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The True Woman.

No wondrous romance wreathes her life;
Nor hath she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor—and some would call her plain.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
No dainty leisure hath her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her hair's smooth band
Yet in her garment's simple grace
Her soul's purity you trace.

She walks in humble ways of life
That lead oftimes through gloom and shade,
And cares and crosses not a few
Are on her patient shoulders laid,
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up,

And homely ways she wreathes with grace,
Harsh duty turns to loving zest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she you can spy,
The angel looking from her eye!

Weariness.

O little feet that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires!
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

H. W. Longfellow.

The Cloud.

A white little cloudlet up in the sky—
Born of the winds and of the waves am I,

And soft I float through the tremulous blue,
When the shining stars of heaven peep through.

I cover them often from mortal sight,
And hold in my bosom their silvery light;

And the moon enfolds me in soft embrace,
And smiles upon me with tender face.

The sun climbing high in the rosy morn
My whiteness tints with the colors of dawn,

And around me sheds through the long, long day
The glory and light of his shining ray;

And the lark springs forth in the morning sweet
And sings to me songs for the dawning meet;

While he plunges deep in my snowy wave,
The stains of earth from his pinions to lave,

When the sun sinks deep in the far, far west,
On a purple billow, with golden crest,

And stains with his glory the mountains dim,
And tinges with crimson my curling rim,

And the twilight dies, while the night-birds sing,
And darkness sweeps downward on noiseless wing,

Then again I hold in my bosom white
The deep shining stars with their silvery light.

THE SETTLER'S TALE.

"You don't believe it, then?" said the old settler, stroking his beard, and spreading the long crisp curls over his waistcoat, where they lay like a tangle of cocoa-fibre. He flicked away, too, now and then, the powdery cigar-ash that had fallen as he smoked, as though he pitted his manly adornment, or aimed strongly at wearing a patriarchal guise. "You don't believe it, then?" he said.

"Travelers see strange things," said a thin man sitting opposite to him; and he indulged in a low, sneering snigger, a despicable kind of cachinnation that it would be insulting the hearty, mirthful, joy-begotten shake of sides and shoulders, and extending of facial muscles, to call a laugh.

"What is it?" I said; for I had at that moment entered the room.

"Why," sniggered the thin man, "he wants to make me believe——"

"No, no, no!" chorussed several voices. "Let him tell it himself; second-hand stories are poor. Tell it out for the company, sir."

But the owner of the beard looked very dignified, and kept on smoking, till he sat like a very Jupiter amongst his clouds. Then he referred to the ambrosia brought to him by the white-neckclothed Ganymede of the hotel, set down his brandy-and-water, and looked very reticent.

"It's all true enough," said an Australian captain who sat near the thin man, and had evidently heard what had previously been said. "I've often seen them take flying leaps that looked tremendous, and such as I should have doubted if I had not seen; while, as to the tale our friend here has just told about kangaroos carrying their young in a pouch, and also about their being able to destroy a dog with a kick, why, they are facts that almost any national schoolboy will endorse. I mean no insult to our sceptical friend here, but I'm afraid he studied politics more than natural history."

"Good things, too," said the thin man viciously; and then he looked round him for the applause he did not get.

"You see," said the old captain, not taking any notice of the interruption, "there are some people like the sailor's mother—more ready to believe in Pharaoh's chariot-wheel on the anchor-flue than in flying-fish. Australy's a curious place, I can tell you; and if you saw some of the bones of the great Moa, they would make you scratch your head, and think of the ostriches seven feet high as so many chickens."

"Ha, ha, *ha*, HA, HA!" laughed the thin man, in a perfect crescendo. "Go on, sir; don'. be afraid. We'll listen, and then believe as much as we like."

"And we've got little animals there, gentlemen," said the old captain, "that swim about in the water with their flat webbed feet, and they've got a bill like a duck, and lay eggs."

"Go on, sir; go on, sir," laughed the thin man; and he bestowed the wink of wisdom upon all the company present.

"Yes, yes; I see! Wink away," said the captain; "but I'm no romancer, gentlemen. I only said what I did to support my friend here. There are some people who will not believe the truth when it's told them."

"Why don't you tell it?" said the thin man.

"I always do, sir," said the captain simply, and with some dignity. "As I said before, Australia's a place that would startle some people here with its ways. What would our friend over the way there say to five thousand sheep being boiled, or rather steamed down, in one day, just for the sake of their tallow?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the thin man again. "Better still!" and then seeing that no one else laughed, he snorted, and looked defiant at every one in turn, from out a pair of twinkling dark eyes, the more striking from being unshaded by lashes, while his eyebrows had evidently disappeared at the same season when his countenance had been seamed and pitted with the small-pox.

But few people noticed him, for it was evident that, after retiring in displeasure within himself for a few minutes, the owner of the beard was once more coming out. He smoked furiously for a few minutes longer in utter silence, till his cigar-end was so short that it singed the great beard, when he threw it away, drew out a case, carefully selected another, rolled it upon his tongue, and then sat balancing it upon his finger.

"Our friend here is right, gentlemen," he said, "that there are some people who doubt almost everything you say; but, for my part, I think that the traveler who plays upon the credulity of the untraveled friends is a creature beneath contempt. I can vouch for the truth of all my seafaring friend here has said, for I have seen the things, and many more too, quite as wonderful; and I think that you, gentlemen, who sit from year's end to year's end in your shops, might acknowledge that men who make journeys four-and-twenty thousand miles long must, in the foreign parts they pass through, see some strange things. I, don't want to inflict my stories upon anybody."

"Go on, sir; go on!" from two or three; but the thin man was totally unabashed, and snorted before telling his neighbors, in an undertone, that you couldn't "do" him.

"I wasn't talking about wallabies gentlemen, which are only a small kind of kangaroo, but of what we call out there, up the country, 'old men'—the great kangaroos that the settlers hunt—the curious leaping animals that Sir Joseph Banks brought home from his voyage with Captain Cook, and used to keep in his park at Revesby, in Lincolnshire; beasts that I dare say you might see for yourselves in the Regent's Park Gardens in London, though I can't say I'm sure. At all events, I've seen them often enough, and hunted them often too."

The thin man snorted and winked again at everybody in turn, as much as to say, "Now it's coming."

"You must believe what I'm going to tell you, gentlemen, or you may be rude enough to doubt it if you like; I shan't complain: but it's as sure as my name's James Smith, a Yorkshireman born, and that I failed at sheep-farming, but made ten thousand pounds at the diggings; and that's what not one man in five hundred who were there managed to bring away, for his share of the spoil."

The thin man winked again, but the thoughts of a sum of ten thousand golden pounds seem to add so much weight to the respectability and veracity of the bearded man, that had he felt disposed to enter into the borders not limited to veracity, he would now have found plenty of believers for anything he might choose to say.

The settler paused, ignited his cigar, and then waited to enjoy a few puffs, while the waiter of the old Southampton Hotel replenished several empty glasses.

"We were having a kangaroo-hunt," continued he, "some years ago now, up at a place where I was. Kangaroos were not so scarce then as they've grown since; and perhaps if our friend here were to go over on purpose to have one, he might travel some hundreds of miles before he could enjoy that pleasure. Being a bit of a sporting man in a mild way, as I had dropped in at quarters where the squatter was also fond of a bit of the field work, I got staying on day after day; for I happened then to have nothing to do, having been driven out of my holding by a drought that had starved three parts of my beasts and sheep, and a flood that had drowned the rest. So that I was on the wander, looking out for some fresh spot on which to locate myself, and naturally feeling rather low-spirited; for, after working seven or eight years to get together a decent bit of stock, it seemed rather hard for the climate to turn dead against me, and to make me a ruined man."

"I should think 'Stralia's a nice place, sir," said the thin man, lau hing.

"Very, if a man has his wits about him," said the settler coolly; "and, what's more, it's a very hospitable place, as I found then, for I'd fallen into a good quarters, my host being from my own county, and having had many a good galop with the same pack of hounds. So we talked over old times, and fished a bit, and shot a little, and I helped him take stock; and we compared notes about management, he being able to give me plenty of good hints, and I perhaps giving him two or three respectable little wrinkles.

"The day before I left him we went out for a kangaroo-hunt, for over night one of his men had come in to report tracks that he had seen near a water-hole some few miles away.

"Perhaps my friend here will think that I am throwing the hatchet, when I say that this was all on my host's piece; for sheep-farmers they think more of miles than they do of acres of land, and I have known gentlemen out there whose holdings were such that you might ride twenty miles without getting to the last blazed tree.

The country about there was so woody and rocky that my host said he had better go on foot, so we did, taking with us a black fellow, and one of his men—an old convict—who held the two dogs, in a leash, after the fashion of grey hounds for coursing, till we came to the spot—what they call out there a creek—a long water-hole that depended on the wet season to supplyit afresh after the long dry Australian summer.

"It was a glorious morning in a glorious country. The sky was delightfully blue while the atmosphere was so clear and transparent that you could see the very leaves distinctly upon the trees, at an astonishing distance. Ah, gentlemen! if there is a beautiful country in this world it is Australia."

"Where droughs and floods destroy the whole of a man's stock," sneered the thin man, as he whispered the words into the tumbler he raised to his lips.

"And where industrious hard-working men may dig gold out of the soft earth by the creeks," said the settler, who had managed to hear every word.

"Good—good—good!" chorussed the company, so that any one but the thin man would have been crushed by the weight of that gold; but he only laughed, snorted, and took refuge in clouds of tobacco smoke.

"Perhaps I'm boring you with my stories, gentlemen," said the settler, parting his beard.

"No, no—no, no—go on, sir," came from all parts of the room, and he continued:

"Well, gentlemen, we soon got into the hunting country, and were not long before we put up a kangaroo, when I felt almost ashamed to hunt it, for the poor beast sat up on its hind-legs and tail for a few moments, turning upon us its simple doelike face, as much as to say 'How can you be such brutes?' but it turned directly, gave a bound that startled me, and was off, flying over rock and bush in a most surprising manner. Then the dogs were slipped, and away we were scrambling amongst bushes and rocks, tripped up now and then, but making a rush over every bit of open ground, to try and keep the dogs in sight; but as to my host and self, we were separated directly.

"I was not much used to this sort of thing, but I soon warmed up to the chase, and, now getting a peep at the dogs, and now led by the shouting and barking, I managed to get up in pretty good time to where the black fellow was dancing about with delight, and the convict was coupling up the dogs, as they lay panting and lolling out their great red tongues, beside the kangaroo they had killed.

"Long as I had been in the country it had never fallen to my lot before to be at the death of a kangaroo; and once more I could not help pitying the soft, mousey-skinned animal, it looked so innocent, tame, and simple. But, there! it does not do for men who hunt to be too sentimental, and besides, they may make a mistake in the character of their quarry; for, I've never seen the animal yet that was not, when driven to bay, a perfect savage, either from fear or natural courage.

"'Where's the governor, sir?' said the man, as I came up.

"'I have not seen him, since I tripped over a creeper that came down crash—bruised myself awfully. He did not stop when I went down. I thought that he would be on here.'

"'Help! help!' came a faint cry from the distance.

"'Dat a gubner!' exclaimed the black fellow, grinning as if it was the most humorous thing that he had ever heard.

"'Yes, that's him,' said the convict, changing color. 'He's among the blacks, and we've no guns.'

"In a moment there floated before me visions of savages in their war paint, their black bodies streaked with white, to resemble skeletons, while boomerangs and spears seemed to come whistling through the air. But it was all imagination; for there was no sound to be heard, but once more the cry for help, when the dogs leaped up and howled.

"'No black feller 'bout here,' said the gentleman in our company; when, following his example, we set off at a run in the direction of the cries, the black far outstripping us, though we kept him well in view till he disappeared behind some rocks, but only to turn back directly and to come running towards us, shouting, 'Ole man got him—ole man got him!'

"We pressed on, panting heavily, and in a few moments were in full view of the strangest sight I ever saw in my life—one which seemed to quite paralyze the man with the dogs, for he stopped short, holding tightly by the leash, in spite of the angry struggles of the animals and his master's anguished cries for help. There, some fifty yards in front, was a fierce struggle going on, apparently a vain one on the part of my host, who was tightly clasped round the waist by a tremendous great kangaroo, such as we settlers call an 'old man.'"

"'Right!' growled the sea captain, while the thin man's eyes twinkled maliciously.

"It was in a bushy part, and from the branch he held in his hand it was evident that my friend had been clinging with all his might to some tree or other, so as to hinder his enemy, or else I'm afraid we should have come too late.

"Dropping the branch, he now began kicking and struggling with the energy of despair, striking fiercely at the beast with his fists, and doing all that he could to get away; but there is no doubt that, if we had not come up, the next minute would have been his last; for, in spite of his struggles, the 'old man' kept on slowly, hop—hop—hop, nearer and nearer to a great water-hole; and though a strong and hearty man, my friend seemed like a child in his enemy's grasp.

"'Loose the dogs!' I shouted to the convict servant, but utterly confused, he only held on tightly, letting the faithful beasts drag him along with them till, with one cut of his knife that he had held ready to skin the dead kangaroo, the black severed the leaden throng, and coupled as they were, the dogs dashed down upon the 'old man.'

"Then came a fierce hurrying rush and a scramble—a frightful howl—and one dog turned over on its back, disabled by a kick, and then half-strangled by being dragged about by its companion, who had made good his hold upon the kangaroo's throat. The dog shook fiercely till, in its agony, the beast loosed its hold upon my friend, who fell down exhausted just upon the edge of the water-hole, as the dogs and their enemy rolled from the bank into the deep water, which directly after was lashed into a muddy foam by the fierce struggle going on.

"It would have gone hard with the poor dog if just then the leash had not given way, leaving him free from the weight of his fellow's carcase hung to his neck; and now, in spite of the fierce tearing and kicking of the 'old man,' he held on tightly to the place in his throat where he had first fixed his steel-strap jaws. By degrees they struggled into shallower water, and so exciting was the battle that my friend forgot his late peril, and sat up, panting, to see the end.

"Suddenly, with one of his tremendous leaps, the kangaroo bounded right out, cleaning the bank, and alighting amongst some low scrub at the lower end. But the dog still held on; and, dodging about till he could get a chance, the black brought down his club with tremendous effect upon the 'old man's' head, when the poor brute quivered slightly and rolled over, dead; a huge fellow, who had stood up over six feet high.

"'That was a narrow escape,' I said, as I helped my friend to his legs, while the convict drew out of the water the carcase of the other dog.

"'Yes,' he said; let's get back. I'e had enough of it for one day. I feel quite sick and ill. If I had had a knife, I could have got on; but, unarmed, I was as helpless as a child.'

"I had heard of such adventures before, but had never seen anything of the kind, so I said, 'What do you think the brute would have done?'

"'Done!' echoed my friend. 'Drowned me as dead as that poor dog there. Poor brute! one of the best kangaroo dogs I ever had. An old beast!' he exclaimed, kicking the dead body of the kangaroo viciously, which was, after all, hardly to be wondered at. 'He came upon me all of a sudden—hop—hop—hop—and before I had recovered from my surprise, he had me tightly round the waist, and then began to hop away. I hardly know how I felt at first; but when the thought struck me that he was making for the water-hole, the feeling was awful, and my struggles did hinder him a bit.'

"'A good thing too,' I replied. 'Then we only came up just in time?'

"'Only just,' said my friend; and he looked whiter than ever."

"Now, do you expect us to believe all that?" broke in the thin man, as he again winked at the company in general. But the settler was busy relighting his cigar, which had gone out during the narration; and he made no reply.

"I say, sir," said the thin man again, "do you expect us to believe that your old kangaroo would have hopped into the water-hole, and drowned the squatter?"

"The gentlemen present can do as they please, sir," said the settler with dignity "and I have no doubt but that you will do the same. I leave it entirely to my listeners' good sense, for the story is true."

A SALT MOUNTAIN.—The famous salt mountain of Palestine—called by the natives *Jebel Usdum*—is a singular formation, being a solid mass of rock salt, of a greenish white transparency, very much the color of a shallow sea covered at the top with a loose crust of gravel, flints, plaster of Paris and chalky marl. The mountain runs northeast and southwest. It is about seven miles long and one and a half miles wide. In its highest points it is nearly five hundred feet high. Around the base of the mountain the ground is full of dangerous hollows, into which animals often, and sometimes men, fall and sink out of sight. Little streams of water are constantly trickling, even in the dry season, from underneath the Salt Mountain and running into the sea. A correspondent writing from there says he never tasted anything so salty in all his life; salt itself, in the lump, is not so salty. This same correspondent also mentions the strange fact that the Bible, nor Josephus, nor any ancient writer, directly mentions the Salt Mountain. Although only sixty miles from Jerusalem, the best described city in the world, the first really good description we have of the Salt Mountain, so far as his party could say, is Prof. H. B. Tristam's, written in 1864, and he only spent one day here. Only a little ways east—about ten miles—are rich fields of sugar cane, indigo, wheat, barley, and other things.

A SUNSET INCIDENT AT BUFFALO.—The Buffalo *Express* says: "The sunset of Saturday evening, as witnessed from Central Wharf, exhibited a most singular phenomenon. As viewed from that point the great luminary appears to sink into the waters of the lake, and presents a beautiful sight on all ordinary occasions, but at the time referred to, just at the moment when the sun appeared to be floating, as it were, a ball of fire on the surface of the lake, it suddenly assumed a conical shape, as if of molten iron and the sides had run down, the whole form evidently magnified to twice its usual size. Directly in the centre of this body of fire was plainly visible the form of a ship, as if sailing in and a part of the sun. Many of the business men of Central Wharf, who have for years witnessed many curious features and beautiful scenes in the western sky, never before saw the like of this."

Can you realise Mrs. Malaprop's bewilderment at hearing her grandson read from an article in the paper, about Rome: "The ground is so parched that it is full of fishers!"

How They Suffered.

It is estimated that the diminution of the working classes of Paris amounts to one hundred thousand, chiefly killed, prisoners and fugitives, during and since the Commune. In 1860 there were thirty thousand tailors in Paris, to-day only about twenty thousand; then twenty thousand cabinetmakers, now but fourteen thousand; while of shoemakers and other artisans there is a like decrease in numbers. The consequence is that the city is in danger of losing its supremacy in elegant artisanship, as for want of workmen many orders cannot be filled for export; and of course trade will seek other sources of supply, where conditions are more favorable. It is daily becoming more apparent that the Thiers Government made a stupendous blunder in its frantic and indiscriminate arrests after the fall of the Commune. Not only were great numbers of the most valuable workers withdrawn from industrial pursuits which would have benefited the whole community, but the Government now has tens of thousands of prisoners on its hands whom it must support, has promised to bring to trial, dares not release, and yet a great proportion of whom it will be unable to convict of any offence. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, reckless slaughter of the Communist—and all the inhabitants of that ill-fated city who were poorly dressed were deemed communists—was followed by wholesale arrests, the killed and prisoners amounting, it is thought, to not less than fifty thousand. Many of those imprisoned were the victims of denunciations inspired by personal malice; others were seized in the blind rage of the moment, without any reason whatever. Now languishing trade, a changed public opinion, and a continual development of facts favorable to the prisoners and injurious to the Government, combine to render any further postponement of a general amnesty an invitation for fresh conspiracies; and yet Thiers is powerless to move in the matter, as a law has made the act of amnesty a privilege of the Assembly, which is in vacation.

The History of Coal.

Once a year, and at this season, it is conventional for newspapers to say something concerning the discovery of coal in this country. Complying with this custom, it may be noted that bituminous coal was mined near Richmond, Va., as early as in 1700. It was extensively used in the vicinity in 1775, and a Richmond foundry employed it in making shot and shell during the Revolution. It was sent to Boston, Philadelphia and New York in 1789. Obadiah Gore and his brother, blacksmiths from Connecticut, were the first to make use of anthracite coal in the Wyoming (Pa.) Valley in 1768. Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkesbarre, was the first to apply it to household uses. Philip Ginter, a hunter in the Mauch Chunk region, discovered the Lehigh coal in 1791. Mines were opened in 1792, but it was ten years later before the coal was sent to Philadelphia. The Schuylkill coal was first sent to Philadelphia in 1812. This briefly sums up the early discoveries of coal in this country. The man who believes that coal will ever fall to its former price of three or four dollars a ton is yet to be discovered.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—A most singular occurrence recently occured in Lawrence, Mass., at a grave. The deceased had for some time previous to his death kept a dog, who had been his constant companion, and even in death the faithful animal would not leave the side of the remains of his master for scarcely a moment. When the family left the house to go to the cemetery, the dog was shut up; but before the procession had reached the cemetery he made his escape and ran about, looking eagerly for his master. He was very much bewildered, and was finally taken into the carriage with his mistress. Arriving at the grave the poor brute crowded to the side of the grave and looked wistfully and mournfully at the casket as it was being lowered into the grave, and was about to jump in himself, when he was caught and held by a bystander. The scene was very touching.

NEWSPAPER MEN.—There is no class of people who do half so much good, or work so hard, as newspaper men. They publish good papers, and they strain every nerve to do this, but the populace do not consider this, or the fact that newspapers are a fair index of their own intelligence and enterprise. Some papers put up with all sorts of expedients to get along, when there are scores of influential men who are greatly benefitted by the papers who do nothing to sustain them. They might speak a good word for them, get their friends to subscribe for them, sustain them with their advertising patronage, and thus remunerate the hard-working newspaper men. Every citizen ought to be animated by sufficient pride, if by no other motive, to sustain good papers, and thus see them worthly representatives of the people.

ADVERTISING.—Advertising is an art, and is the mother of the art of money-making. Successful advertisers unhesitatingly and gratefully declare that they owe the beginning of their prosperity and the foundation of their wealth to the liberal and judicious use of printer's ink. It is paradoxical, but not singular, that printer's ink, by blackening a man's reputation, actually benefits him. The ingenuity displayed by some accomplished advertisers makes advertising almost a fine art. These shrewd men manage to make the most unwilling read their announcements.

FOUND IT.—As laborers were at work cutting a new road through a hill, in a hollow known as Hang Hollow, near Council Bluffs, they excavated a sack containing $12,000 gold and silver money, hidden there eighteen years ago by one Muir, who murdered a comrade, a Californian, in that city. Muir was hung by a mob of Californians, and said he had hidden the money under a stump in this hollow, but refused to tell where. Many persons have hunted for this secreted treasure in vain. The laborers shared the booty equally.

INDIGNATION.—Sheridan's solicitor calling one day found his wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was "that her husband was a villain." After some time she added, with some hesitation, "Why I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent me were the very same as those he sent to his first wife."

GONE HOME.—The citadel of Quebec will be left without a single British soldier within its walls. The sound of a familiar tattoo, the marching through the streets of fine regiments of red-coated soldiers, will soon be recollected among the past. All the forts, military stores and armaments will be handed over to the Dominion Government.

WHAT IS IT?—Some Western newspapers talk about a mysterious, but fearful enemy, which is destroying flocks of sheep about Manitowoc, Wis. No marks of violence can be discovered save a small hole behind the ear, from which the blood has been sucked. The prevailing idea is that it is the work of a vampire.

A Tale of the Sea.

On the 22d of July last the American brig Shelehoff, 213 tons, was dispatched by Messrs. Glidemeister, Muecke & Co., from San Francisco, bound to Callao with a cargo. Her crew and passengers numbered in all twelve. She had a rough voyage down, and on the night of the 3d of July was caught in a cyclone. Fortunately the steamship Moses Taylor, fell in and boarded the wreck of the brig. Found one man, the captain, alive on the forecastle deck, in an exhausted condition. All others, crew and passengers, had died from starvation. The captain, who had been a man of 235 pounds, was found an emaciated skeleton, and when discovered in the forecastle of his wrecked ship weighed less than 120 pounds. The sufferings he endured for over three months cannot be told; he literally subsisted on his own fat, as he had nothing to eat. His providential rescue came at the last moment, for it is believed it was his intention to end his sufferings the same day by taking vitriol and ink. From the *Hawaiian Gazette* we glean the following particulars of the disaster:

On Thursday, October 19, at 8 A. M., a sail was discovered by the wheelman on the steamer Moses Taylor. The vessel lay directly in the steamer's track and appeared to be disabled, having but one mast standing, and only her lower topsail set, running before a fresh southeast wind. On approaching her it proved to be a brig, apparently deserted, no persons appearing in sight on board. A sail spread over the forecastle and a tent rigged in the foretop crosstrees showed that the crew had occupied these places for some time. At every lurch the sea made a clean breach over the vessel from stem to stern. To all appearance it was a wreck which had long been water-logged, and her crew taken off by some passing vessel. Her stern was broken away, the bulwarks on both sides gone, and her sails flying from the foremast in rags. On reaching the wreck the steamer stopped, and Captain Bennett sent off a boat to ascertain whether any persons were on board, and if none, whether any record could be found respecting her. The sea being quite rough, the brig lurched heavily, and the boat approached her with some difficulty. She was boarded, however, by the third officer and a seaman from the steamer, who immediately went aloft into the foretop, and finding no one, went into the forecastle where they discovered a weak, emaciated man, who exclaimed, as he saw them, "Great God Almighty, am I saved?" He was lifted into the boat and taken to the steamer, the only article brought with him being a small canvas bag containing a nautical almanac, and a vial enclosing a sheet of paper, with the date of the wreck and the names of the crew and passengers. It proved to be the American brig Shelehoff, 243 tons register, of San Francisco, bound to Callao with a cargo of lumber. The surviyvor was Captain Luder Hopken. The brig was caught in a cyclone on the night of July 3d the same date of the solar eclipse. Soon after midnight, when the cyclone was at its height, she was thrown on her beam-ends and found to be rapidly filling, and in order to prevent a total loss of the vessel and her company, her maintopmast was cut away, and she righted up. No time was allowed to save any provisions or clothing from the cabin, and the crew were obliged to retreat to the foretop to prevent being washed overboard, as every wave made a clean breach over her. The mate Mr. Johnson, died first six days after the disaster. Two half-barrels of salmon, a half-barrel of tongues, and a box of China starch were fished up out of the hold, but the drinking water was all found to be brackish. The salmon, tongues, starch, and a few fish caught with a hook from time to time, and occasionally a little rain water caught in a sail, and always more or less brackish from the salt spray, were all that the ship's company had to subsist on. Captain Hopken's account of the sufferings of his men and passengers is a most heartrending one. After the death of the mate, on the 9th of July, none occurred till September 6, when they began to become delirious and weak from hunger and thirst, and several died or jumped overboard in their delirium. Fatigue and disease, induced by hunger and salt water added to the intensity of their sufferings. Nine or ten days before the steamer rescued him, Captain Hopken states that a bark ran down to the wreck, hove to for a few minutes, and then squared away without sending off a boat or making any effort to rescue the lives of those on board, of whom there were eight then living. The bark came so near that persons could be seen moving about on her deck. Those on the brig were so weak as to be unable to stand, but got on their knees and waved pieces of sailcloth, hoping to attract attention. Their feelings, as they saw the bark square away when so near them, may be better imagined than described. Their last hope being gone, they lay down, and one after another died or leaped overboard.

The Episcopal Convention.

The Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States, has been in session in Baltimore. A very critical position and many trying questions were met, discussed in a conciliatory spirit. The discussion on the ritual, the point of divergence between the evangelical and ritualistic wings of the denomination, and the leading feature of interest before the Convention, was amicably adjusted. After a long discussion on the subject, a special resolution was adopted, thirty-five to thirty, with seven divided, forbidding the elevation of the bread and wine by the clergy when dispensing the communion, calculated to make them objects of worship, and a comprehensive resolution was unanimously passed condemning all ceremonies expressing any idea foreign to the authorized standard of the Church, and asserting that the advice of the Bishops is all that is needed to secure uniformity. The resolution condemning unauthorized changes in a Prayer-book, after being so amended as to include the introduction of unauthorized italics, punctuation and musical notation, was also passed.

A FAMILY OF FIVE PERSONS MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED.—A family named Parks was found murdered in their house near Henryville, Indiana. The family consisted of Cyrus M. Parks, his wife, Isabella, his son John aged ten years, and his daughter Eveline, aged 17, and Ellen aged 12. The heads of all were terribly beaten and crushed by some blunt instrument. The brains of Mrs. Parks and her son were scattered about the room, while their bodies were lying in beds. The daughters were found sitting in the kitchen, alive, but were delirious and fatally hurt. The neighbors heard shots in the night, but the bodies bear no bullet marks. Mr. Parks was a leading member of a church, and was much esteemed in the community. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity.

THE SMALL-POX.—There are grounds for alarm in the report from Washington as to the cause of the terrible spread of small-pox in our Eastern cities. It is semi-officially affirmed that the infected buffalo skins bought and captured from the Indians two years ago, having disappeared from quarantine, have been sold to the public, and that the prevalence of the virulent diseases is attributable thereto.

The Famine in Persia.

The following account of the famine in Persia is taken from a statement made at a public meeting recently held in London to raise money for the relief of the sufferers:

"The lamentable famine now raging in Persia, and threatening to carry off hundreds of thousands of the scanty population of that extensive kingdom, has been caused by the unparalleled drought which has prevailed throughout the country during the last three years.

"In an area far exceeding that of Great Britain and France together, no river of any importance exists, and the quantity of rain in the spring and summer is insignificant. In ordinary years, however, the fall of snow between November and March is considerable. It thickly covers the huge mountain ranges which intersect Persia, and as it melts in the spring and summer it fills the watercourses and small canals from which the peasants irrigate their crops. The soil in the valleys is naturally fertile, and a little labor insures a large harvest if only the winter snowfall has been abundant. This, unhappily, has for the last two or three years been singularly wanting; the springs, watercourses, and rivulets have been completely dried up, the corn sown over and over again has been wasted, the supplies in the country have been exhausted, and famine, with disease in its train, is now rapidly doing its deadly work.

"The population of Persia has recently been estimated at about four millions, a large proportion of whom are Eelyauts, wandering tribes who correspond to the Bedaween of Arabia and Mesopotamia. These Eelyauts principally inhabit the southern and eastern parts of the empire, where the drought has been most severe. Their means of subsistence depend mainly on their flocks and herds, which have now in some places altogether perished, owing to the total want of grass on the mountain slopes and in the valleys. The most pitiful destitution and the most appalling mortality are the results. The towns have scarcely suffered less. At Bushire, where relief is most easily afforded, and where much has been done under the auspices of the British Resident, deaths by starvation are of daily occurrence. It is reported that the population of Kazeroon, lately estimated at ten thousand, has fallen during these days of visitation to one-fifth that number; that in round numbers some four thousand have died of famine since this time last year, and a like number have fled the place. A similar condition of affairs exists at Shiraz, Koomesheh, and more or less all over the large provinces of Kirman and Khorassan, while even in the less afflicted northern districts the most lamentable distress prevails. It is reported that in the city of Ispahan alone no less than twelve thousand people have died of want, and more than double that number in the province. No material improvement can be looked for until next spring."

The City of Jounpur Destroyed.

We regret to record, says an India paper, a sudden and great disaster at Jounpur, a fine native city of the second class. It contained nearly 9,000 houses and more than 25,000 inhabitants. The Rivi-Gumti rose suddenly on the night of Friday, the 15th of September, flooding most of the moullas south of the river, and one or two on the north of it. It continued to rise all Saturday; before noon the Rohuta Mohulla, Goolar Ghat, Jehengeabad, Weilandgunj, and Joyeapur presented the appearance of canals; before evening the foundations of the houses began to give way, and then, one by one, they came crashing down, dissolved by an element as devouring as fire. All Sunday the waters began to rise, and covered the roadway of the far-famed Mohamedan bridge; the fine pucka seria was now flooded, and crowds who had taken refuge there were driven to seek another resting place. All Monday and Tuesday the waters grew mightily and prevailed: the river by this time flowed freely over the parapets of the bridge, of which only the shops or kiosks were then visible, and the flood was still rising when the last tidings reached us. The whole of the city south of the river has been totally destroyed; and as some people are skeptical when they hear of native losses, we may add that the post-office, mission school, and the solidly-built dispensary have all likewise perished. On the north side of the city many mohullas have been swept away, and in the chief bazaars the largest houses, undermined by the rushing waters, were tumbling in, one after another, with a crash like that of thunder. On a moderate computation, between 2,000 and 3,000 houses have been destroyed; many others must undergo demolition. Ten thousand persons have been deprived of house and home, and it will require all the energy of district officers and the greatest liberality on the part of the government to prevent this calamity to be followed by the ills incidental to want and exposure. This disaster, accompanied as it is by a deficient harvest and a second total failure of the indigo crop, will, we fear, inflict a blow from which the city and district will never wholly recover. It is believed that no lives have been lost. The people with good sense and forethought began removing their families as soon as the danger became imminent. Perfect order prevailed. The magisterial officers and district superintendent of police spent most of their time in the city, and the exertions of the last-named officer are said to deserve high praise. Though the waters were still rising when the mail left, we trust that the civil station is not in danger.

THE NEWSPAPER A NECESSITY.—The Cincinnati *Commercial*, describing a recent visit to Chicago, dwells upon the wonderful display of newspaper vitality as one of the notable signs of the time. Political and personal antagonisms have been sunk in efforts for the common good; rival sheets are printed amicably in the same office and on the same press; the old spitefulness and abuse have been put aside; the business men are pouring in their advertisements by the hundred, and the improvised accommodations are inadequate to supply the demand. In short, the Chicago dailies are revived with the best promise, and their profits are so large that a great part of their heavy losses will be made up in a year or two. The newspaper has become a necessity in every civilized community, and neither fire nor tempest can repress the energy which it represents.

CHICAGO SUFFERERS.—About "Chicago refugees" the *Journal* says: "Let other communities shelter and provide for those helpless and destitute women, children and infirm men who may have thrown themselves upon their charities, but when an able-bodied male 'refugee' who claims to be from Chicago, comes whining round, let him be sent off *instanter*, and tell him to go to work, either at Chicago, where labor is much needed and well paid, or somewhere else."

CONSOLIDATION.—The workingmen of Berlin are earnest in their preparations for carrying out their recently announced programme of intimate union of all the workingmen's associations in a general society for co-operative action in regard to pay, hours of work, and other questions of common interest.

The grandest verse in existence—The universe.

A Singular Wife Murder.

A brutal wife murder was perpetrated at No. 324 South Fifth street Philadelphia, as we learn from a paper of that city. The murderer is named William H. Oskins, and he has been employed for a long time past as foreman of the carpenters engaged in the construction of the goverment appraisers' stores on Second street, below Chesnut. The victim was Mrs. Mary A. Oskins. The two lived for a number of years at No. 411 South street, where Mrs. Oskins kept a millinery establishment. The husband and wife appeared to get along very unhappily together, in consequence of his dissipating and drinking a great deal. On several previous occasions his wife has left him. A day or two ago she said she would leave him for good, and went to the house of Mr. Frank Register, where the murder was committed. During the time she was there the murderer called upon her several times and tried to induce her to return and live with him. Yesterday morning he made another visit, and his wife told him in consequence of his bad habits she was afraid of him, and would not live with him, and that she intended to take measures for divorce. He expressed his willingness to this, and said he would come again to-day and talk the matter over. He then left, and Mr. Register cautioned him against making any trouble, as it would be useless, and advised him to meet the matter quietly. He answered that he would. "About 3:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon he called again, when Mr. Register was out of his office. The clerk, Mr. John S. Stow, was in the front office. Mrs. Register and deceased had just come in, having been out to consult a lawyer with regard to procuring a divorce. Oskins walked in, apparently rather excited, but with a steady step. He appeared to be somewhat under the influence of liquor. He walked up to his wife, who was sitting on a chair, and said to her, "Are you going to make this your residence?" She endeavored to make some reply to the effect that she did not know but what she would have to. He mumbled something, which could not be heard. He then deliberately took off his hat and placed it on the mantle, pulled a six-barrelled revolver from his pants pocket and fired several shots, two of which took effect, one in the head near the left temple, and the other near the heart. After he fired the first shot she tried to escape and get behind a bookcase, but he forced her right into a corner of the room and there fired the fatal shot. Mrs. Register, who was in the room, endeavored to get the child out of the room and render assistance to the poor woman. Before she could do this, however, the shooting was all over. The firing attracted the attention of the neighbors, and Colonel R. A. Winslow, who lives on the corner of Fifth and Powell streets, was called in. When he arrived he arrested Oskins and took him to the Central Police Station, where the pistol was found on him. He was arranged before Alderman Becker, who committed him to await the result of the Coroner's inquest. Oskins is about 46 years of age and his wife 45. She, for her age, was a very fine looking woman. They have two children, one a young man nearly 20 years of age, and the other a boy of 10 or 11."

Kidnapping Extraordinary.

The Chicago *Times* gives the following: Some dozen years ago, in a quiet village in the State of Illinois, there lived a young married couple named Warrington. On the occasion of the birth of their first child, a girl, a woman named Coulter was engaged as domestic. In about three weeks after her confinement, Mrs. Warrington died, while her husband was absent at work, and upon his return, he found himself not only a widower, but childless, as the nurse had absconded, taking the child with her, and no traces of her retreat could be found.

A few weeks since Mr. Warrington arrived at a small town in this vicinity, and, while strolling through the principal street, met a bright girl of about a dozen years, in whom he recognized the exact picture of his dead wife; but he had long since given up the idea of ever seeing his