THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1878. NUMBER 38.

A Dinner and a Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
For he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

To-Day.

Creeds live and die; faith follows faith,
Deeds prove but mockeries of the will;
And dreams that were to-morrow's are
To-morrow's still.

Subtly, in all our good the thread
Of ill is wrought; our fairest fair
Is dragged to earth in being ours,
And traileth there!

Light follows light, and each grows dim!
The present will be as the past;
Wave breaks on wave, and each is strong
As each is last!

Life leans on faith, and pressed hard!
Faith cries to God, and only stands
When, bearing life upon our breast,
She clasps God's hands.

The distant hills are darkness; but
The morrow brings the morrow's light;
This much is ours—to-day to do
The present right.

This much is ours, and things beyond
In love's own wisdom hidden lie!
But this lies close at hand—to do
His will, and die.

MISS ASHBELL.

Consternation was depicted on the faces of the family group assembled to hear it, when I finished reading the letter I had just received from aunt.

The group consisted of myself—Mary, eldest daughter of the house and hearth—brown, dark-eyed, tall, and eighteen; Helen, not quite as brown, hazel-eyed, almost as tall, and sixteen; Will, browner, darker-eyed, a head shorter, and ten; and Carrol, towering above us all, blue-eyed, fair-haired, golden-mustached, and twenty-one.

Aunt was, in fact, our great-aunt, sister of our father's mother, but the only aunt, great or little, that we had ever known. We had met her but two or three times during our lives, as she lived in far-away Illinois, and was too much occupied with grains and herds to think of frequent visiting, and we—well, we were too poorly provided with gold and silver to be able to take long and expensive journeys. So what little visiting there had been had been on our aunt's side, with one exception, and then I was the visitor. It was when I was about fifteen this short but memorable visit took place. Yielding to aunt's repeated solicitations—I was her namesake—I started from home with the intention of spending the summer months on the Illinois farm. I arrived there safely, was welcomed heartily, and entertained right royally; but before a week had passed away I had grown so tired of the seeming boundlessness of every thing, and longed so for the little cottage and Lilliputian garden where grew my three rose-bushes—one red, one white, and one a creamy yellow—that aunt, seeing the longing in my eyes, said, "Child, you must go back," and back I came long before I was expected, but my dear father and mother assured me not a moment too soon.

We children had always heard twice a year from aunt—once collectively at Christmas, and once respectively on our birthdays—and each time the kindly note which exhorted us to "be good, industrious, and self-reliant," included a check larger or smaller, according to aunt's gains the preceding year. These notes we had been taught to answer with many wishes for the old lady's welfare, and thanks for her kindnesses, and hopes for a speedy meeting: in short, in a manner befitting the only nieces and nephews of the Carmody family when replying to the friendly epistles of their only aunt, to say nothing of that aunt being the wealthiest and most influential member of that family.

A few days before our father died he called us together, and said: "My children, it isn't at all likely to occur, but if ever aunt should ask a favor of you, grant it, at no matter what inconvenience. She has been my best and dearest friend."

Poor father! I suspect aunt had often helped him out of pecuniary difficulties. He was an unpractical, dreamy sort of man, fond of birds and poetry and flowers, and didn't succeed very well in life. But, in spite of his dreaminess and his want of worldly tact, and his being so totally unlike her in most ways, he was a great favorite of aunt's, and when we telegraphed his serious illness to her she left her vast possessions without a captain at a moment's notice, and hastened to his side, making her appearance in a bonnet that immediately suggested the prairies, it was so unlimited as to size and so bare of ornament, and which grotesquely obtruded itself into the remembrance of that sad time forever after.

Since father's death things hadn't been very bright with us. In fact, they hadn't been bright at all.

We found there was a good deal of money owing, and what remained of the two hundred dollars aunt gave us on the day of the funeral—she bade us "good-bye" the instant the ceremonies were over—after our very cheap mourning was paid for, went to the butcher, grocer and shoemaker.

We were all willing to do, and all did, whatever we could toward supporting the household; but, dear! dear! talk about weeds. I never saw anything grow like bills.

Carrol, who had an artistic turn of mind, struggled with it, and I, who had a dressmaking turn of mind, struggled with that, and Helen struggled with her books, hoping to become a teacher in time, and little Will struggled with somebody else's books, for he went into a publishing house as errand-boy—poor fellow!

Besides the struggles, we had mother on our minds. A few weeks after we lost our father we lost our baby sister. A beautiful child she was, as bright as a diamond and as fair as a pearl, and the pride and darling of us all. Already sinking beneath the blow of her husband's death, when her little daughter died, too, my mother's heart was almost broken. From being a sunshiny, energetic, busy woman, she became listless and apathetic, sitting in her room day after day gazing upon the pictures of the loved ones, or rocking back and forth, her hands clasped before her, looking with dry eyes upon vacancy.

"O that she could be made to weep! that she could be roused from this dreadful speechless gloom into which she had fallen!" was our continual prayer, for the terrible thought came to us often that we should lose our mother in a much worse way than we had our father and sister—that her brain would at last give way beneath its weight of heavy, despairing thoughts.

Well, the exchequer was low enough; and mother had had one of her very bad spells; and a lady customer had just been in and abused me—yes, abused; I can use no other word; women do fly in such temper at their dress makers—about the fit of her dress, declaring it to be "utterly ruined," when it only wanted taking up a little on one shoulder and letting down an inch or so in front; and Will's right arm was almost disabled from a heavy load of books he had carried a long distance the day before (how men can have the heart to give a man's burden to a child I can't see)—when aunt's letter fell like a bomb-shell into our very nearly disheartened little camp.

"DEAR FOLKS.—A friend of mine—an Inglishman" (aunt's language was correct enough, but at times her spelling was somewhat peculiar)—"who came here purporting to start in business, took the fever, lingered a few months, and died, leaving, heaven knows why, his only child, a daughter, who will eventually be a not-to-be-sniffed-at airess, to my care. Having been delicately reared in the midst of devotion and tenderness, this place, only suited to bold, strong natures, is a little too ruff for her. So she desires—at least I desire for her—a home in the North, and I wish that home to be with you.

"My niece Mary, who inherits the disposition of her father to a great degree—and he would have gone out of his way any day to give even a dum brute pleasure—will, I am sure, be kind to her. Carrol will love her for her beauty, if for nothing else, and the rest of you will love her because she is most lovable. Her maid wlli accompany her.

"At present her affairs are in a tangle, but I hope to unravel them in the course of a few months, and then you will be recompensed for whatever extra expense she may cause you. I would inclose a check at present writing, but all my funds are invested in a speculation from which I except to reap much profit. Do the best you can until you hear from me again, when I will farther unfold my plans in regard to Miss Ashbell, who, by-the-bye, starts to-morrow.

"AUNT."

No wonder consternation and dismay were depicted on every countenance when I ceased reading this letter. No wonder we looked gaspingly at each other. What in the world were we to do with this fine young lady in our humble home?

What could aunt be thinking about! True, she didn't know exactly how poor we were, for we'd been too proud to acknowledge our extreme poverty in our few and far-between letters. On the contrary, I am afraid we had led her to believe that we were in quite a flourishing condition. But for all that, she ought to have known that we were not flourishing enough to support a delicate and beautiful girl, used to luxury, tenderness, and devotion, for even a few months. Was ever any thing so malapropos and vexatious? Of course Miss Ashbell would look with scorn on our seven roomed dwelling, with a back garden twenty-five by twenty-five, and a court-yard ten by ten. And suppose—as aunt, with a short-sightedness very unusual to her, complacently remarked—Carrol should fall in love with her? The proud English girl would no doubt regard him as a fortune-hunter, and invidiously compare his frank, impulsive, rather brusque manners with the repose and "awful" dignity of the languid swells of her own land.

And somebody else might be attracted toward her—men are so susceptible to woman's beauty—somebody who now thought my brown face the sweetest in the world. The very thought made my heart stop beating.

And the maid? Even if we could make arrangements to accommodate her—and it seemed utterly impossible for us to do so—Betty, our faithful servant for the last fifteen years, would look upon her in the light of an interloper, and treat her as such. Betty had been used to being "monarch of all she surveyed." Even in house-cleaning times—those times that try men's souls and women's soles—she scorned the idea of an assistant.

"No, ma'am, I'll have no strangers pokin' roun' me. When I'm not able to do the work of this house alone, I'll go."

And mother—dear, shrinking, grief-stricken mother—how would she bear the advent of this dainty Miss Ashbell? But we could do nothing to avert the impending misfortune. Even if we had thought of disobeying our father's last command, and refusing aunt the favor she had not asked, but, in her usual decisive way, taken for granted, the young lady was on her way, and would be here in a day or two.

The news must be immediately broken to mother and Betty. I, being the housekeeper, undertook to face the latter. I must confess I did it with fear and trembling. She heard me grimly, never ceasing to pare the potatoes she held in her lap, and when I had ended, looked up with a sharp nod of her head, and said, slowly and emphatically: "Betty'll have to go now, sure. She can't stand no fine young ladies and sassy young ladies-maids about for nothin'."

Helen went to mother, put her arms about her neck, and with a kiss and a smile told her of the expected visitor, adding, with an assumption of gayety: "She sha'n't come near you at all, mamma dear, if you don't want her; but you know aunt has been so kind to us, and father loved her so dearly, it would be impossible to refuse the first favor she ever asked of us."

Mother said never a word, but began brushing the hair back from her temples with both hands in a nervous way she had when anything grieved or annoyed her.

And then we began preparing for Miss Ashbell. Will's room was to be given up to her, and Will (Carrol's room was scarcely large enough for himself and his art traps, as he called them) was to be stowed away in the loft—a proceeding which he viewed with immense dissatisfaction. "I'll smother up there in hot weather," he said, with a wry face. "Oh, I wish there wasn't any Miss Ashbell! Why don't she go to a hotel?"

"Why don't she?" echoed I.

I said we began to prepare for her, but for lack of the before-mentioned silver and gold, our preparations were of the simplest kind. Carrol made and put up two pretty brackets, and hung, with a sigh—for he hated to part with them—the few pictures he possessed on the walls. I looped back the white curtains (freshly washed and ironed, with much grumbling, by Betty) with new blue ribbons, and I covered the trunk ottoman with bright chintz, and with Helen's help made a new mat to place before the bureau, and we turned an old tablecloth into napkins, and bought a new napkin-ring and two or three cut-glass goblets and a lovely china cup and saucer, and when all was done, waited with anxious hearts for our unwelcome guest.

Mother had shut herself up in her room early in the morning of the day we expected her, and had remained there; and the rest of us were all as uncomfortable as poor, proud, shy, sensitive people could be at the thought of a perfect stranger's ingress into the very heart of their home, and wishing audibly and inaudibly that Miss Ashbell's father had never brought her from England, when, as the sun set in the west, and a cool summer breeze, fragrant with the breath of the roses, lifted the curtains of our cozy bay-window, a carriage stopped at our door.

"She's come, and I'm gone," said Will, flinging down his book and rushing out into the garden.

Carrol rose from his chair, ran his fingers through his golden hair, and glanced in the mirror at his new blue silk neck-tie. Helen sank back on the lounge with a sort of groan; and I opened the parlor door as Betty went muttering through the entry in answer to the bell.

"Is it Mrs. Carmody's?" asked a pleasant voice, with—yes, it was a slight brogue.

"Yes," answered Betty, shortly. And in another moment a round-cheeked, unmistakable red-haired, good-natured-looking young girl in a plain traveling dress stood before me.

"Good gracious! is this the beauty?" thought I; and Carrol fell back a step or two.

"Are you Miss Carmody?" she asked.

"I am," I replied, holding out my hand; "and let me welcome you;" when, turning from me, she gently pulled forward into the room the loveliest little child I had ever beheld in my life, with large soul-lit brown eyes, and sunny hair the exact color of our lost darling's.

"This is Miss Ashbell," said the *maid;* "and I am to stay or go back as you see fit."

I looked at Carrol. He indulged in a long under-the-breath whistle.

Helen buried her face in the sofa cushion and laughed hysterically.

The child came forward, and holding out her little hand, said, with a pretty drawl, "I am to love you, and you are to love me. Aunt said so."

I went down on my knees on one side of her and Helen went down on her knees on the other, and we kissed her till her dimpled cheeks glowed again (you see the house had been so lonely without our little sister, while Carrol looked on with astonishment, admiration and tenderness blended in his handsome face, and Will stole in with the only bud from my precious tea-rose, the stem carefully stripped of its thorns, and put it in her hand.

"Thank you, boy," she said. "I will have you for a brother; and you too," looking with a bright smile up into Carrol's face. "There is an angel home, in a big picture, with hair and eyes like yours."

Carrol caught her up in his arms, and away with her to mother's room. And there she had no sooner said, "my papa and mamma are both in heaven," than mother burst out in a blessed fit of weeping that left a rainbow behind it. And from that hour the weight began to be lifted from her brain, and soon I had to resign my position as housekeeper, for we had our mother back again as she used to be of old—a little quieter in her ways, perhaps, but just as sweet, as kind, as unselfish as ever.

And Carrol's picture of "Miss Ashbell" gained him a place on the walls of the Academy that autumn; and Will, who entered college last week, never ran away from her again, but has ever since been giving her roses freed from thorns, as he did the first night she came among us, bringing light and happiness—God bless her!—to our sorrow-clouded house.

And I often think, looking at the two young heads (there is only four years' difference in their ages) bending over the same book, that some day Will will tell her the old, old story, and she will hear it with a smile.

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right, Brownie," says my husband—how I laugh when I think of my jealous fears about him once on a time!—"you almost always are."

And aunt's speculation turned out splendidly (she is still living, a hale old woman of seventy-five), and she insisted upon our accepting what she called father's share, and that share was no inconsiderable one.

And the seven-roomed house has grown to a twelve-roomed one—Betty, by-the-bye, has allowed her daughter to assist in the house-work—and the twenty-five by twenty-five garden to a hundred by a hundred, my corner just filled with rose-bushes.

And everything has prospered with us, and no lengthening shadows have fallen upon our paths, since the rosy June afternoon we so unwillingly opened the door to let in the darling who loved us, as we loved her, at first sight—sweet brown-eyed, golden-haired Miss Ashbell!—*Harper's Weekly.*

Consumption of Timber.

In pleading for the protection and perpetuation of forests, *The Lumberman's Gazette* gives some interesting particulars of the amount of timber consumed every year in this country. "We have now," it says, "about 90,000 miles of railroad; the annual consumption for ties or sleepers alone is 40,000,000, or thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres. To fence these roads would require at least 130,000 miles of fence, which would cost $45,000,000 to build, and take at least $15,000,000 annually to keep in repair. We have 75,000 miles of wire, which requires in its putting up 800,000 trees, while the annual repairs must take 300,000 more. The little, insignificant lucifer match consumes annually in its manufacture 300,000 cubic feet of the finest pine. The bricks that are annually baked require 2,000,000 cords of wood, which would sweep the timber clean from 50,000 acres. Shoe-pegs are quite as important an article as matches or bricks, and to make the required annual supply consumes 100,000 cords of fine timber, while the manufacture of lasts and boot-trees make 500,000 cords of marble, beech and birch, and about the same amount is required for plane-stocks and the handles of tools. The packing-boxes made in the United States in 1874 amounted to $12,000,000, while the timber manufactured into agricultural implements, wagons, etc., is more than $100,000,000. The farm and rural fences of the country consume an immense amount of lumber and timber annually, but as we grow older as a nation, this consumption may, and probably will, be reduced by the more general use of live fences or hedges. Our consumption of timber is not only daily on the increase, but our exportation of timber is also rapidly increasing. Our staves go by the million to France annually; walnut, oak, maple and pine to England, and spars and docking timber to China and Japan."

Wanted a Patent for a Chalk-Mark.

The Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times* writes: Several days ago an application reached the patent office from J. J. Strong and Kate M. Strong, of Talladego, Ala., for a patent for an ant guard. The petition, which was a very funny one, set forth that the Strongs, who are man and wife, had jointly put their heads together and had invented the most wonderful thing ever heard of, to wit, an 'ant guard,' which they went on describe at great length. They claimed that it was patentable, as it was new and useful, two things that are necessary to secure a patent. The guard consisted of drawing a chalk-mark around a table or other place, by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. Mr. Strong says, and Mrs. Strong swears it is true, that an ant cannot walk over a chalk-line, and all that is necessary to keep ants away from anything is to draw a chalk-line around it. It appears that chalk makes an ant's legs slip up, as soaping a track prevents a railroad engine from starting. The petition was novel, and caused considerable fun. At last the commissioner of patents looked over the precedents and directed his law clerk to write a decision refusing the application on the ground that there was nothing new in the invention claimed, that chalk had been used for such purposes heretofore, and winding up with the general statement that such ideas are not patentable. This decision was sent to the Strong family, but it failed to satisfy them. They had made up their minds that there was millions in their invention, and they did not intend to be cheated out of it by any such decision. As they have money they can pay lawyers, and they have filed an appeal from the decision of the commissioner of patents. This appeal will be tried in the circuit court.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT.

The Laurel Hill Association, of Stockbridge Berkshire Co., Mass.

This association had its beginning in the year 1853, and was set on foot entirely by the efforts of one devoted lady—now Mrs. J. Z. Goodrich—whose personal and untiring labors to arouse the people resulted in an organization which has not only secured to the town incalculable benefits, but has become the inspirer and the model of similar associations in other States. [An account of a more recent effort of this kind was given in February.]

After a thorough canvass of all portions of the town, by way of preparation, a meeting was held in August, which proved an enthusiastic success. Besides its own citizens, many sons of the town, settled elsewhere, were present, or responded by the proxy of a liberal subscription. All the preliminaries of a regular organization under the General Statutes of the State, were transacted. By its constitution membership was obtainable by an adult on the payment of $1, and of twenty-five cents by a child, or, on the part of the latter, by the planting of a tree under direction; and every child was encouraged by this means to erect a memorial of him or herself, to bear thereafter the name of the planter.

A remarkable knoll, where magnificent rocks are overhung by a forestry of oaks and pines, was purchased some years previously and presented to the village as a pleasure ground, by a public-spirited citizen. An abundant undergrowth of Laurels, suggested a name for the locality, and also the name of the association. An aggregate of about $1,400 in cash and available subscriptions enabled itto commence operations with vigor. Its attention was primarily directed to improvements upon this hill; then extended to the village cemetery, whose ruinous fence was replaced by a tasteful structure of marble and iron, within which, a year or two later, was set a hedge of Norway spruce. The latter is now kept fifteen feet in height, and is a superb wall of perennial green. Within this enclosure walks and drives were constructed, shrubbery and trees planted, leaning monuments set perpendicular, and provision made for repeated mowings. Then the streets of the village were taken in charge; side-walks straightened, trimmed and graveled; crossings laid; gutters constructed with regard to thorough drainage, and shade trees set along the sides of every street. Year after year these improvements were pushed farther, and along the roads leading into the town, and the opportunity for pedestrian exercises greatly enlarged. In undertakings involving more expensive labor—such as grading and working the roads through and near the village—the association has acted in concert with the municipal authorities, adding its own to the town's appropriation, and thus securing a direction in the enterprise. The two have thus enjoyed mutual aid, to the invaluable advantage of both.

The question is often asked us: Were there no opponents of this crusade of improvement? Yes—but they were not numerous, and no long time was required to conciliate them entirely. It is not in human nature, when one puts his premises in order and beautifies them with taste, for his next neighbor to endure for long the contrast suggested by the neglect and dilapidation on his own premises, and the chances are that he will not only fall in with the prevailing spirit, but become a formidable rival in betterments with the other. The little labor and trifling expense necessary to effect a change in his surroundings, of which, when made, he can not but be proud, ere long convert him from a brake to a spoke in the wheel of progress, particularly when he comes to find—as he will—that there is money in the operation.

Once a year, in the month of August, our Association holds its festival on Laurel Hill. A turf rostrum built against a huge overhanging cliff is the nucleus of operations. On that rural platform sit the officers and invited guests. Around and in front, beneath the shade of the oaks, on the level plat that once formed the Council-ground of the Housatonic Indians, stand or sit the town's people; the numerous summer sojourners and visitors from the neighboring towns, whom the occasion attracts, forming an appreciative audience, sometimes of several hundreds. After prayer (and often music also), the choice of officers, and the annual Report of the Executive Committee, an oration is pronounced—usually by some distinguished native of Stockbridge—which is supplemented by brief offerings in prose or verse, and extempore speeches from visitors. After some two hours of these pleasant exercises, the occasion is closed—at times with a dance by the young people on the verdant sod, to the music of the band. This is peculiarly the village festival, and tends to keep alive and transmit the influence of the institution to which so much pleasure and profit are due. In the course of its existence of twenty-five years, the records of the L. H. Association show an expenditure of $6,692, with the following as some of the results:

1. The acquisition by legacies of more than $4,000, most of which has been invested in public funds; the revenue from this, with the annual subscriptions, affords available means and secures the permanency of the association.

2. The setting of 1,686 trees, besides several hedges. These, from mere saplings have become magnificent specimens to affort a grateful shade and be the joy and pride of coming generations.

3. Well ordered streets, sidewalks, gutters, and crossings, rendered locomotion convenient and agreeable at all seasons.

4. A general tidying up of all the private dwellings and premises throughout the community, rendering ours, externally, the finest village in Western Massachusetts—the subject of admiration by all visitors and sojourners.

5. The growing education of our people in the beautiful in nature, aided by art, tending to diminish rudeness, and to the promotion of morality.

6. An increased value of real estate of from twenty to one hundred per cent. Trees planted by the association in its infancy in front of some humble premises, have, on the acknowledgment of a later purchaser, added $500 or $1,000 to his offer therefor. Seldom is a larger income returned from so small an outlay.

7. An example which has been copied by scores of communities that have obtained our constitution as the foundation of similar organizations in distant localities. Such applications continue of frequent occurrence.—*E. W. B. Canning, in American Agriculturist.*

Grenada, Miss., was in no condition to resist the inroads of any malarial diseases, if reports are true. The sudden outbreak of yellow fever there, and its malignant type, are said to be due to the unwholesome condition of the town. The main sewer, which leads entirely through the town to the river, caved in not long ago. In order to repair it, the sewer was uncovered for some distance, and examination proved that it contained numerous carcasses of dogs, cats and rats. The sun beating down upon these remains thoroughly polluted the atmosphere, and within a short time afterward the plague broke out violently.

On the Way to the Black Hills.

A correspondent of the Rochester *Evening Express*, en route for the Black Hills, thus describes the sights and scenes by the way: The huge trains drawn by cattle or mules, the rough looks and dress of the "bullwhackers," or "mule-punchers," as the drivers are called, are strange to us, but evidently common here. Be that as it may, the sight is novel to us, and we gaze with wonder at the immense wagons, capable of carrying 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of freight, and drawn by sixteen to twenty head of cattle or mules. Often as many as twenty to thirty of these wagons compose a single train, and in the aggregate carry a large amount of freight. The drivers we find to be made up from all nationalities, Mexicans, Irish, negroes, all associating together in one common family, under one master, and fed by one cook. "All aboard!" shouts the burly driver, as the Concord drives up to the door of the hotel, to take us to the Hills, 300 miles to the north of us. In spite of the haste we all show to get the best seat, the driver seems to grow impatient at the delay, and is anxious to get away for his early drive. His every feature, action and expression denote the Western man, and you need not fear for your safety while in his care. The broad-brimmed sombrero shading his sunburnt features, his coarse clothing, and his immense top-boots, all prove the roughness of his duties, while the "navy" and the "Bowie" in his belt tell their own story. At last all are snugly stowed away inside, or mayhaps preferring more air, on the "upper deck," where true, fresh, prairie breezes give us a happier and more comfortable feeling. A heavy load is ours, yet the four well-trained horses hardly feel our weight, but speed along, happy in the prospect of a good "meal" ahead.

The magnificence of the pasturage, the frequency of running streams, near each of which the inevitable "ranchman" has "located" himself, already having his cosy house in order, and tons upon tons of hay ready for use; the excellent condition of the roads—a strange thing for a new country—all these surprise us, and cause wonder why this broad expanse of land has so long been left to itself. We are told that we are now in the center of the great winter grazing regions; that the prairie grass cures in summer, and the winter is, for feed, equal to grain. Here we pass through the lovely and picturesque Greenwood Canyon, where a quiet stream is sheltered by bluffs, and, soon after, by a very fine and substantial truss-bridge crossing the North Platte river, we have a fine view of the chimney and court-house rocks, whose prominent appearance always command attention. About 120 miles out we pass the old Red Cloud Agency.

Soon after leaving here we get a sight of the Hills, more than 100 miles away, and truly black and somber they appear to us, the immense peaks looming toward the sky. In rapid succession we pass French, Spring Rapid, Box Elder, Boulder, Elk, Bear and Whitewood creeks, each some ten to twelve miles from its neighbor, and each the sole occupant of its own bright green valley. The general beauty of landscape, the broad, expansive and grass-covered prairies, the deep and weird canyons, the refreshing streams, the bright-looking evergreen pines, and more amusing than all, the little prairie dogs—all serve to relieve the tedium of our journey and make us less weary of our long ride.

Monkeys at Supper.

This rather comical picture is from the pen of an eastern traveler:

"There is a pretty grove of mangos just out of Lucknow, called the Aish Grove, or the monkey grove. In this place there are hundreds of monkeys. One evening I went out to see them. At first as I rode under the big trees, looking everywhere and not seeing one, I was beginning to feel disappointed. But presently I saw two or three in the road, three or four on top of a house, and all at once they were everywhere, hanging from the branches of the trees above my head, running across the road, up the tree trunks, so I concluded there were a few left.

"As I was watching these few, a man came out of a small shop with a big bag full of grain, and going up and down the road in front of our buggies, began calling out *ao, ao, ao;* which means come, come, come!

"In a few minutes everything seemed alive with the ugly, long monkeys. They sat down on their hind feet and put the grain into their mouths as fast as they could; very greedy they were. Some of the mother-monkeys took up their babies in their arms, rocking them backwards and forwards, just as you have seen your mothers do with your little brothers and sisters.

"Just as they were in the midst of their big dinner, eating as fast as they could, there appeared upon the top of a house a very large black monkey. He sat a moment and gazed upon the feast, then sprang from the roof, seating himself in the center of the assembly. There was a general breaking up and squealing fearfully, they all ran away to the edge of the road.

The old fat monkey sat upon his hind feet and looked around; then, wisely looking at me, seemed to say:

"'I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;'

and then, quietly settling himself to work, began eating.

"Not one of them dared to come near him. I asked the reason, and they said he was the king-monkey, and all the other monkeys were afraid of him. After he had eaten enough, he scampered back upon the house-top, and sat watching the others as they finished what he had left."

Chin Foo's Monthly Expenses.

The San Francisco *Golden Era* observes: Much having been said and written in regard to the cheapness with which the Chinese live, one of the leading merchants of Sacramento street comes to the front with the following letter, in which he gives a true statement of the whole business:

EDITUR GLOLEN ELA:—Me hab learn readee paper. So now can see all datting what he talkee. Me hab see what plenty man talkee, how much he "pung-le" every month for chow-chow. Me tinkee you no shabbee how muchee Chinaman hab pay for allee same ting. Me tellee you:

For 1 littee shanty on Sacramento street, to Ameliky man for 1 month	$50 00
1 piece man cooley for catchee chow-chow	20 00
1 littee dog for boli	2 00
Cumshaw to 1 piece policeman, who say he look out no man sheatee me	20 00
1 other policeman talkee me all same	15 00
1 other piece man say, "John, you pungole, or I'll bust your eye."	10 00
1 other piece man, who say he fireman and lun wid der machine	10 00
1 other piece man, who say, "John, wha you license?"	5 00
1 other piece man, who say, "John, you pay me dat license or I raise bad place wis you	10 00
Rice for cooley	5 00
Chow-chow for me	25 00
Litte bird's nest soup, rat sauce	20 00
Little dat "impure drug" for smokee	20 00
1 littee row, when Ameliky man lickee me and Judge Loudeblack say, "John, you must pungle,"	10 00
	$232 00

Dat what cost China merchant live in San Francisco one month. What you tinkee? CHIN FOO.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Union College has given Edison, the inventor, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Jesse Pomeroy recently made a saw from some article in his cell and nearly cut his way out of prison before he was discovered.

Emperor William has been taking mud baths at Teplitz. They are considered a very efficacious remedy for rheumatism.

What is the difference between a provident widow and a wife who talks about her "liege lord?" One husbands her means, and the other means her husband.

A recent number of the *Republique Francaise* gives an account of the great publishing house of Hachette & Co. According to the writer the firm has the largest bookselling business in the world, turns over some 15,000,000 francs, publishes a book a day, employs 5,000 persons, and exports yearly 200,000 packages.

One of the most daring feats ever achieved by a swimmer was performed at Tonbridge, England, by Prof. Henry Hoare, who succeeded in swimming a distance of two miles with his hands fastened together with handkerchiefs, so that no effort could possibly extricate them; his feet were chained together, and his eyes blindfolded.

A new cannon has been made at the Krupp works in Germany of enormous dimensions. A ball of this cannon pierces the thickest armor plates of vessels at a distance of eight miles. Two shots at a range of 6,000 feet are supposed to be enough to dismantle and sink the most powerful ship. Each ball costs one hundred and fifty dollars.

A Chinaman's mule walked from a hillside on to the roof of a miner's cabin, in Eureka, Nev., and fell through, breaking nearly everything underneath, including one of the miner's arms. The enraged miner immediately slew the mule with an axe. The Chinaman now sues for the loss of the mule, and the miner sues for the damage to the cabin and himself.

A little boy of John Slaugherty's, a saloon keeper at Steubenville, Ohio, was playing in his father's bar room, when he happened to jostle against a barrel containing two or three gallons of whiskey, a frightful explosion followed, the barrel being blown into fragments, killing the boy instantly. The barrel stood beside a window through which the sun shone very warmly, and it is supposed this generated gas sufficient to produce the result stated.

After the second attack upon the Emperor William the brothers of the assassin, who were officers in the army, tendered their resignations, but were allowed to retain their places and to change their name from Nobiling to Edeling. By a strange coincidence, a man in Cologne, who was formerly named Becker, and who, after Oscar Becker had attempted to assassinate the Emperor in 1858, changed his name, happened to select his wife's name, which was Nobeling.

When Admiral Hay landed in Cyprus he sent fifty marines on to Larnaca, the capital of the island, and as the weather was extremely hot, gave them mules to ride on, thus organizing a veritable corps of horse, or rather mule, marines. The mules suffered from the heat as much as their riders, and after brief and solemn deliberation determined to kick their unskillful riders off. There was a sudden and unanimous elevation of heels, and fifty marines lay prostrate in the dust. This was comical enough, but the story has a serious end. The mules ran away, and ten of the marines, compelled to walk, were sunstruck.

The *Journal des Debats* recently has given statistics respecting the number of horses possessed by different countries. Throughout the whole of the Turkish dominions there are estimated to be only 1,000,000 horses, while the Russian provinces are credited with the possession of no fewer than 21,570,000. Austro-Hungary has about 3,500,000, and Germany 3,352,000. France, which had considerably more than 3,000,000 a few years ago, has now rather less than that number, and England stands only fourth on the list, with 2,255,000. The United States has a total of 9,500,000; Canada, 2,400,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; and Uruguay, 1,600,000.

The Merchants' Exchange of Nashville, Tenn., has as its members' peculiar pet an eight-year-old rattlesnake, with seven rattles and a button, about five feet long. Every evening about five o'clock he is taken out of his box and emptied into the basin of the fountain. Along the edges of this he establishes himself until compelled by frequent proddings to move, when he goes dashing through the water to the other side, causing a stampede of spectators in that locality. Often he jumps from the basin to the floor, and coiling himself, strikes at his tormentors. His close confinement, however, has rendered him inactive, and when he strikes it is easy to get out of the way. At the conclusion of his performance the end of his box is placed at his head and he crawls in.

It is on the 11th of July next that, if the proclamations posted by the Wahabees on the mosques of northern India are to be believed, the world is coming to an end. The story, as set forth in the manifesto, runs as follows: A priest in the mosque at Medina has lately had a visit from the Prophet, who laments the degenerate condition of his followers, and attributes the recent short rainfalls and consequent scarcity to neglect of his precepts, and to the corruption and apathy of the judges who sit over his people. The Prophet, moreover, asserts that only seven Mussulmans have attained to eternal bliss since his own admission to paradise. This state of things is so unsatisfactory that the Almighty has decided that the sun shall rise in the west instead of the east on July 11; and on that day all who call themselves true believers shall be struck with blindness, and dissolution follow immediately. "If there be a word of falsehood," adds the priest, "in what I have stated, let my face be blackened forever."

It is estimated that the wheat crop for 1878, in twenty-one States of the Union, foots up 301,000,000 bushels. Of this amount, Minnesota furnishes 60,000,000 bushels; Iowa, 45,000,000; Kansas, 30,000,000; Nebraska, 25,000,000; Wisconsin, 18,000,000; Michigan, 18,000,000; Illinois, 15,000,000; Indiana, 20,000,000; Ohio, 16,000,000; Texas, 12,000,000; Arkansas, 7,000,000; Kentucky, 8,000,000; Tennessee, 10,000,000; Pennsylvania, New York, and New England States, 25,000,000.

Where Mosquitoes were Thick.

The captain of a steamboat gave a St. Louis reporter the following information concerning mosquitoes on the upper Missouri: "Well, sir, we saw poor cattle rush down into the water and wade in until everything was covered but their heads, and then the pests would light on their heads in swarms, and bite their noses, and every place they could settle on, until the poor things bellowed in their agony, and closed their eyes and tossed their heads. If they were human they would commit suicide. As it is they are driven mad. Poor things, they are nothing but skin and bones; mere skeletons, clothed in swollen and ulcerated skins. Some of the boys killed a few of them, but they were not fit to bring on board. Same way with all the animals. Antelope and deer were reduced to nothing but skeletons by the vampires. If you held your hand out for a quarter of a minute, it would be covered so thick with mosquitoes that it would look like you had a glove on. The suffering of the men was awful. I'll tell you how we were able to get through. I took down my stove-pipes and kept smoky fires burning all the time, I had to have two small hand-furnaces making smoke in the pilot-house all the time, so that the pilots could work. The men were all broke up. Every limb was swelled up, and you could not have recognized the features of your own brother. The smoke was the only protection, and it was pretty near as bad as the mosquitoes. The eyes of all the men were bloodshot. Life was misery.

"The mosquito latitude begins about seventy-five miles below Bismarck, and is good for seventy-five above that point. There never was a season like this one before. For the first time in many years they had up there what you would call an open winter. There was no ice or snow. At Fort Benton, and just look at your map and you will find it about forty-seven degrees latitude, and that's pretty far north, they didn't put up a ton of ice. About the first of March the rainy season set in. There has not been twelve good days since. I will venture to say, and mind you I know all about that country, more rain has fallen in that latitude this year than in the fifteen years previous. Vegetation is rank and tropical in its luxuriance. Weeds of unusually ordinary growth are higher than a man's head, and from the water mosquitoes are bread by the million. If you publish what I have been telling you about the pests, some people will laugh and call it exaggeration. Young man I couldn't begin to give you an idea of their numbers. They fly in clouds. They obstruct the light of the sun. They are ravenous. They are as bad in the day as in the night. They drive a man almost crazy. Just think of preferring to sit in a blinding and stifling smoke rather than venture outside where the mosquitoes would get at them. Rather would I promenade twenty hours a day through the yellow fever district of New Orleans than go through the experience with mosquitoes that I had this summer. It is awful. I can give you no idea of the nuisance, the torture." And the captain aimed a vicious blow at a sleepy fly and walked vigorously around to shake off the memory of this upper Missouri mosquito misery.

The Emperor of Germany.

A Paris paper has an article on the Emperor William, from which we take the following extract, describing the personal appearance of the monarch who has been so repeatedly a target for the assassin. An audience of the emperor, in his cabinet on the ground floor of the palace at Berlin, resembles no other royal audience. The emperor is clad in his long military frock coat, with its two rows of buttons. He is marvelously neat, very straight, and rather stiff. His contour is still well preserved. His body is well made. His limbs are powerful. His extremities indicate an old and good race. His face, more grave than severe, with its beard cut in German fashion, is well known. The smile which plays on his face is at times very young. When this tall old man speaks to the women who, during the summer months, form his court at Ems, he seems to date back to the seventeenth century. The emperor has the beautiful blue eyes of Frederick the Great. But however large his eyes they have not the extraordinary dimensions of the eyes of Frederick. The scant hairs, formerly light brown, to-day ashen, are parted low on the left, crossing but not covering the crown of his head. William seems to me to personify absolutely the type of an emperor of the olden time—large, strong, handsome—a soldier. The faces of Alexander and Francis Joseph are those of modern emperors. The gaze of William has a strange slowness. It is the look of a man who has the consciousness of majesty. He believes. it is well known, in his divine right. His tufted eyebrows form a fine arch. His eyes have not the vague mysteriousness of those of Alexander, nor the indicible melancholy of those of Francis Joseph, nor the trouble of those of Queen Victoria. However, I prefer the expression of these last three to that of the Emperor William. They have more personality.

His voice has a strong tone of command. The accent is slightly Berlinese. The emperor thickens a little, and dwells somewhat on the vowels. He speaks slowly and very correctly, as a man