

SUPPLEMENT.

The Two Villages.

Over the river on the hill
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lies still;
There is no sound of life or light;
Twinkling stars of household fire;
Pines that gleam from the smithy's door;
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and
flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent and idle, and low, they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from below;
Long to sleep in the forest wild,
Where have vanished wife and child,
And hearth, and prayer, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold you
all!"

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

There was a wild storm on the Baltic.
The raging billows lashed the shore,
The crashing waves the vivid flashes
Of lightning, and the rain fell at times
In torrents; but the quiet villagers of
Bjornborg were soundly sleeping in
their beds, for it was eleven o'clock at
night, and they were not wont to wander
from their homes after darkness fell
upon their habitations.

They were a hardy, simple race of
people, having very little knowledge of
the outside world. The men were mostly
fishermen and the women spinners of
flax.

I have said the good villagers were
soundly sleeping in their beds, but I
must at least except the village priest,
who sat in his solitary room reading a
large book beside his well-trimmed lamp,
and occasionally pausing and raising his
head as a blast more fierce than the
rest shook his little house to the very
foundation.

At the period of which we write, the
village of Bjornborg numbered scarcely
three hundred souls, and the church
where the priest officiated stood at the
extreme end of the settlement, and
within a hundred feet of the wave-washed
shore.

As the venerable old man closed the
book he fell into a deep meditation.
His lamp began to burn dimly and his
solemn silence of his chamber was only
broken by the noise of the rushing sea
and the howling of the gale. The hands
of the clock that stood in an angle of
the room had just met at twelve, and
the priest was in the act of seeking his
couch, when there came a loud knocking
at the door.

"Some of my people are ill, I fear,"
murmured the good man as he unbarred
the door.

When he had done so, two masked
men covered by long cloaks, pushed
their way hastily into the apartment,
one of them abruptly informing him
that he must accompany them immedi-
ately to the church, as he was required
to celebrate a marriage.

"Here!" exclaimed the man, flinging
a purse upon the table, "this will com-
pensate you for the trouble we are
about to give you."

As quickly as the priest could collect
his thoughts he mildly remonstrated,
explaining that he was not permitted to
perform such a solemn rite without
those preparatory formalities which the
law required.

"Come that nonsense," cried the man,
drawing a pistol and putting the muzzle
against the old man's head. "Do our
bidding without murmur, for unless you
obey, I swear that I will shoot you."

The poor priest trembled and turned
pale. "I shall be ready in a moment,"
he replied, and caught up his hat and
stick.

"Come along," exclaimed the men as
they stepped forth, followed by the un-
willing clergyman.

The rain had ceased falling and a big
mist in the clouds occasionally showed a
gleam of the moon.

"I thought the gale would abate
about midnight," remarked one of the
men to his fellow.

A simple "humph!" was the only re-
sponse.

"We must be off before daylight,"
the continued, "but we shall have a
jolly feast for the boats. Hear how
the surf beats on the shore."

"Humph!" came again from his
companion's lips, and then they relapsed
into silence.

As they emerged from behind one of
the sand hills which surrounded the
village, the priest started with surprise
to behold his church illuminated. He
gazed at the men as they strode by his
side, and they appeared like specters to
his heated imagination. Matters seemed
to him like a dream. A few moments
more and they were at the church por-
tal.

"Stand!" commanded one of the
men. The priest obeyed, and quickly
found a bandage placed over his eyes.

"Take my hand," said the man.

Again the priest obeyed, and was led
rapidly through a door. A number
of voices as if disputing met his ear,
but almost immediately the sounds
ceased and all became quiet.

Arriving in front of the altar, the cov-
ering over his eyes was removed, and he
could observe about a dozen persons
masked and keeping close in the shadow
of the walls. The large candles on the
altar were burning brightly; still there
were portions of the church over which
indistinct shadows flitted. In one of
these shadows the old priest strained his
eyes, as he thought he beheld the gar-
ments of a woman. Nor was he mis-
taken. But that which suddenly caused
his heart to shrink with dread, was to
behold the slab which covered the vault

of Francis Krynsloft removed from its
place and standing on its end against one
of the pillars that supported the
roof.

Krynsloft, a rich old land owner who
had been dead nearly a century, had
built the church, being careful to stipu-
late that his body should rest in the
tomb which was built in the middle aisle
of the edifice.

As the good priest gazed down the
building, a tall man issued from one of
the gloomy shadows, leading a lady
who seemed scarcely able to walk, so
uncertain were her steps. Both fig-
ures were masked. The man was an
splendidly attired as his companion, and
his tall form and military carriage in-
duced the belief that he was no common
personage. Behind him came the per-
son who had been grumped by the walls.

It was a strange sight at that lonely
hour of the night to see an old gray-
headed priest trembling with fear and
surrounded by unknown men and wo-
men, compelled to celebrate a marriage
with an open tomb in view.

The first thought that rushed to the
mind of the good man was, that after he
had performed the ceremony, they would
murder him, cast his body into the
vault, replace the slab, and his fate
would perhaps never be revealed, for
none of the bones of the Krynsloft
family, save old Francis, would ever re-
pose there. But he quickly dismissed
this thought, as he could conceive no
reason for them to kill an inoffensive
man living in an obscure part of the
pire and scarcely known beyond the
confines of Bjornborg.

His reflections, however, were cut
short by the man beckoning his attend-
ants to close about him, and then in an
imperious tone commanding the priest
to proceed with his office. Summoning
all the courage he could command, the
priest inquired the name of the bride
and bridegroom.

"Nicholas and Castalie," replied the
bridegroom sternly.

At the sound of his voice the poor lady
trembled violently, and more than once
appeared about to fall. She was evident-
ly suffering great terror. Once or twice
the priest was on the point of positively
refusing to conduct a marriage under
such equivocal circumstances, but the
sight of the open tomb shook his
momentary resolution, for he was not a
courageous person.

"Proceed!" proceeded!" commanded the
man, in an impatient tone.

Not daring any longer to delay, the
priest began the ceremony, but he was
so bewildered that he made many
mistakes, which, however, were not
observed by those present. Perhaps
they were ignorant of matters like this.

At length he came to the question,
"Will thou, Nicholas, acknowledge
Castalie, who now kneels beside thee,
to be thy lawfully wedded wife?"

"I will!" was the reply, in tones
that rang through the arches of the
building, so sternly were they pro-
nounced.

The reply, for some unknown reason,
produced a marked sensation among the
makers, for a low murmur came from
their midst.

"And thou, Castalie," continued the
priest, "wilt thou acknowledge as thy
lawfully wedded husband, Nicholas,
who now kneels beside thee?"

"I will," came in a voice that was
only just audible, and which quivered
with evident fear.

A moment more and the man sank
upon the stone floor with a cry of an-
guish. Several of the party gazed at
him around her, and one raised her head
while the bridegroom poured some
drops from a vial on her lips. It was
amid this confusion that the priest con-
cluded the ceremony.

Again the bandage was placed over
his eyes, and he was led out of the
church. Once without he was given the
use of his sight, with the injunction to
hurry to his home, and upon the peril of
his life, never to speak of that night's
occurrence. Instantly, then, the men
re-entered the church and closed the
door, and the priest could hear the bar
adjusted to prevent intruders.

But the old man did not immediately
proceed on his way. He knelt down
upon the ground and applied his ear to
the door. He could hear no sound
within, and all did what they were able
in aid of the priest's recovery. For days
he lay delirious, and while the fever was
burning up his frame he raved of the
open tomb of old Francis Krynsloft,
the midnight marriage and the shot
which probably sent some poor creature
to eternity.

"Alas!" sighed the simple people,
"our good pastor has lost his reason,
heaven grant it may be restored to him
again."

It was nearly a month ere the priest
was able to leave his couch. Among the
first things he did when he was able to
converse, was to tell the story of the
midnight marriage. But his hearers
gazed at each other with incredulous
glances, believing the old man was bereft
of his wits. After awhile, however, he
was able to leave John Isprantz's cottage,
and then he assembled the people, and
they proceeded to the church in a body.

A careful inspection of the slab of the
vault, showed that it had been recently
displaced.

Suddenly a new purpose seized the
minds of the villagers. Spades and crow-
bars were at once at hand, and the vault
was quickly unroofed.

The first object that met their gaze
was a richly-mounted coffin resting upon
the crumbling remains of that which
held the ashes of Krynsloft. To raise
the lid was only the work of a few mo-
ments, and then they beheld, still in
perfect features, the body of a beautiful

woman with a wound directly in the
region of the heart.

Never had such a cry of terror and
anguish echoed within those walls.
The clothing on the body was the
finest and most expensive description,
but it exhibited no mark by which a clue
could be formed to unravel the dreadful
deed that had been committed.

The priest, however, considered it
his duty to make the whole affair known
to his bishop, who resided at Helsing-
fors, and he in turn communicated the
attested facts to the government authori-
ties.

In due time came back a message not
to revive the matter again, coupled
with a warning that the inhabitants of
Bjornborg would do well to inter-
themselves no further in the strange
affair.

Some years later, a naval vessel ap-
peared off the coast and landed a party
of armed men, who proceeded to the
church, keeping all the people at a dis-
tance by placing guards in the vicinity.
When night fell they were heard at
work, and ere morning they had em-
barked, carrying with them a burden
covered by a pall.

The few people who were curious
enough to get a glimpse of the departure
of the party, stated that the persons em-
ployed showed the most profound re-
spect and reverence to the object they
bore away to their barge.

As soon as the ship was well in the
offing, the excited villagers again open-
ed the tomb, and nearly a century of
accustomed remains of old Francis
Krynsloft.

That midnight marriage forever re-
mained a mystery.—*National Standard.*

A Puzzling Cipher.

In the matter of alphabets, here is one
which we find in the columns of the
Boston Transcript. To decipher it
would certainly puzzle the most adroit,
as it depends entirely on the use of the
key-word, which can be changed as often
as may be desired. It is only necessary
for the person writing to have a table
like the following and a key-word pre-
viously agreed upon.

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
b	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	
c	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	
d	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	
e	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	
f	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	
g	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	
h	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	
i	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	
j	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	
k	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	
l	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	
m	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	
n	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	
o	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	
p	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	
q	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	
r	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	
s	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	
t	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	
u	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	
v	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	
w	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	
x	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	
y	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	
z	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	

Let us suppose that A in Boston wants
to send B in Chicago the message,
"send me five hundred," and that
"love" is the key-word agreed upon.
He writes his message, and under it
letter for letter, the key-word, repeat-
ing the latter as often as may be neces-
sary, thus:

send me five hundred
love love love love
He now refers to this table, finds the
first letter "s" in the first horizontal
line and runs down vertically until he
comes to the letter which stands oppo-
site "s" in the first vertical line; it
proves to be "d." This is the first let-
ter of his cipher message, and he writes
it under the "s." Next finding "e" in
the second letter of his message, he runs
down vertically until he comes to the
letter opposite "e" in the first vertical
line; it proves to be "a." This is the
second letter of his cipher message, and
he writes it under the "e." Continuing in
this way his three lines stand thus:

send me five hundred
love love love love
d a h s e n g e y r m i o
And the cipher message to be sent to
Chicago would be: d a h s e n g e y r m i o
love love love love
He writes his message, and under it
letter for letter, the key-word, repeat-
ing the latter as often as may be neces-
sary, thus:

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love love love love
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it under the "s." Next finding "e" in
the second letter of his message, he runs
down vertically until he comes to the
letter opposite "e" in the first vertical
line; it proves to be "a." This is the
second letter of his cipher message, and
he writes it under the "e." Continuing in
this way his three lines stand thus:

Reminded him of Home.

An affecting illustration of the natu-
ral longing for what is dear to us
comes to the heart in the hour of
death, is thus related:

Some years ago a native Greenlander
came to the United States. It was too
hot for him here, so he made up his
mind to return home, and took passage
on a ship that was going that way. He
was taken sick, and as he was dying, he
turned to those who were standing
around him, and said:

"Go on deck, and see if you can see
the land."

When that man was a baby the first
thing he saw, after his mother was ice.
His house was made of ice; he was
cradled in ice; the water that he drank
was melted ice. If he ever sat at a
table, it was a table of ice. The mon-
tains were of ice; the fields were of ice;
and when he became a man, he had a
sledges and twelve dogs that ran fifty
miles a day over ice. And many a day
he stooped over a hole in the ice twenty-
four hours, and put his spear in the
head of any seal that might come there.
He had always been accustomed to see
ice, and he knew that if his companions
on the ship could see ice, it would be
confidence that he was near home. The
thought of ice was the very last thought
in his mind.

Jones, through the latter, "Strive
I never can grow a good beard, and yet
my grandfather had one three feet long."
Hair dresser: "Can't account for it,
sir, unless you take after your grand-
mother."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Bees swarmed into Shelbyville, Ind.,
one day recently, in such countless num-
bers that the merchants had to close
their stores.

Dr. Carver, the celebrated marksman,
shot himself into a fortune of \$60,000
last year. It is said that after a visit
abroad he will give up professional
shootings.

The emperor of Brazil has invited
eminent doctors from Europe to Rio
Janeiro to study on the spot the true
character of yellow fever, and discover
a remedy for it. Several have accepted
the call.

In the republic of Colombia there
dwells a man by the name of Miguel
Solis. He is said to be the oldest man
in the world. Miguel declares that he
is only 180, but his neighbors say he is
past 200 and lies about his age as per-
sistently as an old maid.

While on his way home from Tal-
lahassee, Fla., a colored man named An-
drew Wilson was run over at Bel Air
hill and killed. Four years ago his
father was killed on the same spot in
precisely the same manner; one of his
brothers broke his neck last year while
playing ball, and in 1873 another was
killed by a fall.

To rapidly extinguish a fire in a
chimney: Put about three ounces of
the sulphur of carbon on the hearth,
the sulphur being first turned into one
or two broad hollow plates, so that the
combustion may be produced on a rela-
tively large surface. In one quarter of
Paris firemen have thus extinguished
251 of 319 fires, the extinguishers in many
cases being instantaneous, without the
necessity of mounting the roof or in any
disarranging the apartments.

Russia, during the war of 1769-1774,
had nearly 200,000 men in the field, and
the medical staff, including apothecaries
and dressers, consisted of 156 men.
"The loss from fever and plague,"
reported the director, "was greater
than from loss wearing turbans. During
the recent war Russia was able for
the first time to do without the aid of
foreign surgeons. During the Crimean
war the military authorities had been
imposed upon sadly by scores of quacks
with bogus diplomas from Germany and
Austria, some of whom would not touch
the sick, or would do the greatest dan-
ger by a walking-stick as they strolled through
the hospitals.

Hints to Advertisers.

A newspaper ad will add shakels to
the pocket of the advertiser.—*Evening
Herald.*

The business man who doesn't adver-
tise is like a skeleton.—*Hackensack Repu-
blican.*

Shun the store that is not advertised.
Those who have no special inducements
to offer never advertise.—*Stillwater
Lumberman.*

"You may talk about the 'lean and
hungry Cassins,' but did you ever take a
'view of the man who has run a
store for ten years without advertising?'"
—*Brookville Democrat.*

The Brookville Democrat says "that
the business man who thinks that a
few lines on the local side occasionally,
is all the advertising he needs, in fact
brother to the man who covered the back
door of the parlor with a colored
paper, announcing an excursion to the
Paris exposition."

Senator Conkling says "it was a
thoughtful woman who remarked that
she had observed if he lived through
February she always lived through the
year." And we say it is a thoughtful
man who buys a stock of seasonable
goods and lets the public know he has
them for sale by advertising the same in
the village newspaper.—*Cazenovia Re-
publican.*

"My trade is dull!" the merchant cries—
"True, no doubt, but advertise!"
Those who succeed should not despise
to fight hard times and advertise!
If you have notions, goods, supplies,
Or any kind, why advertise!
The man who hoards his stock decides
if he will who will advertise!
But those who live by enterprise
Are those who freely advertise!
The man, indeed, deserves to rise
Who pushes his trade and advertise!
But who laments when that one dies
Who wouldn't push or advertise?
Seize time, O merchant, as it flies!
Build up your business—advertise!
Whatever mortal sells or buys
It sure is meet to advertise.
It matters not its kind or size—
The "ad" read—read—read—read—read—
It may be truth, it may be lies—
It matters not—but advertise!
—*St. Louis Journal.*

Big Apples and Pears.

The *Courant* has had occasion to no-
tice a time to time, the many spec-
imens of monstrous apples that have
been raised by our farmers this season.
These specimens have brought down
eighteen, twenty, twenty-one and twenty-
three ounces avoirdupois each, and were
at the time monstrously in their way.
But Mr. Eli Olot, of South Windsor,
steps "to the front," having left at his
office an apple which measures fifteen
by sixteen inches in circumference, ten
and side respectively, and weighs twenty-
seven ounces, or within one ounce of
a pound and three-quarters! This is
the largest, as well as the handsomest,
apple ever grown in Connecticut. It is
of the "Gloria Mundi" variety, and in
color and form bears a striking resem-
blance to the fall pippin. It ought to be
preserved as a great curiosity.—*Hart-
ford (Conn.) Courant.*

Eli Conaro, of Grigg's Corners, has
presented us with the largest apple we
ever saw. It grew on his farm in Den-
mark. It weighs one pound and five
ounces, circumference fourteen inches,
each way. The name is not given. We
cut it in slices like a melon, and found
it to be a sweet apple, brittle, juicy and
exceedingly palatable. Since writing
the above we have received several sam-
ples of "Cuyahoga Red Strakes"—an ex-
cellent eating and cooking apple, from R.
M. Hayford, of Lenox. They measure
about fourteen inches in circumference.
Also some "Duchess" pears. These
are not so large as the apples, but weigh
more. Mr. H. says he had several
which weighed twenty and twenty-one
ounces.—*Ashland (Ohio) Sentinel.*

Curious Companionship.</