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THE ARCTIC WATCH.

Behold upon the frozen foam, A little vessel far from home, The polar star above her lies, A ward of light set in the sky, The Arctic wave is on her deck, And hope has left the broken wreck, Bewildered all things else but Fate, And sinking, sinking, sinking yet, Behold her lying motionless, The lost Jeanette!

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

It was on the eve of the battle of Solferino. The French regiments, which had arrived from Milan during the day, by long and dusty roads, under a broiling sun, exhausted by fatigue, were encamped on an immense plain, shut in by a chain of hills, on which towered the white houses of the town. Lightning playing among the leaden colored clouds, illuminated at intervals with lurid light the battlefield of the morrow. Nothing else lit up the camp. No fires were allowed, as a measure of prudence. All were not asleep, however. Besides the outposts and pickets, many in camp were wide awake. Here and there groups of men, lying on the grass round their clubs, conversed in low tones and discussed the probable issue of the coming battle. In the middle of a small group of officers, who talked over the chances of the morrow, was Colonel Eugene de Valmont, who commanded a regiment of light dragoons. He had the well-earned reputation of being one of the most splendid officers in his own branch of the service. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved in the regiment by officers and men alike, and deservedly so. Colonel de Valmont appeared to pay but little attention to what was said. He seemed in a proud reverie, as he bit, rather than smoked, a half consumed cigar. Turning suddenly to his Surgeon Major, a veteran with a well-known face, he said: "Brise, do you believe in presentiments?" "It depends, Colonel. One may have them, no doubt; but to admit that they are ever realized is another matter." "You look upon them as valueless, devoid of any prophetic importance?" "Quite so."

worshiped this boy—poor fellow!—and his life and soul seemed wrapped up in his being and existence. And now, as to the sequel to my tale. "De Valmont was on leave, and at his wife's desire went about to visit Italy. Not to fatigue the child their journey was mapped out in short stages. They were resting two days at Marselles before going to Genoa by Le Conte, so I decided to stay and see them off. "In the afternoon of my arrival, as the weather was glorious, little Lucien was sent with his nurse down to the sea, on that magnificent beach where the splendid palace of Prado stands. Two hours after this nurse returned alone, looking like a mad woman. The eyes were starting out of her head, and sobbing and crying, she threw herself at the Countess's feet, and said she had lost the child. She and her charge were playing on the beach, where they were attracted by the sight of the sea. Some accident, a small crowd had assembled, and the boy was not out of her sight for half a minute. On looking round he was gone; and she sought him in vain. He seemed to have been spirited away. She called his name at the top of her voice, and ran up and down the beach until exhausted. By-standers who heard her cries helped her in the search; but they found nothing. "Was Lucien drowned?" asked the Sub-Lieutenant. "This was the question started, but it was well-nigh impossible. The child could only toddle, and the sea was too far from the place indicated by the nurse. So this hypothesis was given up. The police considered it a case of kidnaping, and went to work, but failed to find a clue. They searched for weeks through all the slums of the city—the low quarters where the dregs of the population congregated, the scum of the Mediterranean—but with no success. A description of the child was sent to every consul, with orders to make full inquiry. De Valmont himself obtained special leave of absence from the War Office and spent a year in trying to solve the mystery. He returned more dead than alive to bury his wife, whom grief had killed. "As to the Colonel, at first he had serious intentions of joining the Trappists and retiring from the world. But hope sustains him still. He believes, if his boy was not drowned, that Providence will take pity on him and yet restore him to the world. He has since devoted his whole life and soul to his regiment; but the wound at his heart has never healed, and when it breaks out afresh he becomes sad and sorrowful and talks about presentiment. "La Severina, I believe, has kept her word and wreaked a terrible revenge!" "Brise finished his story and wished all good things to the child. "We have six hours for sleep, my boys, and then—"

On the morrow, at the early hour of six o'clock, a double line of smoke ascended from the camp, and a few minutes later the sun shone brightly on the sea. The French had brought almost all their guns into action. The Austrian batteries posted on the opposite hills replied with a well-known face, he said: "Brise, do you believe in presentiments?" "It depends, Colonel. One may have them, no doubt; but to admit that they are ever realized is another matter." "You look upon them as valueless, devoid of any prophetic importance?" "Quite so."

white. His eyes, dilated and immovable, were fixed upon the fatal letter. The servant touched him lightly on the shoulder, and his master dropped motionless on the floor. He was dead.—London Society.

Place a child (because the pupils of children are large), and by preference a blonde, at a distance of ten or fifteen feet from a lamp which is the only source of light in a room, and cause it to look at some object in the direction of the lamp, turning the eye wish to look at slightly inward toward the nose. Now, put your own eye close behind the lamp-flame, with a card between it and the flame. If you will then look close by the edge of the flame covered by the card into the eye of the child, you will see, instead of a perfectly black pupil, a reddish-yellow circle. If the eye happens to be hypermetropic, you will be able to see the red reflex when your own eyes is at some distance to one side of the flame. This is the true explanation of the eyes of some animals when they are in comparative obscurity. It is simply the light reflected from the bottom of their eyes, which is generally of a reddish tinge on account of the red blood in the vascular layer of the choroid back of the semi-transparent retina, and not light that is generated from within. This reflection is most apparent when the animal is in obscurity, but the observer must be in the light, and somewhat in the relative position indicated in the above-described diagram. If the eye is very highly so, so that they send out the rays of light which have entered them in a very diverging manner.—Susan M. Burnett, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

At the construction of this work, built by the Empress Anna Ivanovna, on the Neva, 1739, the simplest means were used. First, the purest and most transparent ice was selected. This was cut into large blocks, squares, with rule and compass, and carved with all the regular architectural embellishments. No cement was used. Each block when ready was raised to its destined place by cranes and pulleys, and just before was let down upon the block which was to support it, water was poured between the two; the upper block was immediately lowered, and as the water froze instantly, it was in place. The climate, the two blocks being literally one. In fact, the whole building appeared to be, and really was, a single mass of ice. The effect it produced upon the eye was most beautiful than if it had been of the most costly marble—its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the appearance of a precious stone.

At Toledo a sharp-looking young man boarded the Detroit-bound train, and after looking over the passengers in one of the coaches he took a seat beside a traveler with a face as honest as a four-dollar bill. Just as the train was about to start the young man suddenly said: "My friend, I am on my way to Detroit to see my mother die." "What of it?" asked the other. "I haven't got any money with me, but I'll give you my watch for security when I reach Detroit." The watch was a galvanized affair, worth about fifty cents per pound. The man with the four-dollar-face examined it, shook it and put it in his pocket. He then slowly drew a twenty-dollar bill from his vest pocket and handed it over to the young man. The latter simply glanced at it and then the two smiled. Then they shook hands. Then the watch and the bill changed hands. The watch was a dead swindle and the bill a counterfeit, and both belonged to the "profess."—Detroit Free Press.

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The following illustrations show a few of the points of advantage which the "DEERING" has over its competitors: Of the Deering Knotter it can truly be said that it is no complication, no getting out of order, no springs in Knotter, no numberless lot of weak little pieces, no missing of bundles, always sure, very simple, very strong. The following cuts show the pieces of the Deering cord holder and knotter when taken apart—only six in number. A neat little device, shown in the following cut has been added to the Deering Binder for '84, this extension butt board, which is adjusted to machine as shown in cut farther down. Makes all the bundles bound by the Deering square at the butts, thus not allowing any of the grain to slip out and waste while handling the bundles. It will readily be seen that this gives the Deering an immense advantage over all its competitors, who cannot do better than shown in this cut. Testimonials, as to the merits of the "DEERING," of twenty-four of the leading farmers of Platte county who bought "DEERING" Binders last year will be furnished, and any wishing to see the "DEERING" Binder are cordially invited to call on KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO., FARM MACHINERY, PUMPS, WIND MILLS, HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE, ETC. Who will most cheerfully show you anything in their line. Thirteenth Street, near B. & M. Depot, COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.