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THE STORM AT CAPERNAUM.

GEORGE ELLICOTT.

Loud roared the tempest's voice,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Danger encompassed them;
No help was nigh—
Then said the Light of Light,
"Peace! it is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest:
Wall of the tempest wind,
Be thou at rest!
Death cannot threaten,
Ark danger may fly,
When says the Son of God,
"Peace! it is I."

Jesus, Deliverer!
Come thou to me,
Guide thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
And when the storm of death
Roars, surging by,
Whisper, 'mid Death of Truth,
"Peace! it is I."

CONTRASTS.

A poet sat up in his attic
And wrote of a castle in Spain,
Where dwelt a fair maiden, Rosalia,
His wife's given name was Jane.

With hunger and cold for his room-mates,
He bade the world be of good cheer;
And in gay, laughing verses predicted
A spring-time of happiness near.

His airy creations of fancy
He clad all in garments of gold;
But the poor weakling children around him
Still shivered and cried with the cold.

His verses brought him a dollar,
The dollar brought victuals and drink—
The gayest of songs are oft written
When tears mingle fast with the ink.

THE SKELETON MONK.

RHINE LEGEND.

The Castles of Falkenberg, on the summit of a rocky height, and Rheinstein, niched in, or perched upon, the ridge lower down, form together a group for the painter. Under them, between the high road and the river, is the interesting Gothic Church of St. Clement, restored from a state of ruin by the Princess Frederick of Prussia.

Like many other castles in the vicinity of the Rhine, Rheinstein was erected to facilitate the power of its noble possessors in levying their exactions on passengers; and its commanding situation must have rendered it equally well adapted for this purpose as for the security of its occupants.

Most of these residences of knightly highwaymen fell before the strong arm of the law in 1282, having been condemned as robber strongholds. The forces of the League of the Rhine carried into execution the sentence of the Diet of the empire, by storming and demolishing them, thereby putting an end to the arbitrary exactions and predatory warfare of their owners.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century Rheinstein was taken, and its proprietor hanged, by order of the Emperor Rodolph. It is, at the present time, one of the "lions" of the Rhine, as its interior has been tastefully fitted up, after the manner of a knightly dwelling in the days of chivalry. It is most liberally thrown open to strangers. At the narrow pass, below the castle, there existed, till very recent times, a Jews' toll, where certain fixed dues were levied upon all the Hebrews who passed. The contractors kept little dogs, who were trained to single out and seize the Jews from among the passing crowds.

A dull, misty day was fast verging into the moonless obscurity of night, as a small sailing vessel was moving slowly and languidly on the Rhine. In this were three persons, the most noticeable of these being a young and handsome cavalier. The other two were boatmen in charge of the craft. As the night advanced, a tempest sprung up, and a dense mass of heavy and portentous clouds were driven athwart the sky. The waters of the Rhine were agitated, and the boat was tossed so unmercifully on the waves as to become well-nigh unmanageable. Those in charge of her were skillful mariners, and had hitherto succeeded in tacking about, to weather the gale, which, to all appearance, seemed to threaten immediate destruction.

Presently the wind blew a hurricane, which seemed to clutch with its invisible hands the sails of the frail craft, which was suddenly and instantly capsized. Its three occupants were immersed in the water; one, the cavalier, for a brief space of time was nowhere visible; the other two clung to the rigging of the vessel, which they held on with the tenacity of drowning men. They then looked around for their companion, whom they now beheld, by the aid of several vivid flashes of lightning, at some little distance, striking out for the shore.

"He's a brave swimmer," said one of the men to his messmate; "but he'll have a hard task to reach dry land, poor gentleman. Heavens, what a night!"

Leaving the two boatmen to their ruminations, we will follow the cavalier, who, with strong and vigorous strokes, was breasting the agitated and turbid waters of the river. After a struggle, which could be only successfully maintained by one possessed of health and youth, the swimmer contrived to reach the shore and make good his landing. The sultry atmosphere grew heavy, and lurid forked lightning broke over the distant rocks.

At this time, the rain was pouring in torrents, and the young man, who had so miraculously escaped from the jaws of death, looked around, in the hope of finding some place of shelter. He was lucky enough to light upon a cave, at no very great distance from the bank upon which he had landed. He hastily entered, and found, near its centre, some half-consumed faggots, which he contrived to fan into a blaze. Divesting himself of his outer garment, he sat before the fire, and remained, for some little time, thoughtful and motionless. At length, feeling exhausted, he gladly sought repose on a bank of earth within the cave. Stretching his weary limbs on this, he soon sank into a deep sleep. A wild and fearful apparition—a something between a reality and a vision—seemed to pass, like a supernatural influence, across his senses, which at once awoke him. He found his pulse beating high, his lips dry and clammy, and his whole frame suffused with a cold dew.

Instinctively grasping his dagger, he half raised himself, and looked round the cavern. The light, though imperfect, convinced him that no human being was beside himself. No sound, no motion was to be distinguished, save the low murmuring of the waters of the Rhine, and, occasionally, a fitful gust of wind. He soon repelled, with disdain, the involuntary sensation of fear that had crept over him, and earnestly directed his attention to recall his imperfect ideas of what he supposed to be some nameless and shadowy visitant. As all desire to sleep was at an end, he rose, and advanced toward the mouth of the cave, where the returning sun now shot a bright and cheering ray. On approaching it, he perceived his garments to be spotted in many places with a dusky red, which, as it easily shook off, he concluded to be the soil of the country, that had been attracted only by the damp. A nearer examination discovered to him that it was tufts of human hair, adhering together with a substance which, though it pulverized at his touch, he had no difficulty to assure himself had been blood. Impelled by curiosity, he drew his poniard, and re-entered the cave, searching every corner of it, to discover whether, by an outlet yet undiscovered, some human being had not intruded upon his repose. His search, however, was fruitless. In returning, he mused for a moment over the bank of earth. It did not appear to have been lately thrown up, but it struck him to be exactly the length of a human figure, and he wondered he had not observed that he must have slept upon a grave. A waking dream of horror, not unlike that which had disturbed his sleep, seemed to shiver his senses; and, returning from the spot, something like reality assailed them as he struck his foot against some hard substance, which, on picking up, he perceived to be the handle of a battle ax, from which time or violence had loosened the steel.

For some little time he was lost in wonderment at the singular circumstances; but, after a while, with invigorated spirits, proceeded on his journey. The road, as he advanced, grew more wild, and, sometimes, almost impervious, so that it was difficult to know which direction he was taking. He journeyed many miles—when, towards the sunset, he suddenly emerged from the bosom of a rocky valley, and, on looking round, perceived, to his great mortification, that he had only taken a wearisome circuit, which had brought him once more within sight of the detestable cavern.

On a low stone, not many yards distant from the mouth of the cave, sat a monk. His hood fell over his head, which inclined pensively downward. His arms rested on his knees, and his clasped hands denoted either sorrow or devotion. The young cavalier, whose name was Weinberg, addressed himself to the *religieux*, who civilly returned his greeting, declaring himself to be a wanderer, like his questioner; but, as he appeared to be well acquainted with the country, Weinberg agreed to avail himself of his service as a guide, to which the monk readily agreed. So the two proceeded along together. Despite the good fellowship between the two, Weinberg could not, at times, check a rising feeling of mistrust. There were some strange peculiarities about the monk, which involuntarily tinctured the mind of his companion with suspicion. No excess of fasting, no extremity of fatigue ever induced him to partake of food, however simple; but, occasionally, he would plunge into some thicket, where he would find his sustenance, in water and berries. Weinberg dwelt, with secret and inexplicable horror, on the extent of crimes that could demand a penance so severe. The turrets of a magnificent castle were visible at the distance of some leagues. The sun was blazing in the meridian, but Weinberg and his companion continued, for some time, to press forward.

"We will rest here," said the monk, as they skirted the side of a thick wood.

"What is the name of your castle?" inquired Weinberg.

"Rheinstein," answered the *religieux*. "Let us rest awhile. Thou art vested with a mission to thy King; at present, repose is necessary. Thus far thou hast performed thy task well. *Be patient—be valiant!*"

The young man, whose mind was preoccupied, and whose spirits were already enlivened, without attending minutely to the words of his companion, assented to the proposal, and throwing himself on the turf, indulged a pleasing reverie, which, lulling his senses, at length sealed up his eyes. His slumbers were long and balmy, and when he awoke he was surprised to find that the day was wholly closed. He started up, and looked around for his fellow traveler, who, in yet unbroken slumber lay stretched at the foot of a large oak. In the moment of advancing to wake him, he was suddenly urged, by a secret and irresistible curiosity, to lift the mantle and the cowl, in order to view the features and person of one whom, during their long intercourse, he had never yet distinctly seen, nor ever distinctly was to see—*the garments covered only a human skeleton.*

He started back, suspended, as it were, for some moments, between incredulity and horror. Then, with curious eye, he surveyed the dry and mouldering form, till he was fully convinced all vital moisture had long since exhaled; and while deeply considering the intents of providence in this miraculous intervention, it suddenly occurred to him that the monk at their first meeting, had announced an intention to lay his bones in the bosom of his native land.

With grateful and pious awe the young man proceeded to fulfil this ceremony, in which the strong poniard he was provided with materially assisted him. In the act of interment, he had occasion to particularly notice the skull, which he discovered to have been cleft in many places by some weapon, which had evidently been used with great violence; for where it had entered deepest, it had carried with it tufts of hair, resembling in color that which had formerly adhered to his own garments in the cave.

The gay spirits of Weinberg had now received a sudden revulsion, and he pensively advanced toward Rheinstein Castle; he continued to meditate upon the strange concurrence of events by which he had been hitherto pursued. Sir Eric Krutzner, the owner of Rheinstein, was known to Weinberg, who, therefore, upon beholding the entrance gates, determined upon paying a short visit. The gates readily opened to receive him, and he was at once conducted into the presence of Sir Eric, who caused a slender repast to be at once served in the banquet hall, of which both host and guest partook; after which they conversed familiarly together for some time. Soon after this, a strain of sprightly music resounded through the castle. Sir Eric motioned to his guest to follow, and the attendants, at the same moment, threw open the doors of a magnificent saloon, of which the sparkling and brilliant appearance fixed the eyes of the stranger, while the superb banquet he saw prepared in the apartment beyond filled him with astonishment he attempted not to conceal.

"You are deceived," said Sir Eric with a smile, "if you suppose our evening was to conclude with the sober cheer of which you have already partaken. It is not thus I am accustomed to treat my guests; neither, to say the truth, am I inclined so poorly to treat myself."

Weinberg perceived that his host was in earnest; but though art and expense had been lavished to produce gaiety, they seemed, unhappily, to fail of their effect.

When the time for rest had arrived, he was conducted by a domestic into a sumptuously-furnished apartment, which appeared as if fitted up for the reception of a prince. Weinberg declared that he was but a rough soldier, and requested to be shown into a more humble chamber; but his conductor informed him that Sir Eric had given orders for him to rest for the night in the best room, so the traveller consented, without further parley.

The night was far advanced, and he had no difficulty to believe that he should sleep. He hastily threw himself into bed, and had already slept some hours, when he suddenly started with the same fearful impression that had visited him in the cave, near the banks of the Rhine. A phantom, of which he could ascertain no form, no line, no distinct idea, seemed again to shiver his senses and unnerve his frame. Vainly he strove to recollect it; vainly he cast his eyes around the wide and solitary chamber, feebly illuminated by the lamp. They presented him nothing but vacuity and gloom; and with disdain he perceived an unusual pulsation continue to beat through his veins. With the first beams of morning he arose, and descended. His host, with a smiling countenance, already attended his coming, and the two walked together on the ramparts of the castle. His host asked him how he slept on the previous night?

"Doubtless you will feel something of the same contempt which arises in my bosom," answered Weinberg, "when I declare that the soldier of his King, though fearless in the field, is yet a coward in his dreams." He then related the extraordinary impression his fancy had received from the vision of the preceding night, and his fruitless efforts to ascertain either its nature or its end.

Sir Eric listened with a smiling and an incredulous air.

"An accidental malady of constitution," he observed, with a shrug. "Fancies like these, brave Weinberg, engendered by much thinking and fatigue, good cheer and ease alone can remedy."

Weinberg was prevailed upon by his host to spend another day with him, and the latter did all in his power, by sumptuous entertainment, and the sound of mirth and melody, to restore the equilibrium of the young soldier. During the day, Weinberg noticed that one of the domestics, whose countenance wore a sinister expression, was continually watching his movements. He took but little notice of this, and retired again to his chamber, to pass a second night within the walls of the mysterious castle. While plunged, he hardly knew why, in a train of sombre and unpleasant recollections, the hours wore fast away. The night was rough and stormy; and as the lamp swayed to and fro with the blast, its waving and uncertain blaze gave temporary animation to the figures wrought on the tapestry, in the centre of which was pictured a monk; by the side of this effigy, was a shield and a motto. Weinberg, impelled by curiosity, arose, and deciphered the inscription, "*Be patient—be valiant.*"

"The last words of my spectral companion!" he ejaculated, as strange thoughts rushed through his brain. He started involuntarily, as though one had spoken to him from the grave. The storm without had, by this time, passed away, and all nature seemed to repose in the lap of midnight. Lulled by the influence, he threw himself into a chair, and slumber began to steal over his senses.

"Weinberg!" said a piercing voice, not far distant.

Sleep fled before the sound; he raised his eyes, and, exactly opposite to him, not many yards removed, beheld the figure of the buried monk.

"Speak once more!" exclaimed the awakened man, starting forward.

The phantom spoke not, but seemed slowly to retreat towards the extremity of the chamber, while, by a gentle motion of its head, the cowl fell backwards, and Weinberg perceived a countenance similar to that he had seen on the tapestry, save that it was very pale, and its bright hair dabbled with blood. A groan, at the same moment, burst from the corner of the apartment, and the man whom he had noticed watching him on the preceding day, rushed from behind the tapestry, white with horror, and fell at the feet of Weinberg.

"What brought thee hither, and what is thy purpose?" said the latter, grasping the affrighted domestic with one hand, while his dagger was suspended over him with the other.

"Do you not see him there?" said the man, without venturing to look up.

"See whom?" repeated Weinberg.

"Sir Anton!—my lord!—my murdered lord! There were his apartments! Oh, heavens, I shall never forget the sight! It was at the very moment when I was stepping forth to point my dagger at your throat! Doubtless you saw it before, *for you started in your sleep in the same manner last night.*"

"Infamous assassin! And did'st thou come hither to take my life?"

"Had you not been watched over by an unseen and mysterious power, you would not be now listening to the words to which I give utterance; but I will make all the reparation in my power. Your life is not safe here an hour, nor can you quit the castle without my aid. My lord knows that you bear about you papers of importance, which, after dispatching you, I was to have rifled from your bosom. He is aware that they will convict him." "You have here," he added, offering a small, but exquisitely tempered poniard, "my only weapon—heaven be praised that it is not in your heart! But, as you would shun destruction, fly ere it is daylight."

Weinberg felt that the moment was critical. Taking, therefore, from his bosom a crucifix, he extorted from his conscience-stricken companion an oath of fidelity; after which, he prepared to follow him. His guide proved faithful; and after winding through many obscure and subterranean passages, they at length emerged to starlight, and the open country.

Retracing with rapid strides the path he had trodden when advancing to the castle, he was soon several miles from it. Already he beheld the wood where he reposed with his supernatural conductor. Soon after this, his guide exclaimed, in a tone of deep anxiety, "We are pursued!" In another moment Weinberg found himself alone. Overcome by terror, his companion plunged into the wood, and was soon lost to sight.

The domestics advanced boldly, and called upon him to surrender. Weinberg assumed an attitude of defiance; for Eric himself appeared at the head of his retainers, whom he reproached for their tardy obedience, and commanded them to lay hands upon the fugitive.

"Ere you obey the mandate of a despot," said Weinberg, "beware, my friends, of the issue. You perceive I wear a dagger that may prove dangerous; but I have yet a surer and more inviolable guard than that." "Which of you," he added, stripping away his under garment, and displaying the badge of knighthood on his breast, "which of you will dare to injure the champion of the Cross?"

"Rather say the traitor who violates the rites of hospitality," said Sir Eric, fiercely; "he who, conscious of guilt, meanly flies from the roof that has sheltered him."

"That I fly from thy roof to avoid assassination is most true," answered Weinberg calmly.

"It is sufficient that I know thy guilt," returned Sir Eric, "and my vassals know my pleasure." "If," he added, turning to the latter, "if on examination, we find not that he bears concealed in his garments papers with which my confidence too readily entrusted him, and that touch the honor and fortunes of my house, I consent he shall depart unmolested."

Weinberg at once perceived the snare into which his own indiscretion had betrayed him; for he had unguardedly informed his host that he was charged with certain papers to deliver to the Emperor. The perplexity that struck upon his mind became instantly visible in his countenance. The momentary change was taken for that of guilt; and those who before had seemed to favor him, now prepared to strike the weapon from his hand.

"Let him be secured," exclaimed Sir Eric, who exultantly watched the moment of success; "and take from him the papers, whose import ought only to be known to myself."

Weinberg, with singular presence of mind, again stepped back.

"That which it most imports thee to know," said he, mysteriously, "I have buried at the foot of yonder oak." "See you, my friends," he added, pointing to the tree; "dig boldly, and I will abide by the result."

They wanted no second mandate; but, impressed with the idea of some important discovery, each strove who should be foremost to show his alacrity. Sir Eric meanwhile, who, though he had expected not any fruit from their labor, had no ostensible motive for forbidding it, gazed on the spot with a sullen expression of disdain and incredulity, when suddenly the whole group fell back, and the criminal himself, thunderstruck with what he beheld, sunk, pale and speechless in the arms of those nearest to him.

"Sir Eric Krutzner," said Weinberg in a voice of thunder, "beneath that sacred garment thou seest the bones of thy kinsman and friend! Approach! lay thine hand upon them if thou darest, and swear, by every hope of salvation, that thou were not his murderer!"

Sir Eric shrunk back; and, as he fearfully raised his eyes to scan the impression of the scene on the bystanders, they encountered those of the man who had been Weinberg's guide, and who was by this time in custody of his retainers. The haggard, pale, and downcast look of the prisoner at once assured the guilty Sir Eric that all had been avowed.

"By what other test than the hideous one thou hast proposed," said he, shuddering, "shall I assert my innocence?"

Weinberg was young in arms, and burned to signalize himself.

"Swear to me," he cried, after a pause, "upon the faith of a soldier and a knight to abide my charge before our King in single combat. Let thy vassals be witnesses of thy oath, and be they free to renounce or do thee wrong by night or by day, in castle or in field, if thou failest to keep thy plighted faith."

"I swear!" said Sir Eric, reluctantly, and not without indignation.

"Enough!" returned the other knight, "To heaven and my own right arm I trust the rest."

Soon after this the two knights met in the lists, to try the issue of the quarter hilt to hilt. The Emperor presided on the occasion, and, after a short but determined struggle for the mastery, Sir Eric fell mortally prone; but ere his spirit departed, he confessed his guilt and distinctly acknowledged that he had employed two unscrupulous men to murder his kinsman. One of the assassins had died on the field at Palestine, and entrusted Weinberg with papers to be delivered to the Emperor, containing an account of how the ill-fated Sir Anton came by his death, upon his returning from the Holy Wars disguised as a monk, and how Sir Eric thereby became possessed of his castle and estates. Upon the death of the latter, the Emperor bestowed the Castle of Rheinstein, and all appertaining thereto, upon the valiant young knight, Sir Weinberg.

MAKING OBSERVATIONS.

The other day a boy of 13, who looked very innocent and child-like as he reposed under a shade tree, roused up when joined by another lad of his own age, and confidently inquired:

"Well, did you make observations?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And we kin hook the apples and not git ketched, kin we?"

"You wait a minute," commanded the other, as he held an old shingle up to the light to enable him to read the following "notes" in pencil:

"Went down in front of the house; saw woman with club; saw dog layin' low for us; saw girl reddy to ring cowbell and give alarm; saw man inside breathin' hard and achin' to kill a boy; hull family looked me in the eye; pressure too heavy and I backed off; nice appuls them, but under the circumstances I guess we'd better keep on chewin' ole lemons."

"'Nother disappointment added to our burdens," sighed the first, and they loafed on.

—Sorrow for the most part not only purifies but enriches, not only disciplines but ennobles. By affliction we are made better friends and more sympathetic companions, braver to meet and stronger to bear, and mankind has a grander form throughout than we could ever have attained without this suffering which has been our hard but benevolent task-master.

KILUAEA.

BATHING IN A VOLCANO'S VAPOR—DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMOUS CRATER.

Mr. J. M. Davidson, a lawyer from Colorado, now residing in Honolulu has lately written to the Hon. Alfred Sayre, of Denver, an account of a recent visit to the Volcano Kiluaea, and the letter is printed in the Denver *News*. The visit was made in May last, and, after describing the journey thither, Mr. Davidson says:

So different is the scene presented from what the visitor expects that it is difficult to describe it intelligibly or in such a manner as to give the reader any distinct idea of its appearance. The Crater Kiluaea is nine miles in circumference, mean width three miles, surrounded by a well-defined rim. The bed of the crater is 600 feet below the rim. The active burning lake is in the south end of this crater, and at a distance can be seen as indicated by vast volumes of smoke and vapor arising around and above the same rocky projections adjacent.

To this point the sight-seer is conducted by a guide, and there, standing on the brink of projecting scoria, he looks down on the strangest and wildest element, surging and throwing its fiery spray as it madly beats against the surrounding walls, from which it seems to be repelled by some unseen power, only to level down and become of sombre hue, and drift back to be overturned and lashed into waves and crimson shreds that fall back into the massive cauldron. The heat is very great and burns the face, and the brightness of the broken elements is painfully dazzling to the eye. There is no sameness or monotony, and from the smooth, dark surface a minute's duration fringed by crimson lines, fiery flames issue with a hissing sound, each furtive glance giving a different view, and then deep rumbling as of a troubled sea is followed by the wildest and most violent agitation. Hours might be spent gazing at the changing, infuriated element.

Over much of the road from Hilo to the volcano, thirty miles, there is scarcely any earth, showing a new volcanic formation. Varied vegetation has commenced growing vigorously from the scarcely distinguishable soil of decomposed lava, and, indeed, the scoria now produced and thrown out by volcanic force is very friable, and its formation is usually in thin layers, easily crushed under the foot of the pedestrian. The bottom of the main crater and exterior of the burning lake is composed of layers of lava of different colors and different comparative structure, interlapped and intertwined as it oozes along, and, at short intervals, the slowly-moving masses pressing their heavy, burning fronts, still liquid, though far off from the burning cauldron. You can thrust a walking-stick into it and easily detach quantities of the consistency of sugar when struck from the valmer-pan, or thin mush.

The bed of the main crater was some few years ago several hundred feet deeper below the unchanging surrounding rim. It rises and falls without any fixed or regular periodicity. The active lake of fire is at present 600 feet below the rim of surrounding country, and the dimensions of the burning lake, 300 yards long by 100 yards wide. This lake or cauldron is constantly changing its size, form and location from cycle to cycle, slowly waltzing around the vast area of the great crater. The lava is at present thrown out of the burning lake by a subterranean passage on the west side, in a river, and presses its way, dividing into many slowly-moving streams, throughout the western half of the inclosed plain, each stream at night showing its size and encroaching course, and to the visitor, standing on the rim immediately above, gazing down, it looks like a vast city at his feet, irregularly illuminated by the sport of revelers.

As the lava is cooled it is riven into all manner of shapes, breaking like ice under the influence of changing tides, and as one walks over the newer formations, looking down between the broken fragments, can be seen, a few inches beneath the cooled surface, bright, shiny, living fire in massive quantities. The heat radiated from the surface is very great, but the north wind usually blowing over an elevation of about 4,000 feet, cools the atmosphere generally, so the visitor suffers no inconvenience.

I believe no one has lost life as yet accidentally in the crater, but I do not think any one feels naturally safe until he has ascended to the outside country, and even then the steam issuing from many fissures, bringing up sulphurous odors, makes one who is sinful and believes in eternity of torment think that he is not far from his future home.

In ascending to the upper regions you are conducted to a small house within a stone's cast of the hotel. Here you disrobe and indulge in a sulphur bath. A pipe conducts vapor from a fissure in a rock to the room in which you sit *in puris naturalibus, a la Russ*, and when you say "Ready" a valve is opened admitting the vapor in any volume and of any temperature you desire. When you feel as if you were in Tartarus, and about to give up the ghost, shout "Alis!" to the native superintendent, and the valve is closed and the vapor sent off. You are then doused with warm, and then cold, water, rubbed dry with towels, submitting to the *Lomitomi*—a native remedy for all human ills, which consists in working and kneading your body with their hands as if it were dough. You then don fresh linen, and being very clean and Oriental, but smelling like a match-box, you feel, if ever in your life you did feel—and its funny when you feel that way—like taking a drink, but by your lady, you must carry your own ammunition, for strong drinks are rare in that volcanic dale. This desire being gratified, an ravenous appetite rages, which is dissipated by an hour's recreation at the bountifully supplied table of the Volcano House.

I attended a term of court at Hilo, and was retained in a number of cases, thus making my trip to the volcano pay me $1,000. I successfully defended a man charged with murder, and after his acquittal, viewing the crater, the idea occurred to me of proposing to Parliament, now in session, the policy of changing the mode of execution from hanging to walking a plank into the crater. Rome, the then strongest nation in the world, threw culprits down the Tarpeian Rock—why should not the Hawaiian Kingdom, which exists through its own insignificance and weakness, use a natural agent, subserving economy and making the death penalty too horrible for contemplation.

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

One Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A little boy, about half clad, came in and said:

"O, I do so love my Jesus! May I do something for his house?"

"And what can you do?" said the missionary.

Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied:

"I will be always there; I will do it loud. Please let me ring the bell."

While he was a boy he rang the bell that invited the people to church, and when he became a man he preached to his people the same glad news that he commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell.

Little boys, begin while you are young to call the people by bell, or mouth, or tract, or inviting children to a Sabbath school; and as you grow up you will be trained servants and soldiers to serve Christ any where.

PARIS GREEN.

MILLIONS OF FISH AND FOWL DYING.

The small varieties of fish in the Connecticut River, such as suckers, carp, young shad, pickerel, perch and others have been behaving queerly of late by appearing upon the surface at first in a sort of lifeless way and finally dying and drifting into the shore eddies and inlets. For a considerable distance both above and below Hartford this state of things has existed, and old fishermen say there was never anything like it. Thousands of dead fish are lying along the banks for miles. It does not seem to be a universal trouble, as many fish of the same species as those found dead are alive and seem to be all right. One theory is that black bass, which have got into the river within the past three years and are increasing rapidly, are making war upon their less gamey companions, but that does not account for the sickly behavior of the fish before they die. The most plausible explanation is that the recent heavy rains which have run off into the river, the ground being so much soaked as not to absorb the water fall, have washed the valley farms upon which Paris green and other destructive agents have been extensively used to kill the potato bug and insect enemies generally of vegetation, and sufficient poison has got into the river to kill many fish. With the Paris green itself a hard washing of the land would carry off millions of dead bugs, killed by the poison, and the fish, eating these, would suffer. There is no reason advanced to explain the wide-spread destruction of fish more plausible than this, and it is a singular fact that sportsmen on land have complained of a fatality among birds, the same as fishermen do of the fatal effects upon fish. Quail have been found dead in various parts of the State, and there is no doubt that the death of the birds is due to agricultural poisoning.—*Waterbury (Conn.) American, Aug. 9.*

A YOUNG LADY'S DEATH FROM GRIEF.

Alfred Garther and Richard Smith, both sons of highly-respected and well-to-do gentlemen, were detected, a few days ago, in counterfeiting silver money. They had obtained moulds and other necessary articles, and began the manufacture of excellent counterfeits made of Babbitt metal, block tin and lead. They operated in a secret spot, and had sent much of the spurious coin abroad before they were detected. Garther was engaged to be married to Miss Laura Hartley, a beautiful and refined girl living in the neighborhood. His arrest proved such a shock to her nervous system that she was seized with an apoplectic fit, in which she died the next day. Her lover and his companion are in jail.—*Sedalia (Mo.) Times.*

—WITTY MANŒUVRE.—The Duke of Grammont was the most witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence." And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterward was Marshal of France.

GETTING LEFT.

A man in Michigan procured a divorce from his wife, intending to marry another woman. The latter, however, got tired waiting and married another man on the day the divorce was granted. Then the fellow hesitated whether or not to try to make it up with his wife again, and while he was hesitating his wife married another fellow. This is what would naturally be called getting left all round.

—In 1876 wolves in the Russian province of Samara devoured 5,880 horses and horned cattle, 56,000 small cattle, 22,000 domestic fowls, and more than 1,000 dogs. In 1877 their ravages were even greater, and the loss in the two years is estimated at $600,000.

Varieties.

—Sensible opinions—Those which coincide with our own.

—In England, a tiny thread of gold supporting a solitaire diamond is the favorite engagement ring.

—A Connecticut manufacturing company have received an order from South America for 5,000 plows.

—A New Orleans paper offers the sentiment thus: "George Washington—First in war, first in peace, and last in getting a monument."

—The London *Times'* Paris correspondent, M. de Blowitz, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor, for "exceptional services."

—A firm in Richmond, Va., shipped to Genoa, Italy, August 2d, 600 hogsheads of leaf tobacco, weighing 900,000 pounds and valued at $95,000.

—In Turkey men shed tears without being called unmanly. Let's see—that's where every man is allowed four wives, ain't it?—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

—An observing philosopher remarks that to the American boy there is a majestic difference in the weight between the butt end of a fish pole and a hoe handle.

—Thomas Jefferson signed the commission of venerable William Wertenbaker, now eighty, who has been librarian of the University of Virginia for fifty-two years.

—Excavations within the territory of Olympus, Greece, have produced during the last two years 587 objects in marble, 1928 in bronze, 420 in silver, 383 medals and 200 inscriptions.

—The Bridgeport (Conn.) *Farmer* recently said that "an inmate of the Hartford almshouse was trampled to death by a bull and is not expected to recover."

—A new Parisian fancy is that of wearing the boutonniere or small bouquet, not in the waist, but on the left sleeve between the shoulder and the elbow, and quite near the shoulder.

—Two parties of railway experts, under the direction of the British government, it is said, are about to examine the Tigris and Euphrates valleys for the best railway route to the Persian gulf.

—A movement is on foot among Pittsburg capitalists to consolidate some of the smaller banks into one, which, with large capital and wide influence, would become a power in that city.

—The excitement created in a New England town by the report that a vein of copper had been discovered, subsided when it was ascertained that the "vane of copper" was an old weather-cock.

—Mr. Ruskin, it is said, never advertises any of his works, and never sends any copies out for review. The consequence is that many readers anxious to read his books do not know how to procure them.

—Juan Gonzalez has been executed at Valparaiso, Chili, for killing a shopkeeper in his shop in broad daylight. Though only 23, he had been twenty times arrested for murder, robbery and other grave crimes.

—In England the bicycle business is assuming large dimensions. There are 130 makers, a million pounds are invested in the business, and sixty thousand bicycles are in existence in London and the provinces.

—The shrinkage in values since the panic of 1873 has caused failures in this country amounting to $1,050,000,000, and has reduced by forty per cent. the money valuation of the aggregate assets of the country.

—American peanuts have been introduced into Southern France. The Frenchman makes them into "real olive oil," which he exports to America, where we smack our lips over it and say: "How strange olives won't grow in this country."

—The pork packers of the West and East expect to produce 336,000,000 pounds of lard this year. Twice as much is shipped abroad as is used in this country, the exports for the past six years averaging 230,000,000 pounds a year.

—In Warsaw, Russia, certain ladies of high rank have organized an Economical Dress Club. Among other rules adopted is one discountenancing the constant changes recommended by dressmakers, and modistes, when these lack artistic value.

—A respectable lady, Mrs. Peck by name, was recently charged with pocket-picking in London, and committed for trial. No bill was found, and it proved, after the lady had expended £240 in lawyers' fees and court expenses, that there was no foundation for the charge whatever. The law allows her no redress, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, Countess of Russell and Miss Florence Nightingale have headed a committee appealing to the public to express their sense of injustice by subscribing to a testimonial.

—A gentleman signing himself "Physician," and describing himself as "an old traveler," writes to the London *Standard* on the practice of selling ice water at a penny a glass at the stations of the Brighton Railroad, and says: "Over in the States (which I have visited four times in the last twelve years) I have always found, in nearly every train, too, this luxury supplied, and always gratis, to passengers—a boy being kept on the train whose sole duty it is to walk to and fro in the cars during the journey with a supply of good, fresh iced water. However, we English do not go in so for comfort (though I look upon this as almost a necessity) as our American cousins do, and while they, by studying every detail, do all they can, both on their railroads and their magnificent steamboats, to make travelers comfortable, we over here seem to do all we can to make them uncomfortable."

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