

The Rapides Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

ALEXANDRIA, PARISH OF RAPIDES, LA.

September 27, 1873

Miscellaneous Selections.

PULPIT FLOWERS.

I love the flowers, I love their tints and graces,
Their radiant beauty, and their colors sweet;
And everywhere I look on their bright faces,
I hold their presence sweet.

Poor is the home, though grand, that has no garden,
Where spring's first breath in the pale snow-drops blows;
And where the perfect June to its fair warden
Pays her blushing rose.

Dear to my sight are blossoms at Love's altar,
That drop their fragrance on the timid bride;
White scents of faith, too strong and pure to falter,
Whatever lot betide.

Not welcome less pale flowers before the chancel
Whose quivering hands upon the coffin spread,
Where their celestial beauty seems to cancel
The dust-doom of the dead.

Oh, beautiful alike in joy and sadness,
To crown the pallid bride of Love or Death;
Earth has no bloom beyond the spot of gladness
In their dear bloom and breath.

And so my heart falls not out with the fashion
That life, the rose and lily to the place
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on Christ's passion,
And faint hearts seek Christ's grace.

On either side the consecrated preacher—
That priests of old that Moses' hands sustained—
These pulpit flowers recall the perfect Teacher,
By His own hand ordained.

With tearful eyes the lilies I consider,
Sweet symbols of my Father's love for me,
That make the world beside a false, vain bidder,
My end and crown to be.

The odors that are poured from each rare chalice
My ardent soul makes incense clouds that rise
Beneath my prayers up to my King's fair palace,
In heaven's unfathomed skies.

Each perfect crest and crown of floral beauty,
By faith translated to my soul, becomes
A blossom on the barren rod of duty,
And covers it with bloom.

And if, in that empty speech, I choose them rather,
Their sweet dumb lips to eloquence shall break;
And from the lilies of my Lord I'll gather
Sweet lessons for His sake.

So, for the pulpit flowers that bloom on Sunday,
To whose sweet thought provides them, thanks and love;
I pray their hands twine brighter garlands on
In Paradise above.

—*Harper's Monthly for September.*

A NIGHT AT CASTLE KEVIN.

THE GOVERNOR'S STORY.

My first view of Castle Kevin disappointed me exceedingly. I had expected to see a real feudal castle. The towers of which I had read in Sir Walter Scott's novels, with moat and battlements, portcullis, and drawbridge complete. What I did see was a big, irregular house, time-worn and weather-beaten; so clothed with lichen, moss, and ivy, as to seem less the handiwork of man than a portion of the wild nature around it.

But as some faces, at first sight rugged and unlovely, grow upon us when we learn to know them, so this ancient dwelling grew upon me, until I found beauty in its very irregularity. Oh, modern architects of eligible villas and commodious eight-roomed family residences, how you would have been disgusted with the amount of space wasted in that great rambling mansion—wasted utterly on passages branching off to nowhere in particular, staircases by which nobody ever seemed to go up or down, and musty closets given over to the rats. To those non-rent-paying tenants were also abandoned sundry unoccupied rooms, wherein they gnawed, squeaked, and scampered to their hearts' content.

With one exception, I found the human inhabitants of Castle Kevin very much like other folks. The Earl was commonplace and pompous, the Countess was commonplace and fussy, Lady Winifred—No; I won't call her commonplace—my dear little pupil, of whom I was so fond. Still, I must confess that there was nothing very remarkable about her. Her elder sister, Lady Jane, was, on the contrary, quite unlike any one I had ever seen before. She was wonderfully beautiful; everybody owned that—the men who admired her, and the women who envied her. She could also, when she chose, be very fascinating; but she did not always choose, for she had a temper as variable and uncertain as the Irish skies above Castle Kevin—and that is saying a good deal.

During the autumn the old house was filled with guests, whose gay presence completely metamorphosed it. Among them was a young wealthy baronet—Sir Hugh Shafto—to whom Lady Jane was engaged. They were to be married in a few months.

The winter set in early, and with a severity very uncommon in that part of Ireland. One night, at bedtime, snow was falling, and in the morning it lay several inches deep. Winifred begged for a holiday, and signified her intention of constructing a snow-mountain in the west garden—a sheltered spot near the school-room window.

"Not a horrid man," she said, "like the one my cousins made last Christmas—with an old hat on and a pipe in his mouth; but a lovely, graceful statue. I'm afraid the features will be troublesome—the nose, for instance; still the general effect will be good. Hugh and Jane have promised to help me, and so has Mr. Cardigan."

Sir Hugh and Mr. Cardigan were the only visitors remaining, and they intended leaving early the following morning. I had taken cold, and could not venture out; so I sat at the window and watched the merry quartet at work. Snow is not the best material for a statue, nor were they very efficient sculptors; however, they succeeded in raising a figure—not exactly lovely or graceful, yet rather less unlovely than such things generally are. Then Winifred—the little romp—flung a snowball at Mr. Cardigan, who chased her with cries of vengeance, until they were both out of sight and hearing.

Lady Jane and Sir Hugh Shafto lingered yet awhile in the garden. What a pretty picture they made! She in her scarlet cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, forming such a charming setting for her fair, smiling face; he looking down proudly at her, one of her hands clasped in his. Presently, with an air of ownership, he placed the little hand upon his arm, and they walked slowly away. The low murmur of their voices next reached me. Ah, how pleasant life was for them! I thought, I did not grudge them their happiness; but being quite alone, and somewhat weary, I turned from the window with a wistful sigh.

In the evening, when Winifred had left me, I settled myself luxuriously by the school-room fire, with a book that I had found in the library—a collection of legends, containing many illustrations of an uncanny and ghoulish nature. I had become absorbed in a particularly horrible story, when I was startled by a light, cold touch upon my shoulder; and, turning round, I saw that Lady Jane had entered noiselessly and was standing behind me.

She laughed mischievously. "How nervous you are, Miss Wacie," she said. "I have really terrified you; and as I have come to ask a favor, that was very bad policy. May I stay here with you for a while? This is a far cosier place than the drawing-room, and will be better still if we put out the lamp and content ourselves with the firelight. Oh, I'm so tired of those people!"

"Those people! There were no guests except Mr. Cardigan and Sir Hugh Shafto; and this was her lover's last night at Castle Kevin."

"Will that not miss you?" I asked. She drew herself up haughtily. "Whether they miss me or not is entirely my own affair. If you do not desire my company, that is, of course, another matter."

"I by no means desired it. Lady Jane was apparently in one of her strange moods; and besides, I felt sure that her parents would be annoyed, and Sir Hugh grieved by her absence. However, I could only say that she was welcome, and that I was glad to see her."

"She extinguished the lamp, stirred the fire into a blaze, and seated herself opposite to me. I had laid my book on the table, and she took it up. "What have you been reading?" she asked. "Goblin stories, to judge by the pictures. Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Wacie?"

"I—lately imported from the matter-of-fact atmosphere of Polyglot House—believe in ghosts! I denied all supernatural fears, with perhaps unnecessary vehemence."

Lady Jane smiled a little mocking smile that nettled me. "That is well," she said, "for of course this house is haunted; and if you do happen to meet the ghost—or ghosts rather, for there are two of them—you won't mind. You know that door on the left hand of the passage near your bed-room?"

The door in question opened on a staircase leading to some rooms that Winifred and I had explored one wet afternoon. They were mere dilapidated garrets, containing some worm-eaten furniture put there to be out of the way. In the furthest of them we found a small door, secured by rusty bolts, which we drew back with much difficulty. It gave access to a narrow platform on the roof—a dangerous standing-place, for it had no parapet nor protection of any kind; and I hastened to re-enter the garret, pulling my pupil in with me. I told this to Lady Jane.

"It is there that the ghosts walk," she said. "Winifred does not know of their existence, or she would certainly have avoided their territory. But you shall hear their story if you like."

"The Lord Conyngham of Charles I's time married a young Frenchwoman of noble family, Gabrielle de St. Maurice by name—one of the ladies who had accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria to England. She was very lovely—I must show you her picture; it is in the Blue Chamber, the room Sir Hugh occupies at present—and the Earl almost idolized her; but he was jealous and could not bear to witness the attention she received from the courtiers, especially from a French Marquis, her cousin, to whom it was reported she had formerly been attached. So he brought her to this lonely place—lonelier than now, and dangerous too; for in those days the Irish were wild folks indeed. The petted court favorite pined in her solitude; but Lord Conyngham had her to himself, and for a time was content. By degrees, however, his suspicions revived. He watched her almost incessantly, and at last his vigilance was rewarded."

"One winter's night, while wandering about, he saw footprints in the newly fallen snow—a man's footsteps—and traced them to a part of the house where the ivy, which grew thick and strong, was torn and some of its leaves scattered over the white ground. He returned to the house, and in one of those old rooms found his wife with her cousin, who had climbed up by the ivy, and entered through the small door opening on the roof. He now attempted to escape by the same way; but Lord Conyngham followed and grappled with him on the narrow platform. The Marquis fought for his life; but his opponent was stronger, and after a brief struggle, flung him into the court-yard below."

"When the enraged husband returned to where Gabrielle lay cowering on the floor, there was that in his face that made her rise and flee from him; but he overtook her, and stabbed her, heedless of her cries and her prayers, and her arms clinging around him."

"Long afterward some letters were found which entirely proved the poor lady's innocence, showing that she had met her kinsman only to arrange some plan of escape from her weary life here to her relations in France. Upon this discovery, Lord Conyngham, overcome by remorse, entered a monastery, where he died; as he left no children, the title and estates passed to our branch of the family. But his spirit and Gabrielle's still haunt the scene of the tragedy; and she has often been heard crying, as on that dreadful night, for 'Mercy—mercy!'"

"As for the ghost part," said I, "I don't believe a word of it. But was Lord Conyngham suffered to go unpunished for that double murder?—was there no inquiry?"

"History is silent on that point," said Lady Jane; "but I don't suppose there was a coroner's inquest. Crime was too easily hushed up in those good old times, especially here in Ireland, where people seemed to do very much as they liked."

We remained silent for a while—Lady Jane gazing into the fire, I watching her, and thinking how beautiful she looked. She was dressed in white—no color about her but her blue eyes, her masses of dark hair, and an ornament that hung loop upon her neck—a diamond-encircled opal—that glowed and flashed in the firelight. It was a present from Sir Hugh; and there came to my remembrance an old

superstition respecting opals—that they are unlucky stones, bringing misfortune to those who wear them. Costly though the jewel was, I should scarcely have liked so ominous a love token.

We were aroused from our reverie by the sound of a clock striking twelve. Lady Jane started. "How late it is!" she exclaimed. "I suppose every one has gone to bed. I told Lisette not to sit up for me. Yes," she continued, looking out into the corridor, "the place is quite dark, and they have forgotten to bring a candle for me. Let me go with you to your room, Miss Wacie; you can light those on your toilet table and give me that one."

As we passed the Blue Chamber, we saw the firelight gleaming through the partly open door. "Sir Hugh must be in the smoking-room with papa," said my companion; "he is sure not to disturb us, so come and look at Countess Gabrielle's portrait."

She entered, drawing me in with her; and taking the candle from my hand, held it so that the light fell full on the painting, which hung above the mantel-piece, and certainly merited a more honorable place than that seldom-used apartment. The poor Countess must have been very lovely; but what struck me most forcibly was the likeness between her pictured face and the uplifted face of Lady Jane. Both had the exquisite Greek contour, the blue eyes, and shadowy hair; but with these the resemblance ceased, for the living beauty's marble-white cheeks and somewhat laughey expression formed a decided contrast to the peach-like bloom and winsome smile of the ill-fated Gabrielle.

Our progress seemed destined to interruption. When we reached the door of the haunted stair-case Lady Jane stopped and opened it. "You give no credence to ghost stories, Miss Wacie," she said; "yet I think you would hardly go alone as far as that landing, even though I waited for you here."

Coward that I was, I feared her ridicule. I ran quickly up the steps, and had just reached the landing, when the light disappeared from below, the door was shut violently, and I heard Lady Jane's mocking laugh as she sped away, leaving me in darkness and terror. For a moment I stood trembling, irresolute, waiting as it were for some dreadful vision; then I rushed down, flung myself against the door, managed—I know not how—to-unfasten it, and flew to my own room, a very haven of safety. Its air of snugness, the cosy fire on its hearth, were reassuring; and ere long I was able to laugh at my foolish fears, and my ladyship's somewhat ill-natured trick. I hastened to get into bed—first, as was my habit, drawing back the window curtains—and, being very tired, I soon fell asleep.

I woke with a weight of horror upon me—woke and started up. The moon was shining into my room, and before me, where its light fell clearest, stood—what was it? A white-robed figure, with long dark hair flowing about it like a veil, with wild, bright eyes, with something upon its breast that sparkled in the moonbeams. It moved, came nearer and nearer; I quite close; touched me with a soft, cold touch; and then I saw that it was Lady Jane. Only Lady Jane! but how could any visitant from a mysterious other world have been more terrible than that living, breathing creature, with whom I had talked familiarly a little while before?

An utter powerlessness came over me. I tried to scream, to speak, to whisper. I tried to shrink away from her, but in vain; though she had a long, sharp knife, and that, and her dress and her hands, and the very hand that touched me—were stained with the awful stain of blood.

At length she spoke in a low, monotonous voice— "Come with me. You are not afraid—I want your help."

"I could not ask 'for what?'" And she continued— "I have avenged her! She will never wander in the cold any more, wailing and beseeching. It is life for life; and now she will rest, after all these weary years. But come, the moon is going down, and there must be light for what we have to do."

I rose mechanically and stood beside her; then she closed round my wrist a grasp like ice and iron and led me—whither? Along the dim corridor, past the haunted staircase, to the Blue Chamber.

I might have swooned before a less horror, or fled from it with cries and lamentations. At it was, I gazed silently before me, where upon the quaintly-carved bed lay Sir Hugh Shafto, dead—stabbed to the heart by her whom he had loved best in all the world! I turned and looked at her, and seeing her smile of mocking triumph, knew the truth—Lady Jane was mad. She released my hand, flinging it from her impatiently, and signed that I should aid her. Taking the rich, silken coverlet, she spread it on the floor. Then we raised him—that passive thing, so lately full of life and health—and laid him on it, she folding it over him, and covering the quiet face. She had the strength of insanity; and as for me, I seemed incapable of feeling either pain or fatigue. We lifted our dead burden, and re-entered the corridor, our footsteps falling noiselessly on the soft, thick carpet. How still the house was! A clock somewhere uttered its measured tick, tick; and between the sounds there seemed ages of agony. Oh, if those sleepers by whose rooms we were passing could only know! Oh, that they would awake, that a door would open, that anything would happen to save me from that fearful dead presence, and from the living presence more fearful a thousandfold! I endeavored to recall instances of which I had heard or read, when ready wit and presence of mind had defeated lunatic cunning; but I could remember nothing, and do nothing, but obey the beautiful mad creature, and follow wherever she might lead me.

We descended the stairs, and went across the hall, and along another corridor into the school-room. Oh, strange, to enter that homely place—the scene of daily work and study, and light-hearted talk—bearing a thing so ghastly!

I felt no surprise, then, that our progress was quite unimpeded. The doors, placed at intervals to exclude the drafts, had all stood open, and the French window of the school-room was open also. We passed through it into the west garden. There was the snow figure, rendered almost shapeless by the additional snow that had fallen upon it during the evening. We laid him down near it—him who, a few hours before, had been the merriest of a merry party—as insensible now to love, and joy, and sorrow as the perishable image he had helped to raise.

Then a look of indecision came into Lady Jane's face. She glanced about restlessly, as if seeking for something. "I had forgotten," she muttered. "We must go and get them."

My heart beat wildly with the hope of escape. I struggled to speak, and at last found words. "Will it not be best for me to remain here while you bring what is wanted?" The watchful cunning returned to her eyes. "There is no need," she said. "Who would harm him now? Has he not paid the penalty?"

She once more took my hand, and drew me with her, by heavy clumps of evergreens, across broad, unbroken sheets of moonlit snow, under leafless trees that cast a shadowy network on the white ground, into the deeper shadow of a high wall, against which was the gardener's tool-house. She groped about there until she found two spades, the smaller and lighter of which she gave to me. Then she led me back to the west garden and bade me "work."

Strange workers!—strange and awful work!

In a flower-plot, that during the summer had been gay with many-hued blossoms, we dug a grave without much difficulty—the earth was so soft under the snow; and there we laid him.

But first Lady Jane knelt by his side, and uncovered his face. Did she remember? Did she see in it the face of her lover? For a moment, I think, yes—so gently did she bend over him, so tenderly did she kiss the pale lips and brow before hiding them from her sight forever.

Our task was done, and we returned to the house, which was still quite silent. When we were near my room, Lady Jane paused, suffering me to proceed alone. I turned on reaching the threshold, and saw her white dress gleaming through the dimness—almost fancied I could see her cruel, glittering eyes.

She touched me in a strong chest and the money I have also, with five per cent. beside for your royal highness, from the day you entrusted it to me."

The Prince, it is reported, not only refused the accumulated interest, but the return of the capital itself, insisting that the faithful banker should retain it for twenty years more at an interest of two per cent.

At the Congress of Vienna in 1814 the Prince of Hesse-Cassel represented Rothschild's conduct in such just and glowing colors that he secured for his trust the protection of all the potentates assembled, and thus raised him at once to the situation of the first banker in the world.

Meyer Amschel Rothschild, who at the same time was created a Baron by the Emperor of Austria (the first title of nobility ever conferred upon a Jew), left five sons—Anselm, of Frankfurt; Solomon, of Berlin and Vienna; Nathaniel, of London; Charles, of Naples, and James of Paris.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Miserere at St. Peter's.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the Miserere of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as the execution of Protestantism in the art of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard entranced the Miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere! The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchers and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony. To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not married her eternal beauty. Thus she is ensnared. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequalled. "Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desolation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquest that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve.—*Emilio Castelar.*"

The Trempealeau (Wis.) Record tells of a cow which suddenly seemed to go dry, and the owner, bent on investigation, caught a monster rattlesnake drawing sustenance from her udder. The cow made as much fuss when he killed the snake as if it had been her calf.

The Rothschilds.

The founder of the wealth and influence of this mighty banking and commercial family was Meyer Amschel Rothschild. Prior to the invasion of Germany by the French republican armies he was a banker on a comparatively small scale, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The vast fortune he eventually acquired is said to have originated in an act of honor and fidelity. The passage of the Rhine by the French was followed by the abandonment of their territories by almost the whole of the minor princes of Germany; among others, the sovereign of Hesse-Cassel became a fugitive, and arrived with his money and jewels at Frankfurt, with the hope of finding there a place of secure deposit. The well-known character of Meyer Rothschild induced the Prince to call upon him and solicit his taking charge of the property, which amounted to an immense sum. Rothschild at first refused to accept so heavy a responsibility, but the importunity of the Prince prevailed, and his serene highness delivered up the money and jewels without requiring even a receipt.

The French army subsequently entered Frankfurt at the very moment that Rothschild had succeeded in burying the Prince's treasures in his garden. His own property he had not the time to hide and was entirely despoiled of it. In truth, he was, like all other citizens of Frankfurt, reduced to utter poverty, but the treasure committed to him was safe, and sometime after the French withdrew Rothschild commenced as a banker, extending his operations cautiously, by means of the Prince's money, until the year 1822, when his highness was enabled to return to Cassel. He had heard that Rothschild had been plundered of everything, and consequently had little hope that any portion of his own deposit could have been preserved, but he stopped at Frankfurt and paid a visit to the banker. "Well, Rothschild," said the Prince, "I am prepared for the worst; did the robbers take all?"

"Not one kreutzer of your highness' treasure has been lost," was the reply. "I have all the jewels, which I secured untouched in a strong chest, and the money I have also, with five per cent. beside for your royal highness, from the day you entrusted it to me."

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The Great Water Divide.

It is stated in the sixth annual report of the United States Geological Survey of the territories, by F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist, that there is perhaps no more unknown or more interesting geographical region in America than the different branches of the Snake River and the Madison—the great water divide of the continent. The maps now in process of construction will almost entirely change the geography of this wonderful region. Within a radius of ten miles may be found the sources of three of the largest rivers in America. The general elevation is from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, while the mountains, whose eternal snows form the sources of these great rivers, rise to a height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. Flowing northward are the various branches of the Missouri, Yellowstone, and Wind Rivers, which all eventually unite into one mighty stream, the Missouri. To the south are the branches of Green River, which unites with the Colorado, and empties into the Gulf of California; while south and west flow the branches of Snake River, which, uniting with the Columbia, pour their vast volume of water into the Pacific.

The Great Water Divide.

The explorer of this remarkable water divide proves that the Madison Fork has its source in a small lake not hitherto noted on any map, and that the so-called Madison Lake belongs entirely on the Pacific slope. This latter lake was found to be about twelve miles long and eight miles wide. From this body of water flows a stream nearly one hundred feet wide, which, after a distance of about five miles, empties into a second lake, which is four miles long and one and half miles wide. The former of these lakes was named Shoshone, and the latter Lake Lewis, in honor of the great pioneer explorer of the Northwest. At the upper end of Lake Shoshone a new greysier basin was discovered with from seventy-five to one hundred springs, many of them geyser of considerable power. The ornamentation about these springs was regarded as more interesting and elaborate than those in Five-Hole Basin. The divide between the Yellowstone Lake and Lake Lewis was found to be about fifty feet above the former, and two hundred feet above the latter. This low ridge in the great water divide of the continent has doubtless given rise to the story of the Two Ocean River, and such a stream has found its way to most of our printed maps.

From the summit of the mountain the scope of vision embraced a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, within which four hundred and seventy mountain peaks worthy of name could be distinctly observed. The area that could be swept by the eye from this point could not have been less than fifty thousand square miles, embracing every variety of grand and beautiful scenery of mountain and valley, probably without a parallel on the continent. Ten large lakes and several smaller ones were embraced in the view, and the entire Yellowstone Park was spread out under the eye. To the east the Wind River and Big Horn ranges, with the snow-clad summits of Fremont's, Union and Cloud Peaks, bounded the view. On the north the Yellowstone range, with Emigrant Peak, and many of the loftiest mountains of Montana were clearly seen. To the west the numerous ranges comprised in what are called the Salmon River mountains of Idaho form the horizon of vision in that direction, while the mountains near Fort Hall and the Wahsatch range completed the mighty amphitheater. This remarkable view embraced a large portion of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and Utah Territories. About forty small streams, which unite and form the upper portion of Snake River, were carefully examined.

The party then proceeded down the valley of Snake River, through its remarkable canons, examining Jackson's Lake and the numerous streams that empty into the main river on either side.

A French Industrial Colony in Kansas.

Mr. E. De Bolsiere, a wealthy and most intelligent French gentleman, purchased in 1869 a tract of 3,000 acres of rich lands in Franklin county, Kansas, for the purpose of establishing the silk manufacture there. He has erected a factory in which a number of looms are already running upon silk velvet trimming and ribbon. Among his looms is one which turns out twenty-eight pieces of double-web ribbon at a time, woven with the pile or plush between the two webs, the ribbons being separated by a sharp blade which vibrates with the movement of the loom. The silk used in this factory is brought from France, China, and Japan, but Mr. De Bolsiere has planted large tracts with mulberry trees and expects to raise the silk worm in large numbers himself. He is now engaged upon the erection of a building large enough to serve as a dwelling for one hundred workmen, which will be finished in October. It is a prominent object of Mr. Bolsiere's enterprise to afford his workmen the advantages to be obtained through association and co-operation. The large dwelling in progress is for a combined household. In addition to the silk manufacture workmen on his estate will have open to them employment on the farm and in various mechanical occupations; fair wages for all kinds of labor will be paid, and board furnished at a trifle over the actual cost. Mr. De Bolsiere also proposes to supply his little colony with aids to refinement and culture; he has already collected a good library for their use, and the common dwelling will be supplied with works of art. The associates will be urged to invest their earnings in the purchase of the stock of the estate, so as to make the enterprise co-operative. It may be supposed that Mr. Bolsiere is something of an enthusiast, but as he is also a practical business man, having means enough to carry out his ideas, his co-operative project will most probably prove a great benefit to those who engage in it.—*New York Sun.*

Two Centuries and a Half ago.

Two centuries and a half ago one Roger Clapp settled near Nantasket Bay, Mass. The present season over four hundred Clapps, descendants of the original Roger, held a picnic on Nantasket beach,

A Young Man Who Wasn't Posted.

The new fashioned bolts for carrying all sorts of things, from a parasol to a button-hook, appeared in Rochester, New York, for the first time, last week. Among the first to seize the novelty was a very lovely young lady, who immediately donned the harness and went out for a promenade. She chanced to pass the porch of a hotel upon which several young men sat, regaling themselves with cigars, and of course their eyes were irresistibly drawn to the passing beauty. The belt, with its beaded pointers, was observed with astonishment, for the young man had never seen the like, and one of the party, noticing that her elegant and costly gait watch was swinging loosely, and thinking it had slipped through her belt, and might prove too tempting to a thief, stepped forward when the lady had reached the group, and lifting his hat, said, "I beg pardon, Miss, but your watch is swinging from your belt." She regarded not the watch or belt, but turning her glorious eye full upon him, said, with a dazzling smile, "O, well, sir, let it swing." Such a shout as went up from his companions! But he stood it manfully, likewise the treat implied in such cases, and then went slowly home to interview his sister about the fashions.