

### A Mountain Adventure.

One can fancy the courage of a man who first ventured to "interview" the lightning, and Barlow's generous tribute, in his poem of the "Columbiad," to Dr. Franklin, on the "darkening height," tempting "heaven's awful thunders," is not overdrawn. Franklin would have needed more daring to walk into a thunder-cloud; no man, in fact, would be fool-hardy enough to try it. But Ernest Ingersoll tells the readers of the *Buffalo Express* how, *volens volens*, he once did that very thing. It happened to him while climbing one of the highest peaks of the Sierra San Juan (Col.). His first warning, when being surrounded by the awful electric mass, he says, was "a tickling that played on his fingers," and a tickling at the roots of his hair, which soon grew so intense that the whole hair of his head "blazed as though being fried in hot fat." His further experience is thus described:

It was only when the lightning strokes came to be but three or four minutes apart, and thin advanced mist began to be blown quite close to me, that I suddenly realized the danger I should presently be exposed to.

It was high time to escape, but when I rose up and seized my gun it began to hum in a most alarming way; turned itself into a sort of electric rattle-snake, and my arm buzzed in feeling quite as angrily.

I was now fully awake to the need for haste, yet felt that I must not abandon the valuable gun if it were possible to save it. Holding it by the stock, therefore, in spite of the tingling numbness in my fingers, tried to hurry down the mountain; but after a few steps dropped almost helpless into a crevice between two large stones, and to make the long descent with that rifle barrel singing and my arm half-paralyzed seemed impossible; so I resolved to risk walking here, where I thought myself somewhat protected, until the next stroke of lightning should give me a moment's freedom from strain to take another run.

It was a terrific situation. The air was thick and close with a chilling vapor. The gun was producing a terrible humming, which, added to the noises evoked from thousands of vibrating blocks of lava and my own sizzling crown, made such a din I could scarcely think. I wondered whether I could endure the fast-increasing electricity until the discharge came—hoping for, yet with an awful fear that I might be left there forever its withered object. Utterly powerless to avert my fate, I hardly thought of rejoicing when a flash showed the bolt had fallen at a safe distance away.

Taking instant advantage of the slackened strain I seized my rifle and dashed headlong down the slope heedless of falls; but though only a few seconds had elapsed since the discharge of the cloud, so swift was the moist air reloaded that I received a strong electric shock, marked by a pain as if a sword had pierced my shoulder where the gun-barrel had touched it. Nor had I gone more than thirty yards, when a shattering, stunning crash broke into an explosion sound at my ears, and a jagged dart of fire leaped from the peak.

The very rock upon which I had been sitting a short time before flew to pieces. My blood turned chill, and the world swung black before my staggering eyes, and I saw how narrow had been my escape!

This proved to be the final bolt out of that cloud and it was followed by a furious downpour of hail and sleet, through which I now slowly and painfully made my way back to camp.

### A Gypsy Romance.

A good deal of interest was excited in Greensborough, Md., several days ago by a rumor that a Texan had eloped with a bonny gypsy girl from a camp near town, and that the father of the girl was hunting the runaway couple with a gun. She is very pretty, and he fell in love with her. They became engaged, but during a barter trade between the father and the future son-in-law hot words ensued which brought blows, and from blows the father sought to protect himself with an ax, when the young man drew a revolver and shot him, but not fatally. He immediately informed his fiancée of what had happened, and of his intention to seek pastures new. With promises from her that when he should return he would find her waiting for him, and that she would endeavor to make her father forgive and forget, he left for Texas. Since then the young man has kept his fiancée posted as to his whereabouts. Having prospered in his

career in Texas he resolved to return, and despite the father's continued opposition, secure his sweetheart if he could.

With this resolution he started for the camp, which was then at Chestertown, Md., but before he reached there the gypsies had left. Following in their wake he reached Greensborough, the band having camped near by. To a number of young men he confided his troubles, and accepted their offer of assistance. Being afraid to enter camp, he provided one of them with a \$5 bill to get his fortune told and started him for the camp. He was not only to get his fortune told by the Texan's sweetheart, but also to tell her that her lover awaited her on the outskirts of the camp. The plan succeeded, and the girl met her long absent lover at the place agreed upon. That night they hired a team, in which they drove to the hotel in Greensborough, but not without being followed. The father, who had been on watch, discovered the scheme and endeavored to have the gypsy Texan "looked up for a week or so." His request, however, was not granted by the local authorities. With pleadings and money his anger was finally appeased, and he again took in his hand the young man and his sweetheart. The man ordered stakes pulled up Tuesday morning and the band departed, but the Texan says he does not intend to lead a gypsy life permanently.

### STRIKES.

The first strike that a boy experiences is generally from his mother's slipper.

Big strikes are always applauded in a ball game.

The blacksmith has to strike for a living.

"Strikes" are an every day occurrence in ball alleys.

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place; and there's where lightning differs from prize fighters.

The gold miner is happy when he strikes "pay dirt." The heavier the strike the happier the miner.

Disease strikes hard, but Death is the boss striker.

Doesn't the Bible encourage strikes where it says: "If a man strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." The literal meaning of which is, "give him a chance for another strike."

If it were not for strikes there would be no assault and battery cases in the courts.

If horses could only strike back at brutal drivers who at times strike them so unmercifully there would be fewer of these striking drivers.

### IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

The Picturesqueness of the Holy City—Street Scenes—Site of the Temple.

Nearly every one makes the journey from Jaffa on horseback, though a few use the old fashioned vehicles without springs, of the same type that Assyrians employed thirty centuries ago. The city is entered by Jaffa gates. The walls are very well preserved, being only 500 years old. No city of the Orient retains more of the picturesqueness of the past. Doubtless this is in part due to the fact that all the buildings are constructed of stone. It is located on the crest of two mountains—Moriah and Zion—but little timber is found, and to transport it to the city would be costly. The streets do not need macadamizing; they are trenches in the solid rock. The houses being of the same material and substantially built it is impossible to destroy the town by fire, and so family after family, and generation after generation inhabit undisturbed the

#### DWELLING ON THREE ANGUSTERS.

The houses include, as part of a roof, a small and circular dome, around which is built a level walk, where every one loiters during the twilight and early eve. What seems strange is the small space to which the city is confined. In reading Josephus, where he states that 100,000 people inhabited Jerusalem during the siege of Titus, one marvels where they could have stowed themselves. The present walls follow the lines of those then destroyed and yet the 45,000 inhabitants now living seem to fill all the enclosed space. It is true that little ground is occupied by gardens, and there is not in the city an avenue as wide as an ordinary street. No sidewalks, no sewers, no public squares exist. You must walk in the middle of the dirty lanes, fighting your way among camels, donkeys, and dogs. For, as in Constantinople, and in fact all Turkish cities, dogs are the scavengers. Old Jerusalem up to the time of David was built on the summit and sides of Mount Zion. Solomon built the temple on Mount Moriah and around it gradually built another town. In time the declivity between the two hills was filled so that now the road from

#### THE TOWER OF DAVID.

to the temple grounds is level. The periphery of the walls exclude many points of interest still located, as the garden of Gethsemane, occupied as a monastery. The ground is covered with olive trees, one of which is said to be coeval with the crucifixion. Gethsemane is perhaps 200 yards from the east wall, and immediately below in the valley of the Kedron is the tomb of Absalom. The top of Mount Olive, which shadows Gethsemane, is a mile from the city walls. The name is well applied, for olive trees abound

on its sides, and the Jerusalem olive is celebrated throughout Syria for its size and succulent flavor. On the site of Solomon's temple, Omar, who conquered the city in the seventeenth century, has erected a mosque or Turkish church. This building is the oldest existing example of Arabic, or what is subsequently termed Saracenic architecture. It must have been the model for the Christian edifice on Mount Calvary; and, in fact, all the churches and synagogues in the city to partake of the light material, the intricate web of the windows, with their multitude of small orifices, and the gaudy colors that characterize the Orientals, both in their buildings and costumes.

### DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Mediocrity is the dry rot that paralyzes progress.

Pleasure in work is the mere delirium of rhapsodists.

The cant of politics is scarcely less reprehensible than its corruptions.

Pleasure is the pursuit of pleasure, and all selfish achievement is a delusion.

The man whose rule of life is policy never knows the glow or the glory of honest enthusiasm.

What is a painted picture? A daub of varicolored mud—a libel on nature—the sheetiron thunder of the stage.

I is not quite possible for me to run away from the conviction that there is a lot of cant in thanking God for afflictions.

Debasement is unnatural to woman. The outcast is, perhaps, reckless of her good name lost; but it is only in the last stage of woman's descent into the social hell that she becomes indifferent to those refinements that make her sex attractive.

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Old lady (to Gabby) Now I WANT TO GO TO THE DRESS MAKER'S; I'VE LOST THE ADDRESS, BUT IT'S A SMALL HOUSE JUST BEYOND KING STREET, DOWN A STREET, ON THE RIGHT, AND THE NUMBER'S OVER THE DOOR

Gabby: WELL, WONT YOU PLEASE GET UP HERE AND DRIVE YOURSELF SO'S WE COULD BE SURE OF NOT MAKIN' ANY MISTAKES?