

A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

They were summering in the Santa Cruz mountains, the most delightful place in the most delightful state in the Union.

"Ah, but every one isn't a dandy," "No, I'm especially engaged for the summer in that capacity," she said.

"You are staying at F—?" "F— is a village on the line of the railway, about a mile distant."

"Oh, yes, I am so glad it was full," she said irrelevantly, as he returned her empty flask.

"Thank you for your kindness, but my vacation ends to-morrow," he sighed.

They all joined him on his walk hotel, ward, to make sure of his taking the right turns and angles which were to take him to F—, and it seemed to him that Amy was even more beautiful in the tender twilight than before.

always with the same result, till he finally gave up in despair, and came near to believing that he had never been lost in the redwoods, but had fallen asleep on an enchanted hill-side (as Grimm's people do) and dreamed the whole thing.

It was late in September of the following year before John Westwood felt able to take his annual vacation from business cares. But the days grow so warm that he determined to break away from the hot pavements and ceaseless noise of the city for a week in the mountains.

He had no hope of meeting his quondam acquaintances again. If they had been down at all, he felt sure they had flown before that. He assured himself that he would not have wished to meet them, for they had treated him shabbily. It was a most contradictory impulse, then, that drew him the very first day of his arrival past the redwood cabin.

He was impartial in his choice of streams, and often angled in the one that flowed near Heppsidam. He chose that one to-day, and made his way up the stream for a long distance by leaping from stone to stone, or by walking the mighty length of the redwood trees that lay, as they had fallen, in and across the stream in every direction, and by wading with his water-defying boots in the beautiful smooth stretches of water.

At last he reached a place he judged favorable alike for angling and for reading. It was a redwood trunk, soft with mossy growths, hid among mighty boulders; and from this shelter his line could play on a smooth pebbly pool that promised lots of trout. Here he encased himself comfortably, baited his hook, flung his line out into the stream, propped the pole up near at hand (which may be a scientific way to fish, but was quite in the way of a lazy young man), stretched himself at full length on his broad dived, chose the most conversational novel in his pocket bore, and was soon deep in its pages.

Behind him rose an absolutely perpendicular cliff, many feet in height, dotted from top to bottom with waving "five finger" ferns. The waves of such dense and large growth that no portion of the rocky wall was visible, and down through the tops of the redwoods hundreds of feet above, and over the living green curtain, the sun sent his flickering rays. The trout were wary, and gave him plenty of time to get interested in his book, which, being a lively summer novel, caused him soon to forget the shyness of the denizens of the stream.

Mr. Desart gave him the long deferred letter, and they all forgave him for capturing Amy so cruelly. But at his wedding, some months later, he confided to his friends at large that it was the finest catch he had ever made; and none who saw his lovely bride questioned the statement. And Amy declares no one can ever say that she "angled for a husband."—K. L. Carnarthen in Overland Monthly.

Trouble on the Pacific Slope. The topography of no other part of the world is so adapted to develop dangerous floods and subsequent periods of water famine as that of California, where the natural conditions are destroyed, and the sheep industry of the state is actively engaged and has been actively engaged for many years in destroying the balance of power held by the forests upon the water supply.

Nor is this the worst feature of the situation. Overpasture of the woods has destroyed the grasses and the shrubs, and now for the purpose of increasing or renewing the supply the shepherds are setting fire to the forests, which by shading the ground check the growth of herbage. A hundred forest fires may now be seen upon any summer day from any of the high California mountains slowly eating away, what was once the noblest development of all forest growths. The animals are grazing, moreover, and the fires are burning upon the public domain of the United States; and the government is indifferent to this destruction of property or unable to prevent it.—New York Sun.

Having undertaken the study of natural history, I went to the professor and asked him where to begin. "Ah," said he, "you want to begin, do you? All right, here is a bluefish; now take it, dissect it carefully, note all you see, and come back to-morrow at the same time and flow into a rage at least a dozen times, and yet each day I found something new, and so on until the end of the month, and what there was then about that fish that I did not know was not worth knowing."—Electrical Review.

The usual method is to soak the leaves for a long time in rain water until they are quite decayed, but those who have had considerable experience in the work recommend a quicker method, the important one being that of immersion to be regulated by the character of the various leaves and the nature of the epidemic to be removed. When it is seen that the green part of the leaf is dissolving put the leaf on a flat earthen plate and cover it with clear water. Then, being gently squeezed with the fingers, the membranes will begin to open and the green substance will come out at the edges. The membranes must be carefully taken off with the finger, and great caution must be used in separating them near the middle rib. The skeletons must then be thoroughly bleached by exposing them to the fumes of chlorine gas. If to this vapor be added that of peroxide of hydrogen the fibres of the leaves are destroyed and they can be readily arranged after being dried by pressure between folds of tissue paper—in bouquets.—Boston Transcript.

A suggestion is made by The Journal of Inebriety which is sufficient to open up a new field of reform work. Hypnotism, or a form of mesmeric trance into which individuals of a peculiar temperament can be thrown by a person of more positive mental qualities, is proposed as a method of treatment for the alcoholic habit. The theorist claims that the patient can be hypnotized and while in that condition made to realize the horrors and perils of inebriety. A shock to the brain centers is thereby imparted which is said to effect a permanent change in the patient's character.—Chicago News.

School Trasts in France. This is the season of "school trasts," the glorious time of year when the children of the very poor are for once in a way lifted out of the depths of that poverty in which so many thousands of them are steeped and taught to believe that for them, as well as for the "young gentlemen" and "young ladies" of the "colleges" and "high schools" and "fashionable seminaries" the sun shines, the birds carol joyously, the long grass in meadows hums a soft anthem as the light breezes sweep over it, and the waves dance and gleam as if they, too, were making holiday. The "school trasts" has always been an "institution" with us; in France, however, there has only just made the discovery that in this matter of school festivals the example set by "perfidious Albion" might well be imitated by "la gr-r-r-ande nation;" and they have imitated us, we are glad to say, accordingly.

Ugly Residences in the Suburbs. In some of the suburban towns surrounding Chicago there are entire streets closely built up with houses on both sides, which are as much like one another as the teeth in a comb. Their general contour they are similar, and although the builder has put in some misfeature of variation, perhaps to assist the occupant to distinguish his home from the rest, the effect is painfully stiff, conventional and monotonous. The lots are all of exactly the same size, as if the man who wanted a few feet more or less of ground had no right to have his wish gratified, and the houses are built on the same "deadline" of elevation above the street, and precisely the same number of feet and inches from the sidewalk. All that is wanting to make the scene as conventional as a Chinese picture on a tea-box, is that every owner should set out the same number, size and kind of trees in front, and precisely the same shrubbery in his yard as the rest.

Princess with a Heart. The engagement of Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, and Princess Victoria, eldest unmarried daughter of the crown prince, is broken. It was really an affair of the heart. The Bulgarian ruler is a wonderfully handsome man, though his features betray the peasant blood which flows in his veins. Tall, dark eyed and well proportioned, it is but natural that he should move a maiden's heart. The princess admired him and confided in her mother, who favored her inclination. The emperor and crown prince, obstacles from the first, opposed her wish. The heroic conduct of the Battenbergs, his bravery and skill amid the roar of battle, served only to fan the flame of the princess' love; and no heart beat more rapidly at news of his victory than that of the royal girl of the palace of Berlin. Friends pleaded for her, the queen of Rumania interceded in her behalf, but all in vain. Her heart was sacrificed, her wish unfulfilled. It is even whispered that the prince will be stricken from the ranks of the German army, where he now holds the position of major general, if he does not give her up.—Berlin Cor. New York Tribune.

Blowing Up a Shark. The following curious story, contained in a letter from a young sailor who formerly lived in Ashford, has been received here: "We were lying off Natal the other day when a most exciting occurrence happened. We saw two or three monster sharks playing round the ship for some time—the largest of them measuring about fourteen feet long—so we baited a line with a small piece of pork and dropped it out to him. He calmly swallowed the bait, hook and all, and cut the line with his teeth, taking no further notice of it. We then had recourse to strategy. The breast of a buck, which had been hanging up some time and was rather high, was weighted in order to sink it, and a hand charge of gunpowder inserted therein, the whole connected by wire with a boat's battery. No sooner had the venison reached the water than the shark made straight for it; but, just as he opened his mouth to swallow the bait, the charge was exploded, his jaws being completely shattered, and the monster tumbled on its back and sank in the bay."—London Globe.

Between Wit and Beauty. At a public dinner a distinguished statesman was placed between Madame de Staël and Madame de Beauvoir. "How lucky I am," said he, "here am I seated between wit and beauty." And without possessing either the one or the other," observed Madame de Staël.

The Silver Ore found at Abingdon, Mass., assays 11 per cent silver. Society does not want noble souls.—Baltimore.

A Duel with an Indian. Gen. William H. Jackson, of Tennessee, recently visited his old-time comrade and friend, Gen. W. W. Averill, of cavalry fame, and the two were recounting reminiscences of adventures on the frontier. Thirty years ago they were young lieutenants in a regiment of mounted riflemen, then serving in New Mexico. Averill's regiment was resisting a predatory band of Kiowas. Lieut. Jackson was in the combat as Averill's guest. Averill was a good shot, but was using a small Colt's revolver, and a Kiowa chief with whom he became engaged did not pay much attention to it, although twice wounded by it, once in the side and again in the thigh. In cocking the pistol for the third time the spring of the lock broke, and as they were at close quarters, Averill rushed upon the Indian and tried to brain him with the weapon. The chief seized the lieutenant, and a wrestling match ensued without any hippodroming. They became locked together. The Indian, with his left arm around Averill, held the lieutenant's right wrist with vice-like grip of his left hand, preventing the use of the pistol, while in turn the right hand of the savage, with a knife in its grasp, was held off by Averill's left clutching his wrist. Round and round they plunged and twisted and strained in the life and death struggle, the knife rapidly approaching nearer and nearer to Averill's throat, when Jackson, who had been looking for his friends, found him in this deadly embrace. As he rode up, Averill was wondering if that Indian would ever tire out or pause for breath; but he was so strong and active as a "young buffalo," which was his name. Then he heard Jackson's voice sing out: "Steady, Averill, I'm going to shoot!"

But the Indian heard the voice also, and took good care to keep Averill's body between him and the proposed shooter. Finally, Jackson rode close up to the pair, and placing the muzzle of his pistol directly against the Indian's right arm, fired, breaking the bent arm both above and below the elbow. The Indian coolly dropped to a sitting position and exclaimed in Mexican-Spanish: "Shoot, curse you!"

The Game Dealer in Summer. One of the happiest men in the heat of summer is the game dealer. It is true his trade is low when the thermometer is high, but the close proximity of the cold room, which is usually just under his shop floor, keeps him delightfully cool. It is not sufficient to keep game on ice; they must be positively frozen, and a large freezing mixture of ice and salt is hence necessary. In Europe game isn't considered worth cooking until it is high and almost rotten, but here it must be kept fresh and sweet, or no one will touch it. The freezing-room also serves an excellent purpose in enabling us to keep game until it is in season here and elsewhere. Game laws in different states vary very much, and we are able to sell game freely at the seaside when we aren't show it in St. Louis. Birds can be kept frozen eight and nine months without having the flavor affected in the faintest degree, and this is very convenient.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rotation of Forests. Rotation of forest growth has long been a theme of speculation—for example, how the oak takes the place of the pine after the latter is cleared off. In a paper contributed to The American Naturalist Mr. John T. Campbell gives some notes of his own observation on the agency of birds and animals in this result. "Of these he gives the palm to the crow. 'I have seen crows,'" he says, "gather by the hundreds and have a regular pow-wow or mass convention. As they start to fly away many, if not all, will drop something. I have found these to be acorns, walnuts, hickory-nuts, buckeyes, sycamore-balls, sticks, egg-shells, pebbles, etc. As a crow leaves an oak he will pluck an acorn, which he may carry five miles, and light on a beach tree, where something else will attract his attention, when he will drop the acorn, and may pluck a pod of beech nut, and fly away somewhere else."—Chicago News.

The Jew's Quarter in Rome. The Jew's quarter in Rome will in a week or two's time be a thing of the past. From the sanitary point of view the demolition of the Ghetto is no doubt highly desirable; but the traveler seldom troubles himself about the health of the people whose streets he visits, and he will regret that he will see no more those picturesque ruins creeping up beside the ancient monuments, leaning against the gate of Octavian, swarming with an active and industrious folk who lived, so to speak, on their doorsteps. The Jews had made themselves there a sort of second fatherland; their habits, their traditions, had followed them there, and they were a little town to themselves. The present government dispossesses them, and gives them wide streets, and Israel is again dispersed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Nellie Grant Sartoris' Life. The country will be glad to learn that the extravagant stories of the alleged domestic unhappiness of Mrs. Sartoris, the daughter of Gen. Grant, and her cruel treatment by her husband and his family, are altogether without foundation. It is stated on the authority of the Grant family, that her life abroad is a cheerful one, and that she is happy in it, and that instead of being poor as has been alleged, the senior Sartoris is wealthy, and is besides thoroughly fond of his American daughter.—Frank Leslie's.

TRANSITORY. She stood in a garden by the sea, And watched the white gulls flock by. There were tall, white lilies at her knees, And a dull, red sunset in the sky, And the gulls sail by on the wind, Leaving the shore behind, One by one they follow the sun On the wings of the salt sea wind. She leaned on the terrace wall and sighed, "Love stays a little while at best, Leaves like the surely ebbing tide, Flies like the wild birds to the west, And the gulls sail by on the wind, Leaving the shore behind. One by one they follow the sun On the wings of the salt sea wind."—London Spectator.

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE. Entertainment for the Traveler—Social Traits of the Norwegians. As every farmer is compelled by law to entertain the traveler and furnish a fresh steed to continue the journey, there is no occasion to hurry forward to a hotel. It is also delightful to be absolved from the fear that darkness will overtake you. This feeling of security, however, must be acquired by experience. On one of my first trips I found myself ten miles from my destination at 8 p.m., and as darkness is always a "lee shore" to a traveler, the whip was vigorously plied for some time before I realized the true state of affairs. Then the pony grazed, while I promised myself never to say anything about it. The Norwegians are characterized by honesty, industry, cheerfulness and sobriety, which is more than can be truthfully said of many European nations. You must watch them or they will be guilty of under-charging. Quite different from the gallant Neapolitan who demanded a dollar for ferrying you to a Capri steamer, and finally agreed to perform the service for 6 cents.

The stranger in Norway is welcomed with genuine hospitality, and, on account of the people having so many relatives in the land of plenty, Americans are favored guests. So interested are these people in our country that 4,000 recently gathered upon the dock at Christiania to bid farewell to a party of emigrants. They go mostly to Minnesota, Montana and Dakota, which are more like "home" to people of the north-land. Most of the Norwegians speak one or more foreign languages. All the officials and agents understand our tongue. On two Norse steamers I though with the captain, and even though my boots were "skated" in the engine room, I failed to find one of the crew who could not converse in English. Many of the common people are well versed in English literature. In several households I found the latest novels of Howells and James, and works of the standard authors in abundance. Milton and Shakespeare have furnished textbooks for the public schools, which, by the way, gives a classical poetic tincture to conversation.

The long winter impels these people to study, and as their own literature is yet in its infancy, recourse has naturally been had to that of other nations. Education is compulsory. Great interest is manifested in higher culture. When recently in Christiania, 500 applications were made for the entrance examination at the university, where professors will compare favorably with any in the importance and extent of their original work, especially in the natural sciences. The Norwegians are essentially a religious people. Reformed Lutheranism is the established church. Their government is that of a limited monarchy. King Oscar has not the power of absolute veto. The lower house of parliament is elected by the people to serve three years, and these delegates choose one-third of their number to compose the upper house.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Readers for the Magazine. Readers for magazines and story papers have an endless task. The "reader" employed upon a leading American magazine, peruses on an average fifteen original contributions a day, and on the average rejects twelve of them. In twelve months a single New York publishing house received the manuscripts of a thousand novels. The late Henry J. Raymond was perhaps one of the best "readers" this country has ever produced. All the large publishing houses employ a "reader"—a man or woman who peruses all manuscripts offered and either accepts or rejects them. From the decision of this literary monster there is no appeal. Ambitious authors complain that it is unjust to be compelled to submit to the decision of one person. It is the writer's desire to make an appeal to the public, and not to one man. That can not be made without the types, and the barren honors of the types can be had only by the judgment and decision of the "reader," who in most cases is accurate and impartial.—Will M. Clemens in Detroit Free Press.

The Cornfields of the Country. Figures, which proverbially can not lie, show that the cornfields of the United States cover a territory as large as England, Scotland and Belgium united, while the grain fields surpass Spain in territorial extent. The acreage of our farm lands under cultivation is equal in extent to all of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Portugal, Germany and Austro-Hungary.—New York Sun.

She turned in alarm and met his eyes, in which he could not repress a twinkle. "Why, you said you hadn't seen any." "I didn't see one, but I'm sure I must have heard a good many, and one could easily bite me and I not pay much attention to it, you know, in my perplexity."

She regarded him carefully, felt sure that he was a gentleman, and saw besides the mischief in his eyes a great exhaustion, that brought out the silver flask without further misgiving.

"I came off at 4 this morning, without any breakfast," and one could see his weakness was real. "You know," he added, excusing himself, "I expected to be back at the hotel by 6 with a deer for breakfast."

She stepped out on the path and stood beside her. How fragrant and cool the woods were. The broad, leafy path made one sigh with pity for those who were bound to tread the stifling streets of the city. They soon reached the cottage, which was not far from where they struck the path. It was an idyllic retreat that awaited them. Mrs. Desart was as lovely and cordial as her daughter, and Mr. Desart was full of bonhomie and unconcealed delight, at meeting any one so recently from the city.

"You are staying at F—?" "F— is a village on the line of the railway, about a mile distant."

"Oh, yes, I am so glad it was full," she said irrelevantly, as he returned her empty flask.

"Thank you for your kindness, but my vacation ends to-morrow," he sighed.

The next Sunday, John Westwood could hardly conquer his desire to visit his new friends. But he felt that it would be better to taste to let one Sunday elapse between his visits. He was not very much expected, to be sure, as they did not look for him before two or three weeks. But in that week, Mr. Desart received a telegram that demanded his immediate presence in New York. And in a few days this family, always prepared for such emergencies, were on their eastward way.

He had no hope of meeting his quondam acquaintances again. If they had been down at all, he felt sure they had flown before that. He assured himself that he would not have wished to meet them, for they had treated him shabbily.

He was impartial in his choice of streams, and often angled in the one that flowed near Heppsidam. He chose that one to-day, and made his way up the stream for a long distance by leaping from stone to stone, or by walking the mighty length of the redwood trees that lay, as they had fallen, in and across the stream in every direction, and by wading with his water-defying boots in the beautiful smooth stretches of water.

At last he reached a place he judged favorable alike for angling and for reading. It was a redwood trunk, soft with mossy growths, hid among mighty boulders; and from this shelter his line could play on a smooth pebbly pool that promised lots of trout. Here he encased himself comfortably, baited his hook, flung his line out into the stream, propped the pole up near at hand (which may be a scientific way to fish, but was quite in the way of a lazy young man), stretched himself at full length on his broad dived, chose the most conversational novel in his pocket bore, and was soon deep in its pages.

Behind him rose an absolutely perpendicular cliff, many feet in height, dotted from top to bottom with waving "five finger" ferns. The waves of such dense and large growth that no portion of the rocky wall was visible, and down through the tops of the redwoods hundreds of feet above, and over the living green curtain, the sun sent his flickering rays. The trout were wary, and gave him plenty of time to get interested in his book, which, being a lively summer novel, caused him soon to forget the shyness of the denizens of the stream.

Nor is this the worst feature of the situation. Overpasture of the woods has destroyed the grasses and the shrubs, and now for the purpose of increasing or renewing the supply the shepherds are setting fire to the forests, which by shading the ground check the growth of herbage. A hundred forest fires may now be seen upon any summer day from any of the high California mountains slowly eating away, what was once the noblest development of all forest growths.

Having undertaken the study of natural history, I went to the professor and asked him where to begin. "Ah," said he, "you want to begin, do you? All right, here is a bluefish; now take it, dissect it carefully, note all you see, and come back to-morrow at the same time and flow into a rage at least a dozen times, and yet each day I found something new, and so on until the end of the month, and what there was then about that fish that I did not know was not worth knowing."

The following curious story, contained in a letter from a young sailor who formerly lived in Ashford, has been received here: "We were lying off Natal the other day when a most exciting occurrence happened. We saw two or three monster sharks playing round the ship for some time—the largest of them measuring about fourteen feet long—so we baited a line with a small piece of pork and dropped it out to him. He calmly swallowed the bait, hook and all, and cut the line with his teeth, taking no further notice of it. We then had recourse to strategy. The breast of a buck, which had been hanging up some time and was rather high, was weighted in order to sink it, and a hand charge of gunpowder inserted therein, the whole connected by wire with a boat's battery. No sooner had the venison reached the water than the shark made straight for it; but, just as he opened his mouth to swallow the bait, the charge was exploded, his jaws being completely shattered, and the monster tumbled on its back and sank in the bay."

A suggestion is made by The Journal of Inebriety which is sufficient to open up a new field of reform work. Hypnotism, or a form of mesmeric trance into which individuals of a peculiar temperament can be thrown by a person of more positive mental qualities, is proposed as a method of treatment for the alcoholic habit. The theorist claims that the patient can be hypnotized and while in that condition made to realize the horrors and perils of inebriety. A shock to the brain centers is thereby imparted which is said to effect a permanent change in the patient's character.

This is the season of "school trasts," the glorious time of year when the children of the very poor are for once in a way lifted out of the depths of that poverty in which so many thousands of them are steeped and taught to believe that for them, as well as for the "young gentlemen" and "young ladies" of the "colleges" and "high schools" and "fashionable seminaries" the sun shines, the birds carol joyously, the long grass in meadows hums a soft anthem as the light breezes sweep over it, and the waves dance and gleam as if they, too, were making holiday.

In some of the suburban towns surrounding Chicago there are entire streets closely built up with houses on both sides, which are as much like one another as the teeth in a comb. Their general contour they are similar, and although the builder has put in some misfeature of variation, perhaps to assist the occupant to distinguish his home from the rest, the effect is painfully stiff, conventional and monotonous.

The engagement of Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, and Princess Victoria, eldest unmarried daughter of the crown prince, is broken. It was really an affair of the heart. The Bulgarian ruler is a wonderfully handsome man, though his features betray the peasant blood which flows in his veins.

Rotation of forest growth has long been a theme of speculation—for example, how the oak takes the place of the pine after the latter is cleared off. In a paper contributed to The American Naturalist Mr. John T. Campbell gives some notes of his own observation on the agency of birds and animals in this result.

One of the happiest men in the heat of summer is the game dealer. It is true his trade is low when the thermometer is high, but the close proximity of the cold room, which is usually just under his shop floor, keeps him delightfully cool.

Rotation of forest growth has long been a theme of speculation—for example, how the oak takes the place of the pine after the latter is cleared off. In a paper contributed to The American Naturalist Mr. John T. Campbell gives some notes of his own observation on the agency of birds and animals in this result.

The Jew's quarter in Rome will in a week or two's time be a thing of the past. From the sanitary point of view the demolition of the Ghetto is no doubt highly desirable; but the traveler seldom troubles himself about the health of the people whose streets he visits, and he will regret that he will see no more those picturesque ruins creeping up beside the ancient monuments, leaning against the gate of Octavian, swarming with an active and industrious folk who lived, so to speak, on their doorsteps.

Readers for the Magazine. Readers for magazines and story papers have an endless task. The "reader" employed upon a leading American magazine, peruses on an average fifteen original contributions a day, and on the average rejects twelve of them.

The stranger in Norway is welcomed with genuine hospitality, and, on account of the people having so many relatives in the land of plenty, Americans are favored guests.

Education is compulsory. Great interest is manifested in higher culture. When recently in Christiania, 500 applications were made for the entrance examination at the university, where professors will compare favorably with any in the importance and extent of their original work.

The long winter impels these people to study, and as their own literature is yet in its infancy, recourse has naturally been had to that of other nations.

Readers for the Magazine. Readers for magazines and story papers have an endless task. The "reader" employed upon a leading American magazine, peruses on an average fifteen original contributions a day, and on the average rejects twelve of them.