THE BLUE VASE.

By S. BARING GOULD.

CHAPTER I.

THE year 1744 found Frederick the Great of Prussia in Bohemia, and Prague capitulated to him. In November he fought a battle against the Saxons at Hermansdorf, beat them, and marched to Dresden, and on Christmas day, in the year 1745, Austria and Saxony made peace with him, and Silesia was given up to Frederick.

Now we have nothing to do with the political history of the time, but we have been obliged to mention the above facts to explain how it was that Frederick the Great came to Dresden, and how the chain of circumstances ensued connected with the Blue Vase that gives its title to our tale.

When the Prussian king was at Dresden he went to Meissen to see the porcelain factory. This factory belonged to the king of Saxony, and the secret of the art was hedged about with the most severe, even Draconian, laws, and the most cruel punishments were threatenend against such as divulged the secret. The secret had only been discovered in 1710 how to make pure white transparent porcelain, and the royal factory was established in 1711. The prices paid for the articles that issued from it were high. In 1720, the court of Vienna, by bribery, induced one of the workmen to escape from Meissen and carry the precious secret to the capital by the Danube. And now, in 1745, Frederick, as conqueror, entered the factory and watched the workmen engaged in modeling, burning, painting, gilding.

Frederick was not a man to neglect his opportunity, and he at once made a demand that some of the master workmen and of the best artists should be delivered over to him, that he might establish a royal porcelain factory of his own at Berlin. Among the former was Wegeli, who became the actual master and founder of the Berlin porcelain, and among the latter was a young girl named Sophie Mansfeld. While Frederick was going over the factory at Meissen, he was shown some beautiful vases painted with landscapes and pastoral subjects, so fresh, charming and quaint that he asked the name of the artist, and when told it, stipulated that she—for the painter was Sophie Mansfeld—should accompany the detachment which he engaged to come to Berlin, and make and paint porcelain for the replenishing of his private purse.

At this very time, 1745, the Chelsea pottery works were established, and one of the makers, or foremen, of the Chelsea works, a man called Aldbury, was then in Berlin. He had been sent over, perhaps, to endeavor to secure some of the workmen for the English establishment. In this he failed. Frederick knew he was in Berlin, and had his movements watched. He went further; he endeavored to bribe Aldbury to divulge some of the secrets of the Chelsea factory. Whether he succeeded in this cannot be said, but Aldbury remained in Berlin longer than he needed, and on very good terms with the king, and was allowed to visit the royal factory. One day the king determined to inspect the establishment, and he invited Aldbury and others to accompany him. Among these others was a young Polish nobleman, Augustus Lazinka, who had been educated in the Prussian military school at Potsdam and had entered the service of the king; another was the Count des Louragais, who was interested in the Sevres manufacture. Any one who knows much of china, and has seen some of the earliest productions of the Berlin factory, will know that they were not the best of ther kind, not by any means equal to those turned out at Meissen. The king saw this, when he looked at what had recently been burned, and he was angry. He rated Wegeli, scolded the workmen, the painters, the burners; nothing pleased him; he was vexed to have such poor results to show to the Count des Louragais and Aldbury.

When he came to the table where Sophie Mansfeld was painting, "Hein!" said he roughly, "what is the meaning of this? Do you suppose I will put up with daubs? Has his majesty of Saxony paid you to supply me with bad work?"

"Perhaps, your majesty," suggested Louragais, "the girl has left a sweetheart behind her, and so is working here without her heart."

"What, what, sweetheart!" exclaimed Frederick; "a workwoman has no business to lose her heart. What do you mean? That a good artiste is to abandon her profession in which she excels, to run after a man, and become his wife, and slice sausages, and stir sauerkraut, and have babes, and wash and mind the babies, for a husband? I won't hear of it. It is nonsense. Go on with your painting, and do it better, or I will dock your salary, and—if I find your lover—have him shot, or shut up in Spandau."

The king was talking with Louragais, and young Lazinka was behind. The girl was pretty, she was in distress, and he had a heart to admire beauty and pity affliction; so he ventured to take her hand and say a word of encouragement.

"His majesty did not want to be unkind. His majesty is peremptory. Was mademoiselle very unhappy?"

She was away from home, her relations, her friends. Her voice faltered as she spoke.

"But," said Lazinka, "you can return, if you are unhappy in Berlin."

"Pardon," she answered, raising her beautiful eyes; "I cannot return. The gracious sir does not remember that I am a porcelain worker."

"How can I forget it, when I see you engaged on painting a vase?"

"But the gracious sir forgets that porcelain artists are not free. They cannot go where they like, they cannot call themselves their own. They are like the old serfs—absolutely under the control of their master, the crown."

"Do you mean, mademoiselle, to say you cannot seek your home and see your relatives?"

"No, sir, I am bound to remain here. If I attempted to leave I should be imprisoned."

"But, why?"

"The secret has to be preserved. I might carry it elsewhere."

"Then Berlin is your Siberia!"

"We are under perpetual police supervision. If the least suspicion be aroused that we are meditating escape; if we meet with persons suspected of seeking to draw the secret from us, we are arrested and severely punished."

"Good heavens! And you can never leave?"

"We know the secret, and as long as life lasts are dangerous. We might betray it. No, we can only leave for our graves."

"This is slavery, rank slavery!" exclaimed the young Pole. "Did the king bring you here?"

"His most gracious majesty! Yes."

"But this tyranny. To act thus is—is to act the tyrant."

He spoke incautiously, he was carried away by his feelings; but he was startled by the king's harsh voice: "What, what? Who is tyrant. Eh, eh?"

Lazinka stood silent, covered with confusion.

"Sire," said the Count des Louragais, with promptitude, "Love is a tyrant who lays hold of a young and inflammable cavalier and draws him from his duty to your sacred majesty to cast him in chains at the feet of mademoiselle; who—see, your majesty—with her inimitable pencil, has put a touch of fire into his eyes, and a brushful of carnation into his cheek."

"Humph!" said Frederick, and went on. Lazinka followed, thankful to the Frenchman for his timely intervention.

CHAPTER II.

Young Lazinka could not forget the pale, sad face of Sophie Mansfeld; and when, a few days later, he met the Englishman, Aldbury, he asked him about the girl. Aldbury had some acquaintance with the circumstances, as he had made friends with Wegeli; and a good deal of talk had been roused in the factory by the king's visit, and his reprimand of the maiden. Sophie was a girl of irreproachable character, the daughter of a pastor in the Erz Gebirge, the eldest of a large family, and as the parents were not well off, she had been constrained to earn her own livelihood.

"It is too cruel that Mlle. Mansfeld should be retained here in enforced exile," said Lazinka, who thought more of the girl's sorrows than of the diffusion of porcelain works and the profits that flowed into princely pockets.

"There are lots of cruelties that can't be helped," said Aldbury.

"I think," said the young officer, "if she were to draw up a humble petition to his majesty, stating the hardness of her case, he might listen to it. He is good at heart, and just."

"Who would present it?"

"I would."

A few days later the inconsiderate, hot headed, warm hearted young man actually did present to Frederick the Great a memorial from Sophie Mansfeld, entreating permission to be allowed to return to her home in the Saxon mountains. The king took it from his hand, grunted, cast a glance down the page, turned an angry eye at the youth and put the paper in his pocket.

That evening there was a reception at the house of the Countess Lazinka, who was in Berlin, and the king graciously attended. The countess possessed some fine china and some specimens of the Russian manufacture. The king was curious about these latter, and took them up and looked at their marks.

"Sire, you do me too much honor."

"Humph!" he said, "unless my men work better I shall not allow any figure on their productions—not the Brandenburg eagle—no, nor a B crowned, nothing but Wegeli's initial; perhaps, if our porcelain becomes famous, I may allow the orb and sceptre to stamp it, not otherwise. I don't know," he said, roughly, "but that Wegeli's W may pass for badly drawn crossed swords, as on certain Dresden pots." He looked sulkily at some fine Meissen china. "When my factory is in working order," he said, "I shall put a prohibitive duty on all Dresden and other china, and every one who is a good citizen and a patriot and loves his king will buy Berlin porcelain."

As the king spoke no one else uttered a sound, all remained in respectful silence and attention. Frederick looked round, and saw the young man, the son of his hostess, and said, with a significant glance, "I cannot understand how any one with respect for the country and his sovereign can wish to deprive them of the services of the best artists and workmen." Then with his elbow, accidentally, he knocked over a magnificent and enormously costly vase, which fell on the floor, and was dashed to a thousand pieces. The king was himself a little disconcerted; not so the countess, who, with perfect readiness, said: "Sire, you do me too much honor."

"Honor, how so?"

"The vase was precious before; it is incalculably more precious to me now!"

Frederick grunted, and went away.

The guests looked at the countess, then at the young man. A moment before they thought him lost; now, by his mother's readiness, they trusted he was saved.

Next morning, the young Count Lazinka was again in attendance on Frederick. The king came to him from his cabinet, holding a piece of paper in his hand; he had a frown on his face, and spoke gruffly.

"There," said he, "take it."

The paper was Sophie Mansfeld's petition. On the back was written in the king's own hand:

"Whoever of the artists in the porcelain factory at Berlin de dato in one month shall paint a vase as beautiful as that we broke yesterday evening at the Countess Lazinka's palace, shall have our gracious permission to marry or not to marry, to go back to Saxony or to stay at Berlin, as shall best please him or her; and we further promise that we will graciously give that person an annual salary of $500 should it content him or her to remain in our service, in our royal manufactory. Given at Sanssouci, this March 28, 1746. FREDERICK."

The offer of such a salary was liberal for Frederick the Great.

No sooner did Sophie Mansfeld receive the answer to her petition than she was fired with hope, and her enthusiasm for her art rekindled. She asked permission, and received it, to see the fragments of the vase the king had broken. When shown them, a light smile played over her lips.

"It was superb," said the countess. "Never was the equal seen, in delicacy of execution, or beauty of invention."

"Gracious lady," answered Sophie with a smile, "it was of my own painting, and I can excel it. Buoyed with hope of revisiting my home, and with desire to acknowledge my obligation to your son, I shall certainly surpass it."

CHAPTER III.

The appointed day arrived on which the vases were to be exhibited. The king's promise and offer were not limited to Sophie, and some rivalry existed among the artists in the royal factory.

During the month Lazinka had visited the workshop repeatedly to inspect progress, and he was confident in the success of his fair protege. The vase stood eighteen inches high without its cover; it was gracefully shaped. Sophie had herself sketched its outline. It was painted a deep purple blue, of the most superb richness, over which rococco ornaments in gold, part dull, part burnished, were etched with extraordinary ease and delicacy. On each side was a space where the white porcelain showed, and on the one side which was to be the back was a beautifully painted view of Potsdam, and on the other, the front, was Frederick the Great seated on his charger, waving his sword, wearing his cocked hat and coat of dark blue with cuffs and lining of scarlet. His waistcoat was yellow. He wore high boots, and on his breast a star. In the rear were the Prussian soldiers charging, and the smoke of battle. Beneath the picture was a scroll on which was inscribed:

"A l'eternelle gloire de Frederic le grand."

The vases had been brought to the palace at Potsdam, and were unpacked and placed on shelves for exhibition by the sub-director, Hirsch.

Hirsch was not a pleasant man; he was a Jew, and he had caused Sophie much annoyance by his attentions. He scowled at the young count whenever he entered the factory, and Lazinka had once remarked on his ill humor, to Sophie, without in the least guessing the occasion for it.

When the king and the company he had invited to attend him came into the gallery where the porcelain was on show, Hirsch and Wegeli were present, as were also the exhibitors, standing at a respectful distance. The king looked critically at the pieces shown him, but was specially struck with that painted by Sophie.

"Here!" said he, "Hirsch, fetch me that down, give me that vase. It is as good as any turned out of the Saxon factory. Here—let me look at it."

"Majesty!" said Hirsch, "I fly to obey."

But instead of immediately doing what the king commanded, Hirsch proceeded to draw a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and to wipe the vase.

"Pardon your majesty," he said, "before I offer it into your august hands. Some dust has settled on it. So many persons are in the gallery."

"Come, come, never mind the dust; I like it—in battle."

But Hirsch wiped and rewiped the vase, and then, with a profound bow, handed it to the king.

Frederick was pleased at the shape of the piece, and the graceful sweep of the handles. "It is good, classical," he said. "There I am," he laughed. "That, I suppose, is intended for me at Mollnitz. I think I recognize the fortifications. But—I never went into battle so snug and smart as that; and whoever painted this has forgotten the smears of snuff that adorn my gracious nose. I ask any of my officers if I ever wore cloth with the gloss on it given me by the glaze on this porcelain! I have not so dapper a coat in my wardrobe; and my boots—Hein! at Mollnitz—were splashed. It was a muddy day! What is this inscription? To the eternal glory—Ah, there is dust, or smudge, or something there. Take the vase, Hirsch, wipe it again, and hand it to me once more."

Then the sub-director again received Sophie's beautifully printed piece, and now, kneeling at the king's feet, he proceeded to rub, and rub hard, at one portion of the surface. As he did so he cast a malignant glance at the count.

Sophie was surprised, and looked at Count Lazinka, who stood behind his majesty.

"That is all right; that will do," said the king. "Now give me the vase once more."

He held it up before his eyes, and studied the scroll below the picture of himself. Then, suddenly, his face changed; his cheeks dyed themselves crimson, and his eye flashed fire.

"Who painted this vase?" he shouted in a voice of thunder.

"Sire," said Lazinka, "it was designed and drawn entirely by the Demoiselle Mansfeld."

"And she painted the inscription to the eternal memory of Frederick the Great, eh?"

"Your majesty," said Lazinka, again bowing and coloring, I must admit an indiscretion. It was I who wrote that inscription in characters of gold. I was one day visiting the demoiselle to inquire after the progress of the vase, when she had her gold paint mixed, and, sire, I was unable to conceive that the red paint she used could burn to gold. Then she invited me to write the words, and, sire, I with her quill inscribed the legend on the vase."

"Ha, ho! The tyrant; yes, I heard you say as much."

The young count looked at the king in surprise.

"Ho!" shouted the king. "Where is the guard? Arrest them both—both Lazinka and the girl. They are both guilty of treason."

"Treason, sire?"

"Treason—yes," shouted the angry king. "You know what you wrote. You know; but you thought to conceal it from me, with a dab of paint, and when the vase reached your mother you would show it and laugh, 'A l'eternelle gloire de Frederic le grand tyran!'"

Count Augustus Lazinka looked with perplexity at the vase and started, and the color died out of his cheek.

Thereon stood the words the king had uttered. The inscription was to the eternal glory of Frederick the great tyrant. One reproachful glance he cast at Sophie, but saw that equal amazement was pictured in her expressive face. Certainly, he had written there the legend, "To the eternal glory of Frederick the Great." Hirsch, in wiping the vase, had wiped away a little blue paint at the end of the scroll, and, in so doing, had disclosed the last word, a new conclusion, which altered the whole character of the legend. That word was "Tyrant," the word he had let drop in the hearing of the king, when speaking of the treatment of the potters to Sophie Mansfeld.

"Treason—yes," shouted the angry king.

He was hardly able to understand the situation. He was unable to account for the amplification, when the guards took him and the young girl into custody, and they were marched off to separate prisons.

(*Concluded next week.*)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh, dear one, with tawny wings,
Dearest of singing things,
Whose hymns my company have been,
Thou art come, thou art come, thou art seen!
Bid, with the music of thy voice,
Sweet sounding rustler, the heart rejoice;
Ah! louder, louder, louder sing,
Flute out the language of the spring;
Nay, let those low notes rest,
Oh! my nightingale, nightingale, trill out thy anapæst.

Come, my companion, cease from thy slumbers,
Pour out thy holy and musical numbers,
Sing and lament with a sweet throat divine,
Itys of many tears, thy son and mine;
Cry out, and quiver and shake, dusky throat,
Throb with a thrill of thy liquidest note.
Through the wide country, and mournfully through
Leafy haired branches and boughs of the yew,
Widens and rises the echo until
Even the throne room of God it shall fill,
Then when Apollo, the bright locked, hath heard,
Lo, he shall answer thine elegy, bird,
Playing his ivory, seven stringed lyre,
Standing a god in the high god's choir.

Ay, and not he alone.
Hark! From immortal throats arise
Diviner threnodies,
Sounding together in a heavenly moan,
And answering thine own.

—A. Mary F. Robinson, from Aristophanes.

What London and Paris Eat.

In London and Paris the annual average consumption a head of population is stated to be as follows, the greater quantity in each case being credited to the Parisian: Apples, 65 pounds and 6 ounces—145 pounds; pears, 39 pounds and 5 ounces—170 pounds and 13 ounces; peas, 3 pounds and 8 ounces—6 pounds and 15 ounces; carrots, 7 pounds and 3 ounces—37 pounds; celery, 11 ounces—6 pounds and 18 ounces; cherries, 2 pounds and 13 ounces—20 pounds and 14 ounces; plums and damsons, 17 pounds and 12 ounces.—183 pounds and 4 ounces; raspberries, 4 ounces—2 pounds; strawberries, 3 pounds and 10 ounces—13 pounds and 12 ounces; asparagus, 1 pound and 3 ounces—5 pounds and 4 ounces.

On the other hand, while the Londoners eat 173 pounds 4 ounces of potatoes, the Parisian eats only 49 pounds and 4 ounces. The average consumption of onions, tomatoes, cabbages, cucumbers and turnips is also greater in London than in Paris; but with these exceptions the French are by far the largest consumers of fruit and vegetables.—Good Housekeeping.

Clothing of Russian Convicts.

The suit of clothes for summer wear consists of a shirt and pair of trousers of linen, and a peasant's coat of camel's hair, which last costs five shillings. The convicts condemned to hard labor wear two yellow diamond shaped patches sewn on the back; those without labor have one piece only; whilst other marks of a similar character indicate the province whence they come. At the Kara gold mines I learned that a coat of felt is given yearly. A shirt must last six months, and is washed once a week; whilst in summer a pair of rough leather shoes is served out every twenty-two days. Those working in the mines are provided also with gloves, the annual cost there of a man's clothing being £4. In a convict village near Vladivostock they told me that on being settled as colonists they receive monthly seventy two pounds of flour and fivepence a day Every year they receive a shuba, or sheepskin coat, under linen, two pairs of winter boots, three pairs of summer shoes, and once in three years a long coat.—Henry Lansdell, D.D., in Harper's Magazine.

Tastes of the Book Hunters.

In book hunting men's tastes vary widely, just as some hunters pursue a mountain grizzly, the buffalo or the antelope, while others find their amusement in shooting on the wing. Some men prize only Bibles, some Shakespeare, some old ballads, some the Elizabethan literature and some Queen Anne's. Some want only American, and others only first editions. The field is, in fact, as broad as literature and as boundless as human desire. There have been mighty hunters in the book world, and their story is one of the most interesting chapters in literature. It takes one into a region unknown, but full of fascinating interest. Those who have not become acquainted with it know nothing of the highest joys of books. —Chicago Herald.

Average Height of Soldiers.

It has generally been believed that the reduction in average height of French soldiers which followed Napoleon's wars, due, of course, to the immense slaughter in those campaigns, made all of those soldiers the shortest in Europe. But, according to a high medical and military authority in Russia, the minimum height of the Russian and the French conscript is about equal—five feet; while in most other European countries the minimum ranges from five feet one inch to five feet three inches.—New York Home Journal

A Helmet for Firemen.

A new helmet for firemen has been invented in Bremen. It consists principally of a copper mask, which is very light. The wearer's nose, mouth, and eyes receive through an india rubber tube a constant stream of pure air, which leaves the helmet by an opening opposite the eyes and prevents the entrance of smoke. The helmet has been practically tested and is to be used by the Berlin firemen, it is said. —New York Sun.

Cause and Effect.

Clubman—The Mormon men have no clubs, I suppose?

Salt Lake Man—They had not until lately, but several clubs have been started within a year.

"Indeed? Then the report that they are abandoning polygamy must be true." —Omaha World.

It Makes a Difference.

Husband (all ready for the theatre)—I declare, dear, it's raining hard.

Wife (buttoning her gloves)—Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church.—Harper's Bazar.

STRANGE CEREMONIES.

QUEER FORMS OF WORSHIP OBSERVED IN ARIZONA.

Christianity and Barbarism Strangely Mingled in the Mountain Regions. Practices of the Descendants of a Band of Spanish Adventurers.

Tradition says that in 1571 a few Jesuit padres and Spanish adventurers pushed their way northward through Mexico as far as the Santa Rita mountains, which are located in what is now known as southern Arizona. On the western slope of this great range, just beneath the shadow of Old Baldy, a majestic peak which rises to the height of 10,500 feet, the settlement of Tumacacori was formed, and the mission of San Jose erected.

The present inhabitants of the Santa Ritas are the descendants of the Spanish adventurers, with a strong intermixture of Indian blood, and the principal settlement in the mountains is at Greaterville. They are ignorant and superstitious, and while they are nominally Catholics, their ideas are so crude, and they have forgotten or changed so much of the teachings of the old padres that they can hardly be considered a Christian people. There is no church in the mountains, and a priest has not been among the people for more than a hundred years, yet they keep track of many of the holy days and church feasts, which they observe very devoutly, in spite of the fact that most of the ceremonies are conducted after their own strange fashion.

Every year Semana Santa (Holy Week) is observed at Greaterville in the most fantastic manner, and people gather there from all parts of the mountains. A large adobe hut is put in order and prepared for the occasion. Every devout person brings to the improvised chapel such holy pictures, crucifixes, wax candles and artificial flowers as they may possess, and with these the room is ornamented. An altar is made of empty boxes piled in the shape of a pyramid and covered with plain cotton cloth. The images and candles are ranged around this altar, and a large crucifix or picture of the Holy Saviour surmounts the whole. No work is done during Holy Week, and the people give themselves up entirely to their devotions, which are kept up without ceasing both day and night.

As there are no priests to officiate, there can be no regular service in the chapel, and the only order observed seems to be that the older people lead in praying or chanting, and the younger ones follow suit. The prayers are short and very far between, so the principal service is the almost incessant chant. Men, women and children sing in unison, accompanied by a rude band consisting of a voilon, accordion and guitar. The people have good voices, and the chanting is in a low and melodious tone. A strangely weird and striking effect is produced as the sad, sweet music from the little chapel floats up the lonely gulch and is softly echoed among the rugged cliffs.

Outside of the chapel a scene is constantly being enacted which differs widely from the devotions within. Here are gathered a number of young men and boys, clad in fantastic garments and wearing hideous masks. The masks are generally made from sheepskins, with the wool on the outside. The holes for the mouth, nose and eyes are burned with hot irons, which gives them a singed and diabolical appearance, and each head is ornamented with horns or antlers. These people are called "Judeas." It is their duty to laugh and scoff at the devotions, and to jeer at those who profess to believe. They enter the chapel from time to time, without bowing before the altar, and while on the inside amuse themselves by pinching or otherwise annoying those at prayer. If their pranks become too annoying, the person praying makes the sign of the cross, and the annoyer must then turn away his face and apparently tremble with fear.

At night the "Judeas" build great bonfires and dance and howl around them from dark until daylight. They rush around the blazing pile and jump through the flames, trying to show which one possesses the most devilish instincts. They are not representing devils, it is true; but they believe that all are inhabitants of the infernal regions, and that properly to impersonate the character there must be an utter disregard for fire.

During the week an effigy of the Saviour is taken from the altar in the chapel, and after being regularly crucified is laid away in a sepulcher prepared for the occasion. The devout ones chant and pray and show every evidence that they have some faint idea of the solemnity with which the death upon the cross should be commemorated. Meanwhile the "Judeas" are jubilant, and howl and dance around their fires in greater glee than ever.

On Easter morn every one assembles in front of the chapel; the men form in line, and the women gather around the sepulcher. The men bring with them any kind of firearms they may have, and in the line will be found all sorts of guns and pistols. At a given signal the effigy is taken up and returned to its place on the altar; and volley after volley is fired by the men to announce the fact that "Christ has risen from the dead."

Then comes the climax. The "Judeas" who have been scoffing and deriding during the week, while all of the devout were praying, are going to receive the punishment which has been in store for them. Their masks are thrown aside and they are divested of all clothing above their waists. They immediately set up a wailing and make every outward demonstration of despair. A double row of children, young men and young women is now formed, and between these lines the offenders must run the gauntlet. Each girl and child is dressed to represent an angel, and all are armed with switches and leathern thongs, while only the girls carry lighted candles in their left hands. As the offenders run up and down between these lines they are unmercifully beaten upon their naked backs until the blood gushes out and the flesh is laid bare. There are many instances in the mountains of the southwest and of northern Mexico where similar punishments have been so severe that death resulted. After the "Judeas" have been punished sufficiently they are allowed to wash themselves and go before the altar, where they pray and are forgiven for their misdoings.—New York Sun.

REMINISCENCES OF CHICAGO.

Told by a Lady Who Came to the Place Fifty Years Ago.

"My father took a claim on the North Side near the river and not far from Mr. Clybourne's," said Mrs. Mary Ann Draper. "Here we lived for quite a long time. I have gone through many dangers and hardships on the North Side in early days. The Indians were numerous, and were always coming and going. Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they were not. My father always had his gun and sword by the bed at night and a dog in the house. Often he would not remove his clothing. The Indians would come up and go around the house, and now and then strike their tomahawks into the logs and cry: 'Chan in chan muck-a-mu—no good white man.' I don't see why they didn't kill us. They did kill one man and woman just before they 'treated.' They hung the man up in the woods and threw the woman in the lake.

"I think there were only thirteen dwelling houses, all told, when I came to Chicago. My father helped to build the famous 'Green Tree Tavern.' These houses could not all be seen at one view. The grass was south, and all the North Side nearly was covered with very heavy woods. Wild rice grew in the river, and beautiful white and yellow pond lilies were to be seen along the shores. I had several adventures and some narrow escapes.

"But I want to tell you how, I sometimes believe, I saved Chicago from a massacre. This adventure I call my 'bridge disaster.' I was about 13 years old then, and we lived on the North Side, near the junction of the north and south branches of the river. Mother wanted me to go to market. So I took the basket on my arm and started for the only bakery then in Chicago, which was on the West Side, and also for the only meat market in town, which was on the South Side, where Mr. Clybourne had his shop. Near the two rivers was a pole bridge which I had to cross. I went over all right and secured my bread and meat, but on my return I found the bridge blockaded with Indian ponies, and I should say there were about 2,000 savages in that vicinity. The ponies were stationed on the bridge in such a manner that it was supposed no one could get through. But I passed over with my basket by going along on the ends of the poles outside of a rough railing. At the farther end stood a big Indian with a long knife in his hand. I shied around him, too, and had gotten fairly over only when the bridge broke down and tumbled poles and ponies pell mell together in the river. A thousand war whoops seemed to rend the air, and the big Indian whooped the loudest of all, and, lifting his great knife, started after me.

"Run! I should think I did. I ran through a house near by quicker than I can tell it, and the Indian after me. I dodged into a thicket of wild apple trees, and got into the woods and made my escape. But I did not feel safe until my long hair was shorn off and my disguise so complete that the Indians would not recognize me. This racket called out the garrison at the fort. The drums beat, and even my brother ran around, crying out: 'The war's commenced, the war's commenced, get your guns ready quick.' Alexander Robinson, the chief of the tribe, used to tell me that the Indians thought I had bewitched the bridge and brought on the calamity, and therefore tried to kill me. Later in the day, however, they changed their minds and said I was a 'fairy' sent by the Great Spirit to punish them because they would not 'treat' with the white men. The treaty was agreed upon that very afternoon, and peace, instead of a massacre, prevailed. Thus, I expect I helped to save Chicago."—Chicago Herald.

Effects of Absinthe Tippling.

The young men are cultivating absinthe, and when the present generation reaches middle age the absinthe tippler will be one of the frequent guests at our hospitals, which are now full of drunkards and narcotic takers. I am now treating a man who has reached the last stage. The effects are fearful. It is a drink that serves as a powerful stimulant at first, but is the most injurious in the end because of its strength. It is easy to drink absinthe to excess because it requires such a small quantity to do the work.

The intoxication it causes is exhilarating and pleasant, but after it is drank to excess the digestive organs are destroyed and the appetite ruined. With the effects worn off comes a terrible thirst, with giddiness and a tingling in the ears, mental depression and finally hallucination and loss of brain power. The symptoms of an excessive drinker breaking down are muscular quiverings, loss of physicial strength, emaciation and a sallow complexion. Paralysis finally sends him to the grave.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

How a Steamer Got Ice.

The United States fish commission steamer Albatross, Lieut. Commander Z. L. Tanner commanding, recently arrived in port, having spent nearly a month in the Straits of Magellan, where large collections were made in all branches of natural history. Fishes of excellent quality for eating were there seined in great quantities. Vessels passing through the straits, if supplied with seines, could thus obtain an abundance of fresh food. Camps of Fuegians were visited and considerable ethnological material was obtained from them for the National museum at Washington.

In Eyre sound icebergs are usually to be found floating, as many glaciers flow into the water there. The Albatross ran into this sound and made fast to a berg for the purpose of getting a supply of ice for her refrigerator. Huge blocks were then cut off and hoisted in until six tons had thus been taken aboard. The ice was clear and compact and lasted until the arrival of the ship here.—Panama Star and Herald.

Worship of the Snake God.

Some Pueblo towns used to keep each an enormous snake in a closed room, and feed it with children. The Pueblo of La Cia, twenty-five miles west of Bernalillo, was nearly depopulated thus. It had a snake of enormous size, kept in a room whose doors and windows were walled up. In the roof was a small hole, sealed with a heavy flat rock. The first day of every month the people drew lots to see whose child should be sacrificed to the snake god. The chosen babe was carefully bathed and anointed, and then tossed, naked, down the hole to the hungry serpent. It is only six years since this hideous rite was stopped by a priest, who finally prevailed upon the Pueblos to tear down the wall and kill the snake.—New Mexico Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Value of Electric Welding.

The electric welding of Professor Elihu Thomson is rapidly developing into a great business. The practical uses to which this invention can be applied are very numerous. Besides its value in factories for the repair of tools, shafts, etc., and in general "job work" among machinists, it is adaptable to many forms of manufacturing. In steam and gas fitting, or plumbing, employing either copper, lead or cast iron pipe, as well as in electrical fitting, it will prove invaluable.—Frank Leslie's.

Clockwork in Photograph Printing.

An interesting development in photography is in the use of clockwork in printing from negatives. By this means a continuous web of sensitized paper is drawn at suitable intervals under a negative exposed to a source of light. After printing the paper is drawn, still by the mechanism, through "washer," "toner" and "fixer" successively, and appears finally as a series of finished pictures ready for mounting and all alike in exposure, color and tone.—San Francisco Chronicle.

They Got Into Print at Last.

Omaha Dame (looking over a newspaper)—Dear me! There is a big dry goods firm in this city named Catchem & Cheatem, and they have a stock worth half a million dollars; the store has been open a year, it appears.

Husband—You don't say so? I never noticed their advertisement. What part of the paper is it in?

"I have not noticed their advertisement either. I find the name among the list of business failures."—Omaha World.

Japan's Mint in Full Operation.

Two years ago the Japanese government sent a committee to Philadelphia to learn how its mint is made and conducted. On the route the committee examined the San Francisco mint. Japan has now a mint in full operation at Osaka, and in remembrance for favors its commissioners have sent to the American mints a collection of Japanese coins and medals and pictures of the new Osaka money making factory.—Chicago Herald.

Revived Interest.

Boston Book Dealer—Yes, madam, there seems to be a sudden and enormous demand for the works of Mr. Lowell and Dr. Holmes.

Madam—To what do you attribute the increase?

Book Dealer—Well, I think the downfall of Mr. Sullivan has had something to do with it.—New York Sun.

Vitalized by a Baby.

When a house has once been well vitalized by a baby, or a succession of them, it is like a Faure's battery, charged with electricity; it does not give it off but very slowly. It is never an empty home after that.

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's greatest peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

No men are perfect. Some men think they are and enjoy their belief all by themselves.

Georgia has a silver throated mule. It is a case of veterinary tracheotomy.

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

We know a wealthy merchant who keeps half a dozen horses, who recently stated that his store was closed on account of a "holiday," and we also know a proof reader who can spell every word in the English language correctly, and the only time he experiences any horse is when he eats horse radish.—New York Mail and Express.

The doctor tells Morrill that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he'll go into a decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

Habitual Constipation

And kidney and liver ills, depending on a weak and inactive condition of the kidneys, liver or bowels, are successfully and permanently cured only by the use of the gentle yet effective laxative and diuretic, Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident; it is easy taken, pleasing to the taste, acceptable to the stomach, harmless to the most delicate system, and truly beneficial in effect. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

The balance distinguisheth not the diffenence between gold and lead.

$5,000 Reward $5.000

For a better or more pleasant remedy for the cure of consumption, bronchial troubles, cough, croup and whooping cough than SANTA ABIE, the California king of consumption. Every bottle warranted. If you would be cured of that disgusting disease, catarrh, use CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE, $1 a jar; by mail $1.10. Santa Abie and Cat-R-Cure are sold and warranted by Dowty & Becher.

I was taken by a morsel, says the fish.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher. july27

Skill and cenfidence are an unconquered army.

The Commercial Travelers Protective Association of the United States, has a membership of over sixteen thousand and is probably the strongest association of the kind in the world. Mr. John R. Stone, their national secretary and treasurer, 79 Dearbone street, Chicago, in a letter states that he has been severely troubled at times, for the past twenty years, with cramp and bilious colic which would compel him to take to his bed from three to six days—while in St. Louis at their last annual meeting he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and has since used it with the best results. It is the only remedy he ever found that effected a rapid and complete cure. No one can safely travel without it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Seek fitly, and be silent wisely.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

A noble plant suits not with a stubborn ground.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. mar7y

In every country the sun rises in the morning.

Personal.

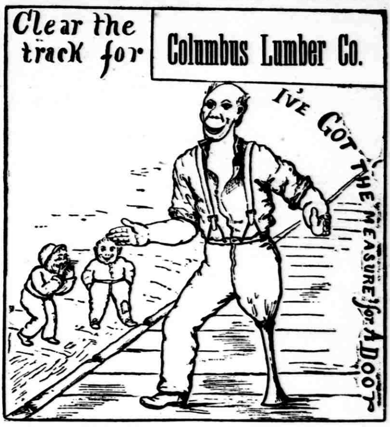
Mr. N. H. Frohilchstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee.

Trial bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

In every art it is good to have a master.

In every country dogs bite.



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A dealer may say and think he has others as good, BUT HE HAS NOT.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convultions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Dowty & Becher, druggists, sole agents, Columbus, Neb. dec7'87y

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus. 6-1y

The reasons of the poor weigh not.

Daily excursions have been arranged for over the Union Pacific Railway, to San Francisco, San Diego, Colton, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Jose, California, also to Portland, Oregon, at $80.00 for the round trip. Tickets are good 60 days for the going passage and good for the return trip for six months from date of sale, with the usual stop-over privileges in both directions within these limits. These tickets are also good by way of Denver and Salt Lake City in each direction. The Agent, Mr. J. R. Meagher, tells us quite a number are thinking of making the trip soon, and it would be well for those intending to go in select parties to see him and arrange for their accommodations. Mr. J. B. Frawley, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific, at Omaha, is arranging for these select parties, and will be glad to give any further information in regard to these excursions. Parties who prefer can correspond with Mr. J. Tebbets, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

To deceive oneself is very easy.

On and after April 29th, the day coaches on the Union Pacific's No. 3, known as the "Overland Flyer," will be taken off, to better enable it to make time. This will add largely to the popularity that has already been gained by this fast train. After that date it will carry only passengers holding first-class tickets, to points where the train makes regular stops, between Council Bluffs and Ogden. Such passengers must purchase tickets for seats or berths in Pullman sleepers, before entering the cars. 3-tf

To be beloved is above all bargains.

Garfield Branch.

On the Great Salt Lake near Salt Lake City, on the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will be formally opened to the public on Decoration day, May 30th. Ample accommodations have been provided, and the Pacific hotel company will have charge of the hotel accommodations at this famous resort under the supervision of the Union Pacific railway. No pains or expense have been spared to make this *the* summer resort of the west. It is only eighteen miles from Salt Lake City on the Utah & Nevada branch of the Union Pacific. Trains will be run at frequent intervals daily between Salt Lake City and the Beach. Cheap trains, good baths, and excellent meals will be among the attractions. 3tf

A disarmed peace is weak.

The Passenger Department

Of the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," has gotten out a fly-bill designed to call attention to the summer resorts along the line of this railway. It is a good bill and tourists, pleasure seekers, sportsmen and fishermen should apply at once to J. S. Tebbets, General Passenger agent, Omaha, Neb., for information in regard to the points of interest along the line, before deciding where they will spend the summer season, or vacation holidays. 3tf

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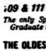

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A POSITIVE CURE for RHEUMATISM. $50 for any case this treatment fails to cure or help. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief; a few doses removes fever and pain in joints; Cure completed in 5 to 7 days. Send statement of case with stamp for Circulars. Call, or address

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