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MRS. GLENDENNING'S HUSBAND.

You remember Hawthorne's story of "Wakefield," a man who, from mere oddity and whim, after parting from his wife to go on a short journey, vanished into the wilderness of London and never returned to her, although he lived so near that he watched curiously her comings and her goings year after year, seeing her change from a happy matron into a melancholy widow, and so go on into cheerless age. Other things have happened quite as strange, perhaps stranger. Let me tell you the true story of Mrs. Glendenning's husband.

Agnes Holt met Hugh Glendenning before she left school; they fell in love, were engaged, and by the time she was eighteen married him. He was a young fellow of twenty-six, and his most striking qualities seemed to be his good looks and impetuosity of temperament. In person he was of average height; his figure good; his face remarkably handsome; his hair and eyes dark; his complection pale. Agnes was a quiet, graceful creature, with blue, bashful eyes and the most charming smile in the world. In speech she was curiously reserved, and rarely expressed herself freely. One of the discomfits of the season of her engagement was that Hugh constantly pressed her for an ample confession of her love, which she would never make in words by more than a quiet consent when he demanded if she loved him. She hoped and expected that after marriage she would be less persistent and more ready to take things for granted, while he, on his side, looked forward to wedlock with a belief that once a wife, Agnes would no longer torture him with her evasions and denials, but tell him with the same freedom and eloquence which he used himself the whole story of her passion for him. The two probably loved each other equally, but their temperaments were too powerfully contrasted to make mutual understanding possible. Agnes was slow, puritanical, and, however faithful and strong in feeling, was utterly destitute of spontaneity; while Hugh was quick, ardent and given to the most powerful expression of whatever feeling or mood came uppermost.

They had been married a month when business arrangements compelled Hugh to go to England, and he insisted on taking his wife. She yielded, but her inclinations were against the journey; she disliked to leave her family, and was, besides, in great fear of the sea. She was melancholy and nervous in parting from her friends, and for the first three days on the ocean spent the entire time in tears. Hugh could not understand her horror of the water, and felt, besides, that she was using him ill in feeling the least reluctance at severing her connection with her old home. He tortured her with questions. Did she love him? Did she trust him? If she loved him, if she trusted him, how could she help being glad to accompany him anywhere on the wide earth? These demands incessantly repeated, persistently urged and pressed, wore upon the young wife; she knew they were actuated by a love which jealousy demanded everything from her; but they developed a sort of coldness and perverseness in her mind.

On one occasion, when Hugh asked if she really loved him, she replied listlessly, "How can you expect me to love you when you wear me out like this? I shall soon begin to hate you if you go on in this way."

These careless words produced the most profound impression upon Hugh's mind, and were the beginning of a calamity. He brooded over them, incessantly repeating them to himself. Agnes, who was a mere child at heart, and of a nature not wide enough fully to absorb the idea of another's, realized nothing of the suffering she had inflicted. Besides, Hugh's conduct began to estrange her. It became his wont to sit looking at her, his large black eyes growing cavernous in their depths and unearthly in their brilliancy. At times he would exclaim "You do not love me; you will soon hate me." At night he never seemed to sleep, and hanging the lantern so that the rays fell on her face, dizzying her, he would sit on the edge of the berth, staring into her face and muttering, "She hates me!"

The voyage was a short one; in ten days they were in London, where they met friends, and for three months which followed both Hugh and Agnes had a comparatively happy and cheerful time.

Agnes upbraided her husband for his absurdities, and he himself seemed to see his conduct in the light of day instead of the lurid glare of an insane, jealous dread. Still, married life was a palpable disappointment to Agnes, who began to feel if she must bend her every faculty to the task of pleasing a man whose brain seemed in a whirl of false and distorted ideas concerning her and his love for her and her feelings for him, she should soon lose all respect for, and belief in, her husband.

Toward the latter part of the time they spent in London her cousin, George Dana, a young man of 22, whom she had known and loved like a brother, from her infancy, happened to join their party. His coming was the signal for the most violent outbreaks of jealousy on Hugh Glendenning's part. His mind seemed all astray; he was indifferent to the fact that he placed his wife in a cruel and humiliating position; he persisted in the chimera that an easy habit of intimacy with her cousin George was the expression of a love which far surpassed her affection for himself. Again and again he taunted and insulted her, until she implored her cousin to leave London. George Dana, however, little guessing Agnes' actual position with a man who was half insane, could not be induced to go. He was not through with his sight-seeing; he was interested in the races; in short, he liked being in London at this time of year better than being any where else in Europe, and he insisted on remaining, and even felt a sort of boyish satisfaction in augmenting Glendenning's jealousy to the utmost by constant offers of attention to his young wife. By the 1st of July, Hugh's business was concluded, and he took Agnes to France and Switzerland for a month, but the two were no longer on terms of affectionate intimacy. Hugh was still jealous, and regarded his wife's steady coldness as a sign of the most chilling indifference. Agnes, on her side, felt that to maintain a semblance of buoyant happiness when she felt so dejected at the way she had been outraged was to lessen her dignity as a woman. The two sailed from Havre for New York on the 14th day of August, 186—. On the seventh day out, when they were half way across the ocean, Hugh Glendenning was suddenly missed. There was no trace of him on board the steamer, and it was readily concluded that the rash and unhappy young man had thrown himself overboard.

It was naturally the cruelest possible trial for Agnes when she was forced to believe that her husband had committed suicide. She knew, too, that he had been disheartened by her coldness; again and again she had repulsed him when he had tried to have an explanation with her. Naturally now that he was gone, all the generosity of her first love returned; she forgot his faults, and remembered only her own; she accused herself of cruelty and heartlessness, and sorrowed like the most despairing of widows.

It seemed natural under the circumstances, that Agnes should not only mourn, but mourn with peculiar hopelessness for her young husband, who had been taken from her only a few months after their wedding day; she sorrowed a year, two years, three years; but by that time her family all began to make an effort to persuade her that it was wrong thus to continue oppressing not only herself but them with this long past affliction. She was faithful and tenacious of impressions, but at the end of four years she had resumed ordinary dress and begun once more to mingle freely in the society at her mother's house. She was more attractive than in her girlhood, and her story, too, was well known and created a touching interest in her youth and beauty. She had several admirers, but not until George Dana returned did she allow any one to come near her as a lover. George had, perhaps, always been fond of her; he was, at any rate, now ardently in love with her. Remembering as Agnes did poor Glendenning's jealousy of the young man in London, it was with some mental disquietude and outward struggle that she allowed herself to yield to the feeling that she could love again, and love her cousin George. However, his courtship was so far successful that she had promised to marry him when she had passed the fifth anniversary of her husband's death. This date, which was to divide her old allegiance from her new, was the 20th of August, 186—. The day passed quietly in a pleasant country house. George Dana was to come in the evening, and Agnes rose when she heard the train whistling at the bend, and said she would walk across the field to meet her lover. Everyone smiled, and no one offered to accompany her. The family, consisting of the father and mother of Agnes, her three sisters and four of her married sister's children, all sat on the piazza waiting for Agnes and George to return to tea.

Suddenly, Mary Holt exclaimed, "If Hugh Glendenning were alive, I should say that was he;" and she pointed to a man who passed the house at a distance of some two rods, and who now at her exclamation lifted his hat and bowed.

The sight of this man created the most powerful sensation in the group, and Mr. Holt sprang to his feet and went down to the gate; but he had vanished. The likeness to Hugh Glendenning had been startling; not only his face but his attitude and gesture and his gait, seemed to have declared that it was Hugh Glendenning himself. In another moment George Dana came running in, calling for help. He had, he said, while crossing the fields to meet Agnes, seen her in conversation with a man who looked like Hugh Glendenning and who strode away on his approach, and when he himself reached her she had swooned away and was lying on the ground.

The trouble which now overwhelmed Agnes and her family was one of those cruel enigmatical troubles which take all freshness out of life. Agnes, when restored to consciousness, declared that while she was crossing the fields her husband suddenly started out from behind a tree, caught her by the arm, held her tightly clutched, and said to her in a horrible tone, "Do not dare to marry that man!" and that she remembered no more until she opened her eyes and saw her mother bending over her. A frightful bruise on the tender flesh of her arm corroborated her story. The family too had all seen a man who, if not Hugh Glendenning, was his absolute likeness. George Dana was the only one who combated the truth of these ideas. He declared it to be wholly impossible that Glendenning should be alive; he himself had questioned the captain and officers on board the steamer after the suicide five years before. Everything pointed conclusively to the belief that the young man had been drowned. The steamer had been searched over and over; on the fatal day of the disappearance they had not even sighted a vessel or a boat; thus there could have been no rescue from the sea. He was dead, George declared with irresistible decision. When confronted with the fact that they had all seen Hugh or his ghost, he declared it to be a chance resemblance—that Agnes was dispirited and nervous, and when the man touched her her disordered imagination supplied the words she believed him to have spoken.

George, however, being broken-hearted at the failure of his engagement was not to be trusted as a counselor in such a crisis. The marriage was given up. Advertisements were put in the principal papers for a year, imploring Hugh Glendenning, if alive, to communicate with his wife and family; but not a word was heard from him. Agnes naturally suffered the cruelest form of suffering—suspense, and dread, and helpless and hopeless misery. Her past was imbittered, present she had none, and the future was full of doubts and terrors.

Gradually, as two years, then three years passed, everyone save herself ceased to believe in the reality of the apparition which startled them all on that 20th day of August. And at times even Agnes herself doubted the evidence of her senses. How could it be possible that Hugh was still alive when in all these past eight years he had only once disclosed himself to the sight of any of his friends? When he might come and claim her before all the world, what possible object could he have for lurking in shadow, only caring to overwhelm her when she made an effort at renewed ties?

George Dana naturally was not slow to help her in these questions and doubts; he tried, too, to inspire her with courage—that, instead of cowering helpless before vague and nameless shadows in the darkness, she should resolutely go on and meet and grasp and defy them. By this time, too, she was legally freed from her husband, even if he were alive according to the laws of her state; more than eight years had passed since his apparent death. Agnes was at last persuaded to end the long suspense. She suffered not only for herself, but for George, whose life she was spoiling, and finally consented to marry him privately from her sister's house in New York. Their plans were not discussed beyond the family circle; it was decided that the two should quietly walk out to the city church, and then and there be married by a strange clergyman. Thus everything unpleasant would be avoided, and before consequences were faced they would be actually met and conquered.

This plan seemed destined to bring the happiest results. The morning of the wedding day dawned. Agnes quietly ate her breakfast, then went to her room and put on her bonnet to go out and be married. As she stood at the window drawing on her gloves a man stopped suddenly on the pavement, looked up and gave a warning gesture, then ascended the doorstep.

A moment later her sister entered the room and found her sitting down by the fire, huddled as if to warm herself. 'Why, Agnes,' said she, 'I expected to find you already to start. Here is a little package which some one has just brought for you. Unless it were a secret about the wedding, I should suppose this was a present.'

'There will be no wedding,' said Agnes, in a hopeless tone; 'I have just seen Hugh again. It was he who brought that. Let me see it.'

She opened the little parcel listlessly. It contained a ring, a man's wedding ring—the very one she had given Hugh nine years before.

Agnes has never seen her husband since. Whether he is alive she does not know; whether he died that 20th of August at sea she does not know; whether the chain of contradictory circumstances we have narrated were actual and based upon the correct hypothesis, that he himself appeared twice before her in the flesh, she does not know. George Dana, urged by her entreaties and her prayers, finally renounced all hope of overcoming her reluctance to even think of him again after her double warning, and married. Agnes is a hopelessly-saddened, changed and melancholy woman.—Lippincotts Magazine.

An Ant Battle.

When I first noticed the fray it could only have just commenced, for round Mound Colony, though in a fearfully excited state, the principal portion of the black ants were still congregated. Far away at the base of the yellow-ant hill I noticed a few black ants phenomenally still, for an ant not incessantly moving may be generally looked upon, so far as this life goes, as having been disfranchised. Betwen the citadel of the yellow ants and Mound Colony a few black and yellow ants were apparently enjoying a friendly wrestling match. Anyone watching the athletes, however, would have noticed that, whenever one was thrown, he, like the black ants at the top of the yellow ants' hill; made no attempt to move again, and manifested that wonderful indifference to subsequent proceedings which doctors call death. As I watched, the angry movement round the mound continued. From the mound and out of the hill in which the yellow ants lived the wrestlers in the plain between the two were, I noticed, constantly receiving fresh accessions of strength. Detachments of black ants were then formed at intervals, and met by opposing detachments of yellow ants ordered out of their ant-hill. Had a general commanded the forces, the fighting could not have been more scientific. The skirmish extended into an engagement, the engagement into a heavy battle, and at last the battle into an assault on the yellow ants' hill itself. As I watched, the supports of the black ants were thrown forward more rapidly, and in greater numbers. Out of the yellow ants' hill deployed heavier columns. The charge and shock of the opposing masses became more fierce, and the litter of the dead more numerous. The tide of battle, surging now to Mound Colony and now to the yellow-ants' hill, took narrower flowings to the former, and more repeatedly neared the latter; for the yellow ants were slowly giving way, and their black assailants were forcing themselves nearer and nearer the ant-hill. Had it been possible to have separated the combatants now, I would have done it. Small as they were, there was a sanguinary ferocity about the black ants which alienated sympathy, while the bravery of the yellow ants, coupled with the fact that they were nearly a third smaller than their foes, compelled something like admiration. To add to the horror of the scene, the butchery was executed in deadest silence. The visible rush and excitement of the storming parties could be plainly seen. The heat and action of attack and defense were as apparent as if the hill I sat watching had been one of the heights of the Schipka, and the combatants Turks and Russians. It was plainer for no smoke of battle hid slayers and slain. All was done in clear broad genial sunshine, and was as vividly observable as the tortures which are being inflicted on the Elamite prisoners in some of the Assyrian tablets at the British museum. But as those hapless wretches, pegged down to the ground and slowly skinned alive by the implacable figures standing, knife in hand, over them, have been voicelessly suffering the most excruciating agony any time these thousand years, so the unfortunate yellow ants were dismembered without the faintest sound reaching me. There may have been cries and screams and the sobbings of unutterable physical anguish. If there were my senses were to gross too perceive them. I could see limb torn from limb. I could watch the body of some miserable prisoner lengthening under the awful strain as two bands of its captors tugged it in two. Then it snapped asunder, and its bloodthirsty assailants captured another foe.—Belgravia.

The Indian Version of the Death of Captain Cook.

At a meeting of the French Geographical Society, on the 14th ultimo, to celebrate the centenary of Captain Cook's death, M. Huber briefly adverted to the native account of the tragedy, as published four years ago by M. de Varigny, fourteen years a member of the Sandwich Islands Government. It is in the shape of a poem on Captain Cook, attributed to Kupa, an eye witness of what happened. It describes how two forests were seen gently floating on the waters; how Kupa and others were ordered to swim up to them; how they found Goords, who breathed out fire and smoke from their nostrils and mouths, had dazzling white skins and sparkling eyes, wore skins of various colors, with holes in the sides, into which they plunged their hands, and which appeared to be full of treasures. A god with his thunderbolt kills Kupa's father, whereupon the other swimmers took to flight. The priest declares that the floating island is the war vessel of the god Lono, who, after murdering his wife through jealousy, left Hawaii long ago to explore the seas, and had now returned, according to his promise, after six generations. He bids the natives take them bananas, cocoanuts and oranges, which are accepted. At night Lono and his fellow gods shoot hissing arrows at the stars, making some of them fall into the sea. Flames of strange colors descended from the trees of the floating island, and extraordinary sounds alarm the natives. Next morning Lono lands; is treated as a god, with sacrifices and prostrations; but whether from anger or having forgotten the language he makes no answer. Several of his inferior gods seized on sacred fish destined for the altar. Others begin pulling up the palisades surrounding the sacred enclosure, the Morai, where the elders meet. King Kalaimano remonstrates, but they laugh and persist. Lono comes up, crosses the sacred boundary, and is about to enter the Morai. Kailamano intercepts his progress, but Lono rudely pushes him away. Kalaimano takes Lono up in his arms, and on his struggling to free himself presses him lightly. Lono cries out with pain. "He cries, so he is not a god," exclaims Kalaimano, and kills, him. The other gods who were pulling up the stakes fly, but the natives fall on them, and, strange to say, their blood flows like that of mortals. Kalaimano, however, while launching arrows from the shore, is killed by the invisible fire. Thus your fathers, concludes Kupa, saw the death in one day of their god and their chief. In this song the two visits of the vessels are fused into one; and while Lieutenant King represents that the natives had stolen a boat and attacked the sailors, that Captain Cook was leading away the chief as a hostage to secure redress, that a woman incited an attempt to rescue him, and that Cook and his men fired to drive them off, and that they then rushed on him and killed him with their knives, Kupa lays the blame on the sacrilege of the visitors, and describes Cook as killed by the chief alone. It is not often in encounters between Europeans and barbarians that we meet with the version given by the latter, and nearly a century elapsed before it was committed to writing.

On the English Coast.

A grand and lovely spot indeed. Before us, nested in wooded shelter and luxuriance, lay Clovelly, perched as it were on the side of the cliff; almost as it seemed, suspended in mid-air. One wondered how the houses got there, or who first discovered the quiet and secluded spot. The cliffs towered majestically on all sides; here rich trees crowned the heights in regal splendor, there changing to more marked and barren surfaces, while the form of each headland cleaved the sky in distinct outlines. Toward Rude, far away on the one hand, stretching out into the sea, was Hartland Point, with its beautiful and well-built lighthouse; on the other hand the point of Morthoe, sheltering the famous sands, with their multitudes of rare shells, accumulations of centuries.

The sea, calm and blue, was a perfect reflection of the bright sky above; scarcely a breath of wind swelled the sails. The water surged lazily upon the beach, eged with white froth. The boatman pointed out a treacherous spot where many a time the love of woman had gone down, to meet never again face to face, "or clasp hands close and fast" on this side the grave. But the men had work to do, as well as tales to tell, for the oars had to make up for the empty sails. We passed Bucksmill, a few houses nestling romantically in a cleft of rock, sloping upward in a narrow ravine, wild with neglected tangles that only made it the more beautiful. A weird spot, emblem of solitude, suggestive of smuggling in bygone days, and possibly, sterner deed of bloodshed—many a dark night's work marked only in the eternal records.

Far as the eye could reach the coast line was magnificent. Down opposite Hartland, ten miles distant, was Lundy Island—Lundi Icelandic for puffin, being possibly the source whence it derives its name. If you visit the little island, with its wavy, undulating table-land, a contemplated sojourn of a few hours may chance to extend itself to days, or even weeks, so suddenly does the Atlantic change its ceaseless and monotonous roll into the fury of prolonged storm and tempest. The afternoon declined, the shadows lengthened, the glare of the sunlight upon the water grew less dazzling; we turned homeward and gradually got back to the white houses of Clovelly, scenes of quiet, uneventful histories, and made for the little pier. There we ran in among the herring-boats and landed on terra firma.—The Argosy.

Merv.

The city of Merv, which Russia is seemingly preparing to occupy, stands upon an oasis formed by the Murgh-Ab river in the middle of the desert separating the Oxus from the northeast frontier of Persia. It thus forms the "half-way house" for very considerable trade between Persia and Bokhara, all caravans crossing the Oxus at Tchardjni, and passing through Merv both in going and coming. Its military value is not less than its commercial importance, for, as the only tenable point in a region otherwise uninhabatable, it gives its possessor the full command of the surrounding country, as well as a convenient base for an advance on Herat. The latter place lies barely fifteen days' march to the south, the route traversing the level and well-watered valley of the Mugh Ab, abounding in forage and everywhere practiable for wagon trains and artillery. These strategic advantages have often given to Merv a conspicious place in eastern history. In the reign of the Caliph Mahadi it became the centre of formidable rebellion, headed by an imposter named HaKim Ben Haschim; surnamed Mokannah from the siver-gauze veil which he always wore—the same personage who plays such a prominent part in Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' as "The veiled Prophet of Khorassan." Later on, at the opening of the sixteenth century, it was the scene of a battle that changed the history of Central Asia, when the invading Uzbegs were defeated by Ismail, the young shah of Persia, and their leader, Sheibani Khan, slain. It was strongly fortified, but its defenses, like those of most Central Asia towns are now considerably decayed. The population is chiefly composed of Persians and Turkomans.

The Last of Niagara's Ice Bridge.

The great ice bridge, which has provided a winter attraction for Niagara, has disappeared. A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier, giving a parting description of it, says: "It is strange, but a fact, that most of the bridge was snow, and nothing but the severe cold weather that we have had kept it together so long. It is estimated that about 18,000 people have crossed this bridge. On Sunday, Feb. 9, over 1000 people passed over it, excursion trains having brought the people here over the Central and Erie Railways. Mr. Convoy, the well-known guide, was the first to cross the ice bridge on Dec. 30. The last to cross was a boy, accompanied by a dog, Wednesday afternoon, the 12th inst. Although there have been a great many dangerous places about the Falls during the winter, and so many thousands of people have gazed upon the grand sights and superb scenery, it is pleasant to know that not a single accident occurred. It will not be surprising if we have another ice bridge this spring, when the ice comes down from the lakes. May 8, 1877, an ice bridge formed just below the American falls, while grass was being cut in Prospect Park. People crossed the bridge at that time for two or three days; it broke and went down the river on the 14th."

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TIME TABLE—K. P. R. R.

The following is the time-table of the arrival and departure of trains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Salina.

TRAINS GOING EAST

	DEPART.
Fast Express, No. 4	7 45 a. m.
Kansas City Express, No. 6	12 15 a. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST

Kansas Express, No. 3	8 25 a. m.
Denver Express, No. 1	8 30 p. m.

No. 4 don't run Saturday night, and No. 6 does not connect at Kansas City with trains for the east.

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Call at the CHICAGO GROCERY STORE FOR BARGAINS. Clarke can give you more Groceries for a dollar than any House in Salina. He buys strictly for cash, and can give you the BEST GOODS AT RED ROCK PRICES. Give him a trial.

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