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RECORD OF THE NEWS.

Another Great Dam Disaster, but no Loss of Life.

The dam of the Staffordsville, Conn., reservoir gave way on the morning of the 26th, causing the village fearful damage. The railroad freight house and all the cars were swept away, leaving only the passenger depot. The Stafford National Bank, Congregational church and about fifteen other buildings have been washed away. The damage to the railroad track is very heavy. The flood came upon the village suddenly, and its effects have been disastrous. Three miles of railroad track are washed away. The damage was at first estimated at two million dollars but later reports indicate that $350,000 will cover the loss. The reservoir was about a mile and one quarter long, and averaged a quarter of a mile in width. The dam was about thirty feet high, but short, the bed of the stream being narrow for some distance below. The water is the head of the Williamatic river. Six years ago a dam on the tributary stream above here gave way and caused great damage. The recent addition of six feet to the height of the dam was never liked by the residents of the valley, and it is said the owners had doubts of the safety of the work, for they have never since it was finished allowed the reservoir to raise to its full height. They put in immense cast iron waste pipes four feet in diameter to carry off the surplus, and the filling of the reservoir was owing to a heavy fall of rain; and not because of any intention of the owners to fill the reservoir. The body of water covered about 200 acres. At the first test the dam went to pieces, as had been prophesied by those who said it was made of frozen gravel and built too hastily. A leak was discovered on Monday. Workmen were busy all day and night filling in about the waste pipe. Their efforts were useless. At half past five o'clock in the morning the work was abandoned. The water then gained so rapidly that in a few minutes the pipe was shot out of its place, the dam opened and the flood started E. C. Pinney, of the Glenville Manufacturing Company, mounted a horse and rode at the head of the flood to warn the inhabitants in the valley. The water, which grew greater by absorption of the successive ponds as each lower dam was carried off, moved at the rate of five miles an hour, and from the time of Pinney's warning up to the arrival of the water people were busy in moving their property. But little was rescued. When the water burst out of the reservoir it struck and carried off the side of a building owned by Converse, the mill and dwelling house of Otis Holbrook, and two bridges. It left Basch's mill unhurt. Turning with the channel it destsoyed Amidon's machine shop and several tenement houses. Then the dams of the Phœnix company, Howe company and the Valley company were torn away, though the mills were not hurt. Growing greater, the volume of water reaching Stafford Hollow, tore away the iron bridge, grist mill and several old bridges. Making a new channel, it cut through the highway a passage 25 feet deep, spreading over the meadow below there, but was gathered again at half a mile above the borough of Stafford's Springs. Here it carried off the Glen company's dams, but the mills and tenements escaped. From here a mass about thirty feet high, made up of debris as much as of water came rolling down to the dam of the Converseville company. The people, who had gathered in very large numbers, acted like crazy persons, and in some cases had to be carried to places of safety. The Converse mill was not destroyed, but the dam went, and also the dam of the Granite mills. The accident is a terrible blow upon the valley. About one thousand hands are thrown out of work, and the industries are sadly crippled.

Speeches by Wade Hampton.

While en route to Washington Wade Hampton was greeted by a large crowd at Wilmington, N. C., and spoke as follows:

My friends, I go to Washington simply to state before the President the fact that the people of South Carolina have elected me Governor of that State. I go there to say to him that we ask no recognition from any President. We claim the recognition from the votes of the people of the State. I go there to assure him that we are not fighting for party, but that we are fighting for the good of the whole country. I am going there to demand our rights, nothing less, so help me God, to take nothing less. I go to tell him the condition that South Carolina has been in for years past, and that our people have been under disadvantages never encountered by any people on the continent; that they carried the election, were successful, and that they propose to enjoy the fruits of their victory." At Richmond 5,000 people greeted him with music, cannon and fire works. He spoke as follows: "The people of South Carolina are in earnest. We have tried compromise in vain, so last fall we planted our feet firmly on the constitution, and began the battle for our rights. We remembered that our's was one of the original 13 States, and strong men and noble women joined hands in the struggle, declaring by Almighty God they would sacrifice everything to win. [Cheers, and a voice, "And you did win."] Yes my friends, we did win. You cannot imagine what those people had to bear to win their constitutional victory, but they won, and fully 20,000 colored men co-operated with them, and now thousands and tens of thousands of colored men are paying taxes to my government. [Cheers.] And now all we ask, is that the federal troops be withdrawn from the State House of South Carolina, the only place in the State where my authority is not respected. Send the soldiers to the barracks, where they belong, and leave the government of that State to men who are strong enough to sustain it. My people tell me to hold on, and so long as they have the right to give me such advice, so help me God I will hold on."

Wade Hampton Calls on the President.

Wade Hampton, Senator Gordon and Attorney General Conner, of South Carolina, called upon the President at the appointed time on the 29th, and lunched with him. The conversation in the interview which followed was of a free and general character. It related primarily to the question as to the probable condition of the State in case the troops should be withdrawn. The points urged by Governor Hampton and his friends were as follows: First, they claimed that there is an imperative necessity for speedy action, as the planting interests of South Carolina are in absolute danger of destruction by the present unsettled state of affairs, the labor system now being in process of disintegration, and although the season for planting is at hand already, planters are unable, as heretofore, to obtain advances of money from merchants and factors, and this disastrous condition of affairs, they said would continue until some stable system of government shall have been established. In short, business is paralyzed, and credit almost entirely destroyed throughout the State in consequence of its present unsettled condition. Another reason for speedy action urged by those gentlemen was that carpet-baggers and others interested in the perpetuation of the Chamberlain rule were constantly inciting riots and disaffection, and the most assidious care and forbearance had to be exercised to prevent open breaches of the public peace, the ever-present danger being that they might become general throughout the State. Instances and illustrations of this precarious condition of affairs were presented to the President with some particularity and detail.

Peace in Europe, Perhaps.

It is officially announced in London that the protocol has been signed. A London Times leader says: We cannot but see that Turkey is in the background; behind all these fair arrangements of the powers so much depends on what the Porte will do or decline to do, and Russian disarmament is promised in expectation of so many things which may not easily be fulfilled. On the contrary, the dominant feeling in Constantinople is still defiance. In the present temper of the two empires the suggestion that negotiations for common disarmament to be carried on by a Turkish delegate at St. Petersburg, does not appear promising. It may be said the success or failure of this new attempt at pacification must be decided at Constantinople. The government is in the circumstances fully justified in sending out Mr. Layard. The Turks are full of animosity against Russia and distrust of Russia's seeming abetions and may be even less reasonable than three months ago. Many interpret Russia's overtures as signs of pusillanimity and weakness. Layard has had the experience of the Turks, and perhaps there is no Englishman to whom they would more readily listen than to him and to the other ambassadors we must look to impress on the Porte the pendency of doing nothing which may be represented as nullifying the protocol."

California Crops.

Crop reports from all prominent parts in the interior of California are less favorable than previous reports have indicated. In Sacramento Valley, where a good yield had been anticipated, mildew has made its appearance to such an extent as to cause serious alarm. It is reported throughout the great grain-growing counties of Colusa, Yolo and Solano. Otherwise the prospects in that section of the State are still good, though want of rain is beginning to be felt, especially for late sown wheat. The coast counties north of San Francisco are looking well, although rust is reported in some localities In the lower portion of San Joaquin Valley the crops are in good condition, but higher up the river and in Los Angelos Valley there will be but little raised except on corrugated land.

A Proposition of South Carolina Republicans.

Gov. Chamberlain and Senators Patterson and Corbin have proposed to the President that a commission of five persons be appointed to canvass the returns of the last election and declare who was elected Governor and Lieut. Governor and also who were elected members of the Legislature. They propose three plans of appointing the commission as follows: First.—A commission shall be appointed by the President of the United States in such a manner as he shall deem best; or, Second—Two persons shall be chosen by each party respectively, which persons, with the Chief Justice of the United States, shall constitute the commission; or, Third—Two persons shall be chosen by each party respectively, and a fifth person shall be drawn by the other four, by lot or otherwise, as they may deem best.

Murderer Convicted at Mankato.

A dastardly murder was committed in Medo, Blue Earth county, Minnesota, some two years ago, Mrs. Jane Gilbert, a widow lady being the victim. She was sitting near her window sewing about 10 o'clock in the evening, with no one present except her son, twelve years old, when the murderer approached within about eighteen feet of the window and discharged at her a gun heavily loaded. She was instantly killed. Suspicion at once fell upon one Andrew A. Weston, a neighbor who had been sued by Mrs. G. for slander, which suit was still pending. He was arrested and indicted, and his trial commenced at Mankato, March 25th, and concluded on the 30th by a verdict of "Guilty."

Another Railroad Combination.

The N. T. Times of April 1st says: Messrs. Vanderbilt, Jewett and Scott, of the New York Central, Erie and Pennsylvania railroads, held a secret meeting in the Grand Central depot Saturday afternoon. They acknowledge that they have come to an understanding, but refuse to give the particulars. It is asserted, however, on good authority they have formed an alliance offensive and defensive against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Another report says measures were adopted to instruct agents to make contracts at same rates for freight as Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and if necessary lower.

American Officers Abroad.

There is a great scandal in Shanghai, China, caused by public charges made by the United States Consul General against George D. Seward, his predecessor in office. He acted Seward of various crimes and misdemeanors, particularly in the liberation of a pirate and a murderer from custody for a bribe of $7,000. The affair causes much excitement, and has been made the subject of discourses from the pulpit. The document was sent to Washington for investigation.

The Mystery Explained.

A. Oakey Hall, the missing, ex-Mayor of New York has arrived in Liverpool. He sailed from Boston on the 17th in the steamship Victoria. The vessel is a freight steamer and he was the only passenger. He was booked as W. E. Sutcliff and when he was called by his right name in Liverpool he insisted that he was not Hall but Sutcliff. It is generally believed in New York that he fled owing to coming developments connected with Tweed's release and Sweeny's trial.

THE PRESIDENTIAL COUNT.

The Pledges Made for President Hayes.

John Young Brown of Kentucky, has by consent of the writers made public the letters of Stanley Matthews and Chas. G. Foster of Ohio, whereby fillibustering was prevented and the Presidential count completed. The following are extracts from Brown's letter, explaining how the letters came to be written:

On the 26th of February last I sent a page from the House of Representatives to the Senate Chamber for my distinguished friend, General Gordon, and he came over in a few minutes. I told him that I wanted an interview with Hon. Charles Foster, at which I desired his presence. I outlined to General Gordon what I intended to say to Mr. Foster, and he said he would with pleasure accompany me. We found Mr. Foster in the room of the committee on appropriations. No one else was present during the interview. I told Mr. Foster that I had, as he knew, been voting against all dilatory motions; had in a speech advocated the inflexible execution of the electoral bill; had stated in the Democratic caucus that I would so vote if I were the only man from the South to do so; that the vote was approved by my judgment; that I felt under the obligations of honor to stand by the result, bitter as it was, feeling that the situation was not chargeable to the electoral bill, but to the majority of the commission, whom we had agreed to trust. I told him I had received dispatches and letters from cherished and trusted friends, conveying most emphatic remonstrance against my course, but that, with my convictions about the question, if a petition signed by every voter in my district should be sent to me requesting me to support the dilatory motions, it would not by a hair alter my purpose. I said to him that there was but one thing which would change me, and it was if I thought by voting to complete the count which was to result in the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, I would be aiding, directly or indirectly, in perpetuating the usurpations of Packard and Chamberlain in the states of Louisiana and South Carolina, I would reverse my action, and do my very utmost to defeat the execution of the bill regardless of consequences, calamitous to the country as I believed they would be.

[The result of this interview was that Foster and other Republicans conferred together and the next morning Foster brought him an unsigned letter as he [Brown] insisted on written pledges. Brown made some changes in the draft and his letter continues:]

In an hour I went to his desk and he delivered me a letter signed by himself and Matthews. I observed that it was in a different handwriting, read it hastily, and remarked that it contained some generalities I did not like. He replied that Mr. Mathews had re-written it, and added, "Brown, it is intended to cover the whole case, and I can promise you there will be no doubt about the fulfillment of all the assurances I have given you." I noticed the original letter on his desk, and said, "sign this also," and he replied, "Certainly, with pleasure." As I was leaving he called me back and told me the President Grant would, as soon as the count was completed, issue a certain order to General Augur in Louisiana. He requested me not to mention this fact for several days, but expressly gave me permission to make any use of the letters I might desire. The order referred to was issued by President Grant. I gave copies of the letters to Messrs. Levy, Ellis and Burke, of Louisiana, and to General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, with authority to use them whenever they pleased. When I saw that the Democratic victory so fairly won was lost, my deepest concern was for my suffering Southern countrymen. To contribute to their deliverance from bondage was the passionate aspiration of my heart. Had I believed that the policy of Hayes if inaugurated, would not relieve them from hateful and unrepublican supervision by the army, and the further plundering and oppression by men alien to them in birth and sympathies, I should never have voted as I did. Hon. Charles Foster secured the inauguration of President Hayes.

But for his speech and these letters the result would never have been reached. The conversation and contents of the letter were made known to many. The confidence of the Democrats in him and in his authorization to say what he did, composed the representatives, and caused them to remain unshaken to do what they thought was right amid the storm that was raging around them, and in the face of the earnest remonstrances of their constituents. If a few had faltered the panic would have been general; the work of the commission would have been fruitless, and before this time, in my opinion, a hurricane of war would have been sweeping over the land. Hope deferred has sickened the hearts of Southern men. I do not understand nor do I appreciate the delay of President Hayes. He ought not to hesitate. The whole country expected this great and good work at his hand.

THE LETTERS.

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., Feb. 26, 1877.—Gentlemen: Referring to the conversation had with you yesterday, in which Gov. Hayes' policy as to the status of certain Southern States was discussed, we desire to say in reply that we assure you in the strongest possible manner of our great desire to have adopted such a policy as will give to the people of the States of South Carolina and Louisiana the right to control their own affairs in their own way, and to say further that we feel authorized, from an acquaintance and knowledge of Governor Hayes, and his views on the question, to pledge ourselves to you for him that such will be his policy.

[Signed.] CHARLES FOSTER.

To Hon. John Young Brown and Hon. John B. Gordon.

Washington, Feb. 26, 1877.—Gentlemen: Referring to the conversation had with you yesterday, in which Gov. Hayes' policy as to the status of certain Southern States was discussed, we desire to say we can assure you, in the strongest possible manner, of our great desire to have him adopt such a policy as will give to the people of the State of South Carolina and Louisiana the right to control their own affairs in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof, and to say further that from an acquaintance with and knowledge of Gov. Hayes and his views we have the most complete confidence that such will be the policy of his administration,

Respectfully,

[Signed] STANLEY MATTHEWS,
CHARLES FOSTER.

To Hon. John B. Gordon and John Young Brown.

FOSTER INTERVIEWED.

Foster has been interviewed and says:

We had no authority to make a compact binding Gov. Hayes, and we distinctly stated the impropriety and indelicacy of making such a compact at the time and under the circumstances. That letter was the result of a conversation I had with Brown, in which he asked for written assurances for his future justification. He distinctly stated that he did not ask this as a condition of carrying out the provisions of the electoral bill; that he regarded that as a matter of personal honor and that no power could coerce him to do otherwise than faithfully stand by the provisions of the bill. He asked that the paper be signed by Matthews and myself, and he addressed to him and Senator Gordon. I expressed a willingness to accede to his wishes, and the paper was prepared, signed and delivered. I have no recollection of having any conversation with Senator Gordon on the subject of writing this letter.

We hear of miraculous cures performed by this new principle remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Cough and Lung Healing Globules. Coughs, Colds and Consumption yield to its influence. Trial Boxes 25 cents, by mail. Dr. J. H McLean, 314 Chestnut, street St. Louis.

Henry Ward Beecher has completed his lecture tour and returned to Brooklyn.

Snake-Charmers' Humbugs.

From the Scientific American.

One by one science is annihilating every notion which ascribes to any person or class of persons phenomenal powers. Dr. Fayrer, in his splendid and valuable work "The Thanatophida of India," says that the famous East Indian snake-charmers are impostors, and that he has repeatedly detected them in attempting, by subtle impositions and clever acting, to delude lookers-on into the belief that they were dealing with veritable wild snakes, when all the time the dancing cobras that made their appearance at the sound of the pipe were some of their own tame snakes, placed in certain spots beforehand.

These professional snake-catchers are many of them, in addition to their regular vocation, most expert jugglers, and exceedingly adroit at all kinds of sleight-of-hand tricks. It is their constant practice to "turn down" a few tame snakes in a garden hedge or somewhere close in the vicinity of a house they intend paying a visit to, ere they present themselves before the sahib, the owner of the premises; and then, with every appearance of good faith, the rascals request permission to be allowed to clear the compound of snakes; at the same time stipulating for a reward, perhaps one rupee a head for every snake they succeed in catching. If the gentleman of the house should happen to be a griffin, or newcomer, likely enough he will be induced to lend an ear to so plausible a request, and at length promise these crafty rogues so much for each snake they succeed in catching. Soon, to his horror and amazement, hideous serpents of various dimensions are produced, one from the straw in an empty stall in the stables, another from the garden hedge, and so on; till at last, perhaps, the fraud is carried too far and discovered.

Dr. Fayrer states that certain descriptions of serpents—chiefly of the genus naja—most undoubtedly are susceptible to, and in a measure become fascinated on hearing musical sounds, "I have constantly seen," he says, "tame snakes in the possession of snake-catchers, on hearing the sound of the pipe, erect themselves and sway their heads from side to side, and beyond a doubt show pleasure at the strain; but I have never once seen a wild snake go through the same performance; and I believe only tame reptiles carried about in baskets and 'broken in' for such an exhibition to conduct themselves. I have repeatedly offered snake charmers five rupees to bring out from its sanctuary, by means of music, a cobra known by me to be 'at home,' but invariably all their efforts have been in vain.

There are many who actually believe in the efficacy of stones which, when applied to a snake bite, are supposed to withdraw the poison; but if such a very simple remedy were really effectual, and a genuine specific, the snake-stone cure would speedily be brought into universal use. "It would appear, however, that these people really prize these so-called stones, for I have been present when money was offered to them to part with one, but declined."

Perhaps the strongest argument against this snake-stone cure is that these very men often themselves fall victims to the bite of the cobra, though at the time in possession of a stone which they assert to be capable of working a cure. Moreover, when these professional snake catchers have to deal with an undoubtedly wild cobra in full vigor—although as a rule they display extraordinary pluck, skill and resolution in capturing it, and on the first favorable opportunity will with wonderful quickness seize hold of and secure it—an attentive beholder cannot fail to remark the extreme caution and watchful management they display on first clutching hold of the animal, their whole demeanor and action differing unmistakably from the off-hand, careless manner which they assume when grasping one of their own harmless specimens; and it is an undoubted fact that these men really dread the consequences of a chance bite from a wild cobra quite as much as other mortals do, and are well aware that nothing can withdraw the deadly venom from a wound, or save life, when once the deadly poison has mingled with the blood. But, even with all the remedies as yet known, including copious doses of brandy and ammonia, and the immediate efforts of skilled surgeons, it is said to be told by men such as Dr. Fayrer, and others who have devoted time and energy to the subject, that there is almost no hope of saving life if the bite has been inflicted by one of the most venomous snakes, in full health and vigor.

A Celebrated Diamond.

One of the finest brilliants in America, and one with a romantic history, is now for sale at Salt Lake. This stone is 1-32 of carat lighter than the celebrated Tweed diamond, but its cutting is much better, and it is considered by experts to be more valuable. It weighs 8 1:2 carats, and is exactly half an inch in diameter.

It was for many hundred years in the family of an East India prince. This potenate presented it to the ex-Queen Christina of Spain, who presented it to her daughter, ex-Queen Isabella, on the occasion of her marriage. The latter was forced to sell it, with many other diamonds, and it was bought at an auction of her diamonds, which was made in London, and it was purchased by a St. Louis gentleman with about $60,000 worth of other diamonds. He was soon after offered $15,000 in gold for it by the Americus Club of New York, but he refused to sell it. Subsequently it was stolen from him while visiting at Saratoga Springs by thieves, who employed what is known the umbrella game While alighting from the cars, a man spread an umbrella in his face, and as he started back the pin was stolen from his shirt-bosom. The trick was so dexterously turned that the victim did not discover his loss for several hours. When, however, he found himself minus the wonderful brilliant, he promptly telegraphed to the daily papers of New York city, offering $5,000 reward and no questions asked. In twenty-four hours his pin was returned, and the thieves were richer the amount of the reward. Afterward this same gentleman went to Salt Lake City and traded his diamond for mining property valued at $22,000. The mine developed well and the lucky speculater realized over $60,000 from this investment. The miner who received the stone was cheated out of it by Chicago gamblers, who sold it to a diamond dealer who, in turn, sold it to the firm in Salt Lake City who now possess it.

A True Story.

It was growing dark in the city streets. Men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too know that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. The lamplighters were going their rounds, and trying to make up for the lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home.

All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the deserted sidewalk, close to a great window of plate glass, through which he gazed with rapt face. The picture which he looked at was a beautiful one. A great room with pointed ceiling overhead, and a chandelier which seemed to make real sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table, heaped with delicious food, stood near the centre of the room. The bright light struck through the great decanter, and made a big crimson stain on the right hand of a gentleman who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside. "I wish he would look up," the child was thinking.

But though he waited and watched, the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wine glass, which he filled and drank, never once looking towards the window.

"Please, sir."

That was all the boy said. He had stepped from the street into the hall; then without stopping to knock he had opened the great door which led into the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done.

"What is it my little man?"

Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile, which came easily to his handsome face, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for a great while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket.

"Oh, no, sir, I never thought of that. I wanted—I mean—please sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. His manner, too, at first to eager, now so embarrassed, had aroused his curiosity.

"You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered and that his garments were thin and poor.

He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the grate fire which was dancing on the hearth—a big, jolly fire, which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer for a poor little boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin arm chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, sir," and the child shrank further back into the big chair.

"You will tell me your name, at least?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Eddie Boynton, and I am ten years old."

"Ah!"

Mr. Leonard was smiling now as he saw the boy's courage coming back.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?"

"Angry! why in the world should I be angry with you?"

"I didn't know but you might, sir, if I said what I wanted to."

"Never fear, Eddie; I am anxious to know what you have to tell me."

The little boy stretched out his little thin hands, red with cold, toward the glowing fire, and said:

"I work in the dye house, now, and get a good deal of money—a dollar a week."

Mr. Leonard could hardly help laughing. The wine he had offered the child cost more than that.

"I come past this big window every night on my way home. I shan't come again, though, because we are going to move away. I like to look in here because it is so warm and pleasant, and because you are sitting here, and have eyes just like my father's."

"What a strange child," Mr. Leonard was thinking.

"He was so handsome and tall," the little fellow went on, looking back into the firelight. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours; and we lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink," pointing to the wine glass. "Mother would cry sometimes; but he would kiss her, and tell her that good wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the time he was gone When he came back he struck at her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed because I thought he was dead. The black man who drove the horses, came up stairs and helped mother to get him to bed. She said he was sick. He used to scream and fight if anyone went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that mother packed up our clothes, and went to live where she could get some money. We've only two little rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I guess."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly.

Mr. Leonard moved uneasily.

"This is what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, I wondered if you had any little boy at home, and how he and his mother would feel if you should die because of the red wine; and then the tears came, and Eddie Boynton slid down from the big chair, and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying too. He could not see the big, brown eyes, for his head was drooping upon his breast.

"I'm going home, now, sir. Mother will have my supper all ready and be frightened if I don't come home," and before Mr. Leonard roused from his painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cheery room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all the years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddy Boynton, man and boy, may never meet again. The room in the luxurious club house is deserted; the fire is out, the room is dark, the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but in a beautiful home the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and to the rosy boy who hangs about his neck the father whispers: "God bless you, my child, and keep us from the destruction of the red wine."

April Characteristics.

April, at its best, is the tenderest of tender salads. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the campfire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun,—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the Phœbe-bird, or of the meadow lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mold under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagined it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen,—or did it come from much farther—from beyond the horison, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristics of these April odors is their unclloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are oftener bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

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One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere,—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of springs about the fields and by the road-side in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.

Conversation at the Ball.

Unhappy the man doomed for his sins to dance with a partner whom he doesn't know, dancing including conversing! He soon exhausts his brief series of conventional phrases. "What a lovely evening!" "Dreadfully warm isn't it?" "Do you like dancing?" and the like, and then is reduced to conversational want. Of course if he has talent for slander or sarcasm, he has the source of criticising the remainder of the company; but failing this, he is condemed to a twenty-oyster-power dumbness. That is, unless he possess the "Happy Thought"-fulness of my friend, Anatole Dutremplin.

The other evening Anatole Dutremplin found himself at a ball, the partner of a lovely girl of seventeen, blue eyed and golden haired, the very incarnation of innocence and candor.

After having vainly racked his brain to find a topic of conversation, the witty cavalier asked:

"Any children, miss?"

How the New School Text Book Bill will Work.

From the St. Paul Dispatch

There has been a general interest manifested since the close of the Legislative session in the manner of carrying out the provisions of the bill for securing cheap text books to the schools of this State. The scheme was somewhat ex- [illegible] sons have professed to doubt whether it could be made to work in practice.

But the way seems now to have been smoothed for its operation, and all that remains to be done is, for the officials charged with its execution, to perform their duty. The Dispatch, knowing the public desire for information on the subject, has secured an interview with Mr. D. D. Merrill, and from him, and other sources, learned the following facts:

The books to be supplied will be of the best quality. The names of the commissioners of revision is one sufficient guaranty of that, and the self-interest of the contractor is another guaranty.

A portion, at least, of the books can be had during the coming summer and autumn if the school district clerks make out and forward to the county superintendents the number of each kind of books that will be needed in their districts for the next year's supply. The people are interested in looking after the matter and assisting their school district clerks in making out their requisitions, and, if possible, to get them in the hands of the several county superintendents of schools before the 15th of April next.

The contractor, Mr. D. D. Merrill, has entered upon this enterprise in good faith and will accomplish all that is promised for the benefit of the people, if only they give it a fair trial. "Will the people take the books?" is the question asked by some. We believe they will for manifest reasons. These books will be had at one-half price. At least fifty per cent. of the scholars in all our schools have to buy new books each year. If the old kinds of books are still used, these fifty per cent of the scholars will have to pay as much money for their half of the books as it would cost to supply the whole school with the new books, (which will certainly be equally as good books as those in use), and the people will not be slow to avail themselves of these advantages.

The people will feel that when they make this change "that it will last," there will be no changing books within districts, and the books will last till worn out, and the people will feel secure against any outside influence to force a change.

For the benefit of all we append a list of the books the school districts can order and obtain at the low prices:

Speller, First Reader, Second Reader, Third Reader, Fourth Reader, History, First Grammar, Practical Grammar, Primary Arithmetic, Intellectual Arithmetic, Practical Arithmetic, Primary Geography, Intermediate Geography.

We presume that the State Superintendant of Public Instruction will also furnish copy books (six numbers,) a word book, the geography and history of Minnesota, and such other books as may be needed in the district schools.

A successful working of this plan will save at least one dollar a year for each child attending school—an important item in the aggregate. It is now the law, and it is certainly obligatory on all to give it a fair trial.

Seeking a Teacher For Linda.

She was at one of the union school houses for an hour before school opened. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and Linda was sixteen, and rather shy, and pretty good looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school, and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came the mother boldly inquired: "You know how to teach, do you?" "I think I do," replied the teacher, blushing deeply. "And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?" "Yes'm." "Do you pound 'em with a ferule or lick 'em with a whip?" "We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher. "That's better yet," continued the mother; "I know that If Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one.

I suppose you are of a respectible character, ain't you?" "Why—ahem—why——" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red. "I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?" "No, ma'am." "That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Now, another thing—do you have a beau?" "Why—why——" was the stammered reply. "I think you do!" resumed the woman severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off." "But madam——" "Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know joggerfy, figures, writing, and spellography, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse-race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda, we'll go to some other school-house."

The thirty-fourth University boat race in England between the Oxford and Cambridge crews took place on the 24th and was declared a dead heat. Oxford would have won but the breaking of an oar.