Endeavor.

A mosning cry, as the world rollsby Through gloom of clouds and glory of sky, Rings in my sarssorever; And I know not what it profits a man To plough and sow, to study and plan, And reap the harvest never.

"Abide in truth, abide," Spake a low voice at my side, " Abide thou and endervor."

And even though, after care and toil, I should see my hopes from a kindly soil, Though late yet blossoming ever, Perchance the prize were not worth the pain, Perchance the fretting and wasting of brain, Wins its true guerdon never.

" Abide in truth, abide," The tender voice replied, " Abide thou and endeavor."

"Strive, endeavor; it profits more To fight and fall than on Time's dull shore To sit an idler ever; For to him who bares his arm to the strife, Firm at his post in the battle of life,

The victory faileth never. Therefore in faith abide. The earnest voice still oried. " Abide thou and endeavor."

THAT GATE.

"Confound that gate!" said Sam Blackman, as he pushed and pounded at the dooryard gate, one bitter November

The gate was like the kid of old nursery rhymes it "wouldn't go;" and no beating would make it. At last Sam flung his whole weight on the upper bar, and with a wrench, and a squeak, and a thud, it flew backwards, and Sam

His wife heard the noise, and came to the "keepin'-room" door with the lamp just as he had picked himself up.
"Confound that gate, I say!" he ut-

tered, with deep emphasis,
"Well, why don't ye fix it?" dryly
remarked his better half. "I'm goin' to to-morrer, sure's yer

born, Semanthy!" "Hm!" sarcastically growled Mrs. Blackman. She had heard Sam say that before; in fact, one might almost state she had never heard him say anything else; for Sam never did anything to-day that could be put off till to morrow.

"To-morrer" arrived the next day, a usual, but Sam had the barn to mend. This had been put off since early spring and would not have been done now, 'ou Sam got "so everlastin' cold "at milk

"I'm clean tuckered out," he said, when 'Manthy called him in to dinner. "That are's no fool of a job, mother you'd better b'lieve! I couldn't ha' dic it in three days, save'n' except Jeremy Dow come along just in the nick, an held up them boards while I nailed

"I s'pose you haint fixed the gate?" suggested "mother," while she helped out the "b'iled dinner."

"Bless ye! I haint got the barn noways near done yet. The gate aint really a work o' necessity. It jest jams a mite, that's all."

"But you said you was a-goin to fix it to-morrer, pa, yesterday," chimed in Semantha the younger, who was one of the irrepressible kind.

"Well, what ef I did? To-morrer aint here yit. You're all-fired smart, aint ye, little gal? Guess you think pa's ketched, now; but tell me that, how'm I a-goin' to do things to-morrer, when it aint never here ?"

Semantha was puzzled. Her brains were not mathematical; she began to tammer and stumble over the problem.

"You eat your vittles!" sharply in-terposed Mrs. Blackman. "There aint no day but to-day, only your pa haint never found it out.

Sam ate his dinner in silence. His wife had summed up all his life and character in that brief sentence. But it did not hurt him. You can't preach to some people. They are impervious to words. The whip of bitter experience sometimes drives them into other tracks, but they are never taught of men.

So the winter went on, and the gate were not mended, or smended. Deep snow came, and then Sam set the wicket wide open, jammed it back with a stone, and let it snow. There was no garden to be injured now; "critters" did not stray about the roads in these drifts, and an open gate was delightful to his

But of our pleasant sins, as the old dramatist informs us, Heaven often makes whips to scourge us. When spring came, and the gate had to be shut, it stuck worse than ever, if that were possible. The winter had been very cold, and Sam had lounged more than

i The corner grocery was warm, and about its ruddy stove all the like-minded idlers of the village gathered. There was no want of wit, coarse, it is true, but still wit, in certain of these idlers; and Sam's sense of humor was Leen.

It was quite another thing from home, where his wife was busy, and his girls either at work or at school-this cosey back store, with its wooden chairs tipped back against the wall, its heated atmosphere, its crackling jokes, its village gossip, and the spicy breath of nutmeg and lemon, mixel with more pungent

aromas of rum, gin and whiskey. Sam learned to touch, to taste, to handle, the abominable thing, while cold weather gave him an excuse. When spring came, with soft, damp evenings, and breaths of springing grass and opening buds, he had got beyond needing any excuse. He meant every day to

and he never stopped. Indeed, he grew

His wife could not help knowing that he had begun to drink, for eggs, butter, pork, potatoes, all went to the store, and very little came back in their place.

One May night she woke up suddenly to hear somebody pushing and swearing

She had fallen asleep, conscious that Sam was not at home. It was early, but the children had been out after greens, and she had washed. They were all tired, and nobody was afraid of burglars in Scranton, so mother went to

When she heard the fumbling and tugging, and angry oaths, she woke up fully, in a woman's instinctive way, and at that instant the clock struck two.

She was on her feet directly, and finding herself alone, threw up the window, and called out-"Who's there, an' what ye want?" The voice was the voice of Sam that

answered her, but the speech was a mixture of folly and profanity that demonstrated his condition. Quickly as she could she got to the back door and fastened it. Then she put her head out again, and exhorted

"You no need to come in here, and you sha'n't! The barn's good enough for beasts, and that's the hull on't."

With which she slammed down the window, secured it with a bandy nail, and went back into bed, where she lay awake till she heard Sam at last get the gate open, stumble up to the door, try the latch, and muttering feebly, betake himself to the barn, after which she philosophically went to sleep.

The next morning Sam sneaked in to his breakfast, both ashamed and sulky. The girls had gone to school when he appeared. Mother let him eat what he could before she said a word; then she "spoke up," and like the young bride's mother in the delectable ballad of Lord

"She never vos heard to speak so free." "Look a here, Samwell Blackman, this has gone as fur as I'm goin' to hev it! I didn't talk to ye so long's ye drinkt a little in the cold weather, for I know ye real well by this time, and I knowed you wa'n't a-goin' to be oncomfortable, what-ever come on't. But it's likely weather now; you ain't sufferin' and there's lots to do in the garden. So I give ye warn in that if you git drunk the way ye was last night any more, you won't git into this house agin, nor you won't git no vittles handed out o' winder ef you starve, and that's the hull on't !"

' Confound that gate!" muttered Sam, not inaudibly, as he turned towards the

"Well, if you'd ha' fixed it 'to-morrer, as you kep's the gate wouldn't hev told no tales oncet in my life, I'm glad you pu

In his secret her sam resolved to make that gate right directly. A spy of this unconscious sort was intolerable. But the inveterate habit of putting off things was not cured, and beside, he had a half-conscious idea that his wife would prevent any meddling with it if he tried.

Mrs. Blackman's admonition had done some good. Sam knew her to be a woman of her word, and he knew, moreover, that the washing she took in and her knack at work were the mainstay of the family. If she cut him adrift, what would he do? So he was careful not to get very drunk again.

But that gate had not yet done all its mischief for the Blackmans.

Katy left off school this spring, and went to the scademy to "finish off," as her mother expressed it; for Katy was destined-or intended-to keep school,

Katy was very pretty now. Her sweet, bright face and intelligent expression, the neatness of her simple dress, and the soft dark eyes that looked out from under her shady hat, caught the eye and fancy of many a passer on the other side, as she sped to and from the academy with her bundle of books.

Katy was attractive, even in calico, and nobody found her more so than Jabez Crane, the carpenter, who had come to the village lately, opened a shop near the academy, and being a good workman as well as a good fellow, soon had all the business of the neighborhood. It was a lovely afternoon in June when Mother Blackman first began to think it possible that Katy was really grown up, and an object of attraction. This time

it was the gate again. Why it should have stuck that day so much worse than usual was perhaps owing to a thunder storm which had just rolled away to the eastward.

Katy ordinarily found no trouble in coaxing the gate to open, but this time patience and tact were in vain. A youth had overtaken her as she stood trying to open the wicket, like sweet Mercy of old, and now, with smiling salutation, put a pair of strong hands on the refractory portal and shoved it open.

"Thank you," said Katy, blushing like the old-fashioned red rose beside her; for she recognized a pair of admiring eyes she had often noticed before.

"You're very welcome," said Jabez, and went on, "I should like to open it for myself some evening, if you're "I guess you can, if you try," said

Katy, half in earnest, half in fun, And all this colloquy-brief, meaning-Mrs. Blackman overheard from her bedroom window, by which open casement she had sat down for a oment's rest after her day's work.

Poor woman! Her heart stood still as she listened. Katy was her idol; for even rough, hard-working women can have idols, and worship them as eagerly and selfishly as their better bred and born sisters. A tear trickled from the stop drinking "to-morrow;" but as we corner of her eyes. It went no further, boy running all know, to-morrow never came to him, She could not afford to indulge in tears, and sheep.

"Confound that gate!" was all she said, repeating unconsciously her husband's anathema; for the gate stood in her thought for the bitter facts it had been the means of exposing.

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But Mother Blackman was judicious. She said nothing at all to Katy. Breathing upon a spark will often kindle it to fire, and she knew it.

For many weeks she craftily managed to call Katy in and send her to bed whenever that gate squeaked after dark; being quite nnaware how often Jabez met the girl;—no longer shy, though always blushing—on her way to school; how he carried that heavy algebra and ponderous treatise on logic even to the

"You are never at home, Katy, when I come to see you," Jabez said one day. Katy laughed a little, and colored a

"Yes, I am; but mother always calls me in and sends me up stairs when the gate squeaks,"

"O ho !" said Jabez.

That night a splendid August moon beheld Katy, I am very sorry to say, sitting quietly on the steps of the neveropened front door, breathing in the soft sultry air, while her mother dozed in the old rocker by the back door, the usual port of entrance. There was also a young man, who was carefully drop-ping oil into the hinges of that gate. Then he lifted it up and out, setting it upright against the fence till such time as he chose to replace it. After that he quietly sat down by Katy on the step. When poor Mother Blackman awoke

the night was far spent. Katy had gone to bed, and Sam slumbered the sleep of the laboring man, having come back from the store a few minutes after Jabez Crane had dropped the gate back into its hinges and had walked off.

The gate opened easily, Sam thought, but in his delight at finding his wife tongue-tied with sleep, he slipped silently into the bedroom; and when mother awoke there was nobody to blame but herself.

I am sorry to be obliged to record that that gate came off its hinges a good many nights unknown to her; and y fall, when Katy's term at the academy was finished, instead of applying at once for the school at Scranton Corners, she informed mother with great trepi-dation, that she had concluded to keep private school for life, and the solitary scholar was to be Jabez Crane!

"Sakes alive!" said the astounded woman, "I should like to know where in all natur' you've kep' company with that feller !" "Out on the steps," said the trem-

bling Katy. "An' me keepin' such a harkin' to that gate! I don't see it noways.' Oh, he iled the gate, and took it of

before he came in !" Mother glared at Katy and then at the gate, then throwing her apron over her head, retreated into the bedroom, and slammed the door behind her.

Katy never knew what an hour of pain and disappointment wrung her poor rough mother's heart then and there. Nevertheless, she and Jabez stepped into the minister's on Thanksgiving morning, were married, and went to housekeeping in two rooms over the

carpenter's shop.

Katy certainly was not to blame for marrying the man she liked; but who will say that her wrong in deceiving her mother was dutiful and right?

But a sad catastrophe happened. Sam thought it only right to celebrate the first wedding in the family by a carouse at the corner grocery. His wife sat up for him this time. She could not sleep, for it had been anything but a Thanksgiving day to her, and she felt additionally bitter to think Sam should trans-

The first storm of the season had set in at noon, sleet and snow together, then rain. Then the wind chopped round, and about eight o'clock everything was a glare of ice, rain freezing as

Towards one o'clock, Sam plashed through the mud and ice, up to that gate. Of course it stuck, even more than usual. His wife heard him, and with an unusual softening of heart, resolved to let him into the house, the

weather was so very bad. How glad she was of it a moment after for Sam got desperate, flung his whole weight on it as once before, and as the gate opened, his feet flew from under him on the wet ice, where the pickets had dripped and the water frozen for His head struck the brick wall,

and his skull was fatally fractured. 'Manthy was roused to help her mother, but the neighbors had to be called in before the dying man could be brought on to his bed. Before daybreak, all was

How much his wife-or anybody else -mourned Sam Blackman, let us not inquire. Perhaps a wife always keeps some lingering tenderness laid away, like grave-clothes for a funeral occasion. But if this wife had any, her only expres-sion of it was to say to Jabez Crane, as

they all came back after the funeral and gathered round the kitchen fire,—
"I wish't you'd do somethin' for me right off. I want ye should take that are gate right inter the wood-shed and chop it up for kindlin's. It's nothing but a noosance, and I want it out o' the way, and that's the hull on't!" It is reported that while Jabez was

trying to split the poor hemlock boards, he also was heard to say, "Confound that gate !"- Youth's Companion,

A gentleman who recently traveled over a notoriously slow branch railroad declared that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead to drive off the cows

A COLOSSAL DIAMOND SCHEME.

Its Promoter Severely Wounded in Kentucky-Diamonds Strewing the Ground

Noting a street brawl in Elizabeth, Ky., during which a banker named Arnold was severely wounded by another banker, a New York Sun correspondent gives the history of a remarkable diamond swindle with which the wounded man was identified. The correspondent says:

Philip Arnold, the man who engineered the great diamond scheme of 1871-2 to success, lies in his beautiful home at Elizabethtown, this State, with a load of buckshot in his right breast and shoulder. Arnold had been out of the public eye since Lent and Ralston compromised their suit against him for \$150,000 cash, yet he has made himself a prominent man among his neighbors, and his bank is the most flourishing in that section of Kentucky. He entertains largely, his stable is noted for its fast stock, and his fruit farm is the boast of Hardin county. Though he got his wound in the course of a promiscuous street fight, and though another citizen, a passive bystander, was perhaps mortally wounded by a shot from Arnold's pistol, I fancy that no very vigor-ous prosecution will be made against

It is hard to say just why the man has come to be in such fair repute among a people who are not apt to condone orime of the Arnold sort. They forgive too easily violence, but they abhor dishonesty or the suspicion of dishonesty.

The excitement, meanwhile, had reached London, and the Times sounded the first note of warning. The fact that geology taught that the presence of such various it was the very device of it that Perhaps it was the very daring of it that found favor in the Kentucky heart. And it was the most daring swindle since George Law's South Sea scheme. Besides Arnold was a Kentucky boy, and his neighbors at Elizabethtown, who knew his respectable father before him, fancy that Aroold's scheme may and they gave him the benefit of the doubt. He was a hatter's apprentice in doubt. He was a hatter's apprentice in ground had been so plainly "salted" Elizabethtown, but went to California when a lad. What he did during the interval is not clearly known, but he suddenly appeared in Elizabethtown six or seven years ago and opened a big account in the local bank; but before that it had been reported that he had discovered a new Golconda somewhere among the Western mountains, and was only in Kentucky to enjoy some part of the millions he had gained. Then after a while came the exposure. J. B. Cooper, the San Francisco bookkeeper, made oath that Arnold had planned the swindle and had persuaded him to help

Arnold had sailed for London with some \$40,000 in his pocket. On board the vessel he had bribed two sailors with \$500 apiece to go out among the London jewellers on their arrival there and purchase what they could of diamonds in the rough. In this way he got together \$37,000 worth of cheap stonessomething like a bushel of them-and sailed back again [for San Francisco. Several months later George D. Roberts, Gen. George S. Dodge, William M. Lent, and William Ralston, all notable among the wealthy speculators of California, were successively let into the tremendous secret that Arnold and one Slack-also from Elizabethtown, and a playfellow of Arnold's when a boywhile prospecting in the mountains, had stumbled upon a valley in which diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and gems of all kinds and values were to be picked up as pebbles along the ocean beach. They had brought back all they could carry, and a bag full of the jewels would be emptied before the astonished beholder. At Robert's house, Gen. Dodge said that they covered one end of

the billiard table an inch deep. These California financiers invested a with \$10,000,000 capital before certain chosen erich men of the metropolis. These were Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, Mr. Augustus Belmont, and Mr. Charles Tiffany, of the great jewelry firm. Arnold had brought his bushel of gems with him and carried them from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to Mr. Barlow's office and back again wrapped up in brown paper, and that again in a little red bag. They were daily spread out on the office table, and Mr. Tiffany was intrusted with some of them to test. He was incredulous, for, as he said, there was a curious diversity in the jewels to have all come from the same locality. Mr. Belmont also fought shy of investment, but Mr. Barlow, Gen. McClellan, and perhaps others in New York, bought

from \$50, 000 to \$100,000 of the stock. An expedition, equipped with arms, provisions, and baggage for a sixty days' trip rendezvonsed at Denver, Colorado. Henry Janin, the best known and most trusted expert on the California coast, had been engaged to superintend the investigation, and with Gen. Dodge, Harpending, another California capitalist who had a large block of diamond shares; Arnold and a young Englishman named Rubery, started from Denver, May 28, 1872, out into the wilderness, Arnold had positively declined to give even a hint of where his mesa might be and, at the head of the column, led the explorers through a most devious nine days, and then Arnold told them they were on the spot. Afterward they

to direct the exact spot to look for them. They spent seven days in the valley, and gathered together about 1,000 carats of diamonds and 6,000 carats of rubies, by the Bushel - Leading Capitalists amethysts and other precious stones.

Then they started back for New York, and there Janin's enthusiastic report on the apparently exhaustless value of the "find" was prepared, and made a great sensation among the shareholders both in your city and in San Francisco.

Arnold had already been paid \$100,000 on account of only a portion of his share n the original discovery and was promised \$150,000 more in case of a favorable report by Janin. Lent and Ralston, it was understood, had advanced this money. The other \$150,000 was at once paid him, and the stock in the company then stood-Harpending, Dore (another Californian), Roberts and Ralston, one-half of the whole in common; Dedge, Lent, Barlow, McClellan, James McHenry, and Mr. Burt, the English lawyer in Erie, one-quarter, and Arnold the other. The interest of the New York parties had cost them about \$100,000. The style of the organization was "The San Fransisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company," and its trustees were the first men in California. On Janin's report \$400,000 of the stock were sold in San Francisco within a week after the subscription books were thrown open to the general public, and \$300,000 of this was paid to Arnold for the remainder of his interest.

The excitement, meanwhile, had geology taught that the presence of such various jewels in one locality was impossible, was supplemented by the statement that parties from California had attracted attention the year before in London by buying up all the rough diamonds to be found in the city. This came back to California and the managers of the company took the alarm agers of the company took the alarm, and induced Mr. Clarence King, United with the jewels that the swindle was patent. Holes had been poked with a common stick into the clay, the jewels dumped into them and then stopped up again. They were in but a limited part of the valley, and only in that exact sec-tion of it where Arnold and Slack had directed the Janin party to dig. More-over, the "salting" had been done within a year or fifteen months, covering the period in which Arnold and Slack had

reported their first discovery.

After the publication of this report there was a commotion in San Francisco. Diamond stock was bought that same day by one adventurous broker, and by one only, at \$1 a share. Arnold had disappeared—was in Kentucky, in fact;

and there he has remained since, In a few weeks after the exposure Lent brought a suit in the Kentucky courts against Arnold and Slack for the recovery of \$350,000-" money obtained from the said Lent by fraudulent representations." B. H. Bristow, since Secretary of the Treasury,, and John M. Harlan, since appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, were retained by Lent to prosecute the suit. Arnold was away from home-in New Orleans-and a sherriff's officer attached an iron safe in his house, a large deposit in the local bank, and \$10,000 in one of the banks here. On Arnold's return he had published in the Courier-Journal a five column card, affirming his innocence of the alleged fraud, and to a San Francisco paper sent the following:

To the Diamond Company: I see by the papers that Arnold and Slack are to be prosecuted, and that eminent counsel has been engaged. I have employed counsel myself-a good Henry rifle-and am likely to open my case any day on California street. There large sum almost at the first sight of the jewels. Then Arnold and Gen. Dodge went on to New York and laid their expert. He is of no consequence. Send scheme for forming a stock company him to China, where he will find his equals in the expert business. As you all are going into the newspapers, I'll take a a fling at it myself some of these days. I'm going to the fields on my own hook in the spring with fifty men, and will hold my hand against all experts you can send along. If I catch any of your kidgloved gentry about there I'll blow the stuffing out of 'em.

But, after some months, he compromised the suit by the payment above mentioned, and the matter dropped. I don't think that any criminal action was ever brought against him, and that is one reason why Elizabethtown doesn't take much stock in his guilt,

To Clean Cooking Utensils.

Musty coffee-pots and tea-pots may be leaned and sweetened by putting a good quantity of wood ashes into them and filling up with cold water. Set on the stove to heat gradually till the water boils. Let it boil a short time, then set aside to cool, when the inside should be faithfully washed and scrubbed in hot soap suds, using a small brush that every spot may be reached, than scald two or three times, and wipe till well dried. It must be a desperate case if the vessels are not found perfectly sweet and clean if this advice is strictly followed. and puzzling course. They travelled Pots and pans or plates that have been used for baking and grown rancid may be cleansed in the same way. Put the learned that they were really but thirty plates into a pan with wood ashes and miles or so from the point of departure, cold water, and proceed as above stated. cold water, and proceed as above stated. But in the valley their wildest hopes If no wood ashes can be had, take soda. seemed fulfilled. Every member of the If cooks would clean their pie-plates and expedition found jewels for the trouble baking dishes after this fashion after proved to be three feet long and of picking them out of the hard clay, using, they would keep sweet all the Arnold and Slack always being at hand time.

One Square (1 inch,) one insertion one month one year - -Two Squares, one year Quarter Col.

Rates of Advertising.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements of lected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Items of Interest.

The hind legs of frogs make very good

How to get ahead-Steal into a cabpage-patch.

"I've just dropped in," as the fly said to the coffee.

There are eight newspapers in Arizona-two dailies and six weeklies.

Speaking of rude remarks, any remark s rued that gets you into trouble.

Scales that will weigh a grain of dust are used in the Philadelphia Mint. The girl with "speaking eyes" has the advantage of the girl with a luminous month.

Many a man bears his own faults patiently, and those of his neighbor impatiently.

The Chinese have a sure way of removing dandruff. They do it with a jack-plane.

"I'm a yard wide and all wool," is a Kentucky way of describing a high state of hilarity.

Before the "o" let there appear Twice twenty-five and five in rear; One-fifth of eight subjoin, and then You'll find what 'tis that conquers men.

A full font of Japanese type comprises 60,000 characters, and when a compositor gets twenty-five or thirty wrong letters in a word, and the proof-reader overlooks them, they are scarcely ever noticed by the reader. The printer's case is distributed all around a big room, and when he is at work, running from one box to another, he looks like an American base-ball player making a home fun. - Norristown Herald.

It is written in a fine female hand. It's a poem, and asks: "What was the dream of your life?" It was signed "Elfrida." We haven't room for the poem, but just to quiet Elfrida we will answer her conundrum. The dream of our life has been to be rich enough to put on a clean shirt every day, and to have two suits of clothes, with a pair of suspenders to each pair of pants. But has never been realized, Elfrida. Castles in the air,-Keokuk Constitu-

"Stop that car !" cried old Mr. Nosengale, chasing a flying car up Division street, the car fresh as a daisy and Mr. Nosengale badly blown, and the distance pole not a minute away. "Stop that car!" he shouted to a distant but fleetlimbed boy. "Certainly," shricked back the obliging loy, "what shall I stop it with?" "Tell it to hold on," shouted the abandoned passenger, "Hold on to what?" yelled the boy. "Make it wait for me!" puffed Mr. Nosengale. "You've got too much weight now," said the boy, "that's what is the trouble with you," "Call the driver !" gasped the perspiring citizen, and as the car rounded the corner and passed out of sight, the mocking echoes of the obliging answer came floating cheerly back, "All right! what shall call bim ?"-Burlington Hawkeye,

A Fish Story that is Hard to Beat. The pleasing picture of the Iowa heroine, who had two pickerel under harnes and was drawn by them up and down a pond in a beautiful little boat, was the sweetest fish story ever clipped with an exchange editor's shears. But who shall say that the ingenuity of the local chronicler has got to the end of its tether and devised the sweetest possible fisl story? Here is The Whitehall Time for instance, with a romance of the queen of the speckled beauties. A man has an artificial trout pond with at least 3,000 fish, each weighing from halfpound to two pounds, more or less, also has a little girl, five years old, v has succeeded in training the fish so she can go to the edge of the pond an with a handful of crumbs feed the from her chubby hand. They h learned to jump out of the water and snatch worms from her fingers, and they are extremely fond of their little mi tress. One day she lost her balance and pitched headlong into the water wh it was deep. She says that when a went "way down" she called lustily help. Her cries quickly attracted parents, and they were horrified at ing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed the water's edge and reached out for hi pet, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived thus preventing her from meeting watery grave. 'Tis a beautiful tale, but the next file from the Far West may have another still lovelier.—New York

Detroit's Fish Story.

While all the world has been reveling in fish stories of all grades, Detro has modestly held back, but now it ste forward with its fish story which, acco ing to the Free Press, has the advetage over many other fish stories being true. Three Detroiters sat up the upper Walkerville wharf, oppose Detroit. One caught a perch and stru it on a string, letting it remain in native element. On hauling up string to attach a second perch it w found that a large pike had swallow the first perch and was doing what little it could to swallow the rest of the string and get away on pressing business. careful work the pike, with the pe inside, was landed and the fishers to Detroit with their prize, The nine pounds. This is Detroit's flat. and if can be proven true,