an' dey ain't no use o' tryin'. Brance is a buroin' up higher an' higher— Surprisin', oh, surprisin'! East has an intrust in dat fire, An' de flames is still a-risin'.

Lamp when you heah dat warnin' chime; Jump up, sinnabs, jump up! Bu your do in a berry quick time; Now is de time to hump up.

Keee you know dat you ken't siford— Hallelujah! be singin'!— Torcek yo'souls, for dey am't inshored: Listen to de fire-bells ringin'. —N. 1. World.

COUSIN LIZZIE.

"Who is living in Swan's house? I

-A Mr. Ernest Simpson and his wife md mother. He is just married, I be-

His mother, did you say?" queried Mr. Tartuffe, a shade crossing his face. "Yes, sir. She's a widow lady, and ere eracommon fine looking woman, too.

"Very well. That will do," rejoined the master, hastily, and he applied himto his breakfast with an air of abstruction unusual to him. At length he mushed aside his plate, and walked to the

"Strange," he muttered, "that figuld come home to find them here, of all places in the world. I knew this mercaing that that young fellow must in Simpson. The likeness is unmistakable. re comes a woman. I wonder if it

can be his mother?" A large woman with a fresh-colored face and with a bundle on her arm enfeeed the gate and hurried up the walk Wes, it must be she; yet who could have believed that Sophie Martyn would

Become such a great, blowsy creature.

Themty-five years work great changes."

The fact was, it was Mrs. Simpson's Dressmaker; but how was Mr. Tartuffe to that? For five years he had been fermeling after a fashion of his own. Of course, it cost him a pretty fortune, but he had the fortune to spend, and as he was a bachelor with no near relatives, it was no one's concern how he spent it ex-

copt his own. Five years had wrought great changes OF his old friends and associates, some wire dead, others moved away, and the rest were so immersed in business, so insted in their own particular pursuits, first they had little time or thought to

space for him. "Tis like coming back from the dead as find one's place filled and one's self forgotten," he said sadly. And now to discovery that the wife and son of Ernest Simpson, the man who had done him a wrong and marred his life, were Histing next door to him. Some time he speed at the window drumming softly n the pane and looking idly out; sud

That's an idea; I'll do it. Forsyth will jump at the chance, I've no doubt. Whatever the idea was, he immediately proseceded to put it into execution. A Sack his way down town.

Why, good morning, Tartuffe. Glad far see you; sit down; I'll be at leisure in

When the busy lawyer was at last able ar pay some attention to his visitor, Mr. Thetaffe began without preliminary: "Forsyth, I have been thinking over what you said yesterday, and have a proposition to make. Suppose we make

an exchange?" "Make an exchange?" repeated the

puzzled lawyer. "Yes; you take my house and I take yours, for a year. Your family are desired of coming to town, and I want to Beave it. Take the houses as they stand. E will save the bother of moving."
"Well," mused Mr. Forsyth, "that's

are idea, certainly, and it strikes me flavorably, but I must consult my wife first of course. Why do you wish to heze town, thought-you've just come heze. Your wandering life has spoiled year. You ought to get married and settle dawn quietly.

"Get married!" repeated the other, with an expression of scorn; "what warman would have an old man like me, emment for his money?'

"Old man, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Barsyth; "why, you're just in the prime of life, and there isn't a young man in the city who can boast of a more splendid physique. Besides, you need not marry a young school-girl, you know. I know past the woman for you, about your own age a widow with only one son, but he the word, and I'll make you ac-"I hate widows," said Mr. Tartuffe,

with such an air that Mr. Forsyth dropped the subject then and there. The idea of marrying a widow!"

consulated Mr. Tartuffe in silent wrath as

the took his way homeward.

As he ascended the steps, the redfineed dress-maker seated by the window in Mrs. Simpson's room, exclaimed: "Elicre goes Mr. Tartuffe. He's just got

back-been gone five years. Splendid booking man, ain't he?' "What did you say his name was?"

said Mrs. Simpson, rather eagerly. "Simon Tartuffe. He's a rich old butch. You had better set your cap at But I'm afraid 'twonldn't do no for they say he's a woman-hater. Had a disappointment once most likely; hat's generally the case when men are so hard on women.

Mrs. Simpson made no reply, but "Mother, here's a letter for you," said Farmest's wife, entering the room. Mrs. Simpson read the few lines it contained. and then said: "Aunt Elizabeth is ill; attack similar to the one she had three age, and she wants me to come

"Oh, dear, how sorry I am?" exclaimed mie. "I do not know what we shall do hout you."

sorry, too, on many accounts, mt I feel it my duty to go at once. She first I never can repay her."

One afternoon, a fortnight later, Mr. Tartuffe alighted from the train at Brierdale station. Thomas was there to attend to the luggage, and so his master, without stopping, took his way up the village street to his new home. For the next few days he fairly lived

out of doors, exploring the country for miles around, walking, driving, fishing and boating. One afternoon, toward sunset, as he lay stretched at full length under a tree at the brink of the river, the sound of the oars attracted his attention. and, looking up, he saw a small boat coming rapidly toward him. It was propelled by two ladies, whose merry voices were borne to him by the breeze. One of them was evidently a young girl yet in her teens; the other, a splendidly developed and still very handsome woman,

was a good many years her senior. "There comes Bob in his wherry, cousin Lizzie; let's have a race!" exclaimed the younger of the two.

"I think, Katie, it is time for me to go back to the honse; I am afraid Aunt Elizabeth will want me," answered her companion, casting 3 glance at the western sky.

I fine cultured face it was, with a remarkably sweet expression. Mr. Tartuffe raised himself upon his elbow, as he cought sight of it.

"Strange!" he muttered, "but I could swear I had seen that false before somewhere or some time; yet it is like a dream. "Oh, nonsense, Cousin Lizzie, she won't want you yet awhile. You'll grow an old woman before your time if you

shut vourself up so." "Oh, it's all very well for you to pre tend," said Katie, nodding her head, "but you know very well that we young folks stand no chance at all when you are near, and—" (here the speaker became conscious of the auditor upon the bank and stopped short.) Both ladies flushed, and, bending to their oars, the boat glided swiftly by, and was in a moment

out of hearing distance. Mr. Tartuffe rose and walked homeward. "That is the sort of a woman that I thought Sophie would make, and in fact there is something in her face that reminds me very much of her.'

The next Sunday Mr. Tartuffe went to church and occupied the Forsyth pew. In front of him were three ladies and two gentlemen. Two of the ladies were young and charmingly pretty, and in one of them he recognized the Katie of the boat. The other was evidently her sister. The third was elderly and as plainly the mother of the two. "And that must be Bob and the father," said Mr. Tar-tuffe to himself, "and now, where is Cousin Lizzie?"

The question was no sooner asked than answered by the appearance of the lady She entered a pew just across the aisle and opposite the family party that Mr. Tartuffe had been observing so closely A faint perfume of violets was wafted to him as she passed by; and although he had never liked it since the olden days, it seemed to him now most exquisite and appropriate. He studied the sweet face, and the costume simple yet dainty in all its appointments and perfect in taste. He never knew what was the text or the ser-

duced himself as a neighbor and an old friend of the Forsyths.

"I do not know whether you have ever heard Forsyth speak of Emery Taylor." "Indeed I have, and in the highest terms," responded Mr. Tartuffe, cordially shaking the proffered hand. "I am exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance," speaking in such a ready, heartfelt manner, that Mr. Taylor set him down at once as a "most agreeable fellow.'

"I must make you acquainted with my family," Mr. Taylor said, as his wife and children joined him, and then followed introductions to the different members. "Where is Cousin Lizzie?" asked Mr.

Taylor, looking round. "She was in haste to get home, for fear her aunt might need her; there she goes now," pointing up the street, where a stately figure was fast disappearing from view.

"Our roads lie in the same direction; may I have the pleasure of accompany-ing you?" said Mr. Tartuffe to Katie.
"If you will make yourself very agreeable, and not expect to be entertained in return," she said, flashing a saucy glance

at him. "A hard condition. How am I to know whether I am successful or not?" "You shall receive your reward," she answered solemnly, but with dancing

eves.

A fortnight ago Mr. Tartuffe would have considered the whole thing an unmitigated bore, but the last few days had wrought a wonderful change in him. He exerted himself to be entertaining, and succeeded admirably. When they reached the gate, Katie said:

"And now for your reward. Do you like croquet?" "I have always detested it hitherto.

he said, "but, with you for a partner, I have no doubt I shall soon be a complete votary of it.'

"Very pretty, but you cannot impose on me with your gallant speeches. However, I am to have a small croquet party to-morrow afternoon, and wish you to make one of the number. Cousin Lizzie Simpson shall be one of the number, and, I assure you, you will find her a 'foeman worthy of your steel.' She is the lady who sat opposite to us in

"Yes, I saw her with you in a boat the other afternoon," he said, quietly. Kate flushed a little.

"The very same; will you come?" "With great pleasure. At what hour? "Four o'clook."

"I will be punctual," opening the gate for her to pass through, and then, with a bow, he left her.

The croquet party was a success, and Mr. Tartuffe proved no despicable player, after all.

"That was a very close game. Cousin Lizzie, you must look out or you will lose your laurels. Another stroke would have finished you," exclaimed Bob. "I should count it no dishonor to be beaten by such a foe," she answered,

Here tea was announced, and guests turned their footsteps toward the house. Mr. Tartuffe found himself walking along with Katie and her cousin

"Miss Simpson, do you excel in every-thing you undertake?" he began.

"Why, no, certainly not," she said, opening her eyes in surprise.

Here Katie glided away from them to

the rest of the party.
"Hush!" she said, softly, laying her finger on her lip. "He thinks Cousin Lizzie is unmarried; don't you en-

lighten him for your lives." "But do you think it quite right?" re monstrated Katie's sister, Greta. "Of course it is, so long as her hus-

band is dead. "But Cousin Lizzie will tell him her-

"Well, if she tells him, so be it. We won't, at any rate," said Katie, and so it rested

One bright afternoon, some months later, Lizzie Simpson stood by the window in her room, looking out with a troubled face. "It has gone on too long already. I must tell him the truth and take the consequences. But suppose he should be very angry? Well, he has a right to be, and yet—" Her hands worked nervously, and two

large tears rolled down her cheeks. Just then a carriage rolled up to the front of the house, and Mr. Tartuffe alighted. Hastily tying a veil over her face, Mrs. Simpson went down to meet him. It was with a very lover-like air that he assisted her into the carriage, and his manner caused her to shrink with a premonition of what was coming. With a sort of nervous haste she strove to avert it by conversing volubly upon the beauties of the opening spring and of the country around.

A little smile crept into the corners of his mouth, and at length, laying his hand upon hers, he said, quietly, "It is of no use; I am not to be diverted from my purpose, Lizzie; I love you with a love which I believed nothing could create in my heart again. I want you. Will

you come? She trembled like a leaf, and for a moment strove to speak in vain; then she said, "Mr. Tartuffe, I have a confession to make which may alter your feelings toward me. I have been a widow for fifteen years.'

He looked at her keenly for a moment. She resumed hurriedly, "I thought you knew, of course, at first, and then it grew rather hard for me to tell you, and I kept hoping you would find out your mistake. Indeed, I had not the slightest intention of deceiving you.'

He smiled, and drew her closely to him. "Is that all?" "No; it is only the smallest part of my

confession, Simon," she cried, vehemently; "is it possible that you have never recognized me?" "Sophie!" he exclaimed. "Earnest

Simpson's wife!" His face was pale, but he only tightened his clasp, while he looked into her eyes as if he would read her very soul. She continued with choked voice, "For

ten years I have believed you false and treacherous. It was not until he lay on his dying bed that he confessed the truth to me, and I knew how cruelly you had been wronged. Under any other circumstances I should not have told you this, for, after all, he was my husband, and I believe loved me truly and tried to make me happy.

"I absolved you from all blame years been the sole cause of our estrangement I cursed myself for a blind fool when I realized that I had been but an unsuspecting tool in his hands. Can you wonder that I hated him, with the bitterness

that-" "Remember that he is dead, and that he was but human after all," she inter- places. "Let the dead past bury its rupted. dead.

He bowed his head silently, and after a pause, with rather a mischievous look, he said: "Do you know why I left the city and came to Brierdale?"

"No," she replied wonderingly. "I was running away from you. you have not answered my question yet; is this Mrs. Tartuffe that I hold in my arms?" suiting the action to the words, and dropping the reins as he did so (fortunately the horse was well trained).

'If you wish it," was the low reply. "But I do wish it, most decidedly was the rejoinder; "and after waiting al these years, I intend to claim my reward very soon." After a pause he continued: 'It does seem strange to me that I should not have recognized you before, although you have changed very greatly. Two things misled me; I always called you Sophia, and here you are called Lazzie;

how happens that?" "My name is Sophia Elizabeth. home they always called me by my first name, but Aunt Elizabeth calls me by my second, and so do all my friends here What was in Brierdale call me Lizzie.

the second thing that misled you?" He laughed as he replied, "I saw : large, red-faced woman going into your ing down the derlivity. They come with son's, and mistook her for you. Twen-the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat son's, and mistook her for you. Twenty-five years will often change persons as of its roar. A track of fire and smoke much as that, you know.'

"And so you ran away from my dresspouting.

Just then the clatter of horses' feet was heard, and, looking up, they saw two young people on horseback, coming rapidly toward them. 'It is Katie and Bob," exclaimed Mrs.

her flushed checks. "How do you do, Cousin Lizzie? Good afternoon, Mr. Tartuffe," said Katie, reining in as she reached the carriage.

Simpson, putting down her vail to hide

Mr. Tartuffe, but Cousin Simon." "Bravo! I knew it months ago. eyes were not given me for nothing," ex-

claimed Katie, in ecstatic glee. "I'll not take up your valuable time now, but, when you come home, I'll congratulate you in due form," and the merry riders dashed on. "So Mrs. Simpson is really going to

marry Mr. Tartuffe. Did she ever know him before?" said the dressmaker to Jennie Simpson, as she was trying on her dress.

"Yess, they were friends a good many "Well, I kind o' mistrusted as much when we was talkin' about him one mornin' last winter, from her actions. Are they comin back here to live?" 'No, they both like Brierdale so much

that they will remain there. Mr. Tarone in which he has been living for the past six months." When the rare June days came, with

their rose-scented breath and dazzling

skies, Mr. Tartuffe took his bride home. Together they stood at night upon the verandah, and watched the moon as it rose, flooding the whole earth with its

"What can be more beautiful on earth?" Lizzie said softly.
"Are you satisfied with your home—our home?" he asked, looking down upon

her lovingly. "Perfectly; and you?"
"I came to Brierdale, anticipating one happy year, instead of which, I have ob-tained bliss for a lifetime."

Murder Unpunished.

The duel between Maj. Dibble, of the navy, and Jim Lundy, which occurred at Industry Bar, on the main Yuba, in this county, has been a fruitless theme for numberless compilers of pioneer history. S. S. Crafts, a merchant of Alleghany, who called at the Transcript office day before yesterday, says that in all the ac-counts yet published the principal points were wrongly stated. He was in the camp at the time, and relates the circumstances of the bloody incident as follows:

On the evening of Oct. 24, 1851, a number of men were sitting around the table after supper, whiling away the time spinning yarns, cracking jokes and singing songs.

"When was it that fruit first swore? suddenly interrupted Maj. Dibble, who had taken but slight part in the proceedings until now.

The listeners made one or two efforts to guess the answer, and then gave it

"When the apple damned the pair, of course," explained the joker. All laughed but Jim Lundy, between whom and the Major there had never been any love lost. He glanced at the latter in an ugly way and hissed, "It's no

such a thing! The color left Dibble's cheeks and his eyes blazed like two suns. It looked for a moment as though he was going to tackle his insulter right there. Then by a powerful effort he controlled himself, and his face began to assume a scarlet hue.

"You must not contradict me in such a way," he said, in a low, determined tone. "You have done it too often already."

Lundy gave expression to a contemptnons sneer. "You are a lying, thieving

-, and I am a bigger mark to shoot at than you are!" These words came from the gambler with a ring that showed he wanted them to strike home. "Very well, sir," responded the out-

raged trooper; "we will try it on when Gen. Morehead comes over from Nevada Both men were crack shots and had

plenty of moral courage. The pioneers at the Bar knew there would be at least one funeral in their midst before many hours elapsed. Dibble and Mr. Crafts slept together

that night, and Lundy, taking his blankets, camped out alone on a side-hill. The first named spent part of the night in writing letters to his friends in the East. He indited several lengthy epis-At the close of the service, the gentleman whom Mr. Tartuffe had taken to be marriage the truth flashed across me at the sweetheart who was anxiously the "paterfamilias" came up and intro once, that he loved you himself, and had awaiting his return from the land of gold, mother.

The antagonists met at sunrise. Major-General Morehead was Dibble's second, and Charley Morse was Lundy's.

the challenger and challenged took their Just as the God of Day peeped over a pine-fringed hill to the east the prepara-

tions were declared complete. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Before the echo of the sentence had died away, and while Dibble was in the act of raising his weapon, there was a

sharp report from the other's pistol. A momentary look of consternation flitted over Dibble's handsome face. - -, you fired before the You have nearly killed me," he cried. Then, pressing one hand to his breast, he whirled around like mad once bullet found its resting place in the

young man's heart. Lundy was indicted, tried and found guilty. The proceedings were shown to have been irregular, and he was granted a new trial. The matter dragged along a year or two, some of the witnesses disappeared from the country, and finally a nolle prosequi was entered.

How They Send Down the Logs in

A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leap follows them,-fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the maker," she said, laughing, and half 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant.

Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 per second. A sugarpine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is "You have made a slight mistake, What a missile! How the water is Katie," returned the latter. "It is not dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hursed into the air to the hight of a hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. How the waters of the pond foam, and seethe, and lash against the shore.

One log having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monster. mouth of the chute is perhaps tifteen feet above the surface of the water. A lauge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air is enclosed in a water-tight glass case, and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like a reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket falls into the pond seventy yards from the log it struck.-Truckee Republican.

A Boston theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

War's Locusts.

When a young man leaves West Point crammed with the theory of war as laid down in Jomini, Vauban, Todleben, etc., with a firm conviction that grand tactics can easily be mastered through the games of strategos and kriegspiel, he has been lectured, watched, drilled and hectored, but now he will be his own master. Graduating in the most beautiful season of the year, he leaves his alma-mater, and, with the adulations of his relatives and friends ringing in his ears, straps his beautiful new sword by his side, and with the big parchment com-mission of the President of the United States for his credentials, starts on his career. Poor little fellow! He little knows the thousand and one obstacles to be overcome, and on reporting to his regimental commander, possibly a grizzled veteran of several wars, at some far-away frontier post, the fine conceit of his own importance which sustained our embryo Grant begin to evaporate. He will begin to find the difference between playing soldier in a civilized community and the course of affairs, he is placed in command of a company without the advice or association of officers versed in the care and management of men, our young officer's troubles begin sorely to harass

It is a strange anomaly that under form of government like that of the United States, an officer must keep aloof not thrive without the proper amount from the enlisted man, and there is a wide gulf between the two grades of service. A well-known cavalry officer states that he was suddenly snowed in at an isolated post on the plains, and for months the only company he had was a little music-box. He was the only commissioned officer present, and of course could not associate with his soldiers, and that little music-box made sweeter music for him than that of the finest brass band he ever heard. It is queer such a distinction is made in our army, because in the armies of the monarchies of Europe the cadets of the German, Austrian and Russian aristocrats have to serve in the ranks before they are com-

missioned as officers. A young officer will find the theory of commanding men more easily brought into practice than taking care of them, and if he is wise he soon makes acquaintance with two very important factors in the question, that is, the commissary and quartermaster. In all the accounts of the grand achievements of the profession of arms, one hears little about those who feed and clothe an army, but many a brilliant battle which illuminates his tory is due to their care and foresight.

The cares of the commissary branch of our service have been most graphically set forth a short time since in an article entitled "Feeding an Army" in the United Service magazine, and the author, a modest gentleman who was the chief commissary of the Army of the Potomac, gives some valuable data of the immense stores of provisions consumed.

In May, 1864, the army commanded by General Meade, left Brandy Station to those terrible battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Coal Harbor, etc., and the length of the wagon-train can be formed when it is stated that "had it been | rapidly? This is only another instance placed in a right line when the first wagon was entering the city of Richmond, the last one would have just been Fifteen paces were measured off, and leaving the city of Washington—a distance of 130 miles by rail." The army was organized as follows: Second, Fifth and Sixth army corps, cavalry corps, artillery reserve, First and Second Brigades of horse artillery, regular and volunteer engineer battalions, provisional brigade (Provost Marshal General,) and subsequently the Ninth and Eighteenth corps were added. General Meade, who was ever mindful of the wants of his men, required that Colonel Thomas Wilson, the Chief Commissary, should always be near him, and the system of that Department, and the promptness with which food for this immense body of or twice, and fell dead in his tracks. The men was furnished under trying circumstances, has been the subject of welldeserved praise. Each wagon carried, in addition to the forage for its own ani mals, 40 boxes of hard bread, 6 barrels of pork and 4 barrels of coffee; or, if only loaded with sugar, 10 barrels of that

article. A two months' supply of food amounted to the following articles:

1,003,400 rations of pork, 752,800 pounds. 10,419 rations bacon, 7804 pounds. 234,832 rations ham, 178,624 pounds. 40,477 rations flour, 32,381 pounds. 3,881,225 rations hard bread,3,881,225

ounds. 4,214,313 rations coffee, 421,431 ounds. 161,867 rations tea, 2428 pounds. 4,652,189 rations sugar, 310,145

oounds. 299,200 rations vinegar, 2990 gallons. 726,000 rations candles, 9975 pounds. 1,298,000 rations scap, nounds.

4,043,450 rations salt, 151,644 pounds. 410,787 rations whisky, 12,837 gallons. 332,617

rations pepper, pounds. 535,840 rations dried apples, 53,584

rations pickles, 2,088 gal-136,200 416,533 rations pickled cabbage, 6248 gallons.

PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER WATER.-Mr. William Morris, of Greenock, says the Glasgow News, has made a discovery by which he can photograph underneath the water at a depth of ten fathoms. Two of the negatives he has secured are remarkably distinct, but the others are rather dim owing to defects in the apparatus which he hopes to remedy. The camera suspended by the center and enclosed in a cover, that is drawn off after the camera-which is fixed on a loaded tripod-has reached its position. One of the views, taken in the bay, shows a sandy bottom, with a number of large boulders, covered with sea-weed, and an old anchor; and, in the shade, three mooring-cables belonging to small yachts close at hand. When the weather calms down and the light becomes stronger Mr. Morris intends to carry out his investigations with improved apparatus, when he expects to achieve still greater results.

Rainfall and Forests.

An Indiana correspondent of The Ru-

ral New Yorker writes: A recent article

resterates what has been constantly

preached for several years past—name-ly, that the destruction of forests causes drought. This is constantly stated to be susceptible of proof—and, to use the expression of the present age, "scien-tific proof." Science has the exalted place nowadays, and proof is no proof unless it is scientific. Why the droughty effect of the destruction of forests is so often reiterated I cannot imagine, since no one seems to doubt it. Never have I seen the least contradiction of the philosophy. And this seems strange to me since facts do not favor it in the broad extent of our country. There are two notable facts that afford such clear proof to the contrary, that apparent proof of the theory drawn from narrow, isolated sections cannot affect them. The first is this: In Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, there is a region, in area, say, three hundred thousand square miles, fighting those terrible Indians, whose tactics, especially of "circling" in a fight, aren't so pleasant after all. If, in and it is a recent discovery that this vast extent of country is a desert. For, taking this theory that the loss of forests causes drought, and drought sterility, it follows that we are mistaken in thinking that we live in a fertile plain that grouns with millions of bushels of corn and wheat and other productions that can-

> of moisture. What has been the fact in regard to this vast region? It is that, without forests, it has had from time immemorial, as large a rainfall, on the average, as those States which are largely covered with forests. Is there any possi-ble way to get around that fact? It will not do to point to droughts that have prevailed from time to time in varying localities. They do not mili-tate against the great truth stated; for they were local, and, besides, droughts have prevailed similarly in wooded districts.

> The next great fact is that our rainfall does not come, to any considerable extent, from the evaporation of moisture from the surface of the land, held there by the forests and liberated as needed, according to this theory; but from the vast masses of vapor projected over us, drawn from the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, and which by natural laws are precipitated on us, regardless of wide prairie or thick forest. These two facts, it seems to me utterly destroy the theory.

> How does experience affect the question, looking at it from a local point? In Indiana and Illinois, and perhaps in a larger extent of country, our seasons were dry for several years previous to 1875. Then we had a flood, and for five years past there has been an abundance of rain. In those dry years it was common to cry out about the cutting away of the forests. Have the forests come back, that we lack not for moisture?

Here we are suffering from rain; farmers (this middle of June) in some enter on the campaign which included parts have not been able to get their corn, and one flood follows another in our bottoms. In the East you have onsisted of 150,000 souls. An idea of burnt up. How about the forests-are ours growing and yours lessening: of arguing from hand to mouth, as were.

His Honor was Sympathetic.

The Great Grizzly Exterminator of California was brought before Justice Moses to answer to a charge of having been drunk on the street. He had been privately informed at the jail that hunting was the peculiar weakness of his Honor, and advised to appeal to the fellow feeling of the Court. Judge Moses looked sternly at Medicine Bill and said:

"William, you are charged with being drunk; what have you to say?" "Well, yer Honor, I may have been a little off, but yer see I've just come in from a bear hunt, and felt like having a good time."

"Bear hunt, did you say?" asked the

the Court, with evident interest. "Yes, sir, I'm the boss grizzly-killer of the Yosemite. Show me a grilzly an' I'll show yer some dirty work. I'm a bad man ter clean up after, I am."
"Well, now, this Court isn't any slouch

of a grizzly-slayer itself. This tribunal of justice used used to hunt bears and sleep in a blanket over in California. You've heard of Grizzly Adams and Mountain Charlie, of course? Medicine Bill admitted that he had, and in fact was intimately acquainted

with both these mighty hunters. "Well, this Court had the honor of teaching both those gentlemen the knack of catching a grizzly by the tail and pulling his spine out.' Medicine Bill said he had often seen

them do it, and heard them tell how they learned the trick from his Honor. The Court looking solemnly at Medicine Bill, asked him how long it would take him to get out of town and point himself toward the Sierra, where the

grizzly roams in his native wilds. Medicine Bill allowed that if he didn't break a leg he wouldn't be more than ten minutes inside the city limits, and the Court told him to go. - Virginia Chroni-

MENDING ROADS.-A favorite method with too many of the overseers of roads, is to repair them by scraping out the soft, loose earth or mud from the ditches alongside, and then gathering all the weeds from the gardens or other places, and loose trash generally, to fill up the holes. These soon rot, the loose earth is ground out, and there is left a mud hole bigger and more unsightly than the original one. Such holes should be invariably filled up with pure gravel, if to be had; if not, with the driest, hardest soil to be found near by. A subsoil is better for this than a surface soil, as it has less vegetable matter in it to decay and form mud. After roads are smoothed and all ruts and holes filled up, they should have a coat of gravel, if to be obtained even at a considerable cost, unless they are macadamized. Then they can be kept hard, smooth and dry for a long time, without additional expense.-Rural

New Yorker. "Kind words are never lost." Any one who does not believe this has only to