

Among the Thousand Islands.

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The misty air like amber saunders,
Like melting gold the sky overhead.
Athwart the ivory gate of dreams
Surely our bark is piloted.

For this is the enchanted realm,
The fairy-palace walled by sleep;
Through emerald chambers glides our helm,
And in our wake flame-eyes leap.

I need but lift my heavy eyes
To South or North, to East or West,
To see, as at my bidding, rise
A wave-charmed island's tufted crest.

Here a tall headland draped with fern,
Place-crowned and honey-combed with caves;
There, just above the river's urn,
A low, soft nest of grasses waves.

Now narrowing cliffs enclose our prow,
Fantastic rocks stand blue and rose;
The channel eddies swift—and now
Broad as the sea the river flows.

Thrilled by the water's long embrace,
The slender silver reeds are stirred,
And sway with slow, voluptuous grace,
Like dancers to a waltz unheard.

There where the crystal floor scarce shines,
So thick the velvet leaves are piled,
Superb the lily-queen reclines,
A miracle of snow and gold.

Here is Miranda's island—look!
'Tis the red leaves and the blue,
Behind the hill, beyond the brook,
The whelp of Sycorax yet lies.

But Duke and prince, crown and seal,
Have voyaged forth to other seas,
And fathon deep, since many a year,
Are buried book and wand and keys.

No ribboned grass is floating there,
Along our smooth, pearl-paved path,
But hidden faces' pale green hair
Of nymphs and nereids at the bath.

Oh! we shall find in sober sooth,
From some clear well-head bubbling up,
The fountain of eternal youth,
To brim the thirsty pilgrim's cup.

Enchanted world! enchanted hour!
Hail and farewell enchanted stream,
That hast the unimagined power
To make the real surpass the dream!

—Emma Lazarus.

STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.

An Italian Legendary Tale.

The main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of its wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horses ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench, and looking with drowsy curiosity towards the window—for there was no bed except my host's, of which I did not wish to deprive him—I saw a small, faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage window; but remembering that that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited, and indeed uninhabitable, I roused myself, and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant. While I spoke the light suddenly vanished; and in about a minute reappeared in another place, as if the hearer had gone round some intervening rock. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut, with its men and horses, over the mountain; and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"There it is again!" said I. "What is that, in the name of God?"

"It is Lelia's lamp!" cried the young man, eagerly, who was a son of our host. "Awake, father! Ho, Batista!—Vittoria! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung from their lair at once, and, crowding round the window, fixed their eyes upon the light, which continued to appear, although at long intervals, for a considerable part of the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp, the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent when it appeared, and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerale* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the *minerale* offered some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned as illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labor; ranking in this respect with gamblers, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the *minerale* sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travelers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest goldseeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully that the old dames leaned back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sang. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the

daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian liras, she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection; but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *jeune*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry, in spite of the doctrines of a certain school you have in England, unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian *minerale* inspired her, and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid, and yet sudden; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was hardly loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich sweet voice took up the strain of her favorite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to flee; her second to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leaned upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered how long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and why he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was delicacy in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was modesty in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and, perhaps what was as valuable as even to the gentle Lelia, there was admiration, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; but what of that?—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprang from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her feet, to gaze

upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so dear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her; they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall; and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

"My name?" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young, rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set; is then to propose in proper form, for this hand; and let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honorable, and therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark, but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length in a suppressed voice, he said—"to-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words—for there is but short shrift for an Anzaskan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was far by the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness; what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment? and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment? His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety" strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gayly through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world; but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way of the world—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask on your part, is obedience—aye, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordagua.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate—old hysterics!" was whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he: "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man as your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sis," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass around the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold cautious voice among the relations of the suitor: "Speak then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist—"it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed in to the midst of the circle. "Speak not!" he shouted, "I forbid!" Lelia sprung towards him with stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been caught midway by her father. "What

is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian!—drunkard!—madman! what would you here?" "You cannot provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding began in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the most cautious among the old men: "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man begone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!"—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave me to clear my door of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered toward the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the *minerale*!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Two Thousand Dollar Tooth.

American Agriculturist.

A man in a large active business, in New York, said in our hearing: "The worst oversight of my younger days was that somebody did not instruct me to take care of my teeth. At 50 years of age I have but eight natural teeth left, and I could well afford to pay even \$1,000 apiece to get back half a dozen or more that I needlessly lost." In explanation he put it in this way: "Artificial teeth are at best a very poor substitute. I am in a large business that needs a good deal of strength of body and mind. All strength comes from good food well digested. But perfect digestion *only* takes place when food is thoroughly masticated (chewed) and mixed with the saliva, and good, firm, natural teeth are essential for this. So, if I had better teeth I could do a great deal more of profitable business, and earn additional money enough to pay a great price for several of them."

This is worth thinking of by the young. Here are some good rules: 1st. Never crack nuts with the teeth, or bite very hard substances; it breaks or cracks the enamel and hastens decay.—2nd. Always brush the teeth before going to bed, if not in the morning also, and use a wooden or quill toothpick (not pins or other metal), to remove any food from beneath the teeth. If left there overnight it ferments and injures the teeth. Use only a moderately stiff toothbrush; a very stiff one injures the gums, and promotes decay.—3. Do not use any of the "boughten" tooth-powders, unless it is finely powdered orris root. The most active tooth-powders, which whiten the teeth quickly, contain injurious acids or alkalis. Charcoal, however fine, is not good; it has the "grit" and wear of diamond dust.—4th. If the slightest decay begins on any tooth, have a reliable, skillful dentist plug it firmly at once. It will be one of the best possible investments of a small sum for the future.

A Ruse at a Restaurant.

It is an awful thing to be absent-minded. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman, who discovered this at his cost. It so happened the other day that the dining room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absent-minded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man.

"Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Well, never mind, take him his bill and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated a moment, and then appreciating the situation went over to Mr. A. and handed him his bill.

"What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow.

"For your dinner, sir."

"My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter in all innocence.

"Dear me, I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake."

And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

Some Men's Luck.

And this was the story we told the Chicago editor: "Yes, sir, there's a man in New York who was born drunk. Both the parents were hard drinkers. From the moment he came into the world he has been in a state of beastly intoxication, though he has never touched a drop of liquor." The Chicago man had listened with great interest. "Does he feel drunk and act drunk all the time?" he eagerly asked. "He does," we replied. There was a sad, chastened, far-away look in the Chicago man's eyes as he murmured: "Some men have dead loads of luck."

Previously to 1871 Italy was without a newspaper. Now it has more organs than it knows what to do with, and is obliged to send them over here.—*Puck*. It sends also cranks to grind them with.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who still lingers in England, has taken up his residence for the winter at a fashionable hotel in the west end of London, and grumbles loudly at the gloomy climate and dull existence of London. His wife will not join him just yet.

Strategy Versus Strength.

Harper's Magazine.

The sand-hornet is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he was built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things all his own way; he lives a life of tyranny and feeds on blood. There are few birds—none that I know of—that care to swallow such a red-hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher-bird hankers after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain-lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harper eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada, or drumming harvest fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of especial interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured and overpowered by the strategy of three black ants.

I had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendent object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continuous flight, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutching tightly with his teeth upon the hind-foot of its captive, while with its two hind legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which carried as a dead-weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighbouring thicket of pine-tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought escape in flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky little assailant had now laid hold of another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a small branched stick also, went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight, and as the ant still yelled for re-enforcements, its companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal, that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vice-like grip upon the other hind-leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hornet tried to rise, but this second passenger was too much for him; he could only buzz along the road, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn-cup in its grasp. Finally, a small stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled and kicked and stumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for his captors; and the thrusts of that lively dagger were wasted on the desert air; for whether or not those ants knew its searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity. How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine needles to add their impediment to the burden of his own body.

Practically the ants had won the victory, but what they intended to do with the floundering elephant in their hands seemed a problem. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighbourhood had been apprised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of re-enforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon the hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was now only a question of moments.

PITHY PAKAGRAPHS.

A picture by Sir Edwin Landseer recently sold in London for \$14,750.

India has five paper mills that are built and managed on English models.

Victoria, Australia, is about to borrow another twenty millions of dollars.

The envelope manufacturers of the country turn out about 4,000,000 envelopes a day.

There are 3,763 public libraries in the United States and they contain 12,482,671 volumes.

A lower half of a cabin stove was taken from the bottom of the harbor recently, by a steam dredge New Haven, attached to which were thousands of oysters from the size of a pin up to those three years old. The dredge also brought up a large devil-fish.

Those who are rushing forward in the eager pursuit of material riches, regardless of their own welfare or character or trespassing on the just rights of others, are really putting it out of their power to attain wealth in its truth and wholeness. They are sacrificing the whole to secure the part; and, even if they succeed in gaining the part they crave, it will be a transitory possession, for riches without character will certainly make themselves wings.

The Prince of Wales' Trees.

When the Prince of Wales visited this country twenty years ago he planted an English oak and an American elm in Central Park, New York. The elm has flourished and now lifts its topmost branches many feet into the air. Its stem is almost two feet in diameter, and its long, graceful branches reach far out on all sides. But the oak has not been so well favored. For the first few years there was little hope that it would retain its hold on life. Within the last year it has assumed a hardier appearance, and its condition almost warrants the conclusion that its struggle for existence is at last ended.