## The Bride of Arne Sandstrom.

BY M. H. CATHERWOOD From Harper's Bazar.

"Big Swede wedding over there this evening," said one American to another by his side. "Peter Lund's daughter."

'Is she marrying a Swede?'' inquired the second American.

"Yes; fellow by the name of Arne Sandstrom."

"I should think old Peter, well off as he is, would have stood up for an American son-in-law-you or me, for instance," observed the second youth, with a laugh.

"The girl's pretty as a pink, and has had every advantage. It is pity to see her thrown away; but old Peter has a lot of younger ones coming on." "That makes it less an object. I

thought she was his only. The Swedes are clannish-ain't they?"

"Peter Lund's is headquarters for them, too. Here's one now, hunting up the wedding. I'll bet she's just ar-rived from the old country."

So near the truth was this surmise that Elsa had been off the train only twenty minutes, and in that time had repeated the name of Arne Sandstrom interrogatively to every person she She was dased by long riding met. and partial fasting, and the dumb terror of finding no one to receive her at the end of her great journey. The letter created with much brain work to announce her coming ought to have been in his hands weeks ago. The innocent and triendless soul did not know she had omitted all dates and exactness in her general care for spelling and inky loops. So, stepping off the train into the American small town at dusk, she sawsti ches of summer prairie to the westward, perky architecture, crossing railroad tracks, hurrying citizens and lazy loungers-even the new electric light on its spiderwork iron tower beginning to make a ghastly powerful star far above her head. She saw baggage and piles of express matter, hotel runners and other women starting toward their assured homes tucked laughing and chatting under their husbands' arms; but she saw not one face or one kind hand ready to bid her welcome, who had ventured thousands of miles alone -across ocean, across continent-to marry her bethrothed lover, Arne Sandstrom.

Hearing his name spoken, shestood still upon the sidewalk, shrinking and timid, but directly in front of the young men, and inquired, using hands and eyes as well as anxious inflection of voice, "Arne Sandstrom?"

"She wants to know where he is," explained one American to the other. "Right over there; that big house," he returned, talking also with gestures, where you see it lighted up. She doesn't understand. Arne Sandstrom overthere. Getting married! Yes, yes. Arne Sandstrom. Here, Billy, you trot out a little Swede gibberish, can't you? You've been among them more than I have."

"Arne Sandstrom derover,"

John-night of arbors and rejoicing at song with which her countrymen home, night when the sun scarcely went mocked Scowney's, or inhabitants of a region the butt of all Svadia. down, and everybody feasted and vis-ited under green-leaf tents. Of what "A Scowen, a Scowen"-

use was St. John's Eve, or any other one bar was enough to rouse sudden portion of time, to a girl put to shame rage in any Svensk. and despair as she was? Why had

But instead of "A Scowen, a Scow Arne Sandstrom sent her money to en" rising around Elsa's ears this encome over with if he meant to jilt her on chanted night such a din of outcries her arrival? Or had he picked anothwas made by Otto Jutberg that peoer betrothed for her as well as himself? She would not believe her Arne could be ple ran to look in the dining-room, and then to swarm around her. so evil; she would knock and ask for

Arne Sandstrom leaped two chairs him. He was so kind! he loved her. and seriously jarred one table, to re-Yet not only the Amerikanns, but ceive Elsa in his arms, when he kissed those laughing girls, had said plainly r openly. this was Arne Sandstrom's wedding;

"Bring me one of the chairs I kicked any man would take Lens Lund who over," he exclaimed, "and let me set could get her; Lena was so pretty; Lena was rich; Lena could sing and the tired darling in it. I have been looking for the letter which would tell play better than some Amerikanns: me the time you intended to start. Lena had ten new dresses, and she Yes, this is my Elsa," he said, displaying her; "and how did she find her way in here alone? Mrs. Lund, Elsa bruised her cheek against the edge of the second step above her. Elsa has come!" She did not know where to go, and

"Yes, and she has been crying, her money was all spent except the said the plump wife of Peter Lund, pressing her hand. "It was enough little she saved by going without food during part of her railway journey, to break any child's heart to reach and she had saved that to buy some such a journey's end homesick and little ornament for her new home unwelcomed." with Arne. She might try to hire her-

At this Elsa leaned against the ma tron's side and shook with sudden sobs, feeling her forehead and hair petted by a good mother's palms,

she put unendurable anxiety upon Elsa was taken up the back stairthose best friends by not writing at way by both Mrs. Lund and Arne, all? Svadia was so pleasant, especially in the long nightless summers. who talked rapidly across her. She was put in a beautiful room, and Good and kind they were to strangers young girls came in to get acquainted with her and giggle. Arne asked her fles and carried them with coffee to for that piece of metal which would the morning bedside of a guest. She redeem her baggage, and he handed it could see her native meadows stretchover to Otto at the door. Before she understood her position, or was quite ed the scythe, beating up an appetita in those who wielded it, while she herable to lift her eyes and look at all who wanted to talk to her, the box which had borne her company from Svadia was brought in, and Arne told self, a careless little maid, came bearing the second breakfast to the her the other wedding would be put off half an hour while she got ready. Then he drove the merry company might have come from the mouth of her a grandmother if it had not beout of the room, and stood with his back to the door to keep at bay that longed to Peter Lund's mother, sung moment all volunteering bride attendants.

"Can you be ready in half an hour, after your long journey, my darling? said he.

"I can soon wash off the dust and change my dress," said Elsa. "But, Arne, I do not know anything. Who is going to marry Lena Lund?" "Arne Sandstrom. And you will

be married at the same time. "I thought that was what you and

Mrs. Lund said. But who is going to marry me?" "Who! I am; Arne Sandstrom.

"I will not do it," said Elsa. "They never have two wives in Svadia."

Arne Sandstrom gazed silently at her, puffed and exploded his cheeks and bent over, striking his knees with those delicately-gloved hands Elsa had first noted with such awe. He roared in the fervor of his laughter. This American country had in no way abated Arne Sandstrom as a Norse man.

"Oh, Elsa, my snowbird, if I should tell this on thee they would laugh at thee from one end of town to the other. Lena Lund's bridegroom is my cousin Arne, that came over with Otto Jutuerg and me.'

# "ST. PETER'SCHURCH."

An American Traveler's First Impressions. Hon. D. N. Richardson, editor of the Denverport, Iowa, Democrat writes from Rome:

Are you coming to Rome If you come to see it all, to compass its palaces-spiritual and civil; to understand its antiquities, to know the length and breath of Rome in time and figures, come early, come to stay. Come well braced for disappointment -for when you have spent your dear, short life of twenty, thirty, forty years, you will know so little, lack so much that you will shirk to look your neighbor in the face.

I envy, quite, the man who has been in Rome three days and tells you he has seen it all! I like him for his obdurate, blissful ignorance; that state of hopeless mental vacancy that out-bids responsibility, and wish he would young officer of the First Life Guards, write a book on Rome, for he could only make a failure, as all have done before.

You come to Rome. First thing a hotel. You take a bit to eat, order a vehicle. You are going out to do the city-to take it in. Where will you drive? Nine times out of ten the pilgrim says "St. Peter's church."

"A San Peatro" speaks of your porter to the whip, and off you go. Off through close narrow streets, well hemmed in with tall, tawny, stuccoed houses-the houses are stores and shops and dwellings, all combined in one-you cross the Bridge of Angels in a trance, you pass the castle Angelo in a daze, you squeeze in through the Borgo in an anxious state, and facing great Saint Peter's you are crushed. You hunt your stock of words. They are misfits. You try to tell your thoughts. They are too insignificant; you alight, stare at the collonades, the great ambitious fount. ains; the hieroglyphic obelisk; then turn and go inside. If you are wise you'll say no foolish thing, for you'll keep your mouth shut. You cannot understand a thing you see; the distances are great and overcome you; the heights are lofty-room in any corner to tuck away your village church and never miss the space it takes; the floor a wide spread of colored marbles; the piers and columns, niches, statues, cherubs-everything so out of all proportions that you have ever seen, that you cannot take it in or scarcely

find your tongue. You will join the crowd, maybe, and you will go to the great bronze canopy and look upon the many lighted lamps; gaze up above the clouds and find the heavens very high and overwrought with rows of saints-tler on tier, with Christ and Mary where the sun should You hear church music somewhere round-intoned service somewhere here-but not a congregation in sight-the great floor space is free of crowds, though some hundreds of people wander about just as you do; you wonder where the singing is, and go to find it-go to hunt among the piers, about the aisles and chapels-find it

posit in, as many s one has freely done, but no checks are honored here. These churches here have much of interest-each has its private, curious history-each picture, saint and chapel has its tale to tell, and some are curious to find them out; but life is too short-we see within a church or two, and leave the rest behind.

## C The Lovers of the Queen,

The splendid pageant of the opening of Parliament and the passing of the Queen in state from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords, recalls the day, as men look on her, in her Mary Stuart mourning, when she traveled that same route as a happy young bride. Victoria, like all other girls, had some lovers before the lucky one came. Her first was the late Lord Elphinstone, a tall, singularly handsome young peer, who was sent to Madras as Governor to get him out of the way. Her next was Lord Fitzgrandson of the then Duke of Norfolk, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk himself; but he was a Roman Catholic-a fatal objection. Fitzallan fell passionately in love with a pretty barmaid, who administered beer beer at a tap opposite the Horse Guards, and wished to marry her. His family sent him abroad to get over his young passion, and, falling ill at Athens, he married the daughter of Admiral Lyons, British Minister there, and sister of Lord Lyons, remembered as Minister at Washington, who had attended him through his sickness, and who is still living as Dowager Duchess. Her third lover was Lord Alfred Paget, one of the Marquis of Anglessey's splendid sons, an officer of 'the Blues," standing about six feet two, who is the father of Captain Paget, married to our Miss Minnie Stevens, and who was then her equerryin-chief, and has continued as equerry ever since.

This love affair was regarded as so dangerous that King Leopold of Belgium, the Queen's uncle, brother of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was sent for. The result was that Prince Albert was sent for next. Albert was at that time a courteous, chaste, quiet, mild, bland, accomplished prince, but here and there a keen observer might have detected on his round, full face a flush, and in his manner a flutter which bespoke the agitation that swelled the heart beneath. Over the chimney piece, too, of his student chamber, there hung one of Chalon's exquisite drawings of Victoria which, though too flatteringly graceful and airy even then, still when surrounded with the interest which of itself lent beauty to a young girl placed in such a position gave a fairer idea of her than would be imagined in her present grosser figure and highly colored face, as presented in the most correct and delightful pictures of court life, by Adam Badeau. Albert, though little noticed, had been present at Victoria's coronation scene, a silent, but not, we fancy, an uninterested spectator. When Victoria was seated on Prince Edward's throne and the shout which proclaimed the girl he was eduran along the roof of the good old Abev, and was borne on the boom of nave felt some emotion; and when she tripped over, with agilegrace to lift up old Lord Rolle, who had tumbled, may we not fancy that emotion grew into some softer feeling. That evening, too, when on her return, the womanwept, as Greville tells us, because she feared to be a queen, Albert may have been near. A woman's tears are at all time's touching. At such moments a life of happiness or unhappiness, as the case may be, is often built. Be this as it may, queens are not allowed to possess or at least indulge in the feelings of other folk, and the news men for once did not, a few days after, convert a yawn into a sigh or gild a smile with sentiment. Well, at all events, when Leopold sent for Albert, quick and with luggage light as a young American starting for Arkansas, the appointed youth booked himself in the small steamer which staggers between Ostend and Dover. The affair was very quietly managed by Leopold. In the Court Circle column the Prince's namefound rather a mean and minioned place, and as the Prince and Queen went out the evening after his arrival for a saunter in the woods, their stroll was unobserved except by the select few who were in the secret. But Victoria's maid, Rosalie, a kind, mischievous, merry littleelf from Longenschwalbach and who was more excited that evening than Victoria herself-prattled, for a little guilden, to the court news man of how Albert's meek eyes, when they returned, were radiant with joy and Victoria looked slightly flushed. and wore in her girdle a small flower the flower of a dove which, through all the darkness of widowhood, has never lost its freshness-and herstraw cottage hat was chrushed back in front. Perchance she caught a branch -perchance some sweeter pressureabout which I think there are some lovely young brides in New York could tell. Be this as it may, the club man calling, the next morning, for his tea and toast and Times was startled by the announcement that "Her Majesty was about to lead to the hyme neal alter his Royal Highness Prince Albert of Gotha and Saxe-Coburg" and thus Victoria was wooed and won .- W. Stuart, in Town Topics.

## A Good Bear Story.

Parkersburg Cor. Chicago Tribune. Rev. Dr. Webb, a minister of the Baptist faith, who is well known in the interior counties, had a rough time of it not very long ago while trav. eling through the woods. The section of country to which his duties call him. is sparsely settled, and is full of game and bears, wildcats and panthers. The preacher had repeatedly been advised to carry a revolver or gun, but never went armed with anything more formidable than a pocket-knife until after his resent encounter,

On a recent trip over the mountains the preacher was quietly walking along the top of a ridge which was thickly covered with heavy timber, when he was rudely interrupted by a pig-like grunt directly in front of him. Raising his eyes, expecting to see stay hog, he found himself face to face with a large bear, whose snapping little eyes betrayed an intention to discuss the right of the way with the reverend gentleman. Mr. Webb threw up his hands and shouted at Bruin and advanced in a threatening manner, expecting to see the bear amble away in fright. But the unorthedox brute didn't run. on the contrary, he reared np on his hind legs and advanced toward the minister in a threatening manner, with mouth open and his black paws stretched out ready to embrace his opponent in a warm, if not affectionate, manner. The preacher dodged behind a large oak tree and drew his pocket-knife.

Just as the hear reached the tree the doctor dodged around to the other er side but was quickly followed by the bear. The subsequent proceeding interested the doctor to such an extent that he forgot the text for the next Sunday's sermon on which hs had been ruminating. Round and round they scurried; sometimes the bear would get close enough to reach the doctor's coat sleeve or skirt, on which occasion he would eliminate a portion of the doctor's apparel, and the doctor would return the compliment by plunging the knife-blade into the bear's paw, neck or nose. In a short time the doctor was most completely stripped of coat sleeves and skirt, and had a number of severe scratches on his arms and body, while the bear had received a dozen or so of cuts and stabs from the preacher's khife.

It didn't take many minutes of this exercise to convince the preacher that he was not an adept in killing bears, and he concluded to climb a tree. By a lucky stroke he struck his knife into the eye of the brute, which lay down and whined pitifully. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Webb ran to the nearest tree with low-lying branches and scrambled up, but not too soon, for the bear was on his feet and after him before he reached a safe limb. A bear is an excellent climber, and in a trice was in the tree with Webb, who which proclaimed the girl he was edu-cated to look on as his wife, queen of limb. The bear followed him up until the empire on which the sun never sets | he was within four of five feet of Webb, when the limb began to settle towards the ground. Bruin hesitated a moguns down to the City Tower, he must | ment, and then carefully advanced until he was within reach of Webb's arm, when the latter plunged for the bear's sound eye and succeeded in plunging his knife in the brute's head. The bear lost his balance and fell to the ground. The limb, which had been thus bent at an angle of forty degrees by the combined weight of preacher and the bear, suddenly flew back to its natural position, throwing the preacher into the air. His descent was more rapid than graceful. and he landed almost on top of the bear, which was by this time getting upon his feet. Webb was not hurt by the fall, and before the bear could get his sound eye in proper bearing Webb stabbed him in the neck and severed the jugular vein. In another moment Bruin was dead at the preacher's feet.

to emphasize. "Donsa lupon, Hopsom tup an, Lanti lira, Hopsom stira: Sprovti lupon, lupon, Hopsom tup an, tup an, Lanti lira, lira, Hopsom stira, stira." Dance and jump, Hop like a rooster,

self out, but how could she ever write

back home where such happy news

was expected from her, or how could

there; her mother always baked waf-

ing away in the blue Northern air,

and the iron whip, as her mother call-

A quavering but hearty voice, which

out Lapp-Finn nurse song by an up-

per window, and Elsa knew just what

syllables the dancing baby was made

was not spoiled.

mowers.

Hop like the skatan. Perhaps this very instant-for Elsa made no calculations in longitude and time-Vader's mutter danced the baby

under her home roof; and none of her people knew how faint, how outcast, how bewildered the eldest child felt sitting on steps in a strange Amerikansk town.

In Elsa's box of clothing was the finest sheepskin blanket her mother ever made, so white in fleece, and cured by buttering and scraping until the skin yielded soft like chamois leather. It was lined with scarlet flannel. She could see the store-room of her father's farm-house hung thick-

ly with such fleeces, and hear her mother say she wished Elsa could take more, since they had so little money to send her. But Arne Sandstrom had sent the money to pay her way, because he loved her so. They were children together, and he was held as dear as a son in her own family. Elsa's mother never distrusted him. How could it therefore be possible that Arne Sandstrom, after sending for his betrothed, could be marrying a Swede Amerikann the very evening of her arrival? In her intensely quiet fashion the poor girl was wiping away tears as fast as they dropped down her cheeks, and now she lifted her head from the step, coming to a decision. She walked up on the veranda, her feet sounding heavy and uncertain, and stood at the door ready to knock. Her piteousgreat eyes moved from wall to wall of the ample diningroom, recognizing Svensk wooden spoons and beautifully painted and polished Russian bowls in various sizes on the sideboard. Hard-baked Svensk bread, so loved by the white and firm Scandinavian teeth, and all known luxuries, with unheard-Amerikann things, smiled at her from the glittering tables. This Lena Land would be called a mamzelle in Svadia; she was very much above a poor yungfrau like Elsa. Any man might beglad to marry her. Still Elsa would not believe Arne Sandstrom had forgotten his betrothed. She could see him from where she stood, in an inner room with a background of fine furniture. How beautiful he looked, all in Amerikann clothes, and with soft dark gloves on his hands, like a very rich man! His cheek was ruddy, his for head white, and the very round of his ear-how well Elsa remembered it! Arne Sandstrom was happy, and laughing aloud with other people. She heard his voice while she stood just without, so wretched her whole soul seemed numb. In perfect silence she waited, and still saw him laugh and extend his hand to have it shaken by one another, until a figure came out of the room where he was, to pass trhough the dining-room, and she knew in an instant Otto Jutberg, who came to America with Arne. Elsa put her foot across the threshold and said, to call his attention, "Otto." Otto approached the door and looked curiously at her. One rope of her flaxen hair hung down on her breast, and she looked travel worn. "Otto Jutberg, I want to see Arne Sandstrom.'

claimed the other, pointing to Peter Lund's house, with a fine assumption of handling the language well. "Arne Bandstrom jifta to-night, you know." "Yifta!" said Elsa, shrinking down in stature.

"She's got hold of it. That's all right. You'll be in time for the wedding.

"She didn't understand; and she thought we were making fun of her,' said one of the lads as they sauntered

"She did understand, and there she goes straight across the street. Brush up in the languages, young man, and make yourself as useful to the public as I am."

When Elsa had entered the Lond premises, however, she did not ring the bell, but wavered around the house, looking up at the lighted windows, and shifting her little bundle from one arm to the other. She had other baggage at the station, but it seemed no lonter worth while. There was a western veranda, on the lowest step of which she sat down in a quiet stupor to collect herself for some determined movement.

Anguish and disappointment must be the natural lot in this world, only sha had not lived enough years to find it out before. Though summer darkness had come, the after glow was still so bright in the west that it half quarreled with the abundant lamp light. Elsa could hear the front gate. the crunch of coming footsteps and frequent peals of the door bell, as she sat drawn together, and the eternal minutes traveled on.

Peter Lund's house was full of joyful stir. China and silver tinkled in the open dining room, where several women were putting last touches to the tables. Girls flew up and down the back stairway, calling to one another in Swedish.

"One thing is sure, Yennie Yonsen," called a voice in the home tongue, "there will not be enough married women to take the bride from us girls in the wedding dance; so now what will Arne Sandstrom do?"

Three of them conspired together by the western dining-room door, bobbing their flaxen heads, all laughing and talking at once in their light happiness, far above the unseen stranger on the

"Who told me Arne Sandstrom left a betrothed girl in Svadia?" said one, lowering her voice to grave colloquy.

"Oh, well, she married herself, of course," replied another; "and any man who could get Lena Lund would take her.

"Lena's so pretty." "Lena's rich.

"Lena can sing and play better than some Amerikanns."

"Lena has ten new dresses. Arne will not have to put his hand in his pocket for many a day."

"She is not spoiled therewith. I always liked her.

"Ah, my mother said if this wedding was going to be in Svadia this St. John's Eve, what a night we would make of it!

They ran away, while Elsa repeated to herself that this was the Eve St.

"Arne is going to be married in a

few minutes," said Otto. "I know he is. But I want to see Arne Sandstrom. Tell him to come here.

"Who is it?" pressed Otto, coming nearer to her, and knitting his brows inquiringly.

"Don't you know me, Otto, when you have been to my father's nearly every St. John's Eve of our lives?" Elsa felt that she needed only one more drop to her cup. and that was for some voice to raise the derisive

"That was Arne Peterssen," affirmed Elsa.

"But there are so many Peterssens and Yonsens who take their names from their fathers' Christian names that Arne changed his to Sandstrom. It is a very common thing to do here.

Elsa laughed also. It was so simple and clear and Swedish she wondered that the news of Arne Sandstrom's weding had caused her even a misgiving. She left her chair to swing Arne's hands while they both finished laughing.

"But you ought to be ready," he cried, "and not keep the others waiting. I got the papers for the wedding when Arne got his papers, so there would be no mistake of names on the record, and so I could marry you as soon as you came."

Within the hour, therefore, Elsa was the bride of Arne Sandstrom, arrayed in her dark blue wedding dress of wool, and not shaming by her statue-like proportions and fairness the lighter prettiness and silken rainment of Arne Sandstrom's American-Sweedish bride Happiness and love were, after all, the natural lot in this world, thought Elsa, sitting by her husband in the place of honor at the wedding supper, and tasting the first course of such a feast-the Swedish soup of rice, prunes, raisins, and molasses.

#### **Ringing Description of the Field** of Waterloo.

On an eminence lookingdown on the duel of nations, astride his war horse, surrounded by his staff, sits Wellington, field marshal of England. In his hand a glass, with which he scans the distant horizon. Now and again he looks along the carnage-wrecked plain, but again turns to the far distance. Hark! a bugle! then a peal; then ringing over all the field the notes of the "Advance," quickening to the charge, Then, with a shout that fills the air, with clash of sabre and thunder of horses' hoof, comes sweeping the imperial legion. Napoleon's invincibles held in reserve by that marvelous genius till this hour. See how all melts before their onslaught. The allied forces are hurled back as from a resistless storm of rushing death. The eagles again sweep the field. All seems lost. Still the fron Duke sits there and sweeps the distance. Couriers come dashing with dispatches; only a word for answer-wait! Then the glass sweeps the horizon again and then Wellington throws it over his head, throws his hat after it, leaps from his horse and begins to write dispatches. What is it? Why that cloud yonder, putting now with fire and smoke; that dark mass, defiling into the plain at double quick, is the Prussian reserve. Blucher has kept his promise. Waterloo is decided, and Napoleon's eagles go down lorever.

A broken car wheel on a copper train on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad tore up the ties on the Rock river bridge, hurled seven cars into the ice low, and completely wrecked the bridge.

at last way off one side-mere chapel service-scarcely any people there.

But look you-look about-that little chapel you see here is larger than any church, perhaps, you have ever worshipped in; its dome mounts up two hundred feet or more; its floor is costly marble work; its alter golden bronze and p;ecious stones; its pictures masters' works. Small! Yes; but put all the people into it that you find in your average church at home, and they will yet leave room for quite as many more. Nothing is small here. Stay here weeks and come here for an hour each day, and it will grow-take form and shape, and you will get accustomed. It hardly seems the work of man; more like a vast majestic cave arranged by supernatural hands-cathedral of the gods. The work of man could be described so man can understand-this passes all description-passeth understanding. You may pace it off-go around its outer wall, and those of its annexes, and adjoined rooms of the Vatican, and the walk is longer than that which compasses the walls of the city of Jerusalem! You trudge up to the top and walk about the streets of houses there -the great paved roof looks like a village-street and public square-homes for the workingmen, a liberal force to keep things in repair. The lofty chapel domes that spring up through the roof are so many small templeskiosks. The grand old central dome that mounts up there beyond this tidy village, is the August cathedralround, as was cathedral shape in later pagan-early Christian times. You wander here at leisure, look up along the eighteen feet back of the Saviour and the saints that from your roofvillage wall look down into the sixty acre open square that fronts the great Saint Peter's; stray round the sturdy parapets, climb on farther up and up towards the sun. From down below you saw a little ball-an ornament on the spire-just below the top. It's bigger than your head, and coming nearer, it grows bigger and bigger yet; and when you get up to it, it's big enough to let you in-you and your wife and childrenuncles, aunts, and visitors. If all are good sized, sixteen can get in and

more of big and little. From the lantern railing just below you may sit and see the world! Men, below, are mites, and palaces are children's playhouse toys? From ere you look straight down into the Tiber-down into streets and public squares of Rome as you look upon a map-as you look from a balloon. Ycu may count from here the other Roman churches-one hundred, two, three-three hundred and sixty-five-all in full blast-their doors stand open every day. Full many of these are costly miracles of marble, fresco, bronze and painted dients failed to dislodge them, and the scene; mosaics rare and precious stones, and gild and glint of jewelry. In olden times, those times of pagandom, the temples were the banks in which men of means could keep their bank account-the priests the safe cashiers, who had not heard of Montreal. These present fanes you may de-

#### The Ants and the Cyclone.

It is stated that about a century since there appeared on the island of Grenada numberless colonies of ants. No one knew whence they came, but they so multiplied that they became fatal to the sugar cane, and as that was the principal industry the gravest results were apprehended. All expegovernment, in 1778, offered a reward of \$100,000 for any invention to destroy them. In 1780 nature came to their relief in the way of a terrific cyclone and rainfall which blew down what cane was standing, drowned out theants, and new prosperity followed. -Toledo Blade.

### **Old Southern Homes Decay**. ing.

Savannah News.

A great many of the plantations in different parts of the South, which were once well-known for their size, the magnificence of the residences upon them, the hospitality of their owners, or on account of the prominence of the families which possessed them, are now falling into ruins. The reason of this is perhaps that the land has been worked so long without being fertlized that it has become poor, or it may be that those to whose possession it has passed lack the energy and skill which are required to make it pay under the present system of labor. One of these famous old places in Liberty County, in this state, was lately sold to a colored man for \$2,500, only part of the purchase money being required at once. It is known as Laurel View, and is within two miles of the historic town of Sunbury. It was once the home of the gilted John Elliott, and a very beautiful home it was. John Elliott represented Georgia in the United States Senate from 1820 to 1826. The plantation contains 2,300 acres. It was purchased during the war of secession by Linton Stevens, and was sold to the present owner by his heirs. The district in which the plantation is situated was noted from the first settlement of the state until the emancipation of the slaves for the wealth and intelligence of its citizens. It is now, however, almost wholly abandoned to the colored people. Its great plantations have been divided into small farms, and the superb mansions, once the homes of men noted for wealth and culture and of women famous for beauty and refinement, arefalling into decay and being replaced by cabins and huts, whose chimneys of sticks and mud tell more plainly than words the marvelous change for the worse which has taken place in the once rich and prosperous district.