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King Cheese.

(A Story of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.) Where many a cloud-wreathed mountain blanch Eternally in the blue abyss,
And tosses its torrents and avalanches Thundering from cliff and precipice,
There is the lovely land of the Swiss—
Land of lakes and of icy seas,
Of chamois and chalets,
And beautiful valleys,
Musical boxes, watches, and choose.

Picturesque, with its landscapes green and cool Sleek cattle standing in shadow or pool, And dairy-maids bearing pail and stool— That is the quaint little town of Nulls.

There, one day, in the old town-hall, Gathered the worthy burghers all, Great and small, Short and tall, At the burgomaster's call. The stout and fat, the lean and lame,
From house and shop, and dairy and pasture,
In queer old costumes, up they came,
Occident to the burgomaster.

He made a speech—"Fellow-citizens: There is
To be, as you know,
A wonderful show,
A Universal Fair, at Paris;
Where every country its product carries,
Whatever most beautiful, useful, or rare is,
To please and surprise,
And perhaps win a prize.

Now here is the question
Which craves your counsel and suggestion—
With you it lies;
So, after wise
And careful consideration of it,
Say, what shall see send for our honor and profit?

Some said this thing, some said that;
Then up rose a burgher, ruddy and fat,
Rounder and redder than all the rest,
With a nose like a rose, and an asthmatic cheet:
And says he, with a wheeze,
Like the buzzing of bees:
"I propose, if you please,
That we send 'em a chesse."

Then a lithe little man,
Took the floor, and began,
In a high, squeaky voice: "I approve of the plan;
But I wish to amend
What's proposed by my friend:
A MG CRESE, I think, is the thing we should
send."

Then up jumped a third, To put in a word, And amend the amendment they had just heard; "A ROYAL BIG CHEESE" was the phrase he

The question was moved,
Discussed and approved,
And the vote was unanimous, that it behooved
Their ancient, venerable corporation,
To send such a cheese as should honor the nation
Bo ended the solemn convocation;
And after due deliberation,
The burgomaster made proclamation,
Inviting people of every station,
Each according to his vocation,
With natrogic emulation. To join in a general jubilation,
And get up a cheese for the grand occasion.
Then shortly began the preparation.

One morning was heard a mighty clamoring With sounds of sawing and planing and h

With sounds of sawing and planing and hammering.

The painters, forsaking their easels and pallets, Came to look on, or assist in the labor;

The joiners were there with their chisels and mallets;

Trades of all grades, every man with his neighbor;

The correnters, coopers,
And stout iron-hoopers,
Frecting a press for the thing to be done in,
A tub by enough to put ton siter ton in,
And gutters for rivers of liquid to run in.
March was the month the work was begun in—
If that ceula be soft they are assisted but fun in;
to—accepted to April, and long before May
Everything was prepared for the curd and the whey.

Then the bells were set ringing—
The milking began;
All over the land went the dairy-maids singing;
Boy and man,
Cart, pail, and can,
And peasant girls, each in their pretty dress,
From highway and by-way all round, came bringing.

Morning and evening, the milk to the press.
Then it took seven was heads together to guess
Just how much remet, no more and no less,
Should be added, to crudle and thicken the mess.

So, having been properly warmed and stirred, The cheese was set; and, now, at a word, Ten strong men fell to cutting the curd. Some whey was reheated; The cutting repeated; Each part of the process most carefully treated, For fear they might find, when the whole;

Their plan had by some mischance been defeated. Now the weavers come bringing the web they were

spinning,
A cloth for the curd, of the stoutest of linen.
The ten men attack it,
And tumble and pack it
Within the vas' vat in its dripping gray jacket;
And the preas is set going with clatter and racket,
The great screw descends, as the long lavers 1/2y,
And the curd, like, some crushed living creature,
gives way;

gives any;

It sight in its troubles—

The pressure redoubles!

It mutters and spatters,
And bisses and bubbles,
While flown the deep gutters,
From every pore spiried, rush torrents of whey.

The cheese was prosed, and turned, and cured; And so was made, as I am assured, The rich-ordered, great-girdled Emperor, Of all cheese that ever were.

Then, everything ready, what should they else, In starting His Majesty on his travels, But a great precession up and down Through the streets of the quaint old town?

A grand parade,
A grand parade,
With marching train-band, guild, and trade:
The burgomsster in robes arrayed,
Gol. chain, and mace, and gay cockade,
Great keys carried, and flags displayed, Great keys carried, and flags displayed, Pompous marshal and spruce young aide, Carriage and foot and cavalcade; While big drums thundered and trumpets And all the bands of the canten played; The fountain syouthed become And all the bands of the canton played;
The fountain spouted lemonade,
Children drank of the bright cascade;
Spectators of every rank and grade,
The young and merry, the grave and staid,
Alike with cheers the show surveyed,
From street and window and balustrade—
Ladies in j-wels and brocade,
Gray old grandam, and peasant maid
With cap, short skirt, and daugling braid;
And youngsters shouted, and horsen neighed,
And all the curs in concert bayed;
Twas thus with pomp and masquerade,
On a broad triumphal chariet laid,
Beneath a canopy's moving shade,
By eight cream-colored steeds conveyed,
To the ringing of bells and cannonade,
King Cheese his royal progress made.

So to the Paris Exposition, His Majesiy went on his famous mission

At the great French Fair! Everything under the sun is there, Whatever is made by the hand of man: Silks from China and Hindostan,

Silks from China and Hindowian,
Grotesque bronzes from Japan;
Froducis of Iceland, Ireland, Scotland,
Iapland, Finland, I know not what land—
North land, south land, coid land, hot land—
From Liberta,
From Chiberta,
From Siberta—
Eveay fabric and invention,
From every country you can mention:
From Algeria and Sardinia;
From Ohio and Virginia;
Egypt, Siam, Palestine;
Lands of the palm-tree, lands of the pine;
Lands of the palm-tree, lands of the pine;
Coli con, of ivory, and of spice,
Of gold and silver and diamond—
From the farthest land, and the land beyond, om the farthest land, and the land beyond

And everybody is there to see: And everybody is there to see:
From Mexico and Mozambique;
Spaniard, Yan kee, Heathen Chinee;
Modern Roman and modern Greek;
Frenchman and Prussian,
Turk and Russian,
Foes that have been, or foes to be;
Through miles on miles
Of spacious sisies,
'Mid the wealth of the world in gorgeous piles,
Loiter and flutter the endless files!

Encircled all day by a wondering throng,
That gathers early and lingers long,
Behold where glows, in his golden rind,
The marvet the burghers of Nulle designed?
There chatters the cheery bourgeoists,
And children are lifted high to see;
And "Will it go up in the sky to-night?"
LAsks little ma'm'selle, in the arms of mother mother—
"Hise over the houses and give us light?
Is this where it sets when it goes out of sight?"
For she takes King Cheese for his elder broth But now it is night, and the crowds have departed The vast dim halls are still and deserted; Only the ghost-like watchmen go, Through shimmer and shadow, to and fro; While the moon in the sky, With its half-shut eye, Peers smilingly in at his rival below.

At this mysterious hour, what is it
That comes to pay the Fair a visit †
The gates are well barred,
With a faithful guard
Without and within; and yet the clear
Somebody—or something—is entering here

There is a Paris underground,
Where dwells another nation;
Where neither lawyer nor priest is found;
Nor money nor taration;
And scarce a glimmer, and scarce a sound Reaches those solitudes profound,
But silence and darkness close it round—
A horrible habitation;
Its streets are the sewers, where rats abound;
Where swarms, unstifled, unstarved, undrowhed
Their ravenous population.

Undergound Paris has heard of the Fair, And up from the river, from alley and equare, To the wonderful palace the rats repair; and one old forager, grizzled and spare—The wisest to plan and the boldest to dare, To smell out a prize or to find out a snare—In some dark corner, beneath some stair (I never learned how, and I never knew where), Has gnawed his way into the grand affair; First one rat, and then a pair,

And now a dozen or more are there.
They caper and scamper, and blink and stare,
While the drowsy watchman nods in his chair.
But little a hungry rat will care
For the lovellest lacquered or inlaid ware,
Jewels most precious, or stuffs most rare;—
There's a marvelous smell of cheese in the air!
They all make a rush for the delicate tare;
But the shrewd old fellow squeaks ont, "Bews
Tis a prize indeed, but I say forbear!
For cats may catch us and men may scare,
And a well-set trap is a rat's depair;
But if we are wise, and would have our share
With perfect safety to hide and hair,
Now listen, and we will our plans prepare."

The watchman rouses, the rats are gone;
On a thousand windows gleams the dawn;
And now once more
Through every door,
With hustle and bustle, the great crowds pour;
And nobody hears a soft little sound,
As of sawing or gnawing, somewhere underground,

At length, the Judges, going their round,
Awarding the prizes, enter the hall,
Where, amid cheeses big and small,
Reposes the sovereign of them all,
They put their tape round it, and tap it and bore it,
And bowing before it,
As if to adore it,
Like worshipers of the sun, they stand—
Slice in hand,
Pleased and bland,
While their bosoms glow and their hearts expand,
They smell and they taste;
And, the rind replaced,
The foremost, smacking bis lips, says: "Messieurs!

The foremost, smacaing, was slears!

Of all fine cheese at market or fair—
Holland or Rochefort, Stilton or Cheshire,
Neufchatel, Milanese—
There never was cheese,
I am free to declare,
That at all could compare
With this great Gruyere!"

In short, so exceedingly well it pleases They award it a prize over all the cheeses. That prize is the pride of the whole Swiss nation; And the town of Nulle, in its exultation,

Without a dissenting voice, decrees To the poor of Paris a gift of the cheese. Paris, in grateful recognition
Of this munificence, sends a commission—
Four stately officials, of high position—
10 tab. Elegath, for from the Exhibition,
And, in behalt of the poor, to exhibition,
With speeches and tosses, the Swiss for

with speeches and tossts, the fivies for their gift.

The speeches they made, the tossts they drank;
Eight Normanity horses, strong and swift,
At the entrance wait
For the golden freight;
And all the porters are there to lift,
Prepared for along and a strong embrace,
in anoving Bis Greatness a little space.
They strain at the signal, each man in his place;
"Heave, ho!—when lo! as light as a feather,
Down tumbles, down crumbles, the King of the
Cheeses,

Cheeses,
With seven men, all in a heap together!
Up scramble the porters, with lau

sneezes;
While sudden, mighty amazement seizes
The high officials, until they find
A curious bore
In the platform floor,
And another to match at the nether rind— And another to match at the nether rind—
Just one big rat-hole, and no more;
By which, as it seemed, had ventured in
One rat at first, and a bundred had followed,
And feasted, and left—to the vast chagrin
Of the worthy burghers of Nulle—as thin
And shabby a shell as ever was hollowed;
Now nothing but just
A crushed-in crust,
A cart-load of scraps and a pungent dust!

So the newspapers say; but though they call King Cheese a hoax, he was hardly that, and the poor he fed, as you see, after all; For who is so poor as a Paris rat? —J. T. Troubridge, in St. Nicholas.

An Ant Dairy on a Virginia Creeper. The large leaves have been converted into dairy-farms by a colored family named Formics, otherwise known as black ants. The race to which this family belongs have for years been notorious as slave drivers and cruel task masters. They are extremely warlike and go into battle with regularly organized battalions, making slaves of their prisoners, who, yielding to the force of circumstances, become faithful servants, and procure all the food that is eaten by their idle masters. The family living under my veranda, although fierce and determined in their nature, have apparently devoted themselves exclusively to dairy farming, having numerous herds of cattle-cows and calves-that are of cattle—cows and calves—that are had no idea of meeting Alice at that regularly milked by their owners, who hour; for though she had promised to drink the milk for their food. One of the larger leaves of the Virginia creeper forms a rich meadow, where from fifty to seventy-five cows and calves can pasture. These little domestic animals are known as aphides, and it is certainly an extraordinary sight to see the black ant to whom they seem to belong go through the field and milk these little cows. He carries with him a long whip (antennæ), with which he strikes the little docile animal on the back, when it immediately deposits the milk that its master eagerly drinks. When the pasture gives out, the ant carries his herd to another leaf or field; and when the little calves are old enough to be milked, he begins the education by biting them.

It is curious to see the owner defend his flock from an intruder. Let another black ant come into the field—that is on to the leaf-and he attacks him with great fury, driving him from the premises at once. All this and more too, my lens shows me of my neighbor's peculiar habits. I find that if I venture too close and arouse the suspicion of the dairy-man by placing my hand or finger near his little farm, that I am warned by a sharp bite to be more circumspect in my movements, and not to become too familiar on a short acquaintance.

M. Fowel, who has given a very close study to the ants of Switzerland, relates some very remarkable instances of an intelligence in these little creatures which seems almost incredible, and in fact it is almost impossible for any one to comprehend the absolute mental capacity of these tiny, and for the most part industrious dwellers on the earth, unless he seeks through the medium of his own observation a closer knowledge of their habits and modes of life. - Egbert L. Viele, in Harper's Magazine.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

It was a warm June day. The sun was already half-way down his western slope, moving lasily, as if weary with the long march of the summer solstice. A ganzy haze veiled without obscuring his brightness, and lent a dreamy charm to the scene below. Soft rolling hills; a stream winding between green willowy shores; seen far away, a broad blue river, and the spires and roofs of a town; these were the outlines of the landscape. In the cool piazza of the old white farmthese were the outlines of the landscape. In the cool piazza of the old white farmhouse, her home for half a century, stood my grandmother, a smile on her placid face, and her mild eyes drinking in the serene beauty of the scene. Alice and I came flying down the hall staircase and stood beside her.

"Good-by, grandmamma," cried my sister. "We are going to leave you for a little while."

a little while." "Must you go to-day, my dears? The horses are away, and it is a long walk to S...... Why not wait till to-mor-

"You forget," I said, "that Frank comes to-morrow; and we shall be so busy with packing, and all the last

things. And it is only two miles to town, after all." "I suppose you must go, dear; but it is a long walk for Alice in this hot sun," grandmamma added, glancing from my gray walking dress to my sister's cloudy

muslin and slippers. "Oh, I am not going, grandma; I shall only walk with Charlotte down to the thorn-trees to take that sketch I have promised you so long. We shall both be back early to spend a long evening with you. This is my birthnight, you know—just think! I am nineteen—and I want you to make a festival of

"Be sure we will. And good-by, now, my children, for you have no time to

Alice and I walked slowly down the green path which wound its way across the fields to the brook. Following this for some distance, we came to a rude wooden bridge by which we gained the other shore; and soon a sharp bend in the stream brought us to the thorn-trees of which Alice had spoken. A miniature promontory, covered with the softest and most velvety turf, was washed on two sides by the waters of the brook, while the third was guarded by a semicircular line of gnaried and twisted thorn-trees. A belt of similar trees upon the opposite shore rendered the upon the opposite shore rendered the seclusion of the place perfect. It was a spot which Titania might have chosen for her court, so still, so secret, and so green. Through a partial opening in the trees was visible a lovely bit of scenery, a sketch of which Alice, who draws with rere skill and fidelity, pro-posed to take in my absence Sasted here on the warm grass, the stream mur-muring at her feet and the leaves flutterng over her, I left her to her pleasan task; and regaining in a few moments more the frequented path, took my way by the long yellow high-road to the dis-

months with our grandmother, and were to leave in a few days for our home in Philadelphia. Our own mother was dead; and the warm-hearted, though rather gay and fashionable step-mother who had taken her place, did not come so near to our hearts as did the gentle old lady at the farm. A part of every year we spent with the latter, always eaving her with regret. I should mention that my step-mother had a son, the fruit of a former marriage, who had been absent several years in India, and at this time had just returned. As we had no brother of our own, Frank Baldwin, who was a few years older than I, had filled nearly a brother's place to Alice and myself. He was now to be our escort home, as our father was pre-vented by some business from coming

This afternoon I had to make some trifling purchases at the shops, and pay a few parting visits of friendship or eremony. We had many pleasant friends —, and the farewell calls consum ed so much time that nine o'clock was ringing from all the steeples before I was able to leave the town and turn my steps toward home. But the way, though lonely, was safe; and I enjoyed the quiet walk in the evening air. It must have been nearly ten o'clock when I reached the gate which communicated with the foot-path across the fields. Of course I wait for me, it was in the expectation that my return would be much earlier. Yet when I came to the turn of the path leading to the thorn-treets my steps half

involuntary took that direction.

Walking on slowly, I had reached the brook, and was rounding the point where, hours before, I had left my sister, when I was startled by perceiving what seemed in the uncertain starlight to be her figure reclining on the grass under the thorn-trees. Involuntarily I paused, half in doubt, half in fear. At that instant there came from far away in the south the first low breath of the night wind sighing across the fields and stirring the stiff leaves of the old thorns with a sound as of innumerable airy footsteps. With a sudden thrill, as if I had been conscious of some invisible that we "primped" more than usual presence, I called her name, but in a low, frightened voice. There was no satisfied with my fresh summer toilet; low, frightened voice. There was no answer; and springing forward, I knelt beside the figure of my sister, lying fast asleep upon the grass. Her flushed cheek rested on her round white arm, and a smile like that of dreaming infancy parted her beautiful lips. Lifting her long hair, on which the night dew glistened, I took her hand, exclaiming: "Alice! Alice Vane! what are you thinking of, asleep in this damp night

Slowly she opened her large eyes and gazed around with a bewildered expres-

"Dear Alice, do rouse yourself," I cried, "It is past ten o'clock, and grandma will be crazy."

She obeyed the movement of my hand, sat up, and allowed me to wrap my shawl about her. I gathered up her scattered drawing materials, and again begged her to rouse herself and go

What is the difference between a bare figure and an ancient song? One is a nudity, and the other an old ditty.

"Yes, we will go," she said; "but I have been dreaming so long, I can scarcely find the boundary line between my dreams and reality."

"What were you dreaming of?"
"Oh, so many things! I must have
been sleeping a long time, for the last
I can remember the sun was setting, and I thought you would soon be here. I was awake then, I am sure of it. All at once there came from far up the glen a faint sweet strain of music. Then I disfaint sweet strain of music. Then I distinguished voices singing, and presenting is was surrounded by a crowd of people thronging all about me. Their garments brushed me, and their fingers touched my hair, but they never seemed to see me. Suddenly they vanished, one beautiful lady alone remaining. She stood just there, behind that long branch. She was all in green, and I could scarcely distinguish her from the trees. She spoke to me with a charming smile, and then lifting her white hand, wavel it slowly through the air. I looked, and papa stood beside me. I could not move or speak, but his dear eyes looked into mine for a moment; then the figure slowly faded. As I gazed, other figures came by, brightening and fading before my eyes. I saw yourself and Frank, mamma just as she need to look, and many more, all famil-The next I remember, you were calling me. Now don't laugh, Charlotte," she added, catching the expression of my

"Indeed, love, I shouldn't think of

"Indeed, love, I shouldn't think of such a thing. I am too deeply impressed by your doubtless prophetic vision."

"Now, Lottie!"

"Well, dear, why not? Remember this is the eve of St. John, and your birthnight. Every one knows that children born on midsummer-eve are the especial favorites of the fairy folk, and subject to their influence on that night. It is plain enough that the lady in green was your fairy godmother, and your vision must be prophetic."

Alice laughed, but in a shy, absent way, and her pretty blush was visible

Alice laughed, but in a shy, absent way, and her pretty blush was visible even in the starlight. In answer to my railleries, she admitted that before falling asleep she had been indulging in fancies about fays and the like, naturally suggested by the place and time; but as for the young man, she stoutly declared she had never seen, or imagined, or previously even dreamed of, any one in the least resembling him.

Alice was up early next morning, not a whit the worse for her green wood nap, and very busy with her drawing. I supposed she was finishing the thorntrue sketch; but help and the drawing for an hour, I saw it was a portrait on which she was engaged. It was the likeness of a young man, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age.

twenty-eight or thirty years of age.

"Who is it, Alice dear?"
Alice laughed, but blushed a little.
'It is the face I saw in my dream last

"Is it possible?" "It is the best likeness I have ever made. That is, in every feature, the face that was bending toward me when your voice broke the spell of my

"Well, my love, you have wonderfully vivid dreams. We must take care that you do not sleep under the starlight too

Frank Baldwin arrived that afternoon, and we hastened our preparations for departure. He kindly offered to assist us, and stood round, man fashion, in the way, putting things in the wrong trunks, and making confusion generally. We were limited in truck—rom, and Alice declared it quite impossible to get in her voluminous sketching-books. They were secordingly laid aside to be left till they could be sent for, or until we should make our regular visit next year. Frank, roaming restlessly about, tired of our inattention, spied the books, and began to look them over. He was silent for some time; but at length he looked round with an exclamation o surprise. "Edward Granger's portrait! Alice, where did you ever see Ned Granger?" "I never saw him to my knowledge,

Pray who is he?"
"He is the friend of whose adventures with me in India I have frequently written home. Is this your drawing?'

"Certainly. "Is it meant for any one?"

"It is a fancy merely."

"Well, it's a most surprising acci-dental resemblance, considering you never saw Ned; and of course you never could, as he is at this moment on his way home from India, where he has lived for ten years—since you were a child in the nursery. By-the-way, I see that the Mogul, in which Edward sailed, has been spoken only a week out. So we may expect to see him very soon." We had been at home a week, when

one day, on returning from a drive, we learned that Frank's friend Granger had arrived. A good deal fatigued with traveling by sea and land, he was still in his room, but would join us at dinner. There were to be other guests, and Alice and I went up to dress. I do not know and Alice looked supremely lovely in the pale green organdy, which would have been fatal to a complexion less dazzlingly fair. "You look like the queen of the fairies," I said, and I wondered why she

should blush so at the sisterly flattery.

The blush had not quite faded when The blush had not quite faded when we entered the drawing-room, and Frank brought forward his friend. Mr. Granger was presented first to me, which gave me an opportunity to quietly observe him while he paid his compliments to my sister. I saw his eye light with a flash of admiration for her singular hearts. but this expression was succession. lar beauty ; but this expression was suc-

ceeded by one of perplexity, which did not pass away for some time.

As I studied the face of the stranger, I was instantly reminded of Alice's drawing of what I called her "dream lover." and I no longer wondered at lover," and I no longer wondered at Frank's surprise on seeing it. It was an astonishing resemblance. You could have sworn it was the same face. Not only was every feature the same, even to the cut of the beard and the parting of the hair, but the expression of the whole

than usually charming.

I have no occasion to prolong this story by making mysteries; so I may as well say that the case of Mr. Granger and my sister was one of love at first sight. Their two souls melted into one at their first meeting, and the affection which then sprang into life seemed to grow every day. There were no serious obstacles to fret the current of their loves; therefore its course ran smooth. My father's only objections rested on the fact that Alice was still so young and their acquaintance so brief. Against the match itself he had nothing to urge, as the young man's family, character and fortune were all he could say So the fortune were all he could ask. So the young people had it all their own way; and the ever-beautiful drama, so old,

yet eternally so new, went on once more. It was a fine morning in June, nearly a year from the period when this verayourself and Frank, mamma just as she used to look, and many more, all familiar faces, all persons who have had some part or influence in my life. Last of all came one I did not know. I tarned to ask the lady who he was. She made no answer, but smiled and held up a ring. I thought I knew him for my future husband, and turned to look at him again. As I did so, I thought he bent over and kissed me on the lips; then slowly faded as the others had done. The pext I remember, you were calling the six weeks which had elapsed since her marriage, we had, of course, many things to talk over. So, though the marriage was wearing away, we still sat morning was wearing away, we still sat there, Mr. Granger considerately leaving us to ourselves while he read his paper by the window. I had forgotten his presence, till a sudden exclamation from him drew my attention to his part of the room.

I had come to Alice's from grand-mamma's, where I had been making a visit, and had brought with me among my luggage the portfolios of sketches and drawings which she had left behind last year. They were lying on the ta-ble, and Edward, having finished his paper, and getting no attention from us, amused himself by examining them. When we turned round, he was holding in his hand the spirited sketch of his own features which I so well remem-

"Why, Alice," he said, "where did you get this?"
"I made it, of course."

"But I never sat to you." "No; I drew from memory." "How came it among these things that Charlotte brought from your grandmother's ?"

"I left it there last summer. "What a little story-teller! At that time you had never seen me."

"No, nor any picture of you; yet I had drawn you, as you see."

"Will you please explain," said my brother-in-law, throwing himself back in whimsical perplexity.

in whimsical perplexity.

Alice laughed. "You will not believe me if I tell you," she said, seating her-

self upon his knee.
"Well, love, tell me for all that." proceeded, her sportive tone became seriors, and her large violet eyes deep-ened with an expression of earnestness and wonder. When she ceased, it was with a cheek somewhat flushed, and a sensitive quiver of the lips which she could not quite control. Her husband had listened at first with smiling interest; but this soon gave way to an omin ous look of exaggerated gravity; and when the story was finished, he burst into a peal of uncontrollable laughter. He laughed until the tears came into his eyes; and when we thought he had done ne suddenly started off again, and laughed till he was tired. Alice and I joined in the mirth, but my sister not

very heartily.
"My dear little girl," cried Edward, s soon as he could speak, "do you hope o persuade me that you really dreamed ill that about the green lady?" "But it is true, Edward."

Edward went off again. "And you dare aver that you were asleep. I am confident you peeped."
"You impertinent boy! Small advanage in peeping, when you were not "Do you presume to say you did not

"What do you mean, Edward?" "I mean that my recollection of that kiss is as vivid as your own, only I do not pretend to have been asleep."

"My dear Edward, at that time you were on the Atlantic, a week's sail and more from home. It was ten days after the eve of St. John that you reached our nouse, and you had only arrived the day before.

"My dear child, who told you that ; had just arrived from India?"
"No one, perhaps; but we supposed so, of course

"Nevertheless, on that night of the 23d of June I was near enough to get my first kiss from your lips. It was a mercy Lottie did not catch me, though. I had just time to gain the shelter of the thorntrees before she came round the point."
"Now, Edward," cried I, in amazement, "explain your part in this mys-

"There is little mystery about my part. It is true that when Frank Bald-win left Calcutta I was intending to come

nome in the sailing vessel Mogul, which belongs to our firm. But as I found it would be necessary for me to go to France any way, I took the steamer route by the Isthmus of Suez, and was in Mareilles before the Mogul had passed the Cape of Good Hope. I staid in France several weeks, crossed over to England, and took the steamer from Liverpool to Quebec, arrived on the 20th of June. It is the eastern flank of the Oscade Range outta, a faithful, excellent fellow, has a and the Sierra Nevada mountains, mother and sisters living on a farm not far from 8—, and I was the bearer of letters and gifts from him to them. I As to the southern limit, the commismight have sent the things by express, of course, but I thought the women might like to see and talk with some one who had come from Fred; so, having plenty of time at my disposal, I concluded to visit them myself. You see, no one in New York knew of my arrival, or expected me for a fortnight. I made a detour and reached 8—on the afterments have extended; that they have noon of the 23d. I spent several hours with Fred's family, telling them every thing I could think of about him, and praising him to their hearts' content—the good fellow deserves it all. It was

was identical: the same soul seemed looking through the eyes. Whether Alice noticed this or not, I could not tell. She was talking in a gay and animated manner, and there was a soft light in her eye and a flush of pleasure on her lovely cheek which made her even more than usually charming.

I have no occasion to make the same and quite late when I started to walk back to the town. The evening was so fine that I felt in no hurry to reach my hotel, and I strolled along quite regardless of the way. Perceiving a foot-path which seemed to lead through some pleasant fields to a brook, I left the main road to explore it. Where I went I am sure I

explore it. Where I went I am sure I cannot tell; perhaps you, who know the localities, can form a guess. I know that I passed through a deep, lonely glen from which the brook issued, and, following the windings of the stream, had just succeeded in making my way through a dense thicket of old thorn-trees, when I was startled by the sight of a female figure lying on the grass. I drew near and found a young girl not dead, but sleeping sweetly. What brought her there at such a time was a mystery. The delicate texture of her mystery. The delicate texture of her dress and the gleam of a heavy gold bracelet on one of her round arms showed that she was not probably under the necessity of choosing such a bed-cham-ber. If I had remembered what night of the year it was—the chosen hour of the people in green—I should probably not have attributed to her a mortal character at all, but should have supposed that she had merely arrived too soon at the rendezvous, and was waiting for her isters to begin the greenwood revel. Whether under such a supposition I should have ventured to take the liberty I did I dare not say; but, as it was, think my guilt had some extenuating circumstances. The dewy red lips through which the sweet breath came so softly! why, it was not in human nature to resis the temptation! Blushing to the soul for the depravity of my race, I admit my crime.

"Your contrition is somewhat tardy, sir," replied the blushing Alice, trying hard to frown. "Pray, how long were

you there?"
"It could not have been more than five "It could not have been more than five minutes at most. I was revolving the chances of getting another kiss without waking you, when I heard footsteps, and had just time to gain the cover of the trees before Charlotte appeared. I hurried away across the fields, and reached my hotel about midnight. Next day I started for St. Louis, whence I had just restrated when I resched your just returned when I reached your

"And did you then recognize Alice?"
"No. I remember that at first sight her face seemed slightly familiar, but the impression passed away. Until to-day I never for an instant associated her with the heroine of my almost for-gotten adventure. In that uncertain mingling of twilight and starlight, features were not accurately distinguisha-ble. The only wonder is how she man-aged, undetected, to get so good a view of mine."

"Now, Edward," cried Alice, in a tone of real distress. "vou surely do not believe— He stopped the reproach with a kiss.

"No, darling; of course I do not believe anything of the kind. But Charlotte," he added, "what a strange thing it is, this blending of the events actually passing around us with the fantastic images

"The prophetic faculty, it would seem f midsummer-eve." Edward laughed, "It is an odd

thing, anyway," said he.
I think it odd myself, but it is true.-Harper's Weekly.

The Scourge in the West.

One of the most interesting chapter n the report of the commission on the locust. appointed by Congress, is that which treats of the permanent breeding-grounds of the locust. The area in which the locust breeds each year, in greater or less numbers, the commission says, is approximately 300,000 square square miles in extent. It is not to be inferred that the locust breeds continu-ously over the whole of this area each year, for it is to be understood that the ocust within its native permanent habitat is essentially migratory in its habits. For a series of years it may deposit its eggs in a given river valley, in some park, or in some favorable area in some of the plains lying about the mountains yet it may desert its customary breeding-grounds for adjoining regions, or cross a low range of mountains and breed in a more distant valley. Even in this area the true hatching-grounds are for the most part confined to the river bottoms or sunny slopes of up-lands, or to the subalpine grassy areas among the mountains, rather than con-tinuously over the more elevated, dry, bleak plains. The area in which the locust breeds lies mainly between longi tude 102 degrees, and 114 degrees West of Greenwich, and latitude fifty-three degrees and forty degrees north.

From this general breeding-ground the locust is distributed in all directions. The eastern limit of its range is marked by the commission by the following line:-"From the southern end of Lake Winnipeg, by way of Lake of the Woods, to Pierce county, Wiscon-sin; thence directly south to Poweshick county, Iowa; then southwest to Worth county, Missouri; then south through Montgomery county, Arkansas, to Hous-ton, Texas, curving westward from this point to Live Oak county, Texas." In Manitoba the eastern and also the northern limit corresponds very closely with the timber line. The extreme western limit of the distribution of these locusts appens that one of our clerks in Callin Oregon and Washington Territory

sion lacked data for determining this line satisfactorily. All that its members are able to say in reference to it is that the locusts have been known to cross the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass, and to penetrate a mile and a half into Mexico; that they have been observed

Items of Interest. The end of man-His feet,

The world uses 480,000 tons of coffee a vear. You cannot set the river on fire with a

A lighthouse-A slim audience,

rowing match. A flourishing man. The professor of

penmanship. Women first appeared on the stage in England in 1661.

The Black Hills region proper covers 6,000 square miles.

Always put up something for a rainy day.—An umbrella, for instance.

The train is like the naughty boy, because the switch changes its course. A young fellow who was suddenly jilted by his girl, Mary, observed that she was sum-Mary.

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.

"Are the potato-bugs ripe yet?" asked a would-be smart youth. "I guess so," said his father; "at all events you can spend the afternoon picking them." In the Mustagh range of the Himalayas there are two adjoining glaciers having a united length of sixty miles. Near these is a third glacier twenty-one miles

long, and from one to two miles broad. The glaciers of the Alps are trifling in comparison. It is noticeable that the names of some of the most celebrated men that ever lived are mainly perpetuated by articles in common use. Napoleon lives in English-speaking countries in a kind of boot christened after him; so does Wellington, while Brougham has become embelwed in a well known carriage. Lord balmed in a well known carriage. Lord Derby has transmitted his name and fame to a fashionable hat. Riglan, the unjustly abused leader of the British forces in the Crimea, survives in a coat. Gladstone is rendered memorable by a cravat; Byron's immortality is assured by a turn.over collar; Louis XIV. is reproduced in furniture, Louis XV. in a woman's high heels.

A Venomous Water Insect. The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: A curious little animal was recently caught in a pond of water at Mr. Frank caught in a pond of water at Mr. Frank
Ramsey's, in Plymouth township, and
presented to Dr. C. S. Baker, of this
borough, who placed it in his aquarium.
It is about two inches long, and less than
an inch broad, with six crooked legs. Its
color is dark brown, and large, prominent black eyes. The back is marked as though undeveloped wings were hidden beneath its hard outer coat. It swims readily, but generally fixes itself to a stone or some other object, to which it ulings with its two hinder pairs of legs, holding its head downward and the forelegs raised. It has a sting or lance like

a mosquito, which is only thrust out when attacking its proy.

After having been placed in the aqua-rium it remained quiet for several days, our dreams! What faculty of the during which time it was not seen to eat mind is it which remains awake to take snything. On a recent Friday it made cognizance of things outside the closed an attempt upon a little terrapin, much larger, however, than itself, which it caught by the head with its forefeet, in this instance," I answered, with as much gravity as I could assume. "But died, and his destroyer dragged him to a perhaps that is peculiar to the dreams brick in the center of the aquarium. Then fixing itself on the brick in its favorite attitude, it held the terrapin for twenty-four hours, and seemed to be sucking its blood. How much longer he would have held him is uncertain, for its prey was then taken away. When it is remembered that the weight of the terrapin was several times its own, the

strength of the insect may be imagined. On the following Sunday it sprang upon a water snake eleven inches long. The battle was brief and exciting. The insect pursued the former method of attack. It made a dive, caught him sideways near the neck, twisted his head around and thrust its lance into his throat, quickly killing him. Then as before, it sought a resting place, and held its prey suspended until compelled

to give it up.
Since that time it has made no further assaults. There are a number of goldfish, frogs, tadpoles and little fishes in the aquarium, but it takes no notice of them. The name of the voracious ter-ror of the water has not been learned definitely, but it is supposed to be a mantis, a devouring insect which nearly answers to the description, and which has a habit of folding its five legs in an attitude of prayer.

Number Seven in the Bible.

On the seventh day God ended His On the seventh day Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent. Abraham pleaded seven times for Jacob mourned seven days for Jo-

Jacob served seven years for Rachael And yet another seven years more. Jacob was pursued a seven days' jourey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn. On the seventh day of the seventh

nonth the children of Israel fasted seven days in their tents.

Every seven days the land rested.

Every seventh year the law was read the people.
In the destruction of Jericho, seven ersons bore seven trumpets seven days;

on the seventh day they marched around seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell. Solomon was seven years building the

temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication. In the tabernacle were seven lamps, The golden candlestick had seven

branches

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bul-

locks and seven rams as an atonement. In the Revelations we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angels and a seven-headed monster,