downer to the total of Col. Medland.

THE REPORT AND PERSONS ASSESSMENT

## VOL. I.

LOVE AT SEA. Foam-crested waves, from morn to night,
That met all round the deep blue sky,
With here and there a sall in sight,
Which came, then vanished to the eye.

Our glittering wake shone far behind, A path of sliver reaching back; With shrill voice sang the salt sea wind; The petrel hovering in our track.

Linked arm in arm, when skies were fair, We trod the deck with thoughtless aim, Or sometimes, Idly seated there, Watched the fair sails which went and came

O\*, gazing down along the deep, We marked the long, dark indolent swells, And saw the bounding porpolse leap, And heard on board the half-hour bells,

Oh! what to us was Time's swift flight— Or Time itself, beyond a name? Oh! what to us the noon or night,

For love possessed our souls, and drew For love possessed our souls, and drew
His rosy veil before our eyes,
And, steeped in bliss, our souls looked
through
The open gates of Paradise.

Left far behind the new world lay; Dim, distant, shadowy, and vast, The old world rose before our way, Replete with records of the past.

What time fair Hesperus, rising, gleamed In crimson deeps where sank the breeze, The red sun from the far west seemed To drop into the purple seas.

And on the farthest verge of night Rose the full moon, like some pale nun, Her face all wet with tears, and white, When the sweet vesper hymn is done.

Or sailing on from high to higher, By skirts of silver shining clouds, She seemed at times a ball of fire, That struggled in the tall dark shrouds.

On our side, spanned with quivering light, The phosphorescent ocean lay, And on the other, lost to sight, The shadowy waves stretched far away.

And sometimes, like a silent ghost,
Dim outlined on the dark night sky,
Some fair ship, from a foreign coast
In distant seas would pass us by.

Oh! soft, still night; oh! calm, rich days,
To which my thoughts like currents bend,
In whose bright wake my fancy plays,
There is no voyage but hath its end.

One morn I woke to seent the breeze That over English downs had swept; And round our prow in sluggish ease The waters of the Mersey slept.

## WHY LUCY ELLEN DID NOT MARRY.

single as merried; there's two sides ter every thing; according to my thinking, I'd as soon be single and my own mistress, as like Miss Hollyhock, who's always a-lugging round a baby in one hand and a-doing of the work with t'other; or like Miss Smilax—you've heern tell of young Smilax, how awful sweet he was on her while they were acourting? Law, bless you, how naturs do change after gitting themselves merried: 'twasn't more'n a fortnight afore he changed his tune; she'd no more durst ask him for sixpence than you durst put your head into a lion's mouth. To be sure, it's different with a man ; if he don't marry, who's ter mend and make for him? Who's ter coddle him was asked, I'd jest advise all the men to marry, and all the women to stay single. However, that's nothing ter do with sure she's took my advice, but no credit to her, no more than if she'd took the varyou've heerd of her gran'ther, Elder Marigold? The folks set a heap by the elder hereabouts, though he was the outspokenest man that ever preached; for instance, there was Deacon Thrift, used to live out on the turnpike; the deacon was mighty close-fisted, you see, and some folks went for ter say that it was worse'n that. However, the elder got wind of how the deacon hed sold six foot of wood to Widder Hood for a good cord, and the next Sabbath the elder he gits up in the pulpit and preaches about the widder and the fatherless-though mercy knows Mrs. Hood hedn't no children, and was a sight better off than that wasn't no kind of reason why she should be cheated out of her eye-teeth, which they were false; and so the elder he goes for ter say—a-leaning way out over the pulpit-cushing and pointing fust ter one place and then to another— "I don't care who it is, or where he sits -whether in the gallery or in the body of the meeting-house, or in the deacons' and, the man that 'll sell six foot of wood for a good cord is worthy of fire and brimstone, and I'm afcerd be'll git his deserts." I've heard as how the dea-

only the elder was her gran'ther, and as

likely a man as ever give out a psalm; however, she didn't inherit nothing

from him, except a yoke of steers and some farming stuff. The fact was, the

Marigolds might hev been somebodies instead of nobodies and nothings, if Marsh Marigold hedn't merried as he

did, instead of merrying as he ought to hev done, though it don't become me to

could make 'em. Wa'al, you see, Marsh

many's the times I've laughed till I hed

a stitch in my side to hear old Dr. Heartsease tell about them highsterics of hers. You see one day she was took

about having-time, and there was plenty ter do, and she wanted ter shirk it and go off visiting her own folks and leave Tildy ter do the work, and she knew Marsh would send her if he thought she was poorly; so away she goes working herself into a highsteric, or convulsion or something, jost as well as she knew how ter manufactur 'em; and she did know better'n most folks, for she'd been with a woman who'd hed 'em real. So Marsh he saddles up old Flyaway and the calling of his cases, and clip over to Marigold's place, and hev a chat along with Lucy Ellen in the best parlor, that always made you sneeze ter go inter it, or out in the porch, where she was mostly sitting, sewing like a lady in her muslin gowns, and curls, and necklaces, and whatnots that the other young fellows hed given her. Oh, I tell you, he was that much in love with her that the Marigolds thought it was a sure thing—though he'd never said nothing in parlor in the best parlor, that always made you sneeze ter go inter it, or out in the porch, where she was mostly sitting, sewing like a lady in her muslin gowns, and curls, and necklaces, and whatnots that the other young fellows hed given her. Oh, I tell you, he was that much in love with her that the Marigolds thought it was a sure thing—though he delice. Marsh he saddles up old Flyaway and brings Dr. Heartsease, and the doctor he takes a pinch of snuff deliberate like, and looks at her tongue, and feels her pulse, and finds out as how she's a-play-

ing 'possum the worst kind; and says he to Tildy, says he,
"Jest bring me up a big pitcher of b'iling water-of b'iling water; b'iling hot, remember-and a tin tunnel!"

hot, remember—and a tin tunnel!"

"Whatever in the world are you going for ter do, dector?" says Tildy.

"Never you mind, Tildy," says he.

"I'm going ter cure her up; you jest run and bring me a big pitcher of b'iling hot water and a tin tunnel."

Then, while Tildy was gone for 'em, says he ter the patient: "Now, Miss Marigold, if you don't come out of that there fit of yourn" (and he spoke mighty stern like,) "my treatment is, in such cases, ter pour the b'iling hot water down the patient's throat through the down the patient's throat through the tin tunnel." And, bless you, she come right out of it afore the b'iling water and the tin tunnel got up stairs.

"I feel better now," says she; "but ain't that rather severe treatment, doc-tor?" for, you see, she believed he meant to do it.

"In severe cases," says he, " we use severe measures;" and then he took another pinch of snuff and said good-by, and Marsh sent her over to see her folks that afternoon for fear she'd hev a re-lapse. You see, Lucy Ellen hedn't no chance ter grow up as she'd oughter; since she was a child she heerd her mother act out, and tell all sort of white fibs—such as how Marsh wanted her ter hev help, and she herself wouldn't hear to it, por be bothered with a tervant about the house, a-putting their fingers inter the jam, and a-stealing of the clothes off one's back, when Lucy Ellen hed heerd her father say that he couldn't afford it noway; and how Mr. Marigold wanted her to hev a Leghorn bonnet and French flowers, but, for her part, she thought it would be a wicked folly when so many heathen hedn't any thing but a fig leaf, when Marsh hed only said that she might hev her old straw whitened and pressed over, and Lucy knew that the heathen'd never git any WHY LUCY ELLEN DID NOT MARRY.

knew that the heathen d never git any thing better if they looked ter her; and then she'd tell how Marsh wanted ter buy another horse, when Lucy knew he hed ter sell Flyaway to pay off part of a mortgage. Oh, I tell you, they were the greatest cases for stretching of the stocking out of all kind of shape, so you'd hardly hev know'd what it was in the first place, and, of course, Lucy she will be goes and buys the andsomes part of sixes, the color of the lilock bushes, and all perfumed up, and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty, innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips to Shopville, by herself, and gits a pair of sevens; and when he comes ter walk ter meeting with her next Sunday, says the single part of a sixes, the color of the lilock bushes, and all perfumed up, and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty, innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips to Shopville, by herself, and gits a pair of sevens; and when he comes ter walk ter meeting with her next Sunday, says she, smiling up at him sweet as musk:

"I shall never put on my beautiful Ellen got ter be a chip of the old block. When she and her mother 'd got up their bonnets all by theirselves, they'd make folks think they'd bought 'em over ter Shopville, and all that sort of deceit.

They used ter make as though they hed

blushes, and her airs and graces; they'd es of her folly. Perhaps she keeps 'em 'a kissed the ground she walked on, but as a kind of reminder of her sins—as she jest amused herself, and then flung em over, as her mother did afore her. up, and flatter and encourage him like? And she was a pretty piece, for all her who's ter help him put the best foot forward, when things kind of hitch? If I sight higher than any of the neighbors wouldn't hev no idee of without em. Now if Lucy Ellen hed merried Mr. sons. Bless you, I doubt if there was a match ter please her in all the country round, she hed such a mind ter be a fine Lucy Ellen, that I see on, though ter be lady, and not bring the water ter wash all her days, she'd 'a gone on deceiving her hands; she thought it was down- and making believe to the end of the right vulgar ter work for your living, chapter, without ever seeing the harm or ter be seen doing it; and you might or seeing what she was a doing of; but know when the Marigolds was house- one day comes along this here disapor ter be seen doing it; and you might know when the Marigolds was house-cleaning, for there wasn't a blind left popen; and washing-days you might have pulled at the bell till all was blue afore you'd raised any body, and they hung their clothes in the attic.

But the seen doing it; and you might one day comes along this here disappointment, and sort of stirs the soul up, and sets it ter wondering what it's all for; and she goes to thinking and reflecting about herself, and the upshot is that Lucy Ellen Marigold isn't the But one day she got her comeupance, You see, every spring the court comes time she set eyes on Mr. Barrister. You down here, and a heap of lawyers along with it-line-looking gentlemen, with kid gloves, on their hands, and a lot of notions in their heads, and bags full of papers and things. Wa'al, one morning there comes a young Mr. Barrister along mercy knows Mrs. Hood hedn't no children, and was a sight better off than the deacon and elder put together; but of persons ter look ter. The moment he in, without a thought of doing anything clapped his eyes on Lucy Enter took lost man. Law sakes, the pains he took ter git interduced to her! I heerd tell rolled up over her white round arms, with her cheeks hke twin roses, eyes like with her cheeks hke twin roses, eyes like dapped his eyes on Lucy Etlen he was a unhandsome, or peeking where he wasn't and his clients was mighty cut up. Lucy Ellen, she always seemed

upon the principle that the more bother she put a feller ter the better he'd like her for it; and I guess she hed the rights still for a full minute, drinking in the of it. So she bung back like sixty, and jest flirted with him all across the courtroom, and on the street with her eyes, till, by-and-by, he cornered her one day, and got downright acquainted. It was con made restitoction: but that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen as I know of, all along of her being run away with by young Reuben Fleet's pony. You see, he was a-taking ber out ter drive, and jest got out ter the post-office for half a minute, when whisk! off went the pony like mad. Mr. Barrister, he was jest a-coming out of the court-house with a witness, and he seed his chance, and "went for that heathen Chines" of a pony, and stopped him jest as Loucy Ellen was on the pint of losing her senses and being throwed out of the carriage. Marsh, you see, was named after his mother's family—the Marshes over the river yonder; they were fust cousins ter the Swamps and the Boggs, rich as mud Wa'al, of course, after that they couldn't stand on ceremony no more; he'd saved her life, and sprained his own arm, and nothing ter do but he must come up to Pa Marigold's and be made much of,and the spoiled it all by going and merrying the slackest piece of flesh and blood that ever handled a broom, jest because she hed a pretty face on ter her. Goodness, Lucy Ellen bound up his arm in cold baths as tender as a sweetheart; and every day he hed ter go and report him-self till the arm get all right. And then, after they'd got him into training, he went of his own will, jest like a piece of

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871.

very bad in one; the fact was, it was tween the calling of his cases, and clip though he'd never said nothing in particular; and I heerd tell as how Miss Marigold hed begun to stone the raisins for the wedding-cake, and looked at Swiss muslins and delusion lace over to Shopville. But there's many a hele Shopville. But there's many a hole in the skimmer, and one of 'em was big enough for Lucy Ellen's beau ter slip through. It was enough ter make your heart big with envy and wish yourself young agin, with a blush in your cheek, and a fortune in your cheek, and a fortune in your cheek. young agin, with a blush in your check, and a fortune in your eyes, to see her and Mr. Barrister together, a-walking to meeting, and a-lditering along the way, and a-hanging over the gate in the twilights, and a-sailing off at sunset on the river. Wa'al, we can't be young but onst. How he used ter look at her, with his soul in them great eyes of his'n, and every word she said was law and gospel to his ears. Them was haveless for Luce. to his ears. Them was heydays for Lucy Ellen, and they might hev lapped over ter this time if she'd hed a proper res-pect for the truth, and not a tried to deceive and hoodwink him as was honest as daylight with her, and would have thought all the better of her for being capable and doing her duty. But there, it was the way she was brought up: "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It was second natur for her ter make bewas second natur for her ter make believe, and I don't know as she could help
it, no more'n she could help looking like
an apple blossom. Dear, dear! how
every body was a-talking about what a
handsome couple they'd be, and what a
match it was for Lucy Ellen, and a-looking forward to the wedding fixings, and ter dreaming on the wedding-cake, and a-planning it all out for her, as folks do! He used ter bring her books of verses, and read 'em sitting on the door-step at

Lucy Ellen's feet, and she thinking of goodness knows what, for I doubt if she understood a word of 'em, though she made believe mighty natural and pretty: she knew how.

One day when he drove her over to Shopville, he asked what number of glove

she wore.

"The last pair I bought," said she,
"was sixes." And so they were. They'd
got by mistake, you see, in among the
sevens, and she'd hed to sell'em ter Hitty
Haven for half price. So Mr. Barrister,
he goes and buys the handsomest pair of sixes, the color of the lilock bushes, and all perfumed up, and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty, innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips "I shall never put on my beautiful

gloves, Mr. Barrister, without thinking of you. "I wish they might last forever, then," said he. And I'll be bound that Lucy Ellen's heart gave a great thrill of plum-cake for tea regular, and Damson pain and delight, jest as mine did when preserves was common as dirt, and her father— But there, that's nothing to green tea was a drug, and loaf-sugar no do with Lucy Ellen, only I'll be bound great shakes. But, gracions, you she thought he was going for to say couldn't hev got the young fellows ter believe a word of it ag'in Lucy Ellen; she'd jest bewitched 'em out of their senses with her brown eyes and her her brown eyes an penance, you know-though, goodnes knows, she's suffered for 'em. Wa'al, I

Barrister, and things hed gone on smooth, and she'd 'a lived in grandeur same girl to-day that she was the last see the term of court was drawing ter a close, and Mr. Barrister be was as deep in love as ever, when, the last day, he went over to Marigold's place, round by Farmer Knowles's cider mill, and up the lane where the wild roses grew, that led jewels, stood Lucy Ellen, ironing away ter go the week's washing for dear life, and bother humming a love-song. Of course she didn't see him, though he stood stockloveliness and the deftness of her. Then

> Marigold herself opened it, smiling like summer. "Wouldn't Mr. Barrister walk in? Sc glad to see him." Mr. Barrister went in, heart as light as a feather, and his mind made up, I don't doubt, to ask Lucy Ellen to be

he walked around to the fore-door and

pulled the bell. There was some delay

in answering of the door, and then Miss

"Can I see Miss Lucy?" said be. "Ahen." said she, a-coloring and clearing his threat, "Lucy Ellen will be in precently, I guesa; she stepped out a while ago ter make a call up to Square Tendom's. I'm expecting her back any moment.

Can't you see the poor young man's face at such wonderful news, the eyes big with astonishment and pain? I wonder which he believed at the fust mo-

ment, his own ears or his own eyes?

"Miss Lucy has gone out, has she?"
he said, taking up his hat and looking queer. Oh, don't be thinking of

went of his own will, jest like a piece of machinery that had once got an impetuous. He used ter slip out of court be
"Yes. Oh, don't be thinking of going, Mr. Barrister; she left word behind mate, is pervaded." The Louisville Jourous. He used ter slip out of court bethat she'd be back in a jiffy," (pushing and is in reptures over the information.

open the blind) "and I was to keep who The Cocos Island and the Gold Hunters. called. There, I do believe she's coming now; no; but she'll be back before long. depend on't." And then she fell ter telldepend on t." And then she fell ter tell-ing him big stories about the marshes and the swamps, and a pot of gold that was said ter be buried on the place, no-body knew where, and it didn't matter; and Mr. Barrister jest answered "No," and "Yes," and "Ah," without hearing a word of it all, till Miss Marigold be-

hed been her lover's an hour ago-which hed took a terrible sadness.

"I am going away," said he, then.
"I wish ter bid you good-by, and to
thank you for—for much pleasure and

many—many hospitalities."

"But you will come this way ag'in, and come up ter see us?" said Lucy Ellen, lighting up, thinking he only wanted a little encouragement. "We heve

not lost you altogether?"
"No, Miss Lucy, I shall never come this way ag'in. You her lost me altogether, if that is anything; and I—I hev lost more than any one; I hev lost my faith in wemanhood." And then he took up his hat ag'in, and bowed himself out, and they never set eves on him ag'in.
And them's jest the reasons why Lucy Ellen Marigold never got merried

## Who the Healthy Girls Are.

Girls, whose ages range from twelve to eighteen, have an ideal standard of size, and if by chance nature determines otherwise, it is punished for its presump-tion. What corsets cannot effect, arsenic, slate-pencils, chalk and vinegar can and when all these aids are brought into requisition, the saints are rewarded by pallid cheeks, puny physiques—waists that a hand can almost span. The to our informant, is four miles across and twenty miles around, and is of vol-canic origin. Heavy timbers, a species of cedar, is found in considerable quanmother knows that in the hour her little girl modestly requests that "the hooks or buttons be set back—for mamma, see, can run my hand between my dress waist and myself, and I do feel so untidy with such a bag hanging round me," that the warfare has begun, and until the day of her decline, the apostle's injunction, to "keep the flesh in subjection," will be scrupulously obeyed. Be-tween the eras of swaddling-band, and corsets and crineline, there used to be a peroid of a few years, when arms and limbs could climb trees and scale heights like their progenitors, mentioned by Darwin, and muscle, sinew, and blood bade fair to hold their own. The little hills, forming lovely cascades, and wind their way through the ravines to the ocean. At one time 100 cascades were parcheaded, tanned girl of ten, astride a bridleless and saddleless horse, or pad-dling down the stream on a raft of her own constructing, had a season of pure these were of sufficient magnitude to render them truly grand. While the animal enjoyment, and it was thought enough if she grew plump and rosy, was early to bed and early to rise, and could sing the "fives" to the tune of Yankee Doodle. She must have been far in her "teens," or out of them, before she caught a glimpse of the model oung lady, with tapered waist, pinched feet, fastidious appetite, and a general air of languor prevading every movement and utterance. She looked upon the lay-figure with admiration, and forthwith commenced remodeling herself, but with indifferent success. " As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined. Nature had a good start, and she would not yield to art without a hard struggle. The few robust women of fifty to-day are the ones whose young lives were free and careless as the birds, whose slothing never fettered limbs nor pressed ungs, whose impulses and instincts were ever checked or killed outright by Mrs. Grundy's strictures. - Woman'

## The Traveller's Tree.

This is the name given to a tree which rows in Madagascar, so called because lower parts of its stems contain pockets or receptacles, which in the driest seasons are filled with pure water. The weary traveller is sure to find re- the male bird has a more ostentatious freshment by puncturing these pockets with a spear. The botancal name of the tree is Urania speciosa. From a solid trunk varying in hight from ten feet upward, and similar in appearance, though ward, and similar in appearance, though such gorgeous company—our own black-not in nature, to that of the southern bird, have very duil and unconspicuous palmetto, springs up a bunch of stems, each about six or eight feet long, and each supporting a leaf of the same length and some ten or twenty inches wide. male. This anomaly has been explained covering, while the stems are used for seems to be that, when both sexes are of partitions and sides. The bark of the strikingly gay and conspicuous colors, ree is very hard, and, unlike that of the nest is secreted, or such as to conceal he palmetto, is easily stripped off from the sitting bird, while, whenever there the interior soft parts. For large houses is a striking contrast of colors, the male this bark is cut in pieces of twenty or being gay and conspicuous, the female thirty feet long and twelve to eighteen dull and obscure, the nest is open, and inches wide, and the entire floor covered the sitting bird exposed. This important the same, as well joined as ordinary timber. The green leaves are used by traders in place of waterproof wrapping | those groups of birds in which the female paper for packages; by the women for is conspicuously colored, and in most table cloths, and the heavy pieces cut cases exactly like the male. In some of out of them for plates at meals, while the most brilliant specimens of the kingcertain portions are even formed into fisher species, the female exactly resemdrinking vessels and spoons. But the bles the male. Kingfishers mostly build chief peculiarity of this remarkable tree their nests in a deep hole in the ground. is that, while standing in the forest, the The male and female of the showy motstems always contain a large quantity mots are exactly alike in color, and their of pure fresh water, of which travellers and natives make use in the arid seasons, and natives make use in the arid seasons, birds are often gayly colored. The sexes when the wells and streams are dry. To are exactly alike. The nest is in a slopobtain it, a spear is driven a few inches deep in the thick end of the stalk, at its junctions with the trunk, and then withdrawn, when the water flows out sbundantly. As every one of the twenty, thirty, forty, or more stalks can give from a pint to a quart of water, a large amount is contained in each tree.

"Social cataclysms," says the Chicago Republican, " are the effects of the opera-tion of that principle of natural selection by which all nature, animate and inani-mate, is pervaded." The Louisville Jour-

A San Francisco paper tells the following: The swarthy, heavy-bearded, short-haired, thickest buccaneer who fabricated the tale of hidden treasure at Cocos Island has probably accomplished more than he originally intended. With each succeeding year the yarn has sustained embellishments. The original buccaneer, like Washington's body servant, has grown into many. The secret he has told has also been credited to buccaneers innumerable. According to a careful estimate a larger, um of money has been expended in hunting the tressure than the tressure itself—the doubloons, ingots and jewels—is sup-posed to be worth. Hundreds of thou-sands of dollars have been wasted in profitless searches, and not even the color of gold has been discovered. Europeaus and people of the Eastern States have finally come to the conclusion that the buccaneer bequeathed the tale with mslice aforethought, and that it really has no foundation in fact. But we have those in California who scout this theory. They will succumb to the thinnest mining excitement and start on prospecting expeditions upon the slightest provoca-tion. We also have a credulous class; a class who will accept Munchausen stor-ies for truth—not only accept, but relish them—and pay for the enjoyment. The Cocos Island treasure-seekers belong to this class. They exhausted their means a few months ago, but are now recuperating for a fresh start. In view of the foregoing facts information relative to the island is of special interest. During a conversation with a gentleman who returned from the island with the last expedition, our reporter learned something of its characteristics. Cocos Island is in the Pacific Ocean, about six hundred miles west-south-west from Panama, in lat. 5 deg. 30 min. north. A majority of the newspaper accounts have spoken of the island as being very low and sandy. This statement is incorrect. The island is 2,000 feet high and is accessible in only two places. There is but one safe auchorage, and here a small patch of beach is found. The island, according

tities. The greater portion of the island is hilly, and is covered with a heavy growth of vines, weeds and grass. The

vines form barriers at some points which

it is almost impossible to penetrate. An immense amount of rain falls upon the island, preserving its mantle of green all the year round. Our informant has

visited the island several times at differ-

ent seasons of the year, and always saw more or less rain. When the storms pre-vail the island presents a beautiful sight.

Torrents of water dash over the scared

visible from a high bluff and some of

island is constantly green, and contains

an abundance of fresh water, our in-

formant assures us that it does not pro-

duce any edibles. Wild hogs are found.

but they are decreasing in numbers and

do not seem to thrive. The pleasure-

seekers have not made any attempts at

cultivation, but have devoted their en-

ergies to the main question. The little

beach is perforated with shafts, and the

hills and valleys abound in shafts-the

number runs into the hundreds. Some

of the excavations in solid rock are over

one hundred and fifty feet deep, and

surely could not have been accomplished

without a large outlay of time, labor

and money. This rock contains iron

pyrites, but no trace of gold, silver or

other precious metal has been found. It is now uninhabited. Such is Cocos Is-

land, the land which has attracted at-

tention for centuries past, and bids fair

to hold its peculiar sway for centuries

to come. Another pleasure-seeking ex-

pedition is in process of organization in

The Plumage of Birds.

The differences of color and plumage,

according to the sex of the same class of

plumage than the female. But this rule

nest is in a hole under the ground. Paff-

The barbets are all very gayly colored; and, what is remarkable, the most bril-

this city.

The dog of the Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the penfold in spring, only to return when the winter's spring, only to return when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of his flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch on the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great earth-so sadly do they gaze into the infinite.

hood he protects, woe to him who dare lift a hand on one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him is his master; it is he who fed him when a pup, who pet-Monthly.

A Lady Killed While Praying at the

birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, Bedside of Her Children. has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, following particulars of the death by lightning of Mrs. Lovell and Mr. Blakepheasants, grouse, birds of Paradise, and -perhaps hardly to be mentioned in man during a terrible storm in that vicinity. The house in which the persons named were killed is situated about five miles southeast from St. Joseph. It is three stories high, with three principal three stories high, with three principal to the people of Brandenburg intend to utilize for lighting their recounts and a hall on each floor. man during a terrible storm in that vimates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, miles southeast from St. Joseph. It is parroquet, macaw, and tit are, in almost every case, as gay and brilliant as the rooms and a hall on each floor. When town. the storm commenced Mrs. Lovell was The leaves, when dried, form the thetch of all the houses on the eastern side of island, making a perfectly water-proof principle, with very few exceptions, windows of the room having been blown windows of the room having been blown open, she took her children, ran down kneeled at the bedside. In this position other persons were more or less injured. Mrs. Lovell was the wife of John S.

> One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is pure gold in its liquid state. We saw in the Branch Mint, yesterday, a jar containing several gallons of the liquid, partially precipi-tated. The liquid is the color of pure ing hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to the male and feherry wine, and greatly magnifies that which is precipitated in the solid state. Looking through the side of the jar at the gold which had settled on the botmale, and the nest is in a hollow tree. tom, it presented a splendor and mag-nificence such as we never witnessed liant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous. The male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of the tree. even in the most brilliant sunset—an ap-pearance not unlike that which one would imagine the vault of heaven would present if inverted and lined The same remarks apply to the ground with solid gold and lighted by a sumcuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned mer sun. The assayer had his eye peelwith the most brilliant and varied colors, ed while we were examining the jar .the rule is that the sexes are exactly | Carson Register.

alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees; but sometimes in the ground, or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases when the male is gayly colored, while the female is much less gaudy, or even quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chatterers. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world—vivid blues, rich purples and bright reds being the most general colors. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive families of the warblers, such as thrushes, flycatchers and shrikes, as also in the flycatchers and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious, in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now, throughout the whole families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed next or places it in a hole of a one of these birds builds a domed next, or places it in a hole of a tree, or underground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts, the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because, with these brilliant colors are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reasons for this difference in the color of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivalling her in the shade as regards rivalling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers," the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while setting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of color which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction and that of her nestlings. Those birds, on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore, much less to fear upon the score of discovery .- Once a

The Ardennes Dog.

But let the mountain breeze bear to his nostril the scent of the hated wolf, ter. or his quick ear detect an unknown noise, then is the time to see one of these dogs in his glory. His eyes become with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of white, formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound

Every dog of the like breed who may be near, takes up the note, and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the childted and shared bis pittance with himhe it is who has his love, and who recip-rocates his faithful affection.—Overland

The St. Joseph, Mo., Gazette gives the stairs, passing from the hall into a bedroom, put the children on the bed, and the lightning struck her, causing instant death. Mr. Blakeman was in the hall and the same bolt killed him. Several Lovell, of Warren county, Va. Her husband is now in Virginia City, Monana. The two daughters with whom she was kneeling in prayer are aged respectively 9 and 6 years. They were uninjured.

Liquid Gold.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Halifax County, Va., beats 'em all.
A lady of that county, who, year before
last, was the mother of three boys at a
time, none of them living, was, week before last, the mother of four boy babies
—all hearty and kicking—and everybody "doing well."

By the late Texas Election law, any person in that State making a bet or wager upon the result of an election is debarred from the result of an election is debarred from the privilege of casting a vote. A similar law has long been in force in other States, but betting on elections has not been stopped.

A California paper having accused the Memphis Appeal of telling a faise-hood, the Louisville Courier-Journal remarks: "It is comparatively safe, when there is half a continent between you and a Memphis editor, to tell him that he lies, but it is death under any other circumstances."

The Nakomis (Ill.) Advertiser tells a strange story of a horrible adventure of two young men near Okaw. They were watching in a thicket for deer to visit a salt lick, when one of the hunters was attacked by an immense snake, which coiled around his arm and bit him in such a manner that he died in a short time.

There is a great excitement reported in Odd Fellows and Masonic circles of In dianapolis. It seems that an old door-keeper of various lodges was led by his wife to connive at her accreting herself in an alcove where she could see and hear all that was going on, and the re-sult was that Mrs. Pillbean learned all the forms, ceremonies, and sublime mys-teries of Odd Fellowship, and having thus started on the upward track, was initiated by her perfidious old husband into the three first degrees of Masonry.

Some men show most wisdom in mak-ing blunders. A Western journalist seems to have been wiser than he knew, when, drawing upon his memory for po-ctical quotations about woman, he de-livered himself in his newspaper as follows:

O, woman, in thine hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please; But seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

It is doubtful if Scott and Pope, so essentially un'ike, could, with the greatest care, be again so happily combined to present an old subject in a new light.

A young lady writes from Leaven-worth to the Chief of Police in Kansas City as follows: "There is a man in your place named Johnny Bascombe, who is in love with me, and who was driven away from our house last week by my old father, who drives away sters crouch on the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great sagacious eyes will open, and, passing over the whole of their charge, remain for a while fixed on the distant horizon as though they followed a train of as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from thank you. Just tell Johnny that his Julia sent him the picture, and he will know it all." The police official is puzzled to know what to do about the mat-

The ex-Emperor of the French seems to endure his fall and exile with fortitude, if not with complacency. The English papers chronicle his movements with almost as much particularity as and walking about, seeing sights, and making and receiving calls. On the that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark 4th of July, he visited, in company with that echoes from all the surrounding the Prince Imperial, the royal arsenal at Woolwich, where all the latest improvements in ordnance were exhibited to him, together with the process of manufacturing the new thirty-five ton guns. It is said that his health is better than when he was Emperor, and that he is gaining flesh.

> There are some salt wells near Brandenburg, Kentucky, which have been a source of astonishment as well as revenue to their fortunate proprietors. The first was discovered accidentally of course, as is usual in such cases; and when it was found that this yielded brine suffi-cient to manufacture from eighteen to twenty barrels of salt per day, others were sunk with equally satisfactory results. But the most extraordinary part of the business is, that it was soon found that all the wells yielded, in addition to

> The Titusville Herald tells this story of a shoemaker's luck : About twentyfive years ago Mr. Robinson (the present owner of the famous Robinson farm, near Parker's Landing, which has yielded thousands of barrels of oil and dollars to its owner) sold 100 acres of the farm to a shoemaker named Grant, residing in the vicinity, for \$100, to be paid in boots and shoes for his (Robinson's) family. Within the last two years this tract has proved the most valuable oil territory, and Grant, as well as Robinson, has not only been made wealthy from its oil, but still receives a handsome revenue from the same. A few weeks ago Mr. Robinson received the last pair of on his contract, the \$100 worth of leather having just been used up.

In the English and American armies efficiency of sight is one of the manifold qualifications in the recruit; but a pair of spectacles in the German ranks causes no greater surprise than a pipe does. But for the spectacled rank and file, where would have been the millions of men whom Moltke undertook to place within a fortnight on the Rhine? moved from study and in-door duty, and put to active outside work, the power of vision in a short-sighted person will

improve.
The Saturday Review adds that with the spread of education by books to lower and lower strata of the social mass a practical solution of the problem how to utilize short sight in war will have to be faced in real earnest, as the necessity of the case has forced it upon the Germans.