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THE WOOD-DEMON OF ROLSTADT.

Near the banks of Coblentz and Cologne may be seen the ruins of Castle ——, a castle which was the pride of the Middle Ages. It was the dwelling place of the old warrior, Bardolph, the Iron Count of Rolstadt, as he was called after he returned from the wars of Emperor Charles. He found that the castle had fared badly during his absence, and he resolved that it should equal in grandeur any castle in Germany. Therefore he set an army of men to work upon it, until old Bardolph's oath was fulfilled. The fame of the castle overspread the empire, and princes flocked thither to gaze upon it, and feast sumptuously within its massive walls.

As time passed, the warrior Count grew old in years. He was forced to lay aside the staunch armor which had received the blows of many a battle-axe and sword, for his weak limbs could not bear its dreadful weight. He sighed as he hung up the good broadsword on the castle's walls, for he had no son to wield it as he had done.

He had a daughter; but her white hand was not made to clutch the steel, chair-guarded hilt.

He wished Parthenope would wed some titled warrior, to whom he could bequeath that sword, which should do good work in the war his old eyes now saw approaching.

Two years prior to the opening of our story, Rudolph, Count of Lowstadt, solicited the hand of Parthenope. He merely asked the stern old warrior for his daughter's hand; her heart was already his.

"What?" cried the old Count, "my daughter's hand craved by Count Rudolph of Lowstadt? Where are your decorations won in the service of your Emperor? Out from my castle, ignoble man — coward, I might say. He who receives my daughter's hand must show me an armor that wears the marks of the Frank's sword and halberd."

Slowly, and with the saddest of hearts, Count Rudolph left the castle gate.

Alas! he could show no war-worn armor. During the strife just ended, he had remained inactive, beautifying his possessions. He had no taste for war, but he was no coward. His ancestors had fought and fallen beside their Emperors, and one had saved Charles' life on the battle-field.

Scarce two weeks had elapsed since the Count's rejection, when he suddenly disappeared from Lowstadt.

He left the castle at night, telling none of his mission or destination. The mountain fastnesses were penetrated, and the drag-hooks swept the bed of the Rhine, but the missing Count was not found.

"I always took him to be a crack-brained fellow," said the old Count of Rolstadt, when he heard of Rudolph's disappearance. "He will turn up some day to find his lands confiscated by the Crown, and Parthenope the wife of the man of my choice."

Parthenope shed many tears when she heard that Lowstadt was without a master—and that master her lover. She implored her father to relent, to promise her hand to Rudolph if he would return. But the Count was as stern in heart as he was in war matters.

"If he returns in battle-marked armor he shall become my son," he answered. "And he must return soon, or when he does come, if he comes at all, he will find her Countess of something."

Months went by, but no tidings of the missing Count reached the ears of the woman who loved him. The beautiful castle and broad acres of Lowstadt reverted to the Crown, and the affair was forgotten in the war which had marched into the Empire.

Day after day tidings came to Rolstadt of bloody battles fought, lost and won. Now the Emperor was flying before the victorious Franks, and now suddenly reinforced, had turned their victory into a defeat and utter rout.

The messengers spoke of a warrior whom none knew, not even the Emperor, by whose side he fought. At the outbreak of the war he had appeared to Charles and solicited the command of an army. But the Emperor, who knew nothing of the unknown's prowess, refused him the request, but he granted him the permission to fight at his royal side. Once upon the field of battle, Charles was forced to bow to the military genius of the unknown knight, who kept his helmet down and permitted none to see his face.

Old Bardolph of Rolstadt praised the bravery of the mysterious warrior, and he eagerly questioned each messenger from the battle-field in regard to him.

And Parthenope listened to the stories of the mailed knight. Ah! what if he proved to be Rudolph, she thought; but the thought was soon dissipated.

For many days rumors had come to old Bardolph's ears of a wood-demon who inhabited the woods of Rolstadt. At last the rumors received a creditable turn, and one day the Count himself saw the demon.

Riding through the wood alone, the Count suddenly came upon the demon, devouring an uncooked bird. It was a man whose reason had long since fled, and whose ghostly, ferocious aspect denoted him to be what the people styled him—a demon.

The old warrior hoped to avoid the naked demon, but the fierce and restless eyes fell upon him, and with an unearthly shriek their owner sprang up from his seat and bore down upon him.

Sinking the spurs deeply into his charger's flanks, Count Bardolph dashed from the scene, leaving the baffled demon howling in his rear, and breaking huge branches from the trees in his rage.

Half-fainting, the old man reached his castle, where he related his adventure. His beautiful daughter swooned when he whispered something in her ear. He told her that he believed the demon to be Rudolph, the lost Count of Lowstadt.

By and by the old Count's cattle began to disappear, and the print of a naked foot was discovered near the pens. The wood-demon had been there; he had taken the cattle to his forest haunts to gratify his insatiate maw. Reason also left Parthenope when the conviction that the wood-demon was Rudolph fastened itself upon her mind. Sickness seized her frame, and for months she lingered between life and the portals of the Rolstadt vaults.

Her father watched unceasingly at her couch, and the news from the war, which was drawing to a glorious termination for Germany, became uninteresting to him. He thought alone of Parthenope. If she should be taken away from him, who would perpetuate the name of Rolstadt?

At last, as if in answer to the father's prayers, a change for the better flitted across Parthenope's face. From that moment she dated her recovery, and when the news of peace came to the old castle, she was perfectly restored to her wonted health, but not to her wonted peace of mind. She brooded continually over the wood-demon, whom she steadfastly believed was her lost lover.

With the return of peace Count Bardolph turned his attention again to the subject of his daughter's marriage. She must be wedded before he died; the race of Rolstadt should not perish with her.

Still the terrible inhabitant lived and preyed upon the cattle of Rolstadt. Every night a fine steer disappeared, for no one of the Count's retainers were bold enough to face the demoniac thief.

"The demon must die," said Bardolph, one day. Soon I will be cattleless, and then my lands will be worthless. How can I rid them of the pest? Ha! I have it," he suddenly cried, starting to his feet. "I will issue a proclamation, which shall be worded thus:

"Bardolph, Count of Rolstadt, to the brave Knights of Germany, greeting! Be it known that the forest of Rolstadt is inhabited by a ferocious wood-demon, whose existence causes much concern at this castle, and whose destruction is desired. Therefore, I, Bardolph, Count of Rolstadt, do offer the hand of my Parthenope, the child of my heart, to the brave Knight of the Empire, who, clad in the war-worn armor, bearing halberd marks, shall, with his own hands, strike to earth said demon. And I do now appoint my castle as the rendezvous of the Knights of Germany, on the 25th day of April, twelve hundred and eleven."

"Yes, I will issue a proclamation, and it shall go forth to-morrow."

He called his scribe into his presence, and bade him transfer the proclamation, which was done. Then he affixed his name, and sealed it with the great seal of Rolstadt.

"What, father!" cried Parthenope, when the Count informed her of his action; "Do you offer my hand to the slayer of Rudolph? No, I cannot believe you so cruel."

"Peace, daughter, peace," the Count answered. "Think of Rudolph's condition. Will he not be better off sleeping calmly in his grave? And he shall sleep among the Rolstadts. Yes, Parthenope, I promise you he shall."

Yes, she knew that Rudolph would be better off among the dead, and at last, she acceded to her father's wishes.

The following day the proclamation left the castle, and on the 25th day of April all the gallant Knights of Germany flocked to Rolstadt.

Oh! it was a dazzling sight to behold the noble band which drew rein before the grand old pile of masonry, known as "Rolstadt's Pride."

Fifty knights composed the train—fifty conquerors on bloody fields.

There was Theobald, who, by great personal bravery, had gained for his Emperor the bloodiest battle of the war. And Tolodolph, who turned these defeats into splendid victories. John, the lion of Wurtemburg, and last, but not least, the mysterious warrior.

Proudly he rode among his brother knights on a snowy charger, gazing around him from beneath the steel bars of his helmet. He was clad in magnificent armor, and upon his helmet sat a dove of silver, clutching two long silken streamers.

With Parthenope leaning on his arm, Count Bardolph surveyed the group of veterans. All unclasped their helmets that he might see their faces, save the unknown.

And comely, but war-begrimed countenances were they which met the gaze of father and daughter. The knights were in the Spring-time of life—any of them worthy to be the husband of a Rolstadt.

It was in vain that the old Count pleaded with the mailed knight to unclasp his helmet and give him a glimpse of his face.

"What assurance have I that you are of courtly descent?" said Bardolph, trying to look between the steel bars.

"My word," was the reply.

"Words are often false."

"But not a knight's," cried John of Wurtemburg. "I will answer for our mailed brother."

"Enough," said Bardolph; "I ask no additional security. And now, noble fellows, away, and God bless the successful."

With a cheer, and the swinging of swords in the air, the warriors turned and rode toward the forest.

"A noble set of fellows, daughter," said Bardolph, watching the rapidly disappearing band. "Which one do you hope will gain your hand?"

"I am not partial to any particular knight, father," she answered, thinking of the warriors' mission. "But I have a presentiment that the unknown will slay Rudolph."

"I do not know, daughter, I do not know; but if he does I hope he may be worthy of you."

When the knights reached the edge of the forest, it was agreed that each one should hunt the wood-demon independent of his companions and fight him single-handed.

Each warrior carried a silver bugle, which was to be blown by the successful one. With many mutual good wishes, the knights plunged into the forest and separated. As we cannot follow all, let us follow one, and be the unknown. He rode for the darkest portion of the great wood with drawn sword. Glancing from right to left, his keen eyes swept the gloomy surroundings.

At last he descried a blue smoke far ahead. He gently touched his horse with the spurs and galloped forward. As he neared the spot he saw a naked figure crouched over a fire. It was the wood-demon of Rolstadt. Instantly maturing his plans, the unknown gently drew rein and rode slowly on. The demon did not espy the knight until he was almost upon him. Then he darted to his feet with an animal-like cry, and sprang at the warrior. A gallant thrust the knight executed at the broad breast of his mad antagonist, who caught the blade and almost wrenched it from the gauntleted hand. But, with great effort the mailed warrior released his blade, and the next thrust wounded the demon. Maddened beyond description at the sight of his own blood, the wild man knocked the sword from his enemy's hand and sprang upon him. But his success was of short duration, for a mighty blow from a steel-clad hand sent him to the earth, and before he could renew the attack, the knight plunged his recovered sword into his breast.

Then the silver bugle sent its clarion tones throughout the wood, and one by one the unsuccessful warriors came to the bloody spot. Brave fellows they were, not jealous of the unknown, but they were glad that he had gained success. They wanted to see him unclasp his helmet, and gaze upon the face they had never seen.

Leaving the wood-demon to sleep in death where he fell, the party galloped back to the castle.

The Count and his daughter met him in the court-yard. The face of Parthenope was pale as ice, for she saw in the faces of the unhelmeted knights that the unknown had slain the wood-demon.

"Remove your helmet, Sir Knight," said old Bardolph, "and let my daughter see her future lord and my future son."

"Count Bardolph, I obey," said the knight, and, as if by magic, the steel helmet flew back.

"Count Rudolph!" cried the warriors.

"Rudolph!" shrieked Parthenope, and she staggered from her parent's arms.

But ere she touched the ground steel-protected arms were thrown around her and the lips of the great knight were glued to hers.

And the white horse stood riderless before the astonished group.

"When I left your presence that woful day," said Rudolph, addressing the Count, "I swore that I would return with war-worn armor, or perish on the battle-field. Sir, look at my armor. Is it not scarred enough?"

"Yes," cried old Bardolph, and he received Rudolph with open arms.

"I was on my way to Rolstadt when I heard of your proclamation, and I resolved to enter the lists. Sir, the madman was a servant of mine in his sane days. I recognized him after I had slain him."

Loud and prolonged were the cheers that welled from the throats of the gallant knights of Germany, when Count Rudolph again folded Parthenope to his heart and kissed her joyous face. They remained at the old castle until the re-united pair were made one flesh by the old minister, and then they departed for their distant homes. The Emperor Charles, eager to reward Rudolph, the unknown knight, for his gallant services in the war, restored his confiscated estates, and gave him others of great value. And old Bardolph was satisfied, for he could bequeath his sword to Germany's bravest defender.

A DONATION PARTY.—Somewhere in this State there is a Presbyterian clergyman whose nominal salary is four hundred and fifty dollars a year.

But as it was six months in arrears the congregation determined to give him a donation party to help him along.

It came off—the donation did.

The entire flock was on hand, and the presents consisted of six rolling pins, a pen wiper and a quarter of a peck of dried apples six years old.

The minister, of course had to furnish refreshments; and the company not only devoured four hams, three and a half pounds of sixty cent butter, and thirteen loaves of bread, but they ate up two pounds of sugar and all the next winter's preserves.

To crown all, four spoons were missing.

The clergyman says he wants to have just one more donation party and then he will close up his business and begin life over again as champion pauper of the almshouse

He is particularly down on one sister who jammed herself full of ham and preserves, and enough other sufficient diet to keep the entire family for a week, and then laid up against the wall pretending to feel religious and singing 'There is rest for the weary.'

He is willing to accept bets that she will never weary as long as there is any grub about—that sister won't.

He would like to feed her for a month on those rolling pins and pen wipers—just out of revenge.

VALLANDIGHAM'S SPEECH.

In our last issue we published the resolutions of the Democracy of Montgomery county, Ohio, which were drawn up by Vallandigham. Below we give his speech in presenting them. The resolutions and speech will be read with interest by all, whether their sentiments be indorsed or not:

These resolutions, Mr. President, sufficiently explain themselves. The principles and policies which they enunciate require the honest censure of those only whose hostility is sincere. Carping criticism we both expect and condemn. For more than two years past, the bitter and bloody passions of the war have been gradually but steadily and surely dying out. Continual and irreconcilable dissent upon the new issues necessary, born of to-day, and even bitter personal discord among the men of the Republican party who have stood together on the questions of the past, inevitably followed. The Democratic party wisely remained silent, or confined itself to these new issues. The Republican party, having fulfilled its original mission, was rapidly falling into decay. Moderation, justice, and peace were becoming to its more violent leaders the sentence of death. The administration party, into which, since the 4th of March, 1869, it has been wholly transferred, had begun, from causes thoroughly understood, to be odious and even intolerable to the people. Upon the issues of amnesty, of the honesty of the legislative and executive departments, of the tariff, of revenue and civil-service reform, of land grants to corporations, the currency question, San Domingo and other similar questions, it was certain to be condemned. Necessity required that some decisive movement should be made to arrest the impending defeat. Not the statesmen, but the mere politicians, the sycophants of the party, the parasites clinging to and deriving nurture solely from executive favor, were called into the council of these Bourbons of the present hour. The men who forgot nothing, learn nothing, resolved upon one more appeal to the expiring passions and prejudices of their partisans—to the war cries of the past. If civil war in fact could not again have been inaugurated, civil war in form, with all its legislative and executive machinery, and all its political appliances, must be revived in every state, to secure, first, the renomination, and next the re-election of Grant. The belligerent pronunciamento went forth. The bloody blast of the war bugle was again sounded. A distinguished senator the confidential adviser and main support of the President, himself a consummate partisan leader, but powerful in proportion to the unskillfulness and cowardice of his foes, was put forth as the chief fomentor of this new crusade. But I say to him, and to all behind him, that the hour has now come when neither he nor they can be permitted to provoke or to dictate issues for the Democracy party, or to ignore those which the revolving years and changing condition of the country necessarily bring forth. That which since 1868 has been but a question of time is now upon us. The auspicious moment, the golden opportunity, "the tide in the affairs of men to be taken at the flood," has now, in my judgement, reached us when the Democratic party of to-day, laying aside every weight and shaking from it the dead body of the past, yet adhering to its ancient principles, can and must, at one bound, place itself upon the vantage ground of the present and defy its enemies to battle upon the living issues of the hour.

It is the purpose of these resolutions to establish the Democratic party of Montgomery county openly and firmly upon this firm and impregnable basis. Tacitly, and in fact, we have stood upon it for the past two years, and victory has steadily been ours. Confident I am that we shall meet a prompt and very cordial response from our brethren elsewhere and everywhere in this and other States. Personally I care not for denunciation or unjust criticism from any quarter. Upon the fullest deliberation and ample counsel with wise and brave men of the party I take the responsibility with pride and pleasure. I add, too, that as these resolutions are the fruit of the joint labors and counsels of the gentlemen associated with me here at home, so also this movement meets their hearty concurrence. It is not a new departure, but a return—the restoration of the Democratic party once more to the ancient platform of progress and reform, establishing the great fact that the party, like everything else in nature intended to endure, is capable of adapting itself to the perpetual growth and change which belong alike to the political and the physical world, and retain yet intact the original principles and laws of its being. Moreover, as to the movement here, we all bear witness that in it there is nothing of a merely personal character, either to advance or to hinder any member of the democratic party anywhere, nothing except the earnest and fixed purpose to promote the welfare of the whole party, and with it of the whole country.

GREELEY AS A REPORTER.—It is said Horace Greeley once attempted to do up a fashionable party after the Jenkins style, and wrote as follows:—"Mrs. John Buchanan was unusually charming, with orange blossoms in her hair, decollette dress, and long trail." Horace was absent and failed to read the proof, when what was Mrs. B.'s indignation on reading the next morning: "Mrs. John Buchanan was continually churning with an orang-outang fastened to her hair, a discolored eye, and in her shirt-tail!"

A little girl who loves to pray, one night was very tired and sleepy, and was getting into her little bed without saying her prayers. But her mamma told her to kneel down first and pray. So she folded her little hands and said: "Please, God, remember what Polly said last night, she's so tired to-night. Amen."

AMERICAN GIRLS AS STREET FLIRTS.

The freedom enjoyed by our young women is a perfect marvel to foreigners. They are entirely incapable of understanding how it accords with safety and the preservation of good morals. The flirting which is carried on between strangers in omnibuses, horse-cars, and on ferry-boats, is so open and patent they cannot help seeing it. It may be, doubtless, in many cases innocent enough, only engaged in for a bit of fun, to while away the passing moment, but it presents a series of phenomena incomprehensible to the transatlantic brain. An English lady, in this dazed and bewildered condition once said to us: "It would never do to trust English girls with the independence American young women enjoy. They are made differently, and the worst possible consequences would ensue. I am surprised that your girls can behave as I see them without the loss of caste and character." The impiled compliment was not undeserved. American girls possess an almost incongruous mixture of daring, innocence and the ability to protect themselves; though they often commit breaches of property and good taste, they know where to draw the line, and can, as a general thing, be trusted. Many of our girls here in New York are idle and fond of excitement—in high health, with plenty of money to spend, and utterly free from care. The lounger up and down Fifth avenue of a sunny afternoon may meet them in shoals and squads, decked out in their finery, full of chatter and glee.—There are also specimens of the young *genus homo* who appear to have been born for the sole purpose of squeezing themselves into the tightest of tailor's wares, and affording a feeble excuse for the display of coxcombry. These creatures, many of them, promenade the avenue at all hours of the day; a few have achieved greatness, and are as familiar to the dwellers of the street as the Worth monument. They have at command all the tricks and devices by which a low grade of acquaintance can be established with the demoiselles who flutter along the pavement. There is an acquaintance of the eyes and handkerchief. Silly, feeble-minded impertinences are practised, which, if witnessed by the paternal relative of the saucy rather fast young Miss, who, if she does not invite at least permits them, would doubtless be instrumental in drawing down the chastisement of a kick on the young male idiot who has been indulging in this silly sport. This is a very absurd and ridiculous boy and girl play. It belongs to the vealy period. We are not considering now a despicable class of sharks who swarm in great cities and molest decorous matrons, and are dangerous to unprotected girls. We are dealing with the youthful improprieties which, practiced only, and without any attempt at concealment, impart to our English cousins such a shiver of the nerves. * * * It is a pity to own it, but our city girls are deplorably uncultured. The march of the world has left them one side; it has got to take them up and break them, as it were. With the best material, the most promising, crude qualities, they are, as yet, incapable of framing or practising a code of manners which shall develop the inherent dignity, sweetness, and urbanity of our womanhood.—*Revelution.*

[From the Banner of the South and Planter's Journal.]

SET IN GOLD.

The character of an individual ought to be a priceless jewel, guarded with a jealous and watchful care—a gem of purest water set in gold refined. Before, above and around it, should be written and acknowledged of man the word "good." To secure such a prize is no difficult matter.—It is an edifice of which every person can be the architect, and the materials for its consruction cost but little. The good book tells us that "a good name is to be chosen rather than great riches," and one of the sweetest of Scotia's bards has sung in choicest rhyme:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's a man for a' that."

Riches, rank, station, may give power and command subserviency;—but a good character does more—it commands respect, admiration, and affection. It is a beacon for other mariners on the sea of life—a shining light to guide the footsteps of other wanderers through the world. How important, then, for every one to possess such a gift. Its absence will be surely felt; while its presence will go ringing down the corridors of time, striking the returning echoes of some good which it has accomplished in its passage through the waters of life.

The great things of the world may crumble into dust; the thrones of empire may totter and perish; nations may rise and fall; but the character of the good will survive all these and more. It will not only shine with lustre here, but in the great Hereafter will be set in gold, and flame with a refulgent splendor—a glorious reward for whatever it has cost to secure it in this world.

What an inducement for every one to secure this priceless jewel—a reward here and a reward hereafter!—Why should any one refuse to make at least an effort to obtain it?

SOME enterprising young man has invented a pocket in the sleeves of gentlemen's overcoats, so that a lady can slip her hand in when she takes a gentlemen's arm, in case her hand should happen to be cold.

DR. CHAPIN wittily remarked that, in trying to gain two seconds in getting on and off trains, many men had secured widows their thirds.

A PROTEST.

[A Prussianized Yankee protests against all this talk about the "Heathen Chinee" and Jim Nye:]

Vich I vos going for to say—
Und I sprechen it blain—
Dot dose nonsense dot durns up
All der beeble's brain
'Bout dot dricky Shon Shinaman's actions,
Makes me dake up mein ben to gomblane.

Vot's der goot of dose dings?
If Shon Shineyman pense
Mynheer Nye at der kard-blay,
Pecause he can science
Like tifel und all of his imbs,
Shall we schnicker and shumps off our sents?

Nein! I now dells you somedings,
Vich you all-or do see;
Don you blay at dose kard-boards,
For four dimes in dhree
Der pesht hand is held by another—
Vich I found vos shoost so mit me.

THE VOYAGERS.

From the depths of the Unknown,
From the bosom of the Throne,
All these countless millions come.

Launched out into childhood's sea,
Charged with joy and misery,
Struggling for supremacy.

Bearing in their childish eyes—
In their quaint though apt replies,
Great unfathomed mysteries.

Onward come with youthful years,
Grander hopes and darker fears,
Interspersed with smiles and tears.

Gliding into fancy's realm,
With no hand to guide the helm,
Passions oft times overwhelm.

When life's labor doth begin,
Some to honor, some to sin,
Rapidly are ushered in.

Some will care for naught but pleasure,
Some will strive for wordly treasure,
Some seek glory in full measure.

Some will journey, ever singing,
Radiant hearts about them singing,
Glorious fruits thus homeward bringing.

Some from their abundant store
Will so help the sorrowing poor,
That they'll hunger never more.

Year by year will pass away,
Brioging age and slow decay,
Bringing locks of silver gray.

Then the shadows slowly lengthen,
Strangely then the pathway darken,
As with eager souls they hearken,

To the rustlings in the air,
To the last adieu to care,
To the pastor's parting prayer,

To the whispering from the river,
To the heart's instinctive quiver,
To the voice, "I will deliver."

Then the soul on angel's wing
Seeks for life's eternal spring—
Seeks the new awakening.

Hears the greeting from the Throne
"Oh, my child, well hast thou done,
To thy father's mansion come."

—*S. F. News Letter.*

AMERICAN WONDERS.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Ningara, where the waters from the great upper lakes form a river three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 125 feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave of Kentucky; where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over two thousand acres.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long and one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific railroad, over three thousand miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar creek in Virginia. It extends over a chasm eighty feet in depth and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, and at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College, Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. It is 40 1-2 miles long, and cost $12,500,000.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear inexhaustible.

CITY GIRLS.

The girls of the principal cities in this country are noted as follows:

Baltimore, the handsomest.
Boston, the most intellectual.
New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress.
Washington, the most airy and superficial.
Philadelphia, the most refined and lady-like.
Chicago, the fastest and most dissipated.
Toledo, the biggest feet.
St. Louis, the most reckless.
New Orleans, the most traveled.
Cincinnati, the greatest flirts.
Louisville, the proudest.
Detroit, the wildest.
Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation.
San Francisco, the most indifferent.
Richmond, the most anxious to be loved.
Mobile, the most liberal entertainers.
Hartford, the best musicians.
Buffalo, the dullest.
Rochester, the longest hair.
The girls in the country for making the best wives.