ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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One square 1 week,	$ 75	Two squares 3 mos.	$ 5 00
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Good Livery in connection with the House.
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Free Buss to and from the cars. 1204

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THE ASHTABULA LOAN ASSOCIATION—CAPITAL $100,000—Office Main Street, next door south of Fisk House—does
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS,
Buys and sells Foreign and Eastern Exchange, Gold, Silver, and all kinds of U. S. Securities.
Collections promptly attended to and remitted for on day of payment, at current rates of exchange.
Interest allowed on time deposits.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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J. E. WATROUS, Painter, Glazier, and Paper Hanger. All work done with neatness and despatch. 1160

READY made Cassimere Suits, all grades, at the Clothing House of WAITE & SILL. 1186

L. S. & M. S.—FRANKLIN DIVISION.

From and after January 5th, 1873, Passenger Trains will run a follows:

GOING WEST. No. 7.	No. 1	Dist.	STATIONS.	GOING EAST. No. 2	No. 8
P M	A M			P M	A M
2 35	7 00	0 0	Oil City—East	2 50	8 52
2 45	7 05	0 0	z Junction	2 45	8 45
2 55	7 10	1 1	z Oil City—West	2 40	8 35
3 08	7 20	4 7	z Reno	2 30	8 25
*3 16	*7 28	7 2	Run	*2 24	*8 15
3 25	7 34	9 3	z Franklin	2 16	8 17
*3 45	*7 52	15 8	Summit	*2 01	*8 11
3 52	7 58	18 1	z Polk	1 54	7 52
4 04	8 09	23 8	z Raymilton	1 43	7 45
4 24	8 24	28 5	Naples	1 26	7 35
4 27	8 31	29 8	z Stoneboro	1 23	7 12
x4.31	x8 36	31 3	Branch	x1 18	x7 15
*4 44	*8 47	35 5	Clark	*1 07	*7 10
4 54	8 58	38 8	Hadley	12 59	7 00
*5 10	*9 11	44 3	Salem	*12 45	*6 52
5 15	9 16	46 1	A & G W Crossing	12 38	6 38
5 30	9 31	51 1	z Jamestown	Noon.	6 33
—	*9 38	54 3	Turnersville	*11 51	6 20
—	9 47	57 2	Simon's Corners	11 41	—
—	10 02	62 8	z Andover	11 24	—
—	*10 13	66 6	Barber's—Leon	*11 12	—
—	*10 23	70 4	Dorset	11 00	—
—	10 40	76 4	z Jefferson	10 40	—
—	*10 58	83 4	Plymouth	*10 18	—
—	11 10	87 2	Ashtabula	10 00	—
—	2 20	141 7	Cleveland	7 45	—
	P M			A M	

*Trains stop only on Signal. xTrains do not Stop. zTelegraph Stations. Cleveland Time.

The Jefferson Accommodation leaves Jefferson at 6:00 a m and arrives at 7;45 p m.

The Way Freight trains stop at Jefferson in going West, at 9;30 P. M., and going East at 7;50 A. M. These trains carry passengers.

Passenger fare at the rate of 3 cents per mile; to way stations, counted in even half dimes.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Abstract of Time Table Adopted Jan. 20th, 1872

PULLMAN'S best Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through on all trains from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland and Cincinnati to New York, making direct connection with all lines of foreign and coastwise steamers, and also with sound Steamers and railway lines for Boston and other New England cities.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Day Express.	*No. 12. Lightn'g Express	No. 8. Cincin. Express.
Dunkirk.....L've.	2 50 A M	12 55 P. M.	.....
Salamanca..... "	5 10 "	3 00 "	.....
Clifton..... "	7 00	1 30 "	9 53 "
Susp. Bridge..... "	7 05 "	1 40 "	10 05 "
Niagara Falls..... "	7 10 "	1 45 "	10 12 "
Buffalo..... "	7 45 "	2 30 "	11 35 "
Attica..... "	8 55 "	3 48 "	12 56 A. M
Portage..... "	9 54 "	4 48 "	2 03 "
Hornellsville..... "	10 50 "	6 05 "	3 15 "
Addison..... "	11 45 "	7 00 "	4 15 "
Rochester..... "	8 00 "	4 00 "	.....
Avon..... "	8 38 "	4 38 "	.....
Bath..... "	11 01 "	6 35 "	.....
Corning..... "	12 08 P M	7 25 "	4 37 "
Elmira.....Arr.	12 38 "	7 55 "	5 08 "
Waverly..... "	1 16 "	8 40 "	5 59 "
Philadelphia..... "	10 30 "	.....	5 50 P. M
Owego..... "	1 48 "	9 20 "	6 28 A. M
Binghamton..... "	2 30 "	10 05 "	7 13 "
Great Bend..... "	3 01 "	.....	7 45 "
Susquehan's..... "	3 15 "	10 50 "	8 00 "
Depositt..... "	4 05 "	11 34 "	8 50 "
Hancock..... "	4 32 "	12 00 A. M	9 20 "
Lackawaxen..... "	6 13 "	.....	11 10 "
Honesdale..... "	7 27 "	.....	3 17 P. M
Port Jervis..... "	8 55 "	2 50 "	11 55 A. M
Middletown..... "	.....	3 53 "	12 42 P. M
Goshen..... "	.....	.....	.....
Turners..... "	8 16 "	.....	1 32 "
Newburg..... "	.....	.....	2 55 "
Patterson..... "	9 11 "	5 50 "	2 35 "
Newark..... "	.....	7 06 "	6 05 "
Jersey City..... "	9 43 "	6 33 "	3 10 "
New York..... "	9 55 "	7 00 "	3 30 "
Boston..... "	.....	4 50 P. M.	6 50 A. M

Arrangements of Drawing-Room and Sleeping Coaches.

No. 2.—Sleeping Coaches from Cleveland to Hornellsville, and Drawing-Room Coaches from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo to New York.

No. 12.—Sleeping Coaches from Cincinnati, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Hornellsville to New York; also from Hornellsville to Albany

No. 8.—Sleeping Coaches from Cleveland, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Buffalo to Susquehanna and Drawing Room Coaches from Susquehanna to New York.

Ask for tickets Via Erie Railway.

For Sale at all principle Ticket Offices.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, *Gen. Pas. Agent.*

CUNARD LINE OF BRITISH AND U. S. MAIL STEAMERS—

Sail from Liverpool via Queenstown every Tuesday and Saturday.

From New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

Wednesdays—Cabin Passage $150, $100 and $80 in gold; no steerage.

Saturdays—Cabin $80 in gold, Steerage $30 currency.

Steerage Passage from Liverpool, Queenstown, Glasgow and Londonderry to New York, $34 currency.

Apply to C. G. FRANCKLYN'S, 111 Broadway, N. Y., or H. FASSETT & SON, Ashtabula, Ohio. 58.

CHEAP Cassimeres, Medium Priced Cassimeres, and Fine Cassimeres,

The Best American, English, French, and German Makes,

or the Fall and Winter trade are on our counters awaiting inspection. Believing the

Best Clothes to be the CHEAPEST,

we have purchased and are well prepared to make garments, from the following brands of Broadcloths and Doeskins, Hilger Brothers' Wagner's Beckheeker, and Schnables; also Devonshire Kersseys and Edredons in all the desirable shades, as well as German Diagonal and Straight Lined Wamsutta. Our line of

TRIMMINGS

is very superior to correspond to the goods enumerated above. 1205

WAITE & SILL.

SELECT POETRY.

COMMON SENSE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"I know from flax our linen comes,
From sheep we get the woolen,"
So said a maid of twenty-one,
Who'd finished off her schooling.
"But really now—I must confess—
Indeed, I've quite forgotten—
What animal it is supplies
The whole round world with cotton."
And said a youth from college fresh,
Well versed in Greek and Latin,
"From silk-worms we obtain the silk,
But whence comes all the satin?"
"Twas in a town not distant far,
In good old Berkshire county,
A scientific man partook
Of some plain housewife's bounty;
"And what is this?" he smiling asked,
The maple syrup, sipping.
"From trees, you say it comes, good dame,
And in this state, while dripping?"
A learned man he was, 'tis true,
In rocks and ferns and grasses,
But thought the trees of Berkshire Co.
Ran down with pure molasses!
Not wiser he—the grave divine,
Who had some meat for salting,
And how 'twas done, was long, 'tis said,
'Twixt two opinions halting.
At last some wags the cellar watched,
To find out his devices,
When lo! they found him meat in hand
All cut in little slices,
Which sprinkling nicely o'er with salt,
—Perhaps 'twas to divert them—
They saw him to the bung-hole go,
And carefully insert them.
To market once, a youthful dame
In cloak and furs was going,
The ground was white with winter snow
And cold the wind was blowing.
"To-morrow"—said she to herself,
—And then aloud repeated—
"Some fresh caught salmon, lamb a peas,
Nor is my list completed
Without some corn and cucumbers—
Perhaps they're out of season—
Like every thing I order now—
I wonder what's the reason."
'Twas when the first autumnal frost,
Had nipped the summer garden,
When vines lay withered on the ground
And corn began to harden,
That to the culinary relm
She late one morn descended,
To see that to the noon repast,
The cook had well attended.
"I've just tho't, Jane, that we would have
A boiled ham for our dinner."
"Och, mistress, sure I'm not the one
That would be such a sinner.
'Tis twelve o'clock now, and you dine
Precisely here, at one ma'am;
The water's cowld now in the well,
I guess t'would be a boiled ham!"
But smiling at her honest words,
Our lady did not mind them.
Some lettuce, too, w'll have," she said,
"And peas, if you can find them.
Suppose the ham is not well done,
'Twill do harm to try it,
If worst to worst comes, bake it, Jane,
If there's no place to fry it."
These modern dames the wonder are
Of old, experienced sages;
But they in turn so sacred hold
The wisdom of past ages,
That no invention can improve
The ways of times so olden.
Hear how they scorn our common sense
And mourn the ages golden.
The housewives of the present day
Are fast to ruin going,
Their stockings woven by machines,
Machines to do their sewing;
Machines besides to make their bread,
And put it in the oven,
And take it out too, without hands,
Oh what a wicked sloven!
Their cradles, even, they cannot rock
Machines must do it for them;
Their knives and forks, a patent right
Is just made out to scour them.
Our floors we used to scrub and sand,
And white as snow to keep them,
Now carpets, even, do not suit
Without machines to sweep them.
If things must be so, then they must,
For all the old folks thinking
Machines will yet be made to do
Their eating and their drinking.

MISCELLANY.

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

A Racy Sketch.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes.

They had lived within about a mile of each other in Illinois for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms revealed the latent flame, and Col Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon, and wounded him, came up to him and found Drake and his son cutting him up. The incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two familes did not say to annoy each other.

One evening Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home with his "pockets full of rocks" from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam. Braston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion.

"What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile, the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle, with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old roan so easily."

"Shoot," suggested Sam, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any how tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh, if he was fifty rods off instead of twelve so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly." As it is I'd give five dollars for a shot.

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and before Mr. Drake,

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

"Sold! sold!" groaned the old hunter.

"And then," pursued Jake, confident that the joke part of the story pleased his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees, exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel, going to catch him! ho! ho! wasn't it a joke?"

"Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt for his empty pocket, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys:

"It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Braston, I'll skin you alive! By the wars, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot."

At that moment Sam fell into a gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

"How much is the horse worth?" he murmured in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. Here's your X."

The Colonel pocketed the money. money. "Hanged if I thought you'd take me up!"

With a high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his gun, and stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on the old roan. Sam. Braston chuckled.—The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old roan never so much as stirred.

Drake stared at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's

"What's the matter with you, hey? Fus' time you ever served me quite such a trick I swan!"

And Drake reloaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone and satire.

"Who said so? it's a lie!" thundered Drake. I can shoot—"

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha! ha!" Drake was livid.

Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here," he growled, "I am bound to have another shot, any way.

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too, but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the old hunter old Roan looked him right in the face as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "Your'e drunk! A horse at dozen rods—oh, my eyes.

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you" thundered the excited Drake.

"The bullet was hollow, I'll swear.—The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods. Colonel you can laugh, but I'll bet now thirty dollars I can bring old Roan down at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The steaks were placed in Sam's hands, Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens and making an X into the bargain, Drake carefully seleted a perfect ball, and even a buckskin patch, and loaded his rifle. A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent vivum of ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Braston was too much frightened to laugh.—Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home his two sons discovered his ill-humor, and the multilated condition of his rifle stock, and hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news, which they were sure would make him laugh with joy.

"Clear out" growled the angry old man "I don't want to hear any news, get away, or I will knock one of you down."

"But, father, it's such a trick!"

Blast you and your tricks!"

"Played off on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel!" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I went out this afternoon for deer—"

"Hang the deer! come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, though we must shoot something, so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan!" thundered the old man. "By the wars, Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"Sold! sold!" groaned the old hunter.

"And then," pursued Jake, confident that the joke part of the story pleased his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees, exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel, going to catch him! ho! ho! wasn't it a joke?"

"Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt for his empty pocket, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys:

"It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Braston, I'll skin you alive! By the wars, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot."

At that moment Sam fell into a gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

A Fishy Tale.

The Los Angeloes Express says that a genuine mermaid is now on exhibition in that place, having been caught in the Pacific waters a few weeks since, and embalmed by a physician of San Diego. It is thus described: The eyes, in large sockets, were pricked to let out the water in the embalming process. The mouth is very broad, with twenty-eight curved and singularly shaped teeth.—The nose is a combination of the Roman and the snub. The brow is heavily indented with heavy vain lobes; long and broad ears adorn the queer looking head, and short woolly hair covers the head, and sides of the face. The cerebellum and Adams aple are very prominent.—The arms are long and terminate in long claws, consisting of four finger and a thumb, with the sharpest of nails. There are eleven ribs extending around the body, and meeting at the breast. Here the fishy portion of the thing begins. It is covered with scales, the spine having the dorsal fin, and the fish continuing in the usual developement to the tip of the tail.

Here is a conundrum for our brethren of the press. Send in your answers soon: What is the difference between an editor and a pig?—*Green Bay Advocate.*

A Wonderful Temple.

Mrs. Yelverton, who is traveling in Asia, in "A journey in a Junk" describes in the Overland Monthly, a remarkable Buddhist temple in Cochin China. We give a brief extract only, which is a vivid picture of Asiatic art and manners;

"The Temple, of pageda, or Wat of Angkor, is built in the form of a triangle covering a square mile of ground. A massive wall, the outbuilding, and four splendid entrance halls, form the first square. Within is a lake. The second quadrangle is raised a terrace, formed of solid blocks of stone, fitted together on the model of the Via-Appia of Rome. A massive and richly-carved balustrade protects this terraced walk and bridges the walk on each side. The terrace, which is now cosiderably dilapidated, is 1,800 feet on each side. In front it has a magnificant building in the form of a vestibule or gallery, 600 feet long, with three domes and grand entrance hall.—The whole is sculptured minutely, and the delicate precision of the lines and angles of the pilasters and gate-ways give a perfect symmetry. The steps up to this gateway are flanked on either side with colossal lions, their names are so carved as to put me in mind of Lord Chancellors, wigs. Inside these squares have been magnificant gardens and fish-ponds; four detached houses, all in the same style, and probably been residences of priests of the temple. All is in solid stone, without a particle of wood or iron. The third square is of 600 feet a side. It rises superbly from the elevation of the terrace, with eight towers, about 150 feet above its basement level. To give any idea of the architecture is difficult, and it follows no recognized order. The towers are all formed in projecting leaves like a pineapple, having the shape of a bishop's miter. All the roofs are domed and made of solid stone; all the doorways are square, and surrounded by elaborate hoodings, exceedingly chaste. The windows are richly mullioned—of course without glass. The structure is surrounded by a double row of square columns of pillars, with ornamental capitals and pedestals, and the surface carved with the figure of a woman, finely attired in a quantity of jewelry, and a skirt, which must have represented silk, as it is a *brooche* with a pattern such as ladies wear at the present day. The skirt is trimmed with a fringe and braiding, and is gored: the dress has no bodice, and the peron remains uncovered save for a deep necklace which decends upon the shoulders, armlets, bracelets, and anklets of jewels or gold. But the scantiness of the dress is compensated for by the head-dress, which towers in strange, fantastic shape, as high again as the head—square on the forehead, like the coif of Mary Stewart. The face is round, the features short, the eyes large and soft, quite different from the Chinese eye. The figures are round and graceful, but lack the developement of muscle in the arms and legs. There must have been thousands of these figures, for this building alone was surrounded by 480 detatched pillars, each holding two figures. The interior of this colonade was a picture gallery, wrought in stone or black marble, of historical events, representing great battles with 500,000 men engaged, each regiment consisting of 1,000—the numerical strength of the present day—each regiment bearing different insignia. The arms are javelins, arrows, and a sort of truncheon or ballet-axe. The men fought on foot, the chiefs on horeback—the horses are remarkaoly well drawn, and the riders have capital seats, but no stirrups—in chariots and on elephants, the latter dashing among the troops and whirling them up in the air. The day after the victory women and children were led captive with the prisoners.—The torture inflicted on the conquered were terrible, aud, although I tried several times to examine them, it made me quite sick, and I therefore spare my readers the description.

The Book of Mormons.

A correspondent of the Ashtabula *Telegraph*, writing from Greencastle, Indiana says in support of the belief that one Solomon Spalding who once lived in Conneaut was the author of the Book of Mormon, that the late Col. Robert Harper, when a young man was frequently at the said Spalding's, in Conneaut; that Harper told him (the correspondent) that he, Harper, had seen a page of manuscript, admitted by Spalding's wife to have been written by him, remarking farther that her husband was engaged upon a novel, the subject of which was the first inhabitants of this continent, &c. The correspondent seeks farther information upon the subject.

Not long after the appearance of the Book of Mormon, Dr. Daniel M. Spencer, a resident of Kingsville, in a conversation of our hearing, and at our father's house, in this town, said that he was well acquainted with Spalding when he lived in Conneaut; had been at his house often and had read manuscripts written by Spaulding; that the matter contained in said manuscripts was touching the lost tribes of Israel, their wanderings and final settlement on this continent; that he saw and read the pages of Spalding's fanciful writings at different times and read much of them. He declared that not only the subject matter of Spalding's novel was incorporated in the Book of Mormon, but much of it was a literal transcript, to the best of his knowledge, after reading the contents of both. His declarations were made when Mormonism first made its monstrous pretensions when the public mind was stirred upon the subject and they made a very forcible impression upon our mind. Dr. Spencer had a decided taste for antiquarian research and speculation, and those who knew him will not wonder that he was interested in Spalding's vagaries about the "lost tribes," Mound Builders &c.—As the correspondents suggests, some of the older citizens of Conneaut must have some knowledge upon this subject not yet made public.

Our "devil" gives another answer: The editor *lies* by his pen and the pig *lies* in his pen.

LEGEND OF THE MONTECITO GRAPE VINE.

Nestled between the cloud-capped mountain and the sea, in the sunny regions of southern California, lies the beautiful town of Santa Barbara. Here through the long winter months, the air is mild and balmy and the hills are rich with verdure. Pepper and acacia trees mingle the grace of their perennial foliage with that of the sturdy live oak and the dark leaved olive all the year round, while flowers, both wild and cultivated, bloom in unbounded profusion.

Santa Barbara claims to be one of the most favored spots on the globe for healthfulness, the geniality of its climate, and the beauty and productiveness of its semi-tropical vegetation. Differing from the Neapolitans, the Santa Barbarans say, "See Santa Barbara and live!"

About four miles from the town, in the valley of Montecito, grows the now famous grape-vine, one of the wonders of the tourist in southern California. It is the largest on record. It measures four feet in circumference at the ground, forty-one inches two feet from the ground and rises eight feet above the ground before branching out; then spreading with extreme luxuriance, its branches cover more than five thousand square feet, and are supported by forty-two trellises. The largest branch is 30 inches in circumference, and were it not for rigid pruning, the branches would extend indefinitely in every direction. It is of the Mission variety and exceedingly prolific, producing annually from five to six and a half tons of grapes, which hang in massive clusteres beneath the trellises, and the effect of which, in mellow Autumn time, excites admiration and wonder. It is claimed that it has produced 7,000 bunches of grapes varying from one to four pounds in weight each. A bean was put into a vase for each bunch plucked, until the beans numbered 7,000. It grows on a sunny slope of the foothills, commanding a fine view of the rugged mountains in one direction, and in the other the lovely Montecito Valley, with glimpses of the blue Pacific. The vine is irrigated by waters from the hot springs a few miles distant, and the country about the vine is very beautiful and Mexican in its natural and artificial surroundings.

There is a tradition connected with this vine we wish to record. Seventy years ago, during the occupancy of the Mission Fathers, there lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles a beautiful Spanish girl. Nearly all Spanish girls while in the bloom and freshness of youth, possess more or less of their national cast of beauty; but the Senorita Marcellina had from childhood been the acknowledged que