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HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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NO. 40.

The Woodman and the Sandal-Tree.
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There is always a good genius which watches over maidens in distress. A boat had, unseen by Annie, darted from the opposite shore, where Jack Temple had been rambling. He had seen her peril, came as fast as his paddle would drive him, and now reached her just as her boat neared the dangerous reef. The two craft struck, and the shock threw the girl into the water. Five minutes afterwards the youth was carrying up the bank, in his arms, the drenched and limp-looking damsel—one slipperless foot in a white stocking protruding from her streaming skirt.
Some cries, exclamations, explanations, and tears followed, then Miss Annie Heath walked up the hill, escorted by her friend, both in an extremely wet condition.
A tragic event succeeded. What induced Jack to perform so absurd an action Jack Temple never could explain afterwards; but he proceeded then and there—carried away by the excitement of the moment—to propose! He proposed, making a passionate avowal of his love, and the blushing, pointing, confused, somewhat irritated Annie flatteringly discarded him!
Just an hour after this scene Jack Temple was walking up and down at his own house, and reflecting with moody eyes and frowning brows, obscurely alluding to the misadventure of the morning, which she suspected, and not obscurely intimating that Mr. Temple would have better luck in another matter. After which she cast down her eyes and went to her room.
When Jack Temple came home he said to himself:
"What a fine fellow!—he is certainly very handsome. What if I were to—"
He broke off, and muttered with a satirical laugh:
"No—I suppose I am a fortune hunter after all. If I can't get the heiress, I won't try the other!"
The next morning an event occurred which nobody could have foreseen, unless it was Miss Jimima, who stated subsequently that she had foreseen it. It was a thunderbolt, and was preceded by a visit from Mr. Tom Ashton, touching which gentleman a word or two is here necessary. Tom Ashton was not such a bad fellow—he was only "hard-up," very hard-up indeed. He had been wealthy, but cards gradually absorbed him. No one wins in the long run at this business. Mr. Ashton cast his eyes upon the broad acres of Annie Heath, paid assiduous court to the heiress, and on this morning, after an elaborate toilet which set off his handsome person to great advantage, had visited Oakhill, firmly resolved to propose.
Annie was laboring under ennui, as usual, and welcomed him and his gay talk. She observed the aspiring bachelor; he deployed his brightest smiles and most sentimental graces; he made a touching speech; he extended his jeweled hand with impulsive ardor to take that of the lady, when suddenly there appeared at the door of the parlor Miss Jimima.
"What is the matter, aunt?" said Annie, calmly.
"This is the matter!"
"What?"
"This!" screamed Miss Jimima, rattling a paper in her hand.
"But what is it?"
"A note from your uncle's, leaving his property to Augusta!"
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He then proceeded to quarrel with them for the rest of his life—especially with Annie, who was what is called "high spirited"; and as uncle and niece had had an altercation a little while before his death, Miss Jimima, maiden aunt, who had also come to live at "Oakhill," said:
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The rich had become poor and the poor had become rich.
Mr. Ashton put his hand in his pocket—and offered further to take Annie's—and soon afterwards retired. The news spread. On that evening seven different acquaintances told Jack Temple about it.
In consequence of this intelligence Jack Temple's face glowed, a light-hearted laugh came from his lips, and on the very next morning he went over to Oakhill.
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have been listening would have heard these words spoken at the end of the interview:
"I love you!—more than words can tell you!—try to care a little for me—only a little—if only after awhile, and do not send me away forever."
Having said this, Jack Temple broke down. He saw through a sort of haze a face full of blushes, and heard a voice with a tremor in it murmur:
"I can not—I do not care for you as you would like me to. And—no—I will not say that women know that rich or poor I am the same to you—"
Then the maiden broke down also, shedding a few tears. When he went away Jack Temple was in a more hopeless condition than before—the second disaster was worse than the first.
Annie Heath was going slowly to her room when Miss Jimima, who, for some unknown reason cordially disliked her, met her on the steps and stopped her.
"So your fine admirer has proposed!" she said—snarling.
"Please let me go, aunt."
"Madam is going?"
"I am annoyed, aunt."
"Annoyed! You will please learn, miss, that you are no longer mistress here."
"I know it very well."
"I know it," Annie said coldly, her anger rising a little.
"Then please behave yourself as such."
The girl turned and looked at her. Alas! and alas! It was true, too true!—the report, namely, a few weeks after this that Mr. Ashton was engaged to be married to Miss Augusta Wesley.
It was currently reported that, when pressed to name the happy day, the fair Augusta, blushing deeply, named a day so very near that Mr. Ashton ungraciously expressed a doubt whether even he could be ready in so short a time. But he reflected that women were uncertain; raised some money at sixty per cent. to purchase gloves and/or other expenses; and one month afterwards had the satisfaction of standing in a graceful attitude with Miss Augusta in his arm in front of a clergyman who declared that they were man and wife.
Kisses, congratulations, change of costume for brown traveling dress, the happy pair borne away in a chariot to the station where the snorting train received them. Three weeks afterwards they were in dear, delightful Paris, walking arm in arm in the Tuileries gardens, and, manly, elegantly gloved Tom Ashton and his blushing, happy bride!
Jack Temple made a last attempt. He came one evening and, finding Annie Heath strolling over the grounds where the great trees were now touched by the finger of autumn, joined her, and they the youth then poured forth his love. He was not worthy of her—she was an angel—she was nobody—what was he to look for in a young man like him?—he loved her dearly! He was poor, but he would work for her, give his life to her—if only—only—
He would probably laugh at all this, worthy reader, if you have the misfortune to be over forty-five—but that is the way of young men talks when he is very much in love.
Unluckily for Jack Temple, he had uttered just one sentence too much, and used an unfortunate word—the word "poor." Miss Jimima had more than once denounced him to Annie as a "fortune hunter," and Annie was conscious of having inspected him—his "poor" was only "hard-up," very hard-up indeed. He had been wealthy, but cards gradually absorbed him. No one wins in the long run at this business. Mr. Ashton cast his eyes upon the broad acres of Annie Heath, paid assiduous court to the heiress, and on this morning, after an elaborate toilet which set off his handsome person to great advantage, had visited Oakhill, firmly resolved to propose.
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He looked up at her with a sort of wonder. She was blushing and smiled a little; but the smile was a sad one.
"I did not know—"
He stopped.
"Oh, Annie!"
He held her hand in his own, clasped tight, and was looking at her with all his soul in his eyes.
She did not withdraw the hand in the least.
"You have not asked me how I came without your knowing it," she said with the sad, wistful smile. "I came down the other path, and the grass, I suppose, kept you from hearing me."
"Yes, yes—but—"
The girl's head sank.
"I am something very, very sad to tell you," she said, and began to observe that he held her hand and was gazing upward with the deepest tenderness, into the sweet, proud face under the chip hat.
"Sad?—sad?" he stammered. "Oh no!—do not tell me again—but I am in a hurry to go home. You must have come in that carriage this evening. I saw it, and thought it might be those people coming to take possession of what was yours once—how I hate them—"
"A small white hand covered his mouth."
"Hush!" said Annie, in a low, awestruck voice, "you must not say you hate—the dead!"
"The dead!"
"Poor, poor Augusta!—and Mr. Ashton!—they were lost at sea on their return from Europe—two weeks ago a week ago. As soon as we heard it, Mr. Brown and I came to Oakhill, and reached it this evening, and I walked down and have met you—by chance."
"I am going to-morrow—I came to see you here again—to touch this wood which your hand rested on."
Annie Heath did not speak—she was blushing, and looking at him as she never had done before.
"Where are you going?"
"To Arizona—and I shall never see you again."
"Why do you go?"
These words were whispered nearly—not spoken aloud.
"Because I love you, and can not live here without you."
The girl's face became the color of a peony. She tried to smile.
"Do you really love me, then?"
"I want you more than I want life."
"Then—why not—that is—why do you go away?"
She leaned over him with all the long pent-up tenderness of her heart in her eyes, with her fragrant breath upon his cheek, and he knew that he loved her.
"You might stay and take care of me—at Oakhill," she whispered.
It was so low and hardly to be called a whisper—resembling rather the murmur of the wind in a Temple was holding Annie death close to his heart.

A Strange Story.
A strange story is told by John W. Young, a young man of about thirty-five years of age, of a rare experience with the world which few of his years have ever attained. Young was formerly a Cuban insurgent, but left that business, and was on his way to New Orleans, when he received a note from the Captain-General of Havana, assuring him of protection and inviting a visit. Young was taken from the vessel and disguised and privately conveyed to the Captain-General's palace in Havana. Here he was kept in seclusion for three days, during which time he heard nothing from his wife, and only came in contact with those who were guarding him. Young during this time was being hospitably entertained at the Captain-General's country residence. At the end of the third day Mr. Young was brought before the General, and after a preliminary conversation, the real business was entered upon. For some preliminary conversation the Captain-General said: "You know I have been in command here a long time, and we have had comparatively no success and no victories. The mother government is becoming dissatisfied with the administration of affairs on the island, and is thinking of it. If we don't have any victories soon I shall lose my position, and the insurgents will soon get the mastery of us. Understanding that you are a great organizer and a man that can be trusted, I now confide to you my plan of action. I wish you to return to the United States immediately and set about organizing an expedition for the relief and assistance of the insurgents. You must raise money, enlist good men to assist in organizing, get arms, ammunition, and all sorts of supplies in as large quantities as you can raise, and get the Cuban and Cuban sympathizers possible; also obtain a slow sailing steamer for transporting your men and supplies, and see to it that she is well equipped and manned by an experienced and loyal crew. You can organize at any American port you think proper, but it appears to me that New Orleans is best adapted for the purpose. Keep me informed from day to day by cypher telegrams of your progress. Let me know the fastest speed the steamer can make, also the day on which you will sail from the port you select, and the course you will take and the point where you will probably land, also give me such other information as will enable me to select a faster sailing steamer and have her cruising on the course which you select, so that we can overhaul you after a spirited chase, you having done apparently all in your power to escape. When taken, make every appearance of resistance you can, and talk loudly about the cause which you are seemingly to capture the steamer, when you command, and I will give you twenty thousand dollars in gold and half of the proceeds from the sale of the steamer, arms, ammunition and supplies."
Young asked if the men captured would be shot, and was told they would be. Young said it would be necessary to enlist and engage some thirty American men who had seen service in the rebellion to work with him. That will give character to the expedition and inspire confidence and enthusiasm among the men. I cannot consent, he added, to any arrangement whereby one of my own countrymen would lose his life.
What will you do with them, and how can I prevent their being shot as well as myself?
The Captain-General answered—Before you sail, manage to send me a list of the names of those whom you desire to have, and I will manage to have you and them apparently escape, in a manner which will blind the others, and when executed they will not know but that you are to share the same fate.
Refusing to engage in the work, the Captain-General said: "You know you are in my power, and your life is nothing but a mere trifle to me. Now in the castle, I could not protect you from violence, or scarcely protect myself. Enter into this agreement and sign this paper, and you can leave the island safely with your wife. If you refuse, the very worst consequences will follow."
Young, as he says, to escape, accepted the terms offered. The details were arranged in a very few days, and with a bountiful supply of funds, Young left Havana with his wife for New Orleans. His departure was as secret as his arrival. Once in the United States, he was so faithfully promised to command, but not until he had made one or two drafts on the Captain-General. The latter, however, through his agents in this country, soon learned that he had been duped, and funds were, of course, no longer forthcoming. Now the natural question will arise, Was the Virginian fitted out in this way, and were the 100 or more men murdered the innocent victims of the conspiracy of one who, in order to save his own reputation and prolong a weak and dying cause, did not hesitate to conceive and execute one of the most diabolical and inhuman outrages known to civilization?

Modes of Spreading Disease.
In these days of wonderful migration, said Dr. Hunt, of New Jersey, in the Convention of the American Health Association, the facilities for spreading disease are greatly multiplied, and it is difficult to say what village or railroad cluster may become a new centre for propagation. It has not infrequently happened that variola, diphtheria, cerebro meningitis, or cholera have, in some comparatively sparse locality, shown such virulence as not only to cause destruction pro rata to cities, but have formed a centre for departure all the more severe because of the terror of the inhabitants, and their recognition of the fact that no efficient methods are at hand to check the ravages. When a fire breaks out in a city there is less panic as well as real protection in the feeling that the first bell-stroke starts engines for relief, but when a little country street gets on fire, or a frame house, it burns as if consumed, and an unchecked independence. To some degree this is true of disease in all country districts, for although the physician is at hand to treat, he, of all others, most feelingly knows how utterly helpless he often is in securing the needed sanitary conditions. In the year 1850, as a member of the New Jersey Sanitary Commission, I was ordered by telegraph to proceed to a village near Raritan River and report as to the existence of cholera there. I was soon afterward called upon by one of its physicians, and informing me of the outbreak, I found on immediate visit that when the disease had broken out, and a patient or two had died of it, a physician resident in the town had sought for authority to obtain disinfectants and to destroy the bed and room linen, which had been sold at auction the day after the outbreak, before the facts were known. It was in vain that the Township Committee were addressed, as they said the law gave them no authority. The physician, therefore, amid the imaledictions or partisans, set fire to the lounge and bed mattress, which had been soiled, and a railroad company gave him an order for disinfectants. He visited all persons exposed, and treated each case of diarrhoea occurring, and we believe this prompt action on his part prevented the spread of the contagion, and yet he did it in complete anonymity, and while officers were waiting for proof to act and criticising his conduct. This is but a specimen of what is constantly occurring, or is liable to occur, in all villages and country districts. A neighbor may have a foul closet, or neglected drain, or slaughter-house nuisance, or half-buried dead animal may be lying rotting in the neighborhood, small-pox or other disease, in a virulent form may have broken out in some locality, or some other source of physical evil may exist, and yet no sanitary measures should be taken to remove it, and yet in our own country and village districts only those who have had the experience know how difficult it is to act in the premises. There is both lack of authority and greater lack of information as to the necessities of the case, and very often a nucleus of disease is fostered and large cities have it furnished them pure and fresh from the country.

Items of Interest.
A Duquesne cow hooked a \$1,000 horse to death.
Over 100 ladies are studying law in the United States.
The most unpopular fellow about is General Shinkage.
A platform philosopher says that a man falls in love as he falls down stairs—by accident.
A Texas farmer turns his cattle out to pasture in an enclosure one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles wide.
A woman who once refused to marry President Buchanan now lives in a story-and-a-half house at Moulton, Iowa, with her husband and lots of children.
Admiral Porter says that the United States torpedo fleet in the event of war with Spain will alone be able to demolish all the iron-clads that that nation can send across the Atlantic.
A goose flew against a telegraph wire at Heckserville, Schuylkill county, with such momentum as to sever the fowl's head from its body as neatly as it could have been done with an axe.
No woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep only to tell him on his inquiring what is the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."
A Kansas pastor has wisely declined an addition of \$100 to his salary, on the ground that the hardest part of his labor heretofore has been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to undertake to collect \$100 more!
Four counties in Iowa have elected women for county school superintendents. The man who ran against Abby Gifford for that office, and received eight votes to her two thousand, concludes that this is an off year in politics and that there is no hope.

MY FRIEND JACK TEMPLE.

My friend Jack Temple was so poor and proud that I wonder how he ever came to fall in love with Miss Annie Heath, who was much the greatest heiress in the neighborhood. It was a mountain neighborhood, and the house inhabited by Miss Annie crowned a lofty hill just opposite the cottage of my friend. The worldly fortunes of the two persons were indeed shown by their mansions. Annie's was what is called "palatial," and made an imposing show by its broad front and extensive wings rising grandly from the clumps of century trees, and its lawn of a large park. Jack's was a little hunting lodge, half concealed by flowering vines, with a small grass plat; indeed the farm attached to it was not much larger than the grass-plat. Both were orphans, and had become acquainted with each other a year before the accident, this accident resulting in love, Jack's part and indifference on the part of the young lady.

Having firmly resolved in his mind that he would never, under any circumstances, subject himself to the charge of paying his addresses with mercenary views to an heiress, Jack Temple one morning proceeded to do what young men in love are in the habit of doing—he went to see his fair neighbor. This was a matter of small difficulty. He went down the hill on which his cottage stood, struck into a winding path, got into a small boat tied to a willow, for there ran a mountain stream between the two domains—paddled over, and walked up the hill on which stood the mansion.

On the porch two young ladies were seated. Young lady No. 1 was Annie Heath, tall, with brown hair, blue eyes, and what is called "queeny," not a very cordial-looking young person. Young lady No. 2 was Miss Augusta Wesley, cousin resident, small, plump, smiling. The latter received Jack Temple with such winning sweetness, that it only made the cool and distant manner of the heiress more marked, and the visitor suddenly found himself completely ignored by her. She had turned her head and was looking at a fine equipage ascending the hill, in which sat Mr. Tom Ashton, the beau of the county. When Mr. Ashton, changing the reins to his servant, passed his kid-gloved hand through his locks, and came up smiling, and then turned himself extinguished, and half an hour afterwards went home, muttering with great ire:
"I wonder if Miss Annie Heath thinks I am beneath her notice because I am poor, and came to see her because she is sick? I don't say in future—I want to care for her!"

Having made which indignant protest Jacob Temple looked miserable, being in love.
There is a nail in every shoe and a thorn in every foot. The thorn at Oakhill being a maiden aunt of Annie's, of vinegary temper, Miss Jimima.
"It is really disgusting to see these fortune hunters flocking here!" said Miss Jimima one morning about a week after Jack Temple's visit.
"What fortune hunters?" said Annie, who the indignant exclamation was addressed.
"That shabby young Temple for one," said Miss Jimima.
The young lady bestowed upon her aunt a look of extreme indifference.
"What do you mean by that?" said Annie, who she did not observe his clothes," she said.
"You know what I mean; I hate such a pretension! He is mercenary and a pauper."
"Is he poor?"
Miss Jimima looked more than ever outraged at such affected ignorance.
"Poor! yes he is poor, and as grand as if he was some body."
The explanation of which attack was, that not having received much attention from the vinegary lady, Jack Temple had committed the blunder of paying her no attention in return.
"Well," said Miss Annie, with extreme coolness and indifference to her aunt's indignation, "I have no objection to Mr. Temple's being grand, if he chooses. He is only an acquaintance."
"He is in love with you!"
Miss Annie turned her head quickly.
"In love. Pah! What folly! But please let us change the subject, aunt. I am tired to death of it. I intend to marry nobody."
"Why should I?"
"A young lady in your situation must marry sooner or later, and you could not do better than take Mr. Ashton."
Which was the result of the most assiduous attention to the maiden aunt on the part of the brute Tom Ashton.
Annie Heath looked at her maiden relative for some moments in astonishment, and then said with a little point and some show of irritation:
"I wish you would not annoy me to death with your match-making, aunt. I don't intend to marry Mr. Temple, if he asks me—Mr. Ashton, or anybody; and I'm sick of being worried!"
She put on a little chip bonnet with a flirt—angry—and went out of the room and down the hill toward the stream to avoid persecution. She was full of ennui. Her little pleasure-boat was at the bank. She stepped into it, and began to play in the water like a child.
Thereupon an event occurred which dispelled her ennui. The boat had been negligently fastened—in stepping upon it she had pushed it from shore—and lo! Miss Annie found herself drifting down toward some ugly-looking rocks below, where ten to one the boat would be capsized, for the water ran swiftly, and the rocks were sharp and edged

with foam, Annie was a sensible girl. She looked around for a paddle—there was none. She looked around for help—none. Then she looked forward, and the jagged rocks seemed to grin at her and say, "You are our prey!" Then all traces of ennui completely disappeared, and the girl became quite pale—she uttered a little stifled cry, and thought she was going to be drowned. The boat swept on—the waves dragged it—swiftly and swiftly it began to race—and—
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Annie was laboring under ennui, as usual, and welcomed him and his gay talk. She observed the aspiring bachelor; he deployed his brightest smiles and most sentimental graces; he made a touching speech; he extended his jeweled hand with impulsive ardor to take that of the lady, when suddenly there appeared at the door of the parlor Miss Jimima.
"What is the matter, aunt?" said Annie, calmly.
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"A note from your uncle's, leaving his property to Augusta!"
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He then proceeded to quarrel with them for the rest of his life—especially with Annie, who was what is called "high spirited"; and as uncle and niece had had an altercation a little while before his death, Miss Jimima, maiden aunt, who had also come to live at "Oakhill," said:
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The rich had become poor and the poor had become rich.
Mr. Ashton put his hand in his pocket—and offered further to take Annie's—and soon afterwards retired. The news spread. On that evening seven different acquaintances told Jack Temple about it.
In consequence of this intelligence Jack Temple's face glowed, a light-hearted laugh came from his lips, and on the very next morning he went over to Oakhill.
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Some cries, exclamations, explanations, and tears followed, then Miss Annie Heath walked up the hill, escorted by her friend, both in an extremely wet condition.
A tragic event succeeded. What induced Jack to perform so absurd an action Jack Temple never could explain afterwards; but he proceeded then and there—carried away by the excitement of the moment—to propose! He proposed, making a passionate avowal of his love, and the blushing, pointing, confused, somewhat irritated Annie flatteringly discarded him!
Just an hour after this scene Jack Temple was walking up and down at his own house, and reflecting with moody eyes and frowning brows, obscurely alluding to the misadventure of the morning, which she suspected, and not obscurely intimating that Mr. Temple would have better luck in another matter. After which she cast down her eyes and went to her room.
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