

"THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN."

Some folks 're allers fadin' fault 'nd frettin' 'round 'n' know. The older that they git in years the wus they seem to grow. It's kinder second natur' to some folks that I have found. 'Nd all the fun they seem to git is jest to fret 'round.

A STRANGE DREAM.

Why Mark Twain Has Lost Faith in Sleeping Visions.

All day long, I have sat apart and pondered over the mysterious occurrences of last night. . . . There is nothing lacking in the chain of incidents—my memory presents each in its proper order with perfect distinctness, but still—However, never mind these reflections—I will drop them and proceed to make a simple statement of facts.

phantom messengers of the dead Goddess of Fire had been in their midst. When, at last, a torch was lighted, the bier was vacant—the dead monarch had been spirited away! Consternation seized upon all, and they fled out of the crater. When day dawned, the multitude returned, and began the search for the corpse. But not a footprint, not a sign was ever found. Day after day the search was continued, and every cave in the great walls, and every chasm in the plain, and every arroyo, was examined, but all to no purpose—and from that day to this the resting-place of the lion king's bones is an unsolved mystery. But years afterward, when the grim prophetess, Wiahowakawak, lay on her death bed, the goddess Pele appeared to her in a vision and told her that eventually the secret would be revealed, and in a remarkable manner, but not until the great Kahuku, the Shark God, should desert the sacred cavern Aua Puhā, the island of Molokai, and the waters of the sea should no more visit it, and its floors should become dry. Ever since that time the simple, confiding natives have watched for the sign. And now, after many a summer has come and gone and they who were in the flower of youth, then, have waxed old and died, the day is at hand! The great Shark God has deserted the Aua Puhā; a month ago, for the first time within the records of the ancient legends, the waters of the sea ceased to flow into the cavern, and its stony pavement is become dry! As you may easily believe, the news of this event spread like wild fire through the islands, and now the natives are looking every hour for the miracle, which is to unveil the mystery, and reveal the secret grave of the dead hero. . . .

I woke up and reflected long upon the curious and singularly vivid dream, and finally muttered to myself: "This—is becoming serious." I fell asleep again, and again I dreamed the same dream, without a single variation! I slept no more, but tossed restlessly in bed, and longed for daylight. And when it came I wandered forth, and descended to the wide plain in the crater. I said to myself: "I am not superstitious, but if there is anything in that dying woman's prophecy, I am the instrument appointed to unveil this ancient mystery." As I walked along, I even half expected to see my solemn guide step out from some nook in the lofty wall, and beckon me to come on. At last, when I reached the place where I had first seen him in my dream, I recognized every surrounding object, and there, winding down among the blocks and fragments of lava, I saw the very trail I had traversed in my vision! I resolved to traverse it again, come what might. I wondered, if, in my unreal journey, I had "blazed" my way, so that it would stand the test of stern reality; and thus wondering, a chill went to my heart when I came to the first stony projection I had broken off in my dream, and saw the first new fracture, and the dismembered fragment lying on the ground! My curiosity rose and banished all fear, and I hurried along as fast as the rugged road would allow me. I looked for my other "blazes," and found them; found the cleft in the wall; recognized all its turnings; walked in the light that ascended from the glowing furnaces visible far below; sweated in the close, hot atmosphere, and breathed the sulphurous smoke—and at last I stood hundreds of feet beneath the peaks of Kīlāuea in the ruined chamber, and in the presence of the mysterious boulder! "This is no dream," I said; "this is a revelation from the realm of the supernatural; and it becomes not me to longer reason, conjecture, suspect, but blindly to obey the impulses given me by the unseen power that guides me." I moved with slow and reverent step toward the stone and bore against it. It yielded perceptibly to the pressure. I brought my full weight and strength to bear, and surged against it. It yielded again, but I was so enfeebled by my toilsome journey that I could not overthrow it. I rested a little, and then raised an edge of the boulder by a strong, steady push, and placed a small stone under it to keep it from sinking back to its place. I rested again, and then repeated the process. Before long, I had added a third prop, and had got the edge of the boulder considerably elevated. The labor and the close atmosphere together were so exhausting, however, that I was obliged to lie down, then, and recuperate my strength by a longer season of rest. And so—hour after hour I labored, growing more and more weary, but still upheld by a fascination which I felt was infused into me by the invisible powers whose will I was working. At last, I concentrated my strength in a final effort, and the stone rolled from its position. I can never forget the overpowering sense of awe that sank down like a great darkness upon my spirit at that moment. After a solemn pause to prepare myself, with bowed form and uncovered head, I slowly turned my gaze till it rested upon the spot where the great stone had lain. There weren't any bones there. I just said to myself: "Well, if this ain't the blastedest infernalst humbug that ever I've come across yet, I wish I may never!" And then I scratched out of there, and marched up here to the Volcano House, and got out my old raw-boned fool of a horse, "Oahu," and "lammed" him till he couldn't stand up without leaning against something. You can not bet any thing on dreams.—Mark Twain, in Metropolis.

MR. M'ALLISTER'S BALL. The Jug Ridge Correspondent Takes a Hand at Describing It. Your Jug Ridge correspondent was very much flattered to receive a request from the editor to repair to Mr. Ward McAllister's ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and report same for your paper. We had barely time to show ourselves, put on our best suits and catch the three p. m. train on the branch road. Thanks, Mr. Editor, for your thoughtfulness in leaving a rig at the depot to carry us to the ball, without which we would have experienced much difficulty in finding our way thither. New York is certainly a growing and prosperous city, and the end is not yet. Ere we say any thing we wish to remark that the ball was a pronounced success. It was one of the most recherche affairs your correspondent has ever seen, and reflects great credit upon the management. There was absolutely no quarreling or fighting and but very few harsh words. We understand that to Messrs. Ward McAllister, Cornelius Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan and C. B. Stevens belong much of the credit for the excellent order that prevailed. In view of this we are authorized to state that these gentlemen can get a job at the next dance on the Ridge. The ball was largely attended, which fully attests the popularity of the gentleman who got it up. Ah, there, Ward, we congratulate you. None of the crowd from Stover's Mill was present, and this accounts in a measure for the harmony of the occasion. In putting up the bars against the Stover's Mill cattle Messrs. Ward, Vanderbilt, Astor et al. showed their rare good sense. And just here we wish to say a word. The fact that a representative of Ridge society was present on this gala occasion while Stover's Mill was completely shut out, at once settles the question of social supremacy which the Stover's Mill hoodlums have had the right to dispute with us. How did you like your medicine, you yellow-hammers? But we digress. To our readers we will say that your correspondent has attended many balls and parties, but the gayest event the Ridge has ever seen, not excepting Widow Wideacre's barn-raising, as compared to this, must pale its ineffectual fires. This is strong language, which we have thought out with considerable care, but the facts fully warrant it. Your correspondent was much relieved to learn that we would not be expected to describe the costumes of the ladies, a lady reporter being present for that purpose. This was rare foresight on your part, Mr. Editor, as it would have been quite indelicate for one of our sex to have essayed the task. We understand the diamonds worn by the ladies were real. Quite a number of railroad magnets were present, among them Mr. Chauncy M. Depew. Mr. Depew was pointed out to us, and we took occasion to thank him in person for a pass over the Ridge Branch of the Central, than which there is no better managed road in this country. Mr. Depew won deserved fame as a bon vivant, a philosopher, a poet, an orator and an after-dinner speaker. Long life to Chauncy Depew! say we. We may mention en passant that an uncle of your correspondent, in an unlucky moment, had a cow killed on the Central, and as soon as the intelligence was conveyed to Mr. Depew he not only paid for the animal, but allowed \$2.75 extra because she was just coming in fresh. There are few whiter men than Mr. Depew, and it gives us pleasure to weave this chapter for his brow. Many were the scintillations of wit and repartee heard on every hand. There was so much beauty and talent present that it would be invidious to particularize. To sum up in a word, it was the gayest terpsichorean event of the season, and will be long remembered by those participating. It was no catch-as-catch-can affair, but you had to have your invite before getting in, and after you were in you had to behave yourself. After "tripping the light fantastic toe" till "the wee sma' hours ayant the twal," the company dispersed, seemingly in the best of spirits.—N. Y. World.

JUSEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE. —To stop a felon moisten salt with turpentine and bind it on; keep it there till the trouble is past. —Celery seed, ground fine and mixed with ordinary table salt, is generally known as celery-salt. It is used quite extensively in flavoring soups and meats. —A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. —Watch the tablecloths, and at the first thin place making its appearance, darn it carefully with the ravelings, saved for that purpose when the tablecloth was made. In this way it will look much better than if neglected until a hole is worn through, when it must be patched.—American. —A Fluffy Pillow.—Make a bag any desired size of thin white valting or tartan; fill it with the contents of milk-weed pods, leaving on the brown seeds, and then tie a pretty ribbon around the neck of your bag, which you may tie to a corner of your chair, or place in the corner of your lounge.—Toledo Blade. —Take two or three onions, slice them thin, boil in a quart of water; let it cool, and wash your birds in the water; be careful not to get it in their eyes. Wash cage, cups and perches in the water also, and you will have no more mites. Keep every thing pertaining to the birds strictly clean. The washing must be thoroughly done, no matter if they do look as if drowned. —No girl is fitted for her future duties or responsibilities as wife and mother who can not do them and do them thoroughly well, and her future is not provided for unless her present is a steady and organized foundation for it. That can not be unless the mothers train the daughters from babyhood for the work that is sure to come to their womanhood.—Household. —During the spring months after living all winter on meats and stale vegetables, the system needs a radical change of diet. At this season one should eat fresh fruits and succulent vegetables for their effect on the liver, the bowels and the blood. Oranges, cherries, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, greens of various kinds, including dandelion, are all valuable. —Angel Coconut Cakes.—Take two cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of butter and three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and the whites of eight eggs, one-half a cupful of sweet milk, flavor with almond and bake in jelly cake pans, spread the top and bottom of each with icing, let dry and sprinkle well with grated cocoanut; ice on the top and sides again, sprinkle with cocoanut.—Boston Herald. —Curried Fish.—Put two ounces of butter, and one onion, sliced, into a frying-pan, and cook until a delicate brown; then add one tablespoonful of flour mixed in a cupful of water in which the fish was boiled, one cupful of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of curry powder; remove all bones from the fish, using care not to break the fish into too small bits; stir the sauce continually until it boils, then add the fish, and cover the pan and place it over hot water for half an hour; serve with boiled rice.—Yankee Blade.

DEVOUT AND HEROIC. One of the Tsar's Generals Describes the Russian Soldier. Sincere and unaffected love for his monarch, profound religious piety intimately united with the idea of the Tsar and of the father-land, unlimited confidence in his chiefs, very strong esprit de corps, and a faculty of enduring gayly and naturally the greatest privations—such are the most marked characteristics of the Russian soldier. To these traits must be added remarkable bravery and a rare contempt of death, combined with naive kindness and a gentle and indulgent disposition. The Russian soldier is distinguished by a good-humor that never abandons him even in the most difficult moments, by his brotherly understanding with his comrades, and by his gay and contented way of facing all the decrees of fate. Obedience is so deeply rooted in the mind of the Russian soldier that during my thirty years' experience of the army I do not remember to have witnessed one single case of insubordination, either in times of peace or in times of war. The Russian soldier died at his post. I have seen him in winter on sentry duty on the heights of Shipka die standing, surrounded with snow, and transformed literally into a statue of ice; I have seen him die on the march, striding over the sandy desert, and yielding up his last breath with his last step; I have seen him die in the hospital, at a distance of three thousand miles from his native village—and in these supreme moments I have always found the Russian soldier sublime. Although a child of the plain, where his eye rarely descends the most modest hill, we see him boldly scale the topmost summits of the Caucasus, and climb the rocks and glaciers of the Thian-Shan, fighting all the time. He feels at home everywhere, whether in the steppes of the father-land, in the tundras of Siberia, or the mountains and deserts of central Asia. He has an exceptional faculty of putting himself at his ease wherever he may be, even in places where others would die of hunger and thirst. I have seen the Russian soldier at home in time of peace, or during truces in the enemy's country, rocking the peasant's child in the village where he was stationed; I have seen him bivouacking in the desert, with his tongue parched and burning, receive his ration of a quarter of a litre of salt-water; I have seen him in heat and in cold, in hunger and in thirst, in peace and in war—and I have always found in him the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the safety and the good of others. These special characteristics of the Russian soldier—his self-denial, his simple and natural self-sacrifice—give him peculiar power as a warrior.—A Russian General, in Harper's Magazine.

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