

SUPPLEMENT.

TO THE
GRIGGS COURIER.

SOUTH SEA IMAGES.

Gigantic Belles Found on Ponape and Easter Islands.

The success of one of our men-of-war in securing one of the above images from Easter Island for the Smithsonian institute has given fresh interest to the peculiar remains on this little island on the coast of Chili. The origin of these images has been the puzzle of savants for years, but it is only recently that it has been discovered that similar erections exist upon the island of Ponape or Ascension, one of the Caroline group, situated in north latitude 6 degrees 52 minutes and east longitude 158 degrees 21 minutes in the Pacific ocean. But little is known to the general public regarding islands in the Pacific out of the beaten track of voyagers. The whalemen, however, that pursue the large cetacean known as the sperm variety, in the tropical seas, visit these delightful nooks to replenish their stock of provisions and to lay in a store of fruits, pigs, and other provender before proceeding on their Arctic cruise. The lazy life that the islanders lead, the enervating climate, and a desire to escape the work on board ship have been the causes of many sailors deserting at the points touched. Lured by the dark eyes and graceful forms of the dusky island women, they remain and lead a *dolce far niente* life. Upon many of the islands that dot the vast Pacific these "beach-combers" are to be found, every Jack his Jill and a host of children around him.

The Caroline group of islands belong to Spain, but, as is characteristic of the Spanish, nothing has been done in the way of exploration and little is known of them, except by traders or whalers. Gnam is the port, but at the islands of Salpan and Ponape whalers stop to recruit. From information obtained by a *Chronicle* representative from one of the whaling captains the following account of the ancient ruins, situated upon Ponape, was obtained:

The beach of glistening white sand and coral remains has a growth of rank grass, reaching almost to the water-line. Dense groves of palm, cocconut and cloth trees surround a village of huts, through which the pathway to the ruins runs. Over basaltic rocks and volcanic debris, intermingled with obsidian, visitors are forced to climb, until a distance of over ten miles from the shore is reached. Surrounded by a thicket of palms and a species of bamboo a series of vast terraces of stone rise, step by step, up the hillside. These terraces are probably three hundred yards in length and vary from twenty to thirty feet in width. The size of these terraces is insignificant when the topmost structure is reached.

A wall of whitish stone rises at the summit, nearly thirty feet high, and forming an irregular rectangle. The stones composing the wall are from five to six feet in length and eight to ten feet thick, each stone weighing several tons. Although the sides of these gigantic stones are perfectly smooth and of nearly equal proportions there is not the faintest sign of a chisel mark. No cement has been used to lay them in position and gaps occur at intervals. At the single gateway, or entrance, stand two stone monoliths over thirty feet high, each having at the top an immense bowl. Passing through the entrance a stone altar is to be seen in the center of the inclosure. This altar is also composed of stone, but the texture seems to differ from that used to build the wall, although similar in color. Two flights of steps surround this elevation, which has an immense tree growing in the center. In its growth the tree has displaced the huge stones of the altar, and the north side is now out of its level. Parasitical vines and undergrowth run over the walls, through the crevices, and hang in graceful festoons from the branches of the trees. Alarmed at man's approach beautiful golden green lizards, with backs glistening in the bright sunlight, dart to and fro through the brush, but no venomous reptiles are found.

By what race these buildings were constructed is a mystery. The natives do not know, neither have they any tradition regarding them. To move such cyclopean stones must have required immense labor and appliances, and unless the progenitors of the present race of natives were possessed of a knowledge of the mechanical arts it is difficult to imagine who were the builders. Similar gigantic ruins and images are known to exist in the Pacific islands only on Easter Island. The origin of these structures is surrounded with mystery, and archaeologists attribute their raising to a forgotten race. Among the rice and yam fields on Sapan island may be seen monoliths with bowls on their tops of small dimensions. The natives call these stones *omaces*, and state that their uses are for landmarks.

New York a Foreign City.

Here is a town with very little intellectual life or suggestion and which is not an American city. The influence which governs it are mainly foreign, both as regards population and capital. People come to New York, they go to London, in pursuit of money, but there

is not as much intellectual life or original thinking in this city as you will find in some sparsely settled county of the west. There you can get ideas as you go around, but a man in New York who has any experience in public life is struck with the slender mental constitution of most of the folks he meets. They go down town to make money and come up town to spend it; they have no general places of assemblage. You can not find the pulse of this city anywhere except, perhaps, in the banks. It is a misfortune for the country that a large earthy mart like this controls it.—*Galt, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Speak and Write Plainly.

A lady stepped into a cab and said sweetly to the driver "291 Huron." All seemed well for a time until the jehu gave signs of going over to the west division. Upon inquiry he was found to be setting forth for Van Buren. It was in vain Booth cried out *Sic semper tyrannis*, because the plain man who heard the words did not possess any familiarity with the Latin tongue and very naturally reported the words as being: "I am sick, send for Maginias." While Lewis Gaylord Clark was in our world and was helping N. P. Willis edit a paper, his note that he would write for the *Home Journal* as soon as he could find his lost muse, was so printed as to put Clark in the attitude of seeking a lost mule. A doctor in the country left a dispatch at the telegraph office ordering "a dozen limes" for a patient. The man in Chicago filled the requisition by expressing to the invalid a dozen "Times." A fashionable girl of this city sent a letter to Winona, but it reached its true destination in a month after it had been well inspected by the postmaster at Vienna, Austria. Poor letter, it did not know where to go!

A city lawyer fell into a terrible passion over a letter he had received from a brother attorney. After making some hot remarks about wasting time over "hieroglyphics," "puzzles," "chicken tracks" and "ink lightning," he sat down and gave the offender some red hot advice about writing more plainly; but the letter did not hurt the man's feelings in the least; he could not read the note, and put it aside with the remark: "I never could read that fellow's writing." Mr. Emerson sometimes wrote so badly that sentences lay in manuscript for hours or days before they would give up the writer's meaning. Once when this great man had written a sentiment in a book for a friend, and had gone far away east, that motto or maxim refused day after day to show its face. Each neighbor who called in was set to work at the puzzle. It was solved at last by a man who knew about Mount Monadnock. He worked from that base and found that—

A score of piny miles will smooth The rough Monadnock to a gem. All which puzzles of enunciation or of written thought, coming from great people or common people, are blemishes which can not show any good reason of existence.—*David Swing, in Chicago Journal.*

Liszt and the Ladies.

Mme. Janka Wohl contributes to the *International Review*, of Florence, some interesting reminiscences of Liszt. She says the abbe was very discreet as regards his lady admirers. Only once did he satisfy her curiosity on this point. "I was working one morning at Lowenberg," said he, "when a card was brought in to me. It contained a name I did not know. The visitor, a fine young Englishman, entered the room. I fancied I recognized him. He approached me, and whispered a word in my ear. I at once detected the voice. I was thunderstruck. 'What have you come here for? Have you run away? Have you left your husband?' She had thrown herself into an armchair, and was laughing outright. 'This is a nice reception, indeed,' said she; 'it was not worth the while my risking myself as I am doing.' 'But you are ruining yourself,' I exclaimed, fearing somebody would come in. She flew to the piano and began playing. 'I am your pupil; that's all.' And she continued singing, filling the house with her voice. 'For heaven's sake,' I cried, 'hold your tongue. The house is full of people. They will come, and you will be recognized.' 'What,' she cried, twirling the mustache she had not, 'if they recognize me? I will congratulate them. They will have seen worse than I am.' 'Enough of this childishness,' I replied, seriously alarmed; 'tell me what brings you here.' She was a cantatrice of European renown and irreproachable character." "Malibran?" "O, no, she was dead." "Jenny Lind, then?" "She was also dead. My heroine was not only watched by a jealous husband who did not deserve the treasure which had fallen to his lot, but also by an infatuated, unscrupulous admirer, who tracked her like a demon, hoping some day to profit by a fault she might commit. Everybody knew this, and I trembled for her. I had met her occasionally, I admired her greatly, but you know I never coveted the moon. To sum up, I could scarcely believe my eyes on seeing her there, disguised as a young man, calm and candid, as if she were paying me an ordinary visit. However, I persuaded her to go, but not before we had breakfasted together. I promised to call on her, but never

went. I have always avoided adventures of this kind; I detest melodrama, particularly in private life. Two years later she came to me again in the same way. I was then living like a recluse at Monte Mario. I made her sing my 'Ave Maria.' She sang it in a way that would have tempted a saint. Alas! it will never be sung again like that. What has become of her since? She is dead." Liszt never divulged her name.

Elopers Sure Enough.

"There had been an account of an elopement in the morning papers," said the commercial traveler, "and I was thinking of it when a couple drove up to the country hotel and registered 'Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so.' I winked at the boys and said: 'Here's for a joke.' The old hotel-keeper was a very dear friend of mine and took my word for gospel truth, so when I said: 'Look out for 'em! I think I know 'em, and they are eloping and they are not married,' etc., you ought to have seen the old fellow. He scowled and lifted his chin, and wagged it half a dozen times, sort of as though he was thinking it over, and then he walked off. All the other boys in the house were put onto the joke and we agreed to watch the old man and see what he did.

"Supper rang, and the party of traveling men took seats at one table and left the new arrivals to the sole occupancy of another. The hotel proprietor, who helped serve at the table, took his station as much as possible behind the young couple, his eyes all the time watching their every movement. 'Will you have some sugar in your tea?' at length said the young man to his companion, as he passed the saccharine for her use.

"No, thank you, I never use sugar in my tea," was the sweet response. "We were watching the old man as he stood near them and heard his answer. He grew about a foot in a second. 'He's got a clue,' said I to myself. And it was a clue such as would make the eye of a Pinkerton detective sparkle. The idea of a husband not knowing whether his wife used sugar in her tea or not! The old man didn't linger long about coming to a decision. He leaned over and said: 'Young man, you leave the table. That woman is not your wedded wife.'

"The couple never whimpered. They called for their team and drove on. The most surprised party in the affair was ours. We hadn't dreamed we were so near the truth. The next day the same pair were arrested in a neighboring town and carried back to their homes. If I should tell that landlord now that the Methodist minister that boards with him was Jesse James in disguise he would believe me."—*Lewis-ton (Mo.) Journal.*

An Affable Prince.

I asked Wilder about his parlor entertainments in Europe, and especially about his evenings with the prince of Wales.

"I gave my imitations for him six times," said the little man. "Last time I saw him was at Mrs. Sloane Stanley's, and he kindly set me to his right at table. All stand till he sits, and he rises first at the end as a signal to the others. It is not etiquette to eat after he finishes, but he fixes that very neatly by continuing to pick at the food as long as he sees anybody else busy. He is a man of wonderful tact in placing persons at their ease.

"For instance, I took a sip of water on sitting down. 'That's water!' said the prince with a laugh, touching my wineglass. 'Ah, sir,' I said, 'I am a blue-ribbon man. I never drink any wine.'

"No?" he said; 'very well.' He was polite. He did not quiz me or laugh at or banter me as another might, and say 'Aw now, just this once, you know.' Nothing of the sort. He turned the talk to other things."

"About the entertainment?" I asked. "Oh, my share? Well, I generally have to stand on the table, but the prince lifted me up on the piano, where, in the intervals of my imitations, there was good music made by an eminent professional. I stood with my face to the princess and near to her, for she is getting quite deaf. One thing I noticed as odd; the higher up you get the least ceremony there is. The prince insists that everybody shall talk at the table without any reference to him, as they would if they were at home; and he banishes mere formality just as far as court tradition will permit."

Among the negroes born as slaves in Connecticut only three or four now survive. One of them is Collins L. Fitch, of Watertown. Uncle Collins is now eighty-five years old, and, after raising a large family, is living on a small farm. The other night Matthew Elliott called upon him and said, "Uncle, I don't want to die in debt, so I have come to pay you the \$1,000 which my family owes you." He laid down \$1,000 and went away. Uncle Collins was born a slave in New Haven in 1801. His master bound him out to Matthew Elliott, of New Preston, for whom he labored faithfully till he was twenty-one, and even after, though the state had given him his freedom. Mr. Elliott was abundantly prosperous, and left his son Matthew a goodly inheritance. It is this son who now shares his bounty with the decrepit slave. The people of the town, where Mr. Collins is held in high respect, have tendered him their congratulations.

NOISY GERMAN STUDENTS.

The High Old Time They Had at Heidelberg.

A few centuries ago there was hardly any difference between German students and highwaymen. Not only did they engage in fatal duels on the slightest provocation, but they plundered and murdered peasants and tradesmen, and were in continual conflict with the military and with the police, who had a special apparatus for catching them and making them harmless. At the present day the murderous propensities of German students have all been concentrated apparently on the sense of hearing. There is a case on record of several hundred students leaving a German university in a body because a law had been passed forbidding their singing and howling in the streets at night. Those who have been in Heidelberg this week have been able to sympathize with the townspeople who made that law. Such incessant singing and playing till 4 or 5 in the morning, such howling and clashing of glasses in beer-gardens, have never been heard even in a German university town. The climax of the noise was not reached at the great Commers in the Festhalle, at which 5,000 students and ex-students finished the "salamanders" with a thunderous simultaneity of setting down their glasses, executed with marvelous military precision; it was reached in the old Schloss, the quasi-subterranean rooms of which were crowded with students and Philistines, cheering and howling at the top of their voices, until even the waiter-girls—who had been selected for their beauty from among all the neighboring restaurants and beer-halls, and who are used to the ways of the students—put down their wine-pitchers to stop their ears. But then the wine which they dispensed had a truly antique Bacchanalian flavor; it was wine such as can only be found on special occasions such as this—wine like the liquid Hungarian gold sold in the Esterhazy cellar in Vienna. It was taken ostensibly from the great tun in the adjoining room; but a man in charge informed me that it was an optical illusion; that there was no wine in the historic tun, for if it had been filled even the thirsty legion of the jubilee days would have required weeks to empty it. Its contents are 49,000 gallons.

These scenes in the vaults of the gross Fuss were enacted every afternoon and were open to all. But there was one "Fest" in the castle which was open only to invited guests. Little lamps had been placed in the evening in lines at every accessible place of the inner facade, making the courtyard a fairy-like abode. But these rows of lights were quite thrown in the shade, as regards number and attractiveness, by rows of beer and wine kegs, the contents of which were free to all. It seemed like the old days when Emperors were crowned and the populace treated to a grand picnic of free beer and roast oxen on toast. Three important features of the programme remain to be mentioned: First, a torchlight procession, in which many of the academic duties ruined their gaudy costumes because the Professors, in their zeal for antiquarian realism, had decided that old-fashioned pitch torches must be used, which were continually falling to pieces. They disinfect the town for a century to come and blackened the faces of the students so much that their hideous scars—which are greatly honored, though the signs of unskillful fencing—for once became invisible. Second, grand illumination of the ruined castle—a most imposing spectacle, the red light suffusing the whole castle and showing every detail of the ruin, making it seem as if the French had just been at their work of destroying this "architectural poem," the work of three centuries of Princes and artists. Third, the historic procession which took just half an hour in passing any given point. It was unanimously pronounced the finest thing of the kind ever seen, as regards not only extent, but historic accuracy, realism, and splendor of every detail, for the attainment of which no expense has been spared. The procession represented characteristic scenes and important personages in the history of the university from 1386 to 1803. To describe it is impossible. It included Princes, knights, huntsmen, monks, nuns, soldiers, musicians with the instruments of their period, devils and other masks, lecturing professors, the great tun drawn by two superb oxen, citizens, boys and girls, a Venus, ambassadors, and a score of other characters. This was the climax of the Heidelberg festival. How great was the crowd that witnessed it may be inferred from the fact that Mannheim alone, a city of about 50,000 souls, sent 22,000 visitors.—*Letter in N. Y. Post.*

How Charcoal is Made.

"Charcoal is duly appreciated by lazy women," said a dealer in that commodity to a reporter. "With it one can build a fire in five minutes. It is cheap. I sell charcoal at \$3 per caldron, but vendors deal it out at 35 cents per bushel. Yes, charcoal is a little dearer than coal, but the latter doesn't go so far or last so long. The best charcoal used by tin roofers or plumbers is made in the Catskills, or in the woods of New Jersey. It is made in this way: A cord of wood is placed in a clear piece of ground, with the sticks standing upright. In the middle a stake is driven. The fine and coarse woods are mixed closely together so as to make a firm pile. The whole is covered with sods and earth. A fire is lighted in the center of the pile, on the top of which a hole is cut so as to allow the smoke to escape. The fire is permitted to smolder for twelve or fifteen days, when the sod is taken off. A cord of wood will turn out from twenty to thirty bushels of charcoal. In former years much more

charcoal peddling was done than now. The trade has pretty well petered out, however, owing to the many hard-coal peddlers."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Odd Antics of Birds.

A relative of mine had a large marsh upon his estate, and here the great cranes made their summer home, building their curious nests there and rearing their young, says Prof. Holder in the *San Francisco Call*. The marsh was surrounded by high grass, and it was his practice to creep through and watch the birds unobserved. The antics they went through it would be impossible to describe—now they would caper along in pairs, stepping daintily with the winning gait of the ideal exquisite, lifting their feathers or wings, taking short steps, and gradually working themselves up to a bird frenzy of excitement, when they would leap into the air and over each other's backs, taking short runs this way and that, all for the edification of the females standing by, and finally, after a series of these exhibitions, the different birds selected their mates. Among the birds of the western hemisphere the cock of the strag ranks next to the crane in the strangeness of its evolutions. The bird is confined to South America, and is about the size of a small pigeon; has a bright orange web in the male, with a plume-like arrangement upon the head. It is a proud bird, principally building its nest in rocky places not frequented by man. At the commencement of the breeding season a party of birds, numbering from ten to twenty, assemble, and selecting a clear space among the rocks form a ring or circle, facing inward. Now a small bird takes its place in the center and begins to hop about, toss its head, lift its wings, and go through all the strange movements possible, that appear to be watched with great interest by the rest. When the performer is thoroughly exhausted he retires to the circle and another bird enters the ring, and so on, until all have been put through their paces, when the pairs probably make their selection. Often the birds are so exhausted after the dances that they can hardly fly, lying panting on the rocks.

Near the borders of southern California is found a bird, called the sunate, that has a strange courtship. It is about the size of a magpie. During the mating season four or five birds collect together and seem to vie with each other in the extravagance of their posturing—wooing now in rows, now single, in a regular dance, and, by the way of music, uttering loud, discordant squawks. Their long tails are lifted high in the air during this performance, and their entire behavior is remarkable in the extreme.

They All Want Free Passes.

A member of the produce-exchange who is a large shipper over the New York Central applied to William H. Vanderbilt not long before his death for a pass to Chicago and back. Mr. Vanderbilt then told him that during that year the New York Central had issued of yearly and trip passes more than thirty thousand, and that this was such a serious drain on the company that it had been decided very greatly to limit the number. Railroad men would have felt easier about the interstate commerce bill if it had prohibited the issue of free transportation to anyone except employes or officers engaged in business for the road.

A Reading railroad man recently said that few knew how greatly the free pass was used to influence traffic, for very often a large shipper of grain or pork would be controlled in his choice of roads by the possession of a pass of one of them. "Men, and good business men, too," said he, "will often pay a higher rate for freight simply because the road over which they ship has sent them a yearly pass. It is an open secret among railway men that the Grand Trunk captured a very large business from Chicago east by tempting shippers with passes. I have seen men worth hundreds of thousands, shippers of thousands of bushels a year, go into sulks because a pass to New York and back was refused to them. The whole business has been demoralized by this custom, so that now in the west a man who charters half a car thinks that free transportation for himself, ought to be thrown in. I came through on the Grand Trunk from Chicago to Boston once, and there were nine through passengers. The conductor said it must be profitable business, for seven of them were deadheads.

"If there is a member of the exchange who doesn't carry a yearly pass, or who can't get one," said the produce-exchanger, "it is because he don't know how to work it. But there's one mighty hard road to work, and that is the Pennsylvania. I pulled the string that did it, though," and the man chuckled as he said this as though he had made a turn on the right side for 100,000 bushels of wheat, and he was worth a quarter of a million, too. "It isn't because men are close," said a railway superintendent, "but there seems to be a failing of human nature to which a free ride on a railroad ministers, just as you will sometimes see men abundantly able to buy champagne and terrapin making a set for a free spread like a newsboy scrambling for pennies."—*New York Sun.*