

The Unsolved.

BY ELIZABETH WINSLOW ALLDERDICE.

From my window looking eastward, waiting till the day is born, stand I, the dim shadows watching, as they fly before the morn.

See the old gray-haired Tithonus, sleepless guardian of the skies, On his brow eternal sorrow, life eternal in his eyes.

See the light-breaking ripples slightly stirred by far-off breath, Of Aurora's rapid courses, trampling over sleep and death.

Wondrous colors, opal-tinted, weave about each god-like fair, Nymphs who, with the queen of morning, cleave the circumambient air.

Breathless watch I at my window, leaning from the casement wide, When, behold! the train has vanished, and, like evening-helm-tide,

Rozy, radiant bushes cover the expectant morning sky, As if hosts of Jove had meek tribute from fair maidens passing by.

Rosier, redder, brighter, deeper, heralding the sun at morn, Changing to a golden splendor, ere the white, light day is born.

Lingering long behind the sunset, challenging the full moon's glow, Casting hues of dazzling brightness on the crystals of the snow.

Whence such concentrated splendor, silent as mysterious night? Baffling philosophic reason, with a thousand broken links,

No Antarctic ice of ocean pierced by subterranean fire; No Auroral lights reflected, nor Egyptian funeral pyre.

No new phase of star or planet, no lost pleiad-world regained, Trailing of erratic comet, nor swift asteroid unshined and dead.

Aqueous vapors, "low sun" epochs, Meteoric dust or haze, Pumice stones from Krakatau, wandering for endless days.

All have failed to solve the problem of this wondrous afterglow, Which, it may be, is intended for no mortal man to know.

Mysteries of aces vanished, read now like familiar book, All the hidden details of science open for the world to look.

And perhaps the Great Creator sends a message to the skeptic eye? Who have dared unveil His secrets, with self-banned skeptical eyes;

Written by deft angel fingers, is this warning dazzling bright, He who reads must first be given God-born love and heavenly light.

AN UNLUCKY FIND.

Eliza Oakley had been in the service of an excellent lady who was very kind to her. She was a smart girl, but not conscientious, and with an idea that impertinence was self-respect.

So she had, as she believed, asserted her dignity by refusing to do something not quite in her own department, but which she was asked to do kindly, and ill-feeling had been the consequence and she had given warning.

She could not hope to find so kind and considerate a mistress or so good a home very speedily; but though all that was required of her was a respectful apology, she would not make it.

She packed her trunk, called the man to help her carry it to the waiting wagon, perched herself upon it, and set off, and was left at the station half an hour before the train arrived.

There was no one in the waiting room at first, but shortly there arrived a lady, who brought with her a large Saratoga trunk, a small one, and a portmanteau.

These things were set in the usual place, and checks given for them—three tied together on a little string. These the lady dropped into her reticule, and wrapping her blue veil about her face fell to pacing the platform.

When at last they entered the train it happened that she sat right in front of Eliza Oakley.

At first she sat very quietly, hardly seeming to breathe. Then she opened her bag and took out her checks.

Eliza saw the numbers upon them—50, 51 and 52. The cord tying them together was knotted loosely.

She untied the knot and slipped the numbered 51 from the cord, and putting the others in her bag again, began to play with this.

Eliza remembered that 51 was the number of the check that had been put on the Saratoga trunk. Soon it dropped into her lap and she felt it there.

splendid things under that locked lid it would be better that they should not know it. Besides, Eliza had no key to the trunk.

She resolved to open it at her "first place." The place came at last. Eliza went to it at night bearing her two trunks. It was a small, dingy establishment, and the lady of the house regarded the immense luggage which accompanied her servant with amazement.

"How both your trunks are to be got into your room, I'm sure I don't know," she said. "For the present you had better leave the larger one on this floor. There's a pantry at the end of the hall that may hold it."

So the trunk was put into the pantry. At night, after she had gone to bed, she heard the sound of an opening door and of low voices, and creeping to the head of the stairs, peeped over, and saw the lady of the house, her husband and a man staring at her trunk.

White and trembling she crept back to bed. "I wonder they are so curious about my trunk," she said, with chattering teeth, to her companion, the cook.

"Oh," replied that worthy, "she is always interfering. They think a girl has no right to a few clothes and a box to keep them in. Oh, the likes of them! It's the size of it, me dear."

"Oh, if it is only that," said Eliza to herself, tossing to and fro in the bed. "If they only don't know the trunk, or suspect that it is stolen."

Eliza only fell asleep when dawn was breaking and the milkman was whooping in the area.

As she waited at the breakfast table she fancied that her employers looked at her curiously; and after the meal was over her master said gravely: "Eliza, I must speak with you. Shut the door. I do not wish the other servants to hear."

Eliza obeyed. "Now make no scene," said the gentleman quietly, "but give me the key to your large trunk—the one in the pantry there."

"Where is the key?" repeated her master. "Give it to me or I shall open the trunk by force."

"I don't know where the key is, sir," said Eliza; "and, indeed," she said with an attempt at spirit, "I've stolen nothing from you, and you've no right to open my trunk."

The man whom Eliza had first seen in the hall with her master as she peered over the stairs the night before, here entered, threw back his coat, and revealed a policeman's uniform beneath; then crossed the room and opened the door, beckoning in a man who carried a locksmith's keys and tools.

"Open that trunk," he said. "Oh, please, please, Mr. Officer," cried Eliza, "I was only taking care of it for the lady. I—I meant to get her address and send it to her."

"That's a little late, my dear," said the officer as the trunk flew open. "I arrest you on a charge of murder."

And Eliza, as she fell forward with a shriek, saw that the dreadful contents of the Saratoga trunk was a dead body, only half wrapped in what seemed like a sheet.

In prison Eliza had time to resolve to be honest thereafter; and although it was proved that the woman who purposely lost the check was the true murderer, Eliza had to confess to theft to clear herself.

(60 centimes) a day for every prisoner under detention, out of which he undertakes to provide the prisoner with food. But as providing food at the rate of sixpence per head per day can not be a very profitable business, he is allowed certain privileges and perquisites.

The prisoners are permitted to work; their earnings, as well as any money they may receive from outside, are at their own disposal; they can spend what they like in food, drink and tobacco at a canteen kept by the director, and, as the latter fixes his own prices, he naturally makes handsome profits.

There is an order against selling more liquor to a man than he can conveniently take, but as this order is more honored in the breach than the observance, scenes of drunkenness and violence are far from rare in the Freiburg house of correction. Prisoners who can not or will not work are chained to a log, and compelled to live on as much less than sixpence a day as it may please the director to allow them.

The man who assaulted the warden and was shot by the director had probably been made drunk by his more fortunate companions. It is hardly necessary to say that the federal government are in no way responsible for this state of things, the regulation of prisons and the punishment of prisoners being among the most cherished prerogatives of the cantons.—London Times.

Declaration of Independence. Fresh correspondents, says a Washington letter to the Boston Budget, are indulging in the recital of the story repeated every few years that the ink is fading from the Declaration of Independence.

This sacred document is deposited in the elegant library of the department of state in a wooden case with glass doors. It is written on a single skin of parchment in an elegant, engrossing hand which remains legible. The signatures, however, are fast disappearing, and of the autograph of John Hancock only a few letters remain visible.

Ben Franklin's name can not be seen, and only eleven signatures out of the fifty-three can be read without a magnifying glass. It is asserted that under the action of sunlight the ink is fading out, and there have been many propositions for its restoration.

Congress a few years since actually appointed a commission to report whether the faded-out ink could not be restored. The truth is, however, that the ink is not faded, but stolen.

Years ago, when John Quincy Adams was secretary of state, an ingenious English engraver obtained permission to take the Declaration of Independence and engrave it on copper in facsimile. He carried it to the printing office of Peter Force; there he laid it upon an imposing stone and placed on it a sheet of India tissue paper of the same size, moistened with water in which gum arabic had been dissolved.

A heavy proof-roller, with a weight hanging from each end, was then strongly rolled over the tissue paper, which was then removed, taking with it at least one-half of the ink used in writing and signing the document. A large plate of polished copper was then covered with a solution of clear white wax, on which the tissue-paper was placed, with the ink outward and subjected to the roller.

The ink was, to a considerable extent, forced through the paper into the wax on the copper. The engraver completing the work, an exact fac-simile was thus secured, but at the expense of our Magna Charter. It is impossible to revise what has been taken away, and I hardly think that the most dexterous workman could restore the stolen ink.

Young Quartz. The Carson Appeal says: It is a generally accepted theory that quartz, sandstone, and slate are geological formations which require thousands of years to form. A few days ago, in Virginia City, Conductor Havenor showed the editor of the Appeal a specimen of quartz which never could have existed over fifteen years ago.

The quartz in question was taken out of the Yellow Jacket mine from between the timbers. The timbers were put in fifteen years ago, and the matter forming the quartz had apparently oozed through a crack, and adhered to the timber. It was about the size and had the appearance of a cauliflower.

There was a mass soft and crumbling to the touch, and in places woven together like threads; and in this mass, and a part of it, were three distinct and perfectly formed quartz crystals. The mass had been pushed through the crack while in a plastic state, and then formed in the bunch described. The specimen in the possession of Mr. Havenor shows where it adhered to the timber. He also has a piece of sandstone taken from the creek at Stevens' mill, near Dayton. The mill was built twelve years ago, and a portion of a wooden stake driven into the ground at the time is solidly imbedded in the sandstone, which is as firm and hard as any sandstone of the old sandstone period. There is a rusty nail in the wedge.

Flowers at the White House. "How many plants are in the conservatory?" asked a reporter of the White House gardener.

"Over 8,000 in the conservatory proper, and 12,000 in the other hot-houses. The number is largely increased every year. Plants are here from nearly every country on the globe."

"What are they used for?" "The White House is decorated every day with from 250 to 300 plants—flowering, tropical and foliage. For state, cabinet and public dinners and receptions the decorations are more elaborate."

Chinese Flirtation. That the Chinese are not wanting in gallantry or in the art of repartee was clearly demonstrated by a young mandarin, an attaché to the Chinese embassy in Paris, in a conversation with a beautiful and elegant woman who had introduced to her one evening at a fashionable reunion. Curious to know whether it was worth any one's while to attempt a little flirtation with this son of the Celestial empire, she asked him, among other things, what qualities his countrymen valued most in women.

"For domestic virtues," was the reply. "Oh, indeed!" said the lady, in a slightly contemptuous tone. "Then you don't like your ladies to go into company and enjoy a little gossip?"

"No, madam; a Chinese husband has a right to get a divorce from his wife if she is a great talker." The charming Frenchwoman here thought she detected a covert allusion to herself, and sarcastically inquired: "I suppose that would have been my fate in China?" The Chinaman at once replied, bowing low: "You may be sure that from the day of your arrival in China the law that inflicts this mode of punishment on the loquacity of women would be abolished."

Where Hanging is Not Proper. The gallows has not been used in Erie county, Pennsylvania, for fifty years, public opinion having forbidden it since the hanging of Henry Francisco, then termed judicial murder. The Philadelphia Times tells the story, as follows: "On the 31st of March, 1832, Henry Francisco and his child-wife, Maud, only 16 years old and only three weeks a wife, were found insensible in bed, a bottle of poison by their side. Two letters, one in the hand of each, informed the friends that although united in marriage but three weeks they desired to enter eternity hand in hand. Medical assistance was promptly sought, but in less than an hour after discovery the beautiful girl breathed her last, and the efforts of the physicians were concentrated upon the purpose of saving the man's life.

For hours his life hung in the balance, but finally their exertions were rewarded with success and the life of Francisco was saved—saved that it might a few months later be taken on the gallows-tree, amid the tears and groans of sympathetic people and the prayers of two sobbing ministers of the gospel."

A Giant President. The other day I saw the most remarkable man, Louis E. Salomon, the President of the Black Republic. He is a massive, broad-shouldered giant, at least six feet six inches in height, with the physical proportions of a gladiator, a profile dark as the "night's plutonian shore," with snow-white locks, keen, restless eyes, glittering like diamonds in a setting of jet, high, intellectual forehead, and a form, despite his advanced age, erect as a pillar of stone, with a dignified air.

He was accompanied by a numerous retinue of ebony aides-de-camp, resplendent in military trappings of fanciful designs and colors, decorated with numerous medals won in imaginary battles, and a profusion of gold lace and brass trimmings that dazzle the plebeian lookers-on. A noticeable fact was that the entire group of warriors responded to the title of General. There seems to be no minor rank in the forces of the republic. Under the present regime a private citizen cannot hold any lands in his own right, and here is the dulcet harp upon which Salomon has played with such cunning. He has promised the poorer classes a division of the public lands, the establishment of free schools, national banks, railroads, etc., all of which he is utterly powerless to fill. Professing to affect extreme republican simplicity, yet his every action smacks of royalty, his official documents being promulgated from an antiquated structure except the "National Palace," and signed in kingly form, "Salomon." His proclamations are invariably written in the French language and remind any one of the famous manifesto of Plon Plon on the walls of Paris.

Educated at one of the most famous colleges in Paris, Salomon is a person of no ordinary ability, being a brilliant conversationalist and linguist, and a crafty diplomat. Totally indifferent to the welfare of his people, he has by plausible misrepresentations succeeded in becoming the most popular personage in his party. Still, in view of the inevitable collapse which he is shrewd enough to foresee, he has "feathered his own nest" with a princely bank account in Kingston, Jamaica, and purchased several properties on neighboring islands. Among the many banished persons it is worthy of notice that not one of them has a black face. They are invariably mulattos or of other shades popularly designated as "off color." Salomon married a French lady some two years ago whom he had met in Paris, and the nuptials were performed here. This matrimonial venture threatened at one time to overthrow his popularity, the natives accusing him of attempting to give the country over to the whites, for it is useless to disguise the fact that they are extremely jealous of the Caucasian, or any but their own color.—Hayti Cor. Chicago Herald.

Oscar Wilde in San Francisco. I confess it is late in the day for a story about Oscar Wilde, but I think this is worth telling nevertheless: Some time after his arrival here Oscar said to a friend one day "I received such a charming present this morning."

The friend naturally inquired what it was. "Upon my arrival here," Oscar proceeded to explain, "I received a request from a tradesman for the honor of measuring me for a pair of boots. I granted him permission and he departed. Thinking it probably only a vulgar trick of the fellow's to obtain a free sight of me I supposed that was the last of it, but this morning I actually received from him a beautiful pair of boots—quite the fit, too."

"Then, after a pause, quoth Oscar: 'This appreciation from the lowly clausies is very pleasant.'"—San Francisco Call.

Thousands Say So. Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints, purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Lutz & Briggs.

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Beaten by Wind and Rain. Sailors on the Sea and Laborers on the Land—Help for the Lardboard Watch. "There is no telling the force of the wind, and the height and rush of the sea was simply appalling. When Cornish, the boatswain, and myself came down from aloft, after furling the main royal, we were wet through and half dead from the hard toll and the exposure."

So said the mate of the "Greenwood," when relating the incidents of an Atlantic cyclone, after nearly all the crew had maintained and left the ship in boats to escape punishment. Mechanics who labor upon lofty buildings; carpenters, painters and bricklayers, may be called a kind of shore sailors, and that their numbers are not more largely decimated by accident and disease is a marvel.

Mr. Jabez Rogers, tuck pointer, house painter, etc., of No. 626 Madison street, Chicago, over a pipe and autumn fire, said to your correspondent: "No, I am only a young man—thirty-five, that's all, but the kind of work I do tells on a fellow's looks and constitution. Last spring I was about run down with over-work and exposure. I had to give up doing any work myself, and just made out to oversee my men in a sort of half-and-half way. I thought I was played out for good and all. I was racked with a cough, stuffed with a cold, and torn and dishevelled with rheumatism. Do? I took PARKER'S TONIC and it cured me. Those three words tell the story—it cured me."

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LOOK OUT! DURHAM BULL. If he'd gone for a pack of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco, as he was told, he wouldn't have been cornered by the bull.

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C. ZWANZIG, Editor. OTTAWA, ILL., March 17, 1883.

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