

LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

War Rumors Fewer and Less Alarming—
Squally Times Ahead For Bulgaria's
Prince—The Sultan Very Hard up.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—Europe has not troubled much about the war scare this week, chiefly because there has been an unusual lack of alarming rumors. An effort was made early in the week to elevate Monsieur Flourens's speech at Briançon to the place of dignity vacated by the Austro-Hungarian treaty squabble, but without much success, for it soon became evident that his blood and glory remarks were only to be regarded in a Pickwickian sense. The movements of Russian troops in frontier districts appear to have been stopped by the fearful weather which has prevailed throughout central Europe, and terrible reports have been in circulation respecting the sufferings of the wretched soldiers of the Czar. Tens of thousands of them are housed in miserable wooden shanties, which are not even snow proof.

There is again talk of a European conference for the purpose of finally settling little Prince Ferdinand's fate, but the probabilities point to an attempt at a speedier and ruder solution of the Bulgarian difficulty, which will not require to be prefaced by diplomatic solemnities. In England there is increasing belief that Lord Salisbury has succumbed to Bismarck's wiles, and has involved the country in responsibilities which Englishmen, in these degenerate days, are curiously shy of assuming. Under Secretary Ferguson has been closely questioned in the House of Commons, but has replied so ambiguously that an amendment to the address is to be moved, calling upon the Government to keep clear of foreign entanglements. Should the Liberals return to power or have their own way now, England will, in the event of a European war, play the safe, if not particularly dignified, part of looking on until the chief combatants are exhausted, and then stepping in and making an honest penny by the deal.

Turkey's financial difficulties are becoming worse every week. The Sultan has been urged to cut down diplomatic salaries, but as they have not been paid for months, the immediate saving appears somewhat shadowy. Herr Mauser, to whom his Majesty so blithely gave an order last month for 500,000 rifles of the newest designs, has supplied only 200 as samples, and declines to commence the stipulated delivery of 500 daily until he has received a substantial sum on account. The Sultan, it appears, has at present only about 175,000 men with the colors, but he consoles himself with the thought that in a few weeks he could have under arms 700,000 men, provided he could obtain weapons wherewith to arm them.

The reports from San Remo have fluctuated daily. According to the official bulletins the Crown Prince is progressing satisfactorily, but Europe refuses to believe poor Fritz is out of danger, when they see Sir Morell Mackenzie remaining in constant attendance, deaf to the entreaties of his hundreds of aristocratic patients in England to come back and look after them. As I write the news comes from San Remo that fresh and perplexing symptoms are beginning to appear, and that another and much more serious operation may be necessary. A pitiful story comes from Munich concerning Otto, the poor mad King of Bavaria. He is slowly dying, locked up in the solitary Castle of Furstenried, and the firm conviction of many Bavarian peasants is that Prince Luitpold, the Regent who, they vow, killed their mad King's mad brother and predecessor, Ludwig, is now slowly killing the present King, after whose death the throne will revert to Prince Luitpold's family. Be that romantic part of the story as it may, it is certain that the troubles of the poor young King will soon be ended. He has abandoned his favorite pastime of peeling potatoes, and passes his days at the window of the castle, slapping his hands against the glass, unconscious of what is going on about him. Frequently the unhappy King, alarmed at some fancy of his shattered brain, crouches down in some dark corner and remains hidden for days at a time. Several times the Queen mother, Marie of Prussia, has asked to see him, but the doctors would not allow it. Finally a few days ago permission was granted, and she arrived at the castle with an attendant of the palace and the doctor. Her son failed to recognize her, and when she seized his hands, saying "Otto, Otto! Erkennst du mich nicht?" the poor King began to cry, then gesticulated wildly, and presently ran away to hide, but without a sign of recognition. The mother returned disconsolate to Munich, and will probably never again see her son alive.

Tea-Drinking and Nervous Disorders.

Tea has a powerful action on the nervous system of some individuals. Dr. Buihard, of Boston, believes that it may produce a chronic poisoning of the nervous centres, shown in increased excitability, due partly to direct action of the alkaloid on the nervous matter, and also indirectly by the production of gastric derangement. Taken, therefore, too frequently, even in moderate doses, it places the nervous system in a condition of greater vulnerability to slight external influences, and favours the development of functional neuroses, or helps to render them permanent. Whilst there is no evidence to show that tea causes organic changes in the nervous tissues, yet, if such exist, tea may readily aggravate some of the symptoms. Tea may act as an important factor in the causation of neuralgia, hysteria, and allied affections. When taken constantly in large doses, dyspepsia usually supervenes before irreparable harm is done to the nervous system. In hemicrania, and possibly some other functional neuroses, there is probably a craving for some stimulant, and tea is better than other equally accessible articles, and so it happens that many sufferers from megrim are great tea-drinkers. —Lancet.

Among the gifts to the Prince of Wales, on his silver wedding anniversary, were a box of games containing gold do minoes, the spots marked with precious stones; playing cards of silk, painted by famous artists, and a set of gold and silver chessmen.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

AN ALGOMA TRAGEDY.

I remember that during that afternoon the sky clouded up rapidly, and a bitterly cold snow storm set in from the east. How it must have swept along that desolate shore, driving the snow right into the face of the belated traveller!

Poor fellow, he had started out to walk to a village nearly twenty miles off, and intended to return on the third day. The weather was clear and mild when he set off in the forenoon, and he thought he could easily reach his destination before dark. There were so many hills on the inland road that he resolved to follow the mail courier's route over the ice along the lake shore. It was a lonely journey in winter, for there was not a single house on the way. A good deal of snow had fallen the week before, the courier's track was not well broken, and the walking was bad. Then his heavy overcoat impeded him. So when early in the afternoon he met the old courier in his dog-sleigh, as the weather still promised fair, he sent his burdomeous overcoat back with him. The hardy veteran of many Algoma winters predicted a storm, and warned his young acquaintance of the danger. But, strong and light hearted, he laughed good-naturedly at the old man's fears, and so struck out again refreshed, walking vigorously eastward. Late the next day the search party found him, and oh, the pity of it!

When the storm came down he was still several miles from the village, and he hurried on. How he missed his good overcoat now? He had pulled down his cap over his ears and buttoned up his undercoat to his chin, but the fierce cold wind chilled him through and through. The courier's track gradually filled up with the drift. The air was thick with the whirling snow, and he could not make out clearly the outlines of the hills near the shore or of the larger islands in the channel that had previously been his land-marks.

Soon a strange new feeling, vague and horrible, began to grow on him. He tried to repress it, to think of something else, to shake it off by walking faster, even by running wildly on in the direction he thought he should go! But in vain. The horrible thought could not be restrained. It came upon him like a stunning blow. He was lost, lost, lost! and in the agony of that thought he stopped abruptly and groaned aloud. When the first wild spasm had passed he looked about him. How cold and cruel it all seemed, this wilderness of ice and snow! The locality was all strange to him, and unfamiliar, though he was sure he must have passed this way in his boat many times during the summer.

Summer! Had there ever been any summer in this dreary place, and would there ever come another to it and to him? Or was this terrible present only a wild and fearful dream from which he would soon awake to kiss the face of his sleeping wife with a very rapture of tender gladness that he was still living and in the same world with her? And his two little ones! Surely it could not be that he was never to see them any more. Why, when he got back home he knew they would run to him, and ask to be taken on his knee before he had rightly sat down. True, the baby could but just toddle along, but how glad the little fellow would be to see him again! Then he had soft blue eyes and red cheeks, and looked just like his mother.

Alas, alas! this so happy past to the poor traveller was now but a dream, and there was only a shuddering hope in the wakening. The storm was blowing more fiercely than ever, and the cold seemed to have become more intense. When the sad, brief reverie had ended, he shivered violently as he began to walk slowly and aimlessly on through the deepening snow.

Then he noticed that the early dusk of a winter evening was already coming on. A sudden energy seized him—an energy of desperation. If his life could yet be saved it was only during daylight. When night had once set in the last hope would be gone. He knew not what direction he should take, but he knew that his only chance was to go on. He was quite calm and determined now. Peering through the dusk and the blinding snow he saw to the right the dark shade of the woods on the main shore. Suddenly he remembered an old road that ran up from the lake somewhere here, through the woods and far on to an outlying settler's house. He turned in the direction in which he thought this road lay, half running in the eagerness which the new fluttering hope had inspired. If only he could once more get home to his wife and children! Ah, how the thought of it stirred him unutterably!

But it was almost dark when he reached the shore. He felt himself growing weak now. His feet began to drag more and more with cold and bewilderment. It was so hard, plunging, staggering through the deep snow. Soon he stopped for a moment and leaned up against a tree to rest. Then his knees began to tremble and he felt himself sinking, sinking. But he drew himself up with a jerk and struggled on. He had only taken a few steps when he tripped on a dead branch, stumbled and fell forward in the snow. Ah, it was not so cold after all! He would rest just a minute here before going on. . . . How pleasant it was only to lie still for a while! The snow was warm and soft and comfortable, and he was very weary. . . . No, he could not give up yet. . . . He would go back home now, it surely was not far and Mary and the children were waiting for him. . . . He would rise soon, and try once more to find the way. Yes, it was cold again, so cold! and the tree-tops clashed and rattled and groaned with the wind. . . .

Towards morning the storm gradually died away, the clouds dispersed, and the sun rose clear on a world of snow. There was snow everywhere. It lay dazzling white on the vast ice plains of the channel, here and there piled up in heaps and banks by the swirling blizzard. It had blown and drifted into the clefts and chasms of the great granite hills that stretched far along the North Shore, smoothing and softening their rugged outlines.

There were no drifts in the pine woods through which the lost traveller had wandered, but the snow had filled them deep, deep everywhere. Little remained on the dark green branches—the wind had swayed them too violently for that.

And now that the strife and fury of the storm had quite passed a great stillness had settled down upon the woods, pervading all its sombre depths. It seemed the silence of finality, of completion. At first the influence of the place was not positively melancholy, only subduing and quieting.

And yet one drearily wondered if the world had ever been any different, or would ever be any different from what it was then. There seemed to be no place for change, no hope for spring, no memory of summer. It was as if the solemn voice of Nature had cried "Hush!" ages ago, and not even a twig had fallen since to break the awful stillness.

At times one is conscious of a companionship in trees, even a friendship and consolation. But the possibility of sympathy and communion had gone out of this forest forever. Human life with all its vicissitudes, its tenderness and its tears, was a thing outside of it all, unrelated, utterly remote. The great trunks of the towering pines oppressed the spirit, overwhelmed it with the sublimity of their indifference; their dark gloomy branches might have been funeral palls.

Into the solemn stillness of that afternoon there came a party of men on snowshoes, searching in the woods for some trace of the missing traveller. Their pallid solemn faces showed how serious was their errand. Hardy fellows most of them were, long familiar with dangers on water and on land. They had been on such expeditions before, and their experience made them realize more terribly the pity of it all. Lost in the snow. The words are a prayer for the dead with the people of that region.

Slowly they move on over the yielding snow. There! that surely was a signal shout from one of the party. All the others hurried to him. Tracks in the snow? Holes rather, once deep down but now half-filled and obliterated. What a struggle there must have been here in the darkness and the storm! For the snow was nearly three feet deep all through the woods. And in a hollow a little farther on they saw where the poor wanderer had sunk deeper, plunging up to his arm-pits in the cruel snow. The men looked at each other for a moment and then hurried forward. They said but little, and their voices were softened and tremulous with a great fear. For a time the tracks led nearly straight ahead. Then they swerved here and there, wandering soon in a sad irregular zigzag among the dreary trees. A terrible expectation was upon the searchers. They knew how it must end.

And so at last they found him, half-covered by the drift where he had fallen. No tears wet their cheeks for him, but one of them said quietly, "Poor fellow!" and a tender pity filled all their eyes. Sorrowfully, reverently they carried the body to the nearest settler's house, and from there it was taken soon afterward to the lonely home.

The tragic story spread far and fast through the district, and on the funeral day the settlers came from many miles to give their silent sympathy to the stricken wife.

And now to her forever the solemn grandeur of the pine woods is a bitter mockery, a shuddering remembrance; cruelly the winter storm shrieks like a pitiless destroyer, and the white snow seems but a frozen shroud.

A. STEVENSON.

The Bengalees.

The political agitation which has sprung up in India is drawing to the side of the British some powerful allies amongst the more conservative races of that ancient land. The Bengalees are the active fomenters of the agitation and the leaders in the demand for a more influential voice in the government of the country. The Bengalees are the most intelligent, acute, and intellectually active of the Indian races, but they belong to the lower castes, are comparatively unwarlike, and, until raised to unwonted influence and importance by the new education, were regarded as inferior to the warlike Mahomedans, Rajpoots, etc., by whom they are still hated and despised. In a lecture recently delivered to Mahomedans at Lucknow, Sir Syed Ahmed, one of the most influential Mahomedans in India, repudiated on behalf of the whole community his representations, the proposal to throw open all appointments to native competition. Recognizing the inferiority of his own people in both numbers and education, he pointed out to them that the result of competitive examination would be to place the most warlike and fiery spirits in India under the heel of the Bengalee Baboo, "who at the sight of a table-knife would crawl under a chair. There would be no part of the country," he declared, "where we should see at the tables of justice and authority any faces but those of Bengalees." It is quite natural that the rapid rise of this intelligent and quick-witted race should have at last aroused the jealousy and indignation of the more masterful tribes, his former conquerors, and that these should hasten to denounce him as an inferior. But none the less the agitation will go on, and the old-time warriors will have to learn that a new order of things has dawned, that brains henceforth will count before blood, and that they had better set the schoolmaster at work if they do not wish to come eventually under the official control of the low castes they have hitherto despised.

Russia in Central Asia.

While Russia is making so much stir in Poland, she does not intermit the business of constructing military railroads in Turkestan. She is now running trains across the Amu Daria or Oxus, the great bridge at Charjui having been completed and opened for travel since the beginning of this year. This gives her a continuous railroad route from Michaelovsk, on the east shore of the Caspian, through Kizil Arvat, Askabad, Merv and Charjui, and soon the road will be pushed through Bokhara and Samarcand to Tashkend. With the railroad to Baku, on the west side of the Caspian, and the connecting boats on the sea, there is already steam communication from St. Petersburg beyond the Oxus. The value of this line for rapid military concentration on the Afghan frontier cannot be overestimated.

Mercury Frozen Four Days.

Trempealeau County is still the banner county of the North West. For the past fifteen days the thermometer has ranged from 10 to 58 degrees below zero. Four mornings in that time the mercury has congealed in every thermometer in the village, and last Saturday morning at 6 o'clock the spirit thermometer indicated 53 below.

Friend to (plaintiff)—"Well, I see you won your suit. I congratulate you." Plaintiff—"Thanks. Yes, I beat the scoundrel." Same friend (to defendant)—"I'm sorry to hear you lost your suit, old man?" Defendant—"Yes, the scoundrel beat me."

A California Panther.

John M. Gannon and Frank Murray have returned from a hunt of big game in Mendocino county, Cal. As Mr. Gannon's right arm is in a sling and Mr. Murray is all done up in sticking-plaster, it is supposed that they found what they were looking for. They intended to hunt about two weeks and slay large numbers of deer, but they got only one deer, a coyote and a few jack-rabbits, and they remained only two days.

It was on the second day that the panther, also looking for big game, got them. He sprang out from the brush and knocked Mr. Gannon down without giving him a chance to shoot. Mr. Murray then knocked the panther down with the butt of his rifle and trouble ensued. The panther got up and tackled Murray, and they rolled about so fast and were so promiscuous that Gannon did not dare to shoot. He danced around, looking for an opening, while Murray howled and the panther yelled and clawed. Murray's clothes lasted about a minute, and then patches of skin and shreds of flesh began to fly. Gannon drew his sheath knife, and lunged at the panther whenever he got a chance, giving him several digs that increased his discomfort and his ill-temper. Murray and the animal rolled down a bank, both of them covered with blood, and when nearly at the bottom the panther suddenly infused more pathos into his screeching and stopped rolling. His grip relaxed for an instant, and Murray wiggled out of the bloody embrace and tumbled into the creek. A sharp root projecting from the bank had impaled the panther through the loins, and he was stuck fast. There was danger that he would free himself in a moment and renew hostilities, and Gannon promptly threw himself upon the struggling beast and stuck the knife into his vitals a few times.

Murray was about used up and Gannon had a broken arm. They crawled over to Kern's ranch, where their wounds were dressed. The next day some of Kern's men hauled up the dead panther, and took off a hide that measured six feet three and a half inches from point of nose to tip of tail.

Students and Czar.

Last year the Czar of all the Russias promulgated an edict, known as the University Statute, for the government of the various universities within his dominions. About 200 of them met in the old university, nearly 500 more being outside; but the police interfered and broke in, shutting the outer gate after them and wounding several of the students in the head for trying to prevent them. A detachment of Cossacks in the meantime surrounded the university yard, where they seemed to have amused themselves by wantonly lashing the students with the cruel knouts that form the batons of the Russian police.

On the 7th of December another meeting of the students was called, which was also broken up by the military, a Cossack regiment charging down on them with lances in rest and evidently meaning mischief. It was useless to attempt to hold a meeting in the university, and the intention was abandoned accordingly. But a meeting of more than 1,000 students was eventually held in the Strastnoj Boulevard, the following account of which is given by a London Times correspondent:

A deputation of lady students presented an address of encouragement and sympathy. It was read amid cheers and loud applause. At this very moment, however, a detachment of mounted gendarmes came up at a sharp trot, surrounding the crowd on every side, and rushed on the unarmed students, using fists and sabres furiously. Before long the policemen and gendarmes were joined by dvorniks, butcher boys and the like. Resistance became impossible and the students dispersed in all directions. The ground being frozen and slippery, many of them stumbled and fell down, and while on the ground were fiercely beaten and trampled upon by policemen and dvorniks. At the Strastnoj monastery the police managed to cut off the retreat of the fugitives and pin them to the high walls of the monastery and the punishment went on worse than ever. Many fell exhausted and senseless; two were beaten to death. A great many of the lady students were thrown down and injured. At last some of the students succeeded in finding shelter in private houses, others ran through the streets and were followed and beaten by the infuriated police. Even in remote parts of the city the students were not safe from assault. A student, N., was beaten by two dvorniks in sight of two constables. Mr. N. asked their help, but they would not interfere. He fell down senseless, and when he came to himself was being driven in a cab with a gorosavoy to prison. There were many similar incidents. Some men went home with broken fingers, others with broken ribs, wounded etc. Five students were killed. After this day's work students were arrested everywhere—in the streets, in private houses, and at home. Those who were badly injured were mostly taken into custody and stowed away in some prison in order to shut their mouths and prevent the truth from becoming known. Several hundreds were exiled at once. As soon as Professor Sklefasovskiy—one of the best operating surgeons in Moscow—heard what had happened, he sent his assistants to the different homes of the injured students, but it was too late. They were all prisoners of the Czar.

No doubt many of the unfortunate prisoners have been hurried into exile, possibly into Siberia. No satisfaction, at all events could be obtained by any of their friends or comrades, and it even became dangerous to press the authorities with questions. The fears of Nihilism are of course the motive cause for such deeds of violence; but no fears can palliate such deeds in the eyes of British freemen.

The man in the moon must have had an uncomfortable time of it last night of the eclipse. According to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, Prof. Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, has been able, with the aid of a delicate little instrument called a bolometer, to measure the temperature of our satellite; and has found that in winter it is in the neighbourhood of 200 degrees below zero. He has also found that during a total eclipse the temperature of the moon rapidly falls as the earth's shadow passes over it, the sun's rays being shut out and there being no atmosphere to prevent radiation. The gentleman who dwells in the moon, therefore, must have experienced a cold wave on that day, and probably spoke of the earth in terms the reverse of complimentary.

DEATH OF A PIRATE KING.

He was a Terrible Fellow, Wicked and Big, with a Voice Like Thunder.

A vessel just arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu brings news of the death of a man whose history is as thrilling as that of any pirate king of yellow-covered literature. Twenty-five years ago he was a pirate king as brave and as wicked as pirate kings always are. Since then he has been a hermit.

In the days of his wickedness and power he commanded a vessel called the Red Cloud, staunch, unusually fast and furnished with powerful guns. Periodically this armoured craft disappeared from the sea, and in her place would come another, all in sombre black, and named the Black Cloud. This piece of theatrical effect, which cost nothing more than a little paint, had its expected influence upon the superstitious minds of the sailors who were sometimes sent in pursuit of the vessel. Most of them fully believed that there was something uncanny about the craft, and that her Captain had supernatural help. In those days he was the terror of the South Pacific seas, and the British Government set a big price upon his head. Hundreds of attempts were made to capture him by fair fight and by traps, and by every means that could be devised. But he eluded all the traps, came out victorious in all the fights, and in every case sailed away with the traditional scornful laugh of the pirate king. He had a Spanish name which nobody remembers now, and he was supposed to belong to that nationality, although he spoke Spanish, English, French, and German all with equal fluency. At last a young English nobleman, loving adventure and desirous of the reward, undertook to capture him. After cruising around in the Pacific for some time he came, late one afternoon, directly upon the Red Cloud. The buccaneer spoke the Englishman, asking where she was bound and what she had on board. The reply was that they were looking for the pirate, that they knew they were talking to him, and that he had better give himself up at once. In an instant bright lights appeared all over the Red Cloud, and her Captain answered in good English. "I will see you in hell first!" Then a cannon ball whizzed through the air, but it was aimed too high and passed above the vessel. "I will see you there," shouted back the Englishman, and a broadside from his guns aimed low, sent the Red Cloud to the bottom of the sea.

But the buccaneer escaped, and not long afterward he and two of his crew appeared in a rowboat on the barren island of Molokini, which is near the East Maui Islands of the Hawaiian group. It is a small, barren rocky place, uninhabited. There his two companions even left him, and there he lived alone for twenty-five years. Since his landing there he was called only Morrotinee, the native name for the island. A sailor who has been going to and fro from the Sandwich Islands for ten or twelve years, learned all he could about Morrotinee, and says that he was much liked and feared by the natives. They carried to him all the delicacies to be found in the kingdom, and enabled him to live a life of ease and luxury. They said he was a tall man, big and commanding, with a voice like thunder—so powerful that they firmly believed he could cause the wind to rise or the waters to subside. They would not allow white men to go near the island if they could help it, probably because they had been so commanded by him, and when he died they buried him near the place where he had lived, with much mourning over his departure.

Egyptian Types.

Here is a string of camels with their heads aloft above the crowd, moving with soft step and long stride as they carry bags of spice that have come from the distant Sudan. Here is a rich official with his reins running in front and his pipe bearer behind. Here comes a lady of rank, perched high on her padded saddle, riding stride legs, and except for the large eyes that glance from the Kohl-tinted eyelids above the white veil, and the little henna-stained hands that hold the reins, she might be taken for a babe of silk. Peasant women hurry along with veils hung by a kind of thimble to their headgear, their lithe forms thinly draped in the long bathing gown sort of dress of blue cotton, and carrying astride on their shoulders their little naked children, with weak eyes and grave faces. There comes a Bedawee on his hardy horse, that frets under the cruel bit, the saddle richly caparisoned, and the stirrups broad and coarse as iron shovels. And here, with many a stroke on the tough quarters of the long eared donkey he drives before him, comes the donkey-boy shouting his "Ruach"—"Shemenuck." "Regluk"—as he steers some large Englishman, who sits perched over the quarters of the "Homar." Crowds there are of brown-legged, brown-bosomed laborers, wearing the kind of gray felt cap which we see on clowns in the circus at home; and water-carriers flounder past, bearing the bursting skins that palpitate and surge with their liquid contents; and sellers of bread, carrying flat cakes on a tray on their heads; and sellers of swords, bristling with steel, like moving stands of armour; and then the beggars—blind, halt, and deformed—such as Raphael introduced into some of his pictures, but to be seen in the flesh only in an Oriental city. Ophthalmia is so common in Egypt that weak eyes are the rule, not the exception, and total blindness very common. In no cases, however, are bad eyes so distressing to witness as in the little children. Mere infants carry swarms of flies settled in the corner of their eyes, and no attempt is made to remove them, so that at first when you see them with such grave and patient little faces it is difficult to restrain the impulse to rush to the rescue of the sufferers and have one good "wipe out" of the irritating pests that infest them.

A Unique Election.

A unique election recently occurred in a small community in Germany. The vote was taken to decide who was the "best man" in the community. Only one man, a shoemaker, voted, and as he voted for himself, he was declared to be unanimously elected to the position of best man in the municipality.

Mistress and Maid—"Where have you been, Jane?" "I've been to a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society, ma'am." "Well, and what did the lady say to you?" "Please, ma'am, she said I wasn't to give you warning, as I meant to. She said I was to look upon you as my thorn—and bear it!"