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THE LIFE OF SONG.

Is there any thing on earth,
Where the strongest are not strong,
Half so feeble in its birth,
Or so sure of death, as Song?
Frailer blossom never grew,
Felled by the Summer rain;
Lighter insect never flew—
Scarcely come ere gone again!
Children, who chase butterflies,
May pursue it, to and fro;
Little maids who sigh "Heigh-ho!"
May deplore it, when it dies;
Lottier deeds to men belong—
Larger Life than Song!

There is nothing on the earth,
Where so may things are strong,
Half so mighty in its birth,
And so sure as life, as Song.
Never pine on mountain height
So the thunder-bolt defies;
Never eagle in his flight
Soars with such undaunted eyes!
Conquerors pall empires down,
Think they will not be forgot;
But if Song pursues them not,
Time destroys their dark renown;
Nothing is remembered long
But the Life of Song!

THE WRONG CARD.

"What will you have, sir?"

"Give me a fillet of beef, with mushrooms, Lyonnais potatoes, and green pear."

"Yes, sir."

Away went the waiter, but returned in three minutes.

"There are no mushrooms. sir—only one plate."

"Well, bring me one plate—how many do you suppose I want?"

"But, sir, Monsieur Delavignes—a very old customer—ordered me to save him some mushrooms every day, and he has not yet dined."

"Never mind Monsieur Delavignes; I must have the mushrooms—I can't dine without them."

"It is impossible, sir."

"Very well, give me the potatoes and peas to-day, and lay in a larger supply of mushrooms to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

The order, minus the fungie, being executed, Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire proceeded to demolish his meal, inwardly wishing that Delavignes—whoever he might be—was a little less partial to mushrooms.

"Waiter!"

"Sir?"

"Bring me a bottle of Haut Sauterne."

The waiter made a gesture of comic anger.

"Sacre! how unfortunate! Monsieur Delavignes used the last we had in the house, yesterday. We had but a half dozen."

"Does this mysterious Delavignes drink six bottles of wine at dinner?"

"No, sir; he had three friends with him. Is there any other wine you would like?"

"Madoc will do."

The wine was brought, and the waiter began searching about the table among the dishes.

"What do you want?" demanded Rendeau Hillaire.

"Pardon, sir, there is a fork missing—a private fork, belonging to a gentleman who dines here. It has been given some one by mistake, to-day, and I must find it before Monsieur Delavignes—"

"Confound him! Does he own the whole restaurant? What sort of a man is he, that he reserves the last dish of mushrooms, drinks up all the Haute Sauterne, and keeps a private fork?"

"He is rich, sir, and very eccentric."

"I should say so. Is that the fork?"

And the young man showed the one he was eating with—a heavy fork of solid silver, richly chased with a coat of arms and the letter "D."

"That is it, sir; pardon me, I will give you another."

Much vexed at this last unconscious piece of rivalry between himself and Delavignes, Rendeau Hillaire completed his dinner in silence, paid for it, and left the restaurant, merely saying as he went out:

"Waiter, has Monsieur Delavignes used up all the toothpicks? If not, I will take one."

Sauntering out from the place, the young man perceived an elegant carriage drive up, and on glancing at it he discovered the same coat of arms on its panels as that engraved on the fork. Having by this time conceived almost a dislike for Monsieur Delavignes, he hastened away, without looking at the occupant of the vehicle, and bent his steps toward the hotel where Madam Fleurdoree, the reigning beauty of the day, resided.

Rendeau Hillaire had for some months cherished a secret passion for this fair lady and had, with much difficulty, succeeded in procuring an introduction to her, since which time his attentions to her had been most undivided.

But she seemed to regard him coldly, and rumor whispered that she had a friend who possessed her entire affections. Who that friend was, rumor did not see fit to say.

Madame Fleurdoree was at home, and was happy to see Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire. She chatted pleasantly with him, about the opera, the gay season, and similar topics, but carefully avoided anything which could lead the conversation into a more serious or tender path.

This required some tact, for the young man missed no opportunity for pressing his suit, and ere he had been twenty minutes in her company, was verging, in spite of her, on the forbidden subject.

There was only one thing to do—change the conversation, which she did, abruptly.

"Are you fond of flowers, Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire?"

"Extravagantly. My smoking-room is a perfect conservatory."

"Are not these camellias beautiful? They are of very rare colors."

The charming widow handed him a large bouquet of camellias, which had ornamented the mantel, in a delicate vase of Sevres ware.

"They are, indeed, lovely. What garden are they from? I have seen none like them in Paris."

"I do not know where they were procured. They were given me this morning, by a connoisseur in such things—a Monsieur Delavignes."

Rendeau Hillaire started.

"I have heard of the gentleman," he said

After this his visit was tame. He was almost frightened by the persistency with which fate threw that mysterious personage across his path, and left the presence of the fair widow much earlier than he had intended, although not until he had gained her promise to accompany him to a grand masque ball, to be given at the house of a mutual friend

The night of this ball arrived, without any further contretemps between Rendeau Hillaire and his unknown rival, and the former found Madame Fleurdoree quite charming, in her pink domino. The salon of Count Vendiron, where the ball was given, was crowded, and everybody agreed that there had not been a more brilliant fete in all Paris for a year.

At four o'clock in the morning Rendeau Hillaire and his fair partner prepared to depart, after having greatly enjoyed the occasion, but as they passed down the great stairway, a somewhat unpleasant occurrence took place, which rather marred their pleasure.

A tall man in a Spanish majo's costume, closely masked, opposed himself before them, and in a voice more or less affected by wine, demanded why they were going so early.

"I do not know you, sir," said Rendeau Hillaire, sternly; "let me pass if you please."

"I am appointed," said the majo, with an unstendy gesture, "by my friend, Count Vendiron, to see that no one leaves at an unreasonable hour. He has commissioned me to stop all who try to pass, and if they refused, to exact a kiss from each lady."

Madame Fleurdoree trembled, and drew close to her cavalier's side.

"This pleasantry is sadly out of place here," said Rendeau Hillaire; "If you are a friend of Count Vendiron I will let your impertinence pass unpunished, but I warn you not to continue in it.

"Come, come," cried the stranger balancing himself with difficulty, "you are to hasty. I have nothing to do with you, but I must claim my due—a kiss from your fair domino!"

"Stand aside, fellow!"

"Do you call me fellow?"

"Stand aside, or I will throw you over the balustrade!"

The majo sprang upon Rendeau Hillaire and seizing both his arms, would have hurled him down the stairs, had not a young man, who was descending just behind, come to the rescue.

This latter laid hold of the short jacket and ample scarf of the majo, whirled him round like a feather and raising him clear of the low balustrade, dropped him easily to the floor some ten feet below.

A tremendous excitement now arose, in consequence of the scream of Madame Fleurdoree and the crash of the fall. The staircase was instantly crowded, and the ball broken up in confusion.

The impudent stranger was taken up, and found to be only bruised a little. He walked to Rendeau Hillaire, demanded his card, handed him one in return, and disappeared before anybody could speak to him, or make more then a conjecture as to who he was.

Rendeau Hillaire now endeavored to find his benefactor—the young man who had thrown the ruffian over the balustrade—but he was also missing. In the struggle his mask had slipped down, and exposed a pale, handsome face, with a black mustache, but Rendeau Hillaire did not recognize it, although should they meet again, he would certainly remember it.

The man in the majo's dress he thought he should know, too, by a large, curiously carved antique ring, with a blue stone, on his little finger.

On entering his apartments, after returning home, he examined the card which he had received.

It bore the name of Delavignes, and an address.

The next day Rendeau Hillaire dispatched a friend to the place mentioned in the card, with a sarcastic note, saying that as Monsieur Delavignes had stood in his way on many occasions, he would be happy to have him stand in the way of any weapon whose use monsieur understood, at a certain time and place, to be arranged by their friends.

This note brought an answer in due time presenting Monsieur Delavignes's compliments to Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire, and saying that a meeting with small swords would be agreeable to him, although he did not quite understand the cause of the quarrel between them, as he was not aware that he had ever had the honor of Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire's acquaintance.

To this the last-named gentleman replied in an another note that he had been grossly insulted by Monsieur Delavignes, but if he was too drunk at the time to know what he was about an apology would be accepted.

Delavignes replied in turn that he did not get drunk, and had insulted no one. Furthermore, that the stigma of intoxication thus put upon him allowed him to listen to no further explanation.

The result of all this correspondence was that the affair was arraged to come off on the morning of the Thursday following, in a meadow on the country estate of one of the seconds, not far from Paris.

On the morning designated, the parties met at the meadow and commenced ot make preparations.

The two principals did not look at each other until all was in readiness; but when led forward by the seconds, aa exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of Rendeau Hillaire:

"Heaven bless me! This is not the man!"

He recognized the pale, handsome face and black mustache of the young man who had thrown the ruffian in the majo costume down stairs at Count Vendiron's ball!

"What did you say, sir?" asked Delavignes.

"I say that you are not the person who insulted me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I was insulted by a man at a masked ball, and that you threw him over the balustrade, thereby saving me from being thrown down by him. Instead of fighting you I wish to tender you my most sincere thanks, and to beg your pardon for this awkward mistake!"

"But you challenged me—my name is Delavignes."

"Stay! Is that your card?"

"It is."

"It was given me by the man whom you threw down stairs."

"Ah, ha! there is some strange error here."

"Give me your hand, and let us seek the solution of it together, as friends."

"With all my heart!"

And the two young men gave each other a friendly hand-shake, and buried the deadly feelings with which they had first met, in the natural good-fellowship which is common in all who are brave and good-natured.

"Now," said Delavignes' second, whose meadow had so providentially escaped being stained with blood; "now, let us dine here, at my chateau, and return to Paris together in one carriage."

The invitation was accepted, and at a late hour the four returned in excellent spirits and on excellent terms with each other."

As the carriage entered the suburbs of Paris, Monsier Delavignes started in his seat.

"Here, driver, stop. I have a duty to perform!"

"What now?" chorused the rest.

"Do you see that man?" pointing toward a richly-dressed but villainous-looking fellow just issuing from a gambling house.

"Yes, we see him."

"Well, that is the Marquis de Revillac-Brizy He is a professional gambler, but having the entree of many respectable salons, has made almost a fortune by playing unfairly. One night I detected him in cheating, and denounced him before the whole company as a swindler of the worst kind, whose title and ancient family gave him all the latter opportunities to fleece unsuspecting gentlemen. He said he was insulted, and we exchanged cards, but I have heard nothing of him since. Coachman, give me your whip."

Before the party could hardly see what Delavignes was about. He had taken the carriage whip and approached the Marquis de Revillac-Brizy.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"I do. You are Monsieur Delavignes, a man who—"

"Who is about to administer to you the punishment which a coward and poltroon deserves."

With which he took the decayed marquis by the collar, and gave him the most artistic horse-whipping that that part of Paris had ever seen.

When the unfortunate had recovered a sufficient flaggelation Delavignes compelled him to apologize, and beckoned his friends to leave the carriage in order to witness the apology.

"Now, then, rascal," said he, "we are quits. You skinned me at cards, and I have returned the compliment with a whip. You were afraid to fight when I desired so, I have taken all the fight into my own hands. I mistook you for a gentleman when I met you, and you mistook me for a fool, or you would never have cheated me first, then challenged me, and finally let the whole affair drop. Good night, Monsieur le Marquis de Revillac-Brizy. I hope you will profit by your lesson."

"Pardieu!" growled the marquis: "if I had remembered your address you would have seen whether I dared to fight, or no!"

"But I gave you my card."

"And I lost it, at a ball the very next night."

"At Count Vendiron's ball was it not?" asked Rendeau Hillaire, who had been intently regarding an antique ring, with a blue setting, on the marquis's little finger.

"It was."

"Ah, ha! then I, too, have a little score to settle with you. You were drunk, last night, and insulted a lady who was with me."

"I do not recollect anything about it."

"You were too much intoxicated?"

"Yes."

"And are you sorry for what you did?"

"Well—yes."

"That is sufficient. Gentlemen, we have no farther affair here. Let us return to our hotels."

They re-entered their carriage.

"Here is a curious coincidence," said Delavignes—"that you and I should both have a quarrel with a man, and that you should be near killing me for him! By-the way, who was the lady who was with you at Count Vendiron's ball?"

"Madame Fleurdoree."

"A charming woman!"

"Yes, indeed, but unapproachable."

"How so?"

"She has a favored suitor already."

"No."

"How do you know?"

"I am exceedingly intimate with her, and would be aware of it if any body was."

"But you yourself, perhaps you are the one!"

"Hardly likely."

"Why so?"

"She is my half sister."

Twelve months afterward, the beautiful widow Fleurdoree became Madame Rendeau Hillaire.

American Cars and Engines in Italy.

An American correspondent writes to us from Milan, Italy, calling attention to the necessity of American manufacturers adapting their manufactures to the wants and habits of the countries to which they export. Speaking of the street railroad from Milan to Monza, which was opened in 1876, he says: "This road has tried Swiss, French and American cars. All concede that the American car is the best, with this fault only—the platforms are too small. The average Italian prefers the platform, where he has the privilege of smoking, and the Directors not being allowed, as with us, to take inside more passengers than they can seat, very much prefer large platforms, where people stand packed like sardines. However our cars 'stand the racket,' and theirs do not. There is hardly a French or Italian car upon any of the roads here that is not, to use a sailor phrase 'hogged.' The line from Milan to Vaprio opened on the 8th of June, 1878, and has been a great success. It was started with steam alone, running three cars and sometimes four. The engineer had the good sense to try all the different dummies in the market—Swiss, French, German, Italian and American. The latter, owing to delays in transportation, came too late to be accepted by the company, which had already—unable to wait—stocked its road. It was tried, however, upon the road, and in my opinion was a success, but it was a success under difficulties. The machine was consigned in pieces to a man who knows nothing about machinery; it was put together by another, who, if anything, is prejudiced in favor of Italian work; it was run by a man who likes the English machine. However, it did its work well and was eventually sold to a new company running out of Turin, where it came to grief, and is now, says one, up for sale at half price. Perhaps this may be owing to the fact that the Cassell company has already three engines on the road running by its own men, or it may be, as I heard to-day, that the American company has ordered the machine out of service until it has time to send one of its own men to manage it. I sincerely hope the latter is the case. When will our American manufacturers learn that it is better not to send out any machines at all than to confide them to foreign mechanics, whose interest it is to run them down and afterward copy them? At no matter what cost, the first machine should be accompanied by a skilled mechanic; afterward, let them do as they like, you have always the record of the first machine to show."

Tramps as Husbands.

Within a few months, and within a radius of nine miles from here, three or four widows comfortably well off have married chaps that came tramping along. One of these husbands is now in jail for threatening the lives of his wife and mother-in-law. His favorite form of amusement was to place the women folks in chairs side by side, and, after poking a loaded gun into their faces, to fire it off at a target just above their heads. Five weeks ago a respectable and well-connected woman in this town, whose husband died less than two years ago, leaving her a nice little home and $2,000 in cash, fell in love with a young tramp who came to her door, and though twenty years his senior she married him. Since then her house has been a rendezvous for nearly all the tramps who came along, and apparently the good news is being rapidly spread among the fraternity. A few days ago the woman appeared with a badly bruised face and damaged eyes, and her friends had her tramp husband arrested for the assault. The trial was a most ludicrous affair, for, while the wife admitted that "Johnnie" not only was the cause of her disfigurment, but had soundly thrashed her at least twice a week during their brief honeymoon, she declared that she loved him dearly, and that he only whipped her when he was mad because she wouldn't, at first asking, give him money, or buy him a horse and carriage. The man said that he didn't think that he had thrashed his wife above once a week, and that he loved her dearly. Upon this followed a very dramatic scene, the woman rushed into her husband's arms and mingling her tears and kisses with his ditto, and both fell on their knees before Judge Lewis to beg his mercy. Judge Lewis told them, "I want no such nonsense here," and fined the man $8.85, which the woman paid, and a few minutes later they were seen lovingly riding toward their peaceful home.—[Westfield (Mass.) Letter.

Why He Wanted to Change Seats.

Riding in a railroad car:

Husband—You are quite comfortable, dear?

Wife—Yes, love.

Husband—The cushions are easy and soft, dueky?

Wife—Yes, darling.

Husband—You don't feel any jolts, pet?

Wife—No, sweetest.

Husband—And there is no draught on my lamb, is there angel.

Wife—No, my ownest own.

Husband—Then change seats with me.

Lima Beans Without Poles.

It is not often convenient to get poles for Lima beans to run on. They produce best on poles, but if the young runners are kept cut off as they grow, and the plants kept as bushes, they generally do very well. Indeed, those who have tried them report that they grow as well as the ordinary bean.

During a severe rain and thunder storm Monday night, lightning struck a barn belonging to a former named Corp, four miles east of Booneville, instantly killing two horses and a colt. The barn was only slightly damaged.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Colonel Mapleson and Sons—Dr. Gardini—Mme. Gerster—Talmage in the Future.

Nobody has been more talked about this winter than Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera Troupe. Colonel Mapleson, as he is called, probably in deference to the American partiality for titles. Certain it is that the prefix of "Her Majesty's" has had a great deal to do with the success of his company. Some people have found fault with him; others have lauded him, but everybody agrees that he has been successful.

Let me picture him to you, as not long ago he squeezed his way out through the crowd at a matinee just in front of me:

A sturdy, florid Englishman, very nearly six feet, broad and stout, but not the least incommoded or heavy in appearance. Seemingly about fifty years of age—not more I should judge than fifty-five. His brown hair, which he keeps closely cut, is tinged perceptibly with gray, his eyes are a clear blue, his features regular; the *tout ensemble* expressive of great strength of will—a countenance that would be fine, but that the mouth is too compressed—an indicationt that there is a lack of generosity in his nature. This defect however, is somewhat concealed by a short moustache. A pair of brown whiskers give a becoming finish, for his face is somewhat wanting in breadth. But if he is really deficient in generosity, he does not show it in his management, for this has been in all things most liberal. Details have been well looked after, everything has been on a large scale, and the people have appreciated this by an equally generous support. Close beside Mapleson as he made his way out that afternoon, was his son Charles, not Henry, who married Marie Roze. We must not confound them, for Henry is by far the superior of the two. He seems to inherit his father's talent as a manager, while Charles has left rather an unenviable reputation behind him, from the fact that his board bill at the Everett House is still unpaid. The proprietors were obliged to consent to a losing compromise and accept a doubtful note from the young man. His appearance is very ordinary, as he is small, and his face as meaningless a one as I ever saw.

Now let me give you an account of a visit to the hotel where I called to know something of the future plans of M'me Gerster. I did not ask to see the prima donna herself, for she was to sing that evening, and I knew well enough that a singer does not wish to receive a visitor on the day of a performance. But I was very courteously welcomed by Dr. Gardini, her husband, with whom I had a very pleasant talk. M'me Gerster is of course delighted with America. She has every reason to be, for her popularity here this winter has been very great. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Dr. Gardini was her teacher. That has been asserted with such confidence that I believed it to be true. But he does not pretend to be anything more than an amateur in music, for he is a doctor of medicine. An Italian, of course, as the name would show, and this summer, after the season in London is over, he will retire with Mme. Gerster to Italy, where she will take a rest of two months preparatory to a return here next fall. Dr. Gardini has all the Italian warmth of manner, and is a very approachable and agreeable young gentleman. He is of medium height, having dark eyes, side whiskers and moustache, yet his complexion is by no means as swarthy as is general with Italians. Indeed, he would pass well for an American, though the moment he speaks, his foreign origin becomes evident. His English is, however, quite intelligible, yet his look was one of decided relief when I informed him that I was acquainted with French. I asked him something in regard to Madame's costumes, but the reply was given with that helplessness by which the average man seems overcome when speaking on so intricate a subject as dress. "She dresses very simply, he said; 'very simply,' and then, after a pause, as if he wished to convey at least some information, he took hold of the damask curtain, saying "She has something on her bonnet like that." I conclude he meant a garnet-colored ribbon or flower. Mme. Gerster, who has really bewitched New York this season, is quite small and delicate in appearance; somewhat on the brunette order, with dark lustrous eyes and hair.

Last Sunday, but for the blowing of a cold wind belonging to March rather than April, I should have gone over to the Brooklyn Tabernacle in order to write you my impressions of Brother Talmage. There is yet time, and in my next letter on city gossip, I hope to give you a picture of the man and his surroundings.

LUCY CARTER.

Slavery of Farmers Wives.

No single newspaper article of the present decade created a profounder sensation than the Chicago Times' editorial on the slavery of farmers' wives. It enforced thought and inquiry, and thus awakened the public mind to an enormity that hitherto has excited but little attention. It is not urged that all farmers' wives are drudges. Many of them perform no more work than is essential to vigorous health. But thousands and tens of thousands of them are worked into their graves. These are the women who build the fires, cook meals three times a day for a force of men, feed and milk the cows, do the washing and ironing for a dozen persons, make the butter and cheese, do marketing, put up the fruits, cultivate the kitchen garden—the women who commence their round of toil by starlight in the morning—an hour or more before the stronger men are out of bed—and end it near midnight, hours after the same strong men go to bed and sleep. The farmer, working hard himself, and hearing but few complaints from his toiling wife—doing his work and seeing that hers is done, asks no questions; and no doubt feels that while his wife can get through with her work, it would be needless expenditure of means to hire a servant to help her. When at the age of 40, from hard work and child bearing, she takes on the appearance of a woman of 60, he concludes that she "didn't have a strong constitution," and that she would have fared better had she been the wife of a carpenter or shoemaker. We repeat, that the slavery to which we allude, is not the lot of all farmers' wives. Many farmers are as considerate for the health of their wives as they are for their own health; but the fact is undeniable, nevertheless, that, as the class, the wive of farmers are over-worked. The insane asylums tell this story; the worn and exhausted appearance of many of the woman themselves, tell it, and the average of their lives tells it in a shape that can not be misinterpreted.

Carried Overboard by a Hogshead.

Captain Mayhew, of the schooner Francis R. Baird, which arrived from Cardenas yesterday, reports the loss of three of his crew during the passage. A heavy gale was encountered on the morning of the 31st of March, and at 4 o'clock all hands were called. The seas were washing over the decks, and had broken loose a large hogshead of melado. The mate, E. J. Townsend, of Cape May, N. J., and two seamen, Charles O. Taft, of Massachusetts, and Charles H. Jones, of Virginia, attempted to secure the hogshead, but the vessel rolled as a heavy sea struck her, and it went overboard, carrying the three men along. Their cries could be heard at first, but as it was very thick at the time they could not be seen. A heavy sea was running, and it was impossible to launch a boat. There was no choice but to leave the unfortunate men to their fate. The Captain had only two seamen and the steward left to work the vessel. The steward was unable to steer, one of the men was seriously injured afterward, and the Captain, during the last ten days of the voyage, was obliged to remain on deck all the time.—[From the New York Times, 12th.

Indiana.

Bloomfield voted $13,500 to the Chicago, Worthington and Washington railway.

The Cambridge City trotting park have published their premiums for the meeting June 8 to 6.

State Treasurer Flemming sold the Fort Wayne Sentinel, a democratic organ, to Wm. R. Nelson and S. E. Morss, of that city, for $30,000.

Greencastle is to have several new edifices built this summer. Asbury university will erect a $25,000 building and the Methodists a $15,000 church.

An inquest of lunacy was held on Mrs. M. L. Crippen, of Orange township, Rush county, formerly of Indianapolis. She was sent to the asylum.

Andrew Levy, a shoemaker of Princeton, suicided with twenty grains of morphine. Cause, melancholy. His family reside at Paducah, Pa.

Philip Polster, of Columbus, while returning from a dance was knocked down by garroters with a sand bag, and robbed of $6, all the money he had about his person.

Louis, an eight year-old son of Mrs. Gillispie, fell over the falls of Tall creek, at Williamsport, and was instantly killed He fell a distance of 60feet. The body was recovered.

Last fall Alfred Brown was tried at Anderson for bigamy, and received a verdict of ninety days in jail, but got a new trial. He was tried again and got two years in the penitentiary.

Rochester and Henry townships, Fulton county, voted $44,000 to aid the Chicago & Alton railway company, by an overwhelming majority. Track laying has commenced at Huntington.

The democrats of Lafayette in convention nominated the following ticket, for Mayor, J. Tyler; treasurer, Jacob H. Wiebers; clerk, George West; marshal, Felix Connolly; assessor Peter Carney.

William Smyser, of Williamsburg, wooed and won the heart and hand of Mary Wells, but her father said no. The young couple fled from the parental roof to Louisville and were made one.

The trial of Hugh Mack, at Cavydon, for participating in the murderous assault upon Mrs. Mauck and Miss Vaughn, was postponed until the 29th, and he was committed to jail in default of $820.

Dr. J. A. Nesbit, living at Alfronte, left his home about two weeks ago, telling his wife that he was going to Indianapolis to have some teeth extracted, and since then nothing has been heard from him.

The Excelsior School Furniture Company of Indianapolis capital stock $30,000, Albertus Swain, James S. Bush and Nathan Doan, directors, have filed articles of association with the secretary of state.

John G. Paine an engineer on the T. H. & E. railroad, was drilling his engine at Evansville when the lever flew back, striking him in the breast, fracturing several ribs and inflicting perhaps fatal internal injuries.

Ralya's heading factory and coopershops at Anderson has stopped operation. Over one hundred hands are thrown out of employment. Mr. Ralya has deeded his property to the National city bank of Cleveland.

Isaac Deubo, a half-witted pauper in the county asylum at Corydon, killed a fellow-pauper named Robertson. Deubo was cutting wood, when the other party got in reach of the ax, and was struck in the head and killed.

Rev. John Schrader, died at Poseyville, twenty miles from Evansville, aged eighty eight. He was generally known as father Schrader throughout southern Indiana, where his life has been spent, and where he was greatly beloved.

Ella Applegate, of Knightstown, aged ten years, is on the point of death by over exertion in jumping the rope at school a few days ago. Her body is largely swollen, and the attending physicians fear that some internal organ has been injured.

A tenant house in Fairland, known as the old Gibson house, the property of Mrs. Woodsides, caught fire from a defective flue Monday night, and was totally consumed. The building was occupied by five families, who lose all their furniture.

Jonathan Spilter, a well-to-do farmer of Flora, was taken to the insane asylum. The cause of insanity is supposed to be his doubts in regard to baptism, as he has been reading a great deal on the subject lately, and since becoming insane it is his whole topic of conversation.

There was nothing mean about the democratic city convention of Indianapolis, for the delegates nominated "a red-hot Methodist, an active temperance worker, a negro and the president of the Freedom and Right (Saloon-keeper's) Association. The Chinaman got away.

An old Frenchman named Dedier Deplein, living six miles north of Ft. Wayne, yesterday committed a dastardly assault upon his wife. Deplein is in jail. His victim recently filed an action for a divorce, since which time he has made several attempts to murder her.

Jimmy O'Donnell, of Madison, ate his twenty-four goose eggs in installments of eight. The first eight in 4 minutes, the second eight in 5:30, and the third in 15:15. The whole time in preparing and eating, 29 minutes. At the close of the feast he called for the goose to eat on top of the eggs.

An old man by the name of Hudson attempted suicide last week at Stockwell by stabbing himself several times in the neck and abdomen. No hopes are entertained of his recovery. He states that financial troubles are the cause, having been robbed of about $500 at Lafayette a few weeks since.

A young man of Osgood obtained a torpedo—used by railroads for stopping trains when there is danger—and exploded it by striking it with an ax. The force of the explosion threw the ax back against his face and shoulder, cutting a horrible gash in both. The wounds are painful but not necessarily dangerous.

On Monday Dick Cummins and William Baldwin, alias Jones, were arrested at Cummin's farm, eight miles south of South Bend for making bogus silver dollars. Both were examined before United States Commissioner George, and Cummins was jailed in default of $1,500 bond, and Baldwin in $3,000. Baldwin was taken to Michigan on a requisition to be tried for a robbery near Benton harbor. Cummins will be taken to Indianapolis for trial.

A wholesale druggist imparts the information that there is one honest pool in the country. It is a combination among all the linseed oil manufacturers in the west to keep their product up to a fair price. Each manufacturer sells his own oil, but the price is fixed and collections made from Chicago, from which point he receives his money. Wholesale druggists and other dealers in this oil are allowed the following rebates: On one hundred barrels sold during the year, one cent on each gallon; on two hundred barrels, two cents on each gallon; on three hundred barrels, three cents on each gallon. This constitutes the dealer's profit, and, small as it appears, is larger than they made before the establishment of the pool.

RELIGIOUS.

AS WHITE AS SNOW.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.—Isa. 1: 18.

As white as snow! Oh can it be
That these sweet words were meant for me?
Ah, what a rapture 'tis to know
That I may be as white as snow!

Long time I wandered from my God,
In paths by none but sinners trod,
But Jesus sought me there, and oh,
His robes were all as white as snow.

He called to me; in vain I sought
To turn from him in act or thought;
My soul was sick of sin and woe,
And longed to be as white as snow.

I followed him—he leads me on,
The pearly gates are almost won,
After the heavenly mansions glow,
Where I shall dwell as white as snow.

And ye, whose erring feet have been
So low into the depths of sin,
That all your lives like scarlet show—
Ye, too, may be as white as snow.

As white as snow was meant for those,
And all who will from sin be free;
The rich; the poor, the high, the low,
Through faith may be as white as snow.

—[Mantorville, Minn.

Our Duty to Young Converts.

Welcome reports come from one town and another of revival seasons, and souls born into the kingdom. This is a grand work. People may have strong convictions all their lives, and never start for heaven. This beginning to walk in the new way which we call conversion, is a most important change, and all honor be given to God's instruments who by word of personal appeal, or prayer, helped these souls to make the decision. But a work quite as essential remains.

What shall we do for these converts that they may never lose the freshness and vigor of their first love? They will need teaching; ministers will hardly fail there. They will need watchful care; the church does fail lamentably here. We called upon a lady some time ago, who, for eleven years since she joined the church, had never seen a church-member step over her threshold. We know a young man, who, after uniting with the church, with a large congregation standing up and professing brotherhood, attended faithfully its services through two whole years, while nobody ever took him by the hand.

Above all, these converts need to be set at work. Closet prayer is essential, reading the Bible a necessity for spiritual growth; but they must have active work or die. That minister is a good leader who knows how to employ all his forces; who sees where a mission school can be started, or a cottage prayer-meeting begun; who knows who are fitted for personal work, or for earnest wrestling with God in prayer. He is wise it he lays burdens early on their shoulders.

The prayer-meeting is theirs to help sustain. A clergyman at the west has just sent a postal card to each of his seven hundred members, saying: "You are requested to take part in the meeting next Friday evening, either by remarks, prayer or quotations from Scripture. If you cannot be present yourself, please send in your response by a friend. Please let your message or remarks not exceed one hundred words. The subject is 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.'" That church is a live church because every convert has work to do immediately, both in the prayer-meeting and out of it.

A new convert in this church once began to call upon the unconverted near him on Sunday afternoons. Nearly all whom he thus visited have come into the church, among them a prominent Catholic family. Another began in earnest to study the Bible, was asked to lead meetings in a neighboring town, a revival resulted, and he is now studying for the ministry. A third was strangely converted. While drinking in a saloon, remarking that he must go home to his wife and baby, a tattered man staggered up to him and said, pointing over to the cemetery just in sight: "I had a wife and baby once, but they lie over there now. Young man, don't stay here if you have some who loves you at home." Ashamed and contrite, he knelt that night to ask and receive forgiveness. He began at once to work for the young men of his own age, and did not rest until they were brought into the church.

These converts need our encouragement, our confidence, and our watchcare. Every new member lays an additional duty upon us, not somebody else, but upon you and me individually. These revivals mean something not only to young converts, but to those who have long confessed His name. Are we all doing our duty?

"He Stands Fire."

Some time ago I was walking along the strand, in London, when I overtook one of finest looking soldiers I had ever seen. A conversation ensued, in the course of which I said to him, "There is one thing in connection with soldiers which puzzles me."

"What is that, sir?" asked the soldier.

I replied: "No one dares to doubt the bravery of a British soldier; he will rush up to the cannon's mouth, although he knows that it will be certain death to do—and yet many a British soldier, so brave, so courageous, and so daring, is ashamed to kneel down in the barrack-room and offer up the prayer taught him by his mother. I cannot understand that of the British soldier."

"Well, sir, that's true: very few men have courage to do that."

"How is this—how do you account for it?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, you remind me of what occurred in my bedroom at the barracks a short time ago. A fresh man came in, and the first night, when he was going to bed, he knelt down by his beside to pray. And there was a hullabaloo. While he was on his knees some of the men threw their belts at him, some laughed, some whistled, and one fellow jumped over a bed and shouted in his ears, but the new-comer was firm, and went on with his prayer. On the second night every one was on the lookout to see whether he would kneel down again. As soon as the man bent his knees, a strange scene followed. Whistling, jeering and mocking was general, and belts were again hurled at his head. Sal! he went on saying his prayers, and seemed not to notice their jeers or abuse. On the third night, when he began to pray