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A Vengeance.

From savage pass and rugged shore
The noise of angry heats had died,
The litter battle raged no more
Where fiery bolts had wrought their scars,
And where the dying and the dead
In many a woeful heap were flung,
While night above the Aegean hung
Its melancholy mazes of stars.

One boyish Greek, of princely line,
Lay splashed with blood and wounded sore;
His wan face in its anguish bore
The delicate symmetry divine
Carved by the old sculptors of his land;
A broken blade was in his hand,
Hilt slipping from the fo-cobles hold
That once had awayed it long and well;
And round his form in tatters fell
The velvet raiment flowered with gold.

But while the calm night later grew
He heard the stealthy, rustling sound
Of one trailed on laggard knees
A shatter'd shawl upon the ground;
And soon with sharp surprise he knew
That in the one-fing'ring gloom profound
A fierce Turk crawled by slow degrees
To where in helpless pain he lay.
Then, too, he witnessed with dismay
That from the prone Turk's rancorous eyes
Flashed the barbaric lurid trace
Of hate's indomitable hell—
Such hate as death alone could quell,
As death alone could satisfy.

Closer the loitering figure drew,
With naked bosom red with fight,
With ruthless fingers clutched tight
A dagger stained with murderous hue,
Till now, in one great lurch, he threw
His whole frame forward, aiming quick
A deadly, inexorable blow,
That, weakly faltering, missed its mark
And left the assassin breathing thick,
Leveled by nerveless overthrow,
There near the Greek chief, in the dark.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

We had grown up together, as it were, Mollie and I, our parents being near neighbors, and which does not always follow—firm friends as well. They were poor, and I suspect that fact had much to do with their friendship, for opportunities were always turning up for helping one another; and I have often noticed that, when near neighbors are well off and have no need for mutual help, there is very seldom any friendship between them—there is more apt to be jealousy and competition between them.

Our parents being such good friends, it naturally resulted that Mollie and I followed their example. We went to school together, read together, played together; and somehow, when Mollie was eighteen and I twenty, we agreed to travel together all our lives, and were very happy in that arrangement; in fact, no other would have seemed right or natural, either to us or to our parents.

From the earliest days of my boyhood I had a fondness for the water, haunting the palatial steamboats that floated on the great Mississippi river, on whose banks nestled the city in which we dwelt, and, at the period to which I am about to refer, I had just secured a position as pilot on a small freight steamer.

It was not much of a position, to be sure, nor was there much of a salary attached to it; but small as it was, Mollie and I decided that we could make it answer for two people, neither of them extravagant or unreasonable; besides which, I had hopes of better times to come, as I had received words of commendation from my employers and promises of speedy promotion.

So, early one bright morning, having obtained a day's leave of absence, Mollie and I were married, and, stepping into a carriage I had hired for the occasion, we started off, having decided on a day's excursion to the celebrated cave near by, this being all the wedding trip we could allow ourselves; not that we cared in the least, however—we were too happy to be disturbed by any shortcomings of time or purse.

We had scarcely driven beyond our own street, however, when we were brought to a halt.

A messenger, whom I recognized as belonging to our steamboat company, hailed me.

"Here is a note for you from the superintendent."

Thus it ran:

"Am sorry to have to recall your

leave for to-day, but you must immediately go on board the Mobilia, which is ready to start up the river. The pilot is too ill to attend to duty, and you are appointed to take his place for the present."

"There goes our wedding trip all to smash!" said I, as Mollie read the order.

"Why so?" she asked.

"You see I must go into the pilot-house of the Mobilia."

"Very well," she replied. "We will just go up the river instead of to the cave. Drive on, Rob; let us go down to the wharf in state."

"But you can't go in the pilot-house with me, little goose."

"Of course not; but I can sit on the deck outside," laughed Mollie, "and we can cast languishing glances at each other."

And so it came to pass that I took possession of the Mobilia's pilot-house, my heart glowing with love and pride—with love, for there, just below me, on the little forward deck, sat my sweet bride; with pride, because the Mobilia was one of the finest of the beautiful floating palaces of the Mississippi, and to pilot such a one had for years been the height of my ambition.

The steamer was fitted up with a double cabin, one above the other, the upper one opening upon a small deck, reaching out toward the bow, near the center of which, on a raised platform, was placed the pilot-house.

This deck was always occupied by passengers, and this morning it was particularly crowded; for the boat was heavily laden with people, taking advantage of the beautiful weather to make an excursion up the river.

Some rough fellows jostled rudely against Mollie's chair, after awhile, and she rose and passed down into the lower cabin, "to get a drink of water," she whispered to me, as she passed; but I suspect it was really to prevent the bursting of the thunder-cloud she saw gathering on my brow.

I saw that the insolent fellows made no attempt to follow my dear one, so I gave myself up to my own happy thoughts; and, looking out on the distant, peaceful shores of the great river, over whose placid bottom we were moving so swiftly, there rose from my heart a glad, silent hymn of rejoicing.

But suddenly a cry broke forth from the cabin behind me, that effectually changed the current of my thoughts:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

A horrible cry at all times, but most horrible of all when it rings forth in the midst of gay, unsuspecting hundreds, floating in fancied security in the midst of the waters.

An instant's awe-struck silence succeeded that awful cry, and then three hundred voices, of men, women and children, united in fearful, heart-rending shrieks for help.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Aye! there was no mistake about it, no false alarm. No one could tell how it had commenced, but there it was, creeping along the roof of the upper cabin, with the deadly flames greedily lapping up every scrap of awning and curtain they could find upon their way, ever and anon darting long tongues of flame down to the floor, to clasp the light chairs, and tables, and settees in their fiery embrace.

As well seek with a sieve to scoop up the waters of the great river on which the Mobilia floated as try to subdue the roaring, devouring enemy that had seized upon the ill-fated steamer.

The people darted down from the blazing upper cabin to the forward deck below, where as yet the foe had made but little headway, and there our brave captain—who was that rare avis, the "right man in the right place"—succeeded in partially quelling the panic.

"Keep quiet!" he ordered—"keep quiet, and stay just where you are, or I will not answer for the lives of any of you! The steward will provide every one of you with life-preservers; but there is no reason for any person to go overboard, not yet awhile, at any rate, unless science is desired. Keep quiet, I say! Screaming won't frighten the fire away. Pilot, head her straight for the land, half a mile ahead." (We were at least twice that distance from the mainland on either shore.) "Engineer, put on all steam—crowd her on! We will run a race with the foul fiend that has boarded the Mobilia."

There was an instant's pause, and then, with a groan and a surge, with the timbers creaking and straining, and the windows rattling as though in mortal terror, the Mobilia gathered herself up to run her last race.

Each passing moment the flames crept on and on, and never pausing in their terrible march. Fortunately they leaped upward rather than downward, so that there was as yet but little danger to the panic-stricken crowd on the lower deck.

But the pilot-house was directly in the track of the flames, and already their advance guard was beginning to surround me, singeing my hair and eyebrows.

Suddenly there was a murmur among the people below, and the next instant a light form flew up the ladder leading to the little deck by the pilot-house, and before I could say a word, my precious Mollie had thrown open the door, and, closing it again, stood at my side.

"Mollie, Mollie!" I cried, "for heaven's sake go back, go back! Don't you see how the flames are creeping toward us here? Go, go, my dearest, my own true wife! Don't unman me by making me fear for you. Go down where I can feel that you have a chance of safety."

"Rob! Rob!" she exclaimed, with her eyes looking bravely, straight into mine, "am I your wife?"

"Surely, surely, thank God!" I uttered. "But go, go!"

"My post is here, just as much as yours is," she answered, firmly. "I will stay here, Rob, and if you die I will die, too. We will make our wedding trip together, my dear husband, even if it is to the next world. Keep to your duty, and never mind me, Rob. There is hope for us yet, and if it comes to the

worst, why"—and a brave, sweet smile crept round her lips—"we are still together, dear love!"

I saw it was of no use to urge her any more, and besides something swelled in my throat so that I could not utter a word, so I just gripped the wheel hard and looked right ahead, though everything looked very dim just then, and my devoted darling stood calmly at my side, watching the flames, that were creeping closer and closer upon us, leaping around the pilot-house like hungry demons impatient of their prey.

"Thorpe!" shouted the captain, "come down. Lower her and yourself over the rail. We'll catch you. You cannot stay there any longer. We are very near the shore now, and the rest we'll take our chances for."

It was an awful temptation. I knew that, did I follow the captain's advice, both Mollie and I would be safe, for I was a good swimmer, and should the boat not reach the shore I could save her and myself; but then, if I did this, would I not deliberately expose every one of the three hundred souls on board to destruction? True, the boat might keep to her course during the short space remaining to be passed, merely from the impetus of her momentum; but again, she might not—and then?

I looked at my dear wife, inquiringly. "Stick to your post, Rob!" she said.

"No, sir!" I shouted back; "I shall stick to my post; I shall stay here till I run her clear on the shore, or die first."

"My brave Rob—my noble Rob!" murmured Mollie.

At last, just as the glowing tongues of flame began to reach in through the windows, a crash and a shiver passed from stem to stern of the noble steamer, and with a sharp quiver and a shake, her bow ran high up on the sheaving beach, and in less time than it takes to tell it every man, woman and child sprang from the heated decks and were saved.

But, alas, for my devoted Mollie! alas, for me. Not the pilot-house only, but the entire deck around it, was too late-roundered by flames. It was too late to lower ourselves to the deck below. The railing was all ablaze.

My arms, released from their guardship over the wheel, clasped Mollie close to my heart; but my eyes and brain were so seething for some mode of escape from the death that seemed each instant more certain.

All at once my gaze rested on the paddle-box. It had not taken fire yet; the flying spray had saved it. I had only to dash across the flame-swept deck and fling open a little door in its side, which afforded ready access to the wheels, to lower my precious charge to the water beneath in safety.

No sooner thought of than done.

"Take my hand, Mollie," I said, "and run with me. We shall be saved after all. Wrap your shawl around your mouth. Now, now—run!"

Leaping down on the deck, we sped, hand in hand, to the paddle-box. I dashed open the little door, and, pushing Mollie inside, passed in myself and drew the door close again, thus shutting out the eager flames, whose angry roar pursued us, as we dropped gently down into the shallow water, and crept out from beneath the wheel.

Our appearance was hailed with a shout of delight and relief, for all had given us up as lost; and we must have been but for the heaven-inspired thought of the wheel-house.

Now that the danger was over, poor little Mollie fainted; and no wonder. But she soon came out all right; and as the people began to find out that the "brave little girl," as they called her, was really a bride of only a few hours, and that we were on our wedding trip, there was a small matter to wait patiently for the coming of the relief boats that we knew were sure to arrive before many hours were past.

Though some miles from any large city, we knew that the burning steamer must have been seen from the farm-houses scattered sparsely along the river bank, and that from these notice of the disaster would be sent to the nearest town.

And so it was.

Before daylight several small steamboats arrived, and I after that, but a few hours elapsed before we found ourselves safely at home, and our adventurous wedding trip at an end.

But its results were not ended by any means. The terrible nervous strain I had endured, combined with the severe burns on my face and hands, threw me prostrate on a bed of sickness.

When I was able to report for duty again two weeks later, I learned that a large gift from the Mobilia's grateful passengers—no less a sum than two thousand dollars—lay in the bank awaiting my order.

Not only this, but the steamboat company had voted me a gold medal and the appointment of pilot of the finest steamer on their line.

Years have gone by since my brave wife and I had so nearly journeyed out of the world on our wedding trip. From pilot I have come to be captain and part owner of one of those beautiful floating palaces that used so to excite my envy; but never do I pass without a sickening shudder the little island where the Mobilia won the stakes in the last race—a race of fire against steam, of life against death.

A Kentucky chicken that lived five days and was hatched on the farm of Colonel J. W. Reynolds, had four legs. In walking the legs were all kept in motion, and it was as lively a chick as ever scratched dirt.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Mormons are still pegging away at their new temple. It is now twenty years since the building was commenced, \$4,000,000 has been expended, it is about one-fourth completed, and it is said about \$28,000,000 will be required to finish it.

A St. Paul firm paid \$385.78 as duty the other day on a lot of mill machinery imported from Austria. The machinery consists of wheat crushers on the same principle as those used thousands of years ago at Thebes, and is intended to supersede the present process of grinding wheat by means of a stone.

A novel election bet is reported as having been made by Hartford political opponents. The loser is to black boots at a designated corner on a given day, the proceeds of his work to go to the orphan asylum. The agreement also provides that all money collected should be given to the asylum; that no change should in any case be given to the party paying for the shoe, and that the one who does the work shall provide himself with a bottle of dressing with which to black ladies' boots.

By the census just taken in England it is found that Joneses carry the day and are more numerous than the Smiths. After the latter come the Septs, Williams, Taylor, Davis and Brown. Johnson stands tenth, Robinson eleventh, Wilson twelfth, Thompson with a "p," takes only twenty-fourth place, and Clark, without an "e," twenty-eighth. Clarke, with an "e," is thirty-eighth. Among the strange names are Albertina Regina Victoria Gotha Rout, Trauerico Henrica Ulrica due Gloria de Lavinia Rebecca Turner, and Hostiliana Ophignia Maria Hypihile Wadge.

The debris of Hallett's Point rock, in the East river, New York, which was exploded in 1877, under supervision of General Newton, has now nearly all been removed from the bottom of the bay, and nothing remains to be done toward making Hell Gate completely navigable except the demolition of Flood rock, which is a gigantic stone, and will not be perforated ready for blasting until 1883. It covers nine acres, and work upon it was begun immediately after the explosion of Hallett's Point. An additional two or three years will be required for clearing away the debris, after which there will be twenty-six feet of water at low tide.

An exchange says that cigarette smoking is now a fashionable habit, and one which is increasing at an alarming rate among half-grown boys, and it is the opinion of well-known physicians that if this habit is not checked additions to our asylums will be in order. A physician, assumed that there was death in that form of tobacco, had a cigarette analyzed. The result was startling. The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be of the highest quality, was proven to be the most ordinary quality of white paper whitened with arsenic; the two poisons combined being presented in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker the habit of using opium without his being aware of it, and which craving can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes.

The following comparison is made between American and English cities: There are sixty-four cities in the United States with a population exceeding 30,000; there are forty-four cities with more than 40,000; thirty-four with more than 50,000; twenty-seven with more than 60,000; twenty-four with more than 75,000; twenty with more than 100,000; and one with more than 1,000,000. London is a long way ahead of New York, but the other English cities fall below the American cities. Liverpool ranks below Philadelphia and Brooklyn; Manchester and Birmingham are below Chicago and St. Louis; Leeds and Sheffield are below Boston and Baltimore; Bristol, Bradford and Salford are below Cincinnati, San Francisco and New Orleans; Hull, Newcastle and Portsmouth are below Washington, Cleveland and Buffalo; Leicester, Sunderland and Oldham are below Newark, Louisville and Pittsburg.

"Knowledge is Power."

In a crowded city street an ill-natured mastiff seized a little dog by the throat, and threatened to strangle him. A crowd soon gathered, full of sympathy for the little sufferer and of anger against the mastiff. Words and blows were freely used to compel him to let go his hold, and stones and clubs were brought as additional arguments. But the ugly brute held on the more tenaciously, and the case of the poor little dog seemed hopeless.

When everybody was at his wit's end, a dandy, exquisitely dressed, happened along. Looking with a sort of contempt on the mongrel crowd, he said, in a consequential tone, "Leave him to me." The laugh was general at his expense.

But, with admirable coolness, drawing from his pocket a golden snuff-box, he held two or three pinches of snuff under the nose of the mastiff. While the mouth was closed the mastiff could breathe only through the nostrils. In a moment the snuff did its work. The brute began sneezing vigorously, dropped the little dog, and, half-frightened, took to his heels. The dandy, looking around complacently on the crowd, said, "Knowledge is power," and went on his way.

Vesuvius electrically illuminated appears now nightly as the "mountain of light" of the eastern fable. The indescribable grandeur of the spectacle attracts to Naples thousands of tourists from the most distant countries of Europe and America.

Mr. Spoopendyke's Prayer-Book.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, cheerfully, "be lively. It's twenty minutes past ten, and we mustn't be late at church. Most ready?"

"Yes, dear," beamed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'm all ready. Got everything?"

"I think so. Hymn-book, umbrella and—where's the prayer-book? I haven't got the prayer-book."

"Where did you leave it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, turning over the volumes on the table hurriedly.

"If I knew where I left it I'd strut right to that spot and get it," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I left it with you. Where did you put it? Can't you remember what you do with things?"

"I haven't seen it since last Sunday," retorted Mrs. Spoopendyke, faintly. "I know," she continued; "perhaps it is at church."

"Perhaps it is," mimicked Mr. Spoopendyke; "perhaps it got up early, took a bath and went ahead of us. Did you ever see a prayer-book prowling off to church all alone? Ever see a prayer-book list up its skirts and strike out for the sanctuary without an escort? S'pose a prayer-book knows the difference between a church and a ham sandwich? Where did you put it?"

"I mean you may have left it in the pew-rack. You know you did once?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"I didn't do anything of the sort. I brought it home and gave it to you. Where do you keep it? What did you do with it? S'pose I'm going to wash around through that service without knowing whether they are doing the apostles' creed or an act of Congress? Spring around and find it, can't you? What are you looking there for? Don't you know the difference between a prayer-book and the Wandering Jew? Find it, can't you?"

"Never mind it, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I know all the responses, and I'll help you along."

"Oh, yes, you know 'em all. What you don't know about religion wouldn't wad a gun. All you want is a bell and a board fence to be a theological seminary. Think you can find that prayer-book between now and the equinoctial?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Got any idea whether you sold the measly thing for china vases or stirred it into the wheat cakes? Have I been chewing divine grace all the morning? Where's that prayer-book? Going to get the prayer-book before the Revelations come to pass?" and Mr. Spoopendyke raved around the room, tumbling books about and breathing heavily.

"I don't see the use of making such a fuss over a thing you don't really need," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke through her indignant tears.

"Oh, you don't?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't see any use in putting things where they belong, do you? How d'ye s'pose I'm going to keep on with religion without a prayer-book? How d'ye s'pose I'm going to know when it's my turn to show what Christianity has done for me, unless you can find that dog-gasted book between now and the resurrection?" and Mr. Spoopendyke spun around on his knee like a top, and knocked over a Parian jar.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking at him earnestly. Then she went behind him and fished out the prayer-book.

"Got it, didn't you?" he growled.

"Had it all the time, I s'pose. Where was it, anyway?"

"In your coat-tail pocket, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke jabbed the powder puff in her eyes, and stalked downstairs, leaving her liege lord to follow.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Words of Wisdom.

True virtue is like precious odors—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.

The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.

The mind has more room in it than most people imagine, if you would furnish the apartments.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

The harsh, hard world neither sees, nor tries to see, men's hearts; but wherever there is an opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause!

Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.

An angry man who suppresses his passions thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.

Strangling Widows in Fiji.

There is no uniformity of custom in Fiji, so that no description of what is done by any one tribe can be taken as applicable to all the others. The strangling of widows, however, that they may be buried with their husbands, seems to have been everywhere practiced. The widow's brother performs the operation and is thenceforward treated with marked respect by his brother-in-law's kinsfolk, who present him with a piece of land, over which the strangling cord is hung up. Should he, however, fail to strangle his sister, he is despised. When a woman is about to be strangled, she is made to kneel down, and the cord (a strip of native cloth) is put round her neck. She is then told to expel her breath as long as possible, and when she can endure no longer to stretch out her hand as a signal, whereupon the cord is tightened and soon all is over. It is believed that if this direction be followed insensibility ensues immediately on the tightening of the cord, whereas if inhalation has taken place there is an interval of suffering.

Profits in Wall Street.

It is the brokers who make money in the street, says a New York correspondent. Margins may come, and margins may go, but commissions go on forever. The average of a day's business nowadays is 300,000 shares. The broker that sells 100 shares gets an eighth per cent. of the par value, or \$12 50 for doing so, and the broker who buys gets the same commission. It costs, therefore, \$25 to turn a hundred shares, or \$75,000 to turn 300,000 shares, and this sum is about the average paid for commissions daily. It is distributed between about eight hundred active members of the exchange, which gives an average of nearly \$100 apiece. Of course some of the larger commission houses get the bulk of the business, but even the modest brokers make a fair living. I saw the balance-sheet of a firm of smart young fellows who occupy a New Street basement, for the fiscal year ending July 1, and it showed a clean profit of \$80,000; but last year was the liveliest ever known in Wall street.

The Little Ones.

Oh, when at dawn the children wake,
And patter up and down the stairs,
The flowers and leaves a glory take,
The rosy light a splendor shares
That neversome these eyes would see,
If my sweet ones were gone from me.
And when at eve they watch and wait
To fold me in their arms so white,
My burdens, whether small or great,
Are charmed away by calm delight;
And, shutting out the world, I live
The purest moments life can give.

But when at bed-time round me kneel
Wee, tender, loving, white-robed forms,
With hand upraised in fond appeal—
Ah, then are hushed life's weary storms,
And heaven seems very near to me,
With my sweet darlings round my knee!
—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The only difference we can see just now between fish and mosquitoes is that mosquitoes will bite.—*Modern Argosy.*

The head of an empty barrel in the corner grocery may support the curbstone orator, but it won't feed his family.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Oh, wad some power the giffle gie us,
To treat the mosquito as the mosquito treats us.
It would free man's folk sufferings free us,
And give our nails a chance to grow.
—*Sandie Stone.*

All endeavors to bring the domestic fly to that desirable state of tameness which would prompt him to sit on the window-sill instead of your ear, have proved futile.

At a celebration back in the country a female orator arose and began: "This is our 104th anniversary." A wicked young man away back in the crowd yelled out: "Good gracious! you don't look that old."—*Modern Argosy.*

An Atlanta girl who reads the newspapers was proposed to recently by a nice young man. She reflected a moment and then asked for time to prepare her letter of acceptance. Evidently she proposes to formulate her own platform.

"Has the cooking book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a dinner if you give us no plates?"—*Lowell Sun.*

The other day a swarm of bees lit on a pear tree, and the boy who bargained to drive them off with a horsewhip, hadn't got eyesight enough to see whether his sister's fellow kisses her on the porch, or hurriedly deposits the thing smack on her lips.—*Owego Record.*

Little Robby came home with his new hat limp as a dishcloth. "For goodness' sake!" cried his mother, "where have you been?" Robby began to whimper as he replied: "A feller threw my hat into the frog pond." "Oh, Robby!" exclaimed his sister, "you threw it in yourself. I saw you do it!" "Well," said Robby, contemptuously, "ain't I a feller?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A man may be as wise as King Solomon in all his glory; he may achieve fame in the highest walks of life; his eloquence may resound through the halls of Congress, and he may be the most honored man in the whole country; he may be all and have all this, and yet when he wishes to ascertain how many days there are in any certain month, there is no help for it, he must repeat with the least of us the ancient rhyme beginning: "Thirty days hath September."—*Rome Sentinel.*

A Forest Disappears.

An occurrence, which may be partially or wholly attributable to the rude shakings which Switzerland has recently undergone, is reported from Quarten, in the canton of St. Gall. A short time ago the people in the neighborhood noticed signs of uneasiness about the Scheneberg. The summit of the mountain appeared to be in a precarious position, and it was feared that it might slip down and overwhelm the Schenebergwald, an extensive wood in the valley below. In anticipation of a possible catastrophe, great efforts were made to cut down and carry away as many trees as possible, though the men engaged in the work wrought at the peril of their lives. A few days ago, when fortunately there was nobody in the wood, a deafening report, like the firing of heavy artillery, resounded through the valley, and the mountain was hidden from view by a thick cloud of dust. When it dispersed the Scheneberg was seen to be shorter by a few meters, and the beautiful wood in the Murgthal had disappeared beneath a huge avalanche of stones and earth.