is said to impale its victims on thorns and devour them at leisure.

—A new law in Kansas forbids any person to marry within six months after procuring a divorce.

—The average French family is three, the average English five, and the average Irish seven.

—At Point Pleasant, on the Mississippi, the river has advanced nearly three miles in sixty years.

—Horse-car lines are projected between many villages in Italy on the roads built by the old Romans.

—St. Louis mills produced 1,717,629 brls of flour last year, against 2,077,— in 1880 and 2,142,949 in 1879.

—Judge Drummond, of the United State Circuit Courit at Chicago, denies that he intends to resign at present.

—The Scotch memorial to Dean Stanley is to take the form of a stained glass window in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.

—Mr. Patrick S. Gilmore, the musician and orchestra conductor, is now recovering from his recent serious illness.

—Voltaire was the first writer in France to recommend the adoption of inoculation for small pox to the people of his country.

—Nineteen thousand dollars was the sum brought by Montpelier, the home and burial-place of President Madison, at its recent sale.

—Of the heat emitted by the sun, only the 227 millionth part is caught by the planets, and this is nearly all yielded again to space.

—A rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. When the body of the Duc de Geuse was found he had a box of comfits in his hand.

—A London medical journal states that there are in that city twenty physicians whose incomes range from $25,— 000 to 100,000 a year.

—In 1751 the dress of a French dandy consisted of a black velvet coat, green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches and blue stockings.

—The new catalogue of Oberlin College, Ohio, shows that 1,325 students are in attendance this year, of whom 641 are gentlemen and 684 ladies.

—The emigration from Germany in 1882 promises to exceed that of any previous year. 14,000 tickets have already been engaged from Bremen to America

—The Dutches of Edinburgh deposited with the Art Department of South Kensington a collection of water-color copies from the old masters by Stohl. They will be exhibited at Bethnal Green. There are sixty-five of them, and were originally ordered by the Empress of Russia.

—Thirty-four species of insects new to science have recently been discovered in the Sandwich Island.

—Last year there were 250 persons killed and 328 injured through boiler explosions in this country,

—At Baden, near Zurich, the first calendar was published 1668, and it has been continued until now.

—As late as the time of James I., the disposal of the hand of a young orphan heiress lay with the king.

—It is a singular fact that one of the earliest English theatres had a monk, Geofrey, for its manager.

—Last words of Fontelleno, "I do not suffer, my friends, but I feel a certain difficulty in existence."

Two thousand one hundred and twenty churches in England have been named in sole honor of the Virgin Mary, and 102 in which her name is associated with that of some other saints.

—The Princess of Wales has sent to King Kalakaua several photographs of herself and her sons as a contribution to a bazaar to be held in Honolulu in aid of the building of the cathedral there.

—Fifty-eight thousand and ninety-seven pupils are enrolled in the Public Schools of Chicago, the average attendance being 48,589. The city employs 972 teaches.

—Representatives of four generations live in one house in Toronto, a great-grandmother aged 84, a grandfather aged 60, a father aged 22, and a daughter aged 3 weeks.

—France and Italy have hitherto produced sugar only from the beet root. The sugar cane has lately been introduced in both countries, and its rapid growth threatens the beet root industry.

—W. W. Story is hard at work upon his statue of the late Professor Henry, and experts to have it ready for erection in Washington next spring. It is to be placed in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution.

—It is calculated the daily papers of the United States issue 1,051,200,000 copies yearly, and the other periodicals bring the total up to 2,000,000,000 copies per annum.

—At an important sale of celebrated stud flock of merino sheep in Victoria, Australia, a ram four years old brought the large sum of $7000, while several others were sold for prices ranging from $900 to $2250.

—Letter envelopes bearing a stamp impression were first used in Sardina in 1819. The English people write more letters than any other European nation, although they do not lead them in the use of postal cards.

—Queen Victoria, combining motherly affection and musical taste has commissioned that crusty composer, M. Gounod, to write a nuptial march for orchestra and organ for the marriage of her youngest and favorite son, Leopold, Duke of Albany,

—The war footing of the German army has been established by the budget of 1882 at 500,000 men. In the event of war, the number could be doubled at twenty-four hours' notice by telegraph.

—The lighthouse at Planier, in France, is illuminated by the electric light. It can be seen at a distance of twenty-two miles, and it lights up an area of many miles. It cost $60,000.