## AT THE ARENA IN SPAIN.

**Peculiar Sensations the Fights Give To a Stranger—Agony He is Made To Suffer—Would You Go a Second Time.**

From the New York Times.

I have not yet ceased wondering at that peculiar state of mind an American would find himself in, had he, without previous promptings been placed among the spectators at a Spanish bull fight. The arena is six times the size of our circus rings, and the ground is of hard, beaten down sand, the whole circle surrounded by stone seats, one tier over the other, with capabilities of holding 10,000 people. The places for the spectators are separated from the arena by a barrier, breast high, which forms a walk between the arena and the seats. Into this place of safety the bull-fighters spring when too closely pursued by the animal. You take your place and are at once excited. Whether it be a feeling of w[onde]r or dread I hardly know. You conjure up all the horrible things you may have seen or dreamed of, as if to accustom yourself to a new sensation. You think you ought not to have come at all.

Half the arena, as I saw it a few days ago, is in the full blaze of the brilliant sunlight and is a carnival of color. To depict it an artist's palet would be impossible, it is so rich with the varied hues of shawls, gay dresses, startling parasols and fluttering fans. The noise is deafening, for everybody is talking or laughing, and to add to the confusion there is a band At last the noise of the music ceases and we know that the hour has come. Two men on horseback, in costumes of the sixteenth century, enter the arena. They ride across the ring, approach the place where the dignitary who presides over the bull-fights is seated, and, baring their heads, receive permission to commence the dreadful business. Slowly, as in state, they now approach the entrance from which the bull-fighters will come. Then out from here emerges the whole band of espadas, picadors and bandarillos. This display is suburb. The men are clad in gorgeous colors. They march across the arena to the lodge of the president, bow low, and then, ranging themselves about the sides of the arena await the coming of the bull. The keys of the bull inclosure are now thrown into the arena to be deftly caught by a bull-fighter. He marches slowly along, turns the key, and a door glares on its hinges. Then you feel your nerves vibrate, your muscles contract, as you strain your eyes. There is a dead silence. In an instant a bull strides into the arena, and, with jerky motion of head and lashing of tail, galres at the sunlight. Ten thousand voices greet him. The bull for a moment seems dazed, but it is only for a moment. At once he seems to understand who are his enemies, and with a vicious wavement plunges into the arena. The massacre has begun.

You have a dim conception of some fierce assault between a man on a gaunt horse and a frantic bull. You are positive that the bull has driven his horns into the poor horse. There are flutterings of cloaks and wild dashings of the bull, and then you see a bleeding, an-eviscerated horse, spurred and lashed in pursuit of the bull. You are sickened, you feel faint, and yet you are horribly excited. The bull dashes wildly hither and thither, and you forget about the horse. It is all the caparillos can do to allude the rapid attacks of the bull. Still they flop their cloaks in his bloodshoteyes. They lead him toward the picador. The bull is furious. Here is something he evidently thinks which cannot escape punishment. But you see the horse again, who, fallen on his side, in his agony entangles his feet in his own entrails. One brute tries to make the horse stand up, only to be hurled over again to the ground by the maddened bull. Sometimes as many as eight horses are killed by one bull, and I may remark that the more horses killed the better the Spaniard deems the show

A trumpet sounds and the bandarillos are brought into the arena. The picadors retire and no doubt say a pater or an ave to their patron saint, praying to live to see themselves mounted on more horses whose entrails are to be ripped out by bulls. The darts are now in the bandarillos' hands. The bull has been fretted enough; the bandarillos' duty is to make him crazy. The bandarillos buzz around him like hornets, and prick him with their darts. You wonder how it is all done. The bull seems for an instant to have one man at his mercy. His horns are within a hair's breadth of the bandarillo, and next you see the man untouched, the bull's head high in the air, but his neck fringed with darts. Eight of these darts are dangling now in his hide, when the trumpet sounds once more, and the multitudes yell for the espada. The bull stands panting with streaming sides. The espada steps into the ring, places himself before the president's seat, and says a few words to the effect that, with his permission, he desires either to kill or be killed by the bull. He takes his jaunty cap from off his head and throws it into the ring. Now, in a dignified manner, with superb strut, the espada goes forth to meet the bull, and [ne]ver stops until he is within a few feet [of] him. The bull seems astonished at his coolness, and does not budge.

The espada takes a bit of red cloth and holds it close to the bull. This is too much of an impertinence for toro, who, with a quick, vicious dash at the espada, completely dispels any idea you may have that the bull is tired. The red cloth has almost been entangled in the bulls horns, and that animal seems surprised that he is only tearing up the air with his sharp prongs. This play, which worries the bull, is continued until at last the bull is apparently tired out, for he seems hardly conscious of the presence of his enemy. The espada's sword is then slowly raised until it is on a line with his eye. He holds it there an instant, then gives a spring forward. The bull meets him half way with lowered head, and the blade is buried to the hilt somewhere in the region of the animal's heart. The man stands stock still. The bull, languidly tossing his head, slowly retreats. He seems conscious of his end. He coughs blood. For the spectators this is the supreme moment of the show, and they rise to witness his agony. He quivers, staggers, and sinks. His enemies still surround him. Perhaps there is something more to be got of him. He rises unsteadily, for he is faint. The clotted blood, in a horrible stream is cast upon the bull. The world becomes dark for that miserable beast, though God's sun is shining ever so brightly. He is on his feet for the last time. A new creature now comes on the scene—some poor abject wretch, incorporated in the noble guild of bull-fighters. He treads the ground cat-like. He has a small knife as keen as a razor. It is the coupe de grace he gives, the only merciful thing done, for, with a rapid motion, he cuts the bull's throat. The misery is over. A few prolonged notes of the trumpet herald the death of the first bull. While the band is playing the arena is cleared of dead bull and horses. The fine points of the fight are discussed with zeth by the spectators. It is generally agreed by the critics that the bull was a game one.

The second bull is then ready for torture. It is not the same fight exactly, for there are accidental differences. There are many horses killed, but the death of the bull is certain. The last bull is dead now, and as you look into the calm, clear sky, you ask yourself in a fearful kind of inquiry, "How did you like it?" You are half afraid of your own reply. The man who offers you tickets for the next bull fight, which is to take place in a few days, may perchance find a customer, "just for the opporunity of studying the whole thing more calmly." As for me, I will never see another bull fight as long as I live.

Indianapolis dispatch: George Am[es], a clerk in the United States senate, whose father was a son of late Bishop Ames of the Methodist church, and whose mother is a sister of United States Senator Booth, jumped from the third story of the Grand Hotel, Richmond on Thursday night, and was fatally injured. He was laboring under a fit of insanity, and was on his way to the asylum. The jump was made to es-cape the officers having him in charge. He was a cousin of Capt. Ames who died in Baltimore, but his insanity was induced by novel reading and confinement, and was not heriditary.

### STATE NAMES.

**Where They Came From and How They Were Chosen.**

From the New York Times.

Hamilton B. Staples read a paper at the annual meeting of the American Antiquarian society in Worcester on the 21st inst., in which he discussed the origin of the names of several of the states. His conclusions were as follows: New Hampshire gets its name from Hampshire, England. Massachusetts is derived from an Indian name, first given to the bay, signifying "near the great hills." Rhode Island has an obscure origin, the "Island of Rhodes," the "Island of the Roads," and a Dutch origin, "Red Island," were mentioned, the first seeming to have the best historical support. Connecticut is an Indian name, signifying "land on a long tidal river." New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland were passed over. Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia have a royal origin. Maine was named from the fact that it was supposed to contain the "mayne portion" of New England. Vermont has no especial question, except that it is claimed to have first been an alias—New Connecticut, alias Vermont. Kentucky popularly signifies either a "dark and bloody ground" or "a bloody river," but its origin signifies "the head of a river" or "the long river." Tennessee comes from its river, the name being derived from the name of an Indian village on the river—"Tanasee." Ohio is named after an Indian name, signifying "something great," with an accent of admiration. Indiana comes from the name of an early land company. Illinois from the Indian—the name of a tribe. Michigan is claimed to mean "lake country;" it probably came from the name of the lake, "Great Lake," which bore this name before the land adjacent was named. Louisiana is from the French. Arkansas and Missouri are Indian, the former being doubtful; the latter is claimed to mean in its original "muddy water," which describes the river. Iowa is also Indian, with doubtful meaning. Texas is popularly supposed to be Indian, but may be Spanish. Florida, Spanish "a flowery land." Oregon has a conjectural origin. It is probably Indian but a Spanish origin is claimed. California comes from a Spanish romance of 1510. Nevada takes its name from the mountains, who get theirs from a resemblance to the Nevadas of South America. Minnesota is Indian, "sky-tinted water." Nebraska is variously rendered "shallow water" and "flat country." Kansas is from an Indian root, Kaw, corrupted by the French. Mississippi is "great water" or "whole river." Alabama is Indian, the name of a fortress and a tribe, signifying, as is claimed, "here we rest."

### Things in General.

Fifty years ago a Dover (N. H.) boy, who was on the Island of St. Helena, cut some sprigs from a willow tree which grew over the grave of the great Napoleon. He afterward gave them to William B. Lyman, of Dover, who planted them at his residence, and a willow tree was the result. This tree was destroyed during the high wind of Friday.

Thurlow Weed, in a recent letter on civil service reform complains that the "academies and colleges contribute a very large contingent to the army of office seekers." Mr. Weed expresses the belief that there is too much "liberal education" in this country; which produces idleness and office beggars—men who resort to office seeking as a means of living, and who get to hating hard work.

In a Deadwood church the other day the large congregation was devoutly kneeling in prayer, when an irreverent joker quite audibly whispered: "Here comes an Eastern detective." In seventeen seconds all of that congregation except the chief elder had slid through the windows.

Bonds to the amount of $1,000,000, which were some time ago bequeathed by Mr. Lewis, of New Jersey, toward the extinguishment of the public debt, will this week be sent to Washington for cancellation, and will figure in the next monthly debt statement.

Missouri has quit raising Ned and pays more attention to raising corn. The good result is seen in the growing crop of corn, which is said to be extraordinary heavy, some farmers asserting that their fields will produce from 100 to 125 bushels per acre.

Some time ago a well-known native of Bombay offered to give a new clock and chimes to the University of Bombay, and deposited a large sum of money with the authorities to carry out his generous intention. The gift has been manufactured in London and is about to be shipped to Bombay. Doubtless it is such a time piece as India never saw. The dials, of opal glass, are thirteen feet in diameter; it is fitted with an apparatus enabling it to telegraph the time daily to the observatory and to correct all the other clocks in the city, and connected with it is a chime of sixteen bells which can play, automatically, sixteen tunes and 150 changes.

The London Truth says: "At the recent examination for clerkships in the Postoffice there were 1,500 female candidates. But why are women not paid the same as men for doing precisely the same work, after having passed an examination in which men and women compete? It will be replied that the government must pay the market price, and that women are ready to take a smaller salary than men. But, if this view be adopted, and if it be admitted that women are as good clerks as men, then it would be only logical to appoint women alone to all vacancies.

The gross receipts of the postoffice department for the fiscal year ended June 30 were $41,265,317,10, being an excess over last year of $5,217,511.53. The stamps, postal cards, envelopes, etc., sold for the same period amount to $39,533,317.71, an excess over the previous year of $4,854,004.91. Chief of the Stamp Division Graham reports that the issues of stamps, etc., for the same period amounted to $40,978,053.42, an increase over last year of $6,352,617.

A statement prepared by order of the Massachusetts legislature several years ago, furnished some suggestive figures respecting the mean average of life attained by individuals engaged in various employments. Agriculturalists were found to average a lifetime of 63.93 years; bankers, 43.45; bank officers, 68.76; blacksmiths, 51.44; butchers, 50; calico printers, 51.63; carpenters, 49.39; clerks, 34.32; clergymen, 56.72; coopers, 58.37; editors, 40; gentlemen, 58:19; hatters, 54.17; jewlers, 44.06; judges and justices, 65; lawyers, 54.43; machinists, 36.41; manufacturers, 43.23; masons, 47.78; mechanics, 43.45, merchants, 51.71; musicians, 39.86; operatives, 32·93; painters, 42.68: physicians; 54.94; printers, 38.61; public officers, 56.84; rope makers, 54.50; shipwrights. 55.27; snoe makers, 43.12; tailors, 44.35; teachers, 34.46; traders, 46.35; etc., etc.

### Young Widows.

**Voltaire, in "Zadig," tells an interesting story of how his hero pretended to have died in order to test the fidelity of his widow. The lady wept disconsolately for a whole day, vowing that she could not survive her lord. On the second day a handsome young clergyman came to console her and she wept less; on the third day she and the divine had already formed matrimonial projects which were only cut short by Zadig's timely resurrection. Zadig, as a philosopher, ought to have known better than to put his wife to a hazardous test; but, having done so, he was quite right to bear his disappointment with the equanimity which he seems to have shown. Women cannot wear weeds eternally. Why should they do so? Once the first anguish of bereavement has beena ssuaged, they remember that crying spoils the eyes, and frowning wrinkles the complexion.**

## FIELD AND FARM.

### Hints to Farmers.

Calves sometimes scour. The best thing I have found to stop this is to stir half a pint of wheat flour into boiling water, thus making a mush of it. When cooled to blood warmth, feed to the calf, and if it does not stop the scouring repeat the dose and give no other food till the little animal gets well. This boiled flour is the more beneficial because it acts both as a medicine and nourishing food.

An Ohio dairyman, who claims to have weighed the skimmed milk fed to swine, and the gain in flesh thereof, says 100 pounds of skimmed milk will produce three pounds of pork.

A correspondent in southern Illinois says: "The fact will bear repetition that this is the best crop year in southern Illinois within the memory of man." From the northern portion of the state, however, the intelligence is not so cheering.

Breeders of Hereford cattle have subscribed $500 and issue a challenge to Shorthorn breeders to subscribe a like amount, the whole sum ($1,000) to be known as the butchers' prize, and to be awarded to the best beef animal slaughtered at the coming fat stock show in Chicago in November. The object of the proposed contest is to test the comparative merits of Herefords and Shorthorns as beef cattle. Money in earnest of the challenge on behalf of the Hereford breeders has been deposited with the treasurer of the Fat Stock show.

### Useful Things to Know.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothes the pain and effectually excludef the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems far preferable to collodium or even cotton.

Silver, in constant use, should be washed every day in a pan of suds made of good white soap and warm water, drying it with old soft linen cloths. Twice a week (after this washing) give it a thorough brightening with finely powdered whiting, mixed to a thin paste with alcohol, rubbing longer and harder where there are stains. Then wipe this off and polish with clean, soft old, linen.

A very easy way to poach eggs is to get boiling water in your muffin tins and set them on the hottest part of the stove; break the eggs in a saucer, then drop one in each tin; in two or three minutes they will be done, and can be taken up one at a time in good shape with the help of a small strainer; season with butter, pepper and salt.

Horace Walpole in one of his letters says: "Use a little allum about once or twice a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, that are strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death.

Place at Table.—The guest of honor, if she be a lady, is seated at the right of the host; if a gentleman, at the right of the hostess. In a large dinner party confusion may be avoided by having a little card at each plate inscribed with the name of the person who is to occupy the place. If these cards are tastefully decorated they form pleasant souvenirs of the dinner party, each guest retaining the card on his plate.

### Late Strawberry Setting.

Many of the best strawberry beds have been the result of setting the plants out late, which is sometimes a matter of necessity when the weather is dry in spring. Plants that are set out in the fall are usually put in when the dry spell is over and the weather cool. A plentiful supply of moisture is required by the young plants, and should the conditions be favorable to a fair root growth from the time they are set out till frost they will start off beautifully in spring. They should be mulched or covered late in the season, and every precaution taken to guard against sudden thaws in winter. It is not freezing that damages, but the frequent change from freezing to thawing that causes loss. After the plants have well rooted, and just previous to mulching, they should receive a good dressing of well-rotted manure and ashes, and when uncovered in the spring the plants should be kept clean, but should not be worked below the surface, and not at all unless the grass begins to get headway. They should not be allowed to throw out runners the first year, nor should the blossoms be allowed to remain. Should the necessity arise for using the cultivator, care should be taken to disturb the plants as little as possible, though they must be kept free from grass or weeds. On hard soils they will bear heavier hoeing or cultivating, which benefits them in time of draught. When set in the fall they pass through the succeeding year better than when put out in the spring, but bear no sooner.

### How Tomatoes are Canned.

The Lewiston (Me) Journal says.

The big tomato barbecue has begun in Auburn. If the lover of this vegetable wishes to see the tomato scalded and scarified and flayed and hacked and gashed and squeezed and jammed and squashed and indiscriminately abused until it loses all semblance to shape or identity, then boiled, and afterward suffocated in an air-tight tin can, let him suppress his emotions and stroll down to the river bank behind Roak block, Auburn, where the Durham Packing company commenced operations Friday. The tomato goes in smooth, plump, and glowing. In a few minutes it is lost in an oozy, steaming mass of hot pulp, to be stowed away for the delectation of the winter palate. About seventeen acres of tomatoes were planted for the packing company. If the plants yield well they will put up 200,000 cans, a large part of which have been sold in advance. In the northern part of the county the growers report they have had an abundance of rain, and the crop has not yet ripened. In the southern part of the county the crop has suffered sorely from drought. The tomatoes are there ripening, and in some places before they are fully grown. The yield has begun to come forward, and the packing factory has started on a small scale. The growers are paid 30 cents per bushel of sixty pounds. The company has fitted and enlarged a building on the river bank, and built a platform for baths. It is supplied with steam from Gross' boilers. Twenty people are employed at the start. When the crop comes in more rapidly the number will be increased to fifty. Some of the workmen have been employed in other factories. Others are green hands. The foreman has been in the business fourteen years. The tomatoes are first dumped into large shoal pans. They are set in a steaming tank and are scalded for two minutes. This process makes them peel easily. They are promptly passed over to a crew of women with knives, who dexterously remove the skin without regard to any superstitious sensitiveness on the tomato's part. When a peeler gets her pan full, a man takes it to a small but business-like press. The tomato pulp is poured into a hopper which ends in a sort of spout. A can is placed under this spout, and the tomato pulp is pressed into it with a lever. This one, press will fill eight thousand cans per day. The cans are fed to it by a spout running from the can factory in an upper story of Roak block. Every can is weighed after it is filled by a woman who sets it on small scales and perhaps adds or subtracts a little, as the case may be, to get a balance of just three pounds. The can is then sponged and passed over to the sealer. He solders on the cap. This process is rendered very speedy by a patent caping iron, one twirl of which on the cap securely solders it to the can. This is a big improvement over the old-fashioned soldering cop[per] and is a recent invention. The cans are placed in pans—sixty in a pan—and are set in large tanks filled with boiling water. After they have boiled forty minutes they are ready to cool and are "done."

### A Judicious Wife.

A judicious wife, says Ruskin, is always nipping off from under her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continued pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know but little about oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

### How to Save Seed.

G. F. Needham of Washington writes to the Rural World as follows:

"How to prevent crops from deteriorating is a most important question, lying at the foundation of all agricultural and horticultural prosperity. Nature's law is 'multiply and replenish.' no matter as to the particular quality. 'The survival of the fittest' governs the result. But nature's operations are too slow for our short lives, so the business of the cultivator is to aid mother nature, and thus reach the best results in the shortest periods.

"It is a fact too well known that ordinarily crops deteriorate, and this, for one reason, because the seed becomes weakened. The story of, Dreer's improved Lima bean' will illustrate the idea an explain the whole modus operandi of saving of seed.

"Some years ago a gardener asked our Mr. Saunders how he could improve the Lima bean. He was told to find, if possible, a pod having at least foru beans; the next season to plant the one, the largest and best of these; the next season to select as before one bean, the one which not only seemed to the eye the largest and best, but the one that could weigh the most, and then to pursue this method for several years. The result we all know is a really great improvement of that delicious vegetable.

"One has asked why are our melons so inferior nowadays? The answer is that pains are not taken in saving the seed. There is a variety of muskmelon sold by one of our seeds-men, the 'Hunter' melon, which illustrates this point. A Mr. Hunter received, years since, from abroad, seeds of a very choice melon. These were planted, and the seeds of only the very best were saved. In this manner has the seed been selected, and now, after more than twenty years, this variety commands the highest price in our markets, and the seed sells for $3 per pound, while other varieties can be had for 50 cents, and are dear at that.

"I have seen a stalk of corn bearing ten ears. Of course, this nine-fold increase came from selecting the seed, at first, of a stalk that bore two good ears; then there would be a few with three ears and so on till the grand result was reached. I know that many farmers say that if they can get one good ear on each stalk they will be satisfied. Well, such are not very particular, and will buy corn from a neighbor's crib and plant the best of this. Of course, they get only an ordinary crop. Is not this the reason that growing Indian corn has become such a poor and unpaying business? For my part, I will let the idiots grow this corn, and I will purchase it in the fall for less than $2 per barrel.

"We have many new varieties of wheat, but if I were growing it I would screen out from one hundred bushels, one bushel of the largest and plumpest berries, and sowing this, would the next season do likewise, and would ultimately get the very best seed wheat. There is one other idea involved in this matter to which we all need to take heed. It is the seed that impoverishes the soil. The more seed the greater the drain, and therefore the greater need of fertilizing."

### Great Men's Relatives.

It is a good thing to see brethren working together in unity, as the Wellsleys in India, or the Wesleys in England, or the brothers Grimm, or the Schlegels. The ablest lieutenant of Frederick the Great was his brother Henri. "There is only one of us," the king said, pointing to Prince Henri, who has never made a mistake." It is melancholly to remember that Henri hated the brother he served so well. Frederick did all he could to win his affection, in vain. A pair of brother soldiers not less interesting to Englishmen are Henry V. and John Duke of Bedford. Gen. Churchill, too, served with credit under Marlborough. The fame of the Napiers is still fresh. One would like to couple the the Howes, but it is not fair to the hero of the 1st of June. Sir William was a brave soldier and nothing more. Partnerships between fathers and sons are too numerous to be noticed, but there are a few curious instances in which the father has seconded his son. A certain King of Media appointed his father to a satrapy, and the sire quietly served under the son. But since the hereditary principle first found favor among men no sovereign can have felt himself altogether a king while his father lived. Philip II. was constantly receiving advice from the ex-emperor, and must have felt bound at least to excuse himself when he did not follow it. How much the paternal superintendence annoyed him he showed by delaying the payment of the paternal pension. There are fathers, again, and more of them, perhaps, than we suppose, who have been content to be the humble admirers of their sons, and to bask in the rays of their good fortune. Old Mr. Richard Clive had never thought his son good for much till the news of the defense of Arcot arrived in England, but he gradually became immoderately proud and fond of his son who joined filial piety to his other qualities. Robert cleared off the mortgages on the family estates, settled £800 a year on his parents, and insisted that they should keep a coach. Mr. Clive now began to mix in fashionable society, and was presented at court. The king graciously noticed him, and asked where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the honest squire quite aloud, "and then your majesty will have another vote," which was true enough, but not intended for publication. One can scarcely be surprised that it was never thought expedient to confer a peerage on Mr. Richard Clive. On St. John's being created a Viscount his father obtained a similar title, though by some blunder his patent was dated after his son's, so that the latter had the precedence. Their descendent still sits in the house of lords as viscount Bolingbroke and St. John. The above precedent, however, has by no means been invariably followed. It is pleasant to read how Rowland Hill, when he returned from the Peninsula a peer and a general, quietly took his seat at his father's table in the old Shropshire manor-house, not according to his rank but simply according to his birth as a younger son.

### The Woman Who Rules Russia.

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

**Mme. Pobedonostzeff, the leading spirit of the Russian government of to-day, is the wife of the chief procureur of the Holy Synod and the most confidential counselor of the czar. She is young,** beautiful and ambitious. She married Mr. Pobedonostzeff but a few years ago. Her husband, a very old gentleman, is in love with her. It is said of him that the knightly motto, "God and My Lady," he changed into "God and My Wife" and upholds it as a knight of old. He rises early, prays to God, adores his wife and then goes to see the czar of the ministers or the Holy Synod and everywhere he tries his best to carry out the commands of his charming goddess. Meanwhile she herself is not idle. She receives hosts of fair visitors of high rank, who, while offering their homage, seize the chance of commending their husbands, brothers or cousins. Sometimes this or that minister of state does himself the honor of paying his respects to her. Occasionally she visits her majesty, the czaritza, to cheer her up in her golden cage. And the czar himself is there always at hand. Thus it has come about that, while the czar keeps away from the capital of his empire, Mme. Pobedanostzeff has somehow found herself to be the centre of the Russian political world. Instead of the czar's policy, or the chancellor's or the minister's policy we hear of the Madame's policy. With the modesty of an ascending star she does not reveal her projects, but it is very doubtful whether any liberal reforms will find favor with her.

### A DORMITORY SCENE.

**A Northern Girl Describes Some Southern Girls at a Camp Meeting.**

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

It was in Kentucky. "The Camp of the Woman" we christened it when we were ushered into the neat lodging-house for ladies on the camp-meeting premises. Twenty white single beds, with spring mattresses and good hard pillows; four nails driven into the joist by each headboard, to hang up petticoats and bonnets; clean pine floors, sweet pine walls, open pine rafters, above which the new pine roof spread protecting hands, with finger-tips touching on the ridge-pole, among the upper tree-boughs. There was a motherly woman in charge. Mankind had been banished to outer darkness, and we abandoned ourselves to that delightful "we-can-do-as-we-please" feeling, which the presence of the masculine element invariable destroys.

"Oceans of space," chirruped the trim little woman next door. She had put her watch in one shoe, and her switch and net in the other, and placed them both like little soldiers on guard, under the bed rail; her long, bright hose fluttered from the post, her bustle was coiled trimly under the bed; her skirts that rattled like chimes of faint bells when she lifted them over her head, were hung with their dainty ruffles and rick-rack, on the pallid wall. "Oceans of space! Isn't it jolly to crowd into close quarters, and get along with six feet instead of twenty?"

"Yes, ma'am. It reminds me of the Centennial," says a shrill voice from the farther corner. "We had to roll up our clothes in bundles and lay them on the floor, and but one could move about and dress at a time."

The time is ten o'clock; we are ready for the lights to be turned out, when up the stairs, all talking at once, as only women, southern women, know how to do, without discord, comes a bevy of girls from a friend's cottage—six, eight, ten, eleven, we count, as their heads appear above the floor, from the unboxed stairway.

All cousins, Kentucky cousins, met by appointment on the old camp-ground. Eleven girl cousins! And how they did rattle on!

"Cousin Hallie, Cousin Tom was mightily provoked."

"Pooh! Cousin Bettie, I reckon its Cousin Sally you mean. Cousin Sally is perfectly devoted to Cousin Tom, so Cousin Billy says."

"Why, Cousin Hallie, you don't know what you're talking about—me! Why, Cousin Tom is paying his addresses to Cousin Henri Woolfolk; didn't you know that? Yes'm."

"Cousin Mettie and Cousin John are coming to-morrow from Lexington; they stayed for the frolic at Crab Orchard Springs. They say Cousin Mettie was the prettiest girl on the floor. I reckon she was."

I don't doubt it, as these sample cousins disrobe. Luxuriant hair, silken and soft, about their shoulders; exquisite arms, tapering, slender, white, and shining as ivory, gleaming above their heads, as they brush their loosened locks; white foreheads, all alike, all with dark eyes; such pretty embroidered clothing—"ruffles and lace and snowy puffs," which Watterson asserts or laments "that only the angels see." Such harmless, innocent girls, all bound by interlacings of family ties, all with marked family resemblance.

After all the hair is plaited, and all the shining arms are hidden under muslin sleeves, they take their stockings—this queer band of girls—and going close to the lamp, examine them for holes as if they were to read their fortunes on the dainty hose. Every left hand is thrust in the foot of a long-legged stocking. Some of the cousins discover wee holes in the toes, and they stand darning, with their heads bent toward the lamp, while the other cousins press around.

"Nonsense, darning stockings after eleven o'clock; some women in this dormitory want to get to sleep before morning," growls an elderly lady.

I doze from sheer fatigue, although the lights are bright, and the talking unabated. From time to time I rouse enough to see that the cousins are rouped three and five in a bed, sitting upright, with their arms about each other, and their heads together. Their talk has grown lower, but anon spouts up with little giggles and exclamations. Then they flit up and down the long room, back and forth mysterious and mischievous. Their moving forms and the white clothing hung high on the walls, and the rafters towering above, change in my sleepy brain to the ladder reaching from the earth to heaven, upon which the angels ascend and descend. When I am roused—by the silence, I suppose—I find each pretty head bent reverently in prayer, in the sweet childish fashion of the past, and the old lady who resented their darning is sitting upright, her arms clasped grimly about her knees, her nightcap in a frenzied peak, her spectacles awry, muttering, "I wonder what them gals will do next. Twelve o'clock, and they've been chatterin' straight along. I reckon they'll pop up from their knees and begin a war dance; they've done everything else."

But at last everything is still. The lantern is turned low Mrs. Brannin, the janitress, is tip-toeing about, when a scream brings friend and foe to their elbows.

"Oh, Mrs. Brannin! do you think there are any snakes in here?"

"Snakes, miss? Shure and there couldn't be."

Then the whole eleven appeal to Mrs. Brannin to tell them there are no rats around; they are "so afraid of rats."

My distracted neighbor puts on her specs again, sits up in bed, hugs her knees, and wagging her ghostly nightcap, declares plaintively that she is "a stranger in these parts," and then announces her intention of arising and preparing to be burned at the stake.

Toward morning it is quiet in "the camp of the women." The stars slip along and peep through a knot-hole near the roof. An Owl hoots in his wide-eyed dreams, and the railroad trains rumble and grumble along the track a mile away. Then the stars tremble like dew-drops amid the pink cloud-blossoms of the dawn. A mocking-bird takes up the song the whip-poor-will has dropped. A fresh breeze springs up te meet the sun, and the chatter of the cousins recommences. They all tell their dreams, and have a sign for every dream.

When I return from morning prayers in the chapel, they are yet pluming themselves before the looking-glasses. They sit in the breezy upper room, when they are ready for church, waiting for Cousin Mettie and Cousin John from the dissipations of Crab Orchard.

**The first and only town-clock in the state of Florida surmounts the new court-house at Tampa.**

### CAPTURES A BIGAMIST.

**A Woman Going from Indiana to Kansas and Bringing Back Her Man in Irons.**

From the Columbus, (Ind.), Republican.

Last week a man arrived here in shackles and was at once turned over to Sheriff Burgess. After he was put away it began to be whispered about that it was Beck, the bigamist, and true enough it was. He had been brought in from Ellsworth, Kas., by Mrs. Georgia Ruggles, who left here about a week before for the purpose, and her arrival with the prisoner that evening was the triumphant consummation of a feat, the like of which has been performed by but few of her sex. The feat is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Mrs. Buggles' zeal, determination and bravery were wholly disinterested and inspired only by her love and friendship for her wronged friend and companion. In the early part of the summer W. J. Beck, who has an alias or two, was in the employment of a Crothersville tombstone house, and in the pursuit of his vocation he came to Jonesville, the home of the woman whose life he has blighted, and also the home of the one whose nerve has brought him to grief. While here he made the acquaintance of Miss Sarah Mutch, and in a very short time they were married. Very soon after the ceremony they left Indiana for Wilson, Kas. Mrs. Ruggles being an intimate friend of the bride, was, as a matter of course, highly interested in her welfare, and not liking some of the actions and suspicious appearances of Beck, she instituted proceedings to ascertain something of his antecedents, in which she was highly successful. It was found that he had a wife and four children living at Loogootee. Information was also gained at this place which led to the discovery that he had another wife at Salina, Ill. His previous career had been a chequered one, and this is not the first time that he has been in the hands of the law. Not being able to rest contentedly while her friend was in such hands, Mrs. Ruggles conceived the idea of rescuing her and bringing the criminal to justice. She accordingly came to this place, consulted with an attorney as to the best course to pursue, and stated her determination to do the work herself. She was given the proper recommendation to Gov. Porter, from whom she received a requisition on the Governor of Kansas for the arrest and return of her man. She was allowed money by the commissioners of this county for the expenses of her trip, and on last Thursday she left Indiana fully equipped for her heroic expedition. Upon arriving at her destination it was found that Beck, or Cooper, had moved to Russell a small place but a few miles distant from Wilson. Here she called to her assistance the Sheriff of the county, who taking the papers, went to Russell and brought the man to jail at the Ellsworth county seat. He was heavily ironed and turned over to Mrs. R., who, in company with Mrs. Beck, started with him on Tuesday morning for home. The party made the journey alone without any exciting incidents. The prisoner submitted without any attempt at resistance, and came along like a little man. They arrived here on the 13th on the 5:20 train from Indianapolis, and Beck was immediately turned over to Sheriff Burgess, who in response to a telegram was in waiting at the depot. The prisoner does not present a very handsome appearance. In answer to questions put to him he states that he is an innocent man, and that his true name is Cooper. He also claims that he has but one living wife; that he was married once before, but that his wife died. No faith is put in his statements, and he is now in jail, where he will await trial on charge of bigamy. Mrs. Ruggles has made for herself a reputation and can now wear the proud distinction of having successfully accomplished a deed which not one in a thousand of her sex would even seriously consider.

### Personal.

Mr. W. D. Howells is living at South Kensington, in the house recently vacated by the widow of Barry Cornwall London Academy speaks of "Mr. Howells' elaborate and rather finical little novels."

Dr. Norvin Green, who is to retire from the Presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is said to be worth as much as $10,000,000. His salary is only $15,000 a year, and his immense fortune has been made in stock manipulations.

General Sir Edwin Beaumont Johnson, K. C. B., who wears medals and clasps for the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns as well as for the sieges and capture of Delhi and Lucknow—in all of which he saw active service—and who was lately a member of the Council of the Governer-General of India, arrived in New York Monday by the Servia.

A colored miser of Philadelphia, by the name of Rev. Joshua Provine Bond Eddy, died in a filthy hut, leaving $100,000 to a brother. He was born in Virginia in the last century, traveled a circuit in New Jersey, married a daughter of the late colored Bishop Allen, and became soured against humanity on learning of her infidelity.

At his home at Mansfield, Ohio, Senator John Sherman lives in a fine house built on an eighteen-acre lot in the outskirts of and overlooking the city. In front of the house the ground is laid out in lawns and drives, while at the rear are large gardens and an orchard, which are Mr. Sherman's especial pride. There are hundreds of apple, pear and peach trees and grape vines in the orchard, all of which bear luxuriantly.

Miss Annie Barr, whom Senator David Davis is to marry, lives at Tokay, North Carolina, with her cousin, Colonel Wharton J. Green, the democratic candidate for congress in the Second district of that State. Tokay is three miles from Fayetteville and it is surrounded by the largest vineyard in the South. The date fixed for the marriage is said to be November 5. Miss Barr is about thirty years of age and is a charming woman. She passed last winter at Washington, where the engagement was made. Colonel Green is a man of great wealth and Miss Barr is an heiress in her own right.

Dr. Parker, pastor of the City Temple, London, preaches from a platform eight feet square and twelve feet high. On this lofty perch, in the dim light, his tall, massive figure presents a striking appearance. He wears a long black robe, and brushes his black hair out on every side until it circles his face like a gloomy nimbus. His countenance is mobile, his voice is singularly resonant and penetrating, and his gestures are dramatic in the highest degree. In his sermons he depends largely upon carefully prepared notes, and seldom fails to have an audience that fills the church, the seating capacity of which is about three thousand.

Among the bequests made in the will of the late Nelson Curtis, of Boston, is one of $5,000 to General Miles, the Indian fighter.

### Money Cheap in the West.

From the Indianapolis Times.

**One of the best informed bank presidents of this city, in conversation with a *Times* reporter yesterday, stated as a remarkable fact that now, for the first time in many years, money is as low in the western states as in the financial centers of the east. It is loaned in New York at 6 per cent., with a commission of one-sixteenth and a fraction higher per day for carrying, while in Cincinnati loans are made at 5 per cent., and in this city at 6 per cent., at the same time that higher rates are prevailing in the east. This is partly due, he thought, to the large investments in railroad stocks and securities of all kinds which have been made in the Eastern cities, but another reason is the wealth of the country, the great bulk of the surplus money, is to be found west of the Alleghanies. There is at the present time, and probably will be for the future, more money from Chicago to the Pacific than there is between Chicago and the Atlantic. The Western people are now in better shape, have less borrowed money, and more of them have a little surplus than ever before; and the deposits in the West are increasing faster than they do in the East in a legitimate way.**

### HIS LAST VICTORY.

**Grand Story of Skobeleff's Defeat of the Turkomans.**

On the failure of the first expedition sent against the Tekke Turkomans, in 1880, Skobeleff undertook to subdue them. This task was a serious one, for the Tekkes, like all fighting Asiatic races when flushed with victory, were dangerous enemies and hard to beat. When the mud fortifications of Geok Tepe, in which they had concentrated some twenty thousand fanatical warriors, were invested by Skobeleff's small army of about seven thousand of all arms—the remaining ten thousand men of the force being occupied in keeping the communications open—the real difficulties commenced.

Sword in hand, the Turkoman "Ghahis" made furious sorties in bodies of two or three thousand just before dawn, falling heroically on the parallels, approaches, and breaching batteries, which they more than once captured, driving such of the Russian troops as were not at once cut to pieces, completely out of the trenches, so that these points had to be strongly reinforced and covered, keeping the whole force often day and night under arms. In one of these sallies Skobeleff's famous white charger, on which he had made the Turkish campaign, was killed under him, and he, himself was in iminent danger. The loss of this horse, which he took for a bad omen, seemed to shake his resolution somewhat. He telegraphed to Tiflis desiring that another general should take command "in case he was killed" in the final assault, which he proposed delivered almost immediately; and Gen. Pauloff actually left for the purpose. Skobeleff said openly that he would not survive if the attack failed, aad significantly observed to his staff "that if it did fail there was nothing for it but their revolvers." The assault was made by escalade, at a point midway between a breach effected by the batteries and one made by a mine run under a bastion or mud cavalier, some three hundred yards distant from the first breach. Now, the defenders expected the assault to be made by the breaches, and had made every preparation to repel it at these points; and thus they were taken altogether by surprise. On their being driven from the rampart, which took some time to effect, the artillery was dragged through the breaches, and being mounted on the wall, opened an effective cannonade on the crowded interior of the inciente, while the cavalry moved around outside to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. Organized resistance having ceased, the Russian infantry descended into the enciente, and orders have been issued to give no quarter, some six thousand to seven thousand of the enemy were massacred, an equal number being shot or cut down by the Cossacks and dragoons outside while attempting to escape. Many of the Russian officers themselves were completely sickened by the slaughter, which was horrible. The Cossacks, as usual, spared no one, and made no difficulty about cutting women's arms off to get their bangles, and so forth. As contingents from the Aknai, Salor, and other Turcomans who were in Geok Tepe all the hordes having for the time made common cause against the Russians, this severe lesson, joined to the subsequent plundering of cattle and all the available effects of the Tekkes, competely broke the spirit of these hitherto unconquered nomads. In a few days all the tribes sent in delegates tendering unconditional submission. Skobeleff's loss during the siege and assault amounted to 1,700 killed and wounded, among whom were many good officers, and one General Petrosaievitch, a man of considerable literary ability, who was much regretted. The justification of the massacre at Geok Tepe is that, the Russians having determined to annex Turkomania, a severe example was absolutely necessary; a war of a very harrassing and protracted nature wonld otherwise have probably dragged on for years involving great expenditure both of men and money. And then, in the storming of fortresses held by warlike and fanatical Asiatics, who invariably expect to be killed if the place is taken, isolated resitance is going on throughout. Few of any Ghazis will accept quarter; it is even dangerous to pass near them when they are lying badly wounded. On the conclusion of the campaign General Skobeleff preparing to St. Petersburg, where it is said he was coldly received by the empress. Anyhow he almost immediately applied for leave and went to Paris, made his famous speech against the Germans, and returned to Russia, where he reeived an ovation on arrival and en route. His sudden death is generally thought to be rather mysterious; and certainly no man alive seemed less likely to die six months ago than Skobeleff, and none more likely to be entering upon a new career.

### Miscellaneous Matter.

A peculiar system of mortgaging farms is used in Switzerland. A farmer may borrow of a dozen men successively, the simple record is an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of creditors, and calling on each in his order to assume all the debts and manage the farm, or step aside and lose his claim.

On the morning that the bombardment of Alexandria began Captain Cochrane of the United States Navy procured from Arabi the following, which was written in the Captain's autograph album:

"It is my own handwriting. I send it to my dear friend General Grant, the American, as a remembrance to him and to all Americans in general, and as a token of friendships and of the commercial relationship between the Americans and Egyptians, the 22d Shaban, 1299, the date of the Hegira, corresponding with the 8th July, 1882, Christian era. Achmet Arabi."

The British Postmaster General has discovered a fraud almost equal to the star-route thievery on this side of the Atlantic. A contract for clothing for the post office employes, which had been made for three years, has been in operation ten yea[rs], though in that time prices have bee[n] considerably lower in the market for the kind of goods supplied. The business has now been transferred to the clothing department of the War Office; but it is estimated that the cost to the country of the contract, which should have expired seven years ago, is something like half a million dollars.

The bell of Massachusetts woolen mill rung at five o'clock every morning except Sundays. It weighed 5'000 pounds and was intended to awaken every employe, which it did, as well as every one else in town. It was complained of as a nuisance, and a supreme court judge enjoined the owners not to ring it before [6]:30 a. m. This decree has been affirmed [o]n appeal to the full bench.

A table printed in the Atlanta Constitution shows that Georgia's property is worth $290,000,000. The Constitution says: "It does not follow that Georgia could be bought for that sum. Twice as much would not buy the property scheduled in that list. But this is what the property is returned at. The total shows an increase of over sixteen millions over last years returns, which represents a pretty healthy growth for one year. It is an increase of $11 for every man, woman and child, white and colored, in the state. It is conceded that next year's increase will carry the increase over $300,000,000."

This year there will be from 60,000 to 70,000 gallons of apple-jack made in Sussex county, New Jersey, and about the same quantity in Orange county, N. Y. The even years are always the bearing ones in Sussex and Orange counties. Not since 1875 has the crop been so large as it is this season. There is more apple whisky made in Orange and Sussex counties than in any other two counties in the United States. The annual average distillation is 520,000 gallons, which yields a government revenue of about $100,000.

The Providence Press shows up very completely one of the little jobs in the River and Harbor bill. $5,000 was appropriated for the improvement of Potowomut river, a small stream emptying into Narragansett Bay. The Press shows that the "improvement" benefits nobody but one rich yacht owner who wants to get his yacht up the creek at low tide, and who could very well afford to pay for the work out of his own pocket.

A singular meeting occurred at the American hotel, Burlington, Vt., the other evening at the Odd Fellow's Banquet. One of the speakers the benefits of membership in the craft, said that in the war he, with some other federal soldiers, was taken prisoner by the rebels. He made himself known as an Odd Fellow, whereupon one of the rebel soldiers and a member of the order, gave him a blanket and showed him such other courtesies as he was able. At the close of this speech a southern gentlemen, present as a guest, asked some questions about the circumstance referred to, and the fact was elicited that he was the identical southerner who befriended the northern odd fellow.

Speaking of the Swiss Anti-Vaccination League, the St. James Gazette says: "The anti-vaccinators will probably not be content until they have made small-pox as familiar a disease in Europe as it was before Jenner's discovery. If they alone were the sufferers, the world might not be much the worse for this revival; but for the most part the agitators have themselves been vaccinated in infancy, and it is the lives of their children and their dupes that will be sacrificed.

### Garibaldi's Forced Departure From England.

April 18, 1864—a memorable date!—I had gone to see Garibaldi at Stafford House, in accordance with his wish. He found it difficult to make his way through the "charmed circle." I was, therefore, glad indeed to call upon him "at home." It was very early in the morning; yet, a large number of visitors were already assembled. The scene looked an animated one; but our conversation was continually broken by the arrival of others, the communication of the contents of the letters, and so forth. Garibaldi thereupon expressed a desire to come to my house in Townshend road, Regent's Park; and the carriage was ordered. I was surprised to find—though I only afterward understood the reason why—that some of those around him did not quite seem to relish the idea of going away without an escort of their own. He however, rose with great decision and an "andiamo!"—quickly offering the arm to my wife; that poor arm which a few days later was untruly alledged to have been the cause of his sudden departure from England. Amid lively political conversation we drove to the house I then occupied. Scarcely had the carriage pulled up when a large crowd of people appeared there, running together in breathless haste, and giving enthusiastic cheers. They had evidently recognized Garibaldi's red shirted figure on the way in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage. As we sat at home, engaged in friendly talk, and partaking of some refreshments, time fled quickly. Seeing one of Kaulbauch's illustrations of Shakespeare, "The Death of Cæsar," Garibaldi expressed great admiration for the powerful rendering of the tragic deed. Something however, seemed to weigh upon his mind. Suddenly he said: "They will publish some letter on the state of my health; but that is only a pretext. The French Government has made reclamations. Gladstone, Shaftesbury, and other men of position and influence, have held a meeting. Gladstone came to speak to me. I declared to him that I would leave, as I did not wish to create difficulties for the English Government." I was shocked; but to my question as to whether he would really comply with such a demand, he only gave a mute answer by a sad and significant look. I did not think I should press him any further—at least, for the moment. I hoped he would by and by himself return to the subject. As we rose to enter the carriage, he began to brighten up a little, and invited us very pressingly to come and see him at Caperra. "You will find the arrngements, however, very plain and simple there," he smilingly said to my wife. Afterward, he went into some details as to the matter broached to him, by Mr. Gladstone. The latter had advised him, "for the sake of his health," to curtail his visit by restricting the programme of his provincial tour to a few towns, out of the great many whose invitation he had accepted. At first Garibaldi did not gather the full meaning of the hint given. He therefore sonewhat innocently said: "But really, I have never felt better than I do now." Mr. Gladstone insisted, nevertheless, in language apparently capable of various interpretation. Garibaldi then (so he told me) perceived the real drift, and at last quietly said: "very well; I shall leave at once!" This conversation I noted down the same day. From the farewell address to the English people, dated April 23, which was prepared for Garabaldi when he left England, he with his own hand struck out all reference to the state of his health. The short letter he wrote two days before to the Working Men's Reception Committee, on April 21, runs thus: "Pray accept my heartfelt thanks for your sympathy and affection. I shall be happy to see you again on a better occasion. For the present I feel obliged to leave England." A fund proposed to be raised in his favor, at a meeting held at Stafford House on April 19—so as to "secure a permanent income" to him and his family—he declined to accept. These facts speak for themselves, and I give them here without adding any opinion.

### Two St. Louis Deaf Mutes Married by the Sign Manual.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A very singular marriage ceremony took place in this city recently, both the contracting parties, Mr. Willian F. Guss and Miss Delia Cannon, being deaf mutes. Miss Cannon being a Catholic it was the desire of her family that she should be married by a priest, and, in accordance with their will, Father McCaffery was called upon to pronounce the banns. An interpreter with command of the sound language was called into service to repeat the sacred words of the priest. The marriage was celebrated at the residence of the bride, No. 1331 North Ninth street, and immediately afterward the guests sat down to supper, which they hurried through. Supper over, the couple sprang into a carriage, accompanied by a single friend, and drove hurriedly to the residence of Rev. J. W. Lewis, of the M. E. church, Washington avenue, who was asked to repeat the ceremony. Here was found Lewis Kavanaugh, a nephew of the clergyman, who understood the language of signs even better than the minister.

Mr. Kavanaugh explained to the couple that they would be expected to read from the book of service exactly what the minister pronounced aloud, and that when the groom was asked whether he would take this woman to be his lawfully wedded wife, etc., he should, after reading the same from the book, lift up his hand and make the sign which meant, "Yes, I will." Similar instructions were given to the lady, who was also provided with a book. The contract was sealed with a ring, and when it became necessary for the groom to follow the words of the minister, saying: "With this ring I thee endow with all my earthly goods," etc., the eyes of the groom were intently fixed upon the printed words of the book, so there could possibly be no mistake as to his power of comprehending what was meant.

The bride is a graduate of the Fulton asylum and the groom was educated in Philadelphia. He is a [good] mechanic, and is now employed in [Bridwell] & Wright's car factory in this city. At 7 o'clock the couple took a train East, where their silent honeymoon will be passed.