

## A PHANTOM CITY.

Mirage Shows, it is Surmised, a Settlement at the North Pole.

Some one revives, every few years, the legend of the Silent City seen as a mirage over Muir Glacier, in Glacier Bay, Alaska, 150 miles above Juneau. What professes to be a photo-engraving of the city, with affidavit attached, was published and sold some years ago, and at least half a dozen white men profess to have seen the city, while the natives of the Alaskan coast cherish the tradition of its existence. The mirage is usually visible about this time of year. One man declares that he saw it on July 5, 1889, and two others, it is declared, have made affidavit that they saw it three days before that date. John M. White, a Virginian, who after ten or fifteen years spent in various parts of the west has settled down in Philadelphia, solemnly declares that he saw it on June 21 some years ago.

Mr. White's account of the phenomenon is circumstantial in the highest degree, and he joins to it a theory as to what the city is and where it lies. He declares that he studied the mirage for nine hours through a powerful glass as it was spread above the glacier on the sides of Mt. Fair Weather. He affirms that the city is walled, that its houses are battlemented, and the chimneys surrounded by chimney pots; and within the walls there is a tall monument surmounted by the sculptured figure of an Indian in full headdress and feathers. His glass revealed to him some of the inhabitants, men in knee breeches and jackets. The only beast visible was a donkey-like creature, with a body as large as that of a horse.

The mirage appeared at first about 11:30 a. m. as a mist, and out of this rose the tower and battlements of the city, as did those of ancient Troy. By noon the city was as clearly outlined as New York is from the Jersey Heights.

Mr. White rejects the various guesses that the phantom city is Antwerp, Montreal or Salt Lake City. Its architecture is unlike that of any city he has ever seen. That it is a real city he is certain, from the fact that he has seen three photographs taken of the mirage one of which shows a tower rising amid the houses, and a later one the same tower finished. He believes that it is a mirage of a city at the north pole, on the edge of the traditional open polar sea. He believes that when the sun is at its highest northern point, as it is on June 21, the mirage of the Arctic metropolis is reflected to the point where it ap-

pears over the Muir Glacier. The legend of the Chilkats of Alaska supports this theory.

They say that many centuries ago, when Alaska was a warm and densely peopled country, there came from the north, through the ice barrier, a savage people, fully armed, who laid waste the region and put its inhabitants to the sword. These are savage warriors he believes to have been the ancestors of the American Indians, and he is convinced that in coming through the ice barrier they left behind a warm region about the pole, where the remnant of their people continued to develop and at length build the metropolis seen on St. John's day in mirage above the Muir Glacier.

The pictures purporting to have been made from photographic negatives of the mirage represent an ordinary modern city without walls or battlements, but with spacious, comfortable-looking houses, surrounded with broad chimneys and interspersed with trees. In fact, they look like photographs of wash drawings made by an artist that was not too careful to follow the details of the legend.—New York Sun.

## DEAD WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.

Left Home Well in the Morning to be Carried Home Dead a Few Hours Later.

There is no fiction in the suddenness with which death is coming to many people in the present day. Apparently in the best of health, an hour later they are in the throes of death. Heart disease has obtained a terrible grip upon the men and women of this day. No greater duty under these conditions falls upon one than to proclaim to the world that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a medicine that absolutely cures this disease. Mrs. John Jamieson, of Tara, Ont., suffered so severely from heart trouble that it did not seem possible that she could live. This medicine was brought to her notice, and at a time when she was suffering intensely. Inside of 20 minutes after taking the first dose relief was secured. She continued its use, and says: "It was the means of saving my life."—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

## To Build a Railway in China.

A New York man, Col. Jeffard, who reached San Francisco lately from China, says he has received permission, if not a concession, from the Government of the Flowery Kingdom to build a Grand Trunk railway, north and south, in that vast country. It is to be 1,400 miles long, and extend from Peking to Hankow, and thence to Canton, but the division between Peking and Hankow is to be first considered. A large portion of the route proposed is over desert and plains. The capital is to be 100,000 shares of 100 taels each, a tael being equal to \$1.35 Mexican money. The cost of the road is estimated at 40,000 taels per mile.

## MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

How the First Performance of the Great Work was Received.

Fifty years have now elapsed since 'Elijah,' the greatest work of the immortal Mendelssohn, was first produced on Monday morning, Aug. 26, 1846, at the great Birmingham festival, the master himself going specially to England to conduct it. Though the programme of this festival was made up from the master works of men like Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Cherubini, the new oratorio produced such unbounded enthusiasm, that despite the rigid injunction of the committee that the public should not testify its approval by applause, the delighted feeling of the audience could only express in loud exclamations and thundering salvos of hand clapping. 'It was,' said a spectator, 'a great day for the festival, a great day for the performers, a great day for Mendelssohn, and a great day for art.' There were eight encores, and at the close the composer was called out to receive the homage of the immense throng in the great Town Hall of Birmingham.

The oratorio opens with Elijah's prophecy of famine, followed by the wails of the sufferers; then the departure of Elijah, the restoration of life to the widow's son, the destruction of the priests of Baal, the opening of heaven; followed by a noble chorus full of thanksgiving, that now the waters are poured out. This closes the first part. The second part includes the persecution and flight of Elijah, his translation, and the prophecy of the Messiah.

In the following April Elijah was given at Exeter Hall, the Queen and Prince Albert being present. What they felt on that occasion is best described by Prince Albert himself, who, on the following morning, sent to Mendelssohn the book of the oratorio which he had used to follow the performance, on the first page of which was the following inscription in the prince's own handwriting:—

"To the noble artist, who, surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, has been able, by his genius and science, to preserve faithfully, like another Elijah, the worship of true art, and once more to accustom our ear, lost in the whirl of an empty play of sounds, to the pure notes of expressive composition and legitimate harmony. To the great master who makes us conscious of the unity of his conception, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whisperings to the mighty raging of the elements."

Written in token of grateful remembrance, Buckingham Palace, April 24, 1847.

The death of Mendelssohn, which shortly followed, was felt as a general calamity. One whose life was throughout pure and spotless and whose rare faculties were entirely devoted to the highest ends of art, was taken from us in the meridian of life, when, according to the ordinary chances of mortality, scarcely more than half of his glorious career had been accomplished.

The fame of this illustrious musician may and probably will reach into future ages, but a knowledge of the qualities which distinguished him as a man, can never be adequately communicated to posterity.

Those only who possessed the blessed privilege of calling him their friend, or either know or feel how much of virtue, genius, and charm of character, was distinguished in the person of that miracle of humanity, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

## A FAMOUS HAT.

It was Worn by the Martyred President Abraham Lincoln.

Years ago Mrs. Lincoln, as she was leaving the White House, presented to Dr. Gurley an old white felt hat which had been worn for a long time by the president. Dr. Gurley prized highly as a souvenir of his distinguished parishioner and personal friend. Some years afterward Dr. Gurley died and the furniture of his house was distributed among his heirs. The hat, however, was missing. Nothing was seen or heard of it by the sons and heirs of Dr. Gurley until a few weeks ago, when one of them happened to drop into the Peterson house, in which Lincoln died, and which is now kept as a Lincoln museum. There the hat was found on exhibition. Though nearly thirty years had passed it was instantly recognized and its return demanded. The museum keeper, who had purchased it in a regular way and had properly authenticated receipts therefor, of course declined to give up his precious relic. A legal demand followed, which in turn was also declined. A suit was entered then before a magistrate and the case went to trial.

A most interesting lot of testimony was taken. It was shown by the evidence that the hat had drifted into the possession of the government and that it at one time was exhibited in the United States patent office. From there, by some peculiar means, it found a lodging in the Smithsonian Institution museum. There are plenty of persons still living who had seen the hat in Dr. Gurley's house and also in the government museum and who had heard Dr. Gurley's story in connection with it. They occupied nearly two days telling their stories to the court. Finally it was decided to restore the hat to the heirs of Dr. Gurley, who, now that they have been declared to be the legal owners of it, in all probability will allow its exhibition to be continued, as they will loan the valuable and now much-discussed relic of the martyr president to the museum for that purpose.—Chicago Record.

## Johnson's Anodyne Liniment



It is the original. It is the best in use. It is unlike any other. It is the oldest on earth. It is superior to all others. It is the great vital and muscle nerve. It is for internal as much as external use. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne. It is what every mother should have in the house. It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere. It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation. It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician. It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

## How He Quelled Them.

A hot tempered "down East" parson was for some time disturbed by the members of the choir. Finally he found a way of quieting them. After a long prayer one Sunday he announced a hymn, as usual, and added: "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing the grand old hymn, and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

## "77"

## For Spring Colds.

- The most tantalizing of all are the colds of Spring, Influenza with its running rivulets, repairing the over-tired handkerchief in hand, and so dangerous, after the long siege of winter the system is in just the condition for La Grippe, and the slightest carelessness, in dress or exposure, may bring on the chill, pain in the head, or back-ache the first symptoms of Grip or Pneumonia.
- "77" is a shield between you and danger. When taken in time, it never fails to ward off the disease and is a positive cure for Colds, Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head or Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever.
- Sold by druggists, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents, or five for \$1.00. May be ordered, Humphreys' Medicine Company, 111 William St. N. Y.

## HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

"THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Itchiness; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain. PRICE, 50 CENTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

## AN EASY HEAD!

## CLEAR BRAINS.

With a Sound Body.

Are Bestowed Upon All Who Use Paine's Celery Compound.

Sweet, gentle spring is with us, pressing leaves, buds and flowers, and of course, happier times. Thousands will welcome the balmy air and zephyr breezes, while a multitude hovering between life and death, are unable to enjoy or even appreciate the blessings of a kind Providence. A host of men and women and young people are laid low owing to diseases contracted during the winter season. Impurities of the blood, cause it to flow sluggishly, and the results are, continual headaches, heavy and clouded brains, neuralgia, rheumatism, and a host of other symptoms that endanger life. For all these troubles, Paine's Celery Compound is the great and unfailing cure; it acts like a charm on the nervous system, producing pure blood, a cool and easy head, clear brains and a sound body. Paine's Celery Compound is as superior to the ordinary nervines, bitters, sarsaparillas and pills as strength is better than weakness. The use of one bottle will soon convince the ailing that Paine's Celery Compound has virtues unknown to any other medicine.

## A BIRD IN CHURCH.

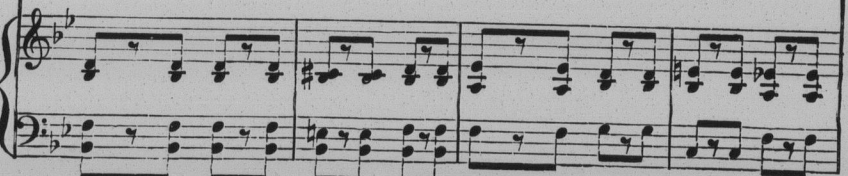
Words by A. SIMMONS.

Music by EDUARD HOLST.

Allegretto.



1. Dear lit - tle bird, why didst thou stray From thy safe haunts so far a - way,
2. Didst think perchance that thou couldst learn Some ten - der trill, some hap - py turn.



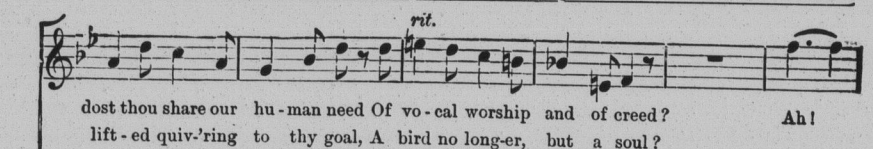
Didst hear the or - gan's high - ty tone And chanting voice - es loud and sweet? And Some joy - ous and ex - ult - ant strain? Or didst thou fan - cy thou couldst rise On



deemed the mu - sic lacked thine own clear pip - ing note to be com - plete, Or lof - ty waves of sound, and gain the bliss - ful heights of pa - ra - dise, Up -



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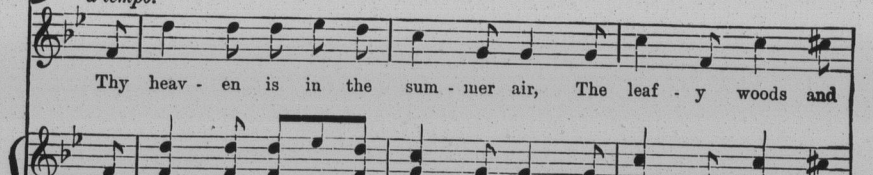


dost thou share our hu - man need Of vo - cal worship and of creed? Ah! lift - ed quiv - ring to thy goal, A bird no long - er, but a soul?



## REFRAIN.

a tempo.



Thy heav - en is in the sum - mer air, The leaf - y woods and



thy fond mate, And why for fu - ture rap - ture long, When life is full of



love and song, When life is full of love and song.



A bird in church.