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VOL. XXV

Miscellaneous.

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Nov.27.1880.-- tf

T ECTURES.

Dec. 81.--tf

Jan. 81.—tf

FREEMASONRY

has. McRae,

Dec. 1.-1y.

May 28,'87.--1y

Dec. 29.—13*

TAMES CUMMINS,

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43-A call is most respectfully solicited, as prices will be a great inducement to merit your favor.

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Moetiq.

MY FRIEND. BY COL. WM. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A., A PRISONER OF WAR. An Incident of the Late War Between

Your letter came, but came too lat had claimed its own, Ah! sudden change from prison Great White Throne; day of pain.
Could he have read those tardy words which you have sent in vain. Why did you wait, fair lady, through so many a weary hour? Had you other lovers with you in that dainty, sil-

ken bower? Did others bow before your charms and twi bright garlands there?
And yet, I ween, in all that throng his spirit had no o see how pure the look he wore awhile before

et, the sorrow that you gave him still has left

weary trace, And a meek and saintly sadness dwells upon that "Her love," he said, "would change for me the Winter's cold to Spring!"

Ah! trust in thoughtless maiden's love, thou art a bitter thing; For, when these valleys in the May once more with blooms shall wave, The Northern violets shall blow above his humble

Your dole of scanty words had been but one more pang to bear.
Though, to the last, he kissed of your soft hair. I did not put it where he said, for when the angels come would not have them find the sign of falsehoo

've read your letters, and I know the wiles To win that noble heart of his; fearful thought! What manly forms are often held in Folly's flimsy

side his bier;
Still, I forgive you; Heaven knows for mercy you'll fist in the direction of the frog. Not a widout either feathers or hair—he's not

wrong;
Your hand so white that none would think it penned those words of pain;
Your skin so fair—would to God your soul were half as free of stain!

quiry—sneering inquiry, Pete now sidered it to be—no gold was found. I'd rather be this dear, dead friend than you in all

come; He chose his way,—you yours,—let God pronounce CAMP CHASE, OHIO. December, 1864.

Miscellaneous.

THE GOBLIN FROG.

Peter O'Reilly was a pioneer miner Nevada and one of the discoverers of the great Comstock silver lode-one of the that glittering ore which was the first of over \$300,000,000 since taken from the wonderful vein then lit upon.

For years before he made the great discovery O'Reilly had been working among the gold placers of Gold canyon, a wet weather tributary of the Carson creek, in which gold was discovered as early as 1852. In this canyon he wrought with pan and rocker, at times with much success, sometimes taking out several hun- Struck it?" dred dollars in a few days, for the ground was very rich in spots.

"Pete" was fond of rambling away alone along the meandering of the canvon in search of the rich spots that were to be found by those who diligently sought for mine in his own way. Provided could find a few "colors" (small particles of gold) he would dig the pan away for days, quite confident that his luck would at last lead him into the right and his labors be richly rewarded.

Peter O'Reilly was not only a spiritual ist, but also a firm believer in all man-

found a previous locater in the person of | "Struck it?" a frog, which held a "squatter's" right mediately began to give him trouble.

The little reservoir formed by the dam held only about a dozen hogsheads of light on ye!" cried Pete. Then he kickfilled that Pete first had notice of the pres- a rush for the reservoir, the frog "plump-He was down in this prospect hole filling of the frog nor anything that looked like

voice sing out: "Struck it?" sorbed in the work in which he was en- pick, dug down the embankment of rocks gaged, and the shrill, shricking voice and earth forming the little dam, and rang out so near at hand and asking a eagerly watched, with uplifted shovel, question that so exactly chimed in with for the frog as the water ran off. The head so startled him that his pick almost little termentor was nowhere to be seen. fell from his hands. He pricked up his

proceeded the inquiring voice, Peter pres- Thinking his evil genius had been washently descried a small green frog mounted ed down through the canyon into the upon a stick that projected an inch or two Carson river. Peter rebuilt his dam in above the surface of the water in his res- order that he might have water ready ervoir. The from was but a red or two for use in the morning. This job dens, away, and assumed, as Peter thought, to be went home, feeling quite sure that he be proking thentitingly into his eyes. had either stated again said the free.

"Struck it!" says the frog. "It's a good omen," said Peter. "The little feller says I've struck it. Though The frog was nowhere to be seen or starthe's no countryman of mine. I believe in

pit and dug another pan of dirt, listening | from the pond by the goblin frog. all the time to hear what the frog would have to say about it. Not a word did the dropped from his hands, his under jaw

frog say, however. word to say this time."

Well pleased with his luck, Peter began digging another pan of gravel from the place where he had got the last, expecting another rich result. He had the little voice rang out sharp and clear: Struck it? Struck it? Struck it?" "Oh, yes, you little fool!" cried Pete:

'it's aisy for you to say, 'Struck it Struck it! Struck it!' after ye've seen what I've got in me pan.' "Struck it! Struck it! Struck it!" cried the frog in what seemed to Peter a

triumphatic tonc. "All right, me bye!" cheerily asserted

av coorse I've struck it." sign of the frog did he see, however, the human." little fellow having very prudently retir-

ed to the bottom of the nond. Within the prison dead-house, where few mourners and dug another pan of gravel. As he fully at his prospect hole. "A promiscome to weep.

A rude plank comin holds him now, yet death gives was carrying the dirt to his panning place in glace it was too, in the main," said the frog stuck his head above the water he. "Howly Mother! Shall I, a Chris-And I had rather see him thus than clasped in false the frog stuck his head above the water he. "Howly Mother! Shall I, a Chris-And I had rather see him thus than clasped in false the frog stuck his head above the water he. "Howly Mother! Shall I, a Chrisand called out, "Struck it?" and again | tian and a good Catholic, be tormented o-night your rooms are very gay with wit and no gold was found. Thus it went. When away by a dirty little heretic baste like the frog said nothing he got a good yield | you? No. I'll give him a warmin' yit, of gold, but when he made his usual in- and all the likes of him. I'll pepper him quiry-sneering inquiry, Pete now con-

of dirt out of which the frog had charmed all the gold that he began to grow very angry. He was also not a little discour-

"Struck it? Struck it?" Peter quietly laid down his crevicing spoon, slyly gathered two or three big two men who turned to the light of day it? Struck it?" the irate O'Reilly let be seen nor heard. drive at him with a rock so huge that it could have been hurled by no lesser than kill him if he's anywhere on the face of

Ajax. The rock missed its mark, but the green earth!" raised a great commotion in the little pond. Thinking he had given his bad angel a the canyon. Although frogs were quite fright that would last him a fortnight, common on the Carson River they were Peter returned to his work. He had al- quite seldom seen in Gold canyon. At most filled his pan with very rich looking last, however, Pete saw what he thought dirt, when up popped the frog's head and might be his tormentor. He blazed away out came this tantalizing "Struck it?" with his gun and stretched the creature

Peter threw the pan of gravel as far as beginning to rejoice over the victory he he could send it and made for the frog. determined on its destruction. He would another frog, the very picture of that he stand no more of its infernal deviltry.

middle of the little reservoir and scooped them. He liked to be by himself and to and tore about in it with a vigor and dead. Finding it stretched on the ground, venom of a mad bull. Once or twice he he went after the second frog, which he saw, or imagined he saw, the frog dart finally succeeded in killing. All that day through the discolored water, and brought he hunted up and down the canyon, blazdown the back of the shovel on the spot ing away at everything that moved. He with such a "spat" that the blow might slaughtered many toads and lizards, but have been heard a mile away.

At last, not seeing anything more of the frog, Peter concluded that he had his gun, and every day for about a week, ner of signs and omens, He heard voices, killed him He gave the little animal a as did the heroes of Ossian, in the sigh- parting curse, and being wrought up to ing breeze and extracted a meaning from | such a pit of excitement and nervousness all the sounds of hill and vale that reach- that he could work no more that afternoon, ed his cars. The end of this was (a few strode away, put on his coat and went you, who always found great sport in his

lode) that he became insane; and finally died in an asylum at Woodbridge, Cal. claim and his work. He washed out the baleful influence of frogs and toads. It appears that the last mining O'Reil- several pans of dirt, and was getting good ly ever did in Gold canyon was when he pay out of all he washed, when suddenly started in to prospect a bar on which he there fell upon his ear the shrill cry of

The first note sent a thrill through to the place, and which frog almost im- Pete's stalwart frame like the sharp shock of an electric battery; then a chill Peter began his mining operations by fell upon his heart and his hair almost a small dam to turn the rill flowing in the rese on end. His evil genius, as he now canyon into a little ditch that led to his firmly believed that the little green frog "panning hole" at the lower end of the to be, was still there, alive and at his old

"May the curse of howly St. Patrick water. It was soon after this reservoir ed over the pan of dirt he dug and made ence on his claim of the frog. He had ing" under the water with a little chirp sunk a pit in the gravel of the bar almost | at his approach. Again Pete went into down to the bed rock, and washed out the reservior with his long handled shovel. two or three pans of dirt that yielded well. He charged about, but could see nothing his pan with some particularly promising it. Being determined to do his enemy gravel, when he heard a small, squeaky this time, Pete went for his pan and began trying to bail out the reservoir. Poter was at that moment deeply ab- Finding this too great a task, he got his

the train of thought running through his water all ran out of the reservoir, but his Peter waded out into the cozy bed of ears and looked about in all directions to the pond, digging and plowing about see whence proceeded the cheery little with his shovel, but he failed to start the voice. Almost he expected to discover goblin frog. He then arrived at the very a little red mantled fairy peeping out at reasonable conclusion that the little imp him from some neighboring clump of had gone down the stream with the body willows or some tall tuft of grass. As of water that rushed out of the reservoir he stood thus gasing about in open when it was opened. He cruised about mouthed amazement the little voice again | the spot for an hour or more, going down piped out: "Struck it? Struck it?— the channel to the canyon, turning over struck it?" rocks and beating tufts of grass with his Turning his eyes in the direction whence shovel, but saw nothing of the frog-

had eliber killed or permanently coated The sext day he returned to his week

"Are ye shpakin' to me, sor?" said Before starting in, however, he walked around the reservoir several times, peeping keenly into the water and kicking every bunch of grass about its margin.

[It seems that a Confederate officer died at Camp Chase, Ohio, and shortly after his death a letter was received at the prison from his flances, in which she wrote him that she had determined to break the engagement, and this poem was written in answer to that letter. All the parties having passed to the great, silent majority, the poem is given for publication.]

me sowl he means well by me, and that I have struck it in this very hole."

So saying Peter carried the pan of dirt he had dug to his 'panning place' panned it out, and did not get a 'color." He great, silent majority, the poem is given for publication.]

Pete then went to his prospect hole and began digging, stopping occasionally, however, to cook an eye toward the pond and listen for the frog. There was no sigh of the little imp, and Pete's heart was not a little astonished at this result. and was much inclined to call the frog a without the usual hated interruption, and liar, but on turning to look for him the was on his way to wash it out whemlittle fellow was gone. He went to his 'Struck it? Struck it?" was squeaked

This was too much for Pete. The pan fell, and he sank down upon the nearest Peter washed out the pan of dirt and bowlders. As he was wondering if it was got gold to the value of nearly a dollar. possible for him ever in any way to rid 'Ah ah! ye little divil!" oried he; himself of the evil thing that destroyed where are ye now? Ye didn't have a his luck the frog again called out as cheerily as ever: "Struck it? Struck

"May the devil burn ye!" cried Pete. "No, I haven't struck it, and, what's more, I will never strike it wid ve there. been at work only half a minute Lefore | ye dirty little blackguard! Must I be comin' afther ye again, ye unclean baste o' the devil?"

"Struck it?" said the frog. "Ye think so?" cried Pete. sarcastically, and catching up a pick he ran to the reservoir and began digging down the embankment.

Soon, however, he paused in this work and, throwing down his pick, said; "No it's of no use. Haven't I thried to get Pete, nodding his head toward the little | him in all manner o' ways? No. when I fellow that sat winking and blinking on get the wather off he'll be gone. He's the end of the stick. "All right, me bye; no human frog. I'll jist let him howld possession and I'll hunt me another place. Pete them picked up his pan of gravel, Divil a lick will I ever sthrike here again; carried it to the waterhole, washed it out it's the divil's own child he is. I've and did not find a speck of gold. "You're | heard birds talk. and bastes talk. but You shall not pity him, for now he's past your the worst liar I ever saw!" cried Peter, never wan o' thim all that could schpake hope and fear, Although I wish that you would stand with me be- rising up from his work and shaking his so plain as this little green divil that's

> Pete began gathering up his tools and clothes with the intention of vacating the Peter grumbled for a time, then went place, whem he stopped and gazed wistto-morrow!" So saying, Pete put on his coat and struck out for home, turning to At last Pete had washed so many pans | skake his fist toward the pond as he de-

The next morning Pete went up toward Johntown, a little trading post about Finally, just as he began to scrape | a mile above his claim, and borrowed the gravel out of a very promising cre- shotgun; then he bought a quantity of vice, and just as he was beginning to powder and shot, and returned toward think the frog would this time hold his his mine in a vengeful mood. Again tongue, out came the little fellow with his and again he said as he strode along "I'll kill that frog if it's among the possibilities!"

On reaching his claim Pete crawled to rocks, then softly, on tiptoe, began steal- a big rock near the pond, and seating ing toward his little persecutor, and just himself upon it, watched patiently for as the frog cried out, "Struck it? Struck over an hour, but the frog was neither to "He has run away," said Pete, "but I'll

He then moved cautiously along down lifeless on the margin of the rill. He was had gained, when up from the spot leaped

had killed. Pete looked at this new ap-Shovel in hand, he waded out into the parition, then turned and gazed on the slaughtered animal, to be sure he was

only one other frog. The next day he was again out with extending his hunt as far as the Carson | fice door. river, and firing away many pounds of shot to little effect. He talked of little but frogs, and the miners along the caneccentricities and in his superstitious no-

ocular miners of the camp, for whom his insane warfare on the frogs had afforded great sport, instead of starting out with his gun. Pote took his pan and crevicing spoon and departed down the canyon in the direction of his claim. An hour later Pete came tearing up the canyon to the camp wild eyed. "I'll niver sthrike of us."

pick intil this canyon again!" cried he. That imp o' the devil is still there on me claim! I was but just listin' me head from the wather and save: "Pate. have ve struck it?" says he. "May the the whole bloody canyon; I'll niver strike | presonce. pick intil it again. No more I will.

Peto O'Reilly, kept his word; he at once "pulled up stakes" in Gold canvon. He struck for Six Mile canvon. five miles lin for a partner, the two began mining upon the table beside himat the head of the canyon, where Virginis City now stands, and there the pair presently "struck it"-struck the great Jamstock silver lode, the hidden treasure house of the gnomes and wonder of the whole mining world. But for the "goblin frog" O'Reilly would probably have this day the Comstock and "Big Bonansa" might have remained undiscovered. But for that frog the names of Mackay, Fair and a score of other mining millionaires would not now be known throughout the

For the benefit of those who abhor rinters' ink as a prime factor to the adtwo solid column to demonstrate his fore. I I admire you. strength, and several thousand people "tumbled" to the scheme. He brought down the house.

NO. 1259. "MAY I GO WITH YOU, MY PRETTY MAID."

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Going mill ward, to her long day's work, over the meadow path that shortened the way so much, protty Angeline Muir heard a voice behind he say "We're going the same way, Angie, and looked over her shoulder, she saw her friend and admirer. Jim the blackamith, gaining on her easily. She could not have seen a handsomer man -of his sort-powerful, darkhaired, and ruddy curiously clean for one who had handled things that smirched from one week's end to the other. Though, to be sure, he was only on his way to the forge-not coming from it at that hour of the morn-

Angie's heart gave a sort of fluttering leap, for she know why she was so apt t meet Jim, and what was in his mind; and she had never been able to tell herself how much she liked him.

"You have the lightest step in the country, Angie," said he, "and the smallest waist.' She only laughed. He put his hand

about her arm as they walked, and drew her closer. "I've had a forge of my own two years now, Angie." he said "'I'm git

"I'm glad to hear it, Jim." said Angie. "So you should be." said Jim. whatever luck I have, I've tried for your sake. Will you marry me, Angie?" The girl had known this was coming for a long time; but now it had come, she started and caught her breath, and could not have spoken to save her life.

"Angio!" said Jim, "I'm waiting. Some girls came scampering along after them. A moment more, and they should no longer be alone. "I'm waiting," said Jim again. "I can't make up my mind like that,"

"You ought to know me by this time. I've been coming to see you a long while, The girls were close upon them. "I'll answer you this evening. Jim.

said Angie.

"Very well," said he, "I'll be here to walk home with you." Then he strode All day long amongst the silk looms,

as certain figured handkerchiefs multiplied themselves in what seemed, to an unfamiliar observer, a truely miraculous manner, Angie thought of Jim. Did she love him or did she not? She was not sure. It was not an idle or a merry life she led, and it took all she carned to keep the little three roomed cottage and feed those two who lived there-the old. old grandparents; but she was free to do as she liked, and she had never thought of admiring Jim, the blacksmith, but rather a fair, delicate man, with white hands like the school teacher—and elegant man, if

one such could come into the life of a poor working-girl as her lover. And yet--for her--Jim the blacksmith was certainly a good match. So the day wore away until the great

bell clanged. The looms stopped. A whistle sounded from below, showing that and was waiting for them to pass before him. Every evening he stood there, and the girls came down, and there was an ordeal to pass through. Each one must give him her basket or satchel to examinside out, and put on her hat after she

was through the floor. The foreigners did not mind this much. but those who had Yankee blood in their veins, often found it at boiling point. Angeline Muir had at first. The mangered on this evening. She was not in residence—"to be rich, a fine lady—Mrs] a hurry to meet Jim. She was not yet Roland Osprey." sure she could say yes; and so she was the last to advance toward the door. As she came slowly down the steps. Mc-Murty looked at her. He did not accost her with the word "bag," as usual. He merely pointed with his thumb to the of-

Angie hesitated: "I don't understand you." she said. "The master wants to spake to you, said McMurty.

"The master?" asked Angie. indicating the office door. "He thinks she has stolen something," said a girl, who had noticed this performance, to a new hand.

"Yes," said the other. "they found sewing silk, heaps of it, in Martha Croft's dress. We never saw her again—some steal, said the new girl.

"Oh, well, we get our scolding in the second pan of dirt whin he raised his office sometimes," replied the other hand. "Maybe she's spoiled a piece." Meanwhile Angie, not aware of deserv-

A tall, well-built figure, scrupulously That frog is no human frog-it's a child dressed and barbered, stood before the like these it has been part of our "busihis grandfather, the founder of the mills - | was made for man, he will be no authorold Roland Osprev-a life sized picture. in the old style, with columns, red curtains freedom of uttorance, were yet but acci-

> The present owner was like him.-Something like Angie's beau-ideal, too. She thought of this with a blush as she looked at him. "Sit down." he said, offering her a chair. "You forgive me for asking you

> notice of you-" "Indeed sir." said Angie. "You caught me looking at you sometimes," said Mr. Osprev. "I know you

did. What did you think?" "I was afraid you thought me slow, sir. I am a little." said Angie. was not thinking of your work, vancement of their interest, we would said Mr. Osprey, but of you. I've state that Sampson -the strong party - lived to be sig-and-thirty, Miss Muir, was the first man to advertise. He took without looking that way at any girl be-

Angie open her eyes in actonichment. "I confess I've tried not to," said Mr. Osprey. "My mother would like some-thing very different. I shall be very regime." I shall be very regime.

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fact, I begged you to stay, in order that I might make you an offer of my hand and heart. I certainly have a right to please myself, and every time I've seen

IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING

you for the last two years I've thought more of you." He paused. Angie kept quite still. Her thoughts overwhelmed her. She fancied that she must be dreaming. Was she really having an offer of marriage from he owner of the Osprey Mill? And just then he said exactly what Jim, the

blacksmith, had said that morning. "Will you marry me, Angie?" It was an undeniable offer. Perhaps no one could understand all that it meant to Angeline Muir, brought up in a mill country; taught to believe the mill owner the very greatest of living men. It was what an offer from a king would have been in a kingdom, if such a thing come

to one of the masses. She hardly dared say "No." She thought of her grandmother's delight in such a wonderful match; of all she could do for the old people, who would go to the poor house together, as it was, if she were ill a week; and she could only fal-

"Let me think." "I do not wish to hurry you," said Mr. Osprey, gently. He walked to the window and stood looking out. Something attracted his attention. He lifted the sash and spoke to McMurty, calling

him by name. "Send that fellow away. We don't want loungers about the mill," he said. He spoke in a tone of absolute contempt of the "fellow," whoever he might be. And Angeline, rising to her feet-why she could not have said—stole softly up behind him to the window. She looked with the master into the court-vard of the mill, and saw who it was that McMurty was preparing to send away. It was Jim, the blacksmith-not so tidy as when he went to the forge in the morning, though he had washed himself-Jim, big and black and red-a sort of specimen man of the people. And suddenly a truth was revealed to her. She could not stand beside this rich mun and see Jim ordered off the place. She could not look down in contempt on those who earned their bread by earnest labor. She was of them-she desired to be of them. Jim was more to her than this gentleman with his millions could ever be. She loved him.

"Is that man going?" asked Mr. Os-And then Angeline spoke very clear

"Mr. Osprey," she said, "I think that man-it's Jim, the blacksmith-is waiting for me. I promised to walk home with him. I-I am going to marry him. Mr. Osprey turned, his manner suddenly extremely cold, all his kindly sweetness gone. And who can wonder? "In that case I have my answer, I supose," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Angie. He stalked to the door and opened it. She passed through, drooping a little courtesy, and he threw himself into a chair before the fire, and muttered, under his breath, a word or two not in the catechism. He did not glance from the window.

Had he done so he would have seen Angie Pat McMurty had opened the door below, lift her calico skirt a little that she might run more rapidly after Jim, who was striding down the meadow path. He turned as she touched his arm.

"You are here, eh?" he said, rather give him her basket or satchel to examine; shake out her wrap, turn her packet office so long?" "Oh, Jim," said Angie, "you never will believe it. Such wonderful good

luck for a poor girl like me. He asked me to marry him." "What?" roared Jim. "To take all this," said Angie, pointa ement held that silk was a great temp- ing to the mill, "and all that,"—and she tation to young women. Angeline lin- waived her hand toward the will owner's

"And what did you say?" roared Jim. with a curious face and a clinched fist. "Well. Jim," said Angie, "I told him I meant to marry you.'

And so she gave him his answer. Changes in Style.

English for a quarter of a century past has been assimilating the phraseology of victorial art: for half a century the phraseology of the great German metaphysical "In there," said McMurty once more, movement of 80 years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology, and none but peasants will regret a great conscquent increase of its resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie "Do they do that?" queried the new | in the naturalization of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of a sensitive scholarship; in a liberal naturalization of the ideas of science, too, for after all the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter "Angie Muir don't look like one to to grapple with. The literary artist therefore will be well aware of physical science; science, too, attaining in its turn its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historio sense, he will be apt to restore not divil bless me," says I, 'if ye can't have ing censure, but expecting it, entered the roally absolute or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in useascertain, communicate, discover-words fireplace, over which hung the portrait of ness" to misuse. And still, as language ity for correctnesses, which, limiting to the northward. Taking Pat McLaugh- by way of background, and a large book | dents in their origin, as if one vowed not to say "its," which ought to have been in Shakespeare: "his" and "hers." for inanimate things, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like that. Racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily to come here, I hope. There seemed to with those long, savorsome Latin words. continued mining in Gold canyon, and to be no other way. I want to talk to you rich in "second intention." In this late alone. I've been taking a great deal of day certainly no critical process can be conducted reasonably without electicism. Of such colecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latim, of the phraseclogy of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Teany-

son; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout Ber First Journalist ... Had after office this morning. Second Journalist-Glad to had something bright in the off

All Always ends in smolth and in The eiger.