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LUMBAGO,

ying and writhing in agony and pain, unable to turn yourself in bed, and every movement will go to your heart like a knife; now tell me, if relief and cure of any of these diseases in a few days is not the Greatest Medical Blessing of the Age, tell us what is.

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ANOTHER SHADOWED ALTAR.

BETROTHED, WEDDED, DIVORCED.

BY "NED BUNTLINE"

"Is this the point? Are you sure that the beautiful stranger will pass here?"

"Yes. Each day for a week past she has galloped up this bridle path, on the same thorough-bred horse, riding with a fearless grace. She is beautiful in face, exquisite in form. By fair means or foul, I will possess her, for my very soul is in chains since I first set eyes upon her. I have striven in vain to learn who she is. Mounted as well as the best cavalier in the park, I sought to trace her home. Three times observing that I followed, she has eluded me—her horse outstripping mine, and yet, each day, I see her here again and look on some beauty I had not seen before."

The two who thus conversed stood holding their horses by the side of one of the romantic bridle-paths in the Central Park. They were first-class gamblers, Leslie Durant and Frank Belphor by name, partners in one of the great gaming palaces of the city.

"You can't mean to force yourself on her acquaintance, if I understand you, Frank?" said the elder of the two.

"I do, and my plan is such that it cannot fail. You observe that vagabond boy, smoking a cigar beneath the tree nearly opposite. He smokes to keep fire ready for use. Watch his motions and mine, as you see the beautiful stranger approach, and you will read my plan and see it executed at the same time. Look! there she comes!

A sharp whistle from Frank Belphor caused the vagabond boy to look alive, and as a lady with tresses of dark brown hair, floating loosely from beneath her jet black riding hat, galloped up the narrow roadway on a magnificent horse, the young wretch threw lighted fireworks in the path.

The horse, terrified, bounded to one side, so quickly, too, that it seemed scarcely possible the beautiful rider could keep her seat—then, as the young villain cast another bunch directly beneath the animal, the horse, wild with affright, sprang forward, and dashed madly toward a point where a deep chasm yawned beneath.

"Heavens!" cried Belphor, realizing the young lady's peril, "she is going to her death!"

She was almost on the edge of the chasm, when a man in the military garb of an officer, rose from the verge of the rock where he had been reclining, seized the horse by the bit with a giant's strength, and held it rearing on the very verge of the cliff, till the lady had slipped from the saddle, and stood by his side.

"I owe you a life, sir," she said, in a low, tremulous tone, "I owe you a life, and I shall never forget it."

"Fair lady, the service I have had the happiness to render is a thousand times repaid by the thought that Providence placed me where I could prevent the sacrifice of such marvelous beauty. Pardon me—I, a soldier, reared afar from courtley scenes, may be rude and hasty in speech, but I would not be discourteous."

"I know it, sir, and as I see strangers approaching, will ask you to adjust my broken bridle rein, and to assist me to my saddle without their interference. This card, with my name and residence, will tell you where to call to receive from me a more fitting acknowledgment that I appreciate your courage and manly kindness."

She handed him the card just as Frank Belphor rode hastily up, and the latter saw the officer receive it.

His face was white—anger the cause of the paler, for another had rendered the service he had courted—another evidently received the encouragement he aigned for—the probable chance of a visiting acquaintance.

"I feared a terrible accident and rode hither to endeavor to avert it," he exclaimed.

"This gallant officer has nobly preserved me, and now renders the assistance of strangers unnecessary," said the lady, with cold dignity.

"Your bridle is ready, and I think your horse is now completely controllable," said the officer. "Permit me to assist you, and at the same time to proffer my card, with my name and rank."

"Gratefully I accept both, and shall expect an early call," she said, as the officer lifted her to the saddle.

The gambler heard her words and saw the look which accompanied them, and his face was ghastly in his effort to suppress the rage which filled his breast.

But he did not forget his intention to force an acquaintance, at all events and at all risks.

Suggesting that the lady's horse was not yet under safe control, he asked permission to escort her as she rode on.

With dignity the lady declined his offer on the ground that she did not need aid from a stranger, and preferred to ride alone.

Before he could say another word she was far away on her spirited animal.

Baffled, the angry gambler turned to the officer, and demanded to see the card the lady had given.

The demand was refused with the contempt it merited.

The foiled libertine, swearing to have satisfaction, demanded the card of the officer, who quietly gave it to him, with his address.

* * * * * *

"Mother, I have met *my destiny* at last!"

It was the mysterious equestrienne of the Central Park who spoke.

Beautiful in an evening negligee, with her brown curling hair falling over full, sloping shoulders, her queenly form half concealed and half displayed in the loose robe she wore, her dark eyes full of enthusiasm, it was no wonder the mother gazed on her with proud admiration as she answered:

"Your destiny, Anna? What do you mean?"

"That I have this day had a strange adventure, dear mother. I have looked death squarely in the face, and had it not been for the man whom I term my destiny, you would not be childless. I will tell you all by and by, and I will say now: In him to whom I allude I have also found the first person in whom my heart in its inner throbbings has ever acknowledged an interest—the first whose voice has lingered on my ears after he was out of sight!"

"Anna, have you fallen in love, and with a stranger?"

"I am in love, I believe, mother, and with one whom I never saw until to-day. But he is not a stranger to me, to you, or to fame. He is an officer and a gentleman, one whose services have been acknowledged by deserved promotion, and who has made his mark with his pen as well as his sword!"

"His name, my daughter?"

"Colonel Edgar Mansfield, mother. Have you not seen it in print?"

"Yes, often; but tell me how, when and where you met him."

Anna Marston gave an account of the danger which she had escaped, and enthusiastically described the heroic conduct of her preserver.

"Mother," she said, at the close of her narration, "I looked down into his blue eyes while I faltered between life and death, and in their soulful depths I read *my fate*. In an instant I loved him with a love that will know no change but in death."

"Anna, my child, this is folly! To give your love before it is sought, is unmaidenly to say the least."

"Mother, it is the voice of nature, and who shall still its pleadings? Till now I have been as ice to all who have sought my smiles—till now distrustful, believing that the heiress, and not the woman, being wooed, should prefer the man. But it is over. He will come to see me—he will woo—I shall accept, and I pray Heaven we may be happy!"

At a later hour, when Mrs. Marston was alone in the drawing-room, a servant entered and said:

"Colonel Mansfield has called to see Miss Anna."

"Request him to walk in and I will gladly welcome him; then you may inform my daughter of his arrival."

The Colonel entered, was received with a courtesy, a grateful kindness, which made that queenly matron nobly preposessing in his sight.

The conversation, hinging much on the service he had been so happy as to render, continued until the rustle of her dress announced beautiful Anna Marston, our heroine. As he rose, she glided forward, and with hands extended to grasp his, exclaimed:

"I am *so* glad you have come so soon, that my dear mother may with myself join in a renewal of grateful expressions for ——"

"A service which fortune threw in my way, and to which I hope my kind friend will make no further allusions, for by the honor of her acquaintance I am more than rewarded. I hope you to be free from evil effect from the startling incident of the day!"

"None at all. And I can now explain to you how it occurred."

The reader, who has noted all the incidents of the plot laid by Belphor, needs no repetition of them here.

Colonel Mansfield listened, and with the keen appreciation of a man of the world, read the entire plot in all its dark details. And while he rejoiced at its failure, he warned the lady that bad men seldom give up a wicked plan because foiled at first, and that she must yet guard against peril from these men.

Urged on, they could not say why, or cared not to ask each in turn confided to the other a knowledge of their respective positions.

The colonel, who had gained his rank in the volunteer service, was now about to enter the regular army as a captain of cavalry. He intended to do so, for in frontier and garrison duty he could find leisure to use his pen, and the income from that, added to his regular pay, would enable him to continue to support and educate an orphan sister—his dear little Pearl, then at the Rutgers Female College.

He informed Miss Marston that his sister would graduate during the following week, and that it was his intention to then take her to the West with him.

"For," he added, "she is too young, too pure, to go out alone in contact with the world."

"When your dear sister graduates, I would like to have her here to live with me. Her room shall be next my own. Birds shall sing on every window, and flowers greet her eye on every side. Promise me, my preserver, that you will let her live with me, at least for a time?"

"I would be unjust to both you and her to refuse, and if you will, together we will visit her to-morrow, for it is Saturday, and she will be all day at home."

Anna, noble-hearted, far above the selfishness of too many of the wealthy daughters of America, now revealed her soulful nature, as well as a part of her history.

"Do not think me bold, Colonel Mansfield," she said. "I do not mean to be. But I am, I fear, a spoiled child. Mother was left a widow when I was very young, with an immense fortune on her hands, a large part of which became mine a year ago, when I became of age. She has had me educated at home, but has allowed me always to have my own way in everything. It has made me independent and willful, apt to speak just as I feel, and to act as I believe right. If I err, forgive me."

"Dear Miss Anna, your faults are the faults of an angel, and I can never see them. Were I wealthy, placed above the influences of that tide which, ebbing and flowing, carries poor humanity whither it wills, I would feel independent, and say more to you now than honor will permit. For to tell you that I love you, to ask you to give your love and hand to one unable to do more than to keep himself out of debt, and to raise and educate one sweet sister, would indeed be dishonorable."

"Edgar Mansfield, I drop all ties, I scorn all cold ceremony, I hate conventionalities. I acknowledge that *I love you*—that nature whispers to me that you are the one, the only one to whom I can confide the happiness of my life."

"Oh, Anna, is not this a dream?"

"No, Edgar Mansfield, it is real, and every word that I have uttered comes from my heart. The world, too cold to read hearts as hearts are, may not understand me, but you will. Love springs into existence even as volcanic fires leap from the snow-crowned mountain, and I *love!*"

This outburst of affection was succeeded by a cry of alarm. Anna Marston, raising her eyes to the curtain of the large window, fronting the parlor, saw a face which she immediately recognized. Her startled exclamation caused the owner of the face to fly, and pursuit was made in vain.

To account for the presence of this strange face at Miss Marston's window, it is necessary to return to the two gamblers. With bitter curses on his lips, Belphor rejoined his partner, Durant, and explained the manner in which Mansfield had saved the lady and how he had been literally refused an opportunity to make any acquaintance with her.

While he was threatening to challenge his rival, for such he mentally made him, the vagabond urchin who had shared in the work rushed up, demanding the five dollars which Belphor had promised him.

Belphor gave him the money, and the boy was about to run off when the gambler said:

"Not so fast, boy. I've more work for you. Do you see that officer walking toward the Drive? Well, I want him followed and watched. He'll go to his hotel first, that I am sure of. But after he comes out again, I want to know where he goes to, and I don't want him to know that he is watched. Do this and bring the information to my lodgings—here's my card, with the address—and I'll give you five dollars more."

"All right, guv'nor," returned the boy, who was about to set forth on the mission, when Durant stopped him. The latter, who had been intently scrutinizing his face for some moments, fancied that he detected in his features a striking resemblance to those of a miserly millionaire who pretended to be a childless man.

"Boy, what is your name?" Durant asked.

"*Awnings.*"

"Awnings? That is a singular name. Why are you called Awnings?"

"Because I was found under a heap of awnings when I was a squaller. But you'd better let me run after that cove if you don't want him to get out of sight before I start."

With a motion Durant assented, and the boy started in pursuit of Col. Mansfield. The result of his mission has been inferred by the reader, for it was Awning's face that had startled Miss Marston when she beheld it gleaming at her through the window.

Her startled cry caused the boy to beat a hasty retreat, and with rapid footsteps he made his way to the gambler's dwelling to make his report.

Mr. Belphor was alone in his chamber when the boy entered, but was joined by Mr. Leslie Durant before he had time to speak.

"Well, have you followed that officer?" asked Belphor.

"I guess I have, and seer the lady too, and he was so lovin' with her. I was 'in ten feet of 'em for an hour, and *goslins!* the love they did talk! I'll have heard more, but she seen me and I had to cut and run or they'd have nabbed me, and I guess I'd got goslins *then!*"

"Where does this lady live?"

"Why, close to Washington Square, where I got clubbed for stonin' sparrows."

"And you heard the officer and lady talk?" continued Belphor.

"You'd better believe I did. She said she loved him, and he said he loved her. And they *looked* as if they did."

"You have done well," said Belphor. "There is a ten-dollar bill for you—but the name of the lady, did you find that out?"

"Yes, he called her *Miss* Anna first, and then he got down to Anna alone, and then he hitched on a handle, and it was *dear* Anna!"

"You heard no other name?"

"No."

"Then you will have to show me the house."

"Give me another X and I will!"

"You little rascal. Have you no conscience?"

"Guess not—have you, so I can see what it's like?"

"He hits you again. Frank," said Durant, laughing. "I guess the boy has as much conscience as either you or I, and he would have precious little at that. You had better give him the extra ten and make him clean up and get better clothes. I think when the dirt and rags are off, I'll remember who it is that he looks like."

"I'll give you another ten-dollar bill, but you must go and have a decent suit of clothes on if I do, so you can go with me to the house. Will you do it?"

"In course I will. I'll ketch cold, maybe, takin' off the rough dirt, but it isn't no worse than the measles. I've had *them*."

"Can you get other clothes to-night?"

"Yes; night is just the time to work down on Water, or in Baxter street."

* * * * * *

Colonel Mansfield had just finished his morning toilet the day after the occurrences just narrated, when a servant brought up a card, and announced the gentleman whose name it bore as waiting below.

"'Lieutenant Muggins!'—A singular name. I remember no such officer; but never mind—show him up!" said the colonel.

In a couple of minutes Lieutenant Muggins entered. He was not in uniform. He wore a black frock coat that was rather seedy. His clothes had been good and fashionable once, but it was "long, long ago." His face was not prepossessing. It had that brutalized look which the constant use of strong drink will give to any man. And yet there was something in his air, erect carriage, even in the manner in which he bowed as he lifted his hat, that said he had once been a gentleman.

"Is this your card, sir—are you Lieutenant Muggins?" asked the colonel, as he handed a chair to his visitor.

"That is my name, sir. Have I the honor to address Colonel Edgar Mansfield?" replied the other.

"My name is Mansfield, and I commanded the ——th cavalry during the late unpleasantness. May I ask to what branch of the service you are attached, as the lack of uniform does not permit me to judge without asking?"

"To none at present. I was in the infantry, but got sick and resigned. I have called, sir, on very disagreeable business, that is to say but as *military* men it would be disagreeable."

And Lieutenant Muggins straightened up, took out a very shallow-looking pocket book, and from it extracted a note.

Rising, he extended this to the colonel, and said:

"I have the honor, sir, to say that when you have taken note of the contents of that document, I shall be most happy to be referred to her friend whom you may select to arrange preliminaries."

The colonel took the note. It was unsealed. He read it and a sarcastic smile played over his features as he did so. It took but a few seconds, and then he quietly tore the missive into scraps and threw them on the floor.

"What am I to infer from that action, sir? What reply am I to take back to my friend, Mr. Frank Belphor?" cried Lieutenant Muggins.

"I have no reply to make to a man of his class and business," said the colonel, quietly. "When he dies, if justice is done, the hangman will expedite him on his route below. It is not work for a gentleman to do. If you remain here one minute more, *Lieutenant* Muggins, after the declaration that you are the *friend* of a gambler and a scoundrel, you will have the opportunity of saying that I condescended to kick you out of my room."

"You would kick me—me, sir?—I'll—I'll—"

"Well, sir, *what* will you do?"

And Colonel Mansfield rose from his chair, and began with a slow, measured step to advance toward the lieutenant, whose face was very red—almost purple—but now began to whiten.

"I'll go, sir, without being kicked, to tell him you refuse to fight; and he'll post you, sir, and chastise you, too! Maybe you'll kick *him!*"

The lieutenant was hurrying over the threshold when he said this, and as his face was yet turned toward what he deemed the point of attack—that is, the end of the colonel's heavy cavalry boot—he did not see where he was going, and, being at the head of a flight of stairs, he made an unexpectedly rapid descent.

All the colonel saw of him was his heels as they went up and the head went down.

He felt no great anxiety about his fate, however, and finishing his toilet, started shortly afterward to meet his dear young sister.

Major L., his worthy host, smiled as he passed out, and remarked, quietly:

"You made a ten-strike a little while ago, colonel. I knew what was up, and was glad to see you end the game as you did." The continuation of "The Shadowed Altar" will be found in No. 17 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, now ready, and for sale by every news agent throughout the country. Specimen copies sent free from the publication office. Every postmaster throughout the country has a specimen copy *now on exhibition*. The terms to mail subscribers are: Single copy, one year, $3; four copies ($2.50 each), $10; and nine copies (money all sent at one time), $20. Getters up of clubs can afterward add subscribers at $2.50 each. The LITERARY ALBUM (a large, illustrated weekly journal, containing only first-class original reading matter, price $4.00 per annum,) will be sent with the N. Y. WEEKLY at $6.00 per annum for both publications. All letters must be directed to STREET & SMITH, P. O. Box No. 4896, N. Y. One of Ned Buntline's admirers, after reading the opening part of "THE SHADOWED ALTAR," was so much delighted with it that in a burst of enthusiasm he dashed off the following lines:

Oh, listen, maidens, listen—
A story I will tell
About a loving couple—
A dashing beau and belle.
I'll speak of their betrothal—
Their wedding and its cost—
Their troubles and their trials—
And how they were divorced.
Shoo, Fly! Don't bother me!
Shoo, Fly! Don't bother me!
Shoo, Fly! Don't bother me!
For I must read the GREAT WEEKLY!
I feel like telling sister—
I feel like telling ma—
I feel like telling brother—
I feel like telling pa—
I feel like telling Cousin Sue
And jaunty Cousin Walter—
I feel like telling every one
To read the SHADOWED ALTAR.

Western Patents.

The following list of Western patents were issued from the United States Patent Office, for the week ending Feb. 8, 1870, as reported by Farwell, Edleworth & Co., Solicitors and Counsellors in Patent Causes, 162 Lake street, Chicago:

ILLINOIS.

Seed drill—J. B. Clemans, Kansas.
Railway car brake—D. M. Elder, Monmouth.
Corn starch cutting knife—Goodsell & Babcock, Rockford.
Scientific playing cards—C. Goodwin, Chicago.
Hay gathe rer—W. E. Phelps, Elmwood.
Horse power—James M. Rand, Chicago.
Suspension bridge—Jarvis Royal, White Rock.
Cooking stove—White & Ruggles, Geneseo.
Shipping hooks—N. Havermale, Canton.
Carriage Wheel—R. W. McClelland, Springfield.
Harvester cutter—C. K. Myers, Pekin.

INDIANA.

Neck-yoke tug—Geo. Bennett, New Pennington.
Steam engine—Shellenback & Harton, Seymour.
Fly-wheel—H. L. Farr, Indianapolis.
Turn-table—C. A. Greenleaf, Indianapolis.
Flanging apparatus—E. Bogue, Indianapolis.

IOWA.

Fare box for street cars—W. W. Wormood, Dubuque.
Bed bottom—Clippenger & Pratt, Newton.
Oven—Daniel Moore, Davenport.
Churn—J. W. X. Smith, Independence.

WISCONSIN.

Gun wiper—B. F. Gillette, Sparta.
Water wheel—G. A. Houston, Beloit.
Shaft coupling—C. F. DuVall, Milwaukee.
Water elevator—Wickland & Young, Monmouth.
Universal joint—A. Twiebel, Burlington.

MINNESOTA.

Belt tightener—Chamberlain & Clawson, Plain View.

A Woman Lawyer—A Bohemian on Phebe Couzins.

Donn Piatt, in a letter reporting the incidents of the woman suffrage meeting in Washington, says:

I was very weary of the whole concern, when at the close I received a tomic from Mother Stanton, in her introduction of Miss Phebe Couzins, Esq., of St. Louis. This young woman, who is studying law in Missouri, is, I should say, looking at her through my opera glass, about twenty-one years of age. She is tall, well formed, and possessed of a strikingly handsome face. The chin rounds in a little too much, but makes the base so necessary to a determined character. The mouth, expressive enough, suffers from the chin and inclines to dish. The face is a fair oval, rather long, and the nose, like General Fremont, fails to assert itself sufficiently. But a woman with a delicate complexion and a glorious pair of eyes, such as Miss Couzins has, is beautiful. Her hair is of the raven hue, and her heavy eyebrows and lashes give force to one of the most intellectual faces I ever looked on. She approached the stand with timid graceulness, that won all hearts before she said a word—and then assuming, apparently without design, an exquisite pose, she opened her lips, and the sweet voice came ringing out like coins dropped down a many fathomed well.

By Jove, there is no use in my attempting to criticise that address. All knowledge was won out of me through my admiration. It was the loliest thing I ever saw, and the sweetest I ever heard. Go thy ways, Phebe, conquering and to conquer. A platoon of such advocates would carry suffrage as a south wind carries odors, blessed and blessing.

Her elocution was perfect. Toward the close of her effort she quoted a paragraph from Parker Pillsbury. It was like a setting of poor words in the sweetest of melodies. Parker actually shone in his poverty, for she gave him such an air of earnest simplicity.

Go thy ways, fair Phebe. The law will take the bloom from thy face, softness from thy voice, and dry up or destroy all the fascinating qualities of young womanhood. But these precious things go any way, so there is a small difference in the end.

Rottenness of New York Society.

A correspondent of the Chicago Evening Journal writes as follows:

We often hear of people who have occupied prominent positions in rural cities and towns coming to New York and soon being swallowed up and lost in the crowd. Very large is the number who undergo this experience. One has been the richest man in some city. Another has stood at the head of the bar. A third may have been a Congressman, Governor, or even Senator, and they come here expecting to receive the same attentions which they have been accustomed to have. But a few weeks' time convinces them of their mistake. Here, where there is so much competition, so many superior men, in every profession and branch of business, where humanity rudely jostles itself, and everybody is looking out for number one—the new comer must be no ordinary individual to retain any prominence and not become lost to view in the crowd. The reverse of this, however, is not unfrequently true. That is to say, men come here who have never enjoyed any social recognition before and contrive to obtain some kind of social status. Contractors, speculators, government thieves and others, acquiring wealth suddenly, flock hither from all over the country, because with all their money they cannot overcome their antecedents and work up the social scale where they have been known. Unlike Boston or Philadelphia, New York will ask no questions of them beyond the one as to ducats. If they can answer that satisfactorily, if they are able to lease or buy a brown stone front and to drive a gay equippage, go to the opera and sail down Fifth avenue in fashionable garments, they can secure an immediate entrance into some kind of society. And I know of many such families now living on Fifth Avenue, families which before coming here never knew what it was to have an invitation from what is called genteel society. There are men living on Fifth avenue whose past career has been notoriously dishonorable and corrupt who have had to leave other places because their record was so bad. Once here, no one asks about their record. They drive out in stylish carriages take their wives and daughters to the opera, loiter about the smoking room of the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman, St. James and Coleman Houses, and in this manner "work themselves forward." But do not suppose for an instant that this shoddy, mushroom, disreputable element ever obtains access to the old Knickerbocker society. The old families here pride themselves as much upon their antecedents as do the old Boston families, and they will continue to hold themselves aloof from the common heard, who float into the metropolis on the waves of wealth merely,

—The statement is made that during one of Prince Arthur's receptions in Washington a well-known matron went among the girls exclaiming: "Blush a little! blush a little! it will look more English!"

FOR LAME BACK there is nothing so astonishingly efficacious as Pratt & Butcher's Magic Oil Liniment. We have seen it tried with the most gratifying results, and advise our friends to give it a trial when suffering from lameness in any part of the body. Sold by all druggists.

The Scene of Disturbance in Paris—Revolutionary Coincidences.

Belleville is a northeastern section of Paris, and adjoins the famous Quartier du Temple. The Boulevard de Belleville, part of the Boulveard of the Exterieur, passes through it. The streets in Belleville are narrow and winding, having remained untouched during the demolitions effected under the directions of Baron Haussmann. It stands on a rising ground, and seems the only place left of old Paris in which a popular rising could be effected with success against a strong military force. M. Rochefort represents this district in the Corps Legislatif, and received at the late election about 20,000 votes. The population are principally workingmen and their families. These men are all intense republicans, and cherish the revolutionary principles which all the associations of the district inspire. Although common report assigns sinister motives to Napoleon III. for leaving this section of Paris unaltered, he has not failed to take precautions against a popular insurrection. Close by stands the Caserne Prince Eugene, capable of accommodating 5,000 soldiers, and so situated as to command Belleville and cause considerable destruction by its guns.

This movement derives importance from the coincidence it has with that of '48 in many features. On the morning of the memorable 22d of February in that year the streets were full of people, many of whom were armed, and all in the highest state of excitement. As seems to be likely at present, there were conflicts between the Municipal Guard and the people, between Rue St. Antoine, and Rue Montmartre, and between Rue St. Martin and Rue Vielle du Temple. At sundown the fighting appeared to be generally suspended, and the people seemed as if waiting to see what would result from the new ministerial changes. Toward evening, however, an immense crowd, unarmed and preceded by torches, came down the Boulevard, and stopped before Guizot's residence, where they rent the air with defiant cries. An accidental shot from this house broke the leg of an officer's horse. The officer in command thinking his troops were attacked, without a moment's consideration, gave the order to fire, and a detachment of the 14th line, dropping their muskets to their hips, with the guns touching the dense mass of unwarned people before them, fired, and 52 persons fell dead and wounded. A cry of horror and astonishment burst from the crowd—"They assassinate us! they assassinate us! To arms! to arms!" sounded on every side. This proved one of those critical moments which determined the result of French revolutionary conflicts. There was no longer any thought of reconciliation; all that night the people toiled at the barricades, and at sunrise next morning scarcely a street was passable to cavalry or artillery. On the 24th there was desperate fighting at the Chateau d'Eau, and it was evident that the insurgents intended to attack the Tuileries. The National Guard, however, soon fraternized with the people; the King and royal family hastened from Paris, and the Provisional Government was proclaimed, which included Arago, Ledru Rolin, Cremieux—names which now loom up in the latest protest which historic Paris has given against usurpation and imperialism.

St. Denis, where revolutionary movements are reported, is about six miles north of Paris. It is probable that the secret organization which guides the present movement may have ordered a rising at this point simultaneously with that in Paris, in order to divert the attention of the authorities. A railroad connects St. Denis with Paris. During the first revolution, by a decree of the Convention, the royal tombs in the Abby Church of St. Denis were rifled of their contents, and the remains of kings and queens were thrown into two large ditches opposite the northern porch.

Vincennes is about one and a half miles east of Paris. It contains powder magazines and cavalry barracks.

Mortality in the Mines.

The Miners' Journal of Pottsville, Penn., says that according to the official report, 57 men were killed in the collieries of Schuylkill county from May 1 to Dec. 31, 1869. This is about one man to every 67,800 tuns of coal mined. Ninety-one persons were injured—one to 42,400 tuns of coal. Taking the whole year in the same proportion, it would give 72 persons killed during the year and 115 injured. No official report has been kept of the number of the injured that afterward died. About one-sixth of the injured persons have died, which would give the number of deaths caused by casualties in 1869 at 91, leaving 96 injured that survived, and the product of about 4,883,000 tuns. Of the deaths the greatest number, 22, were caused by falls of coal. Four died by explosion of gas, and nine by explosions of powder. Three were crushed by cars. Of the injured 21 were wounded by falling coal; 36 by explosion of gas, and nine by explosion of powder, eight being crushed. Thirty women were left widows, and over 132 children orphans. In all the mines of England, Scotland, and Wales there were 1,011 deaths in the year 1867. This was equal to one for 103,000 tuns of coal mined. Falls in the roof kill more than the explosions of fire-damp. These statistics are some of the data on which the proposed legislation for the safety of miners in Pennsylvania is to be based.

The Darien Canal.

The Panama Mail furnishes some additional details with reference to the reported discovery of an easy route for the proposed ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The line which it is proposed to follow is described as starting from Peurto Escondido, on the Atlantic, up the valleys of two small rivers, through a low pass, which is claimed to have been discovered in the range of hills; and thence on the Pacific slope, following the valley of the Pucro to a junction with the river Tuyra, about a league above Santa Maria la Real, and some distance below the highest point reached by the tide. It is asserted that from this point the Tuyra is already navigable for vessels of the largest tonnage. It is likewise stated that the highest point along the whole route is only forty-six metres above the level of the sea; and according to the explorer, (M. Lucien de Puydt,) operations could be simultaneously commenced on twenty working sections, and the 125,000,000 cubic metres of material which he calculates will have to be removed, could be disposed of in from three to five years. A fourth part of the entire work is said to be the newly-discovered pass of the Cordilleras, which by a maximum height of only 46 metres and a length of 7,000, yields 31,000,000 cubic metres of the entire mass of material to be dealt with.

A Wonderful Square Mile.

Under this head, Chambers' Journal of late date gives some statistics of the hurry of business within a single square mile in London. Ten thousand vehicles passed Blackfriar's bridge in twelve hours of one day, 12,000 at Fleet street, and 19,000 at London bridge. On one day of twenty-four hours, not extraordinary, 38,000 vehicles passed over the Thames. In nine hours of one day in 1846, 315,000 people entered the city, three-fourths of whom were on foot. Eight hundred and forty-eight thousand people entered and passed out of the eight principal arteries of London in one day, as follows: Aldersgate, 16,000; Finsbury pavement, 21,000;