

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

THE SISTER MONTHS.

When April steps aside for May,  
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;  
Fresh violets open every day;  
To some new bird, each hour we listen.

The children with the streamlets sing,  
When April steps at last her weeping;  
And every happy growing thing  
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yet April waxes, year by year,  
For favored May her thirteenth showers;  
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,  
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of spring are not May's own;  
The crocus can not often kiss her;  
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;  
The earliest violets always miss her.

Nor does May claim the whole of spring;  
She leaves to April blossoms tender,  
That closely to the warm turf cling,  
Or swing from tree-boughs, high and slender.

And May-flowers bloom before May comes  
To cheer a little, April's sadness;  
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,  
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.

They are two sisters, side by side  
Sharing the changes of the weather,  
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—  
So far apart, so close together!

April and May one moment meet—  
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;  
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,  
How May and April love each other.

—Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"You will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked admiringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, then at her daughter-in-law, Mary Hope, whose honey-moon was at its full.

"I am so glad!" said the young wife. "What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honeymoon in the East."

Dick Hope at that moment sprang out of his buggy lightly, and gallantly extended a hand to his wife.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary Hope. "I am not such a helpless creature that I can't get in myself," and she stepped lightly into the buggy with a merry laugh.

Mrs. Hope the elder gave an approving nod: "It's just as well to let Dick know you can help yourself. These Western men—"

"Need managing like other men," interrupted her daughter-in-law with another laugh.

Old Mr. Hope, coming down from the stables at that moment, eyed the horse, buggy and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horses, and his judgment was sought far and wide on all points of horse-flesh: "There's fine mettle here, Dick."

"I know it," said Dick, proudly.

"Cheap at four hundred," said Mr. Hope. "Have you tried her yet?"

"I think she's good for two, twenty-one without much of an effort."

"Why, isn't that a fast horse, Dick?" asked his wife, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Just middling," answered her husband. "We have them out here faster than that."

"It is fast," said his father. "We used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling what's in a horse. I like this mare very much. If it was anybody else's, I'd—"

"Come, now, what would you give, father?" said Dick, banteringly.

"It's all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least."

"A hundred more wouldn't buy her, father. Just say to anybody that covets my new mare I won't take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why, she goes like the wind."

"That reminds me, Dick; you'd best take the road round by Drake's."

"And lose a good half-hour," said Dick.

"That's a long way round, father," said the elder Mrs. Hope.

"You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It doesn't matter going. If it should blow, you'll find it safest."

Dick, who was adjusting a strap, looked off east and west, smiled in a satisfied way, and observed, "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Nor I," said his father; "but no one knows anything about the wind here. I'll never forget the sweep I got twenty years ago coming over Pringle's Flat."

"There is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least trifle anxious as she turned to her husband.—"Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, it blew my wagon as far as from here to the barn—blew the horses off their feet, tore up trees, and lodged me against a rock that saved my life."

"That must have been terrible," said Mary Hope.

"Don't let him frighten you," said Dick, smilingly; "lightning never strikes twice in the same place. I'm all right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for you. Are we all ready now? Basket in, mother?"

Mrs. Hope nodded gayly, Dick lifted the reins lightly, and away the new buggy with its happy occupants sped over the prairie.

It was early morning. The fingers of the dawn stretched upward, dissolving the shadowy mist that hung over the prairie and the thin line of woodland that lay away off to the west like a fringe on a neatly-cut garment. The

young wife inhaled the perfumes exhaled from the flowers, filling the atmosphere with rich odors. There were lines upon lines of variegated tints above the horizon. Such a sunrise Mary Hope had never looked on except among the mountains. There were tints of crimson, amber and gold, and above all white pillars rolled majestically—palaces more magnificent and stately than any that the human mind could conceive.

"How grand!" she said, as Dick looked smilingly at her.

"The mind of man cannot measure all its beauties," said Dick, as he lighted a cigar and settled himself down for some "solid enjoyment."

As the red and golden glories stretched above the horizon, a light breeze sprang up, fanning Mary Hope's cheeks, caressing her hair lightly, and sighing through the thin selva of trees which Dick's father had planted along the roadway before his son was born. The god of day wheeled his chariot aloft, radiating, as only the summer sun can, the rarest tints of amber and crimson and gold, until the purple glories, rolling aloft like great billows, gradually arched themselves into the semblance of a gateway, through which Mary Hope caught, in fancy, glimpses of the Celestial City. She did not speak, but sat perfectly quiet, drinking in the beauties of the most beautiful morning Dick Hope had ever witnessed in the West.

"There is Pringle's Flat," said Dick, suddenly, pointing ahead.

"Surely we have not come seven miles, Dick?"

"Scarcely. How far is that ahead?"

"Is it a mile, Dick?"

Dick laughed loudly: "It's nearer four."

"I don't understand it."

"That's what the smart hunters from the East say when they shoot and miss their game. It's the atmosphere, Mary."

"It's a small place," said his wife, as she looked forward to Pringle's Flat, lying a little below them. Beyond it there was a ribbon of molten gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. "And that is the river."

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," said Dick Hope, "when I want to introduce you to some of the nicest people in this end of the State."

The people Dick referred to received the young couple in a manner that made Mary Hope's cheeks glow with gratification. Her husband was a man universally admired—as fine a specimen of his kind as was ever produced west of Pringle's Flat. The bride, during the two hours they remained in the town, created a ripple of talk. There was something about Dick and his wife that made people turn to look at them. When they drove away, a score of friends waved good wishes and tossed kisses after them.

"Now for Dan's Rock," said Dick, as he gave his mare the rein and cast a backward glance at Pringle's Flat.

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty!" said his wife. "Why, Dick, it's lovely! See the light on the church-windows; it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it! Why, it is like a town that has grown up in a night, it is so wonderfully clean and neat—just what a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people."

"I'm glad you like it. That reminds me: do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming—the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Why, Dick?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went East for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour. "Now for a trial of your strength," said Dick, as he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assisted his wife to the ground where they were to lunch.

"Must I climb up there, Dick?" said Mrs. Hope.

"That's the programme—what we came out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see it for yourself. Do you know you remind me now of Parthenia fetching water from the spring?"

"Parthenia tamed her husband, didn't she, Dick? I'm glad your mother saved me the trouble."

That was a lunch Mary Hope often recalled in after-years. Dick persisted in forcing all kinds of dainties upon her, "Irish fashion," as she said afterward. It was the first time she had ever had him to herself in the glad day with no curious eyes to peer on them, and she subjected her lord and master in her turn to such straits that he gladly cried quits as he put his hair out of his eyes and viewed his tormentor.

Then they slowly mounted the massive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a view! A sweep of forty miles in one direction, east, and almost as grand a view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife the glasses as he lighted a fresh cigar: "Do you see that hill away off to the left there?"

"Hasn't it a curious shape?"

"That's where the wind comes from. They manufacture it up there."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"There's a valley back there that extends full forty miles northwest, where you come to prairie-land like ours back of Pringle's Flat, only there is ten times more of it. The wind rolls down the valley and plays the very deuce with things on the river about the Point. Sometimes it rains, and then you'd think the heavens were empty; all the water in the valley sweeps down below us here, fills the valley where it narrows

there like the neck of a bottle, and then—look out for trouble. I saw it once; that is all I want to see."

"Is it so awful, Dick?"

"It is really awful, Mary."

"And now it looks like—like the plains of Egypt. I can't conceive of anything disturbing the perfect peace of this beautiful scene. See that cloud away off there, Dick."

"About the size of a man's hand? I see it."

"It's the only speck in the sky," said his wife.

"It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he kissed her standing on the very top of Dan's Rock. "Do you know it is time we were moving now?"

"We have only been here a little while."

"It is three hours since we stopped at the foot of Dan's Rock."

"My goodness, Dick!"

"That's what I'm always saying to myself when I think you took me before all the other fellows."

"It can't be."

"Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch.

"It's the grandest day of my life, Dick. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He gave her his hand and helped her down the rough places. Once in a while Mary would stop to gather bits of moss and flowers as mementos of a red-letter day. At least an hour was consumed in the descent. Then they got into the buggy and turned homeward, but not on the road leading past Drake's.

"We want to see all that can be seen, don't we?" said Dick!

"By all means," answered his wife, as she tied her hat loosely and prepared to enjoy the drive home. "But didn't your father tell you to go home by Drake's?"

"The other is the better road."

"You know best, Dick."

"Dick's mare went at a slapping pace. 'She smells oats,' said Dick."

"Look at Pringle's Flat, Dick."

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"There is not a leaf stirring, one would think. It looks so restful over there! It might be a deserted village."

"It does look unusually quiet, now I notice it. But then this sun is terrible. See if you can find our house over there, Mary."

There was a long silence, then the young wife gleefully pointed out the house, and there was another long silence, which was broken by Mrs. Hope saying suddenly, "What is that curious sound I hear?"

"I hear nothing."

"There! Do you hear it now?"

Dick inclined an ear. They were fairly clear of the rough land at the base of Dan's Rock now, and the mare was trotting rapidly. Suddenly her driver's firm hand brushed her upon her haunches. Dick listened intently. His wife was right; her ears were keener than his. There was something in the air.

At that instant Mary's hand clutched his arm convulsively as she cried out, "Oh, Dick, what is that back of us?"

She was looking back with horror-stricken eyes and pale lips.

Dick turned. A cloud like a black wall was rushing down on them; it seemed to Dick Hope's eyes as black as ink. An awful fear possessed him. There was a hush, a stillness in the air as chilling as the terrible cloud behind them. "Go long!" he exclaimed, desperately, cutting the mare fiercely with his whip.

The mare shot out like an arrow, and at that moment another sound smote their ears—a sound that was like the crash of worlds. The mare plunged, reared, then resumed her onward course. Her owner had lost all control of her.

But one thought animated Dick Hope as he clasped his wife with his right arm, while he held fast to the reins with his left hand, shutting his teeth like a vise. That thought was, "Pray God we reach the river-bottom!"

The earth groaned under their feet. A sound like the rush and roar and screams of a million locomotives deafened them. Dick Hope instinctively turned and clasped his young wife in his arms. He did not see the mare; he saw nothing but his wife's face, and something in it struck terror to his heart. His own was as ashy gray at that moment as his young wife's when she turned her last appealing look upon him and moved her lips. His own prayer was that they might die together. It seemed to them then that all the sound in the air and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick Hope felt himself lifted up and flung like a flake through the air.

When he recovered his senses he was lying where he had prayed to be—in the river-bottom, with his wife close beside him. The awful storm did not divide them. The tornado, like a raging beast, had simply taken them up in its teeth, so to speak, tossed them aside, and pursued its path. Where they were lying the water was so shoal that it scarcely covered them.

Dick sat up and spoke to his wife, but she did not answer. Then he put one hand up involuntarily, in a weak, helpless way. There was blood on his face; he could not see; his eyes were full of sand. He struck himself in despair, and, again grasping his wife, said in a hoarse voice, "You are not dead, Mary?"

Whether it was the water from the river he dashed into his face or the gush of tears that came into his eyes, Dick does not know to this day, but suddenly his eyes became clear, and he could see his wife lying with her face next him and the water washing her long hair over her breast. He lifted her up. He felt her hands, her cheeks. Then suddenly he summoned all his remaining

strength for one supreme effort, and dragged rather than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the bluff. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and looked at her husband. Then she put her hands slowly up to her face and covered it.

Dick saw the tears coursing down her cheeks. "Don't!—don't! Mary!" he said.

"I can't help it. I am not crying with pain or grief; it's because you are living—because we are both spared."

Dick's strength returned to him. He stood up and looked about him. Until that moment he did not know that he was coatless and without vest or shirt; he was naked. He pressed his eyes with his hands and looked down on himself like one wakening out of a dream. He looked at his wife, still sitting with her face covered with her hands: "Mary, we are almost naked. There is nothing on me, and your dress is in ribbons." He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his head: "I don't see—any sign of—the—buggy or horse." Then he cast his glance at the bluff back of them. "Come, let us go up on the bank."

He had to carry her.

"It is the horrible fright, dear Dick. I'll soon get over it," she said when he set her down gently on the level ground.

"Mary, look over there. Do you see anything? My eyes are so full of sand, so sore, that I can't make it out quite. Everything looks blurred."

She did not answer him. It was not because her eyes were not clear. As she looked wonderingly, her hand, that had never relinquished her husband's from the moment he seated her on the prairie, clasped his convulsively. Then she uttered a loud cry.

"I—I expected as much," said Dick, speaking more to himself than to his wife. "Nothing—nothing man ever made could stand before that storm."

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, sobbingly, "there is nothing left of the town—not a house. I can only see a heap here and there—something like fallen chimneys, and smoke and fire."

"That's the end of Pringle's Flat, Mary."

He looked back over the prairie—back to the fringe of trees that skirted a portion of the road near the base of Dan's Rock but a little while since. He could not recognize the place he had looked on a hundred times. The trees had disappeared; they had been swept from the face of the earth. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across to where Pringle's Flat had stood in all the pride of a new Western town. Dick Hope suddenly knelt by his wife's side, still holding her hand, saying, "Let us pray."

Among all those who witnessed the awe-inspiring tornado that swept Pringle's Flat until not one stone stood upon another, killing, maiming all living creatures in its path, none have such vivid recollections as Dick Hope and his wife. When they refer to their experience on that terrible day, they speak in a low tone, reverently, as though standing in the presence of the dead.—David Lowry, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Illustrious Cobblers.

No one but a shoemaker could have thought Coleridge serious in his strange saying that the shoemaker's bench had produced more eminent men than any other handicraft. The Shoe and Leather Reporter has, however, compiled a "bill of particulars," in the shape of a list of famous cobblers, which seems to act as an effectual stopper on all jealous craftsmen. Hans Christian Andersen, who needs no introduction, may head the list, and Hans Sachs, of Nuremberg, who, though he made shoes all his life, yet also made 6,000 poems, plays, farces and rhyming fables, may be put next. Sir Cloudesley Shovel was a shoemaker until he enlisted in the navy, and so was Sir Christopher Minns, another English Admiral. John Hewson, one of Cromwell's Colonels, and a signer of Charles I's death warrant; Samuel Bradburn, the "Demosthenes of Methodism," as well as a Bishop; James Lackington, whose catalogue of publications reached the total—enormous for that time—of thirty-seven volumes in 1787—all these were cobblers at first, if not at the last. Continuing the English list, William Gifford, whose memory is preserved by a complimentary allusion in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and whose body is buried in Westminster Abbey; George Fox, the arch-Quaker; William Carey, a missionary famous a century ago, and who read the proofs of the Bible in twenty-seven Oriental languages; Samuel Drew, "the Locke of the nineteenth century," whose experience as an author led him to formulate the sad truth that "the man who makes shoes is sure of his wages, but the man who makes books is never sure of anything;" Thomas Holcroft, whose name is not nearly so well known as that of a single one of his plays, "The Road to Ruin;" the Bloomfield brothers, whom Byron thus apostrophized:

"Ye unweary cobblers, still your notes prolong,  
Compose at once a slipper and a song!"

John Pounds, whom school children cried at being turned away from—all these, and lesser lights too numerous to mention, were English shoemakers. Coming to our own country, Roger Sherman, one of the "signers," leads the list in time, but Vice-President Henry Wilson in rank. Besides these were Congressman Sheffield and Noah Worcester, founder of the Massachusetts Peace Society. And ex-Governors H. P. Baldwin, of Michigan, and William Claflin, of Massachusetts, if they never made shoes, at least dealt in them largely enough to be named here. Altogether the list is sufficiently imposing and convincing to justify a verdict in favor of Coleridge's saying.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A Berlin butcher has written a five-act comedy that is about to be presented in one of the theaters of that city.

—Mary Clemmer, so long known as a Washington correspondent, has abandoned her letter writing and now devotes herself almost entirely to less ephemeral literature.

—Bishop Cox, himself a poet of no ordinary merit, says that he would rather have written Watt's hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," than Gray's "Elegy," Milton's "Comus," or "Lycidas," or Dante's "Paradiso."

—Gambetta is the most rapid talker and writer among European statesmen; in public speeches he has at times delivered one hundred and eighty words a minute, and when he puts pen to paper—which is rarely—he writes at the rate of forty words a minute. Stenographers find it no easy matter to keep up with him.

—Miss Abigail B. Judson, of Plymouth, Mass., lately passed her ninetieth birthday. She is a sister of the late Adoniram Judson, the famous missionary to Burmah, and lives alone in the house once occupied by him. Its front door has never been opened since his body was carried through, and Miss Judson orders that it shall remain shut until her own funeral takes place.

—Bernhardt, Salvini and Buffalo Bill appeared at three Philadelphia theaters on the same evening. Bernhardt's audience was small, and Salvini's of moderate size, while Buffalo Bill had a crowded house. "I did feel a little anxious," said the latter, "playing against such strong rivalry, but it turned out all right. Oh, the public knows a good thing when it sees it."

—The big magazines, Harper's, Scribner's and the Atlantic, receive enough manuscripts every day to make up an entire number. This fact may help some disappointed people to understand why it is that so many really good articles have to be rejected, and it may afford them a means of guessing why it is that the editor of a magazine cannot send a detailed letter of explanation with each rejected contribution.

HUMOROUS.

—No matter how highly educated a man is, when he is sick he is an illiterate.—Boston Transcript.

—Every man has his follies, and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.—Josh Billings.

—A poor excuse is better than none, and the same may be said of a poor dinner.—New Haven Register.

—"That puts a different face on it," said the swindler when he raised a check from \$20 to \$200.—Meriden Recorder.

—Why is a green persimmon like a girl's lips when she bids her lover good-bye at the gate? Because they both pucker.—Wheeling Journal.

—Speech is silver and silence golden. That is where it costs more to make a man hold his tongue than it does to let him talk.—N. O. Picayune.

—Prof. Swing says "the coming man will be temperate, chaste, merciful, just, generous, charitable, large-hearted, sweet-tempered; Christian; a good neighbor and a faithful citizen." Coming! Why, dern yer pelt, we've arrived. Boston Post.

—Italy has a surplus of 15,000,000 lire.—Financial Chronicle. That's unlucky, they're such a drug in the market just now. The Western papers are all supplied, we understand, and there won't be any important political campaign for some time to come.—N. Y. Graphic.

—It was their first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said tenderly, "we are all alone, out upon the deep waters of the dark blue sea, and your heart will always beat for me as it has beat in the past?" "My heart's all right," she answered, languidly, "but my stomach feels awful."—Brooklyn Chronicle.

A Talking Corpse.

Not many days ago a corpse was placed in the baggage car of one of the Central trains at Syracuse, consigned to Buffalo. The car was well filled, and away back in one corner was stowed a very talkative parrot that was traveling to a point beyond Buffalo. In front of the parrot's cage was piled express matter so high as to nearly close the bird in. Every thing moved right until the train reached Rochester. There a change of train gangs was made to run through to Buffalo, and a new baggageman took possession of the car containing the corpse and the parrot. Before the train had moved very far out of the Central depot, and while the baggageman was busy arranging his papers, a voice from one end of the car moaned "Let me out, it's hot." The baggageman who had noticed the box containing the coffin, directed his vision toward that object, and stood for a moment in blank amazement, wondering whether his ears had deceived him. But he did not wait long, for the words were repeated in more mournful tones than before. The frightened man left the car in one bound, and finding the conductor, said: "Hank! they've got a live man in the coffin; come and help get him out!" The conductor accompanied the baggageman to his car, and soon succeeded in convincing him that the corpse was not as lively as the parrot.—Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.

—Japan has 4,377 post-offices, and the aggregate length of its mail routes in operation is 42,291 miles. The money-order system is employed to the public satisfaction.