

### THE BUFFALO MOTH.

How to Exterminate This Cruel Enemy of Rugs and Carpets.

Gasoline, naphtha or benzine are all equally efficacious to kill the buffalo moth, and entomologists have not found any thing better to recommend for the purpose. The grub of the buffalo moth, which is the creature which does the mischief, is apparently proof against all other forms of insecticides. A little natural history of the beetle which causes so much destruction may be repeated with value. This beetle measures rather less than an eighth of an inch in length. It is dark, slightly hairy and has a bright line of red down the center of its body. It does not eat carpets, but feeds on the pollen of several different shrubs. It is known to be so fond of the spires that it is not wise to allow that ornamental bush to grow near the house, or on the premises at all, if possible. This beetle flies in the open window and lays its eggs in any woolen substance it can find, especially in the edges of carpets. If abundance of pyrethrum, or Persian insect powder, is kept at the edges of the carpet beneath the paper filling and the carpet, or any thing else is used of the many things, like pepper or camphor, that housekeepers use to make the edges of their carpet disagreeable to moths, it is probable that the buffalo moth will move on to more welcome quarters. Prevention is better than cure in this case. Once established in a house, every generation of beetles seems impelled to return to the same place, and if there is a possible dark, unguarded corner where they can locate they come.

When the grub or pupa of the beetle is hatched from the eggs in the carpet, nothing but vigorous doses of benzine, naphtha or gasoline will kill him, and abundance must be used. He is a little, brown, hairy worm-like creature, scarcely a quarter of an inch long, and hatches out about the middle of April. He easily hides in the fuzz of the carpet, but his presence may be known by his tracks. He eats the nap of the carpet in lines quite symmetrical and regular. If you can not see any thing eating the carpet, but notice the eaten spots it is wise to suspect the presence of the buffalo moth. There is no danger in using gasoline, with the precaution used by H. R., who writes that she used it, "opening every door and window for a day and a night afterwards, and allowing no fire or light near the room for the same time." Gasoline is the most powerful, naphtha is next and is not so explosive as gasoline; benzine is next best and is still less explosive, though no fire or light should be allowed near the benzine bottle when in use.

If the floor, closets and drawers of a house are kept sedulously clean, and pyrethrum powder or a little powdered sulphur is used at the edges of the carpets, and, above all, all the woolen garments, hats and any other articles not in use are packed away in newspapers and camphor till needed and no rubbish is allowed to collect about the premises moths of all kinds cease to be a terror.—N. Y. Tribune.

### FARMERS' DEBTS.

Avoid Borrowing Money as Something to Be Dreaded and Shunned.

There are many farmers who are in no danger of getting into debt. They are well off, have money in the bank or loaned elsewhere, and make good profits from their farms besides their interest money. Such farmers always have plenty of money, or, if not, they have only to draw from their invested capital. It is far otherwise with a large class of farmers. If not already in debt more or less they are often near its borders and strongly tempted to enter. Two classes of influences are at work to get farmers into debt. One class includes the desire to make a show, to ride in style, etc. Often the farmer works hard and economizes, keeping out of debt till his children are grown up. They must have things that father and mother never thought of having. They have no scruples about running in debt; it seems easy. The old folks oppose in vain and the family enter upon a course which brings untold pain and sorrow. I have known an instance where a man and his wife worked hard, bought a farm and nearly paid for it. But one of their sons must have a fine horse and carriage and other things to match. The result was that the farmer got entangled in debt and in the end, which soon came, he lost all his property except his household goods. That son is worth very little to-day, and the father and mother had no home in their old age except by the charity of others. It is a sad thing to go in debt to gratify pride or love of pleasure. Let farmers and their children beware of this great evil.

But there is another class of influences which impel men into debt. There are times when it certainly seems best to hire money. Take an example. A son takes the old farm with its poor buildings. He brings his wife home, children are born to them, and he finds the cold, inconvenient house is killing the dear ones. He has a little money saved up, decides to fix up the old house as the timbers are good. He has, say, \$200. This he thinks will do the work, but so much has to be done that in the end he finds himself one, two, or three hundred dollars in debt. Suppose he has to pay six, twelve or eighteen or more dollars a year in interest, the added comfort and convenience and health of his family fully repay this, as well as the cost of repairing. Other cases occur at times when it seems necessary to run into debt, but if farmers were

more deeply impressed with the evil of debt, they would suffer much before allowing themselves to be bound by its chain. It is always best to have, if possible, a sum laid by to use in case of a sudden need for money. Sickness may come, a horse may die and a new one have to be bought, a thousand unforeseen cases may occur in which money will have to be used, and if it is not at hand, it must be borrowed. It is a very good plan to keep a cash account, noting down all money received and paid. This shows where the money goes. Too often it goes a little here and a little there for things not actually needed, and so when the real need comes the money to meet it is gone. Then it is hard to pay debts. Crops may fail, loss may come in many ways, and it is sad indeed when the relentless money-lender takes the farmer's all. Let every farmer avoid debt as something to be dreaded and shunned. It is not necessary to be stingy and parsimonious, but self-denial is necessary, and however hard, it is not as hard as financial ruin.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

### EDUCATING HORSES.

How to Make Colts Graceful, Strong and Generally Useful.

When a green colt is first put into harness he naturally makes a great many awkward moves and gets himself into "shapes" that will not add to his value if they become chronic. Much of this awkwardness wears away in time as the young horse gets into the line of his work, but it often happens through want of care on the part of his driver that certain coltish tricks that came from awkwardness in the first place cling to him all through life. It is easier to teach a young horse what you want him to do than to break up bad habits which he may have contracted, so it is very important to commence right with him. Horses bred and broken in on the farm, as a rule, more awkward than they should be, and it is mostly due to the fact that those who train them are too easily satisfied. A skilled horseman will take a young horse fresh from the farm, and in a few weeks work a great transformation in him. Good manners are worth money in selling a horse, and farmers who raise one or more colts for market each year should take more pains in educating them and get better prices. It is not best to attempt to develop speed, for that is expensive business and is the work of a professional, who has the necessary skill and appliances; but any one can teach a colt to walk well, to stand quietly until his driver is ready to start, and a dozen other things that go to make a horse pleasanter to handle, and consequently more valuable in the eyes of the would-be purchaser. Colts should not be worked when very young, for their strength is not open up to the work required of them, and they get into awkward habits that stick to them. A two-year colt may easily be ruined as a walker by putting too much of a load behind him. A colt's education should begin as soon as he is weaned, however, and he may be bitten and made quite supple long before he is old enough to wear harness. Teach him to back with ease, as far as you want him to, first on smooth ground and then over rails, door sills, or other like obstructions. Turn his neck by easy efforts until he will place his nose at either shoulder without moving out of his tracks. Many other simple exercises will suggest themselves that will aid in giving the colt full control of his muscles and so making him graceful and handy. Never use harsh means, but insist upon being obeyed. When you command a movement carry your point, but do it in such a patient way that your young pupil will not get a distaste for his lessons and sulk. Let him know that you appreciate his efforts to please you and so keep up his interest. Enough may be added to the value of a young horse in this way to well repay you for the trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

### Seed for Next Year.

Seed to be used next season should be saved early. To be my advantage to the sower it should be saved carefully. In the first place, attention should be paid to the growth of several plants, that the best may be invariably selected for perpetuation. As soon as the seeds are gathered, no matter how pressing the needs of the hour may be, they should be put into packages that shall contain the names of the seeds and any memoranda that it may be essential or desirable to know when the sowing time comes. To fill the pockets promiscuously with ripened seeds intending later to separate is a worthless work; and to save seed promiscuously, mixing kinds or color that should be used separately, is worse than neglecting to save seed entirely, for in the latter case the reliable seedsmen must be resorted to and the result be satisfactory almost invariably, and in the former instance the temptation will be to put in the ground a mixture of seed that had better have been thrown into the fire. By all means save seed, but take time to do the work properly, remembering that time and patience now will atone for vexation and more time, otherwise necessary to be spent at an equally busy time.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

The grape rot is now believed to be under control, the remedies suggested by the Government reports having been tried with success at several points. The spraying of the vines as soon as the blossoms appear, and repeating the operation after each rain with a solution of sulphate of copper and lime water is the plan adopted.

### SHE DIDN'T SAY "NO!"

She didn't say "yes," but a soft color came over her neck and her brow till her cheeks were aflame. And she shaded her eyes from the soft mellow light. Of the stars in the sky that, so wickedly bright, were peering at us thro' the still summer night: And she didn't say "no!"

She didn't say "yes," but I know that she heard, For the roses she wore on her bosom were stirred, And the sweet eyes she turned half away from my own.

Had wondrously tender and luminous grown, As clear thro' the mists of the starlight they shone: And she didn't say "no!"



She didn't say "yes," but the lace on her gown She knotted and pulled and smoothed carefully down, And looked, altogether, so lovely and sweet, That I knelt, in the light of her eyes, at her feet And begged her that one little word to repeat— And she didn't say "no!"

She wouldn't say "yes," and she couldn't say "no!" But she whispered my name, as I bent my head low, And told her that she of my life was a part— With the word on her lips and a thrill in my heart, When a voice (twas her brother's) broke in with a start, And the wretch just yelled "Hats!" —Kittie K. in Judge.

### Thoroughly Satisfied with Himself.

An English general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid looking fellow and asked abruptly: "Which is the best horse in the regiment?" "Number forty, sir." "What makes you think he is the best horse?" "He walks, trots and gallops well; is a good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime." "And who is the best soldier in the regiment?" "Tom Jones, sir." "Why?" "Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well." "And who is the rider of the best horse?" "Tom Jones, sir." "And who is Tom Jones?" "I am, sir." The general could not help laughing, but gave a sovereign to his informant, who received it without moving a muscle.—Liverpool Post.

### It Was Awful.

"A baby in the house is a well spring of joy," and our dear little Horacio is the light and joy of our lives," wrote Mr. Pippins in a letter to a friend the other day, and then he got up and walked over to the cradle in which his own little well spring of joy had been yelling steadily for an hour, and said: "Are you going to howl forever? You beat anything for yelling and screeching that I ever saw in all the days of my life! I believe in my soul that you are two-thirds hyena. It's enough to drive a fellow crazy to be shut up an hour with you! I wouldn't have another such a joyous thing as you are around for a billion dollars. I wish your mother would hurry home and let me get away to my club or to some other place where I can have a little peace of my life! This is awful, awful!"—Detroit Free Press.

### A Smart Girl.

"Rebecca, you shall not speak mit dot Moses Lidd voice more!" "O, fadder, you prunk mine heardt. Ve vos almost engaged. Vy shall I not speak of him?" "He haf shanted me. He haf sold me a paste diamond for a shemine shone!" "O, fadder, dot should recommend him to you as a son-in-law. If he can fool a wise man like you, see vat a fortune he haf in do cheverly richness!" "Well, Rebecca, you vas schmarder as I thought. Get married ven you like. I am anxious to go into partnership with mine son-in-law."—San Francisco Wasp.

### Worshiped by a Certain Set.

Boston Maiden (to young man from New Jersey)—In New Jersey, Mr. Edmond, blood, I understand, is not considered of the first importance.

Mr. Edmond—It is among the skepters, Miss Winko.—New York Sun.

### In His Own Coin.

"Well, Janet," asked a facetious husband whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?" "No," she answered demurely; "I am only going to stem the currents."—Judge.

### A Student of the Game.

"Well, young man," said a sporting goods dealer, "what can we do for you?" "Have you books on baseball?" "Yes."

"Give me 'The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"—New York Sun.

### Verily It Is.

Our friends have departed to spend the summer by the seaside. We have gone as far as our means would allow, and rented a cabin in front of Billy Well's millpond. Cheapsness with cheerfulness is great gain.—Smithville (Ga.) News.

### Go One Eye on It.

"How much to peep through your telescope?" "Ten cents." "There's five. I've only one eye."—Time.

### Domestic Fabulum.

"Bridget," inquired the lady of the house of her attendant general, "can't we have hash for breakfast?" "If ye chews, mum," was the frightfully suggestive answer.—Detroit Free Press.

### He Could Draw All Right.

"Do you draw at all, Mr. Fanglesley?" "My patrons say I draw very well." "So you're an artist?" "No. You misunderstand me. I'm a dentist."—Lincoln Journal.

### On Some Occasions.

Miss Beachhill—What are the most disagreeable features about your school, Johnnie? Johnnie—The teacher's.—Harvard Lampoon.

### THE BOWSER FAMILY.

Mrs. Bowser Chats Most Pleasantly About Her Provoking Husband.

I suppose every husband is subject to what might be called "sudden fits," and I hope every wife tries to bear up under them with philosophical patience. The other Sunday morning, five minutes after Mr. Bowser had gone to his room to get ready for church, he roared at me over the banister:

"Mrs. Bowser, are you the woman of the house or only a lady boarder?"

"Why, dear?"

"Don't why dear me, Mrs. Bowser! If I pretended to be a housekeeper I'd look after things once in awhile!"

"Any thing wrong?"

"Any thing wrong! Do I waste my breath in talking when every thing is all right?"

"What is it?" I asked as I reached the head of the stairs.

He held a clean shirt in one hand, and with the other he pointed to it with a dramatic flourish and whispered:

"Buttons!"

"Buttons—how?"

"Not a solitary button on this shirt, and yet you find time to gad down town every day! That's the kind of a wife you are!"

"Mr. Bowser, do you mean shirt-buttons?"

"Do I! You don't suppose I'm looking for overcoat buttons on my shirts, do you?"

"Well, then, you haven't had a shirt-button on your shirts for ten years. You and all others use collar-buttons. Your collar-buttons are in the shirt you have on."

It struck him all in a heap. He saw how he had trapped himself, but he went to his room muttering:

"That's it! She always has an excuse ready for every thing!"

One awful hot day in July he spoke about changing his socks after his bath, and I told him in the plainest of English that he would find clean ones in his lower bureau drawer. That night he came home and began:

"Can you tell me what day during the next month you will have two minutes to spare?"

"Why?"

"Because, if you ever get them, perhaps you can devote a few seconds to darning the holes in my socks. I've had to limp around all the afternoon on that account."

"It can't be!"

"Oh, no! You are such a model housekeeper that it can't be, of course! Look here!"

He pulled off his shoes and lo! he had on his heavy winter socks, every thread wool! There were two or three holes, but they were not to be darned until fall, of course.

"Mr. Bowser, where did you get those socks?" I asked.

"Out of the trunk in the clothes-press, of course."

"And you go and put on January socks in July! You have six pairs of clean cotton socks in the lower drawer of the bureau."

"I'll bet you \$10,000 there isn't even one pair there! I looked through every drawer five times over!"

I took him up and showed him the socks, counting them out pair by pair, and he looked at me very seriously and observed:

"Yes, I see 'em, but were they there when I looked for 'em? How easy for you to have sneaked up and placed 'em here an hour ago?"

He had some wearing apparel which he said I might sell to buy some toys for the baby. I got the clothes down and went through every pocket twice over. In one of the coats I found a receipted bill for twenty-six dollars worth of lumber, and I laid it on Mr. Bowser's desk. A man came for the clothes and took them away, and three hours later, when Mr. Bowser came home, I told him of my bargain.

"You got just half what he would have paid me," he replied, and the subject was dropped for half an hour. Then all of a sudden he jumped up and exclaimed:

"You've finally done it, just as I expected you would."

"Done what?"

"I remember that I left a valuable paper in that brown coat. It was a receipted lumber bill and they may send the bill again any day!"

"I looked in the pockets."

"Oh, yes, you looked! You looked just like any other wife who was in a hurry to get the clothes out of the house and the money in her hand."

I went and got the receipt and asked him if that was the one. He grudgingly admitted that it was, and added: "I presume the old-ole' man found and returned it. I must reward him for his honesty."

Mr. Bowser came down the other morning with his vest open. When I laughed at his absent-mindedness he replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, I want you to let my clothes alone hereafter!"

"But I haven't touched them."

"Perhaps it was the cat! Perhaps the cat wanted a piece of cloth and cut it out of my vest-back!"

"No one but you has touched that vest."

"Then why has it grown so small all of a sudden that I can't button it? There's some very queer work in this house, Mrs. Bowser."

I investigated and found that he had drawn the strap to the last inch and buckled it fast, but he would admit nothing. On the contrary, he observed that some babies were too cute and cunning to ever grow up.

It was only three nights ago that Mr. Bowser took five dollars from his wallet and handed it to me with the remark:

"The man won't probably come with the oats until I have gone in the morning. Take this and pay him."

Next morning he sat down to breakfast looking so very sober that I asked:

"Are you sick, Mr. Bowser?"

"I ought to be. When people are robbed they are generally made sick."

"Have you been robbed?"

"I have."

"Last night."

"For mercy's sake! but did some one get into our house?"

"I do not know. When I went to bed last night I had \$55 in my wallet. This morning I have only \$50."

"You don't say!"

"It seems very queer to me, Mrs. Bowser. If you want money, why don't you ask for it?"

"You don't think I took your money, do you?"

"It's very mysterious."

"Why, say, you gave me that five for the feed man."

Mr. Bowser's countenance fell just twenty-six inches in the next two seconds, and in his confusion he agreed that the money was now accounted for all right. However, on second thought he observed:

"I will overlook it this time, Mrs. Bowser, but don't presume upon my good nature in future!"—Detroit Free Press.

### THEY SAW BISMARCK.

Two Bright Girls Managed to Meet the German Chancellor.

I went up to Berlin from Dresden for two weeks with my cousin Cissy, and we both wanted so much to see Bismarck. Every body said that being there such a short time we would never see him in the world, because there were hundreds of Germans who had never been able to do so, and still had lived their whole lives long in Berlin. So I thought there was nothing to do except to write him a note and ask him if he wouldn't allow Cissy and me to look at him. I found my pen and paper and wrote: "Prince Bismarck—Two English girls who are only in Berlin for a short time are anxious to see the greatest man in the world and want to know if you could not grant them an audience." I signed it with my name, and when I directed it to "Prince Bismarck," I felt just as if I were directing it to Santa Claus. Cissy and I took it to the palace. We walked by the sentries and through the big courtyard up to the front door. The outer door stood there, oh! so stern and grim, and refused at first to take my note, but when I said: "Why you must take it; don't you see it is to Prince Bismarck?" he frowned more than ever and took it.

If you can believe it, that very night while we were sitting at supper there came a letter with a great seal on the back directed to Miss Perry Jones. And I read: "Prince Bismarck will grant the young ladies an interview at twelve o'clock to-morrow." We were shown into a large, dark hall when we went and I said:

"Oh, dear me, Cissy, what if Prince Bismarck should come and speak to us while we are in this dark place! There isn't one thing here that I could make conversation about."

But just then Herr Von Rottenberg, the Prince's secretary, came and told us that the Prince was in the garden and would receive us there. I never shall forget how the garden looked. There was a long path in front of us, with beautiful foliage meeting above it; the green leaves rustled, the little shadows played all over the ground, and Prince Bismarck came walking down the path, with his dogs on either side of him.

I couldn't think of a single one of those German speeches which I had rehearsed on the night before and I didn't know what I was going to do, when suddenly he smiled and held out his hand and said in perfect English: "How do you do? I am very glad to see you."

He looked so jolly that I didn't feel afraid of him any more, especially when he turned to me and exclaimed: "Is that the kind of hat you wear in England? Horrible! they are too high."

Then we all walked down the path, Cissy with him and I with Herr von Rottenberg, until after awhile I thought that Cissy had been with him long enough, because I wrote the note, you know. So I just stepped forward, meaning to pull her slyly by the dress, and just as I did it Prince Bismarck looked at me and then he laughed all over. I walked with him the rest of the time, and he showed us his flowers and I praised every single flower and said how beautiful and how lovely it was, and we petted the dogs and praised them. Finally he took us to the Koniggratzer street entrance into the garden and wished us good-bye, and we managed to tell him how very, very kind we thought he had been to us! The great gate opened and shut; every thing was over. We had seen Bismarck.—Boston Transcript.

### The Retort Courteous.

A farmer traveling in a foreign land for the first time, becoming somewhat anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home: "Is things all right at the barn?"

JOHN BREEN.

His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back: "JOHN BREEN—Things is, ROBERT."—Harper's Magazine.

—A Washington policeman had his pockets picked by a thief he was taking to the lockup.

### ORGANIZED THIEVERY.

A Peruvian Company Whose Object Is the Plundering of the Dead.

A limited liability company has been formed at Melendo, with a capital of \$40,000. It is called the Compania Anonima Exploradora de Las Huacas del Inca, and its business is to be the searching of the old burial grounds of the Peruvian Incas, for buried treasure in money or other valuables. It has received a concession from the Peruvian authorities, and proposes to go at its work in a systematic, business-like fashion. The field of the company has been pretty well worked over already by the horde of hap-hazard plunderers from all parts of the world, who have flocked to Peru from the times of Pizarro till the present day, but there are yet some very substantial legends of buried wealth that has not yet been discovered. Under the old Castle of Cuzco, for instance, Felipe de Pomanes tells that there is a vault containing figures of all the Incas wrought in fine gold, and that in his own day they had been seen by a certain Dona Maria de Esquivel. She, the story goes, was married to a descendant of the Incas, and reproached him with being too poor to support her properly. This, at last, so irritated him that he led her blindfolded through many winding passages into a room where she saw wealth such as no mortal ever dreamed of, and asked her what she thought of that for a poor man's nest-egg. When Humboldt was exploring in the neighborhood of the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco, a poor lad, a descendant of the ancient kings, told him the story, which is still current among the Indians, that the golden chair of the Incas was sunk in the baths at Pultamarac, and that there are gardens with artificial trees of the purest gold beneath the temple. These gardens, by the way, are mentioned by the earliest historians of the Conquest. Humboldt's lad, when asked why he did not seek for this hidden treasure, said that it would do him no good if he found it, but would only cause his neighbors to hate and injure him. "We have a little field," he said, "and good wheat." That contented him. This same spirit seems to have animated all the descendants of the ancient race of Peru, and encourages people like those who have just put \$40,000 into the Society Exploradora to hope that only a part of the ancient treasure has ever been discovered. It is alleged that the Indians can generally get gold when they actually need it, as at the time of the rebellion of Pumacagua, in 1814, when, according to the story of an old woman of the Astete family, told to Mr. Markham some thirty years ago, her father having been a colleague of Pumacagua and present at the time, Pumacagua entered the council chambers laden with gold and dripping wet, from a journey he had made up the bed of the Huatanay to a cave filled with golden figures. It was always believed then, according to the historians, that the rebel chiefs had some such store to draw upon; and it is certain that after his final defeat Pumacagua offered the thieves a pile of gold bigger than that of Atahualpa, the ancient chieftain, as a ransom for his life. The offer was declined, and he died with the secret unrevealed, at least to his conquerors.

This Atahualpa, it is a matter of history, when in captivity, offered a room filled with gold as a ransom, but Pizarro demanded double the amount, and the Incas agreeing, sent messengers all over the kingdom to bring it. These messengers, on their way to the capital, heard that Atahualpa had been strangled, and they threw down their loads of gold, and it is said, buried them somewhere in the mountains of Llanganati, to the northwest of Quito, though no search has ever revealed the spot. Then there is the golden chain of the Incas, every link as thick as a man's arm, and its length so great that it went twice around the great square of Huacapata, and which is said to have been thrown into the deep lake of Urcos to save it from the Spaniards. There can still be seen a drift which the Spaniards started through the mountains to drain the lake, but which was never completed. While these and similar legends do very well to fire the ardor of dubious investors in the stock of the Society Exploradora, it is highly probable that the actual work of the company will be in the less romantic line of digging up the bones of ancient inhabitants for the sake of the trinkets which may have been buried with them. This sort of petty thievery is less attractive to the imagination than the exhumation of forests of golden trees and conventions of golden Incas, but it will probably pay better in the end.—N. Y. Sun.

### Village Destroyed by Ice.

Advices from the fishing village of Kerschkaranza, in Kola, a peninsula on the White Sea, describe a wonderful phenomenon, new in Arctic annals, which took place on January 3 last. At four o'clock in the morning the inhabitants were awakened by a series of heavy, dull detonations, like heavy artillery. Shortly afterward a great ice wall to the northwest, several hundred feet high, was seen to be moving toward the village, doubtless in consequence of the pressure of the ocean of ice outside. The ice hills came slowly but irresistibly onward, and passed over the village, which they completely erased, and kept onward for a mile inland. The ice traveled a mile and a half in four hours. The villagers saved their lives, but little else.—Philadelphia Press.