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Between Us.

A beautiful river is gliding away
Through the wildering hours of a soft June day,
The quivering waves, in the light and the shade,
Reflecting our happiness, blooming to fade,
The river adrift with hopes and fears,
The river of hours and days and years.

September is shedding her bronze and her gold,
The river is singing our song as of old;
It echoes the tones of our life in its flow;
The joyous, the bitter, the sweet and low,
The river a-gleam with smiles and tears,
The river of hours and days and years.

December embraces the earth in his clasp,
Ensealing her charms in his lingering grasp,
The river between us is frozen and chill,
It echoes no longer; its music is still.
The river of life, so full of tears,
Oh! river of hours and months and years.

Shut the Door.

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard that name before—
Was a boy who never would shut the door!

The wind might whistle, and the wind might roar,
And the teeth be aching, and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore:
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really wish you would shut the door!"

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore,
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar:
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"

They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said no more,
"Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a shutter, and then I will shut the door!"

"You will?" said the parents, "then keep shore!
But mind you do! For the plague is sure
Of a fellow that never will shut the door—
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

AN HISTORICAL JEAN VALJEAN.

The Ill Luck that Pursued François Dubois, Hero and Convict, for Forty Years.

This is the story of François Dubois, hero and galley slave, as it is written in the police archives, the army records and the *Gazette des Tribunaux:*

Toward the close of 1813 he presented himself to the commandant of Wesel, Prussia, haggard and in rags, saying that he belonged to the chasseurs, and had been dismounted during the retreat and compelled to skulk slowly after the army, and asked to be forwarded to his regiment. In those terrible days men were precious, and officers were not surprised to discover veterans in rag-clad skeletons. Dubois was sent to the hussar regiment attached to the Marshal Martier's army, where he soon became the talk of the corps. He never was known to laugh, spoke but rarely, and fought with a reckless daring uncommon even in those times. At Bar-sur-Aube, when the hussars charged the battery at the bridge of Bout-de-Lain, he was the first to reach the guns, and, falling with Berserkir rage on the cannoneers of one piece, killed, wounded and dispersed them, and had taken the gun single handed before the squadron could seize the others. The marshal had seen the battery carried, and sending for Dubois praised him highly and promised him the cross.

Not long after, the marshal had occasion to send a dispatch from Troyes to the emperor, then at Pine, on the Brienne road, and selected the hussar as his messenger. The country was thick with hostile pickets and scouts; he was fired upon several times, but by good luck and good management, now fighting, now running, now hiding, he made his way in safety to Marmont's outposts, and was conducted to the emperor. Napoleon gave him a brief written reply, instructing him, in the presence of his staff, to conceal it in his bootleg. Dubois had made his way back as far as the mill of Sanciere, near la Belle-Epine, when he found himself hemmed in on all sides by a squad of Cossacks. He rode resolutely at the thinnest part of the line and tried to cut his way through, but, after a desperate fight, was unhorsed, disarmed and led to the headquarters of the Russian emperor.

"What orders were you carrying?" asked the chief of staff.

"Verbal orders."

"That's a lie. Search the lining of his left boot," replied the Russian. The guard did so—who had betrayed the emperor from his own headquarters?—and the paper was found. Dubois was locked up, a prisoner, with Lieutenant Auger, of the lancers of the guard, and Auguste Bernard, one of the emperor's couriers. Two days later, at St. Marc, he and Auger escaped and rejoined the French army. The Duke de Trevise welcomed him warmly and rewarded him for his services. At Berger Dubois was severely wounded while fighting with his headlong bravery. Napoleon was forced back on Paris, stubbornly though he resisted. March 27, 1814, at Bendy, Dubois, his wounds not yet healed, but attached to the commissariat staff, was just about to enter the headquarters of Count Millot, who had proposed his name for the cross, when three of Vidocq's agents arrested him as a fugitive galley slave!

At the police office he was identified and ordered aside to be returned to the galleys. He gave up to the police a sum of 4,000 francs belonging to the regimental chest, with which he had been intrusted to make some purchases at Bondy. Brincart, the colonel of his regiment, made the most earnest attempts to secure his release, but all in vain. The mighty fabric of the first empire was falling to pieces, and officials had something more important to think about than the case of a private soldier—an escaped convict.

* * * * * * *

Dubois was born at Prauthoy, in Upper Marne; he was sent to the school of Brienne at the age of twelve; in 1790 his father placed him among the students of Mars. After Robespierre's downfall, Dubois was returning homeward when, at Bar-sur-Seine, he fell in with a soldier of the Fourteenth dragoons. They became friends, visited the different places of the town together, and dined with much jollity at the Crown, a public house kept by one Chevrelat. At dinner the dragoon stole three silver spoons, which, a couple of days later, as they were about to separate, he sold to Dubois at a low price, saying they were his own. Meanwhile, the landlord, missing his silverware, suspected them and followed them to St. Marc, where they were arrested. The dragoon escaped from the gendarmes; the spoons were found on Dubois, and he, then being only twenty years of age, was sentenced to eight years' hard labor as an accessory to the theft.

He was first sent to the galleys of Toulon, whence January 21, 1796, he escaped, enlisting in the Seventh chasseurs. He was sent to the army of Italy, where he served with marked courage, receiving several wounds, notably one in the face from an Austrian saber at Marengo. Being honorably discharged he went to work at Ancerville; one of his men identified him as a convict and he had to fly to Troyes. Here, too, after a considerable interval spent in labor, he was recognized, betrayed to the police and sent back to the galleys. Fortunately his services in the army pleaded for him, and as an act of grace the time he had served was deducted from his sentence, and eleven months later he was set at liberty.

Going, on his release, to La Villette, Dubois had lived there peacefully and industriously for something more than a year, when he was arrested and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for—escaping from the galleys in 1796! This time he was sent to Cherbourg, whence he escaped in 1809, fleeing to Paris and enlisting in the cavalry. He served in Spain, as in Italy, with marked heroism and faithfulness, and won the confidence of General Laverdiere, who made him his orderly and selected him to attend him in the Russian campaign. Passing by Chalons on his road to the front Dubois could not resist the temptation to visit his family. His brother-in-law denounced him to the authorities, and Dubois was sentenced to twenty-four years at the galleys. They sent him to Anvers, whence, in 1813, he escaped to rejoin the army, as we have already said, and vainly seek death.

Retaken in 1814 by Vidocq, the prisoner was sent to Rochefort. After seven or eight years he was pardoned. A miserable thing was a freed convict in those days. For ten years he was condemned to police surveillance; his yellow ticket of leave announced his disgrace to every one; he could find no employment nor even shelter. They hunted him from place to place like a wild beast or a leper. He tried to shoot himself—and failed. Refused work and lacking bread, he stole the means to purchase a meal. The court only looked at his record of escapes and sentences; counsel were assigned him too dull to see the magnificent opening such a case presented, and the poor fellow got ten years more.

For thirty years now he had been convict and soldier, but he had not lost strength—possibly even some hope survived in him that the luck would turn. At any rate, he broke jail again—he had been confined at Dijon—and made his way to Paris, where, August 10, 1823, a detective recognized him on the Rue St. Martin, and hauled him before the commissioner of the second division, M. Henry. It was before M. Henry that Dubois had been taken when he was arrested at Bondy in 1814; to him the soldier had intrusted the 4,000 francs placed in his hands from the regimental chest; he knew all about his case. To his indelible disgrace the official only recalled that Dubois had been before him on a previous occasion, and the prisoner was sent to Bicetre.

Bicetre and La Force were then literal hells. There was no classification of prisoners; the strongest and most brutal ruled his ward without interference by his keepers. The prisons swarmed with vermin and reeked with malaria, and the prisoner who could not bribe the turnkeys ran an imminent risk of dying of hunger. Dubois remained here four years, slowly sinking in health and spirits. Justice seemed to have forgotten him, when he was taken back to Dijon. He had been condemned *in contumaciam* for his escape in 1822. The prison doors opened for him again as inexorably as ever, this time Mont St. Michel being his destination. On his way thither, while passing Prez-en-Pail, he escaped again.

He was subsequently asked why he had so frequently escaped, and answered:

"I had lost hope. I begun to believe that I was destined to end my days under the lock and key, and I sought to escape because every day of liberty was a day saved from inevitable captivity. It had been for more than thirty years my luck to be rearrested and committed, and since it had to be so, I tried when I could to cheat it."

Yes. It was his luck. November 25, 1831, he was entering the diligence, Rue du Bouloi, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was the inevitable police officer. For the first time, gaining strength and eloquence from his desperation, Dubois resolved to plead his own case. He told his story, insisted on his innocence of the original crime laid to his charge, recounted his honorable service in three armies of France, showed his scars. The court heard him patiently through, yawned and sent him back to Bicetre.

Small wonder he gave up for a while and abandoned himself to despair. He was almost sixty, and luck had run cruelly against him for nearly forty years under the republic, the consulate, the empire, the hundred days, two restorations and one revolution. He was destined to Mont St. Michel, most horrible of the prisons of the day. The monarchy of July was then in its first flush and inclined to be merciful, and as a last hope he wrote out the whole story of his life from the time that he entered the school of Brienne. He did not omit an incident, his escapes, the petty theft he committed after vainly attempting suicide.

You will find it all in the *Gazette des Tribunaux* of the time. It concludes thus:

"Advanced in age, my strength is failing. There remain to me but one hope and the sorrow of never seeing the end to my evils. Still the sovereign's mercy is great. I have never committed a crime which should make me despair of pardon. I cannot survive the hardships of the fearful route from Paris to Mont St. Michel. I beg, therefore, that my position may be ameliorated, by sparing me that terrible journey and severe treatment, and that I may be sent to a place of detention nearer Paris, as Poissy or Melun, where my brother, who will give security for me, can find me work at my trade (saddlery), and I can await in patience the moment when your majesty will deign to take pity on my misfortunes."

This plea he sent to Queen Amelia most pious and venerable of sovereigns. And now with a tender hearted woman, and she a queen, on his side, Dubois' luck turned. The queen had the whole story hunted out.

It was all true.

The regimental records attested the bravery and scrupulous honesty of François Dubois.

Old Marshal Martier told how the hussar had ridden first and headlong into the battery of Bout-de-Lain.

The Duke de Trevise bore witness before the queen of the hussar's repeated gallantry and of his services to France as a dispatch carrier, and interceded warmly for him.

The prefecture of police itself could only report that the worst offense against Dubois was his breaking jail; it was for this that he had been so relentlessly pursued and so often arrested; there was no reason why he should not be pardoned.

He was, for the next week's *Gazette des Tribunaux* contained this announcement:

"We have the satisfaction of announcing that this unfortunate prisoner has been liberated and that her majesty the queen has presented him with a sum of money sufficient to prevent him for the rest of his days from again falling into misery."

We never heard of Dubois after this, and it is pleasant to think that at last he found rest, peace and comfort.

That is the story of François Dubois, hero and galley slave, as it is written in the police archives, the army records and the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, how the blind fury of the law hunted him for forty years, and to the verge of the grave, for an offense which he never committed!

Why Didn't He?

Dr. Schliemann is not without honor save in California. A San Francisco editor exclaims: All the gold cups, pots and ornaments which used to decorate the festive Priam, the pious Æneas and the frail Helen are presented by the doctor to the king of Greece, and the learned and philanthropic antiquarian in addition pays 129 workm n for their services. Oh, why didn't some energetic American pre-emptor go in and jump the claim?

How it Feels to be Drowning.

I was crossing a bridge over a wide but shallow stream, in a lonely place, and accidentally fell off. When I say shallow, I mean for such a wide body of water. I saw nobody near me and could not swim a stroke. I knew how deep the water was, and gave myself up for lost. The quickness of the senses when sudden death seems impending has frequently been noted, but still, without experience, no one can realize it. It is as if one's whole life were spread out in a panorama before him, every portion of which was visible at once. Every minute detail of things long forgotten, and which when they happened were so trifling that they apparently made no impression on the memory, stand out in sharp and bold outline. I remembered, for instance, games of marbles played when I was a boy, and a futile attempt I once made to transmute a "commoney" into a "white alley" by roasting it in the fire. I remembered how the marble bursted in the operation, and how a piece of it struck and cut the cheek of the boy who had beguiled me into the experiment, and the satisfaction I experienced at the retributive justice. It seemed as if everything I had ever done, suffered, or thought, was presented to my memory at a single flash.

Then I struck the water, when a sound, which I have since learned to liken to the roar of Niagara, burst on my ears and stunned me with its overwhelming volume. I remembered a brief instant of struggling and clutching, and then a sense of sinking—sinking—sinking—until I had reached a depth of thousands of fathoms. I neither suffered pain nor felt alarmed, but had a vague feeling of being irresistibly borne to some catastrophe, the climax to which would be terrible. Suddenly I found myself possessed of the power of floating or wafting myself along by mere volition. With a delicious feeling of languid indolence I suffered myself to float about—not in the water, but in the air—skimming over the surface of the ground in whatever direction I chose, hither and thither, as a wayward fancy led. I was conscious that it was a new power, and I exulted in its possession and reasoned on its nature. I found that my body was as light as the air in which it moved, and imagined that a thistle down would feel as I did, if possessed of consciousness. Then I was in the water again, and everything around me had a roseate hue, which speedily changed to green, then to violet, and finally to utter darkness, and then all was blank.

As I subsequently learned, some men in a skiff half a mile away had seen me fall into the water and hurried to my assistance, but I had disappeared long before they reached the spot. Many minutes elapsed before they found me, and full half an hour afterward before the physicians, who had been summoned, arrived. They pronounced me dead, and that they made any attempt to resuscitate me was due solely to the persistence of an intimate friend of mine who had accompanied them.

Fashion Notes.

Very dark shades are as fashionable for children as for grown folks.

Cat's-eye stones set in diamonds are among the new things in jewelry.

Dark blue waterproof skating suits are worn over cardinal red petticoats.

Long trained bustles are worn by some ladies under trained evening dress.

White Smyrna laces are used for trimming red flannel skirts and drawers.

Tiny turquoises, rubies and garnets are the favorite jewels for baby sets.

Cardinal red cashmere stockings are clocked with black or blue or white silk.

It is the fashion this winter to wear warm and comfortable shoes and stockings.

Chamois skin underjackets are preferred by stout ladies for skating purposes.

Outer garments of all kinds for children are cut very long and with no fullness.

Mrytle green, seal brown and ink blue are still the favorite colors for dress fabrics.

Coral and gold necklaces, of fine and delicate workmanship, are the styles for ladies.

Seal brown stockings, clocked in ribs and checks, with red or blue silk, are sought for.

Full dress coiffures require a great deal of false hair, curls, puffs, frizzettes and false braids.

Jewelry made of tigers' claws has become fashionable since the Prince of Wales' visit to India.

Humming bird jewelry made entirely from the feathers of these little creatures is sought for in Paris.

Cashmere stockings, in pale shades of blue, clocked with dark blue or cardinal red, are very fashionable.

Baby pins and rings, when not set with jewels, have the word "baby" carved or enameled on them.

Scarf pins, with the enameling done in very bright colors, representing Chinese pictures, are in great demand.

Skating skirts of cashmere, felt, moreen and mohair are all worn, and in various colors, but red is preferred.

Old fashioned "gemmel rings," two or more rings joined together to form one, are among Tiffany's new styles.

Gold cuff buttons, covered entirely with white enamel, to resemble linen, is the latest style brought over from England.

The favorite skating petticoat is of quilted red satin, sometimes flounced and again trimmed, with frills of Smyrna lace.

The Ohio Valley Floods.

It is fortunate, says an exchange, that the area of heavy precipitation which caused the floods in the Ohio and Cumberland rivers has been limited to that of the Ohio valley region. If it had extended into the watersheds of the upper Mississippi and the Missouri rivers we might now be recording the destruction of levees and the inundation of the bottom lands along the lower course of the "Father of Waters." While the Ohio and tributaries were gorged with the floods descending from their respective watersheds the upper portion of the Mississippi and the entire length of the Missouri were so unaffected by the recent heavy storms of rain and snow as to add but little beyond the ordinary flow to the volume of water entering the lower Mississippi at Cairo. Hence the latter river below that city was low and ready to receive the surplus from the Ohio valley without exhibiting any remarkable disturbance of its levels. The damage caused by the floods was, therefore, confined to the region in which they originated. If, as we stated above, the immense watersheds of the Mississippi and Missouri had been proportionately affected by the storms as was that of the Ohio valley, the destruction of property would have been unparalleled, for the united waters would have continued to be precipitated into a reservoir, or rather channel, already filled. The "danger line" would have been overtopped at all points and the adjacent country inundated. The possibility of this occurring any year should awaken the State authorities to a sense of their danger, and induce them to exert themselves to provide against such a contingency by raising and strengthening the Mississippi levees.

IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Graphic Description of the Scene when the Compromise Bill was Presented.

It cannot be said that the plan of the committee was received very favorably by the members of either house, writes a *Tribune* Washington correspondent. Almost every one had ideas of his own which he desired to have adopted, and the passage of this bill supersedes the pet plan of procedure which a majority of the members hoped to see agreed to. At least such is the plain outlook now. The men who denounce it most strongly do not say that they anticipate its defeat, and do not even propose to make an open fight against it. They usually end their criticisms by saying that they suppose the final adoption of the compromise is inevitable.

Nothing was thought of or talked about at the capitol except the report of the electoral committee. Although the outlines of the bill agreed to were generally known, there was an anxiety and eagerness manifested not only by the senators and representatives but by hundreds of people who gathered at the capitol early in the day to hear the text of the measure read and to learn how it would be received.

The report was presented to the Senate by Mr. Edmunds just as soon as the committee adjourned their meeting, being apparently for the purpose of carefully examining the printed copy of the bill agreed upon. The news that the report was in spread rapidly through the lobbies and coat-rooms, and the vacant chairs in the chamber were speedily filled. Perfect silence prevailed and the closest attention was given the reading. Everybody recognized the gravity and importance of the occasion. The members of the committee had a look of serious satisfaction—all except Mr. Morton, who appeared to be in ill humor. Mr. Conkling nervously washed his hands with invisible soap and water. Mr. Edmunds sat with fingers interlocked across his vest, twirling his thumbs. Mr. Bayard took his pen and made an occasional note, Mr. Thurman wore an impassive and judicial look. Mr. Frelinghuysen was more than usually dignified. Not a senator left his seat until the bill and report had been read. The excited interest in the subject was shown at the moment the secretary announced the title of the report in a manner almost unprecedented in the Senate. A score of voices demanded: "Read, read." Evidently the report was written by Mr. Edmunds, for when the secretary stumbled once or twice over the manuscript, Mr. Edmunds prompted him. Besides, its language and logic are characteristic.

When the report had been read through, the secretary said: "Signed by the members of the committee." "Read the names," insisted at least a score of senators in one breath. They were read, and then it was found that Mr. Morton's name was not there. Of the fourteen members of the joint committee, every one had signed it except the Indiana senator. All eyes were turned toward him, but he offered no minority report and said nothing. A buzz of relief from the suppressed excitement that had prevailed ran through the galleries. Mr. Sargent, who came in after the bill had been read, insisted on a second reading.

Mr. Morton stated to one of the House members of the committee that, although he should not sign the report, he should probably say nothing in the Senate to oppose the passage of the bill. He took strong grounds last session against the constitutional powers of Congress to throw the settlement of disputed questions growing out of a Presidential election into the supreme court or into any tribunal outside of the two houses.

He Whipped "Yankee" Sullivan.

Among the stories told about the late Commodore Vanderbilt is the following, related by an old resident of Staten Island:

During the warm and closely contested Presidential campaign of 1844, when James K. Polk and Henry Clay were running as the respective candidates of the Democratic and Whig parties, there was great enthusiasm and intense excitement on Staten Island relative to the issue. Commodore Vanderbilt, who was then in his prime, took a great interest in the fight, and was an ardent supporter of Henry Clay, for whose success he exerted himself with all the vigor for which he was so well noted. He was among the foremost in getting up meetings and processions, and organized and commanded a magnificent troop of horsemen composed of about 500 of the finest men in the Whig party on the island. When the grand Clay and Frelinghuysen procession took place in New York Commodore Vanderbilt and his troop of horsemen occupied a very conspicuous position in it, drew encomiums from all who saw them, and were greatly cheered. The commodore, especially, presented an imposing appearance on account of his magnificent physique. At that time "Yankee" Sullivan kept a barroom in Chatham street, just opposite City Hall park. He was in his barroom with a gang of roughs as Commodore Vanderbilt's troop passed by, and hearing the applause and noting the fine appearance of the commodore, he thought it a fine opportunity of exhibiting to his friends how he could "take the commodore down," and rushing out he seized the reins of his horse and tried to compel him to alight. The horse reared, the commodore cut Sullivan across the back with his whip, and then, leaping to the ground, so badly beat him that his friends took him away in a nearly senseless condition. Commodore Vanderbilt remounted and proceeded, and was not molested again that day. As every one knows, Clay was defeated. The result was, so far as Commodore Vanderbilt was concerned, that he went out of politics, and ever after kept entirely clear of party strife.

The Ballet in Elmira.

The Elmira *Advertiser* thus expresses its opinion of ballet dancers, incidental to a description of a recent performance in that city: But the ballet was the most attractive part of the entertainment, and it was the best one ever given in Elmira. If it is said that our people are hardly up to the finest kind of music, how much more can it be said that they are not up to the ballet. They didn't seem to appreciate it. Some most graceful and beautiful dancing was allowed to pass without a murmur, while the athletic jumps of the master of the ballet, his gymnastic turns and evolutions, were encored. Four of the principal ladies were decidedly beautiful in their dancing, and looked pretty, except for their white skirts that didn't reach to the knee. Their dresses were the only ones out of character, and out of harmony with the play. The remainder of the troupe wore a graceful, neat, and not immodest costume that was Assyrian, that gave their limbs freedom of action, and withal was very pretty. If there is an ungraceful and ridiculous costume for a woman, it is the usual ballet girl's dress, the white gauze skirts, that are of no possible use, either for protection or attraction. They had much better be left off entirely. A woman thus accoutered looks like a hen with all her feathers plucked off except a rim around the center of her body, and becomes rather an object for laughter and ridicule than for admiration.

THREE ABANDONED CHILDREN.

A Six-Year-Old Girl Gone Crazy from Hunger and Cold.

Mrs. Margaret Dunn, with her six-year-old daughter Johanna, lived in the tenement house in the rear of No. 91 Oliver street, New York. They had one miserable little room and the others about it were all empty, for the tenants had not paid their rent and the landlord had turned them out. Mrs. Dunn went on a spree, leaving her children alone. Just when the spree begun is not certain, but the woman was arrested on a Saturday, too drunk to answer questions intelligently, and was committed to the city prison for ten days on Sunday morning, after a night at the station house. On Monday she was found raving from the effects of the liquor and was sent to Bellevue. Here her delirium passed off, and coming to herself she remembered her little daughter and besought a visitor of St. Vincent de Paul to go and find her before it should be too late. The woman will die.

Mr. O'Sullivan, of that society, at once went to the miserable room, and found the little girl alone. How many days she had been alone it is impossible to say. There was no food in the room, no fire, no water even. She was in rags and filthy, and had traces of dried tears on her face, but when she was found she was done crying, and was sucking eagerly at her left hand, which she had thus drawn out of all shape. The visitor spoke to her, but she paid him no attention beyond a foolish laugh. He supposed she was merely weak from want of food and cold, but when he had taken her away and had her fed and washed—they had to cut off her hair for filth—it was found that she was demented. Inquiry among the neighbors showed that she had been a bright, intelligent child, and though her face is pinched and wan the features are good and the head is shapely. It is hoped she will recover with care and nursing, but in the Tombs police court she laughed foolishly when spoken to, and said nothing.

At the same time two more children were presented in court by officer Edward Chiardi, of the society for preventing cruelty to children. He found them in a miserable hovel in Front street. It is the office of this gentleman to visit the island institutions and the city prisons to make inquiries for the children of prisoners. On Blackwell's island he learned from a Mrs. Burns that her two children were in Front street. He went there and found Bessie and Mary Burns, aged six and four years respectively. They were not in so terrible a condition as the Dunn girl because the neighbors, though having more mouths to feed themselves than they had bread for, gave them enough to keep body and soul together. Mr. Chiardi took them under his protection, and fed them and doctored them. The mother of these children had been sent to the island for four months. It was nearly a week after her committal when Mr. Chiardi heard of the children, the mother seeming indifferent about them. Judge Duffy sent all three to the commissioners.—*New York World.*

The Colorado Desert.

The Colorado desert is 150 miles long and seventy-five wide, covering an area of 3,000,000 of acres. It lies across the path of all immigrants and all cattle entering overland into southern California and the oblique passage across is dreaded by all travelers. It is hot as a baker's oven, which is caused by its being below the level of the sea some seventy feet, and without shelter of trees, flowing water or herbage for cattle. The adjacent country is desolated by climatic peculiarities incident to the borders of all deserts. Till lately this great basin was part of the gulf of California. Gradually obstructing drifts formed a dam that cut off the upper end, and in time the isolated lake dried up and became a sunken desert. The marine shells under foot attest this. On its now barren borders there flourished formerly a populous race, with cultivated fields, sheltering forests and healthy climate. There is occasional rain, but it comes in furious and destructive storms, deluging the country, plowing up the mountains and scattering the surface soil over the desert, and in process of time preparing it for agriculture and forestry in generations to come. This gives us instructive revelation of a law of nature more forcibly impressed than any other, viz.: the law of perpetual change of forms. In time, geology teaches that every mountain is destined to seek the plains below, every sea upheave and become mountains, and, literally, the earth will, so to say, be turned inside out. This is not idle fancy. To-day the process is going on before our eyes. Three thousand miles of coral islands are being built up by marine insects from solid elements of ocean waters, and by gradual unheaval the sea bed becomes mountain. These coral isles form a continuous chain, stretching from Australia to the continent of Asia, and they are clearly destined to be united in some future ages. Holland is drying up ancient seas and converting them to dry land. Everywhere nations are reclaiming submerged lands. Coal and metaliferous rocks are being taken yearly in hundreds of millions of tons from the bowels of the earth.

Sojourner Truth and the Mob.

At one time she was at a camp meeting, and a mob of young ruffians were determined to break up the meeting. She, at first, hid herself, from fear, but afterward said to herself:

"What! shall I run away and hide from the devil—me, a servant of the living God? Have I not faith enough to go out and quell that mob, when I know it is written: 'One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight?' I'll go to the rescue, and the Lord will go with me to protect me."

She went out into the open field, among the wild and reckless mob, and commenced to sing in the most fervid manner and with powerful voice—

It was early in the morning, it was early in the morning,
Just at the break of day,
When He rose, when He rose, when He rose,
And went to Heaven on a cloud.

Soon the crowd surrounded her, armed with clubs and sticks. As she ceased, one spoke up:

"Sing on, old woman! nobody shall hurt you." Another said: "Talk to us, old woman!" Another: "Pray, old woman, and tell us your experience!"

So she talked and sung and prayed until the subdued and convicted mob quietly dispersed, and the exercises of the camp meeting proceeded peacefully to the close.

Gen. Belknap Demands a Trial.

Gen. Belknap has been in Washington since April awaiting trial in court, and although ten months have elapsed since the indictment no action looking to a trial of the case has been taken by the authorities. He and his friends think that the case should be either tried or dismissed, and that continued delay is unjust, especially as they have no doubt of acquittal. He addressed a formal notice to the district attorney demanding an immediate trial. It reads thus: "You will please take notice that I shall apply to said court on the twenty-ninth day of January, inst., at ten o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as the said court shall convene, for an immediate trial in the above entitled prosecution."

The Story About Mrs. Gaines.

A Washington letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: The community was rather startled by an announcement in a paper of an engagement between Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines and Mr. Billy McGarraban, whose claim before Congress is an old story. A first reading of the article astonished people, but a sober second reading convinced them that it was a hoax. Poor Mrs. Gaines, she is wedded to but one thing—"The case;" and can anything in this life be more pitiable than that of a daughter striving for thirty or more years to establish her legitimate claim to property left by her own father? From court to court this dauntless woman has fought her ground—to-day gaining an inch, to-morrow losing a foot, but never, never giving up. What has been accorded as a right by one court, has been snatched from her by the next. She is a *nice* bit of a woman, with eyes of piercing brilliancy; in color one moment of the blackest hue, the next a steel gray, and the same eyes, when softened by the recital of another's distress, becoming of the most tender blue. She wears her light hair in curls, and rarely appears without her bonnet. She is one of the best conversationalists you ever listened to, and one of the most agreeable women it was ever my fortune to meet. Her "laugh" has been celebrated for forty years, and time, that ruthless destroyer, has neither marred nor destroyed the rippling qualities which make it so infectious that whoever hears it must smile, if they don't join in with it, whether they know or not the subject which has provoked the mirth. The supreme court has finally and unquestionably decided in her favor, and if she can collect it she will have thereby $36,000,000 of money, less the $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 to be deducted for lawyers' fees, etc. When she gets final possession she intends erecting in Washington a grand hotel, where members of Congress and their families will be able to live off their salaries.

Poor McGarraban, whose name is coupled with that of Mrs. Gaines, is here this winter; but what chance has he to win even an honest claim? He is poor. He cannot fix up the members. He cannot push his affairs forward over "canvas backs" and *Veuve Cliquot.* If his claim is fraudulent it serves him right that he is deprived of the means of carrying his bill; but if, like Mrs. Gaines, he is struggling for an honest right, then "God help Billy McGarrahan" becomes more than the frivolous utterance of a heartless politician whom I heard make the exclamation several days ago.

For the North Pole.

Captain H. W. Howgate in a recent letter says his polar-colonization scheme naturally divides itself under three heads, as follows:

1. The organization of a properly equipped expedition, with ample means, both to maintain a colony and to prosecute efforts to reach the north pole. To this end Congressional aid is to be sought and a bill has been introduced into the lower House and properly referred. This provides that $50,000 be appropriated, to be used under the direction of the President, in organizing one or more expeditions, and that the natural academy of sciences be invited to assist with its advice. In case this bill fails to pass, the necessary funds, it is hoped, could be raised by private subscription.

2. The establishment and maintenance of the colony. Proper material for shelter, ready to be immediately put up, should be taken by the vessel carrying the colonists. With this precaution they could be made as comfortable as the signal service officials at present are at the summit of Pike's Peak or of Mount Washington, although the exposure of these last mentioned would be for a shorter period. Proper food should be provided in proper quantities and sufficient variety. Fresh meat in proper quantities can be had in the immediate vicinity of the proposed colony. With proper food and shelter there is no trouble about keeping men even at such latitudes in robust health.

3. Explorations to the pole.—The officer in charge being on the spot would be able to take advantage of all favorable opportunities, and no doubt, in three years' time or less, would discover the pole itself, if such a feat is within the reach of human efforts. The vessel taking the colonists should return immediately, and the colony be provided with sledges and small boats for their penetrations northward.

Captain Tyson, of the Polaris party, enthusiastically indorses Captain Howgate's scheme. He characterizes it as the most practicable yet devised, and thinks the scientific societies of the country ought to memorialize Congress in favor of the bill before mentioned. If the United States, he says, proves too niggardly to prosecute this enterprise, England or Germany will undoubtedly move in the matter and secure the honor of accomplishing the desired result.

An Engineer's Suicide.

Charles Collins, a civil engineer of the Lake Shore road, on which the Ashtabula calamity occurred, was found dead in his house, having evidently committed suicide by shooting. He was before the investigating committee of the Legislature a few days ago, and was closely questioned regarding the accident and lack of care which might perhaps have prevented it, and this, coupled with the fact that public opinion would not be satisfied of his innocence, it is believed led to the rash act. He had appeared very despondent previous to and immediately succeeding the examination, and had been missing since the day following. It is supposed that instead of going to Ashtabula to join his family, who were visiting there, he repaired to his house, and fell to brooding over the terrible affair. He had passed the ordeal of the examination by the coroner and the legislative committee with great satisfaction to all his friends, the members of the legislative committee entirely exonerating him in private. But he was unable to withstand fears that the general public would not so decide. The deed was evidently committed on the day succeeding the examination. Mr. Collins was highly respected as an engineer and a gentleman, and enjoyed the complete confidence of Commodore Vanderbilt. He had been in the position since the consolidation. He was a graduate of the Troy Polytechnic Institute, and former chief engineer of the Boston and Albany road.

Redemption of Bonds.

The secretary of the United States treasury has issued the thirty-eighth call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865, May and November. The call is for $10,000,000, of which $7,000,000 are coupon bonds. The principal and interest will be paid at the treasury on and after the twenty-fourth day of April next, and the interest on the bonds will cease on that day. The following are the descriptions of bonds:

Coupon bonds—$100, No. 21,351 to 25,508, both inclusive; $500, No. 26,701 to 31,500, both inclusive; $1,000, No. 62,401 to 70,550, both inclusive.

Registered bonds—$50, No. 301 to 500, both inclusive; $100, No. 4,501 to 5,300, both inclusive; $500, No. 3,251 to 3,600, both inclusive; $1,000, No. 12,0001 to 13,350, both inclusive; $5,000, No. 4,751 to 5,100, both inclusive; $10,000, No. 8,201 to 9,300, both inclusive.

THE COMPROMISE BILL.

The Position of Indiana on the Question.

Ex-Governor Hendricks was interviewed as to his judgment of the constitutionality and efficiency of the measure reported by the joint Congressional committee on the electoral count. He said first;

"I am gratified that so fair a bill has been reported. It may not satisfy those who demand success in advance, but I think it will be accepted by the country. Certainly the commissioners may make a proper and righteous decision under it. It will allow such latitude of investigation and judgment as will compel them to decide the right. If in its present shape the bill will not allow the commission to consider all matters of evidence as fully as the two houses of Congress could do if considering the questions directly, the necessary amendments can easily be made; but its provisions appear ample in that respect."

"You consider, then, that the bill is likely to bring about a fair solution of the difficulty?"

Mr. Hendricks—Not exactly that. I say the commission may deliver a fair decision. It is clothed with powers sufficient to enable it to do so. Whether it does so or not will depend upon the character of the men who compose it.

Being asked to give his opinion upon the constitutionality of the bill Mr. Hendricks said:

"That would require an elaborate discussion too long for the present occasion. The matter is one in which the powers of Congress and the methods in which they should be executed are not definitely prescribed. It may be compared to the admission of States into the Union. The Constitution confers upon Congress the power to admit new States but does not prescribe the method in which it is to be exercised. Hence Congress may act through a co-ordinate department of government, as was recently done in the admission of a State by Presidential proclamation."

"You do not regard Congress as abdicating its power then?"

Mr. Hendricks—Not at all. The power of Congress to count the vote and to decide upon all questions that arise in the progress of the count is exercised directly by itself and through the agency which it creates, with final supervision and control by agreement of both houses.

The caucus of Republican members of the Indiana Legislature, after a long session, adopted the following resolutions, which were presented in the House for action:

Resolved, That we believe the interest of the country demands: First, a fair vote of the people, without fear or favor; second, a fair count of the legal votes so cast; and, lastly, a willing and prompt submission by all parties to the result so declared by and through the legally constituted authorities established for that purpose is necessary to insure peace and prosperity of the country, and we denounce as revolutionary all attempts of leaders of the Democratic party to intimidate the people of the nation by threats of anarchy and war unless the person of their choice shall be declared elected President. We believe that Rutherford B. Hayes has been elected President, and that William A. Wheeler has been elected Vice-President, of the United States, and that it only remains for the president of the Senate to declare the result, according to the Constitution of the United States, and that when the result of the late election shall be so declared, whether such result shall be in favor of the Republican or Democratic candidate, it is the duty of all good citizens to acquiesce in such decision. We would remind the Democratic party of the fact that it has been but a few short years since several States of the Union, all having Democratic governments, were led into revolution and war by many of the leaders who are now at the head of that party, and we would respectfully submit that vast experience in appealing from the ballot box to the cartridge box has proved decidedly unprofitable.

The caucus also adopted a resolution indorsing Senator Morton for withholding his name from the report of the electoral committee. Senator Morton was the only member who took this position. Every other member signed the report.

The Business Prospects.

An influential New England manufacturer, who has been in Washington, remarked that the position of the country is now in every way favorable to a general revival of industry if only confidence in the future is restored. The crops of the year are all either ample or very large. The corn crop was within two per cent. as great as the immense crop of 1875, and in the form of pork is bringing good prices, with a good foreign demand. The wheat crop is good, and sold at paying prices. The cotton crop was large and profitable, and was combined with a larger production than ever before of food supplies by the Southern States. Wool has passed the extreme point of depression, and is bringing fair prices. The sugar crop of Louisiana was enormous, and is selling at fair prices. Leather has passed the point of depression. The exports are large at full prices and the price has advanced from four to six cents per pound, with the home demand brisk. All the New England cotton mills which are up to the times are now able to earn dividends, and the aggregate export of cotton goods is larger now than before the war and is steadily, though slowly, increasing. The most important sign of all, in his view, is the sense of stability and hopefulness for the future, in case the Presidential difficulty is peaceably settled; a feeling which has not obtained since the panic of 1873, and which reaches every important branch of industry. This feeling only needs the settlement of the Presidential question, and then of the currency question, he says, to take effect in constructive enterprises of all kinds, to make up for the complete stoppage of all such undertakings during the last two or three years. Thus, he thinks, labor now unemployed would immediately find employment in the building of new mills, warehouses, railroads and other large works.

The Centennial Addresses.

It is not so generally known as it should be, says a Washington paper, that