THE BILLINGS HERALD.

BILLINGS, - - MONTANA.

Vegetarianism is likely to find many converts if the price of meat continues to advance as rapidly as it has during the past few months. Prices are higher now than at any time since the days of the rebellion, and no adequate reason is offered for the great advance.

While the present group of solar spots is the most remarkable ever witnessed, being not less than 60,000 miles in diameter, Herchel in 1779 measured two spots whose length together exceeded 50,000 miles. They were the boss spots of modern times. Storms on the sun were first observed in 1610.

It is well to depreceate lynch law, but in the face of an event like that which occurred in Minneapolis last week, it must be admitted that impulse is stronger if not juster than statutes. At any rate there are crimes that cannot always be calmly considered and judicially avenged, especially when there is no shadow of doubt as to the identity of the offender.

Senator Bayard has contributed to the Christian Union a short letter on success in public life (the first in a sesies of letters from public men announced from that journal), in which he says of the young American who engages in politics that "the discovery of much weakness and unworth may often pain and disappoint him, and he may weary of the work and long for rest; but his hands can be as clean and his soul as white at the end of his journey as when he set out upon it." Clean-handed and white-souled politicians would be vastly more numerous if the people rigidly demanded such qualities in their public servants. A politician or office-holder is not apt to be much better than his constituents.

A theory that all our lakes, streams and rivers were drying up, that had prevailed for some years among the masses, and had even received the sanction of scientists, has been rudely shattered by the present unprecedented flood in the northwest. "One swallow does not make a summer," and low water for a series of years did not establish a theory that lakes, rivers and streams were never again to attain their normal condition. A probability exists—and it has the result of long experience in its favor—that the precipitation of moisture for a few years to come will raise the water-courses and reservoirs to their old time condition—and that following this rise will come again years of depression.

Moncure D. Conway, an American who has resided in England for many years, is of the opinion that his countrymen never appeared in a worse light to foreign observers, than when they befriended Lamson, the most cold-blooded murderer who has ever disgraced his and their country in the criminal calendar of England. Mr. Conway says: "Fancy James Russell Lowell, D. C L., just now the brilliant satirist of John Bull for his copperhead sympathies, now on his knees to the said Bull, entreating mercy for a rattlesnake! Such a request from one government to another is almost unprecedented. It might have been supposed that such a man as Lowell might have saved Americans at home and here from the utter childishness, the miserable folly, of making this wretched criminal a subject of international negotiation."

A new feature in temperance reform is the formation at St. Paul and Minneapolis of a citizen's league, not for absolute prohibition, but simply for the enforcement of existing laws and ordinances against selling any spirituous, vinous, malt, or fermented liquor in any quantity, whatever, to any minor person, or to any student or pupil in any public school, seminary, academy or other institution of learning in Minnesota, or to any habitual drunkard, and against the sale of liquor on Sunday. The laws are stringent in these respects, and it is proposed that the league shall institute legal and proper measures to aid constituted authorities in their enforcement. The league is composed of members of all political parties and all religious denominations, who join in perfect and unquestioning accord, for the purposes specified in the constitution. The workings of the league will be watched with considerable interest by all classes.

Train Robber's Escape from Iowa Penitentiary

The Keokuk Constitution's special from Fort Madison says a bold escape took place at the Iowa state prison at that city about 2:3 A. M Polk Wells, the train robber, was the ring leader, and his accomplices were two convicts named Fitzgerald and Cook. They were in the hospital, Wells and Fitzgerald being sick; Wells having been brought there in a wounded condition and Cook being the hospital attendant. The total number in the hospital were nine. The escaped convicts broke through the iron roof which covers the building, after having chloroformed John Elder, the hospital guard, whom they overpowered. Edward Hoffman, cell room guard, heard the noise, and going to the hospital door was overpowered by the escaping convicts, who held him until they got on to the roof, when they released him. After getting on the roof of the hospital they escaped over the prison wall. Elder died from the effects of the chloroform administered to him. Hoffman, after his release, gave the alarm and the men were seen to scale the wall.

Parting Friends.

Thirty-five years ago, employed by the government in hewing timber in the vast oak forests of Maine was a company of men at work, among them being one Pat McGlarkin and Jimmy Magee, both fast friends. Jimmy took a fever, and Pat, learning that his friend was given up by the doctors, paid him a parting visit to hear his last words before shuffling off this mortal coil, when the following colloquy ensued:

Pat—"Well, Jaimy, I understand the doctors have given ye up."

Jim—"Yis, Pat, it is most over with me."

Pat (after a pause)—"Well ye've not been a great sinner; ye'll go to the good place."

Jim—"Oh, yis, Pat. To be sure I sthole a bit of government timber."

Pat (taking Jimmy's hand and assuming a diplomatic air)—"Well, farewell to ye. When ye reach the good place tell them ye are well acquainted wid Pat McGlarkin."

Here Pat started for the door, but as if suddenly thinking of Jimmy's dishonesty in stealing the government timber, he wheeled around to his friend and seriously and earnestly exclaimed:

"But, Jaimy, if it happens to ye that ye should go to the other place, just tell them ye don't know a divil of a word about me!"

Englands Greatest Soldier's.

Sir Hugh Garnet Wolseley, who has just been made adjutant general of the British forces, the highest position in the Horse Guards, except commander-in-chief, from the moment when he entered service as an ensign in the Eightieth foot and had the luck to be engaged in the Burmese war, for which he received a medal, has had fortune mount behind him and promotion meet him at each new enterprise. Only seven years after joining the army he was gazetted as brevet lieutenant colonel, after the Indian mutiny. He then in the China war received more medals and nine clasps. On peace coming he was gazetted full colonel, and received further honors. The Red river affair was the occasion of offering him the knighthood of St. Michael and St. George, and at last the Ashantee war, when he crushed the power of King Koffee, brought him a substantial honor in a vote by parliament of $125,000. His last expedition was the closing of the Zulu war, for which he received the grand cross of the Bath, the high appointment of lieuten-

CHURCH HYMNS.

AS SUNG.

"Waw-kaw, swaw, daw aw waw
Thaw saw, thaw law aw waw,
Waw-kaw, taw, thaw raw-vaw braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw-saw aw."

AS WRITTEN.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to his reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

NEW YORK FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Interesting Recollections of One of the Oldest Inhabitants.

In a small pamphlet, printed for private circulation, Mr. James W. Auten, of New York, has recorded his reminiscences of that city as it was when he first entered it in 1831, and of the changes he has since seen made on Manhattan Island. Some of his recollections, which seem strangely out of date in the hurly-burly of 1882, are as follows:

I have seen many and wonderful changes in this city. From a goodly-sized town of 200,000 inhabitants it now numbers more than a million and a quarter of souls. I have seen it rebuilt in most parts twice, and in many the third time, and extend its northern border from Canal street to far beyond the Harlem river. In 1830 we had no Croton water, little anthracite coal, except Rhode Island coal, which successfully resisted every effort to burn it; little or no illuminating gas, the city being mostly lighted, publicly and privately, by oil etc.; no railroads, no express companies, no sunlit pictures, no friction matches, no land telegraphs, no ocean cable, no petroleum, and not a steamship to cross the ocean; nearly all our foreign mails coming monthly or fortnightly by the famous old "Black Ball" or "Black Star," and other lines of "Liverpool Packets." The arrival of a European mail in that day was a great event in shipping and mercantile circles. The packets were sometimes out from thirty to sixty days or more; and to share in "the first delivery" of letters was the object of every merchant, as none could afford to be much behind his neighbor in the reception of commercial news. "Extras" were usually issued, after causing great excitement.

California, Alaska, and other remote parts of our country, were then unknown, except by name, and the whole vast territory west of the Mississippi river was laid down on the maps as "unexplored regions." In that day we had little or no small coin except the Spanish and Mexican shilling and six pence and "pistareen;" and our rates of postage were 6 1-4, 12 1-2, 18 3-4, 25 cents, according to distance. If it be asked what what did the citizens do for water for the extinguishment of fires and for domestic use, the answer is, they had the North and East rivers, the old pumps and cisterns and Knapp's spring water delivered at their doors at so much per gallon, and that furnished by the Manhattan company. The old flint and steel and tinder-box supplied the place of matches, pure whale and sperm oil and candles, the place of gas; hard woods and Virginia and Jersey pine, bituminous coal, the place of anthracite; the lumbering omnibus served for "rapid transit," and Kipp & Brown's stages running from the corner of Pine and Nassau streets to Greenwich village—fare one shilling—were well patronized. But the rush up-town at the close of business was not so fierce as in our day, for very many of our merchants lived near the Battery, around the Bowling Green, in Broadway, in State and Greenwich streets, and nearly all below Chambers street, many of them over their own places of business. For the transportation of merchandise we had the usefull horse and cart, and a fine body of cartmen, "frock," neat and clean every day. The "volinteer fire department" of that day, though in some respects a nuisance and a disgrace to the city, used to boast that a fire rarely extended beyond the building in which it originated.

I well recollect the steamboat which first brought me to the city—Capt. Vanderbilt's "splendid new steamer Nautilus," built in 1824, the pioneer of the steam marine of that day. She played her part well, carrying safely hundreds daily to and from Staten Island for the modest sum of 25 cents. per passenger. The boats on the ferries to Brooklyn and Jersey City were then known as "horse boats," being propelled by horse-power only, one horse and a driver to each boat, the latter armed with a whip by which greater speed was promptly secured. Well, they did not go very fast, but they were safe, a shipwreck never having been heard of on those "raging seas."

Fibred Bank Note Paper.

New York Sun.

The fibred bank note paper on which our legal tenders, national bank note currancy and government bonds are printed, is made at Dalton, Mass., in an old mill, whose existance dates back to colonial times. If you should happen this way some time, and should stop at the old paper mill, with proper credentials, you may, perhaps, be allowed to handle a sheet of the crisp fibre paper, or take a peep at the pulp press, where, as the wet grayish pulp is pressed between heavy iron cylinders, bits of blue and red silk thread are scattered over its face and silken ribs laid on its surface. You may go beyond into the counting room, where each sheet as it comes from the drying room is carefully examined and counted and then returned to the paper cutter to be devided into smaller sheets. If you trace this paper still farther you will find that from the cutter's hands it passes again to the counting room, is separated into little packages containing 1000 sheets each, the amount recorded in a register, and then packed into bundles and stored in fire and burglar-proof vaults to await shipment to the United States Treasury. From pulp room to vault the precious paper is watched and guarded as carefully as though each sheet were an ounce gold. Its manufacture is one of the greatest secrets conneted with the Government's money making.

From the vaults of the paper mill at Dalton to the guarded storerooms of the treasury at Washington is but a journey of two or three days. In the capacious vaults of the treasury building, among gold and silver and copper and nickle coins, bullion, paper currency and official records, you will find thousands of packages of the bank-note paper that is manufactured at Dalton. It comes in little iron safes, such as are used by the Adams express company, and each package and every sheet is carefully counted before the manufacturer and express company are relieved of further responsibility. The paper that arrives to-day may lie in the treasury storerooms for years, or it may be sent to the Bureau of engraving and printing to-morrow, to return, in the course of a month's time, a legal tender or bank note.

MURDEROUS MAIL MATTER.

Two Infernal Machines Posted to W. H. Vanderbilt and Cyrus W. Field in New York City.

A dastardly attempt was made in New York on Saturday by some miscreants on the lives of Wm. H. Vanderbilt and Cyrus W. Field by sending them explosives through the mail. Fortunately the dangerous character of the packages was discovered en route to the postoffice, and thus probably loss of life was prevented. One was posted in the office and the other was brought by a collector, a few minutes afterwards. The last one was addressed: Wm. Vanderbilt, 459 Fifth avenue, and the first was addressed to Cyrus W. Field, Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street. The packages were sent up town in a bag on the elevated railroad and before reaching the station at Ninth street and Third avenue, an explosion was heard from the mail bag and fire and smoke were observed to issue from it. When the train stopped at the station the burning bags were hastily transferred to the platform, and the railroad people being afraid to transport it any further, it was taken down stairs placed on a wagon and taken to the postoffice station at Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue. Superintendent Mosser, who is in charge there dispatched a messenger in haste for Postmaster Pearson, and when the official arrived the half burned mail bag and contents were examined. The package addressed to Cyrus W. Field was plunged into a bucket of water for fear it might also explode, and when sufficiently soaked was examined carefully. It was found to consist of a pasteboard box covered with gaudy flowers and pictures, and had a small drawer in it from which depended a string, as it is supposed, for the purpose of drawing it open and causing an explosion. Inside of the box was found, a tin canister containing about half a pound of powder and a glass jar containing a white powder and a liquid believed to be some kind of explosive, but what it was none of the postoffice officials could say.

During the month of March the real estate transfers of Chicago amounted to $5,165,861, including 1,260 pieces of property.

APRIL.

Rumbling thunder,
Darting lightning,
Clouds asunder,
Sunbeams brightening;
Showers pouring,
Showers pattering.
Sun ignoring,
Roof slopes battering.

Rose leaves broadening,
Peach blooms redening,
White mots dawdling,
Clover spreading,
Grass blades lengthening,
Maples starting,
Mayweeds strengthening,
Thistles parting,
Bees in blossoms,
Song birds twittering,
Spider gossame,
Earth-worms trituring;

This is April,
Busy spring-child,
Laughing, weeping,
Never sleeping,
Milding,
Wilding,
Changing April

THE LOST WILL.

A Story of Love.

Old Gerald Rushford was dead and buried, and all the dear five hundred friends were in a state of astonishment and consternation over his will, for it named his pet and protegee, Marian Gray, his sole heiress, while his nephew, Robert Rushford, was not even mentioned.

"There is some strange mistake," Mr. Wilde, the lawyer said. "There was a later will than this, drawn up after Mr. Robert came home, and leaving the bulk of the property to him. In it Miss Gray was generously remembered, too; but this one, which makes her heiress, was made while Mr. Rushford was ignorant that his nephew had escaped. I supposed that this had long since been destroyed."

"What caused him to suppose so?" was Robert Rushford's very natural question; to which his lawyer replied that his client had told him—on the occasion of his drawing up the second will—that it was his intention to put the first one in the fire.

"And I thought he had done so. I never doubted but this was the latest will. It seems, however, that we have got hold of the wrong document; the other is in existence somewhere. We will have a thorough search for it——"

"And until you find it, or if you fail to find it, this one stands," said Robert Rushford, quietly, stating a fact which the lawyer was forced to admit.

Meantime the heiress by the first will and legatee by the second, had sat quiet and still. She listened, with her eyes cast down, but spoke no word.

While her friends and acquaintances discussed her—not always quite inaudibly—"What a very awkward and peculiar position for Miss Gray! What an opportunity—if the second will did not turn up—to show her magnanimity and sense of honor, by making over the fortune to young Rushford! Doubtless, in such case, he would be most generous to her, and really, you know, to a girl of Miss Gray's birth and former position, a few thousand would be a fortune. What was her position? A daughter to old Rushford's housekeeper, my dear, brought up for a governess, or something—came on a visit to her mother while the old man was sick, and nursed him so tenderly and carefully that he could not be persuaded to part with her again. She had been as a daughter in the house ever since, and if young Rushford had ever turned up—if he had really been lost at sea, as was so long supposed—why, you know, rich old men were eccentric, and there would have been nothing very astonishing in his making her his heiress after all. But now—it would be terrible. Utter ruin to the young man's prospects in life. Of course his engagement with Florence Huntley would be broken off Florence was not fit for a poor man's wife—a lovely creature—and he so infatuated, my dear; it will break his heart to lose her!"

And so on, the stream of gossip flowed—some portions of it finding its way to Marian's ears—until the searching party returned, and announced that, as yet, they had not yet found the second will.

There was a marked increase of respect towards Miss Gray after this intelligence, and some would have congratulated her, but she checked them.

"It is too early yet," she said, with a sad smile.

But the gossips agreed that her chances were favorable.

"And if she really is the heiress, my dear, why of course it's dreadful for the young man—terrible—but still——"

Public opinion was disposed to be kind to the heiress in any case.

"She is not over eager—she bears her honors meekly—shouldn't wonder if she turns the fortune over to the nephew after all!" was the comment of many after they left the house and went their several ways.

They would have judged differently if they could have seen her that night, locked securely in her own room, the blinds and shutters closed, no eyes save those of Heaven upon her. She unfastened her dress and drew a sealed and folded parchment from her bosom—it was the missing will!

She gazed upon it long and earnestly "Miserable document!" she whispered, "If I should give you up to him now what ruin you would work me! Yes, you would rob me of all I prize, and place in the keeping of another! And will he lose Miss Huntley for being poor! What is her love worth, then? And is she so dear to him that it will break his heart to lose her—as it would mine to lose the one whom I love! Whom I love? Whom I love?" she went on, in the same low whisper, clasping her hands in a burst of anguish. "Whom I love, but who has no thought for me! Only for her—and will my action part them? Is it a sin? Will he ever, ever forgive me? It is a sin to part true lovers, but are these true? We shall see—for, if they are, poverty will not part them!"

When she lay down to sleep that night the lost will lay under her pillow, and a sealed letter beside it, addressed to Robert Rushford; Marian kissed that name before she went to sleep.

"He will forgive my sins when he reads this letter," she thought. "I do but obey the dead."

And all next day the will lay warm in her bosom, while Robert and Mr. Wilde searched carefully and wearily through all the house. It was hard to see his disappointed face, and feel that she could make all well so easily.

"I must obey the dead," she told herself, "I must obey the dead!"

At last they gave up all hopes of the lost will. Robert resigned himself to what seemed a hard fate, and Miss Gray was declared Gerald Rushford's lawful heiress.

Mr. Wilde made no secret of his disgust.

"There might be some arrangement made by which you could fulfill the wishes of the dead, Miss Gray, he said. "I judge you are hardly one to play the cuckoo by pushing the true bird out of the nest in order to occupy it yourself. I can remember the terms of the second will."

To this broad hint she answered, quietly: "The will may yet be found, sir. Excuse me if I hesitate to tax your memory while that chance remains. Believe me, my most earnest wish and endeavor is—to obey the dead."

He did not understand.

"She puzzles me," he said to Robert, "but somehow I fancy she'll give you your money after all, yes, I do believe it."

"So do not I," replied Robert. "Women are mercenary. See how quickly Florence Huntley has thrown me over. It was worth the loss of the fortune to find her out. Fancy marrying a girl in the belief that she really loved you, and afterwards discovering that she only wanted your purse. That would have been my fate if I had got the fortune. I was hard hit, too, while I thought her a woman with a loving heart, but I shall survive my disappointment. If I thought there was any danger of Miss Gray's indulging in any Quixotic acts of renunciation, I should take measures to prevent it; but you won't find much of that kind of thing among women, believe me."

And Mr. Wilde began to think the same as time went on. For six months Marian went quietly on her way, obeying—while the lawyer accused her of ignoring—the wishes of the dead.

Robert was an apt writer and had obtained employment on the press, whereby he made a living. Marian rolled by him in his uncle's carriage in the street. It seemed as if the ungrateful cuckoo had pushed the true bird out of the nest, after all.

"Mercenary—mercenary to the core!" was Robert's reflection, as he lifted his hat to his uncle's heiress as she rode by, and admired in spite of himself, her sweet, pale face. "Looks as if there might be a heart and a soul behind those soft, dark eyes—looks like a woman to love and be loved, but they're all alike—mercenary to the very core!"

And he was sensible of a feeling of disappointment over Marian.

"She should be a higher, truer, better type of woman than Florence was, if appearances go for any thing at all. She should have been willing to give up to me the fortune. I wouldn't have accepted the sacrifice; but I would have admired and respected her for being ready to make it. But they're all alike."

Reaching his lodgings he found Mr Wilde waiting for him in a tremenduous state of excitement, and holding an open letter in his hand.

"Look here! Just received this. Listen!"

DEBR SIR: Be good enough to call upon me at 7 o'clock P. M. and bring Mr. Rushford with you. The will is found. I have sincere pleasure in placing the true heir in possession of his own at last. Very respectfully, MARIAN GRAY.

"Where was it found? Where was it found?" cried Mr. Wilde, as Marian gave the document into his hands. "Where on earth was it found, my dear?"

"It was never lost," said Marian quietly.

And then she told them all.

"Old Mr. Rushford knew of his nephew's love for Miss Huntley, and did not approve of it. Yet he feared that to oppose it would only confirm the fancy. He had great confidence in me, gentlemen, and revealed to me his plans. I knew the contents of both the wills. During his last illness he gave the true one into my care, with instructions to conceal it six months. 'By that time my nephew will be thought of as a poor man,' said he 'and the girl who fools him with a pretense of love will show herself in her true colors.' This letter, Mr. Rushford, will confirm my words; and it," she added, timidly, "If I have sinned in parting you from your love, oh pardon me! Perhaps she may yet be won, now you are rich again, and I—I but obeyed the wishes of the dead."

"And in so doing earned my lasting gratitude," cried Robert, warmly. "Florence is not worth winning. I can imagine no more miserable life than that which must fall to the lot of her husband. And it is worth more than the fortune to know that in you I find a true woman at last, whose heart and mind do not belie her face, but one is as lovely as the other."

He stopped short, for Mr. Wilde's hand was on his arm.

"Read your letter first," said that gentleman, coloy, "and then we'll read the will."

Robert obeyed him.

"The letter confirms Marian's statement,' said he, "and contains the expression of a wish. Do you know what the wish is?" he asked her.

"No," she answered in surprise; "I do not."

"But you would advise me to endeavor to comply with it of course—you who fulfilled his wishes so religiously? and this wish is also my own. Yes my most earnest desire."

Marian laughed sweetly.

"It should be easy to comply with, then,' she said.

"It will be to me, but it depends upon another—upon you!"

Upon me?"

"Yes, dearest Marian, upon you. Mr. Wilde here is going to inform me, I know, that this new will gives the fortune all to me. I can receive it only upon one condition. Can you guess what it is?"

Her eyes fell beneath his—the conscious crimson dyed her fair, soft cheeks.

"I will not guess," she whispered. "You shall tell me."

He caught her little fluttering hand and raised it to his lips.

"If I take fortune from this precious hand, give me the hand as well," he said. "Darling Marian, I love you! I have loved you longer than I knew. Be my sweet wife!"

She shrank back, blushing, trembling.

"I am so poor."

"No, no; rich, rather—rich in goodness, wisdom, beauty, love—I adore you! Nay, you will consent—it is my uncle's wish. You must obey the wishes of the dead, you know. Must she not, Mr. Wilde?" he added, with sudden recollection—but that discreet gentleman had stolen from the room.

"I will obey the wishes of my own heart, first," said Marian. "Dear Robert, can it be that you really love me?"

"With my whole heart! And you, Marian?"

"Oh, I have loved you long," she whispered on his breast.

They were married, and the finding of the long-lost will made little difference, since they shared it together.

Reformed Too Much.

Caricature deals with extreme cases, and overdoes the features of a picture to heighten its blemishes. A reporter of the New York News tries his pencil in this line—describing the effect of trying to abolish the pleasant little compliments, and "thank yous," and "happy-to-see-yous," and "not-at-alls," of social intercourse and courtesy.

Last Sunday, Parson Bangle became disgusted with the untruthfulness of mankind and preached a vigorous sermon in denunciation of society falsehood. He declared that lies told just out of politeness were just as wicked as those told with the deliberate intention of deceiving as to the value of a horse. In fact, these society lies get folks into the habit of lying, and they readily pick up the other kind. The sermon made a great impression. Most of the congregation resolved to reform. Coming out of church, Deacon Jones said to Judge Badger, who sits in front of him,—

"Judge, I hope you didn't mind my putting my feet under your pew." The judge was about to reply,—

"Oh, certainly not," but he thought of the sermon and answered, "I did, though; your old boots took up all the room, and were a fearful nuisance."

"Well," said the deacon, "the hair-oil you use smells so it nearly forced us to leave our pew."

They glared at each other, and just then Mrs. Badger and Miss Jinkins came along. Miss Jinkins asked, —

"How do you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, I thought it just love"—replied Mrs. B., and then she thought of the sermon and continued, "No, I didn't either. It's a horrid thing. I wouldn't be seen with it." And Miss Jinkins got mad and replied,—

"Well, if I were you, I'd not wear dirty stockings in church, and, if I did, I'd keep 'em out of sight."

While these honest conversations were going on, Mrs. Ragbag had said to her next-door neighbor, Mr. Gallagher, "I hope the crying of our baby last night didn't disturb you;" and Gallagher had replied, "No—that is—yes." Then Mrs. Ragbag called him a wretch, and wept.

And then the clergyman came out and asked young Symonds how he liked the sermon. Symonds said, "It was a grand of—er—no, parson, it was nonsense."

"Sir!" said the parson; and he drew himself up indignantly.

The parson went home and meditated in a gloomy frame of mind for three hours, and finally concluded that society lying was wicked, but he wouldn't preach against it again.

Must Drink or Die.

When the use of alcholic liquors reach the point where a man must "drink or die," it is a sure sign that he will soon drink and die. The terrible power which the appetite for intoxicants has over its slaves is vividly illustrated in the following incident:

One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar he said,—

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a line of chalk-marks and said,—

"John, you see the old score—not another drop till that is paid."

The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man. "Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said.—

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for ten cents?"

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said,—

"Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out in the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you, I shall burn to death." Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death; give me the gin, you may have the boots."

He sat down and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Others were looking on and they said the man should have his gin.

They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could and he took all the rest away, when night came he drank the last drop, and he went to sleep in a barn. The frost-king came and took the poor man in his arms.

The next morning he was found in the barn frozen to death.

BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago
Off trudged to work with shouldered hoe
A woman, barefoot, brown and rough,
With pluck of Puritanic stuff.
Six lusty children tagged behind,
All hatless, shoeless, unconfined,
And happy as the birds that flew
About them. Naught of books they knew,
Save one they read at twilight hour,
Brought with them in the stanch Mayflower.

* * * * * * *

A pretty lady, thin and white
In a hammock swinging light,
Languishes, and in the shade
Devours rhyme and lemonade;
While bending near, her lover sighs
And gently fans away the flies.
She murmurs: "'Tis so nice that we
Are neither of low family,
But of old Puritan stock
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Pith and Point.

Campher is well known in the markets of the world as an article which is apt to be freely adulterated. The most imaginative mind would hardly be prepared, however, for the statement in a recent number of the American Pharmacist that a Boston importer "found the head of a negro in a chest of this substance."

Andrews' Queen: If a woman had to choose between being a queen and a prima donna, we believe she would choose the latter. The adulteration is greater, and there is not so great a chance of her husband, lover, or business manager being blown up.

The students of Mount St. Mary's college, Emmetsburg, Md., numbering about 120, have been sent to their homes on account of the breaking out in the college of malignant scarlet fever, which caused the death of two persons. The president of the college is the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, late of Boston.

It may surprise some persons to be told that the seat of learning in the United States having the largest income is the University of Michigan, which has $300,000 a year at its disposal. Harvard comes next while Yale and Columbia are close together. In property bequeathed by private individuals Harvard leads all the rest, of course, its entire endowment practically coming from that source.

In spite of active recruiting the rank and file of the army in July last was 2,000 short of the authorized maximum of 25,000, and a further falling off of 1,500 has taken place since. The reason is the higher standard moral, physical and mental—now required, by which three-fourths of the applicants are rejected.

The promenade over the East River Bridge promises to be one of the most attractive of any in the world. The walk for foot passengers is in the center of the bridge, and nine feet above the roadway for carriages and railroad cars, and the view, taking in the bay, the river, a glimpse of the sound and the area of the two densely populated cities, will be such as thousands will delight to linger over. The distance between the towers is 1,595 feet 5 inches, and including the approaches about one mile.

A telegram from Springfield, Ill., says: Last Saturday memorial services were held at the National Lincoln Monument in Oak Ridge Cemetery. Governor Cullom and Major Connelly delivered addresses. Ever since the attempt to steal the remains three years ago, everybody save a half dozen persons intimately connected with the monument association supposed that Mr. Lincoln's remains were enclosed in the marble sarcophagus which stands in the vestibule leading to the crypts, where the other members of the family are entombed. This is not so. The remains of Mr. Lincoln have been buried in the ground under a portion of the immense granite pile forming his monument, and are now in a state of complete petrifaction, the form and features of the dead president being preserved.

A New York city judge the other morning called the plaintiff to the witness stand and asked him if he had sent home wine which he had neither paid for or ordered. The plaintiff finally admitted that he had. "In my opinion," continued the judge, "the wine was sent to my house with a view to influencing me in this case. I may say here, once and for all, that I do not propose to accept any gift whatever during my term of office. I shall send the wine to a charitable institution. I have determined not to try this case, and I shall transfer it to any other civil judicial district that counsel on both sides may agree upon.

A bell weighing 2,000 pounds was smuggled into the tower of Plymouth church, Lansing, Mich., a few days ago, and the people thereabouts knew nothing of it until they were startled by its ringing for service.

Denver has been flooded with mutilated coin by a Californian who bought it in San Francisco at 35 discount and sold it for 90 cents on the dollar. He has gone to Kansas City to repeat the trick.

De Fosse, of Paris, has introduced a paper covering for furniture. It is made in imitation of Cordova leather, and is said to be so effective in its purposes as to promise competition with textile fabrics for upholstery work.

Jumbo was guilty of only one piece of mischief in all the fourteen days of the voyage. A sailor was washing some clothes one day within easy reach of him, and slapped his trunk in what was an offensive way to Jumbo. After the sailor had nicely washed and rinsed his clothes, Jumbo reached out, grasped them, dragged them into the dirt under his feet, rolled them over and over until they were as black as the deck and then threw them back.

Paris lodging-house keepers do not intend that tenants shall die on their hands if they can help it. An honest gentleman met the meridian of life was recently refused a lease for which he was anxious to pay handsomely, for the simple reason that the person in charge judged by his appearance that his life would not be a long one, and the proprietor "could not afford to have a funeral on the premises."

PIPES BY THE MILLION.

A Description of the Process of Manufacture in Providence.

From the Providence Journal.

The red clay pipe is made in this city at the rate of about two million a year, worth five or ten cents apiece, or ten or twenty thousand dollars. The clay comes from Martha's Vineyard, Governor's Island, N. Y., and Lake Michigan. Three hundred tons are used in a year. The three kinds of clays are mixed or ground together. A workman with a pile of clay beside him makes from it single rolls of clay, each large enough to make a pipe. The next worker places the clay in a pipe mould, runs a wire into the stem part, puts under a lever and makes the bowl. Fifteen hundred a day are moulded by one man. The moulds may be of various designs to form the decorated bowl. The latest is the "Land League," representing eviction on one side and prison life on the other. In pipes, as in other things, novelties must be given the speaking public, and as those interested in Land Leagues are fair smokers, this pipe will be bought for use and for patriotism.

After the moulding process the pipes are laid away to dry or drain until the water is well out of them. They are then put in fire-clay receivers, one hundred and ninety in each, and placed in the furnace or kiln to be burnt. The oven holds seventy thousand pipes. They are then heated to a white heat. The red clay pipe has a wooden stem and a silver band. The stems are made from maple by machinery, designed for the purpose. They are made black by the process of enameling. The band is made from a circular piece of brass, that is to say a circular piece of brass without break or seam is turned into a cylinder about an inch in length. Some of the pipes are stained, while others are left in the color of the clay to be stained or colored by the smoker.

Why a Georgia Cat Did Not Eat a Bird Which Could Not Escape.

From the American Republican.

On Sunday last we witnessed a singular contest between a mocking-bird and a cat. When first observed the bird was on the ground, about three feet from the cat, singing a shilling, triumphant melody, that held its enemy entranced. The bird had come under the mesmeric influence of the cat and could not get away, and the cat, charmed by the melody of the bird, could not eat it. Several times it would crouch, give its tail a switching motion and prepare to spring, but the bird would approach, warbling in a milder strain, and puss would rub her head against it, purring in that manner so peculiar, to these animals when pleased.

We watched to see how this novel contest would end, and even tried to frighten the bird away, but the cat caught it up in her mouth, ran off a short distance, put it upon the ground, and let the little creature sing, seeming perfectly content with its music We again approached, took the cat up, when the bird also flew up a tree near by and seemed deeply distressed, the cat meanwhile eyeing it wistfully. At last we succeeded in scaring the bird away, and put the cat down, when it immediately started off to hunt up the bird. Whether it succeeded in finding it or not we cannot say.

The Latest Oddity in Matromony.

There is no marriage service so odd that some clergymen can not be found to perform it; nor are there any contradicting parties so queer or so ill-mated that somebody will not be willing to join them. The latest oddity in matrimony is that of a New York broker, who claims to have married a "spirit bride." For the nuptial ceremony he was so fortunate as to find a "spirit clergyman." Where or how he picked up this ghost of ecclesiasticism we know not, nor is it stated whether he paid the wedding fee in gold coin or in a "put," a "call" or a "straddle." Possibly it was in an "option" or a "future," depending on what the bride proved to be in the way of a help-meet. For a regular clergyman to marry a "spirit bride" to a living broker would be an offense of which Presbytery or Conference might reasonably take notice with a view to discipline. But not even the most litigous Presbytery could discipline the "spirit clergyman." He would be spirited away while the brethren were trying to catch him in order to formulate charges against him. There is no probability that spirit matches and marriages will become popular, among brokers.

The Traffic in Pub. Docs.

Washington Letter.

Only a day or two ago a western congressman who received an application from a constituent for a certain document, applied to a dealer in such publications who haunts the capitol and departments, for a copy, and handed him fifty cents. That evening the dealer sent him ten copies instead of one, and he learned that the dealer's price for this particular document was only five cents per copy. It is a publication which cost the government probably 40 cents a copy. The same congressman said that not long ago he ordered of some dealer 100 copies of another document, which is in great request among his constituents. When the books were sent to him he found that they were all neatly wrapped, and that each one bore the frank of another congressman. Upon inquiry he learned that the dealer had obtained the books honestly, "in regular course of business." Such facts as these, of course, have a bearing not extremely remote against the proposition to restore the franking privilege on letters. The congressman sold his books, and "threw in" his frank into the bargain.

Elegy on Jesse James.

The sad taking off of the now sainted Jesse James has inspired an admirer near Louisville, Ky., to write an elegy to the Chicago Times. The first verse, sweetly harmonizing strains of our lamentation with strains of his blessed condition, gives the keynote to the whole composition.

Sadly in the early spring time
Did we lay him away to rest,
Away from this cold unfeeling clime
Safe away among the blest.

Another stanza offers comfort in contrast of his bliss with the future retribution on those who removed him:

How much worse were they who killed him,
The brand of Cain is on their brow;
Oh, how sad that they have stilled—
But Jesse is in Abram's bosom now.

The last verse cheers with the promise of a happy reunion, when partings shall be no more:

Farewell, farewell, we see you there
Beckoning with thy own dear hand,
And with the angels ever bright and fair
We will meet you in that heavenly land.

The Defenders of Fort Sumter.

General Truman Seymour, one of the three surviving officers who shared in the defence of Sumter, and who was retired, at his own request, several years ago as a major, has a military record that goes back to 1847. In April of that year he was brevetted first lieutenant of the First Artillery for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo. Four months later he was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. He was captain in the First Artillery when the rebellion began, and was brevetted major in April, 1861, "for gallant and meritorious service during the defence of Fort Sumter." He especially distinguished himself at the battles of South Mountain, Antietam and Petersburg. In March, 1865, he was brevetted major general of volunteers "for ability and energy in handling his division, and for gallantry and valiant service in action."

Another Arkansas Affair.

Old bow-legged Jake, a colored man of high standing and extreme blackness, entered the county clerk's office and said:

"Boss, I wants a par ob marriage license. I'se a ole man, but I'se gwine ter marry one ob de youngest gals in dis community."

"Have the parents of the girl any objections to the marriage?" asked the clerk, hesitating as to whether or not the license should be issued.

"Hit doan seem so ter me," replied Jake.

"Did you ask the old man's consent?"

"No, sah."

"How do you know, then, that he does not object?"

"Well, yer see I had been calling on the young lady for some time, an' las' night de ole man came in, tuck down a army gun an' said dat he reckoned me an' Lindy aughter git married. Dis mornin' he come ober ter my house wid de gun an' said suthin' about my goin' at once an' gittin' de license. I tole him dat I had a wife somewhar in de country, but he cocked de ole gun an' looked so sad like, dat I struck a trot for dis office."

"If you having a living wife, old man, I can't issue a license."

"But Boss, dis is one ob dese he'ar stringent cases. De fodder ob de gal is standin' out at the corner ob de house wid that army gun. It's better, boss, for a man to hab two libin' wives den it is for a 'oman ter hab one dead husband."

Finally, the old man and the gun was induced to come into the office and explain. "Well, yer see, boss," he said, "Ole Jake hab been burnin' my oil an' wearin' out de bottoms of my chairs long enough. He's been eatin' at my house mor'n a year, courtin' my girl an' now I wants him to board de girl awhile. Ef he don't I'll hab to injure him." After awhile, however, the old man agreed that if Jake would pay him $5 the affair would be settled without marriage. The money was paid over, and the men contemplate establishing a catfish restaurant.

Death of Captain Gibbs.

Captain Eugene B. Gibbs, assistant quartermaster, U. S. A., died in New York on Friday last of Bright's disease. Captain Biggs was born in Rhode Island, and entered the army as captain of the Second California infant