

### Robert Burns.

I see amid the fields of Ayr  
A plowman who, in foul or fair,  
Sings at his task,  
So clear we know not it is  
The laverock's song, we hear or his,  
Nor care to ask.

For him the plowing of those fields  
A more ethereal harvest yields  
Than sheaves of grain;  
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;  
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,  
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed  
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed  
Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass  
And heather, where his footsteps pass  
The brightest seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines  
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;  
He feels the force,  
The treacherous undertow and stress,  
Of wayward passions, and no less  
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;  
The brushwood hung  
Above the tavern door lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,  
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song  
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;  
Its master chords  
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;  
Its discords but an interlude  
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve.  
Yet better sure  
Is this than wandering up and down,  
An old man in a country town,  
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth; his hand  
Guides every plow;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook;  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night  
A form of mingled mist and light,  
From that far coast.  
Welcome beneath this room of mine!  
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost.

—Henry W. Longfellow, in Harper.

### An Insurmountable Objection.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Janet Dudley stood at the garden gate that lovely evening in early September, gazing up the road with anxious eyes. The faint light of the rising moon lay like a blessing on her golden head, and the air, filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay, carelessly touched her fair young face. Never prettier maid awaited lover, and yet John Hallam's step was slow and his face clouded as he emerged from the shadow of the trees and came toward her. Janet opened the gate, and stepped out to meet him. "Well, John?" she said, and her voice trembled ever so little.

The young man took her tiny hands in his, and looked down upon her—she was a wee thing—with almost a frown upon his brow. "Uncle Roger is as obstinate as a mule," he said. "I have just come from a most wearisome interview with him. He insists that I shall either take up my drudgery again at Mink & Otter's, or some other equally agreeable establishment, and forfeit all claims upon him, or give him the promise he asks."

"Well?" said Janet again, gazing steadily up in his face, and this time her voice did not tremble at all, but her lover's did, as with half-averted eyes he made answer: "I should hate to go clerking it again after being my own master so long, and to own the truth, patronizing my old chums somewhat whenever we met; and it seems too bad to let such a fortune go to strangers, as Uncle Roger declares it shall if I don't come to terms. But then the promise he exacts is so absurd."

"Absurd?" repeated Janet, slowly. "Is it so absurd, when you think of it calmly? Your uncle wants to make sure of a pleasant companion for five years, and at the end of that time wishes to choose a pleasant companion for that pleasant companion, thereby securing for himself two pleasant companions for the remainder of his life—which sounds like something out of one of Ollendorff's books for beginners, or a riddle," she continued, with a laugh that had no merriment in it. "And so he offers you great inducements to become that companion. And, John, you have always been discontented because your station in life was not a higher one, and more of the world's gold had not fallen to your share. And now that wealth and position are offered you, it would be 'absurd' indeed to refuse them for the sake of a poor country schoolmistress."

"Janet, you are cruel."

"Perhaps I am—in the way surgeons are cruel; but I really think, John, the cure for your hurts is to accede to your uncle's wishes."

"And part with you?"

"And part with me, as it is only too evident that that worthy gentleman considers me totally unworthy the honor of ever becoming the pleasant companion of his pleasant companion."

The young man dropped her hands

and caught her in his arms. "You do not love me, after all," he said, reproachfully.

"I do love you," she replied, at the same time turning her face away from his kisses, "and I have loved you ever since we first met, but I have become convinced that as a poor man you would not be a success, John, and therefore I say 'o'ye your uncle, live the life for which you have longed, and get the fortune."

"By heavens, I will not give you up!" exclaimed Hallam, stung by her quiet sarcasm. "But, Jennie dear, listen to reason. Promise to wait for me, to be true to me, and I will agree to Uncle Roger's conditions. Who knows what may happen in five years? The old man may die—"

The girl started back from his arms with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. "Shame on you, John!" she said. "What happiness could attend the union of two people who waited for death and falsehood to bring them together? You have said enough. Our bonds are broken. You are free."

A faint voice from the cottage called, "Janet."

"I will never give you up," repeated the lover, vehemently, and snatching her again in his arms, he kissed her passionately and turned away. Janet looked after his retreating form for a moment, then raised her clasped hands in mute appeal to heaven, choked a rising sob, and answered her mother's call.

John Hallam, then clerk in the wholesale fur store of Mink & Otter, first saw Janet Dudley at the country house of a cousin, where he was visiting one summer holiday. She had graduated at the Normal college a year or so before, and being obliged to leave the city directly after, on account of her mother's failing health, had sought and obtained the position of village schoolmistress at Strawberry Centre.

They had fallen in love with each other at first sight, he fascinated by her pretty girlish face, her graceful ways and quaint, precise speech, and she by his handsome brown eyes, his gayety, his fine tenor voice and his gallant bearing; and before John's holiday was over she had promised to become at some not far distant time his wife. But a few months after they had plighted troth, John's uncle Roger, who had been the black sheep of his family, returned from abroad, like the famous black sheep of Babyland, with three or more bags full, not of wool, however, but money. No one knew where or how these bags had been filled, and no one seemed to care. That they were full appeared quite enough, for all doors flew open to him at the first "Baa."

Among others who renewed their acquaintance with Mr. Roger Vandergaas, now bleached to admirable whiteness, was his nephew, whom he had not seen since his childhood, and to whose mother he had not sent one line for fifteen years before her death. The old man received his young relative with great kindness, and being also immediately fascinated by his handsome face (which he secretly flattered himself resembled his own), his air debonaire, and fine tenor voice, declared his intention of making him his heir, commanded him to resign his situation at Mink & Otter's—a command which the commanded lost no time in obeying—and installed him in elegant rooms adjoining his own in the St. Sky hotel.

But when Uncle Roger came to hear of the pretty village schoolmistress, he was exceeding wroth, and swore, with many strange and terrible oaths, that if John did not promise to remain a bachelor for at least five years, and when he did change his state, to marry his—Uncle Roger's—choice, back to work should he go, and not a penny from the three or more bags full should he ever have.

Now this jolly, singing, fine-looking young fellow beneath a careless exterior concealed an intense longing for wealth and all the comforts and luxuries wealth could bring; beside which he was troubled with a constitutional lassitude, as a certain fox once called it, though it is better known to the world under another name, also commencing with an l. And to descend from his perch, as it were, and mingle once more with the grubbing work-a-day crowd, seemed to him worse than death. But then he loved, as well as such a selfish nature could love, blue-eyed, golden-haired Janet Dudley, and hated to give her up almost as much as he did the elegant rooms at the St. Sky. Here was a coil, and thinking how to unwind it cost him a week of sleepless nights. The proposition he at length made to his "lady-love," as has been seen, she indignantly repelled; and swearing, "I will never give you up," he gave her up the next day, as will be seen by the following letter:

"MY DARLING—FOR, notwithstanding your cruelty" (her "cruelty," poor child!) "my darling you are and ever will be, the die is supposed to be cast. I have acceded to Uncle Roger's wishes, as you would say, your prim, old-fashioned little sweetheart, with a mental reservation. Be true to me, as I shall be to you, and I may yet lay a fortune at your feet."

AT THE GATE AGAIN.

Only a year had passed, and Mr. Vandergaas, already weary of his nephew's fine tenor voice, handsome face, and air debonaire, suddenly bade him farewell one cloudy morning (they were stopping at a hotel in Paris), gave him the smallest bag of wool—money, I mean—and again departed for parts unknown. To do John Hallam justice, he also was tired of the companionship, and at times had almost regretted entering into the compact with the wicked old man. But on regaining his liberty he congratulated himself on the cleverness he had

displayed, for though the larger portion of the fortune might be lost, he had seen the gayest part of the old world in its gayest dress, secured a snug sum of money, and was free to return to America and Janet. "I'm sure she is waiting for me," he said, "though she wouldn't answer one of my letters, the proud, inflexible little thing."

And back home he went post-haste—back to the village where he had left the pretty young schoolmistress.

It was just such a lovely evening as that on which they parted when he found himself once more, this time with hurried steps, walking along the old familiar road. The birds were chirping "good-nights" to each other, the air was full of fragrance, the great night moths were humming in successful mimicry of the humming-birds as they hovered over the blossoms that open beneath the stars, the crickets shrilled loud and merrily, the fairy lanterns of the fire-flies glowed fitfully on every side, and Janet—yes, it was Janet, the moon-beams resting on her golden head—stood, as though she had never left it since the hour they parted, at the garden gate. "Dreaming of me, no doubt," thought the fast-approaching lover, and in a moment more he stood before her.

She started; a faint blush rose to her cheek; she looked wonderfully bright and happy. "Why, John—Mr. Hallam, I should say—can it be you?" she said. "Mr. Hallam!" echoed the young man with a light laugh. "It is John your own John."

"You are mistaken—" she began, but he interrupted her hastily.

"Uncle Roger has deserted me. I am glad of it. His desertion sets me free."

"And will you not get his fortune, after all?" she asked.

"Don't be sarcastic, Janet," he replied. "I did what I thought was for the best, and the end proves I was more far-seeing than you were, for everything has turned out for the best. I have had a grand holiday, am richer by twenty thousand dollars than when I wooed and won you, and you shall have a set of diamonds, and teach school no more."

"I never cared for thousands of dollars or diamonds," said Janet, with provoking calmness, "and I gave up teaching school at the beginning of last vacation."

"You did? Then there need be no delay. You will marry me at once, Jenny?" and he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"John," she replied, as she quickly withdrew it, "I ceased to care for you as soon as I had read the letter you sent me announcing your decision to remain with Mr. Vandergaas. Strive to disguise it as you will, you chose between a humble life with me and a luxurious one with your uncle. I—"

"Janet," he interrupted, eagerly, "you do not, you will not, look at my conduct in the right light. You are such an uncompromising little woman. But granting that I did do wrong 'Forget and forgive'—that was one of your school mottoes, you know—and give me back your heart, if you have ever taken it away from me, which I doubt—with a confident smile—"and tell me when you will be my wife."

"Never, John."

"Nonsense! I won't take that for an answer. I foresaw, knowing you so well, that you would bring forward many obstacles, and I have come prepared to combat them all, and to do battle with whatever stands between us. A few good blows, and down it goes before me, Janet."

Janet's eyes twinkled, and a little laugh escaped from her lips.

"I warn you to attempt no blows," she said, as a stalwart young fellow strode up to the gate, "for I must present to you an insurmountable objection—Mr. John Hallam, my husband, Mr. Oscar Lanier."—Harper's Weekly.

### Curious Story of a Ring.

A curious story of an amethyst in the British crown is told. The presence of this stone, taken, it is said, from the ring of Edward the Confessor, has the power of preserving the wearer from all contagious diseases. The story of this ring is repeated and believed to this day in the remote rural shires of England. Edward, the legend says, was on his way to Westminster when he was met by a beggar, who implored him in the name of St. John to grant him assistance. The charitable king had exhausted all his change in almsgiving and could find in his scrip neither bank-note nor gold piece; but drew from his finger his ring, an amethyst of great value, and gave it to the beggar, who vanished in a cloud of smoke. Some years afterward two English pilgrims in the Holy Land found themselves in a desert in great distress, when a hoary-headed and long-bearded stranger appeared to them, giving them sustenance, and finally announcing to them that he was the prophet St. John the Baptist. He gave them the ring that Edward had given the beggar years before, telling them to deliver it to the king, and say that in a few weeks Edward would be with him in Paradise. Edward received the ring and prepared for his death, which occurred at the time appointed by the saint. For many years the stone was preserved as a sacred relic by the Church of Havering in England, but it was finally placed in the British crown, though Havering retains the name to this day.

Little Johnny went fishing last Sunday without consulting his parents. Next morning a neighbor's boy met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.—Galveston News.

### How a Fasting Prisoner Got Ahead of His Keeper.

A correspondent, writing from Moundsville, W. Va., to the Wheeling Intelligencer, tells this story of an obstinate prisoner's long fast:

"Since this Tanner business came up," said Superintendent Bridges, of the penitentiary, to me, "I've been thinking about a man we had here a year or so ago. He was a tall, lank, cadaverous Virginian, serving out a short United States sentence for illicit distilling. His name was Begley. He was fifty years old or upward, and there was nothing bad about him, but he gave us lots of bother. He was all the time getting into trouble for breaking some rule or other, and I repeatedly talked to him. When accused of any unruly conduct he would make no denial or offer no excuse. Finally he became such a hopeless case that I was obliged to order him into the dark cell on bread and water. He was locked up, and at the end of the first day I was told that he had refused to touch either. The second and third day passed, and he still refused his bread and water."

"Twenty-four hours is usually as long as a man can stand that sort of punishment, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes. Frequently in less time they give in. It is only the most stubborn cases in which they hold out for two or three days, and even then they take their bread and water. But this Begley kept it up, too, in a way that astonished us all. On the third or fourth day I had Dr. Bruce in to see him. The doctor pronounced him all right. The thing went on till he had been there a week, but he hadn't weakened. I began to feel nervous about him. He had neither tasted bread nor drank a swallow of water."

"How did he look by this time?"

"He was so gaunt, naturally, that we couldn't see any difference."

"And he wouldn't knuckle under?"

"Not a bit of it. He wouldn't acknowledge he had done wrong or promise to do better for the future. I was in a quandary. If I did not succeed in breaking his obstinacy it was a bad precedent and an unfortunate thing for the prison discipline. All this time the pulse was regular; his condition in every way normal."

"Did he ask for anything except the bread and water?"

"No. We finally offered him other food and tried to make him eat, but he wouldn't have it. He kept it up in a way that worried me more than a little. Day after day the food was taken to the dark cell—he wouldn't touch it; he would be asked if he was ready to submit to the rules of the prison—always the same discouraging result; the doctor would pay his regular visit—always the same report."

"What if he had died on your hands?"

"That was what I was afraid of. I was only doing my duty, and yet I knew how such a thing would be regarded outside. It was his own fault that he didn't obey the rules; it was his own fault that he wouldn't eat."

"And how long did he finally hold out?"

"He held out till I didn't dare to keep him any longer. I had him in that cell fifteen days. During that time he neither ate nor drank. I only kept him that long because I expected every hour he would yield."

"And so he submitted at last?"

"Submitted! Never. He came out ahead. He beat me. He is the only man I ever had I couldn't subdue. When I took him out he at first refused anything, but I had a chicken cooked for him, and when he found that he was master of the situation he finally consented to eat. He came out all right and went back to his work in a day or two."

"He'd make a good match for Tanner."

"Yes, and Begley would beat Tanner, too. Tanner took water. This man took absolutely nothing. Tanner went out every day, takes exercise and his surroundings are pleasant. You must remember that Begley was in the dark cell, with not a ray of light and nothing but the floor to lie on. He would have stayed there till he died."

### Coffee as a Disinfectant.

The Poonah Observer, a paper published in India, states that recent experiments made in that country have proved that roasted coffee is one of the most powerful disinfectants, not only rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it containing a pound of newly-roasted coffee. In another room the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a cesspool was completely removed within half a minute by the use of three ounces of fresh coffee. The way in which coffee is used as a disinfectant is by drying the raw bean, then pounding it in a mortar, and afterward roasting the powder on a moderately-heated iron plate until it assumes a dark hue. The coffee must, however, be pure, as thicory possesses no deodorizing power.

### The Young Idea.

Irritable schoolmaster: "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy: "A mouse, sir."

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

Kansas schoolteacher: "Where does our grain go to?" "Into the hopper," "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted a scholar.

### THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL

An Account of the Tunnel Which is to Connect Jersey City with New York.

A New York paper gives the following interesting history of the tunnel under the Hudson and the manner in which the work is done:

A number of schemes for tunnels under the North river, between New York and Jersey City, to facilitate transportation between the two cities had been discussed for years by engineers and capitalists, but no steps were taken to carry out the project until Colonel De Witt C. Haskin secured the support of a number of moneyed men about eight years ago. A company was then organized under the title of the Hudson Tunnel Railroad company, with the object of building a tunnel under the North river which would be used in common by the railway systems centering in New Jersey for passenger traffic during the day and freight at night, and which would form an unbroken chain of railroad connections between New York and the West. Charters were applied for in New York and New Jersey, and the applications were opposed by all the railroad companies that would be affected by the tunnel. The New Jersey legislature after months of argument gave the tunnel company a charter, and \$10,000,000 was subscribed. Then was set up a litigation over the right of way, which ended in establishing the right of the tunnel company. The New York legislature after a contest almost as severe as that in New Jersey gave a charter to the company. Work was begun in November, 1873, and a working shaft was sunk in Fifteenth street, Jersey City. Soon after operations were begun an injunction suspended the work on the suit of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company. This litigation lasted for two years and finally the charter rights of the tunnel company were established. Work on the tunnel was then immediately resumed.

The engineering plan adopted was that known as the "Haskin plan" of tunneling in soft material, which differed from other plans in using compressed air to keep out the water and to partly uphold the earth. The compressed air was also to be used to carry back through pipes to the working shaft any clay, mud or water that might accumulate in the heading during the excavation. This use of compressed air had been declared by a number of scientific men to be impracticable. The width of the North river on the line of the tunnel—which is a straight line—from the foot of Fifteenth street, Jersey City, to the foot of Morton street, New York, is 5,500 feet, or over a mile. Investigation showed that the greatest depth of water was sixty feet, and the material to be tunneled was for the most part a tenacious silt—a kind of blue-black mud—underlaid by hard sand. On the New York side there was some rock and gravel. The character of the soil was considered favorable for tunnel construction.

It was at first proposed to make one large double-track tunnel, but this plan was abandoned in favor of two single-track tunnels to be joined at each terminus so as to form a double-track tunnel. One of these tunnels only is in course of active construction, and it is proposed soon to continue the other one. The crown of the tunnel was built at least twenty feet below the river-bed. For a distance of 2,400 feet from the New Jersey shore the grade is two feet in 100 feet. Then it falls to six inches, and on approaching New York rises to three feet. It is intended to have the approaches on each side at an easy grade. Trains will be drawn by engines driven by compressed air, and it is estimated that the transit will be made in six minutes. It is said that over four hundred trains of cars can pass through the two tunnels in twenty-four hours.

The work of sinking the shaft at the foot of Fifteenth street, Jersey City, began November 1, 1879, and it is believed that the tunnel will be completed in 1883. When the site is granted the work of tunneling to New York to meet the workmen on the New Jersey side will be begun. The surface terminus of the tunnel in New Jersey will be near the base of Bergen Heights, and in New York near Bleeker street and Broadway. The entire length of the tunnel will be about two and a half miles.

The tunnel is nearly round, and its shell is an iron cylinder about twenty-two feet high by twenty feet broad, made of boiler iron and worked forward in sections. The iron is a quarter of an inch thick, and the plates are two feet six inches wide; some of them are three and some six feet long, and they have two and a half inch flanges on each side, through which each plate is bolted on all four sides to those around it. Additional strength is attained by the breaking of joints as the different sections are bolted together, the width of the plates, two feet six inches, forming the width of the several sections or ribs by which the cylinder which constitutes the framework of the tunnel is advanced. Inside this outer shell is a wall of hard-burnt brick, laid in cement. This wall is two feet thick and extending all round completely around the interior of the tunnel.

The men employed on the work consist of miners, welders, laborers and masons. After the men have passed through the air-lock they begin work by digging forward a thin, circular opening, representing about the shape and size of the tunnel. This leaves a core of earth untouched, the space excavated being just enough to allow the plates of iron to be placed in position. The core of earth is dug in the form of steps and the upper plates are placed in position in ad-

vance of the lower one. The silt is easily dug away because the compressed air has partly dried it, and it is piled up in the rear of the workmen and removed to the surface of the ground through a six-inch pipe after being puddled with water. As the welders work forward the masons follow them and lay the brick lining of the tunnel. There are three sets of workmen, each set working eight hours, so that the work has progressed without cessation and at the rate of about four feet a day. The compressed air is furnished by two compressors having ten-inch steam cylinders and ten-inch cylinders with a thirteen-inch stroke. The pressure generally used varied from seventeen to twenty pounds per square inch, being carefully watched by means of a gauge. The compressed air passed through the supply pipe into the air-lock and thence into the tunnel. A stay in the air-lock of from five to ten minutes is necessary to enable persons to enter the tunnel.

### Forty-Day Fasters.

"Mr. O.," of Connecticut, in 1789 fasted forty consecutive days and nights, drinking water only, and a few times a little small beer. From the tenth to the nineteenth day he seemed somewhat feeble, but after that he grew strong, and looked nearly as fresh and well as ever he did. He survived and received no injury from it.

John F. Arnold, of North Adams, Mass., wrote to Doctor Tanner that he has twice gone twenty-four days without food of any kind except water. He was ill of a bilious fever, but took no medicine.

One Calvin Morgan, of New London, Connecticut, being converted during a religious revival in the year 1840, determined on fasting forty days and nights. He emerged from his house haggard and emaciated, but lived to be a hale and hearty man and to be known as "Forty Day" Morgan. Aside from his emaciation the only proof of his fasting was the declaration of his family that they had not furnished him with food.

A Frenchman wagered \$300 with some of his friends that he could live fifty days without eating or drinking. The first four days his agonies from thirst were terrible. Subsequently his eyesight and hearing became unusually acute; but he grew weaker, and on the twenty-first day, in spite of all exertions to revive him, died of exhaustion.

In 1872, Doctor Pusey Heald, at Wilmington, Delaware, cured a desperate case of dyspepsia by the "heroic treatment" of starvation. The patient suffered cessively from hunger the first few days, which passed away. A slimy coating accumulated on her tongue which, on the twenty-first day, disappeared. She took a little rice water and by degrees renewed her appetite and her ability to eat.

### The First Female Novelist.

We hardly read of a single authoress during the middle ages. In those days female education was almost entirely neglected, except in rare instances. If women possessed talent they were compelled to hide it. No female novelist worthy of the name appeared in England until the reign of George III. The lady who first had the courage to brave public opinion was Frances Barne, the friend of Garrick and Dr. Johnson. Miss Barne remained unmarried until she was nearly forty years of age. Romance is then supposed to exercise a less dominant power, but she nevertheless had the imprudence to espouse Monsieur d'Arblay, a French refugee, whose income consisted only of a precarious annuity of \$500. The marriage, however, proved a very happy one. Macaulay describes Monsieur d'Arblay as "an honorable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank, soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters." The pair did not suffer from poverty; the wife became the bread-winner, and not very long after her marriage her third novel, "Camilla," was published, by which she is said to have realized over \$16,000.

### Oriental Physicians.

The Oriental physicians are the greatest quacks in the world. Take the following specimen of their profundity:

An emir, supposed to have the hereditary gift of healing, prescribed for a patient, an upholsterer, lying at death's door with the typhus fever. The next day he called to see his patient and found, to his astonishment, for he had given him up, that he was much better. On inquiring into the particulars the convalescent told the emir that, being consumed with thirst, he had drunk a painful of the juice of pickled cabbage!

"Allah is great!" cried the emir, and down went the fact on his tablets. The doctor was soon after called upon to attend another patient, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, who was ill of the same disease—typhus fever. Of course he prescribed a painful of pickled cabbage juice. The next day he heard that the sufferer was dead, whereupon he made the following entry upon his books:

"Although, in cases of typhus fever, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it must in no case be used unless the patient is an upholsterer."

It was evident to the Eastern sage that his patient died because it was his misfortune to deal in handkerchiefs instead of sofa coverings.

During a hailstorm in Troy a boy heaved a twenty-pound cake of ice into the street, and over fifty persons made oath that it was a hailstone and that they heard it strike a roof and bound off