THE GAME AT LONG BRANCH.

waltzes were over at Leland's,
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean
Just toyed with the bang of my hair,
And if ever a mortal was thanks full,
It was I that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom;
had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think—and to whom
But the heiress of Pillpatent's millions,
And the vulgarest thing in the room.

Now Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I *had* flirted,
But only a little, in fun—
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch *him*,
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss—
For of course 'twas a grand speculation
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss,
But to think, after all his palaver,
That he ever could snub me like this!

I can not describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug;
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,
And up to me whom should she lug
But that great millionaire from Nevada,
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash:
He's been dangling around all the season—
Yes, of course it was dreadfully rash,
But I just thought I'd show Mr. Thomas
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy veranda?"
"Oh, thank you"—now, Nell, you can guess
How it all came around, and imagine
That moment of choking distress
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,
"Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y-e-s."

So it's all coming off in October;
I am having my trousseau from Worth.
He is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,
And a man of respectable birth;
But, somehow—that is—well, I don't know—
I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth.

—Century Magazine.

"OVER THE WIRES."

First I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name was then Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not twelve years old, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand fight with poverty until I was sixteen, and then died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, a widow, also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father, and two daughters. After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and, although I was earning a support as music teaching in the Baysville academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's house.

They were all in good positions, but by no means an aristocratic family. John, the oldest son was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman at the Baysville bank building, and grandpa—we all call him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner and Dolly stopped at the office, sending and receiving messages.

The Baysville bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the third floor. In the basement were post-office rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vault.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing, and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashing nonsense to our office, but if I were there I sent back jest for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself "Lion," and I, for nonsense, signed myself "Elephant," laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny fingurs in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C——, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always open for the accommodation of travelers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville bank building, and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came by stage at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the post office was vacated at six. The bank closed at three, and by six o'clock every office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was resting at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from the house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase in salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive, he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism all day, and the ground is very wet although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is but a step."

"But it is so dark; are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit; I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers, and draw the hood of my cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will, though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put down the basket and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door; he leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, and hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrible amazement.

Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There was a man in the vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened somebody said:

"There is a confounded draft here; did you shut the door Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind might have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew two heavy, noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor and I could only conjecture that it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nearly caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank was being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C——, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

I could creep around the staircase. One of these busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept on all fours, slowly, watchfully and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my India rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All was dark there and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk and gave the signal for C——. I could hear my heart throb as I waited for the answer. It came! Still working in the dark, I sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound! Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the sound reached me:

"Will send help immediately!"

I crept to the head of the staircase afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault, but no one came up stairs. The windows of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safely and sat down to watch.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible in the long stretch of road leading to C——. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cosy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses feet.

No sister Anne in Bluebeard's tower was ever more watchful than I was then. Would the burglars take the alarm?

The building made a corner of two streets and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths and general confusion; and I slipped down stairs and out of the now deserted main entrance and ran home.

Everybody was in bed, and I went to my room, had a crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I had no teaching to do until Monday; so I slept late, but coming down I found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning" said Tom, "that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegram to C——. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky if you are little,

Tom then described in detail his experiences, added:

"I gave up when four of them pounced on me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in during the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message:

"What does Olive Hudson look like; Everybody in Dryden is talking about her great exploits."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered and loud-voiced,—a perfect Elephant?"

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it was!"

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been 17 years—nearly all my lifetime—in Cuba, came out to New York found me out, and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me pet in his splendid house. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, handsome and well-informed, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his, and my circle of acquaintances widened every day. I was entirely happy, for we loved each other well.

One day uncle George brought home to dinner a stranger, who he introduced as:

"The son of my old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty, or thereabout, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroines, Mr. Roberts, turning to uncle George, said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative position, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and there I heard of a real heroine, of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but kept my face perfectly composed to listen. When the story was finished giving Uncle George a sly punch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was this wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her, although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was discribed to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Roberts face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought that they would pop out of his dear ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he remembered his his manners, and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you be kind enough to introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must bear your name."

With a flourish, Uncle George arose and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Oliver Hudson; Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be strangers, and Mr. Roberts came often to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good natured; but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, "Over the Wires."

Pretty Aprons.

Fancy aprons are now in vogue for morning and even evening home wear. They are made of cambric, plain and figured muslin, and even of mull or in silk, and are trimmed with embroideries, laces, and ribbons. One style is made with fine plaits of cambric meeting in the centre, bordered at the side with handsome open work embroidery. The bib is of the embroidery, and is pointed below the waist, where it meets the perpendicular plaits. A more elaborated apron is made, alternating stripes of muslin with lace insertion, full lace frills all around, a pocket surrounded by lace and clusters of loops of satin ribbon. A dressy appearance is given by ornamenting the front of the apron below the bib with several frills of lace. Charming little aprons are made of silk or satin and trimmed with Spanish or French lace in white or black—sometimes both, and loops of ribbon or sprays of flowers.

EX-SENATOR Conkling wears a grayish coat and waistcoat and black pantaloons, light gloves and gaiters, a simple bow tie and soft black hat.

DISAPPOINTED EXCURSIONISTS.

Points of Interest Which they Expected to See in Detroit.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Among the excursionists yesterday was a fat man encased in an immense linen duster, accompanied by a scared-looking wife whose weight would not have balanced 100 pounds. As they came up Jefferson avenue, the man wiping off his heated brow and limping on his sore corn, they turned into a store and the fat man said:

"We are excursionists. We have come to view the points of interest in your city. Can you direct me to the State House?"

"We have no State House here, sir. Lansing is the capital you know."

"Ah! so she is—of course, Wife, why didn't we go to Lansing? I expected some such trickery all the way in. Well, we want to go to the morgue and see the dead bodies."

"There are no dead in there now."

"No! Wife, what do you say to that! If that isn't downright robbery on us then I'd like to know! Where is the grand aquarium?"

"I guess it's down in Lake Erie."

"You have no public aquarium! Wife how does that strike you after coming eighty miles?" Maybe you can put up with it, but I won't!"

"Maybe they have catacombs here?" she tremblingly suggested,

"No, ma'am."

"No! of course not!" growled the old bear. "Not a catacomb in the city, and we expected to see at least forty. My whole country shall hear of this swindle!"

"I suppose there are no mountains around here?" she required.

"No, ma'am."

"Just as I expected!" blurted her husband as he mopped his red face again. "They haven't got a mountain, precipice or avalanche in the whole town! Mary, we've been outrageously swindled!"

"There might be some grand ruins, Richard."

"I don't believe it!"

"No, ma'am, All the ruins we have at present are undergoing needed improvements, and wont be in running order for sixty days."

"Didn't I tell you so, Mary! I knew the minute we landed that they hadn't a consarned ruin in their old town! Let's go home."

"The Cooper Institute isn't here, is it?" she asked, as she rose up.

"No, ma'am."

"Just as I expected—just exactly!" roared the enraged lion. "When you woke me up at 2 o'clock this morning and said we must not forget the Cooper Institute I knew you was preparing a disappointment for yourself. Come on!"

"We have a beautiful river," suggested the citizen.

"Is it the Bosphorus?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"No! of course not—come along! We've been cheated and tricked and swindled and mopped in the gutter! The Pyramids ain't here, they havn't got no volcanoes, and I'll bet a hat agin ten cents they never had an earthquake! We'll go back to the depot! We hain't rich, but we know when we are swindled!"

A Boat Attacked by a Hippopotamus.

From the London News.

Our Plymouth correspondent telegraphs: "A correspondent of the Western Morning News, telegraphing from Madeira, on Saturday, reports a lamentable occurence on the Mayumba river, not far from Ponta Negro, by which two officers of Her Majesty's gunboat Stork and a civilian lost their lives. The Stork, which is commanded by Lieutenant and Commander Arthur Blennerhasset, and which arrived on the west coast of Africa a few months since, had been ordered south to St. Paul de Loanda, and on her way thither called in at the place mentioned. The officers met with a cordial reception from Mr. Prenslau, factory agent, under whose auspices a sporting trip in the Mayumba seems to have been arranged. Although no details of the trip have yet been received, it appears that Mr. Prenslau, Lieutenant Blennerhasset, Lieutenant Henry Leeke, and Mr. Robert Anderson, Surgeon of the Stork, were together in a boat when they were attacked by a hippopotamus. The animanl, probably wounded and thus infuriated, made a ferocious and determined onslaught on the boat, and all the efforts of the occupants to beat it off were unavailing. The struggle was a fierce one, and in the end the boat was swamped and capsized, and all the occupants were thrown struggling into the water. With great difficulty Lieutenant Blennerhasset was saved, but Lieutenant Leeke Dr. Anderson and Mr. Prenslau were all three drowned. The sad event had cast a gloom over the whole community, and especially on board the Stork, a third of her complement of commissioned officers being thus lost, while another has had to be superseded, although only commissioned about six months ago. Lieutenant Leeke, who had been appointed to the Stork for navigating duties, in lieu of a sub-Lieutenant, attained his present rank in August, 1881, and served on board the Achilles during the Egyptian war. Dr. Anderson entered the navy only in August, 1881, and this was the first service on a foreign station."

Sunday in Leadville.

On Sunday in Leadville nearly every store is open. It is the day with places of amusement; the smoke of the smelters perfumes the ambient air a little more villianously than usual, if possible, and the streets are crowded. The church bells gather many worshippers, but they are not missed from the thronged streets. The miners come in from all directions, from shafts and tunnels and prospect holes, swarming in the streets, crowding the corners, filling the bars of numerous saloons with a coming tide of humanity. Many come to buy their weekly supplies at the stores, whose clerks know no holy Sabbath rest; others come to talk over their strikes and finds, or to bring in their samples for testing. Crowds throng the more than a hundred gambling dens, from whose wide open doors the sound of piano, violin and flute mingle with the shrill voice of the dealer at the faro-table calling, "make your bets gentlemen," and the curses and rulgarity of the players taint the sacred Sabbath air. The gambling house knows no Sunday, and though the law of Colorado expressly prohibits the opening of drinking or gambling houses on the Sabbath day, it is as dead as though it had never cumbered the leaves of the statute books, and the police stand idly by watching its violation. Bleareyed and bloated debauchees, in whose lives honor, decency, and manhood have long since died, bandy ribald jests with the lost characters who carry the liquor to the tables. Thieves and pickpockets, watching with keen eyes for the victim and opportunity, mingle with bustling crowds and jostle you as you pass.

"What's your name?" said a new teacher the first day of school, grabbing a trembling culprit who had just discharged a 48-calibre spit-ball at a girl across the aisle. "Abacadabra Swartout," replied the trembling youth The stern features of the irate pedagogue relaxed, and a look of pity stole into his lambient orbs. "That's all right," he said sadly. "You can go. You are punished enough. Nobody shall say I ever raised my hand against a pupil suffering with a name like that."

Colorado Sights.

Monongahela Republican.

Since I came into Colorado I have played at snow-ball on the last day of July. I have seen ladies scrape away the snow and pick flowers from the ground under the snow, and I have seen red ripe strawberries picked from green bushes, after kicking off a foot of snow from over them. This is Alpine Pass. I have seen men on horse-back along the railroad track, where we have men a foot as track walkers,—have seen these horsemen draw out a red flag and ride back a dare devil gallop over the ties to flag a train. I have seen the ticket agent at Marshall's Pass, 10,725 feet altitude, sitting by a roaring fire in his office, July 30, while outside the ladies of our excursion were gathering wild flowers and berries with the thermometer 44 degrees in the shade. I have seen the adobe house of the Mexicans at Pueblo, wherein was more dirt and filth than ever was dreamed of by an Eastern family; wherein men, women, girls and visitors alike slept under straw, on a clay floor, in the one room, which was alike the kitchen, parlor and bedroom. I have seen Mexican girls with castanets dancing a fandango, wearing nothing but a few sunflowers in their long black hair, unabashed in the presence of 100 onlookers. I have seen the mountains of rocks thousands of feet high, with the stones arranged layer upon layer as if built by a mason, as regularly and carefully laid, and have seen, standing in the middle of a plain, a flat stone, on its edge, 330 feet to the top. And I have seen in the Royal Gorge a mountain over 2,000 feet high, all seeming one solid stone, without a crack or crevice, actually one big solid rock. I have seen, and have in my satchel, specimens of coal brought from the same mountain, one from an anthracite proving up 86 per cent. carbon, and another of bituminous coal from a vein eight feet thick, and from a tested field of 3500 acres owned by one man. I have seen a girl, dashing over the plains on horseback, dismount to pick a bouquet for her hat, and, calling her Newfoundland dog, step on his back and remount. I have traveled nearly 2,000 miles over territories west of the Missouri river, in a land which my mind had peopled with Indians, and have not seen a single Indian on that whole trip—not one—except two squaws on the station platform at Cheyenne.

Superstitions of Engineers.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

"Amsterdam is now on the dead list," said an old grizzled engineer of the New York Central Railroad, last night, as he glanced over the account of the third fatal accident at the crossing in that village. A Journal reporter was ignorant of the significance of the term "dead list." He expressed his curiosity.

"By a dead list I mean," said the engineer, responsively, "that that crossing is now out of danger. Three deaths, you know, baptize it. That is what the boys say. You know they believe that if one man or woman is killed at a certain point, there are dead sure to be one or two others before long. Superstition? Yes, that is what it is, and no mistake. But some of the engineers who have run a machine for twenty or thirty years, as I have, take stock in it because we have seen it proved time and time again. I don't believe that three deaths are sure to come one after another, but I can't help wondering why it is so often two. That's what they call the duality, isn't it? When you come to think of it, everything goes by twos. You have two legs, two eyes, two hands, two ears, two nostrils and two rows of teeth. There are two parts to a day, two divisions of the year, Winter and Summer, two orbs of light. The pair is the natural number. I have a record home of the accidents that have occurred while I have been on my engine. I can show you the dates to prove that they have been in eight cases out of ten two at a time. Several times three have happened in succession, but two is the usual number. People would say that was superstition, but when you see it over and over again you can't blame us. I know engineers who will knock off for a week or so after an accident to their train in which somebody has been killed, rather than run the risk. There was a case when young Platt Truax was killed near Schenectady, in 1878. You know they are now trying three young fellows in this city for derailing the train. A few days before a freight train which he was running had an accident, in which the fireman was hurt so that he died—I think he died—but the accident was not at the same point. It was west of Schenectady. The men told me afterward that Truax had a premonition of death. If I had my book here I could give you a heap of information about deaths on the rail to show you that there is something strange in it. Anyway, most of the engineers have a rather strong fear of repetition whenever blood is spilled along the line. Of course, there are those who are superstitious as old women. Those are the fellows that see ghosts."

"See ghosts?"

"Yes, the disembodied spirits, as the mediums call them, or people they have run over. Not long ago an engineer you know by name resigned because he said the specter of a woman he had ground to pieces at Fonda used to appear every night at the exact spot."

SQUIBS.

City boarder to farm hand: "Why does that odd-looking fowl make that curious noise?" "That rooster that just crowed? Oh, that's jest a way he has ma'am of signifyin' that he's a high flyer from up the creek and can lick all creation, and he's happy because he ain't old enough by eleven years to make pot-pie for summer boarders."

Two belles while walking out the other day came to a ditch near the railroad grade at Montclair, which they did not know how to get over. Seeing a young man coming along the road, they appealed to him for help, whereupon he pointed behind them with a startled air and yelled out "Snakes!" The way those girls crossed that ditch was a sight to behold, and the young man lives.

Abram Nave, the veteran grocer of St. Joseph, Mo., who is 65 years of age and is worth fully $2,000,000, has filed a bill for divorce from a lady who was a young widow in Mississippi eight years ago. He alleges abuse of himself and his children, and extravagance of the most reckless sort.

Sophronia: Certainly, slang is always objectionable. Instead of saying "a dead give away," we should advise you to say a post-humous donation.

Emory's Little Chathartic is the best and only reliable liver pill known, never fails with the most obstinate cases, purely vegetable.—15 cents.

A Railroad Ghost.

An Amsterdam (N. Y.) telegram says: Excitement runs high at Canajoharie, owing to the nightly appearance of a ghostly, mysterious light along the Central railroad track. The light starts from the old fort, and is at first very small. It gradually increases in size, and goes down the railroad track about three feet from the ground. The night watchmen say that a hand can be distinguished about it. Sometimes the light goes bounding down the track, and again rises thirty feet in the air. Several trains, including the Atlantic express, have been stopped by the light, believing it to be a danger-signal. It appears about 10:30 P. M., just before the arrival of the fast mail.

Fifty persons lay in ambush in the vicinity recently in hopes of ferreting out the matter, but the light did not appear, but the night watchman and others vouch for the truth of its appearance. Usually Railroad men are filled with fear and superstition, and dread to approach the spot at night. Some say it is a forewarning of a railroad horror to be enacted in the vicinity.

The Law Against Bad Tea.

[From the N. Y. Mail.]

The presence in the market of a vast quantity of spurious tea is attributed by the herald, not to the failure of the law enacted by Congress a few months ago, but to spurious importations effected before the law was established It would be well for our contemporary to use caution in this matter. Let an inquiry be made as to whether the law is thoroughly enforced. The statute says: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that from and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful for any person or persons or corporation to import or bring into the United States any merchandise for sale as tea adulterated with spurious leaf or with exhausted leaves, or which contains so great an admixture of chemicals or other deleterious substances as to make it unfit for use, and the importation of all such merchandise is hereby prohibited." Provision is made for the proper enforcement of the law, if only the examiners and other officers concerned are faithful men. But it is known that custom officers sometimes accept bribes, and doubtless unscrupulous importers would be willing to pay a large price to bring a large cargo of tea through the Custom House. Vigilant care is necessary to make the statute effective. Investigation must be made to determine whether the importation of bad tea has been stopped. The amount of the nefarious stuff now offered for sale in the country indicates that the embargo against spurious tea is not perfect.

A Priceless Diamond.

Mr. Porter Rhodes, the fortunate owner of the priceless diamond that bears his name, is at present in Paris awaiting the result of a competition between two millionares desirous of possessing the jewel. The stone was found in his mine at Kimberley, South Africa, in the beginning of 1880, and made a great sensation among the diggers when the discovery was made known about four months later. Mr. Porter Rhodes was obliged to satisfy their curiosity by exhibiting the diamond. Accordingly he placed it in a friend's office, charged a sovereign for admission, and in this way received £100 within the first two hours. Altogether he made by the exhibition £500, which he gave to the local hospital. On his arrival in England he was honored with an invitation to Osborne, in order that her Majesty might inspect the stone. He was afterward taken to Osborne Cottage and had an interview with the Empress Eugenie. Mr. Potter Rhodes considers that his diamond as far surpasses the Kohinoor in purity as it does in weight, the Indian stone weighing 106½ carats the Cape diamond about 150 carats. He said to his interviewer: "I shall have at least fulfilled one mission—I shall have convinced the world that the Cape diamonds are as radiantly pure and blue-white as the Dresden drop and the Braganza. I shall thus upset one popular delusion."

A Country Banker Duped.

Utica (N. Y.) Herald.

William Spraker, of Canajoharie, Vice President of the Canajoharie bank, has been stopping a few days in New York. He had with him a large sum of money, which he deposited in the safe at the Continental Hotel. Monday morning he withdrew the money and put it in his pocket in the presence of a stranger. He then took a boat for Coney Island. On the boat an agreeable and well-dressed young man professed to recognize him, called him by name, and introduced himself as a nephew of the Hon. Erastus Corning, of Albany. Mr. Spraker talked freely of his acquaintance with Mr. Corning, and the latter's alleged nephew regaled him in turn with tales about his own visit to Europe, whence he had just returned. Finally a stranger approached and demanded of the alleged Mr. Corning the payment of $900, which he claimed was owed him. At this Mr. "Corning" appeared much embarrassed, and, on examination, found he had only $25 and a note purporting to have been drawn by a prominent resident of Albany. The creditor insisted on payment, and refused to accept the note, and so "Corning" appealed to Mr. Spraker, saying that he was a stranger in New York. Mr. Spraker readily accepted the note and gave in return $100 in cash and a check for $800 on the Canajoharie bank. The check was certified with Mr. Spracker's permission, and the strangers went to the telegraph office to have the bank notified and receive the acknowledgment that Mr. Spraker's account was good for that amount. However, as Mr. Spraker had finished writing the dispatch, the Chief of Police recognized the two strangers as confidence men, and arrested them. Mr. Spraker, who is 70 years old, nearly fainted when told of the attempt to swindle him. The men were searched and the check was found, but the $100 was missing. The prisoners were taken to New York.

Too Late.

From the Wall Street News.

A New York broker, who reached a village in Ohio the other evening, was interviewed, soon after placing his name on the register, by a farmer, who said:

"I just wish you had arrived here this afternoon!"

"Any excitement?" replied the broker.

"Well, I should say so. My son Daniel was convicted of stealing seven sheep, and has been held to the higher court. You to ought hava been here!"

"Why?"

"Why, I'd have had you on the jury, and you could have cleared Daniel slick as grease. Our folks here don't look at such things as you New Yorkers do."

The Arkansas man has many ways of getting his name into print, and if all other means fail the mad-dog resort is taken up. The gentleman who wants his name to appear in the local paper, calls on the editor and says: "Killed the biggest mad dog this morning you ever saw. Better make a local to that effect as it might serve as a warning to the people of the neighborhood. You needn't say that I killed him. Just say that a very large mad dog was killed the other day by—well you can put my name in. I don't care."

Pleuro-Pneumonia Among Cattle.

Pleuro-pneumonia has broken out among cattle at Salem, Conn. Two herds have been attacked by the disease. They are both in quarantine, by order of the State Commissioners, who appreciate the importance of preventing the spread of the malady, and having full authority, will doubtless prevent its further extension. The Treasury Department feels no apprehension as to the spread of the disease beyond the present locality.

An Old Men's Gathering.

At the recent old men's gathering at Lewisburg, Tenn., 164 members were present, the oldest being 104 years old. There were 114 between the ages of 60 and 70; 42 between 70 and 80; 5 between 80 and 90; 2 between 90 and 100; over 100, 1. Of this number 102 were born in Tennessee; 40 in North Carolina; 8 in Virginia; 5 in South Carolina; 3 in Kentucky; 1 in Maryland; 1 in Germany; 1 in Ireland, and 3 in Georgia.

"An' they tell me you've got a glass eye," said an old woman to an acquaintance whom she had not seen for some time. "Yes, got a glass eye." "Can you see outen it?" "Oh, no." "Why, it looks like you ought to see through it the glass is so clear. Why don't you get one so transport that you can look through it?"

THE ISCHIA HORROR.

Graphic Account of the Experiences of a Cincinnati Lady.

A private letter received by the immediate relatives of Mrs. Charles S. Schmidlapp, of Cincinnati, gives some interesting particulars of that lady's experience during the late terrible earthquake in the island of Ischia. The letter was dated July 30, and was mailed from the city of Naples.

Mrs. Schmidlapp says: "The earthquake began on Saturday evening about twenty minutes past 9. I was sitting in the centre of a room near a table, upon which stood a lamp. All at once, without any previous warning, the table began shaking and the lamp fell. I ran to the door, and before I reached it the whole roof and ceiling fell on the very spot where I lately sat. Iola was in the dining-room she rushed toward me screaming and fell to the ground." Mr. Charles Schmidlap was, at that time of the beginning of the terrible disaster, lying on a bed in an adjacent apartment. His wife found that it was impossible to open the door, and continues in her letter: "I removed the fallen stones and heavy pieces of plaster as best I could. All around me was the burning oil from the overturned lamp. The door still resisted. It was fastened at the top and was immovable. Charles (Mr. Schmidlapp) found a large piece of timber that had fallen in his room. With this, exerting all his strength, he succeeded in breaking out the lower panel of the door. Through this he crawled in his night-clothes. I seized his coat and pants and we all rushed from the house. In the yard lay two dead bodies, those of a mother and daughter. In the yard we passed the dreadful night. It was indeed, a night of horror, and one that I shall never forget. The crying and moaning during those terrible hours were heartrending."

Mrs. Schmidlapp, with other details, further states that three towns were destroyed. Cassamicciola among them, and that about one thousand bodies had been found when the letter was written. Of fifty-three people in one hotel only seven were saved, and in the hospital nearly all were killed, and at the time of the earthquake the town of Cassamicciola was thronged with strangers. The lady states also, that they arrived at Naples without their trunks. The house in which they were stopping was very solidly built, and was the only one in the town in which the side-walls were not tumbled. The bed upon which Mr. Schmidlapp was resting was found to be filled with heavy stones, and had the earthquake occurred one hour later, when all would have been in bed, escape with life would have been impossible to any one of the family. Mount Vesuvius has not been very active lately, and to this fact is attributed the late earthquake by the inhabitants. Mrs. Schmidlapp says that they are recovering from the terrible shock, but all are extremely nervous. Many soldiers are now occupying the island of Ischia.

Breaking Up an Elopement.

Americus (Ga) Reporter.

A young fellow from the country, whose manhood is a wreck and whose finances are more dilapidated, all from dissipation, had won the affections of a pretty country maiden, and insisted on meeting her against a stern father's will. A few nights ago they met and were arranging an elopement. The spot they had selected for their tryst was near an old family burying-ground, and the hour was near midnight. They had made no definite plan, owing to the girl's perverseness, and the fellow was suing earnestly, when a groan was heard in among the graves, and a white form rose up and advanced toward the couple. Neither of them could speak nor move. The figure moved slowly forward, the eyes seemingly blazing and the bones clanking as it stepped. When within a few feet of the lovers it spoke in a scarcely articulate tone, telling the youth to "Begone! as his object was to destroy the girl's happiness after getting her money." The young fellow slid on his knees, promising to leave, if he was allowed. He was granted ten seconds to get out of sight, when the girl keeled over in a faint and the young man started on a run for home. Then the old man threw down a sheet on which some phosphorus had been rubbed, and some old dead cow-bones he had picked up, took his girl in his arms and carried her into the house. The young fellow has left the country and the girl is as quiet and gentle as a dove. The old man is happy and gives his daughter all the presents and attention he can, but has never told his part in the transaction, and she has never spoken her lover's name, nor said a word of the terror that drove him from her side.

The PineTree State's Story.

From the Portland (Me.) Press.

One knight last week a kitten was chased by dogs, and took refuge in a tree in Park-street. There she clung in the crutch of two of the topmost limbs. She did not dare to move, and remained all night in her uncomfortable position, crying and wet through by the heavy showers. In the morning the kitten's mother, a sage old cat, saw her offspring's situation, and tried to call her down, but the kitten wouldn't move. Finally the old cat mounted a post in full view of the kitten, and calling its attention, backed down the post several times to show the kitten how the thing was done. Finally the kitten plucked up courage, and following the mother's example, descended the tree backward.

The Palmetto State's Alligator.

From the Aiken (S. C.) Reporter.

An alligator measuring ten feet seven inches in length and, weighing 300 pounds was killed in Aiken County last week. The existence of this saurian reptile in Glover's pond has been known for twenty-seven years, and many is the load of buck-shot that has been fired at him, but it was reserved for the good marksmanship and long range rifle of Capt. George, to terminate his depredations. The reptile must not have been less than 50, and not improbably 75 or 100 years old.

A delicious pie is made by stoning and chopping one heaping cup of raisins, mixing with them the juice and rind of one lemon, and the yolks of two eggs. Bake with bottom crust only, and make a meringue of the whites of the eggs. You may put one whole egg in the pie, and make it with an upper crust.

"WOMAN AND HER DISEASES" is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The most impressive services ever held at Chautauqua took place Friday in the amphitheater. The Union and Confederate soldiers united in singing war songs, and apatriotic anthem. "Our Nation Forever," specially prepared for the occasion, was sung in concert by the choir and congregation.

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

One man was asked by another with whom he was not on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I'm living by the canal! I should be delighted if you would drop in some evening."

A DEAD SHOT may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild, yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

An exchange remarks that dudes will probably be plentiful at the beaches this summer. Well, we suppose the beach is the proper place to look for the swells.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Dr. Irwin H. Elderidge says, "I would recommend a trial of Brown's Iron Bitters in all cases of anæmic debility or when a tonic or appetizer is indicated."

"It's a shame," said Mrs. Parvenu, at Newport the other day, "that they do not elect my son one of the stockholders in that there Kasino. He's offered $500, has a dog-cart, plays tennis, and talks just as silly as any of them that fly around with other men's wives. And we move in elect circles, too."

OWENSTON, KY.—Dr. I. F. Mundy says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics and prescribe it frequently."

MR. VENNOR predicts a mild and warm fall.

Druggists, Take Notice.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania having sustained the District Court of Allegheny county, granting R. E. Sellers & Co., the exclusive right to the "trade mark" "Blood Searcher" (registered at Washington, D. C., December 11, 1876) our name will be printed on all outside wrappers. Any one selling, or offering for sale any "Blood Searcher" without bearing our name will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. (The penalty is $1,000 fine and two years imprisonment.)
R. E. SELLERS & CO.,
Proprietors, Pittsburg, Pa.

By the fall of a scaffold at the palace of the King of Bavaria, at Lake Chiem, twenty-three workmen were killed and seventeen injured.

—Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at same time and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1, at druggists.

—"The headache in my case was one of long standing, but Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills conquered." C. T. Reiner, German Minister of the Gospel, Leslie, O., 50 cts. at druggists.

A New York plumber has married a milliner. Every thing tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.

HAY FEVER. I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms. I used it, and with the most wonderful success.—T. S. GREER, Syracuse, N. Y.

The steamer Iona arrived at Plymouth, Eng., on Friday, forty-five days from New Zealand, with 13,000 frozen carcasses of sheep.

Look Out.

See that every bottle of Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters" bears the signature of J. P. ALLEN, St. Paul, Minn. All others are base frauds, gotten up to deceive the public, and defraud us. The very fact of their being imitated, is a compliment to them, for if they had not proved a grand success, there would have