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Eye and Heart.

[From the German.]

So many a one appears at night
All full of love and warm of heart,
And then doth show, more closely known,
That love with him is but an art.

So many a one appears at night
All stiff reserve and icy cold,
But keeps his heart for him who seeks
Its richest treasures to unfold.

A STORY OF THE RACK.

On the southern shore of the Waal, that powerful branch of the Rhine which in the Netherlands loses its importance, and in the Katwyk sand hills finds an artificial issue, lies the ancient city of Nimegue. Ancient indeed, for on the summit of the hill, covered with houses built in the middle ages, are yet the ruins of the Roman Forum, where in the first century the Roman legions kept their watch; and in the middle ages Nimegue was one of the imperial free cities, endowed with privileges such as belong to an independent sovereign state; while at the close of the sixteenth century there was signed the treaty which put a stop to the grasping power of France, and for a time at least gave peace to Europe.

Let us go back to the year 1760. Let us go through the steep streets, up to the market place. What means that crowd before the courthouse? We pass the crowd and we ascend the steps, we enter the hall, we follow the stream of men coming and going, until we reach a door guarded by two halberdiers. We are allowed to pass. A few dead eyes give a gloomy light. The marble pavement, the bare walls, the deaf silence, make us shudder. We look round; in the distance against it we perceive a large statue; it is white, it holds in one hand the scales. It is the emblem of "Justice"—of justice in marble. We advance a few steps, and find we are not alone. Under the statue is a bench, long and narrow, covered with a green cloth. There men are seated, facing us. They are judges. Their wigs and dress show it. Their faces are turned to the left. We follow their direction. We come a little nearer. We see another room opening near the door we descended. It is dark. Near the door we discern a man, sitting like a raised platform, oblong; at the four corners are cranks. A human being lies stretched out, the hands and feet held by chains. Two men stand by with crossed arms, one at the head, one at the foot.

"Out!" says the presiding judge in a low voice.

Slowly the cranks move. We hear the wrenching of the limbs. A shriek, loud and piercing; then another less piercing; and a gasping as for breath; then another silence.

"Loosen!" cried the judge; bring him to."

The cranks move back; the men applied medicated water to the mouth of the fainting prisoner. He opens his eyes and looks around. We have come near enough to see all to hear all. What a noise! What a mystery! One of the judges approaches him, looks steadily at him, then says, with a voice where in pity is mixed with stern conviction: "Why not confess at once, Harrik? To-morrow you will enter eternity. Why not tell the truth?"

"With a voice where in pity is mixed with stern conviction: "Why not tell the truth?"

"Harrik, what is the use of further delay? Why this obstinacy? Harrik was there, and assisted you. Circumstances prove it. Your end is near. Why force us to increase your misery? For the truth must come out. Your confession must seal his doom as well as yours. Come, now, Harrik, confess at once: Harrik was there."

"There is a silence. We observe one of the judges looking intently at the doomed man; his face moist, his lips quiver. He leans back in his chair, resting his head on his right arm, and with his hand trying to cover the emotion of his pitying soul.

At last the victim gasps out: "I did it—I did it—I was alone!"

The presiding judge frowns. "To the rack!" he says with a stern voice.

They take him up. Arms and limbs hang powerless. But they are stretched on the rack, the chains fastened.

"Three turns!" cries the presiding judge.

Screams are of no avail. Slowly the cranks turn; we can hear the muscles squawk, and there is a dull noise. The cranks stop.

"Dislocated!" says one of the men.

"Call the doctor," cries the presiding judge, in a somewhat anxious voice.

The physician approaches, the chains are loosened, the dislocated limbs reset. This takes some time. We look at the five judges. The president is agitated, the others indifferent; the youngest remains sitting, one hand over his face.

The physician has performed his work, and with some stimulants restored the prisoner to consciousness. The presiding judge has recovered self-possession, and says in his usual tone of authority:

"Bring the prisoner into court."

Again the victim is carried to the leaning chair. Again the judge addresses him in stern words. Again he answers, but faintly this time, "I was alone."

"To the rack!" exclaims the judge; and again the victim is stretched on the rack. Again the judge addresses him in stern words. Again he answers, but faintly this time, "I was alone."

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and again the men take hold of the victim; again stretch his restored limbs and fasten them to the chains; again the cranks begin to turn.

"This time no scream, no yell, but a faint whisper: "I can no more."

The judge who first interrogated him approaches. "Confess, Harrik," says he, "and all is right."

"Yes, yes, he was there!" says the victim.

The cranks stop slowly on.

"It was Harrik, was it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"He wore a brown coat, did he?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You swear it was he who aided you?"

"Yes, yes!—for God's sake—yes!"

The cranks stop. The declaration is written down, and a pen put in the victim's fingers, who traces the semblance of a cross under it.

The court adjourns. They have suffered, thought not on the rack! They leave. Only one remains.

When all are gone, he rises and speaks a few words to the warden; then turning to the prisoner, he assists in carrying him to the leaning chair. The poor man looks thankfully up to his sympathizing face. The warden enters with a tray. On it is a strong cup of coffee, and some refreshing food. The man says thanks with a glance, while the judge leaves the court room, and what I have written is not fiction, but a simple narrative of what occurred in the Court of Justice, at Nimegue, in the year 1760.

For the judge who showed compassion was my grandfather, and had good occasion to narrate it to my father, as you will see. From my father I heard it more than once, as an only son is anxious to hear over and over what belongs to it were to the family.

Yes, the merciful judge left the court room, and went to his home. His wife received him with love, and in the blessed atmosphere of domestic affection in vain he tried to forget the horrible scene he had been compelled to witness. In vain!

Harrik was a man who always bore a good character. The father of a numerous family, he had an enemy—one who with all his might and craftiness tried to do him injury. This was known and acknowledged by all the neighbors. In all his troubles his next neighbor, Gilman, had been his friend. This was known and acknowledged by all the witnesses. But one afternoon, when the trouble of Harrik's peace fell down, stabbed in breast and back and side, Harrik was arrested on the spot. But where was the other man? He was gone.

"It was Gilman," said most of the witnesses. "We knew him by his coat. It was Gilman."

Harrik seemed to doubt. Gilman was found at home, busy with his domestic duties. He seemed very agitated; but was it sorrow for his friend, or was it consciousness of guilt? In court he protested his innocence, and appealed to Harrik, who simply said: "Oh! it was Harrik, was it?"

But the many witnesses insisted that they had seen him and no other, as well as the known friendship of the two, induced the court to get the final convincing proof from Harrik.

He was condemned to the gallows. Yet one day, and the convincing proof would fall. Hence the rack!

They had been successful! Gilman's doom was sealed.

But the merciful judge had his doubts. That night he was sleepless. It was long past midnight, when he was startled by the ringing of the door-bell. It was the warden. Coming into the presence of my grandfather, he said:

"Sir, the unhappy man is restless—more than once he has asked me when he was to die? I told him; then he cried loud: "O, Gilman! Gilman!" At last I said: "What about Gilman?" Then he said nothing. Just now he stopped, and my grandfather said: "Jochens, could you not go to the gentleman who was so kind to me? I want so much to see him." Said I: "But it is late, Harrik—it won't do!" Then he began to beg me so hard, sir, that I did not like to refuse. He has but one day more to live, sir, and I saw you were kind to him, so I took courage, and said I would go."

While the honest warden was talking, my grandfather was already busy to prepare himself for the visit. They went through the silent streets of Nimegue, up to the prison. The jailer without the door, and my grandfather and my grandfather into the cell of the condemned man. A sad sight it was! On a stretcher lay Harrik, a wreck of humanity; his tortured limbs powerless, his face alone showing life. With glazing eyes, he looked at my grandfather, who took a seat beside, and clasping his hand, said:

"What is it Harrik? What can I do?" There was a moment of silence. The man looked steadily at the merciful judge. At last he said:

"You have been very kind to me, sir. I have nothing to say, but I am afraid, sir! The rack! The rack!"

And as if all his torments returned at the very thought, he gasped for breath. At last he said:

"I cannot die with a lie on my conscience! Blood enough! Blood enough! But poor Gilman—poor dear Gilman! I am no judge now; I am only a witness of what you have to say. Gilman was not there?"

The man stared long, then he said, slowly: "You were so kind to me, sir, I thought you might have pity. But I afraid—I can no more bear the rack."

"Speak and give your testimony," said my grandfather, "and I give my word that it shall not be known before."

He hesitated. The word was hard. But he understood him, and with a look, almost of happiness, said:

"Gilman was not there, sir; torture made me tell an untruth. Gilman was not there!"

"I thought so," said my grandfather. "Now let me write down your solemn confession, which you will sign, and I shall attest with the warden; then you may be sure your friend will not suffer. I shall take care of that."

The warden brought paper, pen and ink; this declaration was made, signed by Harrik, and by the merciful judge and warden as witnesses.

"In JAIL, August 3, 1870.

"I, John Harrik, under sentence of death, this last night of my earthly life, in the presence of God Almighty and two witnesses, do testify that my confession made on the bench of torture, was in consequence of unutterable pain. Gilman was not there. I alone am guilty. May God have mercy on my soul.

"JOHN HARRIK."

"Witnesses: C. W. V. M., Judge, Joost Brand, Warden."

"Now, I can die in peace," said the poor criminal. "Blood for blood, it is just!"

"Be sure of that," was the answer, and my grandfather left.

Years have passed. The skeleton bones of Harrik had banged on the "gallows field," near the city of Nimegue, probably alongside of other victims of human justice; the birds of the air have fed on the flesh, the bones have frightened the passer-by. Gilman kept his flesh and bones, and lived a good long life in comfort and ease.

A Wonderful Oil Well.

The Titusville (Pa.) Herald thus describes a wonderful oil well that has just been opened:

"The road leading to the Parker well from Petrolia is in moderately good condition, but on after leaving Central Point the traveler observes the words 'no smoking permitted here' in conspicuous places. After about two and a half miles ride the top of a hill is reached, where a loud, roaring noise is distinctly heard, and eighty rods further on brings us in sight of the well. A dense fog, or mist envelops the derrick, engine house and tanks, while fully one thousand persons are there gazing on the wonder of Armstrong county. The derrick has conspicuously placed upon it, in large letters, 'Boss Well,' and 'Creswell City.' There are two 250-barrel tanks, and two 1,200-barrel tanks, one of which is full. Three dams, one below the other, catch the drippings; and the rivulet beyond, we are told, for ten miles of a circuitous route to the Allegheny river, is covered with oil. There are two two-inch pipes connected with the well, one of which is shut completely off, and out of the other flows a steady stream of oil with immense force. There is no perceptible intermission in the flow, and as it gushes into one of the twelve hundred barrel tanks, the foam and spray envelop the whole surrounding atmosphere in a dense mist."

"A trustworthy gauger informed us that he had gauged the well three times since the stream was turned into the 1,200-barrel tank, and he estimated it doing 1,750 barrels, and he found the leakage to be about five barrels per day. He further stated that in his opinion the well started off out of the two two-inch pipes at the rate of 2,500 barrels per day. He also claimed that although this was almost incredible he believed that if the full stream was turned on now it would do at least 2,000 barrels."

"The well is claimed to be the largest ever struck in the lower region. A farmer walked up to us and offered to sell his adjoining farm of 100 acres for \$100,000, which ten days ago, for farming purposes, would have brought \$1,000. The surveyors are at work laying out Creswell City."

"The Parker well stands two and one-eighth miles due east of the most eastern well on the fourth sand development, and about two and three-quarter miles east of Petrolia. The number of wells drilled in this belt, as of the most easterly well on the McGary farm are six, namely: Two on the Suov farm, one on the Steel farm, the Gushford well, 1,000 feet deep; the Crawford well, 300 feet deep, and the Prentice well, 1,450 feet deep. The latter is half a mile due west of the Parker well."

A Natural Curiosity.

The Providence Journal says: "For the past day or two there has been in this city a curious physiological freak. He is thirty-four years of age, thick set, of medium height, of fair intelligence, and was born in Manchester, England. He gains a livelihood by exhibiting himself to physicians. His abdomen is naturally large, but without the aid of his hands, he gives it a wave-like motion, and it gradually sinks as if being wound up, until it apparently rests close against the backbone, and he presents the appearance of a man with no abdomen, and then in the same manner he rolls it out to its original form. He then drops from under his ribs a duplicate set of ribs, with a breast bone, when the original ribs and the duplicates can be distinctly felt and counted, and the whole front of the body is, as it were, iron-clad. Or, at will, he apparently drops his heart into his natural position, which is eight inches, puts it back and sends it to the right side of the body opposite its natural position, puts it back and sends it to the lower part of the body on the right side, thus putting it in four different positions. During these two changes the two sounds of the heart can be distinctly heard in either of these new positions, and not where they usually are heard. It seems to be necessary, however, that after each change it should go back to where it belongs before being sent to a new quarter. He also has the power to stop the beating of his heart for a period of five to ten seconds at a time, the pulse stopping at the same time. He seems also to have considerable strength, easily bending by a blow on the arm a heavy iron cane which he carries. Several of our prominent physicians have examined him, from one of whom we have obtained these facts, and pronounce him to be the greatest curiosity in physiology they have ever seen or heard of."

New York Rag Pickers.

The rooms above ground in Bone Alley, where the rag pickers of New York exist, are used only for the ordinary purposes of living. Business, which begins in the street, is here resumed only in the cellar, whence it is transferred to the roof, and is finished around the corner. Under the building are a dozen or more small vaults, extending beneath the pavement, and lighted only by the narrow gratings above them. The air in these vaults is impure to the last degree, and is damp and chilling. There is neither floor nor ceiling, and the walls are made of brick and plaster, and are slimy and covered with mould. Here, crunched upon their knees, the old and young are busy from seven o'clock in the morning till noonday in assorting the contents of their sacks, which have been emptied upon the earth. These consist of old cotton and woolen rags, such as rags, scraps of bread, old bottles and occasional scraps of leather and metals. They are separated and placed in little piles. All this work is completed by twelve o'clock, at which hour the bone dealer arrives in the alley to make his daily purchases.

Bones are brisk at present at sixty cents per barrel.

The little heaps of cotton and woolen rags are scraped together and transported to the roof of the building, where they are suspended upon lines. These are in fact the same as the object in hanging them up is to get rid of the foreign matter that clings to them and which wind and rain will remove. They are not suffered to remain long exposed, as too much heat would dry them and reduce their weight to an insignificant amount. On Monday and Saturday afternoons they are gathered in separate bales and bundles and carried to the ragsdealers in the neighborhood or to a large warehouse in Third street, near Lewis. The prices paid vary from time to time, but are usually about eight cents per pound for one-fourth cents per pound for cotton and three cents per pound for woolen. At this rate the men, women and children engaged earn an average of about eight dollars a week.

Fat is sold to the soapmakers, the usual price being about two cents per pound, and is devoured by the rag pickers, who come after with market wagons and carry them away as food for hogs, for which purpose they have a value of \$2.50 per hundred weight.

Empty bottles of every description are sold to the rag pickers at the rate of one cent per dozen, both in volume and weight. They are carefully packed among the rags to prevent breakage, and are sold at seven to eight cents per dozen. The bottle merchant resides opposite Bone Alley, and his place of business is a shed on the premises of the rag picker, where he receives miscellaneous collections and assortments of the rag picker. There you will find wine bottles which have contained the choicest importations, and the remnants of their labels carefully preserved; ink bottles, glass bottles, broken glass, blue bottles and green bottles; the smallest of crystal vials and the largest and most uncouth of all kinds of German Seltzer jugs; patent medicine bottles; with the most astounding names of miraculous liquids for the cure of various ailments; and the contents of the shop. Broken glass is bought here at half a cent per pound.

Many of the rags that find their way into the garbage barrels and the gutters are pregnant with contagion. Heedless or thoughtless people have, instead of minding them, thrown them into the street. They are not cleaned by the water with which they become saturated, nor does the filth which attaches to them destroy infection. In fact, the street produces precisely the condition required for the earliest possible germination of the seeds of disease, and these may be concealed in them. Selected from the grease, bones and glass, jumbled together in the sack of the rag picker, they are removed from the vaults of the cellars to the roof, for the purpose of drying, and the air which passes over them, during the drying, carries up the contents of the shop. Broken glass is bought here at half a cent per pound.

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The Locust in Minnesota.

The visitation of locusts in Minnesota has proved a serious calamity. The total damage, thus far done, consists in a loss of about one-twelfth the usual crop, or about the same as if the average yield throughout the State were diminished one and a half bushels below the average per acre. The plague extends over one-tenth of the cultivated area of the State, and involves about one-third of the population.

The insects, we notice, are universally styled "grasshoppers," which is incorrect, although the mistake, owing to the confusion of names, is a natural one. The principal points of difference between the locust and the grasshopper consist in that the latter is usually of a green color and is more active by night than by day. Grasshoppers, moreover, do not associate together nor migrate in large numbers, while locusts are short and stumpy, and are compelled to that the locusts, beside being noiseless. The locusts which have appeared in Minnesota are, when full grown, of about an inch and a quarter in length, and of a dusky grayish color, the heads and wings and the antennae, which are spread, of a copper blue. The eggs are gray, oval, and about as large as a wheat corn, and are deposited in clusters in the ground and under the grass and stubble. When hatched, the insects feed on the nearest vegetation, and then rise in vast clouds, seeking other pastures.

A Minnesota settler, who has suffered severely from their ravages, in writing to the *Minneapolis Tribune* describes a throng of locusts as resembling a huge snow cloud, often completely obliterating the sun. The lower insects fly a height of about ten feet from the ground, and the others fill the air above as far as the eye can reach. They settle on a field of grain, every stalk is covered, so that the entire field seems to have suddenly turned brown. They do not eat the grain; but bite into the stalks and suck the sap, leaving every particle of vegetation dead, so that within a day or two the entire crop becomes dry and withered. Their appetite seems especially directed toward garden stuff and grain, but frequently feed on the leaves of various living green things. Locusts are not numerous, rise. Minnesota farmers assert that there is no remedy. Fall fires do no good and water and frost are without effect. Plowing up the ground where the eggs are deposited or burning over the ground will destroy them during the spring, it is believed, and are the best known preventives. The worst enemy of the locust, however, seems to be a little red parasite, which gets under its wings and gnaws into the very vitals of the insect. Dead locusts are found covered with these worms.

Various portions of Europe and the north coast of Africa have suffered greatly from the plague both recently and in the past. In France, during May and June, when the insects first appear in the fields, all the women and children turn out to hunt them. Four persons grasp the corners of a sheet two in advance holding their ends close to the ground and the couple in rear elevating their corners, so that the sheet is held at an angle of 45°. In this position, the cloth is carried over a field several times, the insects being forced to rise, when they fall upon the sheet and thence are tumbled into bags. Some idea of the immense numbers of the locusts which may thus be destroyed, may be gained from the fact that a single peasant, with an entomologist's snail net, has been known to capture 100 pounds of insects in a day, equal to about 80,000 eggs destroyed.

The Arabs drive off locusts by making great bonfires, producing large quantities of smoke. In Algeria, the most effective plan is said to be spreading large nets over the insects early in the morning after they have become torpid and in through feeding, and then collecting them in bags and bury them in lime. Leaving the dead bodies on the ground is apt to breed infection. Harrowing over the fields, where the females lay the eggs, seems, however, to be a widely followed plan of destruction, as, if the eggs be scattered, the sun soon dries them up. Birds and toads are excellent auxiliaries in disposing of the eggs after a field has thus been gone over.

In Iceland.

Manners are simple in Iceland. There is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich, and hardly anybody is poor; everybody has to work for himself, and works with his own hands. There is no title of respect save Herr to the bishop, and Sir to a priest; not even such a title as Mr. or Mrs., or Esquire. If you go to call for a lady you tap at the door and ask if Ingibjorg or Valgerd is in, or, if you wish to give her her full name, Ingibjorg Thorvaldsdottir, or Eiriksdottir, or Bjarnardottir (as the case may be) for there is no title of politeness to apply. Her name, moreover, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for as there are no surnames or family names among the Icelanders, but only Christian names there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name, and she is Thorvaldsdottir just as before, while her children are Gudmundsson and Gudmundsdottir.

HOUSE WINDOWS.—The more light admitted to apartments the better for those who occupy them. Light is so necessary to sound health as it is to vegetable life. Exclude it from plants, and the consequences are disastrous. They cannot be perfect without its vivifying influence. It is a fearful mistake to curtain and blind windows so closely for fear of injuring the furniture by exposing to the sun's rays; such rooms positively gather elements in darkness which engender disease. Let in the light often, and fresh air, too, or suffer the penalty of aches and pains and long doctor's bills which might have been avoided.

"I believe my fate will be that of Able," said a wife to her husband one day. "Why so?" inquired her husband. "Because Able was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

CHILD CRIMINALS.

The counterpart of Boston's white-eyed boy murderer, says the *New York Herald*, has been found in the person of Henrietta Weibel, whose dislike for infants urged her to attempt their destruction by fire. And so strong is this dislike that the girl seems incapable of restraining it. Already on two occasions she has been guilty of indecent attempts, having their motive in the wish to destroy infant life. It is curious that a mania of this kind should occur in one who is so surrounded by those who grow up in its midst. There is something appalling in the reflection that thousands are compelled to breathe the vitiated atmosphere which exerts so baneful an influence on the moral sense of this poor child. Poverty and neglect do not fail to leave their impress on their victims, wherever the children of the poor turn they see before them little but what is calculated to degrade and brutalize them. This is peculiarly the case in great cities, and it is in these vast human hives that abnormal development of crime more often occurs. It would be difficult to imagine a nature so perverse and cruel as that of the boy murderer of Boston or this child-hating girl growing up amid the green fields. Something of the freshness of the country steals into the child reared in presence of the beauty and peaceful beauty of nature, while the child of the town, and the child of the slum, are born to a nature so perverse and cruel as that of the boy murderer of Boston or this child-hating girl growing up amid the green fields. Something of the freshness of the country steals into the child reared in presence of the beauty and peaceful beauty of nature, while the child of the town, and the child of the slum, are born to a nature so perverse and cruel as that of the boy murderer of Boston or this child-hating girl growing up amid the green fields. Something of the freshness of the country steals into the child reared in presence of the beauty and peaceful beauty of nature, while the child of the town, and the child of the slum, are born to a nature so perverse and cruel as that of the boy murderer of Boston or this child-hating girl growing up amid the green fields.

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