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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

County

Two Dollars per Annum.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1875.

The Saddest Thought. Once 'twas my saddest thought Ere I began to doubt you, That sometime I must learn, Perhaps, to do without you,

VOL. V.

For death parts dearest friends : From him there's no escaping : And partiags worse than death Our fears are ever shaving.

Now with new dawns of hope No thought of you is blended Day deepens evermore,

Though morning dreams are ended. And now the saddest thought

That haunts my heart about you Is this-that I have learned. At last, to do without you.

HOW AN AUTHOR WON HIS BRIDE.

In the study of Don Eusebio Mendez, one of Madrid's most noted savants, there sat, early in February, 1647, two youthful figures at a heavy oaken table, and busied themselves, ostensibly, with

the gods of the ancient Greeks. On the table lay a chaos of heavily-bound folios, neatly-written manuscripts, delicately-cut copper-plates, pens, gravcrs, and pencils; but, strongly as the scene encouraged serious study, Manuel's and Alma's thoughts were far from being occupied with the mysteries of Hellenic mythology. The youth held the little white hand

of the girl, who was scarcely sixteen, tenderly in his, and Alma leaned her head so trustingly on the shoulder of her companion that one need to have but a slight knowledge of human nature to divine what was uppermost in the minds of the youthful pair. And now Manuel bends forward and imprints a kiss on the rosy lips of the dark-eyed Castilian that must dispel the last doubt, if any remains.

"By heaven !" cried Manuel, "I wish we were alone on some solitary island, where, observed and disturbed by no one, we could do as we would the livelong day. Do you know, love, it costs that I-that I am at a loss to know what me a terrible effort to always treat you to reply. Give me three days for reas a senora when your father is pres- flection. Next Sunday I will tell you if ent?

—if "— "You must be patient-we shall not always be under this restraint," replied Alma. "I am now twenty years old, but Don

Eusebio Mendez scems to think that his ward is still a child. The mere fact of his leaving us alone the whole afternoon, day after day, proves that he looks upon us as being, at most, but children.

"And are you displeased because he leaves us alone ?"

'Yes and no. I thank Heaven that I have a daily opportunity to talk to you undisturbed; but, on the other hand, it annoys me to know that my uncle thinks me so blind that I cannot see that his

daughter is the most lovable girl in all Madrid."

week. But now put the gods of Olym-pus aside for a while. I have something of importance to say to you both. Come us called ?" here and sit on the ottoman."

"What I have to say more especially concerns you, Alma. In April you will be sixteen. At that age your sainted mother was already my wife." Alma began to lose color, but she suc-carded in annearing compared

ceeded in appearing composed. "You know the author of 'The Fallen Pomegranate,'" continued the old gen-tleman, "my friend Senor Perez. No man in all Castile imitates Virgil as he 'The Fallen Pomegranate' comdoes! pares favorably with any pastoral poems that have ever been written." "Certainly, papa," stammered the girl, glancing toward Manuel, who knit

his brow, and stared at space. " My daughter, what do you think of

Senor Perez !' "Think of him, father ?"

you-senor, how can you do yourself or us such injustice?" "I mean, how does he please you ? A handsome man he certainly is. True, he is no longer young, but what he has lost in youthfulness he has gained in digleros will honor me again with their company," said the worthy savant. "We will then discuss the events of the evennity.

"But what is that to me ?"

ing over a glass of Xerez, and the secret, "Well, know, my daughter, that your happiness is secured. Senor Perez is not only a highly-gifted and very amiaif not out, shall be disclosed. Again Manuel Alonzo de Castres sat ble, but also a wealthy man. He sees in you the companion of his choice—he is, with Alma Mendez in the study of the learned Don Eusebio. and long has been, he tells me, greatly In the salon across the hall the clock enamored of you, and, as I knew that struck three-quarters to ten. In the dining-room adjoining, Jose, the factoyou had no aversion for him, I have tum of the establishment, was busy set-ting the table in his best style Manuel clasped Alma round the waist. He was thoughtful, but by no means promised him that he shall be my sonin-law."

"Father !" cried Alma, in a tremulous tone, "you cannot be serious !" "And why not? You are now of a sad.

Alma's flushed cheeks and redmarriageable age, and you know that my dened eyes made it evident that she had word has always been as good as my been crying. "The fate of your comedy is now decided," said she, after a while. "I am bond; that I always kept my promises. Is it, perhaps, possible that you can think of refusing so brilliant an offer ? surprised, Manuel, that you content yourself at home to-night." Answer me !" cried Don Eusebio, in a

ruined!

is a genius and the uncle an ass !

"Silence !- silence, I tell you !

to myself: "If Manuel's "Gormaz"

"But, my dear uncle "-

ruined 1

In

Don Anastasio. "With all due respect for the talent of your nephew, I pro-test! The idea of mistaking his com-

position for yours is simply ridiculous!

A nineteen-year-old boy and a man like

"After the performance, the cabal-

"Alma," replied Manuel, in solemn commanding voice. "Why do you think I am not serious t" tone, "since I have been confronted with the possibility of losing you, who are more to me than all the world be-sides—since then I am indifferent to "Father," said she, after a pause, "I know that you consider only my good; but this is so sudden, so unexpected, everything else. Whether I am applauded or not, I care little. Can I not at any time write another and a better comedy ? But, should you be torn from me, where

"Very well," interrupted Senor Mendez, with a frown. "True, it's very improper for a daughter to make condi-"True, it's very corridor. tions with her father; but no matter, so "Where is my nephew ?" cried Don

be it. Within ten days we shall celebrate your betrothal." Alma dropped her chin on her breast and remained silent.

"And now as to what I have to say to you, Manuel," continued Senor Mendez, in a more friendly tone, and he winked

to Manuel, and led him, with a mysteri-

"You have kept the secret i" he ask-ed, in an undertone. "Alma has no sus-picion that I am the author of 'The Midnight Eloper.net?"

"Not the slightest, so far as I know,' Anastasio say? I am a ruined man ! lann

productions that are thus sprung upon us called ?" the comedies was mine! Why was I ever so foolish as to thirst after dramatic

us called ?" "They are called 'Germaz' and 'The Midnight Elopement.'" "And which of the two pieces is yours, caballero?" "That, gentlemen, by your leave, shall for the present be a secret," re-plied Senor Mendez, smiling radiantly. "Your suil do mot the horner I terration the mathematic laurels? Instead of a triumph, behold me with a fool's cap and a crown of thornes! And, to add to my chagrin, I told my friends that one of the piecess was mine, and asked them to witness the representation of both in order to plied Senor Mendez, smiling radiantly. "Yon will do me the honor, I trust, to uncle's and which the nephew's. They witness the representation. Then you can guess. I am very curious to see whether you will then be able to tell which is the in the streets will point their fingers at to see them! To morrow, the children in the streets will point their fingers at me! Prullo is such a newscarrier! And work of the uncle, and which that of the "I protest in the name of all the Muses against this insinuation !" cried

me ! Prillo is such a newscarrier ! And Don Anastasio ! what will he think of me ? He will despise me ! My reputa-tion—the reputation it has taken me a lifetime to acquire—is destroyed in an hour! In future I shall be looked upon the being mething more or less them the state and the source of the sorts of trees grown in each country, the uses made of each kind, the ownership of forest lands, the acreage of forests, the quantity of wood ent annually, and the amounts exported as being nothing more or less than a and consumed at home. Inquiries were also made as to the ascertained influence And he sank utterly crushed into the of forests on local climate, rainfall,

nearest armchair. Manuel had listened to this outburst in silent amazement. But now he ap-proached the moaning savant, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said : "Calm yourself, uncle. Your reputathe soil. Various reports on all the foregoing topics have now been received. tion shall not suffer from to-night's mishap. The greatest geniuses, under unfavorable circumstances, have met with failures.

"But not so disgracefully, so igno-miniously," replied Don Euesbio, with an inconsolable shake of the head.

"Listen, uncle, I will make you proposition. No one knows as yet that you are the author of 'The Midnight Elopement,' I of Gormaz.' What say you to our changing *roles* ? An unfor-tunate *debut* cannot hurt me much, and you will access the sidisple of theth, and you will escape the ridicule of those who are envious of you, and will be sure, if you remain the author of the unfortunate comedy, to handle you roughly." Don Eusebie looked up like one who, on the scoffold, hears his pardon an-

nounced. "Manuel, my boy, is it possible! You will ?— But no, no, I cannot ac-cept such a sacrifice ! Herein I recognize the son of my dear, never-to-be-forgot-

ten sister." His emotion overcame him, and two big tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. "You are right, Manuel," said he, after a pause ; "they readily excuse in the nephew what would disgrace the should I find another to replace you ?' He had hardly finished when the voice of Don Eusebio was heard in the uncle forever. I accept your generous offer, and you can reckon on my eternal gratitude.

"I do this the more readily, uncle, because there is something I would ask in return," stammered the youth, blush-

"Where is my nephew?" cried Don Eusebio, in breathless haste. "Call him, somebody ! Send him immediate-ly to me here in the salon! Quick, Jose, I must speak with him!" Herewith he burst into the salon, slung his gold-bordered hat into one corner, and threw himself full length on an attempt with the size of one in the ing deeply. "Speak, nephew. You can ask me nothing that I will deny you. "Uncle, I love Alma. Consent to an ottoman, with the air of one in the

her becoming my wife." Senor Mendez looked at the youth deepest despair, only to spring to his feet again the next minute. "Unheard of! unheard of! he ex-claimed, as he strode to and fro in the wildest excitement. "What will Don Anastasio say? I am a minute to his amazed; this was evidently a request he was not prepared for. "Are you mad, boy?" he cried after a pause. "Alma is betrothed to Don An-astasio."

ed, but is reckoned. 'Not yet," replied Manuel, in a firm

Timber in Foreign Countries.

There is not a kinder-hearted, more During the spring of 1874 the British government addressed a circular to the representatives of Great Britain in the principal timber producing countries of Europe, in the United States and Brazil, in Cuba and Honduras, asking for in-formation as to the production and conenevolent woman in Detroit, according to the Free Press, than Mrs. Gavett. Last year she was on the committee to canvass for aid for the grasshopper sufferers, and this year she intends to send them a large box of her own getting up. She had Gavett bring up a box the other day, and when it had been placed in the formation as to the production and con-sumption of timber; information de-sired more particularly by the commisshanty she put on a calico dress, tied on a check apron and rambled around the house to pick up enough articles to fill the box and have it sent off next day. Her greatest anxiety was the fear that the box was too small for one-half the things she wanted to send.

Opening a closet door she took down an old coat, one that her husband threw away two years ago. "T'll send that for one thing," she

Advocate.

mused, as she held it up. "I don't know, though-that's a pretty good coat. Put a patch on that elbow and Thomas can wear it half the summer."

She placed it on a chair and took down me of her old dresses.

"I'll make some farmer's wife glad with this," she said, as she shook out the folds and held it up. "Let's see! Why, there isn't a hole in either sleeve—skirt all sight mit here is a she show out the Americ from which we may here cull a few brief extracts, commending the work itself to the careful attention of all who take an interest in forest preservation, a subject all right—waist almost as good as new. I believe I can sell that dress secondfull of importance, not only because timber is indispensable to human exist-

hand for enough to buy me a bracelet. ence, but because we may point to Palestine, to Spain, and probably to The dress was laid beside the coat, and she hauled over Gavett's boots. The heel many regions in North Africa, to show how the gradual destruction of forests will change the character of a country of one was run over, and there was a hole in the toe of the other. and its inhabitants forever. In Bohe-

" They'll do for some one to plow in," to the light. "Some farmer-ah! Why, these are good boots! I believe I could demic, has been causing great devasta-tion in the forests. The entire side of a get them fixed up for fifty cents so that Thomas could wear them half the winrange of hills may be seen sometimes ter. I don't believe in throwing anything away even if we are well off.'

laid bare of timber by the inroads of this worm disease. The diminution of The boots were set aside, and she took forests in parts of Austria, and more down a bundle of children's clothing, "Ah! I can send these and make lit-tle hearts glad!" she whispered as she untied the bundle. "The children especially in Hungary, has been followed by baneful consequences, such as long droughts and tremendous winds, which fill the air with unceasing clouds of have outgrown them, and they will be a prize to some Kansas — Sakes alive! but these garments are almost as good as dust and considerably increase pulmonary disease in towns which have become totally unsheltered. Pesth, Pres-

the day they were made up! I believe I can sell them to the washerwoman for at burg, and Vienna are now perfectly in-tolerable during three parts of the year from this cause. At Rio de Janeiro, thunder storms, formerly of daily occurrence, are now rare; and the cause is supposed to be the destruction of the other dress. forests which surrounded the town, as

new roads have been made. Hence, in 1852, yellow fever visited the place, and has never left it since, though trees are

being busily planted in every street. In Hesse and Baden greater prudence has been displayed, four-fifths of the former Duchy and one-third of the latter want for the blue stripe in that new rag are wooded, and the law requires that every thirty years land which has once belonged to the cultivation of trees carpet. If I'd known this dress was in the house I'd have cut it up last week." She unlocked another closet, peered must return to its original employment. in, and hauled out Gavett's old overcoat In Sweden the timber resources are im--one worn out and stained and kicked mense; Lapland has never been surveyItems of Interest.

NO. 18.

Why is a pig the most provident of animals? Because he always carries a spare rib or two about him.

Kansas teacher-"Where does all of our grain product go to?" Boy—"It goes into the hopper." "Hopper ! What hopper?" "Grasshopper," tri-umphantly shouts the lad.

In Rome a law has been passed con-demning persons guilty of blaspheming God, Christ or the Virgin and saints in the streets to a month's imprisonment for the first offense and six months for the second.

At Abilene, Kansas, is a wheat field containing one thousand three hundred acres covered with wheat in excellent condition. The crop has been contracted for at \$1.25 per bushel, and will probably bring \$20,000.

"Now where't my summer pants?" yells the impatient husband, after a fruitless hunt from cellar to attic; and his wife timidly points to a pair of china Samuels on the mantelpiece and meekly murmurs, "they were so

The report of the secretary of the American iron and steel association shows that the falling off in the con-sumption of iron in this country for the year 1874, as compared with that of 1873, was about 500,000 tons, while the production was much greater than was anticipated.

During a sanitary survey recently in Lincolnshire a man was found, aged ninety-five years, who had been in the habit of drinking a gallon of beer before breakfast, another during the day, and a few extra pints at night to top off with, and who had never been ill a day in his life.

This year the southern counties of California sent to San Francisco 5,380,-000 oranges, 620,000 lemons, and 80,000 limes. The consumption of California is about 10,000,000 oranges a year, and 5,000,000 are brought from Mexico and the Pacific isles.

Deaf and dumb men don't stand much show in Texas, anyhow. Recently, while one of them was feeling in his least two dollars, and as soon as I get two pocket for a slate pencil wherewith to dollars more I can buy me a new braid." communicate his wants, a native shot She tied the bundle up and stuck her head into the closet and brought out an-he was getting out a weapon.

A lady who loved Bulwer entered a "A hole in each elbow—skirt torn half off," she mused as she turned it over. "I'll send this anyhow. Some mother can take it and get enough cloth out of the skirt to make her little gill a bran new — Here, what was I thinking of ? Why, this is exactly the stuff I want for the blue string in the twented to bookstore just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. "I wish to see 'What will be done with it ?" she said to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you'll step to the window, you will probably see him sling it into the back lot,"

The man who drops a poker because the handle is warm, and then carelessly picks it up again by the end that is red hot, generally gets about as much sympathy as the man who rushes to the newspaper office to have an explanation 1 and fi

Mrs. Gavett's Box.

Alma blushed, and passed her hand over his temple and cheek, as though she would temper his indignation.

"I believe," Manuel continued, "he would laugh in my face if I were to ask his consent to our marriage. He would, I have no doubt, think I had lost my wits."

Von must not be so severe on pape for forgetting, in the midst of his daily affairs, that the years have wings. Let us wait patiently; time finds a solution for all things.

"How very philosophically your little ladyship can talk ! I wait and wait, and in the meantime the sleek Senor Perez will get such a foothold here that I cannot oust him."

" Manuel !" cried Alma, reproachfully.

"Oh, I've read enough of woman's constancy ! One thing is certain-the fellow is in high favor with your father. Senor Mendez swears by 'The Enchant-ed Nightingale,' and he is continually quoting passages from 'The Fallen Pomegranate.' Perez has a good social position, a handsome fortune, and knows how to flatter. What more is necessary to win over any father who has a marriageble daughter?"

"But, if Senor Perez will marry me, he must begin by obtaining my consent.

"Bah ! You will resist for a while, but finally, fatigued by your father's continual remonstrances, you will yield, like the good, dutiful daughter that you are. I shall wait and see if my little comedy, which in a few days will be played at the Royal Theater, is successful. If it is, then I shall go to your father and say: 'Uncle, I have now a position in the world. My "Gormaz" has received the indorsement of the clite of the theater-going public of the capital, which opens to me an honorable career. Uncle, I love your daughter, and am loved by her in return. Consent to her becoming my wife, and make us happy."

"And if he refuses ?"

"He will not, he cannot refuse. He might turn a deaf ear to an obscure, unnown suitor, but he must receive the laurel crowned poet with open arms, or be untrue to his whole past life. What would Madrid say if he should refuse to accept the author of 'Gormaz' as his they took their seats. "She has conson-in-law ?"

"But suppose your comedy should betrothal." fail ?"

"It will not fail. I am neither vain nor conceited; but, when I finished the piece, I felt that I had achieved the first step to fame. you.

And the eyes of the youth shone with noble enthusiasm as he spoke of the "I shall be prond to have my name assofirst-fruit of his dramatic talent.

At that moment well-known steps were heard in the hall. "There is father !" whispered Alma,

and the lovers turned hastily to their books and papers.

The door opened, and a stout, elderly, apparently good-natured gentleman entered the room. His big, brightly-polished shoe-buckles glistened as cheerfully as did his little, mobile eyes. He carried a three-cornered dress-hat under his arm, and at his side hung the small, elegant dress-sword worn in those days by the Castilians,

"Ah, this is what I like to see !" he eried. "Always at your books, always adding to your little stock of knowleege! What have you here? 'Treatise on Mythology,' by Guillermo de Mora. Ex-cellent ! Jupiter and Hera—they seem to interest you especially—the book has been open at that chapter for fully a tenor furnished. And what are these been open at that chapter for fully a

Ruined ! "I would not have the child know for frenzy, he the world, until after my triumph, that clinched fist again and again. her father has mounted Pegasus. Apropos, what I wanted to tell you: the two comedies will be played this eveningyour 'Gormaz' between eight and nine, my 'Midnight Elopement' between nine and ten o'clock. I am very anxious to see how the public will receive the offsake, not in that stupid way! You are a genius, boy—you are a genius !" "How so, uncle?" asked Manuel, who

spring of our muses." could not help smiling at Don Eusebio's This conference en led, Don Eusebio comical mien. added a final recommendation to his "How so?" repeated the uncle, in an impatient tone. "How so? Go into

daughter, and left the room. No sooner were the young people again alone than Manuel seized cousin's hand, and cried:

'Never fear, Alma. He shall not have you, never !- the old pugnosed doggerel writer-as sure as my name is Manuel Alonzo de Castres !"

. . . Two hours had passed since this excit-

ing scene occured. "Everything goes just as I would have it," murmured Don Eusebio. "I shall be the father-in-law of the most distin-seemed an age to me—the curtain rose, guished poet of the metropolis, and, before the evenining is over, this head, God ance. In the very first scene between willing, will also be laurel-crowned! Gormaz and his servant it was evident that the audience was very much pleased. denly murmured. "I asked them to Elvira came on, the plot began to be come at four o'clock, and now it is near- more involved, and the interest and aply a quarter after. Hark ! I hear them plause increased at every moment. -yes, that is his Olympian step ! And

the others are with him. Approach, my friends, approach !" As he finished this monologue,

such a brilliant success, my "Midnight threw the door open and welcomed his Elopement" must also be well received. visitors, one after the other, as they And yet to think what its fate has been entered, with great cordiality. Well, they went on with your ' Gormaz,

First came Don Anastasio Perez, the and when the curtain fell on the last author of "The Enchanted Nightinscene there was round after round of apgale," a long, fleshless figure, with flowplause. I thought the bravos would ing red locks and an indescribable nose, never end; but they did end after a and a chin that always seemed strugwhile, and the curtain rose again.' gling to form a semicircle.

Here Don Eusebio approached Manuel Behind Don Anastasio Perez stood and laid both hands on his shoulders. little, supple figure of a most unsympa-"Look at me well, my nephew," said he, after a pause. "In me you see a disgraced, a ruined man! Great thetic exterior, Don Enrico Pungo.

The third and last arrival, a man of the class that have nothing to distin-Heavens ! why did I ever undertake to guish them from the common herd, write a comedy ?" was Don Rodrigo Prullo, a professor of "Why, uncle, what are you saying-

Greek. disgraced ? ruined ?"-"Don't interrupt me-I know what] am saying ! Well, finally, the curtain rose again. My Prince Caracambaroc-

cadi came on and sought to win over to his interest the major-domo of the Princess Viribilina. On my soul, Mansented; in a week we will celebrate your "I thank you, my noble friend—I thank you," replied Don Anastasio. "Allow me, in recognition of the honor uel, the scene is not a bad one! whether our auditors had become fatigued, or whether I was the victim o

you do me, to dedicate my next poem to some disgraceful intrigue, I know not, but certain it is that the dialogue be-"Willingly," answered Don Eusebio; tween the prince and the major-domo made not the least impression, it never products of your commu- got a ripple, and when the princess apciated with nions with Calliope. You do me great peared on the balcony and began the honor, Don Anastasio. Thanks, a thou-

beautiful romanza, the house resounded sand thanks !" with a whistling and hissing that beg-"Caballeros," said he, "can you digars description. It seemed to me as vine why I asked you to come to see me though the eyes of the whole audience were upon me. I felt as though I could sink a fathom deep into the earth. to-day? You all look at me astonished. I see that you do not divine. This even-ing, at the Royal Theater, they will pro-duce the comedy that the Muses, in my From scene to scene the perfidious racket and confusion increased, until silent hours of meditation, have been pleased to inspire me with." "Bravo! bravo!" shouted Perez, finally the pit cried out with such unfeeling, such brutal persistency: 'End it ! end it !' that they were compelled to Pungo, and Prullo.

drop the curtain before the piece was finished." "At the same time that Madrid assists at my debut as a disciple of Thalia," con-He let his chin fall on his breast in tinued Don Eusebio, "we shall also silent despair.

witness the first representation of an "Oh, unfortunate man that I am !" attempt at comedy-writing by mynephew he began again, after a few moments.

his tone. "You gave her three days to struck his forehead with his consider. Alma loves me, and you may be sure she will never willingly give her "Ah, here you are at last," said he to hand to another." Manuel, as he entered the salon. "I

Don Eusebio shook his head incredubegan to think you were never coming. lously. Look at me, boy-but, for Heaven's

"Banish that idea from your head !" said he, in a peevish tone. "I have astasio, and no other !"

"Nothing can change you?" "No, nothing. It pains me to refuse you, but I never break my word.

"Very well," replied Manuel, proud-iy, "then I shall remain the author of the street and you will hear the sparrows cry out from the roofs that the nephew Gormaz.' Love would have consoled me for the lost of fame. As you destroy my happiness, leave me at least my laurels.

you want to drive me mad ? Oh, that I should live to see this day ! My reputation is ruined forever ! Listen, my boy, and you shall know the cause of my despair. I was in my box betimes, and ment ""--he made a terrible gesture. and your characters made their appear-"You know my conditions, uncle. If then you must shoulder the flasco."

"The good old caballero, for a few moments, was a prey to conflicting emotions. It was not long doubtful, however, which would come out victorious. wept tears of joy. Already in imagina-tion I saw a double triumph; for I said The clock struck ten. His friends might arrive at any moment.

" Call Alma !" said he, after striding up and down the room for a few moments.

Manuel hastened to do his uncle's bidding.

"Is it true that you love this good-for-nothing here?" Don Eusebio asked his daughter as she entered the room. Alma looked down blushingly and

nodded an affirmative. "Hump ! you do, eh ? Then take her," he thundered, turning to Manuel, "marry her, only leave me alone ! My head whirls as though it would flyinto a thousand pieces. Begone, begone I hear steps. You have my blessing ! Manuel pressed his lady-love to his heart, and they both left the room, with a grateful glance at Don Eusebio.

The following year Manuel led his pretty cousin to the altar, and no one at he wedding wore a more joyous mien than the worthy father of the bride.

And often, in after years, when he dandled his charming grandchildren on his knee and looked on the face of his But blooming and happy daughter, whose beauty seemed to increase from year to year-often then he silently glorified the flasco that opened to him and his the door of domestic felicity.

As for Manuel Alonzo de Castres, he became one of the most distinguished dramatists of Spain, and if among his works there is one of doubtful merit, entitled "The Midnight Elopement," the reader of this narrative knows how it chances to be there.

There is nothing which will inspire a not well dressed up woman with such terror as the appearance of a dressed up sister. However devoted she may be to the front yard flowers, she will leave them in a flash on the approach of a well dressed female, and taking her stand behind the front blind, will, in a

brief space of time, see everything she has got on and figure out the cost to within a few cents. It is marvelous.

Fearful outrage—A young English lady residing in Paris has received over fifty lashes. She was born with them fifty lashes. on her eyelids,

ceasing and enormous demands for wood, especially for charcoal, house building, and lucifer matches, is telling rapidly on the productive power of the forests; this fact is of world-wide importance, for there is hardly a maritime country, except China and Japan, to given my word. Alma marries Don An- which Swedish wood in some form does not find its way. At last, in 1874, a law was passed forbiding the felling of any trees less than seven inches in diameter at sixteen feet from the ground. This statute applies only to the Bothnian for-ests. If extended to all Sweden, as it probably will be, it may greatly affect the mining interests of Great Britain, for it will cut off the supply of small "Manuel!" cried Don Eusebio, in Switzerland there is now a sylvan sotimber known as "pit props." terror, as he wiped the perspiration ciety, and great pains are being taken to from his forehead. "You will not induce people to replant cleared and deciety, and great pains are being taken to and distressed. abandon me in my extremity, my dear Manuel? If it should be known that I the damage which floods, handslips, and am the author of 'The Midnight Elope- avalanches have of late years so frequently inflicted. Switzerland also has an industry-that of wood-carving-Alma remains the bride of Senor Perez, which she had made peculiarly her own, although it was not introduced into the Bernese Oberland before 1815. This and the process of denudation was wood-carving annually uses up an enor-steadily going on. What surprised me mous quantity of wood of all sorts. In Cuba there are abundant forests, which must have increased since 1868, when the insurrection broke out, for there has the old skin at this time was very been very little cutting of late years; and moist, any swelling of the body but, as we might expect where the Spanstretches and loosens it. So soon as the ish are concerned, no more care is taken, no less recklessness is shown by the farmers who cut wood for their use in Cuba than in any other timber-clad part

mia, during the past ten years, a species

of worm, which seems to act like an epi-

How They Fight Grasshoppers.

This action enlarges the body, loosens the skin at that place. I What farmers there are in Colorado, says a letter writer, are fighting grasshoppers with water, and fire, and smoke, and death-dealing ambuscades, and enand perhaps the most efficacious. Its name gives a very good conception of its practical workings. A long sheetbox, open at the top, is swung close to the ground between two wheels by which it is moved over the field. Rising two or three feet above the top of the box, and bending forward from the rear, is a broad sheet of tin or sheet-iron. movement of the serpent on the floor When in use a fire is built in the bottom of the furnace, which is then pushed against the wind, the overhanging wing or sail taking the hoppers as they rise and feeding them to the flames in a

hurry. Sometimes a miniature windmill is added to the outfit, and sucks in all the locusts for yards and yards around, destroying them by millions. Millions more have been drowned in irrigating ditches by cunningly devised trips

green, and before their wings were grown, several tons of them were destroyed by a confidence game which deserves description. Between the young hoppers and the young wheat long rows of dry straw were strewn, which soon became literally black and alive with the wriggling little insects. When no more hoppers could be accommodated, the straw was fired. Another device was to drag over the hopper-infested regions a arpaulin plentifully coated on the under side with coal tar, which is instant death to the pests. Still, with all these disad-

apparently as numerous as ever.

around for a year. "That will do splendudly!" she said, with the north Provinces, to contain some 30,000,000 comes out that it's ten times as bad as "It isn't very nice, as she held it up. acres of forest. Unfortunately, the unbut some farmer can wear it to chop in.

Casting off its Dress,

skin was turned inside out in rolling

back, and the whole operation took

A Gentleman.

thirty-five minutes.

the original. A Paris paper tells of a lady who is in-Ah! hold on! I want that lining to troducing a new era into furniture fashmake a cushion for my rocking chair. ion. She is having all her chairs, sofas, and Jennie will want these buttons for and carriages stuffed with aromatic her string, and the rest of the coat'll herbs, which emit an agreeable perfume, make a beautiful rug to lay in front of the lounge. I'd like to send it, but and not too powerful, around the air. This fashion, it appears, is of Eastern probably it wouldn't be appreciated, or extraction, and is prevalent throughout probably some one else will send a better the greater part of Asia.

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irish She rummaged around for a full hour. and when she got through the chamber woman a quantity of butter, the lumps her floors were piled high with old of which, intended as pounds, he "duds." Those she meant to keep were weighed in the balance and found wantplaced on the right—those she meant to send away on the left. On the left was they are light," said Biddy, in reply to a wall-basket made of hoop-skirt wire. the complaints of the buyer, "it's your She hasn't sent the box yet, but she own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought here myself that I weighed them with?" The shopmeans to. She knows that all should contribute to the relief of the suffering ke per had nothing more to say on that subject.

A census enumerator in Albany asked an old maid her age : "Thirty-one," she replied. "Oho !" ejaculated the Speaking of the pine snake of New she replied. "Glouisly, "are questioner, increduously, "are ti No sir." she Jersey, a writer tell us how it casts its "are you skin as follows : On looking in the box "No, sir, married ?" said. near the close of September the skin "Aha!" was the second exclamation, was found to be started from the head, accompanied by a knowing leer. The aged maiden glanced over his shoulder into the book, saw that he had put her was that there was not the least friction down as fifty-one, and an instant later in the act ; that is, there was no rubhe had more scratches and less hair than bing against any exterior object. As when he entered. soft

New Use for the Telegraph.

exuviation has reached the part of the The Buffalo Courier tells of a clerk in body containing the large ribs this doffing of the old suit proceeds more who, being the last to leave for his dinone of the telegraph offices in that city rapidly, and with a singular system. It ner, found the door locked as is usual, is done just in this way. Exactly at the but, as is not usual, discovered he had place where the skin seems to be mov-ing backward a pair of ribs expand. I of this key in another coat pocket two or three blocks away at his hotel. The and windows were two stories up, and he did In this not exactly see the point of an exit that movement both ribs in the pair act at way. And every minute his dinner was the same time, just as the two blades of growing cold and his temper correthe seissors open together. Now comes spondingly hot. He rattled the door, tried to pick the lock with a shingle nail. in a second movement of this pair of gines of destruction. Of all these the ribs. One of them-say the one on the and repeated softly to himself choice "grasshopper hell" is the most popular right side-is pushed forward, and made extracts from profane history, but there to slip out of the constriction, when it he staid, and relief seemed appallingly is immediately drawn backward ; that remote. Did he wait there till his is, against the neck of the old skin. brother clerks returned from their seven Now the left rib makes an advance, and courses, from soup to doughnuts, to let in a like manner presses backward. him out ? Not he. An idea struck him and the impression left bore its fruits. Thus the final action of the ribs is not synchronous, but alternate. This rib He telegraphed to St. Thomas, Canada, action produced a singular automatic had [it repeated to Detroit, Mich., whence it was returned, according to acof its box, and even across the folds of companying instructions, to an opposiits comparion, which kept as still as if tion company at Buffalo, the result of , it were dead. The movement of the which was to send a boy up to his room snake's body, as the skin did not follow after the key and down to his office to it, gave the creature the appearance of crawling out of a tubular case. The

The Armies of Europe.

Col. de Valliere, the head of the Swiss school of artillery, has published an interesting essay on the number of men maintained in the various great continental armies and the expenses involved. Adding such reserves as may actually be summoned into the field, he makes the a mantle of charity; show us a man who numerical establishments not very far bows as politely and gives the street as from 6,500,000, of which 1,700,000 are free to the poor sewing girl as to the allotted to Germany, 1,500,000 to France, 1,500,000 to Russia (excluding her Asiatic land forces as not to be counted on for a contest in Europe), 900,000 to Austria, and 750,000 to Italy. passing girl; show us a man who abhors Of this number, however, he admits that a libertine; who scorns the ridicule of it would be difficult in practice to call out the whole, even in the German empire. As to the cost per man of those actually in the ranks, he computes it at £48 in Russia, £47 in France, £40 in Germany, £87 in Italy, and only £29 in

which prevent their escape from the water. While they were young and Show us the man who is ever ready to pity and help the deformed; show us a man who covers the faults of others with millionaire; who values virtue, not clothes; who shuns the company of such as gather at public places to gaze at the fair sex, or make unkind remarks of the his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us a man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy due woman, as a woman, in any condivantages against them, grasshoppers are tion or class-and you show us a gentle-

man.

of the globe.-Land and Water.