

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."

John—night of arbor and rejoicing at home, night when the sun scarcely went down, and everybody feasted and visited under green-leaved tents. Of what use was St. John's Eve, or any other portion of time, to a girl put to shame and despair as she was? Why had Arne Sandstrom sent her money to come over with if he meant to jilt her on her arrival? Or had he picked another betrothed for her as well as himself? She would not believe her Arne could be so evil; she would knock and ask for him. He was so kind! he loved her. Yet not only the American, but those laughing girls, had said plainly this was Arne Sandstrom's wedding; any man would take Lena Lund who could get her; Lena was so pretty; Lena was rich; Lena could sing and play better than some Americans; Lena had ten new dresses, and she was not spoiled.

song with which her countrymen mocked Scowney's, or inhabitants of a region the butt of all Svadia. "A Scowen, a Scowen"—one bar was enough to rouse sudden rage in any Swensk. But instead of "A Scowen, a Scowen" rising around Elsa's ears this enchanted night such a din of outcries was made by Otto Jutberg that people ran to look in the dining-room, and then to swarm around her. Arne Sandstrom leaped two chairs and seriously jarred one table, to receive Elsa in his arms, when he kissed her openly. "Bring me one of the chairs I kicked over," he exclaimed, "and let me set the tired darling in it. I have been looking for the letter which would tell me the time you intended to start. Yes, this is my Elsa," he said, displaying her; "and how did she find her way in here alone? Mrs. Lund, Elsa has come!"

"ST. PETER'S CHURCH." 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 breadth of Rome in time and figures, come early, come to stay. Come well braced for disappointment—lor when you have spent your dear, short life of twenty, thirty, forty years, you will know so little, lack so much that you will shrink to look your neighbor in the face. 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 outbids responsibility, and wish he would write a book on Rome, for he could only make a failure, as all have done before.

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 traveling 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 recent 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 a 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 unorthodox brute didn't run, on the contrary, he reared up 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 bear reached the tree the doctor dodged around to the other 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 he 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 knife. 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 began to crawl further out on the limb. The bear followed him up until he was within four or five feet of Webb, when the limb began to settle towards the ground. Bruin hesitated a moment, and then carefully advanced until he was within reach of Webb's arm, when the latter plunget 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.

Old Southern Homes Decaying. 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 fertilized 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 gifted John Eliott, and a very beautiful home it was. John Eliott 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, are falling 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.

Old Southern Homes Decaying.

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 saloon which staggers between Ostden and Dover. The affair was very quietly managed by Leopold. In the Court Circle column the Prince's name found rather a mean and mimed 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 little elf from Longenschwalbach and who was more excited that evening than Victoria herself—prattled, for a little gudden, to the court news man of how Albert's meek eyes, when they returned, were radiant with joy, and Victoria looked slightly flustered, 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 her straw cottage hat was crushed back in front. Perchance she caught a branch—perchance some sweeter pressure—about 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 hymeneal altar his Royal Highness Prince Albert of Gotha and Saxe-Coburg" and thus Victoria was wooed and won.—W. Stuart, in Town Topics.

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 expedients failed to dislodge them, and the government, 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 the ants, and new prosperity followed.—Toledo Blade.

Ringed Description of the Field of Waterloo.

On an eminence looking down on the driel 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 iron 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, puffing now with fire and smoke; that dark mass, delving into the plain at double quick, is the Prussian reserve. Blucher has kept his promise. Waterloo is decided, and Napoleon's eagles go down forever.

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