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The Passing Bell.

Oh, death ! rock me to sleepe,
Bring me to quiet reste,
Let pass my very guiltlesse goste
Out of my careful breaste ;
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sounde my dethe tell,
For I must dye ;
There is no remedye,
For now I dye.

Farewell, my pleasures past,
Welcome, my present payne !
I feel my torments so increase
That life cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
Dethe doth draw nye,
Sound my ead dolefully,
For now I dye.

The Wife's Reverie.

Oh, Heart of mine, is our estate—
Our sweet estate—of joy assured ?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Bought by such bitter pains endured ;
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more ?

With tearful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair,
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear ;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one, to love him more !

I see each day, he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine ;
I must be lacking in his eyes,
In many things where others shine.
Oh, Heart ! can we this loss restore
To him, by simply loving more ?

I often see upon his brow,
A look half tender and half stern ;
His thoughts are far away, I know ;
To fathom them, I vainly yearn ;
But nought is ours which went before ;
Oh, Heart ! we can but love him more !

I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later feebler moved
His soul to mine. Oh, Heart ! Oh, Heart !
What can we do ? This hurteth sore.
Nothing, my Heart, but love him more !

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

HELEN'S BABIES.

With Some Account of their Ways.

It was an enticing invitation from my only married sister, Helen Lawrence, that moved me, Harry Burton, salesman of white goods, bachelor, aged twenty-eight, to spend my fortnight's vacation at Hillcrest. Tom Lawrence's cigars and claret and horses, a splendid flower garden, plenty of handsome girls, and unlimited leisure for reading—these were the inducements offered me. Incidentally, as Tom and Helen were to be absent on a visit, I was just to keep an eye on the children, who, I was assured, would not give me "the slightest trouble."

Remembering Budge, the elder, as a boy of five, with a cherubic, noble face and great, pure penetrating eyes, and Toddie as a happy little know-nothing of three summers with a head of tangled yellow hair, I set out for Hillcrest without apprehension of impending woe.

At the end of the trip I hired a hackman to drive me to Tom's. On the way our horses shied violently, and the driver exclaimed :

"That was one of the 'imps'—that little cuss that scared the hosses. There he comes, runnin'. Wonder where t'other is? We call 'em the 'imps,' cause they're so uncommon likely at mischief !"

The offending youth was Budge, in a very dirty sailor suit, and the other "imp," who bore down on us in a cloud raised by thrusting a branch into the dust of the road was Toddie !

"They're my nephews !" I gasped.

The recognition was mutual.

"You're Uncle Harry," said Budge.

"Did you bring us anything ?"

"Bring us anything ?" echoed Toddie.

"I wish I could have brought you some big whippings," said I, severely. "Get into this carriage."

In they climbed, each with a very dirty towel, knotted in the center.

"They're not towels," explained Budge, "they're dollies ; we don't like buyed dollies ; these is lovely."

"I want to shee yours watch," remarked Toddie, rolling into my lap, followed by Budge.

Obediently I showed them the dial of my three-hundred-dollar timekeeper.

"Want to shee wheels go wound," said Toddie.

"No," said I, fearful of dust.

"Want to shee wheels go wound," repeated Toddie; "want to shee the wheels go wound."

"I tell you I can't, Toddie; dust spoils watches."

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," murmured Toddie again.

Abruptly I pocketed the watch. Toddie's jaw dropped, and he cried :

"Ah—h—h—h. Want—to—shee—the wheels—go won—ound !"

"Stop that noise this instant !"

"Yess—oo—oo—wants to shee"—

"Toddie, I've got some candy in"—

"Wheels go wound ! Ah—h—h—h !"

"Toddie, dear, don't cry so. There are some ladies coming in a carriage."

"Ah—h—h—h. Wants to shee wheels !"—

Madly I snatched my watch from my pocket, opened the case, and exposed the works to view. The passing carriage stopped; my name was called, and, looking up, I saw—bright eyed, fair faced and smiling—Miss Alice Mayton, a lady whom for about a year I had adored from afar ! The ease with which she greeted me, praised—actually praised ! those dreadful children; and let me discover that a bouquet from the Lawrence garden would be an acceptable offering, converted my confusion into delight. When the carriage started again, Toddie murmured :

"Ucken Hawwy, does you love that lady ?"

"No, Toddie, of course not."

"Then you's baddy man, an' de Lord won't let you go to heaven if you don't love peoples."

You may believe I was glad to get those children home and turn them over to the girl ! At dinner they found fault with my blessing, and taught me the one their papa says. Then they condemned my version of Jonah, and Budge gave one certainly much more graphic. And finally, after requiring me to say my prayers first, that performance, too, was boldly criticised. Budge prayed with a face fit for an angel, and then Toddie closed his eyes, wriggled, twisted, breathed hard and at last began :

"Dee Lord not make me sho bad, an' besh mamma, an' papa, an' Budgie, an' doppity (grandfather), an' both boggies (grandmother), an' all good people in dish house, an' everybody else, an' my dolly. A-a-men !"

"Now give us candy," said Budge, echoed by Toddie.

I gave them the candy and escaped at last to the parlor, where I passed a delicious evening with my books. That night Toddy howled for his dolly like a young demon, and made me get up and find it for him; and next morning, before he was fairly awake, I was appalled to hear him murmur :

"Want—to—shee—wheels—go—wound."

At breakfast he remarked :

"Ucken Hawwy, daysh an awfoo funny chunt up 'tairs—awfoo big chunt. I show it you after brepspup."

"Toddie's a silly little boy," said Budge; "he always says brepspup for brekfus (breakfast)."

"Oh ! what does he mean by chunt, Budge ?"

"I guess he means trunk."

A direful thought struck me. I rushed up stairs. Yes, he did mean trunk—my trunk—open ! emptied. A blacking box in my dress hat, and rolled up tightly in my dress coat, one of those dolls ! But worse was to come. I made an exquisite bouquet for Miss Mayton and put it in a box which I sent to her by the coachman. To my surprise he brought it back, and Toddie, shrieking with delight snatched it and exclaimed :

"Oh, darsh my dolly's k'adle ! Somebody put nasty ole flowers in it ; I froed 'em away !"

Opening the box he displayed—that infernal doll ! I viewed him so sternly that he took refuge in sobs, wept plentifully on my shirt front, and murmured :

"I wantsh to love you, and wantsh you to love me."

Who could resist ? I petted and kissed him till he was consoled, and resumed his sovereignty, with the infantile command :

"Kish my dolly, too."

I obeyed, but closed the interview abruptly, and wrote the best apology I could frame to Miss Mayton.

The next day was Sunday. In the morning those boys invaded my bed to "fwolic" and "wide horsie backen," and I sadly learned how it was that my brother-in-law had grown so flat chested. In the afternoon we tried the stories again, and Toddie told, with the most spirited gestures, how

"Dave, let ze sling go bang bequeen Bliaff's eyes, an' knocked him down dead, an' Dave took Bliaff's sword an' sworded Bliaff's head off, an' made it all bluggy, an' Bliaff runned away."

Then Toddie "runned away," and got himself stung by a hornet, and rushed in, sobbing :

"Want to be wocked. Want shing 'Toddie, boy, one day.'"

And I had to rock him and sing, line by line, after Budge, some absurd little doggerel about a basket, beginning :

"Where is my little basfik gone ?"
Said Toddie, boy, one day.

When he was soothed, those children beguiled me out to a treacherous muddy brookside, in search of jacks-in-the-pulpit ; Toddie tumbled in, and so did Budge, and in pulling them out I was most horribly spattered ! Hurrying home, a carriage overtook us with ladies in it. Could it be ?—of course it was ! —Miss Mayton herself !

"You seem to have been having a real good time together," said she, as the carriage passed. "Remember, you are all going to call on me to-morrow afternoon."

And so we did, Toddie bearing an expiatory bouquet. The children raced off to watch a grasscutter, and I sat down to a delightful chat with Miss Mayton. Men were scarce among the summer boarders at Hillcrest, and somehow the piazza gradually filled with the ladies of the house. Suddenly a shriek arose from the lawn ; Toddie had pinched his fingers "in the little wheels of the cutter-grass," and rushed up to me, sobbing :

"Sing, 'Toddie, boy, one day.'"

My blood seemed to freeze, but when Budge explained that "he always wants that song when he's hurt," all the ladies urged me, and I wrathfully picked Toddie up and hummed the detested air. But the little tyrant was not satisfied, and successively required me to "sit in a wockin' chair," to "sing the words," and to "sing louder," till at last, before that audience and her, I was obliged to sing that dreadful doggerel, line for line, as Budge repeated it. My teeth were set, my brow grew clammy. At last I heard some one whisper :

"See how he loves him ! Poor man ! he's in perfect agony over the little fellow."

But the agony was a prelude to a most unexpected rapture. An apprehensively accepted invitation to dinner, where Toddie tilted his soup over Miss Mayton's dress, led to a twilight *tete-a-tete*, which Budge interrupted by informing the lady:

"Uncle Harry 'spects you, Miss Mayton."

The little rascal had, that very morning, demanded to know whether I didn't "love" Miss Mayton, and accepted with suspicion my assurance that I "respected" her very highly. Now, before I could stop him, he continued:

"Only what he calls 'spect, I calls love."

There was an awkward pause—something must be done.

"Miss Mayton," said I, "Budge is a marplot, but a truthful interpreter. I"—

"When I loves anybody," observed Budge, "I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a start. She did not speak ; she was not angry. Could it be that—? I acted on Budge's suggestion, once, twice. She raised her hea and I saw that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. Then Budge and Toddie came in for a share of the kisses ; two or three ladies appeared, and I calmly said :

"Come, boys. Then I'll call with the carriage at three to-morrow, Miss Mayton. Good evening."

I shall not tell you what I thought or did during that interval, except that I bought my angelic nephews everything they wanted, beginning with candy and ending with a goat and goat carriage. Nor shall I say a word about my ride with Miss Mayton, except that it was suddenly interrupted by a runaway goat and two boo-hooing boys; and that night Budge prayed:

"Dear Lord, bless just lots that lovely, lovely lady that comforted me after the goat was bad to me."

The next day was wet and those children led me a terrible life ! Their only real comfort was Jonah, or rather, the 'whay-al," a picture of which Toddie tenderly caressed, murmuring :

"Dee old whay-al, I loves you. I finks 'twas weel mean in Djonah to get froed up when you hadn't noffin' else to eat, poor old whay-al !"

And Toddie amused himself for some time with a big box for a whale and a dead mouse for a Jonah, till a mishap occurred which he mournfully announced by saying :

"Djonah bwoke he tay-al !"

The next morning, I got a letter from Helen, inclosing one to her from Alice Mayton, from which I learned that I might attribute the sudden success of my suit to Miss Mayton's "seeing that a man who could be so lovable with thoughtless and unreasonable children must be perfectly adorable to the woman he loved."

I have not time to tell you how Budge revealed to stately Mrs. Mayton the relations subsisting between her "little girl" and his "Uncle Harry," or how that awful Toddie disclosed our secret to the ladies of Miss Mayton's acquaintance by solemnly declaiming some "Lines to Alice" he had heard me rehearsing in the garden; or how the same Toddie swallowed a "whole bottoo full" of paregoric, and was hurried to the apothecary's with such wholesome results that he reported to his brother :

"Budgie, down to the village I was a whay-al. I didn't froe up Djonah but I froed up a whole floor full of uvver fings."

Tom and Helen came home in due time, and at lunch that day toasts were drunk to "Her" and to "the makers of the match—Budge and Toddie !" And Alice insists that when a certain ceremony takes place they shall officiate as groomsmen, nor have I the slightest doubt that she will carry her point.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

Cure for Diphtheria.

A little son of Mr. Jeremiah Kelley of Hughesville, Del., who has been dangerously ill with diphtheria, was successfully treated by inhaling the fumes of slacked lime, last week, and is now out of danger. A small piece of lime was placed in a cup and the fumes conveyed to the mouth of the child through a funnel with a long tube. It is said that in a short time after the treatment a large lump of tough mucus was discharged from the throat, after which the little fellow at once commenced to get better.

Fashion Notes.

Sleeves fit tight.

Basques are still worn.

Spring bonnets are small.

Bonnet crowns are broader.

Basques must fit like armor.

Tight jackets are fashionable.

Brims of bonnets are smaller.

Unglazed percales are the best.

The new round hats are very small.

Creme Blanche is the magic beautifier.

Chenille bonnet cords are very fashionable.

Normandy crowns are the most fashionable.

Lace scarfs for bonnet strings grow in favor.

The spring colors are gray, drab and brown.

Gold bead embroidery on lace is coming into vogue.

The new spring wraps are dolmans and scarf mantles.

Some modistes are using coraline as a dress trimming.

Parisian diamonds are beautiful imitations of real jewels.

There is a revival of fashions demanding the use of lace.

Feathers studded with steel and crystals are shown for evening *parures*.

Seal brown and navy blue are still the favorite colors for little boys' suits.

The empress bonnet is large crowned and of modified Normandy shape.

The empress bonnet is the favorite for middle aged and elderly ladies.

Rose and blue is a favorite combination of color in the new Scotch plaid ginghams.

Red, white and blue bunting will be used for both dresses and trimmings next summer.

Plush collars and muffs are expected to take the place of fur boas and muffs next month.

The new fichus have lace ruches in the neck rising high above ribbon quillings and bands.

Madras ginghams in beautiful combinations of color are seen on the counters of dry goods stores.

Peculiarities of the Ant.

Not content with having destroyed some traditional beliefs on the subject of bees, Sir John Lubbock is now attacking the reputation of the ant. According to Sir John, it would appear that the different species of ants—and there are about 700—"have strongly contrasted moral characteristics." Some are distinguished by bravery, some by cowardice, some are industrious, some are strikingly idle. They are too lazy even to feed themselves or clean themselves, and Sir John Lubbock found that to keep them alive it was necessary to put a few slaves for an hour or two every day into the case in which they were confined, in order that their domestic arrangements might be duly attended to. They are said to be very stupid with regard to locality. Sir John Lubbock has tried putting a store of food to be reached by passing over little cardboard bridges, and he found that slightly shifting a bridge baffled them. They never tried to push the bridge, or even to make use of a supply of fine mold put ready to help them fill the gap. They "craned" at a jump of about one-third of an inch, and preferred going a circuit of eighteen feet, just as a cautious rider to hounds might make a detour of several fields to take advantage of a line of gates. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that ants will take care of a distressed friend. Sir John Lubbock tried just covering an ant with mold where many were passing and repassing. Not one took any notice of him. They have, however, a singular power of recognizing each other, as was tested by placing thirty intoxicated friends in company with thirty intoxicated strangers together in a nest. The ants were at first much puzzled with the sad spectacle. However, twenty of the friends were taken into the nest, five were thrown into the water, and the others neglected. On the other hand, twenty-four of the thirty strangers were thrown into the water at once, and of the six taken into the nest by mistake, four were afterward found to be strangers, and were then taken out and thrown into the water also.

New Orleans Creoles.

In New Orleans, too, the Creoles make up a very large proportion of the population. The city proper is divided by Canal street into "Frenchtown" and "Americantown." Frenchtown has about 80,000 inhabitants. Of these, as estimated, not over 2,000 are of Anglo-Saxon descent. Frenchtown is to all intents and purposes a foreign city in an American State. Americantown makes a better showing. It has about 120,000 souls. Of these, it is safe to say, not to exceed twenty per cent., are of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. New Orleans, in fact, is decidedly a foreign rather than an American city. It has within itself all the elements of revolution. History but repeats itself. They have broken forth more than once in the past. They are found as comprising, in the main, the revolutionary forces of the revolutionary government of to-day.

Your Louisiana Creole, to sum him up, is at best an anomaly in American politics. He is decidedly un-American in everything save in being, as it were, a natural product of the soil. Louisiana, from his standpoint, is a sort of heritage of his own. He is bitterly hostile to all not either to the manor born or of foreign blood. He has about as comprehensive an idea of American politics as has the native of New Zealand. He knows nothing of liberty save as identified with license. He can have, from his nature, little respect for a government, save as it shows the strong hand of power.

Othello in Nevada.

The Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle* says: A lady who determined to surprise her husband a few nights ago bought him a new pair of rubbers and placed them by the bedside, so that when he came in she could enjoy his delight at such a fond exhibition of love and affection. The man stayed out so late that his wife fell asleep, and when he came in his eye fell upon the overshoes. He was just about to stab himself with a cheese-knife when he reconsidered his intention and determined to rouse his wife and tell her that he knew all. Grabbing her by the hair he yelled out: "This once happy home is desolated by a faithless woman's perfidy," and pointed to the overshoes. It took nearly two hours to explain, and then he forgave her, with the understanding that she would make him a pair of slippers with his monogram and a green dog on the top.

Couldn't Keep a Little Still.

"Some visitors are coming, and you must keep a little still this afternoon," remarked a Chicago teacher to her pupils one day lately.

"We can't keep a little 'still,' or a big one, either," chimed in one lad, "leastwise we can't 'nless we pay a government license !"

The teacher then remembered that the boy was the son of a former revenue defaulter, and pardoned his remark.

A VICTIM TO SCANDAL.

Vile Valentines Driving a Sensitive Woman to Suicide—Mrs. Bowers' Fatal Leap—Particulars of the Ninth Avenue Tragedy.

"She seemed to rest her hands on the side wall a moment as she leaned forward from the roof and looked down into the street. Then she swung about sidewise in a queer sort of way, all in a hurry, and hung over the area, her hands clinging to the coping for an instant ; then she screamed and fell."

Such in brief was the description given by Annie Norman, perhaps the only person who saw her fall, of the manner in which Mrs. Delia C. Bowers came to her death at the corner of Ninth avenue and Nineteenth street on the evening of Washington's birthday. It was beginning to grow dark when Mrs. Bowers fell, and her form appeared to some who saw it in the distance like a bundle of clothing thrown from the house-top into the street. The noise of the fall attracted quite a crowd from the tenements, stores and workshops in the vicinity, and as the people passed about the woman's prostrate form the horror of the scene crept through them and pictured itself upon their eager faces. "What's the matter?" "Is she dead?" "How did she fall?" busy tongues not more earnestly than eager eyes inquired. But there was no one there then to say how it happened. She had fallen. She was insensible, or at least appeared so, and probably would die. As her shattered form was lifted from the street and borne to her apartments the crowd pressed about the door and edged more closely to the central point to find out all about the woman who fell.

Mrs. Bowers lived at No. 153 Ninth avenue, was married and the mother of two children, aged about eight and ten years respectively, and her death is considered to be of her own seeking, in spite of the implied contradictions presumed to exist in the fact that she was much respected by all her neighbors as a good Christian and an exemplary wife and mother. To an over sensitive disposition is charged the mental condition which led her to precipitate herself from the roof of a house forty feet high into a narrow area, just twelve feet from the open street. It was a frightful leap—from which the stoutest heart, in sane moments, would recoil with a shudder. What could have driven a good, peaceful, Christian mother to take such a fatal plunge?

THE VOICE OF SCANDAL.

The sting of scandal ? Such was the generally accepted explanation put in circulation shortly after her death by her neighbors and acquaintances, a few of whom pretended to know the history of the whole affair. Reports say that on Valentine's day (February 14) Mrs. Bowers received from a female neighbor some offensive caricatures with accompanying lines of a scurrilous character, written by the sender. The language used was very harsh, and Mrs. Bowers worried greatly over the matter. She showed her husband what she had received, and told him from whom she suspected the slanderous messages to have come. Unlike his wife, Mr. Bowers did not see enough in such a silly malicious bit of business to give him any cause for worriment. He advised her to give no heed to the matter. Two of the valentines were said to have been specifically the captions: "A Seamstress" and "In Love with Every Preacher." But what the accompanying lines were has not been stated.

Mrs. Bowers was a constant attendant at the Sixteenth Street Baptist church, and after a time the story of the scurrilous valentines, mingled with some further scandal, got to the ears of the congregation, and its circulation there capped the climax of her mortification. Meanwhile the more talkative of her neighbors had heard of Mrs. Bowers' restiveness under the lash of these painful stories and kept astir the petty gossip which the sender of the valentines gave forth at first. Gradually the poor woman's nerves gave way under the ordeal until a few days before her fatal leap, when she even refused to eat, so much was she exercised over the scandal. Her friends did not entertain any serious apprehension, however, and the thought of suicide by so devoted a Christian and so well conducted a wife never entered the head of any one.

Mrs. Bowers resided in the first house from the corner; and it is considered strange by some of the neighbors that she should have gone to the roof of the adjoining house to precipitate herself therefrom, with suicidal intent, when she could as easily have thrown herself from the roof of her own house. It was no very unusual thing, however, for the inmates of No. 153, in which Mrs. Bowers resided, to pass over to the roof of the corner house. But a flying rumor which could not be traced to its source yesterday lent some importance to the foregoing comments. This rumor would have it that some one, the gossips could not say who, had seen a woman's figure retreating from the roof of the corner house toward the scuttle of one of the houses above just as Mrs. Bowers fell to the ground. It is not pretended that any one pushed Mrs. Bowers over into the street, but if this rumor were found to be a fact, and the person fleeing from the roof should be identified, there is found here as strong a chain of circumstantial evidence as many on which convictions even for murder have been obtained. The dying woman's last words were: "Mrs. ——— is the cause of this."—*New York Herald.*

Who Owned It.

Realty is realty. The Iowa lawyers have had a wrangle over a meteor. A large fragment of the big meteor of 1875 fell in the highway on lands owned by the Amana society, and a German named Maas picked it up. The society claimed title under the law of accretion, the realty in the highway belonging to them, and whatever came to the land's natural accretion being part of the realty. The German put in a counter claim based upon original discovery and the nine points of the law. The court has decided that the society have the better title, and the fragment of the meteor will be placed in the State University. Realty is realty, whether a deposit be made during the glacial period or yesterday. Scientific tramps who spend their nights in trudging along the highways and hunting for meteors may as well go to bed at curfew. Realty is realty.

The Too Eloquent Man.

"Dominie Miles," was known throughout the northern part of New York State fifteen or twenty years ago as a hardy worker among seamen—including those reprobates who swore on the tow-path from Albany to Lake Erie and he knew the most effectual way of dealing with the too eloquent man. "My friends," said a young gentleman who would edify the "canalers" in Bethel, "it is good to perceive before me those hardy mariners who go down to the sea in ships and do business in mighty waters. We are, as it were"— "Brother," interrupted the dominie, "do you love the Lord?" Much disconcerted, the eloquent youth stammered: "I trust I do." "Well," rejoined the worthy dominie, "that's all we want to hear from you this evening. Brethren, let us sing." It is hardly possible to imagine a man continuing his able remarks after receiving such a rebuke.

A Great Bridge on Fire.

The St. Louis *Republican* says: A disastrous fire occurred about midnight at the eastern end of the bridge. The first seen of the fire was about half past eleven o'clock, when the engineer of an east bound train crossing the river noticed that there was fire in an unoccupied two story frame building at the north side of the bridge. He sounded his whistle, but failed to attract attention. Then he stopped his train, and all hands shouted and yelled and whistled till an alarm was sounded. Meantime the frame building had become enveloped in a light flame. The high wind from the north speedily swelled the strength of the fire, which communicated to another building. The flames were swept by the breeze directly toward the south, and began to threaten the wood-work of the bridge. Before the steamers could effect a crossing, the flames had captured the track, and were crackling among the planks and timbers of the trestle. The steamers went to the other end, but, being unable to pass, Chief Sexton sent them back, at the same time sending word to the ferry company to bring them over. Whether there was a misunderstanding about the landing place, or whether the ferry company did not care to stop the burning of the bridge, does not appear. A boat started across, and, it was reported, took three steamers on board, but up to one o'clock the one steamer of the St. Louis department that first crossed was without assistance from her mates.

The one engine then went vigorously to work to stop the spread of the fire. By this time a long row of frame buildings on the north of the bridge was half consumed, about three hundred yards of the bridge approach was burning, and the fire had reached a number of frame buildings south of the tracks. The whole ground for an acre in extent was a sheet of flame, roaring, surging, leaping up and across the open ground on the river beach as each succeeding gust of wind would toss it and whirl it about. It swept along the ground, driving the crowd of sight-seers far back from its fierce heat. It crept through the trestle, twining itself about each brace and timber, and it stole along the railings, making rapid progress in every direction where it could find combustible material to feed upon. Before the engine had started a stream the waiting room on top of the bridge was completely enveloped, and the blaze had climbed the two tall flag staffs to their summits and was setting off a shower of sparks therefrom. The efforts of the firemen were directed to prevent the flame going further west and destroying the staircase by which foot passengers descend upon Bloody island.

The loss may reach $200,000. A great number of people crowded over on the bridge to witness the brilliant conflagration, which was really grand. Till after two o'clock the crash of falling trestle work could still be heard in this city, as the red-hot iron bent and yielded to its own insupportable weight, and tumbled to the ground in glowing curves and angles.

Effect of the Jersey Execution.

A bill has been introduced in the New Jersey legislature which makes it the duty of the court on a trial for murder in the first degree to pass a sentence of imprisonment for life whenever a verdict of guilty shall be accompanied by a recommendation to mercy on the part of the jury. The effect of the passage of the bill would probably be the virtual abolition of capital punishment in the State. Very few juries would convict without a recommendation to mercy. In the first place it would be difficult to get together twelve men all of whom uphold legal strangulations, and in the next there would be in almost every murder trial enough sympathy for the prisoner to render it certain that some of the jury would insist on securing for him the more lenient sentence. The bill, no doubt, owes its origin to the feeling of dissatisfaction engendered by the refusal of a new trial to Ryan and Oschwald, and to the fear that these men may have suffered death for a crime of which they were innocent. New Jersey does not generally lean to the side of mercy, and the proposed change in the law shows how firm a hold the doubt of the guilt of Ryan and Oschwald has taken on the public mind.

The new movement in the legislature, viewed in this light, must serve to open the eyes of the Jersey authorities to the duty of exerting themselves to discover whether the murderer of Officer Brock is still alive and unpunished. When a whole community is so earnestly impressed with the feeling that justice may have gone astray it is due to public sentiment that all doubt should be cleared away. It will not do to settle quietly down with the idea that as two men have paid the forfeit of their lives for the crime there is an end of the matter. Justice to the murdered man, justice to the memory of those who suffered for the murder, if they suffered unjustly, justice to the State requires that if a mistake has been made it shall be rectified and that the real offender shall be called to account. We have not yet heard that any steps have been taken on the part of the Jersey authorities to ferret out the truth. It is to be hoped, however, that they will promptly follow up every clew that can lead to the final settlement of the question as to the guilt or innocence of the two men who have been sent to their graves as Brock's murderers.—*New York Herald.*

Raiding an Indian Village.

A correspondent writing from the Black Hills region says: I have another victory to report, such as it is. Lieut. Cummings, with Company C of the Third Cavalry, dropped in uninvited upon an Indian village of ten lodges on Crow creek, near the old Custer trail. As a surprise party it was a success. The Indians lit out with a discreet promptness, leaving their lodges, household gear, sixteen ponies, 600 head of sheep, and a herd of cattle in the hands of the troops. After nightfall they rallied and attacked the camp, yelling like so many stockbrokers. The affair was lively while it lasted, but it was soon over, the Indians not meeting business, and being easily driven off. One Indian was killed; no casualties on our side.

The country is fairly swarming with redskins. They have just driven a party from this camp into the Hills. People who have a preference for a quiet life had better wait a while before coming on here to make their fortunes.

Why She Left.

A clergyman in a Western town has had to leave his parish owing to a little domestic difficulty with his wife, on which his people got divided. The female in this case was the disturbing element. She declined to discharge the duties of her household, and finally kicked out of the traces altogether. She wouldn't cook and she wouldn't wash. The poor clergyman bore his afflictions like a saint, and at last took to washing the family clothes himself, and doing the cooking as well as he could. One of his female friends, in espousing his cause, remarked to a sister on the opposite side that she thought it was a peculiarly hard case for the minister. "Well," replied the sister, "there may be some truth on your side; but the fact is, he was awfully provoking. His washing was so miserable, and nobody could eat his cooking."

An Alligator Story.

There lived in Calcutta a lovely girl of seventeen, who was engaged to a man she was much attached to ; her father, however, did not approve of the match, and was anxious that she should marry another man, who had proposed to her some time before. This second lover, backed up by the father, was most persistent in his attentions, and ultimately hoped to win the girl, who, on her part, disliked him intensely, and declared she would only marry the man she was engaged to, and no one else.

All of a sudden the girl disappeared ; and, though every search was made, no intelligence could be gained of her, nor was there any apparent reason for her mysterious absence. Suspicion fell on both her lovers, especially on the one whose suit she had rejected, for it was well known he was highly incensed against her for her indifference toward him. They were both arrested and imprisoned, albeit they declared their innocence, and also their sorrow and astonishment at her disappearance.

It was ascertained that she was last seen alive going to the tank with her pitcher to draw water, and that she had never been seen since. On this it was decided to have the tank dragged, which was accordingly done. The first time they found nothing ; however, they tried again. On this occassion they felt something very heavy in the net ; presently they saw the huge head of an alligator and soon after heard a tremendous splash which broke the net and allowed the animal to escape. They immediately commenced making another net of extra strength, and one not likely to be broken by the alligator. When it was finished they dragged the tank, and this time did so most thoroughly, but to their amazement nothing of the alligator was seen.

"Where can it be?" they exclaimed ; "surely we were not deceived, for we all saw it ; and yet, if it was in that tank, we must have caught it."

Some one proposed that they should drag the tank from the opposite side. This they did, and their efforts were crowned with success, for they captured the alligator and brought him safe to land. He was of monstrous size, and a most ferocious monster. Inside of him they found no end of gold and silver bangles and native ornaments ; some of them were recognized by the bereaved father as belonging to his poor daughter, for they were the same she wore on the evening she was seen walking toward the tank.

The grief of her friends on this terrible discovery can be better imagined than described. She must have put down her pitcher into the water, quite unsuspicious of danger, when she was seized by the monster, and in a moment dragged down. This accounts for its not being captured when the tank was dragged on so many occasions. How it got into the tank, and where it came from, are questions for naturalists alone to answer.

We have heard, but cannot vouch for the truth, that alligators have been known to travel great distances at night. This animal must have walked straight through the populous city of Calcutta to the tank unobserved.

Self-Reliance Necessary to Success.

Self-reliance, conjoined with promptitude in the execution of our undertakings, is indispensable to success. And yet multitudes live a life of vacillation and consequent failure, because they remain undetermined what to do, or, having decided that, have no confidence in themselves. Such persons need to be assured; but this assurance can be obtained in no other way than by their own successes in whatever they may attempt for themselves. If they lean upon others they not only become dissatisfied with what they achieve, but the success of one achievement, in which they are entitled to but partial credit, is no guaranty to them that, unaided, they will not fail in their very next experiment.

For want of self-reliance and decision of character thousands are submerged in their first essays to make the voyage of life. Disappointed and chagrined at this, they underestimate their own capacities, and thenceforward, relying on others, they take and keep a subordinate position, from which they rise, when they rise at all, with the utmost difficulty. When a young man attains his majority, it is better for him, as a general rule to take some independent position of his own, even though the present remuneration be less than he would obtain in the service of others. When at work for himself, in a business which requires and demands foresight, economy and industry, he will naturally develop the strong points of his character, and become self-reliant.

A glance at the business men of any community will show who have and who have not improved the opportunities of their earlier years. The former transact their business with ease, promptitude and profit. They rely upon themselves, and execute what they have to do with energy and dispatch. But those who shirked everything in their youth are compelled to rely on their clerks and salesmen for advice, and are never ready to act when occasions of profit arise. Many parents commit a lamentable error in this respect. They lead their children to believe that they can do nothing without the constant assistance of their superiors, and after awhile the child becomes impressed with that idea. Fortunate will it be for him when he emerges from the paternal roof, if he can at once acquire the self-reliance which has been kept down at home—otherwise he must necessarily fail in whatever independent enterprise he undertakes ; and in such a case, while the misfortune is his own, the fault lies at the door of misjudging parents rather than at his own.—*Scientific American.*

Ireland and America.

The president of the Amateur Rifle Club of New York has received the following letter, suggesting a return match on Irish soil to that which occurred at Creedmoor immediately after the international match of last summer—being the third of the series. A meeting of the club will be at once called, when the matter will be discussed:

MY DEAR SIR: I have pleasure in submitting to you the following resolution passed at a council meeting of the Irish Rifle Association, held at the Mansion House, Dublin, Jan. 22, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the chair:

Resolved, That an invitation be addressed to the Amateur Rifle Club of New York to send a team to Ireland in the present year, to shoot a match on same conditions as Irish-American matches of 1874, 1875 and 1876.

I have peculiar pleasure in forwarding this resolution, and I hope it will lead to another of those friendly contests which have in the last three years been productive of much good feeling and honorable rivalry between two nationalities connected otherwise by many agreeable associations. The month of June is suggested as the most suitable for this match, as it will enable those gentlemen whom we hope to welcome as your representatives to take part in the annual competition of the Irish Rifle Association, and subsequently to visit the camp of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon.

I am, dear sir, your very faithful and sincere friend, ARTHUR B. LEECH.

Light timber—sunbeams.

Quail on Toast.

A Chicago runner happened to stop at a tavern in the southern part of the State, and called for quail on toast for dinner, about after this style : "Landword, I want a quail on toast for dinner. Do you hear ?"

"Got lots of stale bread to make toast, but ain't got no quail to put on the toast," replied mine host.

"Ah, landword, do not the feathery quail abound in this wengon of country?" inquired the runner.

"Yes, but I hain't got no time to hunt em. I got to have a dog, a hoss and a wagon to hunt 'em," was the landlord's answer.

"Ah, never mind the expense. The next time I come this way, I want you to have, for my especial comfort, a quail on toast. Do you hear, landword?"

"Of course," said mine host, "if you insist on it, and are willing to pay the expenses, you shall have quail on toast, for I can go to the timber any day and get you a quail or two. Gest telegraph when you'll be here, and I'll have 'em for you."

They parted, and the matter was forgotten until one morning about a month after the landlord received a message that his patron would arrive the next day, and be sure to have quail on toast for his dinner. The landlord loaded his old fusee, hired a horse and buggy, borrowed a dog and started for the timber. The dog was a valuable one and well trained, and they had not gone far when he came to a point. The landlord saw the quail and took aim. The dog and quail changed positions simultaneously, and the old fusee went bang at the same time, and the dog and quail were both shot dead. The landlord was in a terrible flutter. He gathered up the quail, put it in the front part of the buggy, and while undertaking to put the dog in the back part, the horse took fright and ran to town, leaving the landlord to foot it home. When he arrived in town he found the wagon broken and the harness torn in several places, but he got the quail all right. The runner came on time and found his quail on toast awaiting him. He did justice to the dish, and after taking a cigar called for his bill. The landlord had it all made out and ready.

Mr. ——, to the City Hotel, Dr.

Dinner (quail on toast)	$ 50
One half day's hunting	1 00
Ammunition	50
Mending harness	3 00
Mending wagon	10 00
One dog (dead)	10 00
Total	$25 00

The runner looked at the bill a moment, and demanded an explanation. The landlord recited his adventure, and remarked that the bill was $25.

"Twenty-five dollars!" the runner exclaimed; "$25, why, that's an outrage. It's an outwage, sir; I won't stand it. No, sir." The dye on his whiskers getting deeper with rage.

"You has to stand it 'cos I won't take no less," replied the landlord.

"I won't pay any such bill. No, sir, I won't," the runner shrieked, and stamped his foot with rage.

"You insisted on having quail on toast, and said you'd pay the bill, and that's the bill, mister," said the landlord, mildly.

"I won't pay it. It's a terrible outwage, and I won't stand it. I'll see you in Texas first, and then I won't." The runner had increased his anger, stamped his feet, and made so much noise the passers-by gathered in to see the fun.

"You won't pay it?" asked the landlord.

"No, sir, never, never!" he shrieked, louder and louder. The landlord "snaked" his coat, and struck an attitude before the towering, raging runner and said : "If you don't pay it, and pretty considerable quick, "I'll give you such an all-fired licking that yer mother won't recognize you from a billed ham." The runner withered before his pugilistic landlord and paid his bill, amid the shouts of the lookers-on and departed. The landlord took pains to tell the story to the boys, and it soon leaked out, and the commercial travelers have called him "Quail on Toast" ever since."

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Friendship is full of dregs.

Pity, the tenderest part of love.

Ye stars that are the poetry of heaven !

Poets are too frequently merely poets.

You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yokefellow of eminence.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God and a scourge to satan.

Pride and weakness are Siamese twins, knit together by the indissoluble hyphen.

Laws act after crimes have been committed ; prevention goes before them both.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

The higher the rank the less the pretence, because there is less to pretend to.

The sourest man is not wholly hopeless when he will not blaspheme before his son.

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

To have religion upon authority is like a finger watch, to be set forward or backward as he pleases that has it in keeping.

A Conscientious Jury.

An old story is well retold in a recent issue of a Southern journal, as follows: "A jury in Alabama had been empaneled in the case of a Mr. Johnson, charged with killing his wife. The evidence was positive and conclusive, leaving no doubt of his speedy conviction. To the amazement, of all, the jury, after a short absence, returned a verdict; '