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MISCELLANY.

She clasped her hands on my arms,
She laid her cheek on my shoulder;
The tide of her tears fell warm
On hands that trembled to hold her.
I whispered a pitying word,
As the ship moved slowly apart,
And the grief of the friendless poured
Its choking weight on my heart.

Far graves in the evening shade
Were green on a far-off hill,
Where the joys of her life were laid
With love that had known no chill;
But, however her heart might yearn,
We were facing the freshening breeze,
And the white wake lengthened astern
On the rolling floor of the seas.

She quenched the fire of her tears,
Uplifting her meek, brave head,
"Or dark or light be the years,
I will take courage." The said:
Smoothing back her loose-blowing hair,
And her shawl drawing closer the while,
So she drank in the strong sea air,
And left the old shore with a smile.

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

Tessie Rivers is just twenty, and looking back over that short space of life, she felt that she would not quite care to live the years over again.

Her childhood had been as sweet and bright as wealth and love could make it, until the good father had died so utterly ruined financially that nothing was left for his widow and only child except a small, but pretty and pleasant residence, and an exceedingly meager income derived from a certain property not forfeitable by his many creditors.

Since the death of that loving, indulgent, but most incompetent parent, the girl had known almost every vicissitude of trouble and privation possible to the experience of the young, the sensitive and the refined.

Fortunately the elegant, finely educated and rarely accomplished Mrs. Rivers was competent to instruct her child in scholarship as well as in the subtle lore of etiquette affected by the social circles from which she had been ostracised by her pecuniary misfortunes. And the daughter being beautiful and tractable, as well as sensible, had profited by this gentle but thorough home tuition.

At twenty a Vassarite might almost have envied Tessie Rivers for her erudition; and many a pampered favorite of fortune and aristocratic pretentions might have coveted her unaffected grace and dignity of demeanor more, perhaps, than her rich, vivid and healthful loveliness.

But she was not at all satisfied with the station to which fate had assigned her. She was sick to the soul of this perpetual struggle between hidden want and ostensible modest comfort. She longed for a life, not of utter indolence and clogging luxury, but a perfect freedom from prosy cares—a life filled with sweeter possibilities and broader purposes, and that might bring a few seasons of rest.

"I should not quite care to live my twenty years over again," she averred mentally, as divesting herself of her becoming black cloth cloak and prettily plumed black velvet hat, she entered the cheerful room where her mother was rather eagerly awaiting her coming.

"Are you tired, dear?" questioned Mrs. Rivers, tenderly, as she poured the tea she had made ready an hour before.

"Not at all, mamma," answered Tessie, taking her seat at the cosy table. "When one's talk is interesting, one does not become fatigued easily; if I had nothing less pleasant to do than to arrange Lucille Carrington's flowers and flounces, I should be happy, I think."

"Ah, Tessie," smiled the mother, "the most humble labor would never be distasteful to you so long as you might find an element of the aesthetic in it."

"And if I might always serve a lady as considerate and gracious as Miss Carrington," she added. "She never patronizes me; she treats me as she might a trusted friend. And yet I am in a rebellious mood to-night—I am, indeed, mamma. Why should she be given so much and I so little? The lace that drapes the rose silk dress she wears—the single diamond on her white hand—the pearls that gleam on her bosom—if mine to transmits into money, would lift the mortgage from this dear old home and this heavy burden from our hearts."

Mrs. Rivers sighed as she sipped her tea silently, choosing neither to contemplate nor discuss an impending trouble unless that it might be averted.

"I do not care to think or speak of a misfortune that can not be prevented, my dear," she observed, after a sorrowful pause. "To grieve in prospective is but folly. Heaven has proportioned our strength to our trials, and to rebel against the inevitable is unwise; besides, Tessie, I am sure that Monreith Carrington is much too kind and generous to distress us about that mortgage."

"But I should prefer not to appeal to Mr. Carrington's generosity, mamma, and if you love me you will not do so," returned the girl, quickly, as she blushed before the tender, inquiring eyes turned toward her.

"You fancy he would think you indelicate to request a favor since he has honored you with a preference that you may not reciprocate," suggested Mrs Rivers; "but you wrong him, Tessie. He is too astute, as well as to magnanimous, to misjudge you. I wish, my love, you could give him some little hope. As his wife you might be very happy, Tessie."

"And I might be very miserable," protested Tessie; "kindly as his family treat me now, they might behave very differently toward me as the wife of the only son and brother of whom they are proud and expect so much. They might regard me as an interloper, as an ambitious creature, caring less for my husband than for the pleasant life he could give me. And as I am rather fond of approbation, I might not find the situation agreeable. Beside, mamma—"

The young lady paused, growing slightly pale, and a vague expression of yearning and pain shadowed her bonny brown eyes

"Beside what?" urged her mother, gently.

"Never mind what, mamma, dear," was the grave answer; "but I have had dreams of a very different and much more passionate and enthusiastic affection than I can ever feel for Monreith—much as I honor him. But let us not discuss the subject if you please."

The next morning Mr. Carrington called.

"Lucille sent me," he explained politely, but his voice betrayed the pleasure and gratification with which he had become his sister's messenger.

The trivial errand performed, he still lingered, and Tessie, knowing why, began to tremble.

Her fond and handsome suitor pleased her, and she was keenly conscious of the honor he offered her, but the girlish heart refused to be wholly satisfied. And yet he was a noble fellow and loved her too well to deny her any thing she might desire. This pitiful struggle for the simplest comforts of life would be over forever. She could have velvets and satins and jewels—an elegant carriage all her own—horses fit to carry a princess—a home like a palace, and her life would be one long dream of splendor and that rest that seemed so desirable. And the good, unselfish mother—the dear mother who had known so much of sorrow would be happiest of them all. And by and by she would forget the old haunting fancies that had been so sweet, and she would learn to love Monreith as well as he deserved to be loved.

"Will you not give me my answer, Tessie?" pleaded her wooer. "I have waited so long."

"If I were only sure I would make you happy," she stammered, undecided.

"You would, dear," he persisted, earnestly; "I should be happy in caring for you. My child, I love you so unselfishly that I should make any honorable sacrifice to save you from the pain or troubles of a single hour."

Little did Monreith Carrington guess that this assertion was to be sorely tested before that day would be done.

"And I," responded Tessie, in odd, abstracted, dreamy tones, "should rather endure the worst in silence and alone, than to feel that one I loved was suffering for me"

"I should be glad to suffer for you if by that I might win you," he said.

But he had won her, and a few minutes later he left her, the touch of her rosy mouth yet warm on his lips, and she went back to her mother's room wearing on her pretty white hand the jeweled token of her betrothal.

"Mamma, dear, I have accepted Mr. Carrington," she said simply.

"I am very glad, Tessie," replied Mrs. Rivers. "I have feared that you would refuse him, and possibly for the sake of John Eustis."

"John has never asked me to be his wife, mamma, returned the girl, wearily, and something in the suddenly spiritless attitude of the graceful, drooping figure, some vague, unsatisfied expression of the strangely pale face hidden by the loose tawny curls, disturbed and pained her watchful parent.

When Carrington reached his office he found a gentleman there waiting for him.

"Ah, Mr. Eustis. You wished to see me?" he observed, lightly.

"Yes, I particularly desired to see you to-day concerning a mortgage you hold, just due, and that I wish to pay," was the prompt explanation.

Carrington had quite forgotten the claim he had against the property of Mrs. Rivers, and that he had only secured from a clamoring creditor of her deceased husband that he might befriend the girl whom he dearly loved.

"Are you prepared to do this?" he inquired wonderingly, of the young man, whose income was decidedly not opulent. "And may I know your motive for wishing to do it?"

The fine, honest face of John Eustis flushed slightly, but he evidently did not consider the question impertinent.

"Could I not have come entirely prepared, I should not have come at all," he returned quietly. My motive is to please and surprise the lady whom I expect to marry. For months I have dreamed how her sweet eyes would glisten when I should be able to assure her that I had saved her dear old home for her bonny sake."

Carrington listened, dazed, and paled to his bearded lips. It was impossible to believe any falsity or littleness of John Eustis, and conceited and egotistical he certainly was not. And it was equally impossible to suspect coquetry or perfidy of sweet Tessie Rivers.

Carrington ventured a few suitable questions that were readily and innocently answered, and thus shrewdly learned the truth. There was not, nor had there been any engagement between John Eustis and Tessie Rivers—only a life-long, wordless understanding of tenderest affection and truest fidelity. He could understand now how the fair girl, bound by no promises, doubtful for her future, and solicitous for her mother, had accepted what seemed wisest and best, while her heart was haunted by an unasked and unacknowledged love that might prove but a shadow, a fantasy, a delusion after all, and with his whole noble heart he exhonorated and pardoned her.

"I should make any honorable sacrifice to save you from the pain and trouble of a single hour," he had told her that morning, meaning it to the uttermost, and time for the sacrifice had come. The business was speedily and satisfactorily transacted, and Tessie's pleased young lover turned to go when his friend stopped him.

"I, too, wish to see Mrs. Rivers," he said. "I shall follow presently. Do not leave the house till I shall have come. Promise me you will not, John."

The young man promised, and hurried away impatient to surprise Tessie with the proofs of his royal and generous devotion.

"Oh, John, you ought not to have done this!" she cried, in a voice of regret and distress. "You could not afford it, and beside something has happened, John, that made it unnecessary."

He gazed at her in mute wonder. The pain of her sweet eyes smartled him.

"Why could I not afford it, my pet," he asked gently, "when you are to share all I have by and by, when you will be my own—my wife?"

"Oh, John," she gasped, "you never asked me to marry you, and now you are too late—oh, John, too late!"

And then she covered her face and began to sob bitterly. The poor child had never hidden a sorrow from him in all her life. She had always gone to him for comfort in all her griefs, and it did not occur to her that it was not quite proper and consistent for him to console her for a grief like this.

But in the midst of her tears she suddenly remembered, and she fled away from his detaining hand to the further end of the parlor, only to meet Carrington, who had just come in.

"Tessie," he began, kinkly, "I have made my sacrifice, and I have come to tell you. I know the whole story, just as you would tell me yourself did you not wish to spare me pain. I do not blame you, little one. I am your friend and his. Go to him and comfort him. You will make him as happy as you could have made me had Heaven meant me to be your husband. I shall see your mamma, and save you from all unpleasant explanations."

His goodness touched her. In her gratitude she could have knelt at his feet and kissed the kindly hands which now led her back to her wondering lover.

The next moment he was gone, and John's arms were about her, and John's kisses were on her lips.

On Tessie's wedding morning she found among her bridal gifts a magnificent *souvenir* from Monreith Carrington, who retained for her all the delicate and chivalrous sentiment of such a friendship as only a noble gentleman can give to an adorable lady.

A Clever Adventuress.

Paris has been very much puzzled of late by the doings of a mysterious young lady who went by the name of Isabelle. No one knew who she was, where she came from, or what was her position in the Parisian world. All that was known about her was that she lived in an elegant apartment in the Champs Elysees. She arrived in Paris four months ago, accompanied by a young man who was her lover. She called herself a Spaniard and a relation of Don Carlos. The report was carefully spread by her lover among certain members of the aristocratic world, who, touched by the importance of the lady, hastened to put at her disposal large sums of money, which she was to pay back after the liquidation of certain properties which she pretended to have in Spain. Among the persons who took an interest in her was a priest, whose brother occupied a brilliant position in the army. This priest appeared to have passed a great deal of his time in the company of Isabelle, who abused his intimacy so far as to pass him off as her brother before many of her tradesmen. In order the better to gain his confidence, she proposed to him one day to go with her to Spain, in order to settle her affairs more promptly, because she had need immediately for a large sum of money. The priest, who could not accept such propositions, offered to guarantee to a usurer, who consented to lend the money which the pseudo-Spanish lady required. In this manner the priest backed bills for several thousands of francs, and pledged his fine collection of pictures. At this stage of events it was discovered that Isabelle was only an adventuress. The priest at once informed the police, but the interesting lady had decamped.—[Paris Correspondence of London Standard.

Fruit in Western Michigan.

Those best posted in the matter estimate that the strawberry crop within a region of five miles about Muskegon this year will be about 40,000 cases, or 20,000 bushels, and that the product of the country will be near 30,000 bushels, which is probably more than any other section of Michigan can boast, and they are not wild berries, either, as some of our exchanges have recently stated it, but are as fine a quality of cultivated strawberries as can be found anywhere in the Union, and, though the product is so great, not one-tenth of the strawberry lands are yet under cultivation.

The raspberry crop this year will probably run as high as 5,000 bushels, and in the district within a radius of five miles about the city there are 100 acres of grapevines which are loaded with bloom, and will produce probably 350 tons of as fine grapes as the country can produce this year.—[Muskegon (Mich.) Chronicle.

Mark Twain is having oceans of trouble on his European trip. Everywhere he goes they take him for an American Congressman.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Arrest of the Burglars Who Robbed the Manhattan Bank in New York.

The whole story of the Manhattan Bank robbery has at last come out through the confession of one of the burglars. On Saturday night last Captain Byrnes and his detectives, of New York, who have worked unceasingly on the case, arrested Henry Gleen, Patrick Slevin and William Kelly on a charge of being implicated in the robbery, whereby money and securities worth nearly three million dollars were stolen, on the night of October 27, 1878. One of them has confessed the whole plot to Captain Byrnes. The robbery was planned more than three years ago. A burglar known as "Little Tracy" first concerted the scheme and organized a band of burglars to rob the bank. It was broken up, however, by the arrest and conviction of most of the members of the gang for other crimes. Then he organized a second gang, in which were Jimmy Hope, George Howard, John Dobbs, Jim Brady and others. They also had in league with them a man who was employed as watchman at odd hours in the bank. Two attempts were made by this gang to rob the bank, but each failed through the inability of the watchman to meet his engagements.

This gang also broke up. But Hope, thoroughly convinced of the feasibility of his scheme, lost no time in reorganizing his forces. Dobbs, "Big Kid," who was on foot again, and others equally skilled and desperate joined him, and work began in earnest. One Sunday morning, when the friendly watchman was on duty in the bank, Hope was let into the building and used his opportunity to examine thoroughly the vaults. The next Sunday he returned and taught the watchman how to use wax in taking impressions of a keyhole. The watchman, Patrick Slevin, was an apt scholar and soon returned a lump of wax, which the burglar had brought, with an impression, from which the latter was able to make a key for the outer street door on Bleeker street, which was found to fit, and was put by for use. This attempt also failed for want of time, but an entrance to the vault containing the safes was effected. Eight months later negotiations were again opened with the watchman, Slevin. Finally the job was put up for Sunday morning, October 27, and in it were Jimmy Hope, Kelly and Dobbs, together with the night watchman, Slevin. It was thought that Slevin would have charge of the bank on that night, but an accident frustrated it. The gang resolved, however, to carry out their plans after the night watchman had left and when the day watchman came on. How well it has been carried out every one knows, and nearly three million dollars were carried away. Billy Kelly stood guard over the manacled janitor. He gave them the combination to the safe, being in mortal terror of his life.

Detectives went hard to work and after a long search John Dobbs and the younger Hope were arrested. Watchman Slevin was shadowed early and late and was found to be drinking hard and spending money lavishly. He was arrested a few days ago, and finally confessed the whole plot to Captain Byrnes, and Billy Kelly was arrested on his return from the Jerome Park races.

Slevin says that each member of the gang was assessed $600 after getting their money share, which was sent to Washington to defeat the bill introduced in Congress to duplicate the stolen bonds, as if it passed it would be difficult to negotiate the originals. Meanwhile the various town bonds stolen were negotiated, and Slevin got $2,000 as his share therefrom, and Jimmy Hope went to Washington to have the bill stopped. Kelly when arrested denied his guilt, but when confronted with Slevin he burst out into a fit of swearing and said "the bank had to pay a dividend on June 1, and to do it would have to come to terms and settle with us." There are three more members of the gang yet at large, but they are known, and will soon be arrested.

American and English Flirts.

American men and American women are, perhapsat the boldest and most uncompromising flirts in the world. It must needs be so in a society which banishes mothers as superfluous, old ladies as nuisances, and any kind of chaperonage as an infringement of the glorious transatlantic birthright and an insult to human nature. We do not say for a moment that this unchecked, uncontrolled intercourse between the young men and young girls in America leads to great mischiances; but we do say that its leads to an organized system and recognized tone of flirting which strikes us, used to more reticence and less freedom, as odd, to say the least of it, and essentially "bad form," as the youth of the day would call it. If an Englishman were to permit himself to say to a single favored one anything like what an American man would say any girl whatever, with whom he might converse, society would mark him as dangerous, and careful mothers would keep their daughters out of his way, as watch-dogs guarding the lambs from the prowling wolves, but the American girl would and does think nothing of it. She is used to close sailing and gives as good as she takes. She has made one of a party of youths and maidens who meet up in the mountains for a summer, and who pair off day after day and far into the night, among the lovely valleys and in the dusky glades of the silent forest; thinking nothing of it, and not supposing that any one else will think more then she does. She has been used to being taken to dancing parties by the young man of the hour, who calls for her and is her "friend" for the occasion. The mother does not go, and the girl is confided to the care of her male chaperon without hesitation or repugnance. Human nature demands gallantry in such circumstances as an absolute necessity—the inevitable outgrowth of the occasion; and unless she is weaker and rasher than most, she has to take care of herself while paying back her entertainer in his own coin, shielding herself while attacking him, and above all things, showing no fear. Hence flirting becomes, as we have said, both an organized system of intercourse and a regular fashion among the American youth; and the consequences are to be found in a certain dash and boldness and hardness and discretion all combined, whereby the parties engaged in the pleasant game seem always on the brink of danger, and yet secure.

Another consequence is that English men and maidens are at a disadvantage when they meet with their compeers from over the water, for the American men would be sure to say more than they meant to substantiate to the English girls, and the American girls would lead the Englishmen further than they meant to follow, and the chances are that there would be heart-aches and disappointments for the more reserved of the two.

We have flirts enough, however among ourselves, and we do as much harm to each other as is done by outsiders, whose ways we misunderstand because we judge them by our own. The serious flirt among us is especially dangerous, and we question if the boldest American or the most impassioned Italian, ever did more damage than the quiet, undemonstrative English flirt, who takes sentiment as his ground of action and Platonism as his point d'appui. Soft eyes that look dark and melancholy in the twilight; a sweet, sad voice that awakens responsive echoes in the imagination of the hearer; a languid, still and self-contained manner, giving the impression of reserve fund of force, of talent, of feeling, of capacity for sorrow, of power, of sympathy—these are the various items which make up the stock-in-trade of the sentimental flirt; and with these, he or she dispenses sweet pain or pleasant anguish to all around. All, that is, who are weak enough to believe, and innocent enough to be deceived; and who take tinsel and tinfoil for shining silver and ruddy gold.—[By an Englishman.

St. Helena.

At one time Chinese labor was extensively employed for domestic and field purposes in the island. The burying-ground still exists, where might be seen little notes covered with hieroglyphics and attached to the mounds by sticks. Several joss-houses also existed for their convenience. The common and sweet potato and the yam are grown in quantities; the last named is relished by the poorer class as a vegetable in fried slices. Pumpkins and Indian corn roasted to a crisp brown are also eaten. Fish and rice are the staple articles of consumption among the poor all the year round. Of shell-fish there are the stump, a cross between lobster and crab, of a dull red color; and the longlegs, a large-bodied lobster, dark blue, with red spots. Turtles are frequently found; one caught in the same year that Longwood new house was prepared for the Emperor, weighed about eight hundred pounds, the shell afterward forming the chief portion of a soldier's hut. Of sea-fowl, that commonly known as the tropic-bird, (*Phaeton ethereus*), haunts these shores. It is conspicuous by its immense size when on the wing, and by its glistening white plumage. In the days of the East India company the egg of another sea-bird, which was about the size of a small hen's egg, was esteemed a great delicacy, and was considered by them as one of their peculiar perquisites. Certain days of the week were specified when the public men were allowed to collect them. The man who caught a "sea-cow" ran a risk of being fined £5 if he did not offer to share his booty with the company, or "the oyle of the same." Among the live stock, poultry and fowls flourish, in wild or domesticated state; they are fed chiefly on "paddy" or rice unthrashed from the husk. Of game there is no lack, although the species is limited, there being a regular season and license. The wild rabbits burrow in the neighborhood of the luxuriant furze; partridges and pheasants abound. The canary, though not of so pure a plumage as the English and Belgian varieties, is a beautiful songster. But the *rara avis* of St. Helena is the cardinal or red bird, robed in vivid scarlet during the summer months, but, when molting, of a greenish grape tint. It is difficult to capture, swift and very mischievous, destroying buds and blossoms of fruit trees. I has no song. The only bird considered to be entirely indigenous is the "wire bird," a sort of plover, not unlike the snipe in appearance and size, and receiving its local appellation from its habit of frequenting the long "wire grass" of the more sterile regions. The Java sparrow and a few "foreigners" are found at St. Helena, but no English species.—[Chambers' Journal.

OHIO.

A chime of bells pronounced the finest in the State, was placed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Gambier, Monday.

The Bay Stadt Demokrat, the German Democratic organ of Sandusky, now comes squarely out for Foster and the Republican State ticket.

F. W. Strong, an old and prominent citizen, senior member of the firm of Strong & Son, of Mansfield, died recently after a short illness.

Joseph Edwards, foreman blacksmith in the Chicago and Pittsburg railroad shops at Wellsville, dropped dead to-day in a fit of apoplexy. He leaves a large family.

Farmers Heck and Russell, of Champaign county, sentenced to jail Saturday by the Mayor, for theft, were released on paying their fines Monday, by the Mayor.

Charles Wilcox, of Dover, fell from his buggy, while under the influence of liquor, his head striking a stone and fracturing his skull. His injury will probably prove fatal.

A Mr. Everett, aged seventy years, of Hocking county, died Sunday from a stroke of paralysis. Deceased was an old and highly respected citizen in the community.

Governor Bishop was seen aded a Piqua, en ronte to Chicago Monday evening, being belayed three hours in that town. The Governor responded to the serenade in a short but impressive speech.

At Mt. Vernon Miss Alberta Gonder filed her petetion in the clerks office against Wm. B. Griffin, claiming $20,000 damages for alleged slander of her good character. Griffin is a farmer residing in Butler township, in fair circumstances.

William Coil, his mother, a child and two neighbors by the name of Barnhouse, were dangerously poisoned one day last week, at Hoskinsville, by eating meat impregnated with arsenic by some enemy of the Coil family. No deaths as yet.

Charles B. Pettingill, Internal Revenue Collector at Cleveland, has forwarded his resignation to Washington, to take effect on the appointment of his successor. Colonel Demcy from Cuyahoga, is likely to receive the appointment as successor in the office..

A young married man named Thomas Finley, living 11 miles below Gallipolis, shot himself, inflicting a mortal wound. The cause is said to have been unpleasant relations with his father-in-law, and to being somewhat under the influence of drink.

The Zanesville Street Railway company had a barn burned Monday forenoon, consuming a large amount of hay, harness and material, and worst of all, seventeen head of horses, whose cries were pitiful and agonizing as they were being burned to death. Loss about $7,000, and the fire believed to be the work of an incendiary.

A young married white man named Bob Stratton was arrested this morning and taken before 'Squire Smith on the charge of bastardy, preferred by a jet black colored woman, who recently gave birth to a nearly white child at the infirmary. The woman's name is Mary Miller, and her child died a few days ago. It was finally agreed all around to let Stratton off by paying the bill of the township trustees for Mary's trouble.

Mr. C. H. Goodson, of Mt. Gilead, a poor tailor, has just received notice of a wealthy relative of his dying in Chicago and leaving him a good amount of a $7,000,000 estate. Mr. G. was so poor he could barely gather enough funds to pay his fare to the great metropolis of the Northwest. It is to be hoped this is not another of Chicago's "distortion of facts," and if so, Mr. G. is the fifth person from the vicinity of Mt. Gilead who has been blest with heavy relatives' deaths.

John and Nathan Marsh, two well-known farmers and stockmen, of Moorfield township, Clarke county, made an assignment. Their liabilities are estimated at $60,000, which will barely be covered by assets, consisting of 1,600 acres of land and $10,000 worth of personal property. Buying a large farm on credit, paying a heavy rate of interest and being involved in unfortunate stock and pork-packing speculations, are the causes of the disaster.

Alva H. Benjamin, a Cleveland lawyer who has figured before in the courts, has been arrested charged with an attempted outrage on the person of a waiter girl. Benjamin, it is claimed, waited for her in the water closet of the block where his office is, and after her refusal to accede to his demands, caught her by the arm and attempted to pull her to the floor. She resisted, however, and got away finally.

The citizens of Ada and vicinity are in a fever of excitement over the most fiendish act ever perpetrated in the county. A tramp, whose name is unknown, and who has not been captured as yet, brutally outraged the eleven-year-old daughter of John Motler, a respected and well-to-do farmer. The girl had been visiting a neighbor, and when returning home was pounced on by the fiendish brute, who lay secreted in a fence corner. That he fully accomplished his purpose there is no doubt. The young child was left almost lifeless in the highway, where she was picked up and conveyed to her home. The people are wild over it, and are scouring the country upon horses and afoot. If he is found and identified Judge Lynch will no doubt prevent any further trouble with him.

Rat Information.

Professor E. W. Claypole, of Antioch, college, Ohio, says that the black rat (mus rattus), which in early days was distributed over this country, has been supplanted by the brown (mus decumanus). Forty years ago he black rat was the only rat in southwest Ohio. Thirty years ago he was driven out by the brown rat. Some years later, the same thing occurred in Illinois. Professor Claypole has been informed by some of his students living in Minnesota, that neither the black nor the brown rat is known in or about St. Cloud, in that state, only one having been seen there, and that was killed when landing from steamer.

Plenty of Love but no Money.

Hymen is an eccentric god, as the following will attest:

Bowen—Wilson.—In Buffalo, by Justice O'Brien, Julius Cæsar Bowen, of Rochester, and Harriet Lucinda Wilson, of Toledo. Rochester and Tolodo papers please copy.

The wedding was a quiet and exclusively a private one, being attended only by the bride and groom, the justice and two witnesses, and brought about in this way. One day, a week or two ago, the justice was agreeably surprised by the appearance at his office by a couple who wished to be united in the bonds of wedlock. The justice with a five dollar bill in his mind's eye, smiled one of his most happy smiles as he arranged the candidates before his bar for the simple ceremony.

"How old are you?" said he to Julius.

"Forty-eight years."

"And you?" addressing the blushing lady.

"I am forty."

The justice always asks these questions to satisfy himself that the parties intending to commit martrimony are of a proper and legal age. Satisfied on this point the justice proceeded to tie the knot and extend his congratulations.

"How much is that job worth?" was the first question propounded by Julius when he had sufficiently recovered to put himself into shape. "My fee, do you mean?"

"Yes, what do you want?" "Five dollars."

"Thank you, I'll send it to you as soon as I get home."

"Julius Cæsar! have you no money?" "Not with me; but I'll send it to you as soon as I get home in Rochester."

"That will not do for me." Mrs. Bowen haven't you enough money to pay for this?" "O, no, not a cent; but Julius will pay you when we get to Rochester. You see, there was lots of romance about our marriage."

"Romance! how so?"

"Well, you see, Julius and I met each other on the train last night."

"For the first time?" "Of course. That's the romance. I never knew there was such a man in the world as him, and he never knew there was such a woman in the world as me. He looked at me and I looked at him, and t at settled it."

"Settled what?" "My fate."

"I suppose I will have to let fate settle this bill, too."

"It was love at first sight, and Julius caught it as bad as me."

"Isn't it risky for a woman to marry a stranger? Didn't you know that he had no money?" "O, he's well off."

"How do you know?" "He told me so; but I'd 'a' took him if he was as poor as a church mouse. That's the way us western girls do; when we love a man, we love him and not his money, don't we Julius?"

Julius, who was overcome with the sudden rush of love, could only smile in reply.

"Well, well, said the justice, "you are married?"

"We are."

"He has no money, and you say that you have none?" "Not a cent, but Julius is good for it," said the fair one, as she tapped the ink-stand with the marriage certificate.

The justice saw his chance, and quickly snatched the certificate from the hand that was playing with it. Then there was a scene. The groom frowned and fumed, the bride plead for her certificate, and the justice demanded his fee.

"Give me five dollars and the paper is yours." "Do not be so cruel!" said she, "I will send the money when I get to Rochester."

"This is not cruelty; it is only a little more romance for you," said the justice. "No fee, no certificate."

The unhappy, rather happy pair, seeing that promises and pleadings were alike in vain, gathered up their robes and departed.

The justice supposed he had seen the last of them, and never expected to hear of his missing fee again. It was likely that with so much poverty the rush of love would be over before they reached Rochester.

Wonders never cease! A few days after the above occurrence the justice was surpassed by an envelope with a Rochester post-mark on the corner. The envelope contained five dollars and a short note. In substance it read: "Inclosed find five dollars; end on the certificate." The certificate was sent to the address given, and probably by this time the Rochestrian Julius Cæsar has discovered that there is something besides romance in married life. "May they live long and be happy."

Curious Aversions.

The Secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding of the nose. A Polish King had an antipathy to both the smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish damsel was sadly troubled by an uncomfortable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheese, mutton, musk and ambergris have been so repugnant to some nasal organs as to send their owners into convulsions.

Gretry, the composer, could not bear the scent of the rose, neither could Anna of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Heneage, bed-chamber woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheeks became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her with an artificial rose in his buttonhole. A violet was a thing of horror to the Princess de Lambelle; tansy was abominable to the Earl of Barrymore; Scaliger grew pale before the water-cress, and a soldier who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

A poor Neapolitan was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsal of flesh meat of any kind, and nature thus condemns him to vegetarianism; a sorer affliction than that suffered by Guianirina, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner, or by the lady who could not taste beer without her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who declared that honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the Doctor administered the obnoxious meat under various disguises, but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting fit.

Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish, and a Count d'Armstadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of any dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attached to lobster salad in the case of a lady, for if she ventured to taste it at a dancing party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

According to Burton, a melancholy Duke of Muscovey fell instantly ill if he but looked upon a woman, and another authority was siezed with a cold palsy under similar provocations. Wemricher tells of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which did not prevent him from losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for, being called from the supper table by some mischievous friends to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly he beheld her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this old hater, an eclipse did for Charles d'Escaro, Bishop of Langres. It was his inconvenient custom to faint at the commencement of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm an eclipse took place. The good Bishop went off and never came too again. Old John Langley, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinate, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts of aqua vitæ was to be provided, in the hope that getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something toward lessening the breed.

A man on an Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad train tried to push his wife out through a window, and had nearly succeeded before the frightened woman was rescued.

A Railroad Train Stopped by Insects

One cricket would stand a poor show trying to stop a railroad train, but millions of them can do it, as was proved Saturday night. The western bound emigrant train, No. 6 met an army of crickets at Clark's Station, about 15 miles west of here, that night, and was detained two hours and a half trying to get through. To make the passage, the train men were finally forced to take brooms and sweep the insects off the rails. The crickets covered the track for about three miles, and when the driving wheels of the engine struck them they would whirl around without going ahead an inch.—[Reno, (Nev.), Gazette.

MONEY AND COMMERCE

New York Money and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, June 14.

Money easy at 3@4 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@5 per cent. Sterling, long. 4 87½; short 4 89½. Governments steady. Railroad securities firm. State bonds dull. The stock market opened firm, and prices advanced ½@¾ per cent.; this was followed by a partial reaction, but toward the close a strong tone again prevailed, and the highest prices of the day were obtained in the final transactions. The feature of the market was a break in New York Elevated Street Railroad from 1 80 to 1 64½, on a rumor that Vanderbilt was going to build a road to connect with the Harlem Railroad.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.—Coupons of '81, 107⅜; new 5s, 108⅝; 4½s, 105⅞; new 4s, 103⅝; currency 6s, 131.

EXPRESS SHARES.—Adams 106¼; American, 48¼; United States, 47½.

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.—Western Union Telegraph 114½; N. Y. Central 120½; Erie 27¾; preferred 51¼; Michigan Central 77¼; Union Pacific stock 78½; Lake Shore 76⅛; Cleveland & Pittsburg 96¼; Northwestern 66⅞; preferred 97⅝; Cleveland & Columbus 49¾; Rock Island 148¾; St. Paul 53⅞; preferred 92¾; Fort Wayne 100¾; Wabash 36⅜; Ohio & Mississippi 15.

STATE BONDS.—Tennessee 6s, old 34; new 31⅞; Virginia 6s, old 30½; new, 32; Missouri 6s, 108.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, June 14.—Flour steady and firm. Wheat dull, shade lower. No. 2 Chicago spring 1 04¾@1 05 cash; 98⅝@98⅞ July; 97 August. Corn