The Lexington Dispatch

By Godfrey M. Harman, LEXINGTON C. H., S. C.

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CASH IN ADVANCE.

# The Lexington Dispatch.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Main ain, Unawed by Influence, and Unbribed by Gain."

NO 48.

Shadow Land.

Far from the world that we live in to-day. Shadow land lies; None know how far it is, none know the way

What are its boundaries no one can say, Only surmise;

Formed from the wreck of the sad never

Memory governs this shadowy land,

Reigning supreme; Offtimes there comes at her word of com

Forms we have known from the far distant

strand, Faint as a dream;

Forms of those dear in the days which have Forms of beloved ones in life's morning

With them they bring long-lost scenes of the

Back to our view; Pictures of friendship not destined to last, Love that grew weak 'neath adversity's blast,

Painted anew; Ridges and ripples in Time's shifting sand, Hidden till now in the far Shadow land. TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE.

From the Depths.

A sweet-face woman and a sweetfaced child are wondering among the shipping-docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real ace collar, relics of better days, peraps, the pearl ear-rings and neat ves. The child is neatly dressed, and she clasps the woman's hand looks love at her guardian. But woman's face is not at its best now: worn look, and a faint wrinkle the pale forehead that ages her ssens the charms of her features.

is inquiring of the dockmen, es, and loungers about the hether the brig Good Luck has She always receives the same her eager question, for the Luck has been lost a month on a lee shore, and ground the sea, and will never

r-never more. of stairs to where the we their office. They hen she enters with the look significantly at one as much as to say:

oor thing! she's mad. No wonno wonder!"

lad! Yes, she is mad with "hope husband, Caleb Snelter, master of the brig Good Luck; to meet the master of proper to waken the child that she may tive. In Siam and Burmah, China, the brig, her husband and the father of eat also. her child. Why does he stay away

from her so long? "Is the Good Luck in yet?" she

asks of a clerk. "Not yet, ma'am."

"She is expected, of course, to-day?" "Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it. Effie, dear,

on board." The child claps her little hands at

look! there's father's vessel, with father

the sight. "Sorry to say that it ain't, ma'am," says the clerk, relapsing into his calaticulous and paying no more attention

to the woman. She stares out of the open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face and a moan that is heart-rending,

"No, Effle, no! That is not the Good Luck. I can see the figure-head. The figure-head of the Good Luck is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no, that isn't it."

"But papa will soon come home, won't he, mamma?" said the child. Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of

the establishment, here came from behind his desk, and, approaching the woman, said, in a kind tone: "Mrs. Shelter, sit down; make your-

self as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this- Here, little one. come here and give meakiss. A bright pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter."

"She looks pale," said the mother. "She is very tired; she has been walking too much."

The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kis-She winds her arms around his neck

"You will tell my papa to come soon;

won't you." "Yes, dear."

It was a habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their ser-

vice. It was not much of a stipend, only half-pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Shelter had always received her husl's money here, while he was at

or it was sent to her when she was or the weather was bad. h, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the Good

will be in to-day," ertainly it will. What's to hinder

puts the child down and goes to his desk, and unlocking his r, he takes out an account book egins writing a receipt. Then he over into the cashier's room. he is there the telegraph opera-

ls him over. k, clickery, click, goes the magic

instrument, repeating its dot and dash | window, opens it, and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster around the window to catch "Hear that?" says the operator. There's news for you!" The proprie-

VOL. X.

not tell her."

tor could read every word by its sound.

"It's like a message from God," says

"There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home.

"Oh, I'm not tired. And I should

like to be here when the brig comes in.

"Here, little one," says the good-

for you to buy candy with." He puts

into her tiny, outstretched hand a

at the wonder and delight of the little

Poor little thing, she is weary unto

chair and sinks into slumber in an in-

"Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-

day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there;

our young man wants something to

eat. You see we have arrangements

for the comfort of our clerks. We give

them a hot dinner, and a good one, too.

There's nobody there. Go down there

and ask the waiter, George," address-

ing Mr. Pelton, "to give this lady a cup

of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken

Then, pausing a minute, as if pro-

"No, no, George. Tell Henderson

to send the dinner up here; that's bet-

The young man leaves the office

"Send the message at once, Lindsay,

He writes something-a long mes-

sage, a very long message indeed-but

the President's message itself is not

half so important, so interesting to

Then, by the time the message is

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say."

heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter."

"I'm sure I hope so with all my

touching her lightly on the shoulder.

Then, seeing her disappointment,

Then Mr. Tawman says:

with me to-night."

Good Luck ?"

come in to day."

can't help it."

she bursts into tears.

will come in. Don't cry."

and her mother into a car.

her little girl, and asks:

"Not yet, ma'am."

When Mr. Tawman comes in as

usual, he greets her very kindly, and

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet."

And then he goes behind his desk

is pointing excitedly out of the win-

"Here is a ship coming in. Look!

"That's not it," says the clerk, "that

"Oh, no," adds Mr. Tawman, "that

man startles him. She has risen, and being waved over on its way from the

kisses the little girl, and says:

"Will it be in to-day?"

"I hope so."

Look!"

is a schooner."

"It is, it is!"

is not the Good Luck."

vet?"

a sigh.

papa!"

again and consults the telegraph opera-

for mastery in his mind, he says:

"I'll keep this for my papa."

dinner." says Tawman.

"Oh, yes, sir."

and all that."

f you please."

those it concerns.

Take a car at the door.'

But I thank you."

recipient.

"The woman is mad." says one. 'She's going to drown herself." Tawman says quietly to the telegraph Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must

operator: "Is it the Mary?" He comes back to where the woman The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She smaking preparais sitting; his face is flushed with emotion-some strange excitement. He tions to anchor in the stream, opposite throws into her lap a bundle of bank | the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people waving handkerchiefs,

and the little girl is waving hers. "Look-look there! There's a man overboard!" cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf. thoroughly aroused. "What does that hearted Tawman, "here's something

mean?" "He is swimming like a fish," says bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs a elerk.

"He has landed. Listen to the cheers." "Look, look!" shouts the operator. She is hugging him; so is the little

sleep. 'She cuddles herself in the big girl. It's Capt. Shelter." "Thank God!" exclaims Mr. Tawman, "and pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman! how she clings to the drenched man!

> Dear, dear!" Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and

child are united and happy. "Ah!" he exclaims, shaking the captain by the hand, and not caring for the composer for him in order not to the gaping, wondering crowd all around | incur his displeasure. To him every him; "this is good luck, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram?"

When the man can speak he answers

"I planned it all!" chatters old Tawto the office, every one of you, and afwe'll have a talk about business. newspapers. Next morning he ap-Come on."

## Burmese Umbrellas.

The umbrella, which the Englishman under his threatening climate wisely considers an indispensable accompanisent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Taw- ment of his toilet as often as he breathes

"No, no!" exclaims the mother, "I even in those countries where it is, as it was, intended to be a "little shade." must have my Effie with me always, sir. You are good, though-so very It is a distinctive feature in the lives good. And is there no news of the and characters of the natives of those parts, and their Kings and Emperors, when writing to one another, to allude "It can't be possible. The brig must to their subjects as "wearers of the umand misguided people of other climes. Thus we find an Emperor of China "I know you do," she responds with writing to a King of Burmah: "From the royal elder brother Tan-kwang, "Now go. I'm sorry you have to Emperor of China, who rules over a in the Great Eastern Empire," to "his "Come, Effie," says the mother. royal younger brother sun-descended King, Lord of the Golden Palace, who The child awakens with a start and rules over a multitude of umbrellawearing chiefs in the Great Western cries: "It's my papa. Dear, dear Empire." In Burmah, especially, the umbrella has a deep and secret meaning to convey what is as double-Dutch at first to the foreigner's ear. It is, it "Don't cry, dear, don't cry; the brig need hardly be said, the necessary finish to the out-of-door toilet of Peganau The good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, or Burmese fashionable, but it is much catching her hand, walks sadly away, more. It has very delicate duties to followed by Mr Tawman, who lifts the perform, which could not so well be alloted in Burmah to any other instrulittle girl down s airs, and helps her ment. Gold or gilded umbrellas, which The next morning the mother is in the provinces may be carried by any again loitering about the wharves, with | nobody, are reserved in the capital for the same agonizing inquiry. She again | princesses of the blood alone, and red puts the question to the wharfmen, and | umbrellas are affected by the gay sparks again only receives the same answer. of Burmese society as being the next Then, as before, she seeks the office of thing gaudy in appearance. Etiquette the brig owners, still accompanied by has also fixed the exact number of umbrellas that Burmese nobles may dis-"Has the brig Good Luck come in | play when they approach the "lord of the golden palace;" and it has now been settled by the Mandelay Herald's She sighs and looks out of the win- office beyond possibility of dispute that dow at the shipping. She says she no one but the Ein-She-Men, or heir will wait for Mr. Tawman, and sits apparent, is entitled to have borne over his litter the full complement of eight golden umbrellas. To carry a letter under an umbrella is to accord to its royal honors in Burmah. Eight golden umbrellas are properly carried over a King's letter, and when the Burmese authorities would not permit the um brellas to be carried over the Govenor-General's letter, according to custom. and looks over hir letters. He has not long been engaged with his corres-Mayor Phayre, our envoy to Burniah pondence when a scream from the wo- in 1855 insi-ted upon the Union Jack

A GERMAN postal card was exhibi ted at the Dusseldorf Exhibition, upon which was written Voss' translation of the first three books of Homers's Odyssey, containing 11,000 words, and part of a debate in German Parliament, containing 22,000 words. It was writ-She darts from the office, dragging ten in the Gabelsburg system of short the child after her; runs across the hand, with the naked eye, and the bustling wharf, out to the very edge of matter would have filled nine pages of the water. Mr. Tawman rushes to the the London Times.

Residency to the palace.

## Men of Letters

LEXINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1880.

MR. MAURICE MAURIS, in a recent work on French Ien of Letters gives the following sketh of the author of L'Assommoir:

Before Zola, the tuthor of "L'Assommoir" and "Nan " acquired his fame, he was very poor, and often passed a whole day sitting on a bench in the Garden of the Luxembourg writing verses while his socket and stomach were empty. On winter day a girl with whom has a acquainted approached him, her teeth chattering with the cold. "I haven't had a sou," said she, "and have eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours." "Neither "Heavens!" exclaims Mr. Tawman, have I," replied Zola. He thought awhile, and then, aking off his coat, and handing to her, added, "Take this to the pawnshop. You will at least be able to get enough on it to buy some-thing for dinner." He returned to his garret in his shirt-sleeves. He had parted with his only winter coat.

Of Theophile Gattier the same writer

Gautier was a superstitious coward. He would rather starve than dine at a table where thirteen were seated. He carried charms and coins on his watch chains to guard against people with the 'evil eye." He believed that Offenbach, the composer of bouffe, possessed this malignant power, and could not be forced to pronounce his name even when he got some one else to criticise thing was a cause of death, and the malevolent power nning our destruction. When heart disease showed itself his family examined all the newspapers coming into the house in order priety and philanthropy are struggling man. "You see I got a dispatch yes- that he should not see their comments. terday from Brakewater, saying that as it was of the first importance that he Capt. Shelter had been picked up on a should not know the nature of his mairaft by the schooner Mary. I told her ady. He soon ceased asking for them, in the car yesterday that the brig saying there was nothing in them, unwould come in, and come it did. Over til his family relaxed their vigilance, and he who had pretended indifferter dinner and dry clothes, captain, ence, had managed to secure all the peared at breakfast with pale and dis-torted face. "So I have heart disease?" he asked. "Heart disease? What an dea, dear papa!" said one of his daughters. "After all I imagined it

was so," he rejoined and from that day gave himself up a dead man.

ter partakes of it, but does not think sons in the East a necessity to the na- Mauris: One night the snow was falling heav-Annam and Cochin China it is not ily, and De Musset passed without noonly the necessary protection against ticing an old organ grinder playing in of offence which some possess is an in-"Now you had better go. I'll see to the destructive rays of a vertical sun, the bitter night, and it was not until the child; I'll bring the little girl up but it has functions of its own to dis- he reached his door that he fully realcharge which are quite foreign to it | ized the old man's misery. He hurried back and gave him a silver piece, and said to his brother who tried to detain him, "unless I go back and give him something, his music will haunt pressed it bursts and shoots forth a flyme all night like a demon of remorse." He was fond of pictures, and once, having no money, bought a beautiful brella," in contradiction to the ignorant | copy which he was to pay for in instalments. The painting was hung in his dining-room opposite his seat at the table, and he said to his housekeeper; For four months you will economize by one dish. By gazing at that picture waken the child, but I suppose you a multitude of umbrella-wearing chiefs the dinner will taste just as good to .

"BUMBLE FOOT."-This trouble in the feet of fowls is a large bunch on the sole or heel, which sometimes suppurates and sometimes forms a callosity, and its origin is generally a bruise caused by alighting from a high | complete. Blight was prevented. The perch or flight. Heavy birds naturally suffer more than those of small breeds. Bumble foot is often contracted from perching on a flat pole, where the toes must be extended and the whole weight comes on the ball of the foot. The best way is to prevent the trouble by proper arrangement of the roosting poles. Round perches are preferable to flat or square strips. The poles should be small-for a full-grown fowl not more than an inch and a half in diameter. A large fowl will roost on a small branch. One that is sufficiently large and reboiled in other water, until he to bear the weight is all that is necessary. When roosting on a tree fowls generally seek the outer branches, that are small and easy to clasp the toes around. Square or large perches cause crooked breast bones, produced when

oung while the bone is yet gristly. AMERICAN BREADSTUFFS IN EU-ROPE.-We are among those who believe that the demand for American breadstuffs for Europe will be as great for the year to come as it has been for wheat crop is fully 20 per cent. short. and she will be able to export but a very small quantity, if any, while other grain regions have been equally unfortunate in their harvests, notably large sections of Prussia. England admits that her crop falls somewhat below last year's harvest, which was a universally poor one, and, therefore, she will continue to be a great consumer of our products. France is also complaining of a short crop, and altogether we think that a demand fully up to that of the last year may be this country.

If it were not for lopes, the heart would break.

The Jelly Fish.

A little more of the present fall

weather will soon fill the river-mouths and harbors of our coast with those curious creatures, the jelly-fishes. Yachtmen and steamboat passengers, where the sea water is clear, will mark the familiar but ever-wonderful bell of glass opening and closing as it slowly makes its way beneath the surface. Children playing on the beach will medusa-for such is its scientific term strong solution with sugar set about -helplessly tumbled on the sand, like the rooms ought to clear them out. a spilled mould of that jelly from which its ordinary name is so reasonably dewhen gritty with sand, are useless to play with, and the children quickly tire of poking the dead medusa about with their spades; nor is it very great fun either to catch them alive; to say nothing of the fact, dimly known even to young naturalists that some species sting severely. Yet beautiful as well as marvellous is this creature of the wave. Its body, or swimming bell, is a cup of crystal, clearer than any wine goblet ever blown by glassmakers, and gemmed around the rim with spots or bosses of violets, blue and purple jewelry, which Salviati could not equal for brilliancy and effect. From the bottom of the translucent chalice hang leaf-like processes encircling the mouth which is veiled by a delicate membrane, as if the medusa were an Eastern beauty and kept the "yashmak" over her lips. The sapphire and amethyst-colored spots are rudimentary eyes; the cavities seen round the lip of the crystal cup are ears, and it has countless hands or "tentacles" hanging from the pellucid brim. Some of them, even more modest than their simpler sisters, cover their violet eyes, as well as their mouths, with a hyaline hood, and others shine at night with a lambent white and blue fire which lights up the sea as though with submarine lamps. Seaside visitors are soon weary of observing them, and the trawl fisher and the shrimper hates them for clogging the nets; nevertheless, objects more graceful and perfect are not found in the wide waters, and it might more easily be believed that ethereal, diaphanous, and divine beings may concelvably exist and move in the upper ether when these gemmed phantoms A characteristic city of Alfred De of the wave have been seen winnowelement from the substance and color

of which only the most delicate outlines divide them. Even the power teresting creative marvel. The nettles," as they are styled, have cnidoe or "thread cells," each of which contains a tiny lash tongue, pointed at the end and furnished with stinging fluid from a sac. When the cell is ing dart, which pierces the skin and injects the poison, from the effects of which-as many have found out who incautiously handle the "Portuguese man-ef-war"-a rash experimentalist may suffer for days, or even weeks.

# Quassia for Mosquitoes.

A few years ago I had some peach trees which, being on a wall exposed to draught, were annually blighted. One died, and the new wood of the others was not more than a hand's length. A scientific friend advised me to try a weak solution of quassia to water them with, and the success was first year the trees bore well and the new wood was elbow length or more. I next tried quassia in the vinery. Instead of lime-washing the walls to get rid of the green fly, one watering with quassia dismissed them in a day. My head gardener, who had previously much experience in nursery grounds, wondered that he nad never heard of it before. He now uses it in all cases as a protection from flies and blight. The cilution goes a long way; one pound of chips of quassia wood, boiled has eight gallons of the extract for his garden engine. He finds it unadvisable to use it stronger for some plants. This boiling makes the quassia adhesive, and being principally applied to the underleaf, because most blight settles there, it is not readily washed off by rain. Quassia is used in medicine sold by chemists at from sixpence to a shilling a pound. The tree is indigen-

ous to the West Indies and to South America. And now as to gnats and the past twelve months. Russia's mosquitoes. A young friend of mine, severely bitten by mosquitoes and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for some quassia chips and had boiling water poured upon them. At night after washing she dipped her hands into the quassia water and left it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. The pastilles sold in Florence and elsewhere, which are vaunted to be safeguards against mosquitoes, are, from my own experience, of no use. At the approach of winter, when flies and gnats get into houses, counted upon for the surplus cereals of and sometimes bite venomously, a

bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may be a protection also against bed insects, which I have not had the opportunity of trying. When the solution of quassia is strong it is well known to be an active fly poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies, but this is not strong enough to kill at once. If it be true that mosquitoes have been imported into one of the great hotels in the southwest of London, it might be very useful to anoint find the shapeless masses of many a some of the furniture with it. Then a

#### rived. But spoiled jellies, especially The Oldest Monument in the World.

The Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel stone of a tomb which :ormed the last resting place of an officer who lived in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty, whose date is placed by M. Mariette more than six thousand years ago. The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the early periods of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the latter ages of Egypt which we are accustomed to see in our European museums. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture-with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote time Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters are already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters, the Egyptian writing never made any force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed Egypt resembled one of

Christianity the only change undergone by Egyptian writing was the in- statues and fountains, and vention of a running hand, which in | choicest fruits, and the rarest at its earlier and simple form is called beautiful shrubs and trees, an hieratic, and in its later form, domotic. terres of brilliant flowers,

# Putting John In.

The trials of an artist who undertakes to paint a picture "to order," are many and vexations. It is related of a well known portrait painter that he received an order to paint a family group. The family was large and the happy head of it wanted them all included. After many consultations and weary interviews as to the sittings, the order was finally given, and the artist breathed freer, but hardly had he ordered the canvas before the paterfamilias arrived breathless at the studio, and announced that he had " forgot all about John."

"Well," said the weary artist, "and ho is John?"

"My son John," said the patron, as went to the war. I want him put in the picture."

The artist proposed that John be sent to the studio for a sitting, to which the patron of arts responded:

"Well, I forgot to tell you John's dead." Despite the gravity of the information, the painter smiled and asked the father to bring a photograph or anything that would give him an idea of the lost son's personal appearance. "John's" parent scratched his head and said he would go home and tell " Mother."

Before the artist had lighted his after-breakfast cigar the next morning, the fond father made his appearance accompanied by a big bundle, which, being unrolled, displayed to the astonished eye of the artist and old pair of blue trousers.

"Mother said she couldn't find no photograph or nothin' of John," said the perplexed parent, "but she run agin his old army pants, and thought as a powerful tonic, and the chips are they might give you an idea, and you could put John in uniform."

ALL rivers, small or large, agree in one character, they like to lean a little on one side. They cannot bear to have but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon and shore to play over, where they may be get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men who keep one side of their lives for play and another for work, and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent when grandchild of mine, 18 months old, they are at ease and yet take deep counwas thus attacked. I gave the nurse | sel on the other side when they set some of my weak solution of quassia to themselves to the main purpose. RUSKIN. be left to dry on his face, and he was not

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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#### Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens.

Nebuchadnezzar, the ruler of Babylon, had a wife who came from a mountainous district, and who was dissatisfied with the level prospect everywhere about her, as she looked forth from the palace of her husband. In order to gratify her, he reared the garden that is described below:

"The vast structure built by Nebuchadnezzar, which has been celebrated in all ages as one of the wonders of the world, under the name of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, was really an artificial mountain-or meant to be such. It was built to gratify the desire of a wife of Nebuchadnezzar, named Amytis, who, having been a native of a mountainous country toward the north, soon grew tired, when she came to Babylon; of the level monotony of the country there, and, as young brides on the Western prairies of America often do at the present day, when they remember the green declivities and summits, and the secluded and romantic dells of their native New England, she said to her husband that she longed for the sight of a hill. Her husband, therefore, undertook to build her one.

"The structure consisted of a series of platforms or terraces, supported on arches of masonry, placed one above the other, and raised so high that the upper one was above the walls of the city, so that the spectator, standing upon it, could not only look down upon all the streets and squares of the town, but could also extend his view beyond the walls, and survey the whole surrounding country. The several terraces were supported on immense arches of masonry. The lateral thrust of these arches was resisted by a solid wall twenty-two feet thick, which bounded name of the King, for instance, being and closed the structure on every side. spelled alphabetically. In the hands The platforms covering the arches and of the Egyptian scribes, however, forming the terraces, were constructed of immense flat blocks of stone, cementfurther progress. With the fall of ed at the joints with bitumen. Above what is called the Old Empire (about | this pavement was a layer of reeds, and B. C. 3500) the freshness and expansive then another of bitumen, upon which, at the top of all, was a flooring of brick. which formed the upper surface of the platform. On this foundation was laid a thick stratum of garden mould, desp its own mummies, faithfully preserving enough to afford support and nourishthe form and features of a past age, and | ment for the largest trees. The garof a life which had ceased to beat in dens made upon these terraces were its veins. Until the introduction of | laid out in the most costly and elegant

> and bowers, and ornamental ar with everything, in short, which horticulturists of the day could to complete the attractiveness of scene. The ascent from each of terraces to the one above it was broad and beautiful flight of steps visitors who ascended from one to other saw on each successive plat new and everchanging beauties, in varied arrangements of walks and t and beds of flowers, and in the views of the surrounding country became, of course, wider and commanding the higher they asce

"There were spacious and airy ments built among the arches which opened out upon the success terraces. These apartments command ed very beautiful views, both of the gardens before them and of the country beyond. The interior of them was splendidly decorated, and they were fitted with all necessary conveniences for serving refreshments to guests, and for furnishing them with amusements and entertainments of every kind. On the upper platform was a reservoir o water, supplied by vast engines concealed within the structure. Pipes and other hydraulic machinery conducted this water to all the lower terraces, in order to supply the various fountains, and to irrigate the ground. In fact, so vast was the extent, and so magnificent the decorations of the artificial hill. that as long as it endured it was considered, by common consent, as one of the wonders of the world."

# The Girls at Long Branch.

A full-blooded brunette, with a face of scarlet and amber, and a form as pliant and sinuous as a well-fed cat's, wears rich, dark costumes. One of her dresses makes every man turn his head to look, yet it really makes no extensive exhibition of her person. The sleeves are slashed at several points from her rounded wrist to the top of her plump shoulder. Spaces of her smooth, warm skin are thus left bare. and with a wonderful alluring effect. their channels deepest in the middle, If her arms were wholly nude they would gain no more than a passing glance; but these spots of exposure are another to get cool under; one shingly just enough, as I plainly see to fix the male eye upon her. She is well aware shallow and foolish and childlike, and of this, and has a way of shrugging another steep shore under which they her shoulders that brings dimples to can pause and purify themselves and the precise places that are uncovered. The expression of unconsciousness which she simultaneously assumes worth going a mile to see.

> Country doctor to a lately bereav widow .- "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."