The Worthington Advance.

VOLUME VI. WORTHINGTON, NOBLES COUNTY, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1877. NUMBER 17.

CALENDAR FOR 1878.

1878	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed'day	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	1878	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed'day	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Jan.	..	..	1	2	3	4	5	July.	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	27	28	29	30	31	..	..		28	29	30	31	..	..	..
Feb.	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	Aug.	..	..	..	..	1	2	3
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	24	25	26	27	28	..	..		25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Mar.	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	Sept.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	31	..	..	..	..	..	..		29	30	..	..	..	..	..
Apr.	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	Oct.	..	..	1	2	3	4	5
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	28	29	30	..	..	..	..		27	28	29	30	31	..	..
May	..	..	..	1	2	3	4	Nov.	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	26	27	28	29	30	31	..		24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Jun.	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	Dec.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	30	..	..	..	..	..	..		29	30	31	..	..	..	..

SUMMARY OF THE GENERAL NEWS.

English Crop Reports.

The Mark Lane Express review of the British corn says the supply of English wheat in Mark Lane is again small, and for dry lots ready sale is experienced, especially for red, at fully late rates. Imports of foreign wheat into London last week were liberal. In spite of heavy supplies, which consisted mainly of Russian and East Indian descriptions,a steady feeling was apparent in trade. Millers have evinced an increased desire to operate, and it is probable that as soon as Russian supplies cease, prices may rally some few shillings per quarter. The requirements of France and the desire to have the tariff temporarily remitted on foreign grain imported from this country, are also a strong point in the trade which is besides upheld to some extent by a fair outward movement,exports last week exceeding 11,500 quarters. The decrease in shipments from the American ports, which will now be experienced, should also help trade. It is certain that our own increased winter consumption cannot be relied on sufficiently as a power to enhance the value of wheat, and should the prices rise the improvement will be due, as far as can be seen at present, to a deficient crop requiring to be supplemented by importation in neighboring European countries. Fortified by these considerations holders still refrain from pressing sales, and in certain state of political affairs the future course of the grain trade is more difficult to foresee than it has been for a long time past.

After Lo! These Many Years.

Dr. Lemuel S. Draper, of Washington, was appointed assistant surgeon of the navy in 1862. Early in 1865 he was on the Princeton at Philadelphia. Thomas A. Menzies, a blockade runner, but previously an engineer in the confederate navy, was a prisoner on the same vessel. Menzies obtainined leave to go ashore, and Dr. Draper had leave to go with Menzies for forty-eight hours. Both left Philadelphia together and went to Baltimore, where they were arrested by troops while at a confederate party in honor of Menzie's return In Febuary, 1865, Draper's appoitment as assistant surgeon in the regular navy was revoked, but on the 14th of the same month revocation was canceled and he was allowed to resign, at his own request. After many ineffectual attempts to get back into the navy, Dr. Draper has been reinstated as assistant surgeon, pay for thirteen years and ten months.

A Desperate Character.

A bloody tragedy was enacted in Washington township, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the evening of the 20th. One William Martin was accused of circulating stories derogatory to the reputation of a young lady named Briggs. With a view of demanding an explanation, Frank and Caleb Briggs brothers of the young lady, started, with two other men, to call on Martin, but met Martin on the way, when the latter, before a word was spoken, struck Briggs on the neck with a knife, severing the jugular vein and killing him instantly. Martin then attacked Caleb Briggs and injured him severelv before the others could interfere. Martin is still at large. All parties to the affair were young men.

How Not to Pay.

A mob of armed and masked men took posession of Osceola Mo. on the night of the 14th, arrested everybody on the streets at the muzzle of revolvers and shot guns, then went to the court house, seized all tax books for this and past years in the county clerk's and treasurer's offices and carried them away. The trouble grew out of a railroad tax which had been levied to pay certain judgments against the county for past due interest on railroad bonds. Several of the mob were recognized by officers of the law, and arrests will probably be made, in which event more trouble will doubtless occur.

Fearful Loss of Life.

The boiler in the extensive candy factory of Ernest Greenfield at No. 63 Barclay street, N. Y., exploded early on the morning of the 20th, throwing down the five story building and immediately wrapping the ruins in flames. The number of the employes in the establishment, mostly boys and young girls, was unusually large, work being pushed to the utmost, in view of the holidays. The loss of life is estimated at over one hundred, the most of whom are young girls between 8 and 20 years. Large numbers who were not crushed to death by the explosion, undoubtedly miserably perished in the flames and smoke which instantaneously filled the building.

Tax to Support Free Schools.

The South Carolina legislature took a recess until the 16th of January. The most important measure adopted was ratifying the amendment to the State constitution, which levies an annual tax of two mills upon all taxable property in the State for the support of free schools. On the final passage to-day, more than two-thirds voted affirmatively. The committee to investigate the bonded debt will report immediately after the recess. No special class of bonds will be declared fraudulent, but only particular bonds which were issued irregularly.

Return of Sitting Bull.

A Helena, Montana, special says: Father Genin arrived at Maras river on the 16th, and reported to Fort Benton by messenger that Sitting Bull had crossed the line and camped at Bear Paw Mountains with a large force of Sioux and Nez Perces. A man named Valentine is supposed to be killed. This report is confirmed from other sources, and it is stated that Indians are burning the prairies south of Bear Paw, and that Sitting Bull is on Miles' battle ground, and has been joined by Lone Deer's band of 75 lodges.

No Change in Freight Rates.

The representatives of the great railroads remained in session in New York the greater part of the 21st, and adjourned subject to the call of the chair. One of the members said the next meeting would probably be held in the west, and that questions relating to east-bound freights were duly considered. He said the meeting was unanimously in favor of mantaining rates for east-bound freights at the present figures until the next meeting.

Upholding State Credit.

At a large meeting at the Merchant's Exchange on the 18th, resolutions were adopted expressing an earnest desire that the Legislature should promptly accept the liberal offer of the State creditors, and by all necessary legislation provide for the faithful discharge of the obligations assumed by the State in adjustment; that being fully conscious of all the evil effects that will follow resumption, they were opposed to it in fact, and disapproved of any action that led to it.

A Herd of Indian Ponies.

On the 21st inst. the inhabitants of Spearfish valley in the Black Hills, were startled by a large herd of Indian ponies dashing through the valley. A careful reconnoisance show there attendants with them, and ranch men and others immediately started out to capture them. It is the opinion that they belong to a camp of Sioux located on Belle Fourche.

Loss of a Steamer.

The Dutch steamer Friesland, from Java to Rotterdam, has been lost, it is believed, with all hands, off Cape Finisterre. She passed Gibralter Dec. 5th. Wreckage has been sighted, which there is but little doubt came from the Friesland. The crew numbered about fifty. She had no passengers. It was first reported that she had 362 passengers, but these were mostly pilgrims, who landed at Paddal.

No More Excursions.

A special committee appointed by the last national association of general railway passenger agents, and representing the views of a large body of passenger agents throughout the country met in Chicago on the 18th and reported in favor of discontinuing all excursion rates and tickets in the United States at all seasons of the year, also favoring a ticket uniform as to times, limit and form of making for all the railroads in the country.

Sentencing the Rioters.

On the 15th inst. at Wilksbarre, Pa., eight men were tried for, and convicted of riot. They interfered with the running of pumps. at Briggs'shaft, near Scranton, last September. This afternoon Judge Handley sentenced the leader, Thos. Moran, to one year and nine months' hard labor in the penitentiary, five hundred dollars fine and costs of prosecution Three others were fined ten dollars each and sentenced to three months' in the county jail.

South American Trade.

At a meeting of the boardof directors of the Merchants Exchange of St. Louis, on the 19th,a movement was inaugurated for the formation of a company at that place and New Orleans for direct trade with South America, by means of steamers sailing from the latter to South American ports. In New Orleans, a considerable sum has already been subscribed for the purpose, and it is belived the scheme can be made to work successfully.

The Mississippi Jetties.

A dispatch from Port Eads says the official survey of Capt. M. R. Brown, United States army inspecting officer at the jetties, shows a 22 foot channel over 200 feet wide entirely through the works, which entitles Mr. Eads to the second payment of half a million dollars. A practical channel through the jetties was found, with a least depth of 23 feet.

Searching for Buried Treasure.

It is stated that Capt. J. H. Fogels of New York who is to undertake the recovery of $6,000,000 in treasure supposed to have been sunk in the frigate San Pedro Alcontara on the Spanish main sixty years ago, has obtained subscriptions enough to start upon his expedition,

Uncle Sam Wins.

The tobacco cases growing out of the seizure by Supervisor Creecy in 1868, which have been on trial for the past seven days in the United States District Court of New Orleans, have been decided by the jury in favor of the government. The amount involved is estimated at over two hundred thousand dollars.

Joyce Pardoned.

The President on the 9th signed a pardon for John A Joyce, convicted of conspiracy to defraud the United States of taxes on distilled spirits The pardon is full and unconditional. Joyce, it will be remembered, was sentenced to $2,000 fine in addition to his imprisonment.

A Canadian Strike.

Three hundred strikers on the canal works from Montreal to Lachine,Canada, have brought about a collission with the contractors, in which one or more of the former were killed. The riot is not yet over, and the police are powerless to suppress it. The strike was for one dollar per day.

Silver Remonetization.

A mass meeting of the citizens of Toledo, Ohio, was held on the evening of the 21st, at which resolutions were passed condemnatory of the Resumption act, and demanding its repeal. Other resolutions favored the remonetization of silver.

A Senator Ill.

Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, is considered in a very critical condition. He to-day suffered a severe attack of congestion of the brain. His relatives have been telegraphed.

Parliament Convened.

The London morning papers officially announce that Parliament will meet Jan. 17. It is stated the cabinet has decided to ask parliament to vote a grant of money for such increase of the British army as the present situation demands.

United States Senator.

The Democratic caucus of the California Legislature on the seventh ballot nominated J. F. Farley for the United States senate. The vote stood: Farley, 42; McDonald, 22; Hager, 18.

The Yankees' Dinner in New York.

On the evening of the 22d, the New England Society in New York City, celebrated its twenty-second annual dinner. President Hayes and Secretary Evarts were present and made speeches.

Adjusting a State Debt.

The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill to compromise the State debt at fifty cents and graded interest at 4, 5, and 6 per cent., by a vote of 12 to 10, and ordered its transmission to the House.

Presidential Reception.

President Hayes and family, with a few invited guests met with a most hospitable and elegant reception at the hands of the Union Club League of New York, on the evening of the 2'st.

RUSSIA'S WAR WITH TURKEY.

Gen. Krudener's corps has started for Orchanie. A Vienna correspondent telegraphs that Turkey's first pacific effort my be regarded as a failure. Germany hinted that treating with Russia would be the shortest way of coming to an understanding. It seems that when the note was first mentioned, the Austrian government replied that it could not hold out any hope of successful mediation on such a basis.

Erroneous interpretations having been given to the circular of the Porte, inviting mediation, it is officially explained Turkey does not approach the powers as a vanquished State, since she still has two lines of defense which the government believes she would be able to hold. The Porte, by its circular, desires to intimate its unwillingness to consider proposals made by the Constantinople conference. As the war began, owing to Turkey's refusal to adhere to those proposals, the Porte thinks it might be terminated now on that basis.

It is reported six thousand Turks from Podgoritza compelled a Montenegrin corps to retreat into their own territory and are now marching to succor Scutari and Antivart. It is said the porte has instructed its minister at Rome to ask for an explanation of the relations which are growing more and more intimate between Italy and Greece.

A correspondent reports Sulieman Pasha, with 10,000 men, arrived at Constantinople from Varna. He goes to Adrianople to take command of the army of Roumelia. Sulieman's circuitous route is explained by facts that the consequence of ice and snow in the Balkan passes, heavy material is more easily transported by railway to Varna and thence by sea to Constantinople, then by the more direct route. The czarowitch will probably return to Russia when Gen. Todleben will assume the command in chief. Gen. Toddleben has arrived at Orzova to arrange the bombardment of Abakaleh.

A Vienna special says negotiations have been proceeding some time concerning the neutralization of the Danube. No understanding has been reached so far, as Russia wishes the neutrality to extend to the sea, whilst England and Turkey seem only inclined to let it reach Sulina. Several Mahomidan deputies intend to solicit the government in the chamber to open negotiations for peace. It is said the portewill shortly order a fresh levy of 300,000 men.

During the past twelve months English ships have been constantly conveying stores to Gibraltar and Malta, where there is now a vast accumulation of war material. Orders have been received at Woodwich for the manufacture of sixteen pound field guns. It has also been determined that four eight ton guns for the inflexible are to be chambered forthwith.

A FIERY HOLOCAUST.

A Candy Shop in New York, Crowded with Work-women, Blown Up and Over One Hundred Lives Lost.

The boiler in the candy manufactory of Ernest Greenfield, No. 63 Barcay street, New York exploded about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th., while a large number of female empioyes were still at work. The building was almost instantly wrapped in flames, and it is said 100 to 150 girls were burned to death.

DETAILS ETC.

The boiler which was under the sidewalk on the Barclay street side burst, tearing away the entire front and scattering the wreck in all directions. A large number of girls of all ages were employed at the time in the building. The walls fell within a few minutes after the explosion. A policeman who was on duty near the building says he saw the front of the building, five stories high, fall into the street. Fifty-six wounded and one dead were reported at the Chambers street hospital at 6:45 o'clock. A number were also sent to Bellevue and other hospitals. It is estimated the wounded will reach 125. But few escaped uninjured. Mr Greenfield, the owner of the factory, could give no idea of how many were in the building at the time of the explosion, but thought about 110.

Of these about 50 escaped by the College Place entrance, and a small number got out through the skylights, walked over the roofs and got down the skylights of other buildings. The bookkeeper,who was on the Barclay street side of the building was blown out of a window to the street, and badly cut on the head. Several jumped from the second story and escaped with slight injuries, the fall being broken by policemen and citizens on the sidewalk below. The parties employed in the factory were principally girls and boys from eight to twenty years of age. Owing to the approach of the holidays a double force was employed, one working during the day and the other at night. The force is changed at five o'clock, and the fact of the explosion occurring at five minutes past that time renders it still more difficult to know how many or who are the victims. The number in the building at the time of the disaster is variously estimated at from 100 to 300. The flames spread so rapidly that it is feared that many who were not injured by the explosion were burned.

STATEMENTS OF EYE-WITNESSES.

Mr. R. Kleinn of '53 Leonard street, states that he was in the building about ten minutes before the explosion, and there were a great many persons there at the time. He passed in front of the building two minutes after the explosion and saw on most of the floors, as the front wall had fallen, a great many boys and girls rushing about in a confused manner, but they became obscured to view by smoke and flames in a few seconds. There seems to have been no possibility of their getting out alive. The fire was one of the quickest ever seen. In less than three minutes the flames had ascended completely to the roof. Peter Stadamiller gives a vivid description of tne affair. He is employed with Hodges & Co., and was within forty feet of the doorway when the explosion occurred. It seemed to throw up the whole sidewalk, and the front of the builing fell to the street. There was a two-horse truck of the Delaware & Lackawanna express company passing, and the wall fell on horse and driver. Stadtmiller said he believed there were nearly 200 persons employed in the building at the time.

There were not more than a dozen girls employed on the ground floor, most of the boys and girls being engaged on the second and third floors. Stadtmiller says that he is positive that not more than six girls and a dozen men came out alive through the Barclay street entrance. The elder Mr, Greenfield was about the first who rushed out and he was scalded. He saw about a dozen making their escape by the roof to the adjoining roofs. As near as could be ascertained there must have been about 120 persons employed in the factory at the time of the disaster. The scenes at Chambers street hospital were heartrending in the extreme.

Ambulances were quickly at the fire, and were busy in taking wounded to the hospital. The station house and Chambers street hospital were besieged with men, women and children, all anxiously inquiring for some missing relative.

THE LATEST.

A later estimate places the number of persons in the building at the time the explosion occurred at 170, including twenty visitors and customers. The boiler had been in use five years, and it is said Greenfield had been several times warned that it was unsafe. The loss is now estimated at half a million dollars.

Blondin--How He Amuses the Paris Public.

Paris Correspondence New York Mail.

The reigning sensation in Paris at the present time is the performances of Blondin at the old Palace of Industry. This building was erected for the "World's Exposition" of 1851. It is about 600 feet long by 200 feet broad, and will accommodate 30,000 spectators. It was packed on the occasion of Blondin's first appearance. Two great poles of masts were erected 200 feet apart, reaching an altitude of full 80 feet. A wire rope was stretched across at the top, and fastened firmly by means of side-guys. The long rope was drawn so taut that Blondin's weight did not seem to sink it an inch. At each end of the rope was a little platform, on the back of which was a little inclosure of curtains, for changing dresses. Blonden was drawn up to this elevation by ropes and pullies.

He wore a diadem of gold, with a dress bespangled with what appeared the same material. There was no net underneath. It was an exciting moment when we saw him take his pole out upon the rope. When about half way across he stopped, sat down on the rope, lay down on his back, &c, went across and back. He next appeared in a close fitting dress. walked out on the rope, and even danced to music of the band. He stood on his head on the rope, and turned a somersault, first resting his shoulder on the rope. He next shouldered a chair and walked out, placed it on the rope and sat down on it; then stood up in it; then put two legs on the rope and stood up in it. He next appeared dressed as a cook, all in white, with white cap. He shouldered a cook-stove, walked to the centre of the rope, placed it on little arms extending out on each side of the rope.

This he opened, rubbed his sauce pan and plates clean, started a fire, cooked four eggs, looking through each to see if it was fresh. This he ate and topped off with a glass of wine; but happening to take the wrong bottle, his bowels were in agony. He instantly took an antidote, rubbed his stomach, and nodded "all right." He then cooked a number of pancakes and threw them down to the audience.

His next performance was to walk across the wire with his feet fastened in two wicker baskets 18 inches in diameter. He next blindfolded himself and put a sack over his head reaching to his knees, holes on the sides for his arms. In this condition he walked across the wire. He next drove himself across on a velocipede. His last performance was to carry a man across on his back.

All this was done in such an easy, graceful, jolly, sangfroid manner as to relieve the spectators of much of the anxiety they would otherwise have felt.

An Experiment for Boys.

Take two empty oyster cans and a stout smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string, say fifty to one hundred ieet in length is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up their telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly-stretched string will permit, and while one of the operators holds his ear to one of the cans, and his companion his mouth to the can at the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on, so that low tones, and even a whisper will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment for the first time is that the sound of the voice does not seem to come from the person speaking from the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first appears to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the listener. The voice of the speaker communicates sound-producing vibrations to the wall of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so changed that they no longer affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing, and yet hear nothing. At the other end of the string, however, these hidden vibrations reproduce themselves as sound.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

CHAPTER I.

It was New Year's Eve—the snow fell fast and thick on the frozen ground. In Bloomsbury Square the trees and lawns were white and crisp with frozen snow. The crimson curtains and the blazing fires made the dining-rooms of the handsome old-fashioned houses of the square seem earthly paradises to the houseless, barefooted outcasts whose "rags of wretchedness" were blown aside by the keen east wind. The cruel wind drove the snow-flakes in their pinched, blue faces, and covered their tattered garments and lean, sallow flesh with what was at one moment a white overcoat, and the next an icy bath.

With what wolfish eyes those shivering famished step-children of fortune glared first at the dining-tables, covered with the snowy damask, and glittering with glass, china and silver, on which the firelight was reflected like rubies and topazes, and then at the clean, cozy kitchen, where before the noble fire the turkey, the saddle of mutton, or the sirloin was roasting.

One of the houses in question belonged to Mr. Pomfret, a solicitor with a fair business in the city. He had a showy, handsome wife, a very proud, pretentious and pedantic woman, and subtle and sly withal—a tyrant where she dared, and ruling Mr. Pomfret, who doted on her, but who had a great idea of man's supremacy, by pretending to obey him, always the while craftily managing to have her own way in everything. They had six children—two boys and four girls. The eldest, a boy, was fourteen; the youngest, a girl, was four. One poor, pale governess—Miss Moss—educated the four girls, and had charge of the two mischievous boys—Master Wellington and Master Nelson—during the holidays.

Mrs. Pomfret was of a warlike spirit, and was very fond of heroic names. Her father had been a Captain in the Marines—and she had herself dubbed him "Colonel" after his decease—and she was equally attached to both the Army and Navy. However the great boasting piece of the family was Mr. Pomfret's younger and only brother, Sir Henry Pomfret.

He was a barrister in good practice, had written a law book which had become an authority, and was so lively, and gentlemanly, and popular, that he made friends wherever he went.

He was so bright, so genial and so lovable, that even those clients who had weak causes he could not gain retained him still as a friend and continued their "refreshers" in the shape of good dinners and choice old wines. On the other hand, those clients for whom he gained by his eloquence and learning all important verdicts, positively idolized him.

One among them, a nobleman of political influence obtained for Harry Pomfret a Colonial Judgeship, with the honor of knighthood, and "our brother, Sir Harry Pomfret, the Judge," became Mrs.Pomfret's favorite boasting piece in conjunction with "my father, the Colonel."

Sir Harry had been abroad three years at the the time of which we are writing, and was about thirty-five years of age. It was, as we have said, New Year's Eve, and snowing fast. Mrs. Pomfret was in full dress. Mr. Pomfret had promised to return from the office at five, to dinner, in order to take herself and the children to the play—a great treat this, for Toole, the comic genius of the age was to delight the audience with two of those rare conceptions of mingled mirth and pathos, fun and feeling, which made him the acknowledged genius of the grotesque and graceful, grand master of the sources of smiles and tears.

Mrs. Pomfret was hungry, cross, and was watching for her husband's cab, and scowling at the ragged wolf-eyed outcasts glaring at the roasting turkey at the kitchen fire, when suddenly from an upper window a few pence, wrapped in paper, fell at the blue feet of the outcasts.

Mrs. Pomfret reddened with anger, and rushed up-stairs. The school-room was on the second floor. She suspected Miss Moss of the offense that had exasperated her. She wanted to vent her ill-humor on some one—the safest person in the house was Miss Moss.

Miss Moss was a second cousin of Mr. Pomfret's, an orphan and quite destitute, she had only been received by Mrs. Pomfret; boarded, lodged and paid twenty pounds a year, at, Sir Harry's request, on condition that the relationship was to be kept secret, and never alluded to. Another cousin of Mr. Pomfret's—Delia, commonly called Dahlia Domvile—also lived with the Pomfrets. She had been so named by an Irish suitor, who naturally pronounced Delia Dahlia, and her style of beauty and her gorgeous velvet dresses gave her a close resemblance to that splendid flower, the Dahlia. The Irishman's blunder was universally adopted; Miss. Domvile also lived with the Pomfrets. Mr. Pomfret was her guardian. She had some fortune, and paid £100 per annum for her board and lodging. She was a great belle and a great flirt, and having a high spirit, Mrs. Pomfret was as obsequious to her as she was overbearing to Miss Moss.

On the landing of the second floor Mrs. Pomfret meet Masters Wellington and Nelson giggling.

"Who dared to throw pence out to beggars, against all the rules and orders?" asked Mrs. Pomfret. "Not you I am sure, my precious loves?"

"I know—it was Miss Moss, mamma," said Master Wellington.

"She's always giving to beggars," said Master Nelson.

Mrs. Pomfret, red with wrath, entered the school-room

"Who has been throwing pence out of the window to beggars?" she asked.

"I did," said Miss Moss. "The poor creature seemed starving with cold and hunger."

"I have soup tickets at your service, and indiscriminate charity is the special aversion of Mr. Pomfret and myself. To encouraging street beggars, alias robbers, Miss Moss, you risk our being murdered in our beds. Pray do not repeat an act so very annoying to me, and worse still to Mr. Pomfret."

Miss Moss bowed her head in token of submission.

"Ma, pa's come, and wants you directly. He's got a letter from Uncle Harry, and a present."

"For me?" asked Mrs. Pomfret.

"O, he doesn't know yet—he hasn't opened it; but it's something in a red morooco case, for I saw that through a hole in the paper," said Nelson.

"Which you tore, young shaver," said the elder boy, in a whisper.

Mrs. Pomfret had hurried down stairs, Miss Moss pale and trembling had sunk back in her chair. She was leaning her arms upon the desk, and her face in her hands, and was weeping silently. She said to herself: "Why should I care for Mrs. Pomfret's unkindness? He has been heard of. He is well—perhaps he has sent a kind message to Cousin Rose. He never was ashamed to own me. Heaven bless him!"

The children were all to go to the play. Poor Rose had dressed them, and they were gone to desert. She was just sitting down to her weak tea and toast when Dahlia Domvile, the belle of Bloomsbury, came in.

"O Rose," she cried, "do help me with these plaits and curls—I can't make them feel safe—and then fix this wreath for me, and I am sure that great stupid Ann has laced my dress awry—I feel quite crooked."

Rose complied—a hole had been missed. While Rose, set it right, Dahlia said: "I've such news to tell you, Rose—Sir Harry will be here to-morrow."

Rose, in her turn, missed a hole. She turned pale and red, and for a moment felt very faint.

"You'll never guess what Cousin Harry is coming for," said Dahlia. "To take a wife back with him, and that wife no less a person than the belle of Bloomsbury."

"But I thought," said Rose, "you intended to marry Mr. Philip Flounder."

"I did, poor fellow; but I must bowl him over—he can't make me 'my lady,' and Sir Harry can. But, oh, Rose, I called on Phil's mother to-day, on the sly, and he's been 'called to the bar.' Called! There's an honor! Think of that! As he is very gifted mother says, people are not 'called' if they are not wanted. I saw him in his new wig and gown. He looked lovely. Sir Harry," continued Dahlia, "is an ugly old bore compared to Phil, an when Phil is Lord Chancellor, his wife will be 'my lady' indeed. But I might have so long to wait, and 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' And, oh, Rose, Sir Harry has sent such a lovely set of pearls and emeralds as a wedding present for his bride-elect. couldn't refuse them, though I could him, and they must go together, I suppose. How they'll set off my Lady Pomfret! Ah, you handsome flirt, you!" she added, shaking her curls, while addressing her own blooming image in the the toilet-glass: "you were born to be 'my lady'—you know you were. How well the title suits my style of beauty—now doesn't it, Rose? But isn't it a pity Sir Harry Pomfret hasn't Phil's handsome face and fine form,and Phil's wit and genius, too? Don't you think so, now?"

Rose did not—could not—speak.

"I say, Rose, are you ill?" said Dahlia. "How pallid and bad you do look."

"No, I am not ill, thank you."

"O, perhaps it's only the contrast of my complexion and yours. That's not my fault, nor yours, either. Here's Sir Harry's letter to Mr. Pomfret—do read it."

"Carriage at the door, miss," said Ann, at this moment.

"Coming," cried Dahlia. "Light me down, Ann;" and without even a "Thank you!" or a "Good-night!" she hurried away.

Rose Moss did not even remark her rudeness. Cousin Harry's letter was in her cold trembling hand—the letter in which he offered himself to his lovely cousin, the belle of Bloomsbury.

"No wonder that he chooses Delia," she said to herself, "she is so handsome."

She glanced at herself in the mirror, which reflected a very slender form, robed in deep mourning; small delicate features, a very pale complexion, dark eyes full of tears, and a profusion of glossy black hair, simply braided and coiled round a little Grecian head. What a contrast to Delia's masses of golden hair and ringlets floating down her back, her brilliant complexion, her scarlet lips and her turquoise eyes.

"How handsome she looked to-night, in that green velvet and white satin, with all that point lace, and those gems setting off her white shoulders, fine bust and lovely arms; but how will Cousin Harry like such a low dress and such short sleeves? He used to be so very fastidious, so particular. Oh, that she were worthier of him! Can she, the admired of all, ever love him as I, the slighted of all, have loved—alas! weak, wilful heart—do love him still?"

Poor Rose Moss sat down by her frugal fire, poured out her weak tea, and nerved herself to read Sir Harry's letter. It ran as follows:

DEAR BROTHER—I am on the way to your hospitable abode; I hope to dine with you on New Year's Day. Poor dear old Culpepper has left me his estate in Cornwall, and £10,000 in the funds. The house and grounds are let at three hundred per annum for the next fifteen years. I can now pay all my old tormenting debts, and as I am sick to death of my lonely grandeur here, I have made up my mind to marry. Now, there is no one here at all to my fastidious taste, and my hopes center in a certain lovely cousin and belle of Bloomsbury, who will not, I think, say "No" to Cousin Harry. Not that I ever spoke of love to her. I had no idea I could ever pay my debts, or make a settlement on my wife, and I only fancy she rather likes me. Perhaps your kind wife will prepare the dear girl for my arrival and proposal, for I have but a week to stay in town.

Don't forget that I can now "make my Jean a lady," as Falconbridge says. I was half in love with my pretty cousin when I left England, but not only I thought it best to ascertain what the climate and mode of life here were, but to pay off my old Oxford and London debts and secure some little capital before asking her to leave your home. I find no fault with the climate and I like the place, and, as I said before, dear old Culpepper has made me rich I am compelled to give grand dinners here; "but what's a table richly spread, without a woman at its head?" I can bear my solitude no longer; so if all goes well you will see me to-morrow. I am now at Southampton, after six weeks at sea. Some months ago I sent over some fine pearls and emeralds to be set by Garratt. They are to be a wedding present for my bride-elect. Garratt is to set them and send them to your office on New Year's Eve. Take charge of them until I arrive. I have no time to say a word except love to all.

Your very affectionate brother.

HARRY POMFRET.

The cold, weak tea remained untasted—so did the dry toast. The frugal fire went out, and still Rose Moss sat, cold and sick at heart, weeping silently. At half past twelve the sound of carriage wheels and a thundering knock at the door, announced the return of the play-goers.

Rose caught up the letter which had fallen at her feet, hurried into her bedroom, locked the door, and threw herself on her hard curtainless bed. Presently the nursery-maid tapped at the door.

"Please, miss, missus says will you give the children their supper, and plait and curl their hairs, as Sir Harry is coming to-morrow, and they must be done, though they are ever cross and sleepy."

"Tell your mistress," said Rose Moss, "that I have a bad headache, and fell too ill to get up."

Ann grumbled as she went, saying to herself: "Well, is ever! no, I never! such airs, and she's only a guv'ness."

She soon returned.

"Please, miss, missus says if you'll just plait and curl the young ladies' hair, you may go to bed again directly."

"I am too ill and tired to do it," said Rose, nerved by despair to defy Mrs. Pomfret's tyranny.

A few minutes later the belle of Bloomsbury rapped at poor Rose's door.

"Do let me in, Rose," she cried, "I want your help in dressing, and I have so much to tell you."

Poor Rose could not refuse. She hoped to hear more of Sir Harry's offer.

"Phil Flounder, that handsome barrister, proposed to me to-night," she said, "but I, of course, refused him. I like him best, but he cannot make me my lady, nor give me perals and emeralds. I hope Phil won't shoot himself for me. He was in despair. How long you are in unlacing this bodice. Don't pull my hair. I am very cross. Phil says that I have jilted him, and so I have."

For nearly an hour the belle tormented poor Rose with her boasts and her remorse, and went off at last without saying good-night.

Ann did not come again, but all the children as they went to bed, led on by Wellington and Nelson, thumped and kicked at Rose Moss' door, and Wellington shouted through the key-hole, "Won't you catch it to-morrow, miss? I rather think you will. Ma'll pitch into you, and no mistake."

CHAPTER II.—A SURPRISE.

The morrow came. Rose had long been promised a holiday on the 1st of January She had engaged to spend it with an old school-fellow living at Clapham, and newly married. It was a love-match. The young couple were very poor, but very kind to Rose, and she looked forward to the "dinner of herbs where love was." Added to this, she longed to get away. She could not calmly meet the man she loved as the affianced of another.

Mrs. Pomfret sent for Miss Moss before breakfast. Rose was already dressed for her excursion.

"I cannot spare you to-day," she said. "You must put off your holiday Any day will do quite as well for you."

"Not so, Mrs. Pomfret," said Rose; "my friends expect me."

"Then they will enjoy the pleasures of expectation—the greatest of all pleasures, the moralists tell us. I require your services today. I pay for them. Added to which, Sir Harry, through whose kind intercession you are lodged, boarded and salaried in this elegant and happy home, is expected to dinner here to day. Mr. Pomfret wishes you to dine at table, to meet him. Your absence would be ungrateful and disrespectful, particularly as he comes among us in a new and interesting character of Miss Domvile's bridegroom-elect. Pray doff your mourning on this joyful occasion. You have a white muslin dress, I know—I mean that Indian muslin, with the gold fringes and gold Circassian belt, Sir Harry sent you when he sent us all such lovely things; I request you to wear it at dinner. The children have a holiday, but, as I have old you before, my high-spirited darlings require as much attention during their play hours as during their studies."

The ladies were dressing for dinner—at least, Mrs. Pomfret and Miss Domvile were. The latter was under the hands of her hairdresser. A golden mass—bows, plaits, coils, real and sham—was the result. She wore the emerald velvet and white satin, the rich lace and the jewels. But, no; she would leave her white neck and arms unadorned, waiting his New Year's gift.

Rose had performed all her thankless, wearisome tasks. Her tormentors were full-dressed and were in the drawing-room. Rose, in her white India muslin, soft, ample and flowing, with a demi-train with hanging sleeves, trimmed with a gold fringe, a gold Circassian belt setting off her slender waist, and a gold comb in her fine black hair, sat in the deserted school-room, very sad; but yet her eyes were bight and her cheeks flushed with the fever of her spirit. She was lovely that evening in the dress Sir Harry had sent her from India.

A carriage droveup to the door. Mr. Pomfret rushed out to welcome his long-absent brother. He led him into the library. After some talk on other matters, Sir Harry said: "The darling girl is here, I hope?"

"She is," was the reply.

"She expects and accepts me?"

"She does. She refused a good offer last evening for your sake, Harry."

"I have refused a dozen for hers," said Sir Harry, laughing. "In my part of the world ladies propose. Tom, I shall settle a thousadd a year on her."

"Not exclusive of her own fortune, I presume Harry?" said Mr. Pomfret.

"Her own fortune! What do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, Delia Domvile has at least—"

"Delia—or, rather Dahlia Domvile! What has that gaudy, artificial flirt to do with it?"

"Why, Harry she is the belle of Bloomsbury."

"Is she, indeed? She the belle, not in my eyes, nor in those of any man of taste and feeling. The only belle of Bloomsbury, and of the whole world to my mind, is Rose—divine Rose—Rose Moss—or, rather, Moss Rose! Who could ever compare that scentless, artificial, gaudy Dahlia with the sweetest Moss Rose that ever charmed the eye and embalmed the air? No, indeed! Rose is the idol of my heart. I have long loved her in secret, and I have fancied sometimes that she might love me."

"Harry," said Mr. Pomfret, shaking hands with him, "I'm glad of this. I wish you joy, my boy! Rose is a good girl—she'd make an excellent wife. Now listen; she's in the school-room, second floor front. Do you take that candle and go quickly up stairs to her. I must nerve myself and go and break the news to my wife and poor Dahlia, who is getting ready to receive you as her intended."

Before Mr. Pomfret had quite done, Sir Harry was off.

A timid knock at the school-room door was followed by a gentle "Come in." A cry, a woman's cry, a cry of joy from her inmost heart, followed. A word, a glance, a kiss of love explained the misunderstanding that had all but broken poor Rose's heart. How rapidly hearts can mend with such rivets as Harry had to offer! While he folded her in his arms, and called her his love, his bride, his wife, she wept on his shoulder, and murmured:

"Dearest, how I do love you—how I will try to make you happy!"

A very shrill and angry cry issued from Mrs. Pomfret's room, where Mr. Pomfret had undeceived her. She was furious.

"That pale, homeless, dowdy pauper to be Lady Pomfret, and take precedence of her? It couldn't—shouldn't be!"

Mr. Pomfret told her it must be. She took refuge in hysterics—so did Miss Domvile; but they both recovered in time for dinner. It was getting late and they were hungry. Savory odors saluted their nostrils. These odors diverted their thoughts from romance to reality.

Mr. Pomfret went up to the schoolroom to bring the lovers down to dinner. Mrs. Pomfret and Miss Domvile received Sir Harry rather coldly and stiffly, but he was thinking only of love and Rose, and did not notice their frigidity and hauteur. Wellington and Nelson bitterly repented.

"For," said the former to the latter, "she is safe to peach, and then we shall get no tips from uncle."

After dinner Sir Harry asked for the red-morocco case, and insisted on Rose's wearing the ear-rings, necklace, tiara, brooch and bracelets of costly pearls and emeralds.

"They are," he said, "at once a wedding present and a New Year's gift."—*English Magazine.*

Horrible Affair at a Reformatory.

An English paper says: We are informed that the most horrible discoveries have been made in the Reformatory for Native Boys, which is situated on a hill about nine miles from Kingston in the Island of Jamaica. Some time ago, under the governorship of Sir William Grey, a clergyman was appointed superintendent of the retormatory, with a salary of£400 a year, besides a house and other perquisites. But these appear not to have been sufficient for the reverend gentleman, who applied the food alloted for the four hundred poor boys under his charge to fattening pigs for the market. Meanwhile the little wretches were starved and growing desperate—they actually fought with the pigs for the food thrown to them. The miserable creatures were neglected in every possible way.

A nasty insect, called a tick, well known to every traveler in the tropics, burrowed into their feet, and, as the doctor had to look after his private patients, the wounds, which if examined in time had been trifling, became so serious that amputation of toes or feet were necessary in no less than eighty cases. Starved and neglected, the lads became unruly. The offenders were then shackled together in pairs and consigned to the cells, where some were forgotten for three days and left without food or drink. All this at last came to light by mere accident. The boys were entrusted with knives to cut down some guinea grass outside, in charge of one warder only; they naturally used their liberty to satisfy the cravings of hunger by plundering the neighboring gardens. The owners did not dare to interfere, but reported the matter to the governor. This led to investigation and reform, and we understand that Lord Carnarvon has, in a strongly worded despatch, denounced this horrible affair as a disgrace to the colony and to the whole government.

A Philadelphian whipped his entire family in one day, beginning with two children, following with his wife, then taking his two sisters-in-law in hand, and finishing with his mother-in-law, with whom,as the narrative says, "he wiped the floor, and swept the dinner dishes off the table."

James McClerdon, colored, convicted of the murder of C. M. Evans one year ago, was hung at Bastrop, La., on the 14th.