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Memory.

To every life there comes a time,
Whether in youth or golden prime,
One priceless dream of love—
The gayest heart to make more bright,
The darkest soul to gladly light,
As stars shed light above.

Perchance, for some the silver thread
May clearly run through life, instead
Of being dimly lost.
That thread no fingers e'er shall find,
Altho' with fate 'twas close entwined,
Till mystic stream is crossed.

Ah! memory of one brief hour,
Return with all thy precious power,
To lighten dreary fate.
And fairer morn shall dawn at last,
Whose light no clouds will overcast,
If ye but learn to wait.

Under the Willows.

'Neath the willows by the mill-stream, with the summer sun above,
His gold light above me beaming, I am dreaming of my love;
'Neath the green leaves, 'neath the brookside willow tree,
I am dreaming of my true love; doth my true love dream of me?

They call me a fair beauty, say mine eyes make others' dim;
If I glory in that beauty, 'tis for him, it is for him!
He calls me the bright lodestar, the bright jewel of his life;
Doth he think it will be Eden to me to be his wife?

My darling, oh, my darling, the world may call me fair;
But take me to thy heart, love, and hold, oh, hold me there!
Mine eyes to thine, dear, looking—my head upon thy breast;
So shall we build together our sweet, our own home nest!

THE NEW CASHIER.

"Well, my dear, what is this dreadful affair about poor Williams?"

"What affair?" repeated her spouse, who, seated in a most delightfully comfortable chair, was solacing himself with a new review. "What affair?" he repeated, looking at her from under his spectacles, in great astonishment.

"Why, you know as well as I do," returned the lady, pettishly; "what you were talking to Mr. Day about, this afternoon."

The bank director gazed in still increasing wonder.

"When Maggie was on the steps," added his wife.

"Oh!" said he, returning, with a low laugh, to his book, "it was nothing."

"Now you need not tell me so," answered his wife; "it was something, and I insist upon knowing what."

Mrs. Lindsey's "insists" were by no means terrifying. He replied, therefore, quietly: "My dear, it is impossible for me to tell you; it was a secret confided to me."

Then there is something, thought she, triumphantly, although silent at the last speech. Mrs. Lindsey walked about the next day with the important air of a person who had made a discovery. She looked preternaturally wise and fearfully solemn, even while washing the breakfast cups, and expiring with impatience for the arrival of the afternoon. She went over as soon after dinner as it was decent, to pass it with her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Vernon. This lady had not been her friend and neighbor for so many years without discovering the infallible signs and symptoms of a secret; so sat determined not to take the slightest hint, or betray the least curiosity, being a very sure way, she very well knew, of nipping the intended disclosure in the bud. She permitted Mrs. Lindsey to run on till she had exhausted herself, in such like truisms: "How distressing it is to be deceived in any one you have respected and liked;" "Well, truth is stranger than fiction;" "What a world we live in;" "Certainly one learns new things every day;" "I never was more surprised in my life than I was yesterday." This looked like coming to the point, so Mrs. Vernon raised her eyes and began to appear interested. "But," said Mrs. Lindsey, drawing back her head (as she perceived the movement) with no little dignity, "one must keep some things to one's self." Mrs. Vernon looked down on her knitting, and began talking of indifferent matters. Nothing could be more becoming. Piqued at her affected lack of curiosity, Mrs. Lindsey, in a sort of spite, made the disclosure.

"I can never look at him again without horror and disgust," exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, after a moment of breathless astonishment. "Who could believe it! Such an agreeable, handsome young man, but Satan knows well enough where to choose his servants."

"I really thought it was my duty to tell you," continued Mrs. Lindsey, gratified beyond measure at the effect she had produced, "for he has been so very polite, you know, to your daughter Gertrude, and now, of course"—

"Of course," interrupted her friend, "she shall have nothing more to say to him."

"I would not cut him dead, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Lindsey, in some alarm, "for nothing more of this is to come out, you understand. My husband, Dr. Day, and all of them, it appears, have determined to conceal it, and as the young man has behaved very well since his arrival here, we must on no account rake up this old matter."

"Oh! certainly; I shall say nothing, you may depend upon it," answered her companion, "except to warn Gertrude, and insist upon her discouraging his attentions and treating him with great coolness. What can he have done?" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause.

"That is more than I can tell," answered Mrs. Lindsey. "The words certainly give one's imagination free scope. I have thought of everything, and really could not sleep last night for distress and fear. I imagined him gliding into the bank with false keys and shaded lantern, and perhaps setting fire to it afterward for the purpose of concealing his depredations; which, as we live so near, you know, would be anything but pleasant. Sometimes I think there were defalcations in the accounts, and he threatened to kill Mr. Bennett, who perhaps discovered it, if he betrayed him. Then again, I do not know but he has killed somebody."

Mrs. Vernon's face reflected every variety of horror.

"There he is," she almost shrieked, looking out of the window; "he is coming here."

Both ladies rose hurriedly, the first impulse being to run and lock the door, but as Mr. Williams did not display any belligerent intention, but walked with a very quiet and composed air up the steps and rang, Mrs. Vernon contented herself with ordering the servant to say that "Miss Gertrude was engaged."

This proceeding occasioned no slight disappointment and surprise to both Mr. Williams and the lady of his love, who, with beating heart and blushing face, had from an upper window witnessed his approach. She had glanced in the glass to ascertain just how pretty she was looking, then stood awaiting momentarily a summons down. But she was deceived. The hall door closed, and the servant retreated again to her quarters.

No message, book or note—what could it mean?

"Mamma," she exclaimed, after waiting an impatient half hour for Mrs. Lindsey's exit, "Mr. Williams called here this afternoon, and was not admitted—what does it mean?"

"Do not speak of him, my dear;" returned her mother, with vehemence, "wretch that he is."

"Why, what is the matter?" answered her astonished auditor, a slight tremor in her voice alone betraying her agitation, for the darkened room concealed the pallid cheek, and wild, startled expression in the soft, blue eye. Mrs. Vernon repeated the conversation which had just taken place, filling her daughters mind with the same mysterious, undefined suspicions which agitated her own, and concluded by commanding her not to glance, talk or think anything more of Mr. Frank Williams.

Mr. Frank Williams, the victim of these machinations, was one of those universally popular and happily constituted characters who take everywhere, with young and old, grave and gay. His peculiarly fascinating exterior had, of course, something to do with this, but, more than all, a never ending flow of good spirits and amiability, or suavitiveness, as phrenologists would term it, which possesses an irresistible attraction. This much vaunted quality made him play, romp and make himself as ridiculous as they could desire with children, just as he could listen with the most deferential and interested attention to the long, dull harangues of their papas and mammas.

His bow to his lady love, Miss Gertrude Vernon, was the perfection of courtesy and grace, so it was to poor old Mr. Anderson, who sold books and pamphlets at the little shop on the corner of the street. The very attendants at the large house where he boarded had wings when he was to be served. Yes, Mr. Frank Williams was, or rather had been, a universal favorite. But, lo! a wondrous change. The pleasurable flutter, agitation and smiles, which were wont to mark his approach at parties, all had disappeared, and in their place he beheld a sullen and ominous gravity and shrinking. Young ladies instead of being "most happy," were "engaged," or "fatigued," or "just going home," when he asked them to dance. Miss Cornelia Wendall no longer declared she could not think of singing without an accompaniment, and glanced a pair of most coquettishly beautiful eyes, significantly as she spoke. No! she did not accept them when he tendered his services. The pretty widow, Mrs. Harcourt, no longer seized his arm and carried him off captive, *nolens volens*, by way of shielding herself, as she protested, from the attacks of that insufferable bore, her sexagenarian adorer, Mr. Mills. A mamma came up one evening and absolutely took her daughter off without preface or apology, who was hesitating, blushing and "believing that her father was going home with her," when Mr. Williams requested that honor. There were no more little suppers and family dinners for him at Mrs. Lindsey's, and little Maggie not only refused in the most dignified manner to be caressed and played with, but dashed over the other side of the street, whenever she saw him coming, in evident perturbation and alarm. The gay, merry, flattering world had changed amazingly for Mr. Frank Williams; "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," all vanished; he begun to doubt whether he was himself. To complete his desperation, the lady of his love had waned from timid delight to chill indifference, and from chill indifference to cold contempt, proposing in the full luxuriance of which last he received a most emphatic and indignant "No!" for his trouble. Mr. Williams confided some of his distressing sensations to his friend, Mr. Lindsey, who confided them to his wife, and wondered what the deuce had got into the people, particularly that silly little girl, Gertrude Vernon, for treating a fine, gentlemanly fellow like Williams in such a scandalous manner.

Mrs. Lindsey said nothing, but thought a great deal; her woman's heart failed within her for fear, and over her pillow that night flitted visions of suits for slander and defamation, courts and costs, mingled with those of a justly infuriated husband, and the new cashier's handsome person extended at full length with his brains blown out. On considering the matter the next day, however, there was a possibility that some one else might have done the mischief, and without betraying herself she determined to proceed, in the most diplomatic manner possible, to the discovery of this fact. At a small party where Mr. Frank Williams was not, she seated herself by Mrs. Maxwell, a charming young married lady and friend of his, who had remained cordially true and kind amidst the volley of cold looks and icy greetings by which the unfortunate youth had been assailed.

"What can be the reason," exclaimed Mrs. Lindsey, with a wonderfully ignorant and sympathizing air, "why that agreeable young man, Mr. Williams, is not here to-night?"

"He was not invited," replied her auditor, coldly, with most suspicious brevity.

"Not invited?" echoed Mrs. Lindsey, as if she really could not credit the full horror of the fact, of which, by-the-way, she was aware before. Her companion made no reply, and Mrs. Lindsey begun on another tack. "I do not think he is as great a favorite as when he first came here." Still no answer, and Mrs. Lindsey, who did not find this "monologueing" particularly agreeable, turned to her silent auditor, and exclaimed: "What can be the reason?"

"I should imagine you would know, Mrs. Lindsey," answered the lady, at length, with no little indignation, "for it was something that you told Mrs. Vernon, and Mrs. Vernon told Mrs. Fisher, and Mrs. Fisher told her cousin Mrs. Wells, and she told Mrs. Davis, and she told—nobody knows who; suffice it to say, that every man, woman and child in this place has heard the "something," and it is doing a deserving young man incalculable injury and ruining his prospects in every way."

"What will become of me?" thought Mrs. Lindsey, in an agony, as she walked home that night. "Oh! that treacherous Mrs. Vernon, when I told her in all friendliness, too, entirely on her daughter Gertrude's account, and she promised me that she never would speak of it again!"

Early the next morning she sallied into Mrs. Vernon's and asked, with quivering lips and ashy cheek, whether she had mentioned "that affair" about Mr. Frank Williams to any one.

Her friend looked excessively frightened and silly herself for a moment or two, then acknowledged that she "had spoken of it to Mrs. Fisher, but she was sure she had not told—she would go and see her without delay."

"But she has though," replied Mrs. Lindsey, with the energy of despair; "she told her cousin Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Wells told Mrs. Douglass, and Mrs. Douglass told Mrs. Davis, and it is all over town."

Nothing except Mrs. Lindsey's consternation could equal Mrs. Vernon's. But a drowning man catches at a straw.

"There may be some mistake," she replied, "at all events I'll go and see Mrs. Fisher this afternoon."

"How could you, Mrs. Fisher," begun Mrs. Vernon, "tell that affair about Mr. Williams, which I confided to you, under the strictest injunctions of secrecy?"

Mrs. Fisher looked up at the ceiling, down on the floor, and out of the window, and gathering courage, doubtless, from the survey of these prospects, said, in a faltering tone, "that she had only told cousin Mrs. Wells, who was very prudent, and never mentioned anything."

"But she has not been very prudent this time," answered Mrs. Vernon, with no little acrimony, "for she has told Mrs. Douglass, who has told Mrs. Davis, who informed the whole town, I imagine, for everybody knows it."

Not half an hour elapsed before Mrs. Fisher's hat and cloak were on, and she was in Mrs. Wells' parlor.

"Lucy," she exclaimed, when she met her cousin, "how could you tell anybody what I told you about Mr. Frank Williams? I certainly thought that in mentioning a thing to you I was safe—I would no sooner have trusted it to a dumb woman—what possessed you to tell this?"

"I did not exactly tell it," answered Mrs. Wells, with a crimson face, "or rather, I have no idea of betraying confidence. Mrs. Douglass said something, from which I had no doubt that she knew all about it, and answering her with this idea, of course, very innocently, made in some measure the disclosure, then concluded it would be more prudent to tell her all and bind her to secrecy."

"Which she has not kept," said Mrs. Fisher, "for she has told Mrs. Davis, who has told the whole town, I suspect, for everybody knows it, and it is making a great deal of trouble."

"I am very sorry," answered Mrs. Wells. "What can I do? Shall I go and see Mrs. Douglass?"

"Yes, by all means; put on your things now, and then come to our house and tell me what she says," replied her cousin.

Mrs. Wells was a timid woman, and it took her some time to broach the subject.

"You remember what I told you about Mr. Williams?" she said, at length, in a low, confused tone.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Douglass, with the most composed air in the world.

"Did you ever tell any one—Mrs. Davis?" stammered poor Mrs. Wells, feeling like the victim herself.

"No!" answered Mrs. Douglass, "Mrs. Davis told me."

"Is it possible?" said her auditor, in a delighted surprise. "How did she hear it?"

"It was the same story; it came from Mrs. Lindsey," answered her friend. "She told Mrs. Allan, who told Mrs. Johnson, who told Mrs. White, who told Mrs. Davis, and she told me."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Wells, with an astonished expression of countenance peculiar to herself. "Indeed!"

What a racing and chasing was there that livelong afternoon about "that affair" of Mr. Frank Williams. What a commotion in eight or ten feminine hearts (married ones! too) of which he was most unwittingly the cause. Purple, brown and stone colored cloaks were dodging each other in all directions, and after explanations and re-explanations by scores, everybody shook their hands free of the matter, voting that Mrs. Lindsey was the guilty person, on whom retribution should fall. She (unfortunate woman) was sitting quietly at home in pleasing ignorance of all this commotion, when Mrs. Vernon, with a peculiarly pursed-up expression of countenance, came in. Never since the memory of man, or woman either, had her friend and neighbor looked so awfully solemn and rigidly severe. Mrs. Lindsey had not heart or voice enough to bid her "good-evening;" she merely motioned her to a seat, and gazing steadfastly at her, waited for her to begin.

"I am surprised, Mrs. Lindsey," at length said the lady, "at your attacking me with making public that story about Mr. Williams, when you have informed everybody else of it, as well as myself." Still, Mrs. Lindsey said nothing; she merely looked for a further explanation.

"You told Mrs. Allan," said her companion, in reply to the look, "and she told Mrs. Johnson, and"—

"I told Mrs. Allan?" gasped Mrs. Lindsey, at length; "I never told any one but you."

"What! not one Sunday, coming from church?" A sudden light glanced upon poor Mrs. Lindsey.

"But I did not tell her anything," answered she; "I merely hinted at something."

"Well! that is the amount of it," said her friend; "it is a hint at something with all of us, and none of us know what it means; and I, for my part, am inclined to think the whole affair is but a child's nonsense, magnified by a very timid, nervous woman."

And with this neighborly speech upon her lips, Mrs. Vernon departed. This was by no means the last of Mrs. Lindsey's troubles that evening, for her lord and master came home at nine o'clock in a towering passion about the same matter. It appeared that on being interrogated by Mr. Frank Williams as to the cause and occasion of the offense he appeared to have given people in general, his friend, Mr. Maxwell, had told him that it was something which came through Mrs. Lindsey, which she had heard from her husband; and what the "something" was, she nor nobody else knew. Convinced that there was some mistake, for Mr. Williams was not apt to suspect his friends, and Mr. Lindsey he knew was his friend, he hastened to that gentleman and asked an explanation. For a moment Mr. Lindsey was bewildered; he was as ignorant as Williams himself; but a thought of Maggie and his wife's suspicions on that evening flashed across him.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I am distressed that this has happened. I understand perfectly what it is; all nonsense—silly women, silly women."

And he raced home, leaving his auditor, if possible, more astonished than he had found him. Mr. Lindsey was really furious, and his meditations on the way home as to all Williams had suffered in consequence of his wife's gossip did not serve to calm his feelings.

"And so, my dear," said he, as he dashed into the room, "you've been making a pretty dish for yourself."

Mrs. Lindsey heard in silence, while her spouse walked up and down the room wondering how women came to be such fools and his wife such a particular one, and concluded by striding up to his terrified helpmate and asking her "what he was to say to Mr. Williams for all her confounded nonsense?"

"But he has done something dreadful; you know he has," she sobbed, at length, by way of a palliation.

"What do you mean?" said her husband, sternly.

"You told Mr. Day, yourself," she continued, in an agony of tears.

"Yes, I told him," replied her husband, "that Mr. Bennett's silly daughter chose to fall in love with Williams, and as her flame evidently was not returned, her father was very glad of an opportunity of getting him out of the way before the girl made a fool of herself. This was confided to me as a secret, which was the reason I did not tell you at the time, for I know very well what a secret is in the hands of a woman—the whole race—even my little Maggie can keep nothing to herself."

In spite of this taunting speech, his tone softened, and Mrs. Lindsey gained courage.

"I am sorry, my dear," said she, "that I have made so much mischief, but there is no use groaning over it now. I'll endeavor to mend it as far as possible. I'll tell everybody that it was a mistake of mine, and take the blame on my own unfortunate shoulders; besides saying everything necessary and appropriate to Mr. Williams himself."

A week from that night did Mrs. Lindsey make as many graceful and apologetic remarks as she could well muster to Mr. Frank Williams, and little Maggie shower down kisses and tears innumerable on his cheeks. He went from there to a party where all the young ladies in town lavished on him their brightest smiles and most particular attentions; not omitting even Miss Gertrude Vernon, whose lovely blue eyes followed him with such a bewitching and bewildering interest that he could not forbear whispering:

"You'll not refuse to permit me to escort you home?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Williams," she replied, with a blush and a smile.

"Never, never, will I repeat anything that I hear again," was Mrs. Lindsey's concluding exclamation that evening—"particularly to that good-for-nothing Mrs. Vernon," she added, mentally.

Sufferings of the Servian Wounded.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, writing to the London *Daily News* from Paratzin, says: It is well that the Servian wounded do not seem to expect much or to care for neglect. I never saw finer stoicism. Not a groan was uttered as the rough carts bumped over the jagged stones, not a murmur indicating that the fierce sun beating down on the sufferers was an inconvenience, much less an insupportable anguish. They are flesh and blood, of course, and one would imagine that flesh and blood of one race must feel physical suffering as acutely as the flesh and blood of another. But we have evidence that this is not so. The Hindoo endures without apparent serious inconvenience wounds under which the British soldier writhes in agony, and the former recovers easily and speedily from an operation after which the latter will for weeks and months be prostrate.

The Servians say of themselves that they are "hardy," but I cannot but think that this hardihood in making light of wounds and suffering is to be ascribed at least in part to a less acute sense of physical pain than is the characteristic of people living under less primitive conditions. God knows it is a good thing for them if this is so, for there is small appliance for mitigating the anguish or promoting the recovery of the Servian wounded. I have seen nothing used for the cleansing and dressing of wounds but a jet of cold water, a tuft of lint, oftener of common tow, and an insufficient bandage. Splints are made as they are wanted, of a bit of bark, or the lid of a box. There is no chloroform, and there are no hospital comforts. I saw a man with a smashed elbow, whose bandage was in an indescribably loathsome state, get out of a wagon, enter a public house, buy for himself some bread and wine, and consume the same on a settee outside, with a serene indifference to the condition which, I am bound to state, was shared by those about him.

But this indifference, personal and general as it is, cannot wholly cope with the inexorable conditions which nature enforces. Hospital gangrene follows swift on neglected wounds, and the man who survives hospital gangrene, even if he be a Servian, is exceptionally fortunate. In hospitals here—if you can apply such a name to the places in which the wounded are littered—there are "gangrene wards" which, although the drain of death is steady, are nevertheless always full.

An Heiress to $560,000,000.

Miss Melissa Elder was a poor clerk in a hotel dining-room in Atchison, Kansas, and here is the account from a journal of that city of her wonderful luck: A short time ago Melissa Elder fell heir to £112,000,000 sterling, amounting to about $560,000,000. It seems that her great-great-grandfather, on her mother's side, who was a Roman senator, had all his property, which consisted of a vast amount of real estate in and around the city of Rome, confiscated to the Roman empire on account of his being concerned with Marc Antony in the terrible assault on the body of Cæsar. Cæsar's wife was also accused at the same time, but Marc Antony afterward said she was above suspicion, and nothing was done in the matter. All the property of Melissa's great-great-grandfather, however, was confiscated upon the testimony of a detective. The detective afterward was taken with frenzied remorse, and wrote a full confession, moved to Pompeii, and was living in that ill-fated town when the sudden catastrophe which befell it cut him down in the prime of life. During the recent discoveries among the ruins of Pompeii this confession was discovered, and Miss Elder's great-great-grandfather was fully vindicated. A Chicago lawyer, who was traveling through Europe, heard of the circumstance, and by aid of detectives, found in the person of Melissa Elder the only surviving heir of her lamented great-great-grandfather. The lawyer has taken the prosecution of the case on a contingent fee, and Melissa leaves for Rome to take possession of that town. Of course, we tender our congratulations; $560,000,000 do not grow on bushes.

The Probabilities of Sickness.

The business of life insurance is largely based on purely mathematical calculation, involving the laws of probabilities, the object of which is to determine, by careful comparison of extended statistical returns, and like information, the probable duration of a person's life at every year of his existence. On the tabulated results is founded the scale of premium charges, proportionate to the risk assumed. While every one is, of course, interested in knowing how long he is likely to live, he has a more immediate and vital interest in learning how often he is likely to be sick, and for how many days per year he will probably, by ill health, be incapacitated for work. Dr. Reginald Southey has recently been delivering a course of valuable lectures on "Individual Hygiene" in London, and in one he introduced a table of "Expectation of Sickness," which he had prepared, and which is as follows: At twenty years of age, calculate on four sick days yearly. At twenty to thirty, five or six days. At forty-five, seven days. At fifty, nine or ten days. At fifty-five, twelve or thirteen days. At sixty, sixteen days. At sixty-five, thirty-one days. At seventy, seventy-four days.

Of course this refers to people of average good health, and not to those who may be afflicted with any ineradicable or chronic ailment.

A Case on Trial.

Judge and jury have been worrying over a dog case in Memphis, Tenn. Nothing could have been simpler than the issue of fact. A man stole a Newfoundland dog; but the law in regard to property in dogs always has been past finding out. The prisoner's counsel argued that under the common law dog stealing was not a crime or an indictable offense, and that no statute exists in Tennessee making dog stealing a punishable offense, such as larceny. Judge Adams held that the stealing of a dog was not a larceny or an indictable offense, and that the demurrer of the defendant to the indictment on this ground was good. The attorney general then raised the point that the collar on the dog was personal property, and the defendant could be held to answer for theft; but the adroit attorney on the other side retorted that the man took the dog, and that it was the dog, and not the man, that was responsible for the collar. The prisoner was finally discharged. Now, the old question comes up: If a dog is not property, is the dog tax constitutional?

A THREE DAYS' VISIT.

Seeing the Fair in Three Days—Advice to Those whose Visits must be Brief—Notable Objects to be Seen in Each Department—Programme for Each Day.

FIRST DAY.

Ride around the grounds on the steam railway; then devote the whole day to the Main building. As there are thirty-six different national sections in it, this will give an average of only fifteen minutes to each. To some you will do well to devote half an hour or even more, while others will have to be passed over with a hurried glance. The most noticeable and characteristic exhibits in each are named below.

United States—Silverware, jewels, chemicals, furniture, the book trade pavilion, chandeliers, the piano pavilions, the marble and slate mantels, and the very extensive display of textile fabrics. The educational exhibits in the south and east galleries should also be seen.

Mexico—Most noticeable are the immense casting of silver, the articles of Mexican onyx, and the leather and woven goods.

Netherlands—See the engineering exhibit and the East India curiosities.

Brazil—Notice the feather flowers and beetle jewelry; take a glance at the photographs and the furniture.

Belgium—See the court of laces and the schoolhouse (both will be found at some distance back from the main aisle). Notice in the aisle the great pulpit of carved oak.

Switzerland—Watches, lace curtains, embroideries and carved woodwork are the best exhibits.

France—Half an hour should be spent here, examining the bronzes, porcelain, tapestries, silks, Limoges enamel, laces, ladies' dresses, and the multitude of fancy articles. See also the church images and decorations.

England—This department also requires much time. The silverware, porcelain, Doulton ware, ornamental tiles, furniture, and the product of the royal school of needlework are best worth notice.

India—The carved furniture, jewelry, fine tissues of silk and linen, shawls and embroideries are admirable.

Canada—No special objects. A walk through the section will reveal a remarkable variety of excellent manufactures, resembling closely those of the United States.

Minor British Colonies—Beginning with Jamaica, which fronts on the central aisle, these exhibits extend in a line back to the wall. A glance should be taken at each.

The Australian Group—It includes Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania; all lie together, but each has a separate court. While there is a marked similarity, each colony has objects of special interest, and each court should be visited.

Sweden—Here the costumed peasant figures, the porcelain, the furs and the iron are most worthy of attention.

Norway—See the filigree jewelry, the figures of Laplanders and the picturesque iron exhibit.

Italy—Carved woodwork, mosaics, corals, jewelry, and photographs.

Argentine Republic—Not particularly interesting. See the minerals, the vicuna shawls, and the trunk that can be converted into a bed, hotel table, etc.

Peru (back of the Argentine Republic)—The Aztec skulls and articles from ancient tombs are alone worth seeing.

Orange Free State (still further back)—Diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Chili—Not much besides minerals.

China—Porcelain and wonderful carvings in wood and ivory. Do not miss the carved bedstead.

Japan—Give as much time as you can spare to this section. The bronzes, porcelains, lacquered work, and embroidered screens are inimitable.

Denmark—Stop only to see the beautiful imitations of Etruscan and Egyptian pottery in the first alcove.

Tunis (back of Denmark)—Notice the inlaid arms, jewelry, engraved silverware, and rich gold-thread embroideries.

Sandwich Islands (next the wall)—Queen Emma's feather cloak, wooden bowls, and native ornaments and utensils should be seen.

Egypt—The gorgeous embroideries, the curious Arabic engraved brass salvers, the stuffed crocodile, and the handsome cabinets may be seen in a few minutes.

Turkey—The finest sights are embroideries in silk, linen, and woolen, pipes, curious pottery, old arms, and attar of roses.

Portugal (back of Turkey)—Here the peculiar pottery, the filigree jewelry, and the fine carvings in wood for architectural ornaments are best worth seeing.

Spain—Examine the emblematic facade to the Spanish court. Also the mural tiles, carved sideboards, pottery, silver, and the large show of textile fabrics.

Russia—One of the most interesting sections. See the silverware, the malachite and lapis-lazuli objects, the cloths of gold and silver, and the furs.

Austrian-Hungary—Here the Bohemian glass, the Viennese work in gilt, bronze, leather, meerschaum, and amber, the garnet jewelry, and the Hungarian opals should be seen.

Germany—The Berlin porcelain, the collective book exhibit, and the pianos are best features.

SECOND DAY.

Visit first the Shoe and Leather building. There is a good deal of sameness here, but the display gives, by its extent, a strong impression of the importance of this industry. The shoemaking machinery is very interesting. Go next to Machinery hall. Three broad avenues run the whole length of this huge structure, and by traversing each slowly and diverging from the one on the south side into the hydraulic annex, a good general idea will be gained of the largest collection of machines in motion the world has ever had an opportunity of seeing. The following manufacturing processes carried on every day will be found worth stopping a few minutes to inspect: Weaving silks, woolens, carpets, stockings, book marks, etc., printing, lithographing, paper making, scroll sawing, barrel making, glass engraving, chocolate and candy making, type casting, type writing, making gutta percha shoes, tobacco making, watchmaking, rock drilling, and many other operations. From Machinery hall the visitor should walk rapidly past the buildings at the western end of the grounds, noticing particularly the glass factory and the Chilian, Japanese, English, and Spanish buildings, entering the latter for a few minutes' stay. The Government building, the Woman's pavilion, and the Horticultural hall will finish the day's work.

THIRD DAY.

Divide the day between the Art galleries and Agricultural hall. In Memorial hall see the Castellani collection and the English gallery pretty thoroughly; look at Makart's Catherine Carnaro in the Austrian gallery; pass rapidly through the French, German, Swedish and American collections, not forgetting, however, to notice in the former the Gobelin tapestry; see the Spanish and Russian pictures with more care, and do not overlook the mosaics sent by the Pope, and a few really good Norwegian landscapes. Then pass to the annex, where there are acres of mediocrity, with here and there a good canvas. The Dutch and Belgian collections are perhaps the best, but there are some American and French pictures that ought not to be missed. The Italian marbles will be found pretty and attractive.

Take, if possible, a half hour for the Photographic hall, where there are admirable displays by English, French, Australian, German, Russian, Austrian, Swedish and American photographers.

In Agricultural hall see first in succession the various foreign sections—English, French, Japanese, Dutch, Venezuelan, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Canadian, Italian and Liberian. During the remainder of the time at your disposal walk through the aisles in the American department and examine the most interesting exhibits. The aquaria should not be forgotten, and a little time should be devoted to the Brewers' building near the hall.—*New York Tribune.*

The United States Senate.

The New York *Tribune*, in reviewing the Senate and the political situation of the next body, says: As the Senate now stands there are seventy-one members only qualified; one elected but not yet sworn in (Mr. Blaine), and two vacancies—one in Louisiana, in place of Mr. Pinchback, and one in West Virginia, in place of Mr. Carperton. Of the whole number of seventy-four, the terms of twenty-five will expire on the fourth of March next, namely: Alcorn, of Mississippi; Anthony, of Rhode Island; Blaine, of Maine; Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Clayton, of Arkansas; Cooper, of Tennessee; Cragin, of New Hampshire; Davis, of West Virginia; Ferry, of Michigan; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Goldthwaite, of Alabama; Hamilton, of Texas; Harvey, of Kansas; Hitchcock, of Nebraska; Johnston, of Virginia; Kelly, of Oregon; Logan, of Illinois; Norwood, of Georgia; Ransom, of North Carolina; Robertson, of South Carolina; Saulsbury, of Delaware; Stevenson, of Kentucky; West, of Louisiana; Windom, of Minnesota, and Wright, of Iowa. Of the twenty-five, sixteen are Republicans and nine Democrats. Messrs. Anthony and Johnston have already been re-elected. Mr. Lamar has been chosen in place of Mr. Alcorn; E. H. Rollins in place of Mr. Cragin; Gov. Coke in place of Mr. Hamilton; James B. Beck in place of Mr. Stevenson, and Gov. Kirkwood in place of Mr. Wright. Of those so far chosen for the term ending 1883, three are Republicans and four Democrats, being a gain of two for the Democracy.

The terms of twenty-four senators will expire in 1879 and twenty-five in 1881. Of the forty-nine senators holding over from the fourth of next March, twenty-seven are Republicans, nineteen Democrats, and one Independent (Mr. Booth, of California). There are two vacancies, one from West Virginia and one from Louisiana. Adding the senators already elected for the term beginning in March next, the next Senate stands thirty Republicans, twenty-three Democrats and one Independent. Counting Colorado, which is now a State, there are twenty-two senators yet to be chosen, dependent on the elections coming off in the fall. In order to secure a majority of one, the Democracy must elect sixteen of these twenty-two, and they have the following States to select from: Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana (two), West Virginia (two), Illinois, Michigan, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon and Colorado. It will thus be seen that it is almost a certainty that the Republicans will control the Senate for the first two years of the new administration, but by a small majority.

Growth of the United States.

The American nation began its first century of existence with a population of 2,750,000. It has now, by the best estimates, 44,675,000. The area has been extended from 800,000 to 3,603,844 square miles. The development of agriculture, under the pressure of immigration and the stimulus of mechanical invention, has been utterly without precedent. The value of manufactures has advanced from $20,000,000 to $4,200,000,000. Foreign and domestic commerce has taken gigantic strides. The development of mineral resources has not been the work of a century, but of fifty years. There were few banks in the colonies in 1776; there are more than 6,000 now. Internal improvements and the common school system have kept pace with immigration.

While annexation has quadrupled our area since the Revolution, it has contributed very little to the population. The purchase of Louisiana, Florida, California and New Mexico brought in fewer than 150,000 inhabitants, and the acquisition of Texas and Oregon merely restored to citizenship those who had immigrated from the United States.

The aggregate area covered by population in 1790 was 239,935 square miles. The main line of settlements ran 1,000 miles along the coast from the mouth of the Penobscot to the Altamaha, with an average extent inland of from 100 to 250 miles. A few pioneers had made their homes in the Ohio valley; there were two or three patches of settlement in Kentucky; there was a village in Indiana and another in Michigan; and there were bands of adventurous spirits as far west as Illinois. The Louisiana purchase in 1803, supplemented by the Oregon treaty of 1846, added 1,171,931 square miles to the national domain; the Spanish cession in 1819 embraced 59,268 square miles; the annexation of Texas in 1845, the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, and the Gadsden purchase in 1853, brought in 967,451 square miles; and, finally, Mr. Seward's Alaska investment involved the acquisition of 500,000 square miles. The total area is now 3,603,844 square miles, or 1,042,000,000 acres, one-half of which are public lands. In surface extent three nations surpass the United States—the British, Chinese and Russian empires. The arable land under cultivation is less than one-tenth of the total area.

An Offer.

A breach of promise suit reported in the London newspapers turned on the question whether the defendant actually made an offer of marriage. The affirmative evidence was the following verse, which he sent to the plaintiff:

Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Jane, I am undone.
Oh, come, my charmer, lets away
To church and end this strife;
How blest will be each night and day
When, Jane, you are my wife.

The jury deemed this a fair and square matrimonial offer, and awarded Jane £40 damages.

EMPLOYMENT.—It is something new, says the New York *Herald*, for Scotland to send to America for workmen. One hundred stone masons in New York city have been engaged to go to Greenock. Novel as this seems it is not so unreasonable as coming from the West to seek employment in New York.

THE ESCAPED FENIANS.

How the Plot for their Escape was Arranged and Carried Out—Its Success.

The method of escape of the Fenian prisoners, six in number, who have arrived in New York, was suggested by the experience of John Boyle O'Reilly, now editor of the Boston *Pilot*. In 1869 the whaling bark Gazelle, of New Bedford, was cruising off the Australian coast, under command of Capt. David R. Gifford. To this vessel O'Reilly, then a prisoner, was conveyed in a small boat, through the assistance of his friends. Capt. Henry C. Hathaway, then third mate of the Gazelle and now city marshal of New Bedford, was instrumental in saving the escaped prisoner's life, who, having been by some mischance thrown into the water, was supported there for several hours by Capt. Hathaway, and finally rescued in nearly a lifeless condition. From this incident and Capt. Hathaway's kindness and sympathy, a warm friendship sprung up between the two men, which has since continued. O'Reilly was very anxious to assist the other Fenian prisoners to escape, and when, after consultation with other sympathizers in this country, it was concluded to make an attempt in that direction, the manner of his own escape naturally suggested the most feasible plan.

Capt. Hathaway's advice was sought by those in charge of the expedition, and he was urged to take command of it, but this he felt obliged to refuse. He, however, gave them the benefit of his experience on the Australian coast, and his directions were followed almost to the letter. The bark Catalpa, of 202 tons, then in the merchant business, though formerly a whaler, was purchased, nominally, by John T. Richardson, of New Bedford, and others, Mr. Richardson, who owns an eighth interest, acting as agent. As the vessel was to sail ostensibly for a whaling voyage, she was fitted out for that purpose, under the direction of Capt. Hathaway. Capt. George Anthony, a man about thirty years old, and who from his youth has been engaged in whaling, was selected as master. This was his first voyage in that capacity, but the seamanship and courage he had displayed previously, fitted him for the position.

The Catalpa sailed from New Bedford, April 29, 1875, clearing for a whaling cruise in the Atlantic and Indian oceans. The crew was composed mainly of Malays and Portuguese. So quietly had all the arrangements been made that no suspicion of the true object of the voyage was excited. It is said that the only persons in addition to the promoters of the scheme who knew of the plan were Capt. Hathaway and Mr. Richardson. Capt. Anthony, of course, knew the nature of his errand. None of his crew had been informed of this, although it is thought that the cooper, who is an Irishman, may have had some idea of it. The whaling merchants in New Bedford denounced the purchase and fitting out of the Catalpa as a foolish venture. The first news from the vessel after she sailed was received in March of this year, when she was reported to be off the west coast of Australia, with 250 barrels of sperm oil. When the first intimation of the rescue was received in May last, it was generally disbelieved, even the agent stating that the vessel could not be in the place assigned to her. It was generally thought that the Catalpa would first make port at New Bedford, although the originators of the expedition expected she would land the rescued men either at Fernandina or Charleston. The six men who escaped were soldiers in the English army, and were sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The Story of the Hodja.

Once as the hodja of Turkey was walking in a cemetery by the side of a highway, it occurred to him to hide in an old tomb to watch whether the good and bad angels of judgment would come. While he was thus waiting, all at once there came the sound of bells; and struck with the idea that the day of resurrection and the last judgment were at hand, he crept out of his hiding place. It was a caravan going by, and the mules, frightened at the sudden apparition, fell into disorder and "stampeded." Upon this the mule drivers, sticks in hand, beset the hodja, and inquired who he was.

"A dead man."

"What are you doing out here, then?"

"Only taking a walk."

"A walk? We'll walk you!" And they assaulted the hodja with such vigor that he only escaped with many bruises, a broken head and two black eyes.

When his wife saw him in such a plight, she asked where he came from.

"From the dead," said he. "I have been in a tomb."

"Well, how do things go on in the other world?"

"Why, wife, you had better look out there for one thing—not to frighten the pack mules."

A Wholesale Trader in Live Stock.

Capt. Richard King lives on his farm (Santa Gertrudes) thirty miles from Corpus Christi, Texas, and in March last sold to one party from Kansas 26,000 head of horned cattle (all out of his own stock) for the sum of $327,500, deliverable in Hoyt City, Kansas, $100,000 paid down in cash, and the balance on delivery; and in April he sent off the stock in thirteen droves, which arrived all safe. To be certain to have the requisite number to be delivered, he added 5,000 extra head, and still has left some 50,000 head, besides 25,000 head of sheep, and 7,000 or 8,000 head of horse and mule stock. He has some 60,000 acres of land under fence, and is now fencing in 60,000 acres more, and still has 140,000 acres in and about the same tract. It took 700 men to drive this lot of stock, and upward of $50,000 for the outfit.

Robbed by Daylight.

A Dallas (Texas) letter says: Two robbers entered the office of the State savings bank, on Main street, jumped over the counter and commenced an attack on Mr. E. H. Gruber, president of the bank, felling him to the floor by a blow on the head with a "navy revolver." They then helped themselves to what money they could find. When the alarm was raised they ran into a back alley, where there horses were hitched, and rode off toward the south. Pursuit was at once made, but there is very little hope of the robbers being captured. Mr. Gruber states that the loss will not exceed $200, as the roll taken contained fractional currency alone. He has offered $500 reward for the arrest of the thieves, and the amount has been increased by other citizens to $1,500.

Discharging Clerks.

The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill provides for the discharge on the tenth of October of between 700 and 800 department clerks at Washington. A circular has been issued in the Treasury department informing clerks who receive it that if they will resign before the reductions are made they will be given two months' leave, with pay. Few if any resignations have been received. Those who are relieved will be allowed to draw their pay until Oct. 10.

THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

Reminiscences of Indian Cruelty and American Bravery—The Acadia of the Keystone State.

Amid the hurly-burly of centennial celebrations that crowd upon each other in this memorable epoch of the nation's history there is no event more worthy of remembrance than the Wyoming massacre, which occurred on the site of the charming scene—the Acadia of the Keystone State—that meets my gaze as I look from my window this beautiful morning. Almost a century of time has swept over this fair valley, with its attenuating verdure and its snows, since the ruthless savages under the lead of Butler and Brandt made the tranquil Susquehanna run red with the blood of innocent men, women, and children, and blotted out their happy homesteads with the blighting breath of the devastating torch. The whole world has wept over the touching tale, and over the horrors enacted here during that awful month of July, in 1778, and as its centennial anniversary occurs in less than two years hence it is but meet that some preparations should be made to commemorate the event.

History dwells with loving tenderness and truth on the pastoral beauty of this charming scene prior to the invasion by the treacherous savages, and the poet Campbell, in his immortal "Gertrude of Wyoming," wreathes a garland for its fame that shall never fade, as follows:

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Such was the condition of the place ere the savages with one swoop fell upon and massacred its inhabitants, of whom 400 perished by fire, flood, and flight through the fearful swamp, which to this day bears the appropriate name of "The Shades of Death." The fatal blow was struck on the third of July, 1778, and the thrilling details of the bloody business that ensued—the massacre of men, women and children; the noble stand taken by the yeomanry with pikes and sickles and pitchforks, and such other implements as they could command; the flight of the wounded in canoes down the river; the hardships encountered in the wilderness—all conspire to make up one of the most harrowing chapters in the history of any land, or any era ancient or modern. The angel of death spread ruin and desolation over the place, and what a few short days before was a very paradise seemed transformed to a hell more awful than ever presented itself to the lurid imagination of a Dante.

We who live in the midst of security and surrounded now by the monuments raised up by the march of civilization, can never form more than a faint idea of the terrors that filled the valley from end to end during that horrible tragedy. Nor can we but faintly conjure to ourselves a picture of the fugitives—gray haired men, feeble women, and helpless children—who struggled to escape from the awful scene, those they loved, sons, husbands and brothers, burning at the stake or subjected to torture more cruel, while they pursued their journey engirt by death.

It is a picture filled to overflowing with bitter memories. The descendants of some of the sufferers who survived still reside here, and have conversed with me since my advent to the valley of the thrilling stories which their fathers and mothers often told them, and I drove to the crude monument erected by the patriotic women of Wyoming and read the following inscription:

Near this spot was fought, on the afternoon of Friday, the third day of July, 1778,

THE BATTLE OF WYOMING,

in which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and widespread havoc, desolation and ruin marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the valley.

THIS MONUMENT,
Commemorative of these events
And of the Actors in them,
Has been erected
Over the bones of the slain
By their descendants and others who greatly appreciated the services and sacrifices of their patriot ancestors.

This monument stands over a pit in which the bodies of the slain were buried by their friends when they returned after the death storm had spent its force. The precise location of this pit had not been discovered until 1832, when by a mere accident the bones were exposed to view.

Probably in no nation has there been such bravery exhibited or such savagery practiced as at the battle of Wyoming, where, as the monument eloquently attests: "the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged" displayed such heroism. Thermopylæ has often been cited in prose and essay as the scene of true heroism, but Wyoming deserves a niche fully as high in the temple of fame, and an altar as divine at the fane of bravery. The fierce Hun was mild when compared with the savage Indian, and Attila, "the scourge of God," was meek when compared with the "Mammoth Brandt," of whom the poet fitly said:

Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth;
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains!

Wyoming valley teems to-day with wealth. The grim black breaker lifts its towering head along the stately river, and is eloquent all day with the song of labor. Busy steamers ply to and fro on the Susquehanna, the whistle of locomotives awakes the echoes along the neighboring mountains, and prosperous homesteads peep out from between the trees from Plymouth all along the level way to Campbell's ledge.—*Graphic.*

Very Fine Work.

Sir Joseph Whitworth recently exhibited three hexagonal steel plates at the Kensington museum, in England, which were so accurately planed that when one was placed on the other it glided about as if floating, and when one was dropped on another a "cushion" of air deadened the metallic sound, while, when the air was squeezed out, the contact was so close that the lower plate adhered to the upper when raised. He next made a measurement of 1-200,000th of an inch with a machine which, at a certain temperature, will measure the millionth of an inch, and lastly showed the tensile strength of steel, a specimen of which bore a strain of seventy-five tons to the square inch, without breaking. For bridges, etc., only five tons strain to the square inch are required for safety; for guns, forty tons; for shells, thirty-five tons.

WHAT IT HOPES.—Speaking of Stanley, the African explorer, whose letters are now being published, a religious journal earnestly hopes that he is a liar, and asserts that, in case he is not, he ought to be hanged.

A Colored Camp Meeting Hymn.

Why don't you do as Peter did,
A-walking on the sea?
He throwed both arms above his head,
Crying: "Good Lord! remember me."
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
And I'd go to that pure white shore.
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

Items of Interest.

In Tennessee villages spring chickens are eight cents apiece.

There is hardly a Southern city that is not gaining population.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Iowa juries hold that in case a marriage engagement is broken, the parties must return all presents, or their worth in money.

A cow was found standing stark and stiff in a pasture in Maine. She had been struck by lightning, killed, but not thrown to the ground.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair. The coroner's verdict was said to have been that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced switch.

"Are the eggs poached?" inquired a customer of a restaurant keeper. "Yes, sir," replied the keeper. "They are—that is, the chickens that laid them were."

A young scapegrace, notorious for his pranks and practical jokes, who came of age the other day, awoke the family at midnight by loud cries of "Man in the house!"

A law has been passed in Germany forbidding the construction of schoolrooms with windows on opposite sides of the room. It is said to be proven that rooms so lighted are injurious to the eyes.

The Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonparei* has won the prize for cat stories. It tells of one that entered an apothecary's store, selected the box containing catnip, tore the paper of it open and commenced eating.

In the presence of Col. Benton, U. S. A., Gen. Franklin, Dr. Gatling, and others, one of the improved rapid firing Gatling guns was recently fired at the rate of forty shots a second, or 2,400 per minute. The gun is ten barrel, forty-five caliber.

The Southern economical problem is concerning the reduction of acreage in planting cotton. By a general assent this year fewer acres were planted than usual, but the use of guano has, in many places, made the crop as heavy as it was before.

It is difficult to explain the workings of the youthful mind. A boy who will listen indifferently to the sublimest truths of theology will be roused to the acutest interest by the progress of a caterpillar over the collar of the bald headed man in the pew in front of him.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a traveling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? Certainly you may," said she; looking at him benignly over her spectacles; "leave them with the heel toward the door, if you please."

The spectacle of a man with his fifth bride listening to the funeral sermon of his fourth wife was witnessed at Bangor recently. Number four died of a malignant disease, and there were no funeral services. He immediately got another wife, and invited her to attend the funeral sermon of the dear departed.

A rural female beauty alighted from the stage coach in front of a hotel the other day, when a piece of ribbon detached itself from her bonnet and fell into the bottom of the carriage. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No, I ain't; he's gone a-fishing," innocently replied the rustic.

William B. Hunt, of Iowa, is the champion rascal. He has a wife and child in nearly every considerable town in the United States east of Kansas. His latest are at Portland, Me. He marries a girl, remains with her for two days, and leaves. His principal occupation is that of a hotel clerk, and he is very handsome.

A hint for summer hotel keepers. A gentleman comes down stairs in the morning after a battle with the bugs, in which he comes off second best. "This is terrible—that bed was full of bugs." "Certainly," replies the clerk, suavely. "What do you mean?" "It will be fifty cents a day extra for chambers without bugs."

The Swedes have an ingenious way of teaching geography in their schools. It consists of an outline map of Sweden, drawn upon a large blackboard. At the location of each city and town is a hole in the board, and little blocks with pins attached, each containing the name of a city, are stuck in rows on the side of the board. The pupil reconstructs the map by putting each block in its appropriate place.

At a railway station two gentlemen belonging to the district were warming themselves in the waiting room, when a son of the Emerald Isle, "rather out at the elbows," entered the room. One of the gentlemen, characteristically humorous, said to him: "I'll be after giving you my chair to warm yourself for a sixpence." "Will you?" was the reply. "I'll be after letting you keep it for a shilling; and it's meself that has much need of one just now."

Custer's Trail.

To-day, says a correspondent with Gen. Terry's command, anxious eyes are turned toward the East to the abandoned firesides; the memory of wife and child comes to sadden the soldier's heart, for who among all this gallant array can say he will return? Within a few feet of the spot where I write runs the broad trail marking the passage of Custer and his men, "Custer's Trail," as it is called, and they went in far more confident of success and fuller of courage than even the men who follow to avenge or perhaps lie with them. There is no use trying to conceal the fact that the victory of the Sioux, so terrible in its completeness, has lowered the morale of our troops; not much, perhaps, but if one listens to the soldiers as they discuss among themselves the campaign the conviction is forced that they no longer look upon victory as certain. Perhaps it is better so than to have an excess of confidence in fighting so wily a foe as the Indian has always proved himself. To prevent so lamentable a disaster so far as can be judged the present campaign will be conducted with the utmost caution; it may be barren, but it is not likely to be disastrous, unless the Indian revolt has taken proportions beyond all estimation.

Will Not Join the Sioux.

The inspector of Indians in Canada stated that the Sioux now at war with the United States had sent presents of tobacco to the Blackfeet Indians in Canada and requested the latter to join them. The Canadian Indians replied that they would keep peace and would not join the Sioux. The latter sent a message in return that when they had finished with the Americans they would cross over and capture the Blackfeet country. The Blackfeet wanted to know if they would be assisted by the mounted police, and the officer in charge assured them they would be protected. The Indians say they could muster 2,000 warriors if any trouble arose.

MARKING GOODS.—The foreign exhibitors at the Centennial have adopted a plan of marking the prices of their goods. The exhibitors mark on their goods, first, the price in American gold, without duty; second, the price in American gold, duty paid, and finally the price in paper, duty paid. The difference between the price in gold, without duty, and the price in currency, duty paid, ranges from forty per cent. to eighty per cent.