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A FOLDED LEAF.

A folded page, old, stained, and blurred. I found within your book last night, I did not read the dim dark word. I saw in the slow-waning light; But put it back, and left it there. As if in truth I did not care.

Ah! we have all a folded leaf
That in Time's book of long ago
We leave: a half-relief
Falls on us when we hide it so.
We fold it down, then turn away,
And who may read that page to-day?

Not you, my child; nor you, my wife,
Who sit beside my study chair,
For all have some thing in their life
That they, and they alone, may bear—
A trifling lie, a deadly sin,
A something bought they did not win.

My folded leaf! how blue eyes gleam
And golden curls at evening beam;
Above the black locks at my knee!
Ah me! that leaf is folded down.
And eye for me the looks are brown.

And yet I love them who sit by
My best and dearest—dearest now.
They may not know for what I sign,
What brings the shadow on my brow.
Ghosts at the best: so let them be,
Nor come between my life and me.

They only rise at twilight hour;
So light the lamp and close the blind.
Small perfume lingers in the flower
That sleeps that folded page behind.
So let it ever folded lie;
'Twill be unfolded when I die.

Saved By a Whistle.

The afternoon was drawing to a close. Huge clouds loomed threateningly in the west, and the wind swept about the old Inn with fitful walls. It would evidently prove to be a wild stormy night; already the waves of the little cove that made in from the bay, had put on their white caps in anticipation of a frolic.

The Inn had formerly been used for the accommodation of travelers but at the time on story opens, it had been gradually falling to ruin, and people seldom or never stopped there.

The inmates were an old woman, known as Granny Crane, a colored man who attended to the chores, and a young orphan girl of eighteen whom granny had taken from the poorhouse years before.

This girl, Elsie Darke, was standing on the porch, shading her face with one hand, and looking anxiously over the water. Her eyes were large, and absolutely startling in their wild, dark beauty, with long curling lashes, and delicately arched brows. The scornful curving mouth was red like Southern wine. The head was daintily poised; the nose small and straight; the foot slender and arched like an Arab's. Far below her waist swept the jetty hair, in a silken, waving mass. She was a most exquisite creature, notwithstanding that the rough caress of the salt breeze had browned her cheek and the small hand that shaded her forehead. A brown skirt of some woolen material fell to her ankles. She wore a short jacket of scarlet flannel, and a scarf of the same color was thrown over her head.

Suddenly a harsh, croaking voice sounded from the house:

"Come in, girl! What are ye standing there for, and the cold wind blowing over ye?"

Elsie uttered an impatient exclamation, but did not move, and the wrinkled old crone crept to the door and looked over the girl's shoulder.

"Ah, ha! That's what troubles, is it? No wonder—and yer lover the only smugler of 'em at home. I suppose they'd give a round sum to get him—eh, gal?"

"Hush!" said Elsie, imperiously, as she turned on Granny Crane "Don't you dare betray him!"

The old woman chuckled, and shaking her head, hobbled back to the house without speaking. Elsie looked after her with a troubled expression on her beautiful face, and then turned her gaze seaward once more.

A vessel lay at anchor just inside the cove. Elsie knew it well enough; it was the Government cutter in pursuit of smugglers. Elsie was thinking of her bold, handsome lover, and her heart beat strong and feverishly while she considered the chance of his escape.

He was coming to see her that night. She would wait; nothing could be done at present, for she knew not where to find him. The night closed blackly; the rain came down in drenching floods, when Granny Crane, wrapped in a long cloak, sallied forth, passing just outside the door a stalwart figure that approached the house from the crazy old barn where he had fastened his horse.

"Going to stay the evening with the gal?" she called.

"Yes," came back to her in a bold, free voice, and they passed on, he to the house, and she into the night which grew blacker and wilder.

"Ye are a fine lad, Rolf Stuart, but ye'll not spend the evening with Elsie. The Government hounds'll track track ye ere long."

The old woman pulled her hood over her wrinkled face and hurried on. Straight to the beach she went, and arrived there just in time to see a number of dark figures leaping from a boat. The men regarded curiously the wierd figure that approached them.

"Mayhap the gentleman would be glad to know the whereabouts of a smuggler?"

"Yes, my good woman! That is what brings us here," said one, who appeared to be a leader. "Have you any information to give us?"

from his breast, and counted a part of them into her eager fingers. "Now, then, tell us all you know."

"You must follow the beach up until you reach the road," she said; "then cross the grove of pines at the right, and you will see the inn. In the front room you will find the captain of the band, with his sweetheart."

A murmur of satisfaction arose from the men, and the leader, compelling granny to follow, strode on across the beach.

Inside the inn, Elsie and her lover were talking earnestly.

"You must go at once, Rolf. The cutter lays just outside the cove," the girl said, nervously; "I thought, you would see her."

"I have been out towa all day; and it's too dark to-night to see anything. Come lassie, fly with me. We will never return. This is no life for you. When you are my wife, sweetheart, silks and jewels'll be none to fine for you. Come away, and we'll have a home of our own that is grand and beautiful, with no granny to grumble and find fault."

She loved this daring fellow in spite of his lawless deeds. Indeed she knew no better class of men, for most of her life had been spent among the smugglers on the coast. She laid her cheek on his arm, while he bent to receive her answer.

Before she could speak, the heavy oaken door was thrown open, and the men from the cutter filed quickly into the room.

"You may as well surrender, my man," said the leader, throwing open his cloak and revealing the navy blue, with its glittering buttons.

The young outlaw stood like a stag at bay. In the confusion Elsie had slipped from his arms, and out of the door. He was very glad of that—she was out of danger.

For an instant there was a dead silence; and then, as the leader took one step forward, Rolf drew a pair of revolvers from his pockets, leveled them at the men, and shouted with a reckless ring in his voice, while his face gleamed whitely from its frame of careless waving hair:

"Come on—all of ye! Only give me a fair chance, and come one at a time!"

His tall magnificently built figure towered a full half head above the others, and his gleaming eyes were full of desperate resolve; but he looked in the barrels of six loaded pistols, and the men were determined to capture their prize.

"Surrender, or we will fire!"

"At that moment a clear, sweet whistle rang above the wailing of the storm and the tumult in the small room.

Rolf's quick ear recognized it. Elsie had learned it from his own lips, and had often helped him from danger by that call. While the men hesitated, and involuntarily glanced over their shoulders to ascertain, if possible from whence the call came, a blessing in his heart for Elsie, leaped upon the first of the blue-coats, and knocking the pistol from his hand, made another spring for the door. But a sharp report rang out, and he felt a stinging sensation in his right arm; another bullet severed a lock of his hair. Turning, he took aim with the revolver in his left hand and fired; one of the cutter's men uttered a sharp cry, and throwing up his arms fell to the floor. Another pistol met the bold fellow at the door, but he struck it up with his weapon and rushed into the night, with two or three bullets whistling about his ears.

Again that clear whistle came to him, and following the sound, he reached the corner of the inn, where he found Elsie waiting with his horse.

"Bless you, my girl!" he murmured.

With one leap he was on the animal's back. He bent from the saddle and held out one hand.

"Will you come, sweetheart?"

"Without a pause, she caught his hand and swung herself up before him.

There was a word to the horse, a reckless, defiant shout sent back at their pursuers, and they were gone in the deep blackness of the night.

Cremation at Gotha.

A cremation ceremony was recently performed at Gotha, the body being that of M. Stier. He was a decided believer in cremation, and died about a year ago, leaving directions for the treatment of his remains. The ceremony has necessarily been deferred—first for the legal sanction for cremation, and then for the society which calls itself "The Urn" to arrange its apparatus. The occasion drew together a large concourse of people, and about three hundred were admitted into the chapel with tickets. The body arrived accompanied by the sounds of solemn music and on entering the building this gave way to the plaintive chant of a German hymn. The head of the clergy of Gotha then delivered the funeral oration, and then proceeded to speak of the position which he and his brethren had taken up in reference to the practice of cremation. He explained that if he did not then pronounce the benediction it was only because this pious duty had already been performed by another priest at the time of the temporary interment, and not to show any disapproval of the present proceedings. On the contrary, the attendance of nearly all the clergy of the district was specially decided upon, for the purpose of publicly and solemnly manifesting their approval of cremation, and of declaring through him that they saw in it nothing contrary to the spirit of the gospel or to apostolic practice. There was not one passage to be found either in the Old or the New Testament forbidding the burning of the human body; nor could any good reason be given against disposing of it in this way. After the Lord's Prayer had been recited aloud, the body, enclosed in a wooden case, was lowered into the cremation vault. At the end of two hours the remains were reduced to ashes, and these having been collected were enclosed in an urn, sealed, and formally delivered over to M. Stier's executors.

A Huge Forgery.

The Emperor of Austria one of whose greatest ambitions is to keep up the "prestige" of the army has been sorely troubled lately by the misdemeanor of one of his generals. Field Marshal Lieut. Prochazka, married to a beauty taken by him from the stage of a small theatre, and living an extravagant life, has been, of late, spending great sums at a time. On one of his trips to Paris he had been told that a number of French bankers were trying to get a concession to found a gambling house in the republic of San Marino, but that the republic absolutely refused granting one. Prochazka, with a secretary, traveled to Italy, and there became acquainted with the only general of the quiet little republic, one Count Maroldi, to whom he spoke of his project of getting the gambling-house concession, and who immediately promised to use all his influence in obtaining it. Baron Prochazka, it appears, believed that in so small a state the General ought to be able to manage anything, and promised Maroldi 350,000 francs if he obtained the concession. In less than a week's time Maroldi brought it, signed by his only secretary of state, and provided with enormous seals and various other signatures. As soon as they had the concession the two generals started for Paris, where a consortium of bankers immediately acquired the concession of them, promising to pay 300,000 francs for it on the day when the gambling-house was opened and paying down 500,000 francs immediately. Baron Prochazka paid Gen. Maroldi the promised 350,000 francs and the latter started off for no one knows where. He has not been found or heard of since. The bankers selected a number of clever engineers and sent them to San Marino to buy grounds and set about building several magnificent houses at once. Arrangements were made with several firms for the furniture, and a single French house, "La Societe Commerciale," in Vienna, undertook to send to Marino 3,000,000 francs worth of splendid furniture. When the grounds were bought and the contracts laid before the authorities these of course asked for what purpose they were to be used, and the truth was discovered that the government had granted no concession whatever and that the seals and signatures must have been forged. The question now arises, Is Gen. Maroldi the only guilty man in this business, and were Baron Prochazka and his secretary dupes or accomplices? The San Marino general is not to be found and the Austrian general was immediately arrested, although with the aid of influential and wealthy friends he returned the sum paid him by the French bankers, who have no reason to accuse him of having cheated them. The official papers were very careful to assure the public that Baron Prochazka had resigned his position as a general before he was arrested, so that it should at least appear that no general had been carried off to jail. If the business is hushed up altogether, it will be for the sake of the army and its generals, whose honor might be thought to be somewhat tainted by the crime of a comrade. For the same reason silence has been kept as to the conduct of some Croatian officers who have used their power as occupiers of newly acquired country to commit what at home would simply be called robbery. They invited some Mohammedan merchants in Serajeva, Bosnia, who were known to be rich people, to their tents, and while they were treating them at their mess a number of soldiers plundered their houses and carried away all the gold and jewels they could lay hands upon. The chief instigator of the affair has been condemned to twenty years' imprisonment by a court-martial.

Stopped Writing.

Some time ago, a patent-medicine man of St. Louis wrote a confidential letter to a young man in Little Rock, Arkansas, requesting him to send the names of all the very fat men of Little Rock. The young man, with a full appreciation of a happy plan suddenly struck upon, sent the names of all the very lean men in town. The effect was very decisive. A short time afterward, a prominent lawyer, whose leanness has ever been a subject of remark, received a letter, which read:

"Dear Sir—Our American anti-fat remedy will whittle the stomach from you in six days. Send us twenty-five cents."

The letter was thrown aside, not without a few expressions of ingratitude.

The next mail brought another letter, with the following contents:

"Dear Sir—If you have decided to surrender your obesity, send us the twenty-five cents."

By this time the gentleman was warm. He cursed all the patent medicine men in the world. Several days after this the boy came to the office and handed the lawyer a letter. On the envelope was written, "Opened by mistake, Miss Jackson." The lawyer took the letter and read:

"Dear Sir—We are sorry that your abdominal protuberance is giving you so much trouble. This is your own fault, for our American anti-fat will act like a drawing-knife in whittling you down."

The lawyer sat for fifteen minutes in deep meditation. He was disturbed by the entrance of a lean minister, who drew a letter from his pocket, and handing it to the lawyer, remarked: "I don't understand this." This letter read thus: "Dear Sir—Don't feel that you are always to be a burden to yourself. We can boil off your stomach until you'll be as trim as a racer, Mr. —, a prominent lawyer of your city, who, as you know, is a perfect mountain of flesh, is being treated by us."

The lawyer didn't say a word, but when the minister had gone he addressed the following letter to the St. Louis doctor:

"If you ever send me another one of your diabolical documents, I'll stick a six-shooter down your throat and fire every shot into your infernal stomach." The doctor has stopped writing.

A Monster Ship.

A new steamship, which when completed will be the largest and finest merchant vessel in the world, is now being built at Barrow, England, for the Isman Line. She will be ready for use in the spring of 1881, and will then begin making regular trips between New York and Liverpool. The "City of Rome" was regarded as the most appropriate name which could be given to this addition to the Isman fleet. Her dimensions are to be as follows:—Length of keel, 546 feet; length over all, 590 feet; breadth of beam, 52 feet; depth of hold, 38 feet 7 inches, and depth from top of deck-houses to keel, 52 feet. Her measurement will be 8,300 tons, or over 2,000 tons larger than either the City of Berlin or the Arizona, and 800 tons larger than the "Servia," the new Cunard steamship, which will be completed this fall. She will be over four-fifths of the "great Eastern." The engines of the "City of Rome" will be of 8,500 horse power, with six cylinders, three of which are high-pressure, and three low-pressure. There will be eight boilers, heated by 48 furnaces, and the vessel can be propelled at the rate of 18 knots an hour. She will carry four large masts, and three smoke funnels. A large spread of canvas can be set, which will enable the steamship to make good time, if necessary, without the aid of the engines. The saloon and staterooms will be placed amidships and will contain every facility for comfort and luxury. All the latest improvements are to be added, and the entire cabin will be splendidly furnished and upholstered. There will be 275 revolving chairs at the saloon tables, and the staterooms will easily accommodate 300 first-class passengers. A drawing-room which can be occupied by 100 ladies at once, will be placed on the deck immediately over the saloon. The smoking-room will be above the drawing-room, and will accommodate 100 smokers at once. The saloon will contain six bath-rooms. There will be room on board for almost any number of steerage passengers, and space for an enormous quantity of freight in the hold. The "City of Rome" is to be built of steel, with a double bottom and eleven bulkheads. Two longitudinal bulkheads are to run through the engine and boiler spaces. These will greatly decrease the danger of the vessel sinking in case of a collision. The top decks are to be of the best teak. No expense is to be spared in making this magnificent steamship perfect in every respect. She will have the highest classification of any vessel in the Liverpool Red-book and in the British Lloyd's. The Isman people expect that, so far as the transportation of passengers and freight goes, the "City of Rome" will prove the monarch of the seas.

A Few Hints for the Seasons.

Throw old bottles, oyster-cans, broken dishes and so forth into your neighbor's yard. He's no man if he can't pass 'em along to the next.

Borrow a wheelbarrow, rake, hose, spade and whatever else you may want, through the summer as soon now as you can, so that the owners will forget to whom they were lent. A man who buys a wheelbarrow when he can borrow one will never be chief financier of a life insurance company.

If one of the gate-hinges is missing, take the other off and throw it away. It is better to have a gate on no hinges than one hinge, and it is cheaper to throw away a hinge than to buy one.

Spring is a good time to crawl under the house and find the missing shears, thimbles, butcher-knives, silver spoons and pail-covers. A great many families get rich by hunting up things which the cat has lugged out of the house during the Winter.

The season has arrived when seven or eight stoves can be dispensed with in the average dwelling-house. Any man who can kick strong enough to break a horse's leg can kick over a stove. That's the easiest way to get em down. Stove pipe properly put up, will fall when the stove does.

Seeds should be planted in the spring. Several years of experience have conclusively proven that seeds planted in the fall are certain to have the mumps before January. Five dollars' worth of sunflower seeds will produce shade for at least 12 cuts and an old hen. Sunflowers can't be trained to climb up the side of the house; but neither can an elephant. Therefore, by planting sunflowers you avoid planting elephants.

Some folks take up carpets and beat them in the spring. Others wait until fall and beat the carpet stores. Every family can take its choice this being a free country.

Spring is a good time to paper rooms. Most any one of the family can hang wallpaper. All you need is a barrel to stand on, a pail of paste, the old stub of a white wash brush and a boy to pour water on your elbow joints to keep down the friction. If you want to be original, don't try to match the paper.

Headache and its Cause.

Bilious headache, or such as arise from a disordered condition of the stomach, usually affects one side of the head only, most commonly over one eye, and increases to an acute and often throbbing pain. It is often accompanied with a feeling of sickness and vomiting, producing languor and depression of spirits. Rheumatic headache is commonly caused by exposure to cold, and the pain is of a shifting nature, shooting from point to point, and is felt most at night. All kinds of remedies have been used for headache. For headache arising from a weak stomach, a bitter tonic is usually prescribed. Among the favorite medicines and one that very frequently proves effective if persevered in a month or two or three, is "quassia," the wood and bark of a plant that grows in some parts of South America, and was prescribed by a negro as a specific. The chips are soaked in water, and a few slips of the bitter water are taken three or four times a day.

—Julius Caesar was assassinated by Brutus at Rome 44 years before Christ's time.

"Make Yourself at Home."

All visitors feel that in some places there is an atmosphere that is congenial and pleasant, and conducive to freedom and enjoyment, while in others—though the welcome be just as warm and the friends no less kind and dear—they are never unconscious that they are visitors. The house is an abnormal condition of spick-and-span orderliness, to start with; and one feels that in no home are the papers and books always picked up, the work put out of sight, and everything kept with its best foot forward. In most sensible, not to say cultivated, families, the essential vulgarity of loading down the tables with an unusual and unnecessary variety of food, because a friend chances to be present, is no longer seen; but in too many the entire matter of the family eating is made to turn upon the guest's appetite or readiness. How entirely "at home" one feels ("this is writ ironical," as A. Ward used to say) to come down to breakfast a quarter of an hour late and find pater familias reading the advertisements in his crumpled morning paper, with one eye wandering to the clock; the house-wife with the shadow of a frown upon her politely unpuckered brow, and the children actually cross from waiting! The guest shouldn't be late, of course, but he often takes that liberty when at home, and would feel much better to find a family at the table than waiting for him. The consciousness of throwing everything out of gear in the family machinery makes one realize very uncomfortably that he is not "at home."

Then the children are often kept on "dress parade," during the presence of transient guests. It causes pain to a child-loving and sensitive man to know that the children are disbarred of their natural and blessed freedom by his presence. His own little ones at home climb to his back or knee, tease for stories, play games, and have a good time after supper; and while the average parent doesn't take so much interest in other people's children, no one, not so utterly selfish that his comfort does not deserve to be considered, likes to see children robbed of any of their little rights and customs by a stupid conventionality requiring them to be dressed up and kept still.

It may further be truly said of hospitality, that as a rule "entertaining" does not entertain. Public men are not the only people who like plenty of letting alone. The friend into whose home our coming means only an extra plate and chair at the table, and room at the fireside; whose easy chair is ours for reading, resting or chatting; whose home circle is enlarged, and broken up, by our entrance; whose greeting shows that he is conscious of receiving as well as imparting pleasure; who preserves his own individuality and recognizes ours; over whose roof-tree waves the flag of freedom— isn't this the place where we all love to go?

Northern Rivers.

The Lummi rises in the Cascade Range northwest of Mount Baker, flows south-west, receiving the Nooksack from the southeast and empties into Bellingham Bay. Both streams are bordered with excellent land, and gold has been found on the tributaries. Next south is the Swinomish, its source in the Cascades, and emptying into Bellingham Bay. The tide lands at its mouth and upon the Swinomish Slough appropriated for cultivation are noted for their heavy production of wheat, oats and barley. The Skagit rises in the Cascade Range, and empties by several mouths in Port Susan. The Skagit Valley is an extensive and rich agricultural section, and considerable mining is carried on along its upper waters. The Skilagumish also empties into Port Susan. The timber on its banks is very valuable. Coal is found twenty miles from its mouth. The channel with the drifts removed would be navigable for twenty-five miles. The Snohomish empties opposite the south end of Whidby Island. Eighteen miles from its mouth it divides into the Skykomish and Snyqualmie. Tide flats divided by several channels stretch across its mouth, back of which are extensive cranberry marshes. The Snohemish and the Snoqualmie are navigable within a few miles of Snoqualmie Falls on the Snohomish and on both forks there is a large quantity of first-class agricultural land. The Snoqualmie rises in the Cascade Range at an altitude of three thousand feet, flows westerly twenty miles, when it makes a perpendicular descent of two hundred and seventy feet, forming the Snoqualmie Falls. At the lowest stage of the river the width of the falls is ten yards. Beyond the falls are the famous Snoqualmie Prairies. Duwamish empties into Elliott Bay, upon which the city of Seattle is located. Its main tributaries are White and Green Rivers. Lake Washington lies back of Seattle. Its outlet, four and one-half miles long, empties into the Duwamish. After leaving the lake a half mile Black River receives Cedar River, which rises in the Cascade Range. An extensive agricultural area is afforded by the valleys of the Duwamish and its tributaries, with an inland navigation of thirty miles. On Black River a vein of coal was opened in 1854; now the vicinity is celebrated for extensive coal-mining. The Puyallup rises north of Mount Ranier, runs north-westerly, and empties into Commencement Bay, on which is situated New Tacoma, the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The valleys of the Puyallup and Stuck afford a large quantity of the best agricultural land. The former has become celebrated for the successful cultivation of the hop, and for deposit of excellent coal. Tobacco is also cultivated with considerable success. Nisqually rises south of Mount Ranier. In 1833, the Hudson Bay Company, at its mouth, built Fort Nisqually, the first permanent white settlement on Puget Sound. On its banks were the stock farms, and upon the adjacent plains the sheep ranges of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company. The Des Chutes empties into Budd's Inlet at the extreme head of the Sound. At its

mouth is the thriving milling and manufacturing town of Tumwater—notable for its water-power. At this place Colonel M. T. Simmons made the first American settlement north of the Columbia. The Skokomish empties into Hood's Canal. Its two confluents rise in the Coast Range and join ten miles from the mouth. The valley varies from one to three miles in width, and is of the finest quality of bottom land. On both sides of Hood's Canal there are other small rivers, with similar valleys, though not so extensive. Along the southern shore of the Straits of Juan de Fuca are several streams, heading in the Coast Range; the principal are the Dungeness and Elwha, with valleys of excellent land. All the above described rivers are rapid, cold mountain streams, abounding with trout. Their deltas are the resort of myriads of wild geese, ducks and other aquatic birds.

A House of Ice.

A house of ice was one of the winter attractions at Moscow, Russia, during the past winter. It is a copy of the one the Empress Anna Ivanovna constructed in St. Petersburg on the river Neva, and the plans and description of which are kept in the archives of Moscow. From these papers, the enterprising managers of the Zoological Gardens there obtained the detailed plans necessary for constructing a miniature copy of the imperial ice palace. The cost of erection has amounted to three thousand rubles, or at the present rate of exchange a little above three hundred pounds sterling; but this has always been more than covered, as the first six days of the exhibition brought in something like eight thousand rubles. The appearance of this structure is most attractive in the evening, when it lit up with electric and Bengal lights. It is built on the pond of the Zoological Gardens, and occupies about fifty feet square, including the space enclosed by the ice railing. Entrance inside is prohibited, owing, no doubt, in great measure to the damage the steps would suffer from the visitors continually passing up and down. The house itself is about twelve feet high, with a roof some nine feet higher. It is built in the form of a parallelogram; and with all due respect to the Empress Anna and to the authorities of the gardens, reminds one more of a barn than anything else. This, however, is only an accident of shape. Looking at it when illuminated by electricity, the sight is well worth seeing. The ice in front is of the purest, and glitters with almost dazzling brightness, and where a corner catches the light, the onlooker might imagine that it was set with precious stones. One end of the house is built of alternate pieces of dark and clear ice—a combination which, whether brought about intentionally or not, produces a very good effect and irresistibly reminds one of a chess board. Both at the front and back there is a doorway in the centre of the house, and on each side three windows. Round each of these is a cornice, and between the windows plain flat columns without any capitals. These, with a large shallow shell over the doorway and a balustrade running along the edge of the roof, are the only attempts at decorating the building itself. About half a dozen steps lead up to the doorway in front. At the foot of these, on blocks of ice, repose two dolphins, one on each side; they in their turn are flanked each by a mortar and at each extremity are two cannon—all of ice. To complete the building, two chimneys grace the roof. In front of the house, and a little to the side, are two ice-loges, in the form of square towers. The execution of the work is worthy of all praise. The preparation of the window panes, made to resemble plate glass, is said to have given some trouble, as it was first necessary to get blocks of ice of a suitable size, and then, by means of hot irons, to reduce them to the proper thickness—about a quarter of an inch. They have the appearance of frosted glass. The preparation of the other part, though easier, has required great care, the bestowal of which, however, has been repaid to those on whom fell the responsibility of the work, by the consciousness of having performed their task well and by the general pleasure afforded to the public. On Saturday, the 14th of February, the Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander I, visited the gardens to inspect the ice-house.

Life in the Polar Regions.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the polar sea. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until losing their equilibrium they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterward like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea gulls fly away screaming, and often a black, shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at thirty degrees above zero to forty-seven below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is wind. At fifteen degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind, it falls into a fine powder. This phenomenon is called ice-smoke. At forty degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air, and make a light, continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them.