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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SOUTH.

A. G. Penaw, first vice-president of Howard association, and acting secretary, was arrested at Memphis last week, at the instance of President Langstaff, on a charge of embezzling $3,500 from them, and locked up in a station.

There seems to be a strong disposition in favor of the Fort St. Philips canal, to connect the Mississippi with the gulf. The old mouths of the river are so clogged that all attempts to clear them are practically futile. The proposed canal will cost about ten millions, and it will take some three years to build it. But when done it will be done forever, and go far toward settling the transportation question for the southwest.

A special from Richmond makes the announcement of the sudden death of the celebrated Siamese twins, Saturday morning, the 17th, at their residence at Mount Airy, in Surrey county, N. C. Chang was partially paralyzed last fall, since which time he has been fretful, very much debilitated, and strongly adicted to drinking liquor as a means of alleviating his sufferings. He had been very feeble for several days, so much so as to confine the brothers to bed. Friday night Chang became worse and expired suddenly about 4 o'clock Saturday morning. Eng became so terribly shocked that he raved wildly for awhile. This attack was followed by what seemed to be a deadly stupor, and in two hours, it is supposed, from the death of Chang, Eng breathed his last. The wives and families of the twins are in the deepest grief, the children, many of whom are deaf mutes, expressing their sorrow in the most pitiful manner.

WEST.

At Shelbyville, Ind., last week, a committee of ladies visited all the liquor saloons and other places where liquors are sold, and held prayer meetings, imploring the dealers to give up their traffic. At one or two places they were treated rudely, but were generally courteously received.

A telegram from Port Townsend, Washington territory, announces the total loss of the ship Panther, Capt. Geo. Balch, with all on board. The Panther, destined for San Francisco, sailed from Nonaimo, Washington territory, Saturday last, in tow of the steam tug Goliah. When within fifty miles of her starting point she encountered a terrific gale, which forced her upon the rocks of Tilly point, in Georgia bay. The Goliah was unable to render any assistance, and subsequently returned to Port Townsend and dispatched the sad news. At the time of the fatal occurrence twenty-three persons were on board, including the captain and his wife. The Panther's cargo consisted of one thousand seven hundred tons of coal.

EAST.

Mayor Havemeyer's message shows the city debt of New York to be $106,371,953, an increase since 1871 of nine millions. The amount of bonds issued by the present comptroller for various purposes is forty-two millions. The expenditures for maintaining the government in 1871 were twenty-six millions, in 1872 thirty-one millions, and in 1873 thirty-two millions.

Since September a large number of flowing wells have been opened in the Pennsylvania oil district, some of which yielded as high as two or three thousand barrels per day. The result of this sudden and immense increase in the production of oil has had its necessary effect in depressing prices and in ruining small operators. Oil now brings sixty cents per barrel at the wells, and will remain at that point until there is a marked decrease in the amount of oil produced.

FOREIGN.

A cable dispatch states that the Samana Bay company has negotiated in London a loan for five million dollars, and as part of the negotiation the company agree to take up the Hartmount bonds which had been repudiated by the Baez government.

Dispatches from Penang report that the Achinese continue to make desperate resistance to the occupation of their country by the Dutch. They recently attacked the principal position held by the invaders, but met with a repulse. The Dutch army has been reinforced.

The steamer Colorado has arrived and brings Yokahoma dates to Dec. 23. On the night of the 9th a fire occurred in Yeddo, sweeping away wooden buildings from almost as large an area as that devastated by the fire in April, 1872, and undoubtedly destroying a large amount of property, inasmuch as a quarter of the area attacked was occupied by the shops and residences of wealthy merchants. The exact amount of the loss has not yet been ascertained, but it has been estimated at $2,000,000. Much more has been saved in comparison than at the previous conflagration in consequence of the multiplicity of the fireproof storehouses for the deposit of valuables. Most of these, with their contents, remained unharmed. It is rumored that many lives were lost, but of this there is no confirmation. The usual energy was shown by the citizens in endeavoring to repair the ravages, and several of the streets destroyed are already nearly rebuilt.

CONGRESSIONAL.

In the senate, on the 19th, a petition was presented from citizens of Kansas, asking that measures be taken to issue currency based on real estate securities; also in behalf of the Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin; also for the relief of the Chickasaw Indians. A bill to reimburse Missouri for expenses incurred in arming and equipping troops during the late war was referred. A bill was introduced to incorporate the Colorado Canal Irrigation and Land company. It proposes to grant twenty sections of public lands per mile, to aid in the construction of an irrigating canal from South Platte river, in Colorado, into the state of Kansas, as far as may be desired by the company. The consideration of the resolution reported by the finance committee was resumed, and speeches were made by Messrs. Wright and Logan. The chair laid before the senate a communication from the secretary of war, in response to a resolution of that body in regard to the appropriation for the collection and payment of bounties to colored soldiers and sailors. The letter states that of an appropriation of $50,000 but $22,000 remain to conduct the business until June 30. The estimated expenses for a month are, at the lowest limit, $55,000. Before the end of April the entire appropriation will have been expended, and, unless some provision is made, all the work will have to stop and clerks be discharged. The secretary recommended that the unexpended balance of appropriation for collection of payments of bounty for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, be rendered available to carry on the business until June 30, 1874. Referred to the committee on military affairs. Adjourned.

In the house, on the 19th, a bill was introduced to amend the national bank law so as to provide for free banking, give better security to depositors, prevent usury, give elasticity to the currency, and place the finances on a more secure and substantial basis. A resolution was offered, "that instead of levying additional taxes, the true policy lies in the enactment of such a law or laws as will relieve such stringency, and supply the means necessary to the business wants of the country by increasing the circulating medium, thereby relieving business, increasing the revenues, and thus avoiding the necessity of increasing the present rate of taxation, or duties, or imposition of duties." Rejected. A bill was passed allowing coinage to be executed at the United States mints for foreign countries. Adjourned.

In the senate, on the 20th, petitions were presented from the national board of trade for a revision of the internal revenue laws; enclosing the petition of the New York chamber of commerce for the prevention of collisions at sea; protesting against any increase of the volume of currency; asking that the national banking act be amended and that the volume of fractional currency be reduced. The consideration of the finance resolution was resumed, and consumed most of the day's session. A bill was introduced for the payment of bonds of the Louisville and Portland canal. It continues in full force and makes permanently applicable appropriations made for that purpose by the act of March 30, 1873, and directs the secretary of the treasury to take possession of the property within thirty days after the enactment of the bill. Adjourned.

In the house, on the 20th, the only business done was the passage of a rule providing that all motions to suspend the rules, except to go into committee of the whole, shall, before being submitted to the house, be seconded by a majority, as in the case of the previous question.

In the senate, on the 21st, petitions were presented from women in various parts of the country, asking for legislation conferring on them the right to vote. Consideration was resumed of the resolution reported by the finance committee, declaring it to be the duty of congress to adopt measures to redeem the pledge of public faith, and furnish currency of uniform value, always redeemable in gold or its equivalent. Adjourned.

In the house, on the 21st, the session was mainly devoted to the discussion of a bill inviting foreign governments to send representatives to the international exposition to be held at Philadelphia in 1876. Passed.

In the senate, on the 22d, a petition was presented from citizens of Vicksburg, asking to be reimbursed for expenditures incurred in that city in 1863, in fortifying, in accordance with an order of the secretary of war. A resolution was submitted asking the appointment of commissioners, who shall examine and report to congress what legislation is necessary and practicable in regard to interstate railroads, to promote the following objects, viz: The speedy transportation at reasonable rates of freight and passengers; the safety and comfort of passengers, by providing for the inspection of bridges, tracks, locomotives and cars, and the reform of anything in consequence of extortion or unjust discrimination in the transportation of freight and passengers; and, in general, what regulations are necessary to promote the efficiency of railroads, the interest of commerce, and the convenience and safety of the traveling public. The morning hour having expired, the consideration of the finance resolution was resumed, the principal feature of the debate being a speech by Mr. Boutwell, in the course of which he criticised the views of Mr. Schurz. Adjourned.

In the house, on the 22d, the committee on ways and means reported back adversely bills to repeal all taxation on bank checks and friction matches, which were referred to a committee of the whole, and made the special order for next Wednesday. Also, a bill to fix the amount of legal tender notes at four hundred millions. Adjourned.

In the senate, on the 23d, the finance committee reported favorably on the bill to pay the bonds of the Louisville and Portland canal, which was then passed. A bill was introduced to provide for cheap transportation by way of the great roads of the southwest. A bill to faciliate the execution of and to protect certain public works of improvement at the mouth of the Mississippi river was taken up. The bill provides for the secretary of war to assume full control of every particular channel at the mouth of the Mississippi river in course of excavation, and authorizes that officer to establish such regulations respecting the use of a passage through such channel as he may deem needful to protect the channel, facilitate the excavations, and that any person violating such regulation shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment of not more than six months, or both. The bill was recommitted. Further discussion was had on the finance question, and the senate adjourned.

In the house, on the 23d, the business was not of general interest, relating principally to the West Virginia contested election case.

A Palpable Hit.

Father O'Leary, a learned and witty Franciscan friar, who was received in the best society of London in the latter part of the last century, was introduced to Dr. Johnson by some mutual friends who wished to see two such men together. Johnson, perhaps a little annoyed by the great popularity of the Irish wit, greeted him at once in the Hebrew language, with which Father O'Leary was not acquainted. Turning away, in a contemptuous manner, Johnson said: "This is a pretty fellow you have brought here; he is ignorant of the oldest spoken language in the world." By this time O'Leary had recovered from his surprise. He courteously bowed to Johnson, and addressed him fluently in a few sentences of a tongue which, as his manner indicated, was entirely strange to Johnson. Then turning to the gentleman who had brought him to the great champion of literature, O'Leary exclaimed: "Call you him learned? Why, I have spoken to him in the language of one of the British Islands, and he evidently does not know the meaning of a single word!" In fact, O'Leary had addressed him in the resonant vernacular of Ireland. Johnson, caught in his own trap, was highly amused by the Franciscan's ready promptitude in turning the table, made a gruff apology for his own rudeness, sat down to enjoy a whole evening's company of his new friend, and ever after expressed and manifested the highest regard for him.

GRAIN FOR POULTRY.—There is no other grain that is relished so well by fowls as Indian corn. It must always continue to be, as now, the American poulterer's reliance, for, although too fattening to use in certain cases, it possesses more nutriment for the price than any other grain, and is always to be obtained. Corn can be given ground and unground, raw and cooked. Oats we prefer ground fine, as otherwise the hulls are too harsh and bulky. With wheat-bran and middlings, wheat in the kernel, barley and buckwheat, there need be no difficulty in avoiding monotony. Rye, though the poorest grain of all, may be given occasionally, and brewers' grains if convenient.

TRADE STATISTICS.—The trade of the country in the last fiscal year compared with that in the previous one is subjoined in a condensed form. The values are given in gold:

	Year ended June 30, 1872.	June 30, 1873.
Imports, specie	$13,743,689	$21,480,937
Imports, merchandise	626,595,077	611,929,666
Exports, specie	72,798,240	73,905,546
Exports, merchandise	428,487,131	505,303,439
Imports, American vessels	177,286,302	174,535,454
Imports, foreign vessels	445,416,783	471,802,595
Imports, by land	17,635,681	17,070,548

HER LETTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
  Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire—
  It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamoned out of all reason,
  My hair is done up in queue!
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
  Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
  I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
  That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
  And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
  Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
  "And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
  With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk!
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
  And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
  The tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
  Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor mamma contriving
  To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
  By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
  And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment while sitting
  In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
  The "finest *soiree* of the year,
In the mists of a *gaze de chambery*,
  And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
  And the dance that we had on "The Fork."

Of Harrison's barn, with the muster
  Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
  And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
  Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
  With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
  On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
  From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
  Of—the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
  To "the best paying lead in the state."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
  To think as I stood in the glare
Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
  That I should be thinking, right there
Of some one who breasted high water,
  And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
  The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But, goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
  (Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
  I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finish'd by travel"—
  Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
  In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
  Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
  Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
  And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
  And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

A REVELATION FROM THE SEA.

"I may write to you, Alice, mayn't I?" Alice shook her head. "Better not," she said; "much better not." Still the denial was faint.

"But I shall write," said the young man warmly; "it is all the comfort I have. I don't ask you to write me, but I will write to you, and ——"

"He would be angry," said Alice, shaking her head; "no, you really mustn't."

"All right," said the sailor, with a warm sunny smile: "to your sister then—all right, I know you'll go and ask her for a letter sometimes. Good-by, darling—one kiss."

The kiss was given hurriedly and surreptitiously, and the sailor sprang from the landing-stage into a boat that was waiting alongside, and presently the oars were flashing in the sunshine as she made rapidly for a bark lying in the stream. Alice stood and watched the receding boat, watched it till it reached the ship and was hauled up on the davits. Presently the cherry song of the sailors was heard over the water, the clink of the windlass, as they hauled the anchor home. Then she shook out her sails and departed. A shore-boat, however, had put off from the ship at the very last moment, and came slowly against the tide towards the land. It reached the landing-stage, and a wizened elderly man landed and came up the stairs.

"Well, Alice," he said, "well, you've waited a long time for Dicky—good girl, good! Now, my birdie, we'll go home to our little cage."

Alice sighed and put her hand in his arm, and they went off, he with a springy shambling gait, meant to be sprightly and juvenile; she with a slow lifeless step that yet kept pace with him.

Richard Toft, the ship-owner, who had just landed, was seventy years old or more, and he had married Alice Graham, who was only nineteen. But then Toft was the richest man in the port of Melford Regis, and everybody said she had done well for herself. There had been some silly love-passages between her and William Black, the son of widow Black, of Woodbine Cottage, but he was only a mate in one of Richard's ships, and could never have made a home for her, to say nothing of the misery of marrying a sailor, and being a widow, as it were, for four years out of five. Now it wasn't in the course of nature that Dicky Toft should live forever; and then, if she played her cards well, what a happy woman she might be! She would have to play her cards, mind you, for she was a poor girl when she married, and Dicky had kept all his money at his own disposal; but then what fool like an old fool? and a pretty girl, like Alice, ought to be able to wind him round her little finger.

Certainly Mr. Toft was wonderfully proud of his wife, and with good cause, for she was one of the prettiest girls in Melford. To be sure, after her marriage she seemed to fade a little, whilst Dicky seemed to grow young and green again, and responded to all the raillery of which he was the subject as archly and wickedly as any grizzled old monkey on a perch.

Nothing was too good for Alice in Mr. Toft's opinion. He bought her shawls from the Indies, beautiful muslins and silks that would stand on end; he gave her jewels too, and decked her out with chains and trinkets and earrings, till she grew ashamed of her splendor.

By and by, Willie Black came home from a long voyage, and one of the first to welcome him and invite him to his house was Mr. Toft, the ship-owner. He had heard all about this little love affair, but he had such confidence in his wife—she was such a jewel, so devoted to him—he was anxious that his rival should see how completely she had forgotten.

"You brought him yourself," said Alice in her own heart, looking rather hardly at her husband, as he toiled up the steep hill that led to their house, panting and shaking, but refusing to acknowledge that he was tired. "I had schooled myself to be content, and with your own hand you shattered all my good resolves."

"Let us stay here for a moment," said Mr. Toft, "and admire this pleasant view. Oh, I'm not tired—no, no—not at all; but see the ship standing out to sea. She's a capital sailor, eh? ah, yes."

Her sails were spread out far in the distance, rosy with the beams of the setting sun, but a chilly mist was creeping up, and presently the glow vanished and the white sails were blotted out, disappearing in the great vague world of mist and sea and shadow.

"Why, what's the matter, Alice?" said Mr. Toft, turning sharply round. "Tears! Ah, well, yes, we know—a little hysterical, eh? Don't excite yourself, dearest. My dear poppets, we will walk home very quietly, and then we will have tea in our little nest."

She followed her lord and master slowly up the hill to their home on Lookout hill; it was a pleasant little villa with a fine garden.

Things went on quietly enough at Lookout villa for another couple of years. Mrs. Toft had not been blessed by children, as Richard had hoped, and the old man was a good deal crestfallen thereat; still he lived in hope and seemed fonder than ever of his young wife. By and by the rumor went about that he had sent for Lawyer Emlyn to make his will—he had always been very stubborn against making wills; and presently, when Mrs. Emlyn toiled up Lookout hill to visit Mrs. Toft—the Emlyns had never visited before at that house—and sometime after invited her to spend a quiet evening in the High street, everybody shrewdly surmised how the will was made, and judged that the property disposed of was not inconsiderable.

Meantime the Peruvia, the good ship that had sailed away that fine summer's evening, had been heard of more than once. She had not been spoken, however, later than the last October, when she had left Kurachee with the north-east monsoon for the Red Sea, intending to come home by Suez and the Mediterranean. Any day she might return, any day might witness William Black striding up Lookout hill; any one of the white-winged ships that dotted the horizon might be the one ship that heart-sore Alice was secretly longing to see. He had been very good; he had not written to her sister—she had forbidden him to do so, and he had obeyed her; and yet if he knew how she longed to hear he was safe—after all, it was better not.

Mr. Toft was breaking a little, people said. He was no longer as active as he had been only a short year since. He rarely came down into the town now, and when he did it was pitiable to see him toiling back up the hill, making believe that the ascent was not painful to him. He had been used to come each morning to the reading-room; but now he had given that up, and had the Times sent up to him on the next day after publication.

One summer evening—her husband had been poorly all day, and Alice had been constantly occupied in attending to him, but now he had gone off to sleep—she put on her things and went down into the town to make a few purchases, intending to spend half an hour with Mrs. Emlyn, to enjoy a gossip with that lively, conversable lady.

Down the hill she went, the cool sea-breeze fanning her parched cheeks. The evening was divine, and the sea was stretched before her in long golden swathes, the murmur of it sounding gently in her ears. Ships were stirring, some outward-bound were heaving at their anchors, and the well-remembered sailor's song came softly over the waters; some homeward-bound were making for their anchoring-grounds with full-bellied sails. She strained her eyes, and fancied that now this and now that might be the long-expected Peruvia. But no, there would be no doubt then; her heart would tell her at once, "That is William's ship!"

The sun was getting low, and she hastened quickly down the hill. She met sundry towns-people she knew by sight, and nodded to them a good natured greeting; they turned and looked at her, and watched her down the hill. "How rude people are getting," she thought. "There was a time when these would all have touched their hats to the wife of the ship-owner."

At each shop she visited she noticed something strange about the people. Mr. Meagre, the draper, came out of his little box and stared at her, and Mrs. Meagre's stony visage appeared over the glass door, sternly regarding her. It was the same at the other shops, everybody looked queer.

"Imagination," she told herself. "I feel altogether strange, and I find my own feelings reflected in other people's faces. Here comes Mrs. Emlyn."

Mrs. Emlyn came up to her and looked at her with vacant unrecognizing gaze.

"Mrs. Emlyn," she cried, "how fortunate I am to meet you!"

The lady gathered together her skirts and passed coldly on.

"Oh, what have I done—what is the matter?" cried Alice. She felt faint and giddy; something dreadful had happened. The air grew heavy and thick; all the houses in the red, quaint High street seemed to blink at her; the sky was brassy and dull above her. She was as if in a dream, when the last trumpet seems to sound, and the universe quakes around. But it was nothing; it could be nothing; Mrs. Emlyn was often queer.

But she turned round and made her way home. Her husband was awake and crying for her like a sick child. She could do nothing to-night, but in the morning she would go down into the town and get to the bottom of this mystery, if it were a mystery, and not all a delusion.

Next morning Mr. Toft was better—much better; cheerful and chirrupy. He had his breakfast in bed, however, and Alice took it up to him. He was quite affectionate over his toast, and loving over his egg; and by noon he was down stairs in the sitting-room grumbling that the Times hadn't come.

"It is here now, Richard," said his wife, bringing him the great broadsheet. She left him to his paper and went on her way about household matters. By and by she heard a strange sound in the parlor as if somebody had fallen. She ran into the room; Mr. Toft was on the floor in a heap against his easy chair. He had fallen into a fit; the paper was scrunched up in his hand.

A strange pang shot through her. Grief, remorse, expectation, a flash of hope that would not be repressed. In a moment she was herself again. She laid him gently along the floor, rang the bell violently for assistance, undid his necktie and the front of his shirt, chafed his temples and hands. Servants came, and she sent off for the doctor. She moistened his lips with brandy. He revived.

Strangely he shrank away from her—would not suffer her to touch him; the gardener had come in to help, and, with his assistance, the old man made his way to his bedroom.

Alice was wounded and amazed; but she had heard of sick people suddenly taking fancies against those whom they loved the best. She went to the door to see if the doctor was coming. Mr. Emlyn, the lawyer, was walking quickly up the hill, a newspaper under his arm. He looked sternly at her as he approached.

"I must see Mr. Toft," he said, as he reached the door.

"You cannot see him; he is very ill," said Alice.

The window of Mr. Toft's room was open, and he must have heard Mr. Emlyn's voice.

"Show Mr. Emlyn up," he cried, in harsh shrieking tones. "Come here, sir—come here!"

Mr. Emlyn pushed his way in, and up the staircase; Alice was too frightened to forbid him. The gardener presently came in for pens and ink, took them up to his master, and then waited at the bottom of the stairs.

"You had better go to your work again, Thomas, said Alice; "we can manage without you now."

"Master said I was to stay here."

She said nothing more, but went into the sitting-room, and waited and watched in dull bewildered expectation.

Then she heard Mr. Emlyn's voice:

"Thomas, come up, and bring one of your fellow-servants."

There was a trampling up-stairs and then down; after that Mr. Emlyn came out of her husband's room; he left the house forthwith without speaking to Alice. Then the doctor came; he too was shown up-stairs. By and by he came down into her room where Alice was. He took her kindly by the hand.

"My dear Mrs. Toft, prepare yourself for bad news."

"Is he very ill?" grasped Alice.

"Yes, very ill; nay, he is dead."

After that the days passed like a dream till the day of the funeral. She wished to follow him to the grave—for he had been very good to her, she thought; and now that he was gone her mind misgave her that she had been faithless to him, not in deed, but in heart—but this was forbidden by those who had the management of affairs.

A relation of Mr. Toft had turned up, a nephew, a lanky rawboned youth, with a long neck and tuft of red hair on his chin; and this Ephraim Toft was the chief mourner. Mr. Emlyn also was at the funeral, and when they returned they went into the parlor and drank wine, and afterwards sent for Mrs. Toft to hear the will read.

He was a solemn courteous man, this Emlyn, with a full resounding voice, and he read out the terms of the will distinctly and sonorously. It was difficult to repress a feeling of elation as he rolled over the list of Mr. Toft's possessions and ended with the clause that left his wife sole legatee and executrix. How, through the gloom of this day, bright vistas of the future gleamed and shone!

"Ahem! there is a codicil," said Mr. Emlyn; and bit by bit the codicil, undid all that the will had done. The lanky nephew uncoiled himself and glowered and blinked with amazement and delight. There was but one bequest to Alice—a copy of the Times of —— June, of the day previous to the old man's death.

They left her to herself for a while, and she tried to grasp what all this meant. The lawyer had politely handed to the widow her legacy, the copy of the Times. What could it mean?

Ah, yes, it was dreadful, this poverty, after wealth had seemed within her grasp. But still there was youth and hope, and William—yes, she might think of him now, fully and freely. She carried no burden of gratitude, she was bound to no respectful memory of the dead. She was free now, and perhaps William was close at hand. Well, she would read the Times.

Presently she clasped her hands to her forehead, and, with strained and horror-struck eyes, she read this paragraph:

DERELICT AT SEA.—A pathetic incident is narrated by the master of the steamship Suez, just arrived at Liverpool. It apears that in the Indian Ocean she met with a dismasted vessel apparently abandoned by the crew. A boat was sent to board her, when the following sight met the eyes of the officer. The main and upper decks had been swept clean by the sea, the bulwarks were carried away and every vestige of the spars and rigging. No living being was found on board, but in the captain's cabin was the body of a young man with golden hair and beard, much decomposed. A letter was lying on the table, which was brought away by the boat's crew, and we are requested to give it in full, as it may lead to the identification of the ship:—"DEAREST ALICE—How often have I thought of our last parting, and longed once more to clasp you in my arms! Love like ours is never to be parted, let the sulky old centenarian do as he please. I write to you at your sister's, as you desired me, No. 19 Bond street, Melford Regis. How well I remember the happy hours we have spent there! I am in command of the ship now." The rest of the letter is illegible except the words, "Come to me, your loving William Black." The body was sunk in the sea, the vessel left to its fate, and the steamer continued her course.

That night, as the sun was setting, lighting up with golden flames the broad estuary of Melford, the tide was at its full, and white-winged ships were floating in upon its bosom, a young girl appeared on the farthest extremity of the landing-stage, and poising herself for a moment, and taking a last long look at all the beautiful scene around, cast herself into the waters, which closed around her with a sullen ripple. Once and once again a white arm was seen at the surface; boats put out, and men with ropes shouted and gesticulated from the shore; but it was of no use, the sea claimed its own, and still hoards in its hidden treasury the bones of William and Alice.

Frightened at Night.

Children of active imaginations have hours of torture at night, by calling up visions and shapes of terror suggested by their reading. It is useless to scold at them, and cruel to laugh at them, for it is a part of their nature which they cannot change. Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet and philosopher, passed through untold agony from this cause. The ghost of Hamlet seemed to haunt her chamber. Milton's picture of Death at Hell-gate rose before her in the darkness. The horse with eyes of flame, in Southey's ballad of the "Old Woman of Berkley," was worse than either. She said, pitifully, "O, the agonies I have endured between nine and twelve at night, before mamma joined me in bed, in presence of that hideous assemblage of horrors!" Her Uncle Southey laughed heartily at her tale of suffering. Her mother scolded her for getting out of bed and going down into the parlor when she could bear the fear no longer. But her father understood the case, and directed that a lamp should be left burning, and from that time all her sufferings ceased. All parents ought to guard their children from such terrors.

THE Church Union styles "hot and hotter" the fact that the First Presbyterian church, of Baltimore, has had for its pastor, in the order named, the Rev. Messrs. Furniss, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup and Burnop.

NAMES.

What Constitutes the "Christian Name" and What the Surname.

From the London Hour.

It will be some time before the world is satisfied that "Sir William Harcourt" is the same man that it knew as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who in due course received the honor of knighthood on being made her majesty's solicitor general. Why not Sir Vernon Harcourt? it may be asked; and why are all the five christian names—William, George, Granville, Venables, Vernon—under which the new solicitor-general was gazzetted, is first chosen? The answer is that, although in fact Sir William Harcourt boasts so many christian names, he, like everyone else, can have legally only one christian name. Lord Coke long ago laid down the law that "man may have divers names at divers times, but not divers christian names; he cannot have two names of baptism as he may have divers surnames." There are cases in the law books where indictments have been quashed because the accused was described by two christian names. Pleading is not so strict at the present day, and such a defect would only give rise to an amendment, but still the law remains the same. "The law is not precise," says Chief Justice Popham in Queen Elizabeth's reign, "in the case of surnames, but for the christian name this ought always to be perfect." Everyone knows that the possessor of a surname which hurts his vanity can chang it by simply inducing his friends to call him something else, without the publication through the herald's office or deed-poll, to which resort is sometimes made. On the other hand it is not so well known that a christian name cannot be changed except by act of parliament, and there have been several instances of such changes taking place in that. In some of the states of America a mode of changing a surname in the county court is provided; but this does not make it essential for a man on changing his surname to apply to the county court, as has been decided in the case of a person bearing the unenviable name of Snook, which seems to be even less desirable than the same word in the plural form. Indeed, in America they appear to be more loyal to the old principle of the unity of the christian name than we are; for, although a second name is frequently added, yet its owner is generally spoken of by the first christian name, together with the initial letter of the second, as Ulysses S. Grant, Herschell V. Johnson, etc. In England the accumulation of christian names generally arises from a desire to call the rising generation after more than one member of the previous generation; but the compliment would not appear so marked if it were generally known that the first of the string only is the legal name. Besides, the typical proud parent who always believes that his son is going to be lord chancellor, should be directed to the case of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and should avoid "divers names" for his child, lest some day or other it should lead to the confusion of his identity.

A Hippopotamus Hunt.

The two boys had the good fortune to secure the friendship and protection of Kalulu, a boy about Selim's age, the adopted son and heir of the Watuta king. They were assigned quarters as comfortable as the negro cabins afforded, and were treated by Kalulu as honored guests, and he entertained them with various amusements.

Of these the hunting expeditions were the most exciting. And, among the best of them, was the hippopotamus hunt. The three boys set out gaily one morning for the river Liemba, a short distance from the village. They were accompanied by two warriors of the tribe, and also by two negro men, Simba and Moto, who had formerly been slaves to Selim's father, and who, now that the father had been slain in battle, resolved not to forsake the son, but to watch over and care for him. Simba was a giant in size and strength, and Moto was the man of brains. He had a very cunning head on his shoulders, and could always give good advice.

The party were well armed. They soon reached the river, and getting into a canoe, paddled swiftly down the stream to the feeding grounds of the hippopotami. They landed at noon upon an island, and had just finished their lunch when they heard a low, deep bellowing very near them. They were on their feet in an instant, and ran noiselessly to the edge of the island, and counted the heads of a herd of hippopotami quietly enjoying the cool, deep waters.

"Five of them!" cried Kalulu. "Now for sport!"

They quickly divested themselves of part of their clothing, anticipating the possibility of a swim, and jumped into the canoe, Simba and Moto taking the paddles, and one of the warriors seizing the harpoon, to plunge it into the animal that should first approach.

They had not long to wait. A monstrous head and neck soon arose out of the water, close to the bow of the boat. At the same instant the harpoon was shot into the neck. The wounded animal immediately sank and swam up the river, dragging the boat after him with frightful speed, for the rope of the harpoon was fastened to it. But in a few minutes the speed slackened, and the boat began to float down stream. "Pull back!" cried the harpooner. Simba and Moto dashed the paddles into the water, but it was too late; up came the gigantic head of the hippopotamus, right under the canoe, which was shot into the air, while its occupants tumbled heels over head into the water.

They all swarm to the shore in safety except Abdullah, who was wounded by a crocodile but rescued by Kalulu, Simba, and Moto.

After landing and taking care of Abdullah, the next proceeding was to hunt for the canoe, which had been dragged off by the wounded hippopotamus. It was found among the reeds of the island, with the body of the dead hippopotamus still fastened to it by the harpoon line. Together they dragged the huge creature into shallow water, and loaded the canoe with part of his flesh, which is esteemed a great delicacy. Then they lifted Abdullah carefully into the boat, and returned to the village, where the young Arab soon recovered from his wound.—*St. Nicholas.*

SIBERIAN CONVICTS.—Polish convicts in Siberia sustain an excellent reputation, with very few exceptions. In general the exiled Poles are settlers, and, as such, instead of being condemned to hard labor, they are free to do as they like, so long as they remain in the locality to which they are assigned. There are very few of them who do not become useful, industrious members of society. Almost every one learns some trade, and seeks to become skilful in it. "Polish work" in Siberia means superior workmanship. Recently a proposition has been made that those among them whose conduct has been satisfactory should be allowed to go back to their native country, provided they can return at their own expense, find the means of subsistence at home, and the head of the administration of their native district has no objection to their return.

THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE.

Biographical Sketch of the Hon. Morrison R. Waite.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Morrison R. Waite is the third contribution of Ohio to the supreme court of the United States within the last twelve years. Of him, as of his predecessors, the state of Ohio is proud, with good reason. Mr. Waite is president of the Ohio constitutional convention, and since its session in this city many of our citizens have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and have learned to esteem the man whose fame came before him as one who, at the Geneva tribunal of arbitration, had, in reflecting honor on his nation, thrown a lustre on Ohio, the theatre of his professional life. Morrison R. Waite inherited legal ability. He was born at Lynne, Connecticut, on the 29th of November, 1816, and has just passed into his fifty-eighth year. His father, Henry M. Waite, was twenty-three years one of the judges of the supreme court of errors in Connecticut, the last three of which he was chief-justice.

His preparation for college was made at Bacon academy, Colchester, Conn. In 1887 he graduated at Yale, not with first honors at Yale college, but with high rank as an oration man. After graduating he studied law one year with his father, then in 1838 moved to Maumee City, then the county seat of Lucas county, Ohio. There he studied in the office of Samuel M. Young, with whom, when admitted to the bar in 1839, he entered into a law partnership under the name of Young & Waite, which continued until 1856, the firm moving in 1850 with the county seat to Toledo. In 1856 the partnership of Young & Waite was dissolved, and about a year later he formed a partnership with his brother, Richard Waite, under the firm name of M. R. & R. Waite, which continues to the present the same, except that his son, S. E. Waite, has become the junior member of it.

Mr. Waite has neither sought nor shunned political life. He never chose it, for he preferred practicing his profession. In 1849-50 he was a member of the Ohio legislature. By inheritance and preference he was a whig until the first days of the republican party, when he joined its ranks. Though never a partisan, his convictions were strong, and he generally assisted his party in election campaigns. In 1846 he was defeated for congress in a contest with William Sawyer. In the year 1862 he was prevailed upon to run as the conservative union candidate against Jim Ashley, radical republican, and R. E. Phelps, radical democrat, and though he got all except five hundred votes in the city of Toledo, was defeated by Ashley.

His last political service was as the associate counsel of Hon. Caleb Cushing and W. M. Evarts in the Geneva arbitration. Though the sessions of the arbitration lasted from June 15 to September 15, 1872, the counsel were on the ground in October, 1871, and spent the intervening time in preparing the case. With what honor he came off from this contest fame has trumpeted and two continents know.

His person is an exponent of his mind—compact, solid, vigorous and healthful. He is of medium stature, stout, but not over-large, erect, of bilious temperament, dark complexion, eyes and hair, and the picture of health and vigor. His face is strongly marked, and expressive of good nature and firmness. There is nothing stiff or forbidding in his manner; on the contrary, his dignity is of that unconscious, inviting sort which is the very antipode of assumption.

Those who know him best describe him as a man of great legal learning, severely logical mind and a vigorous thinker, though not what is called a brilliant man. His mind is one of the kind that never leaves off developing while life lasts. His business habits, they say, are extremely systematic, but he himself gives all the credit of this system to his brother and junior partner in the law firm to which he belongs. That of a hard worker, but not an overworker, is another characteristic his acquaintances attribute to him. By recreations, which are chiefly social, he has kept his mind elastic and his body strong. As a man of sterling integrity, spotless moral life, an intelligent conscientiousness, which is carried into all the acts of his life, he enjoys a reputation to be coveted. Well balanced in mind and temper, he has the most perfect self control and a rare facility in winning and holding friends.

Mr. Waite and his wife are members of the Protestant Episcopal church. He has two sons and a daughter. One son, whom we have mentioned, is his law partner in Toledo. The other, Mr. C. W. Waite, is Superintendent of the Muskingum Valley railroad, and resides at Zanesville. His daughter, who, with his wife, have been stopping with him at the Burnet House during the convention, accompanied him to Geneva in 1871. The daughter remained, residing in different parts of Europe and visiting Palestine and Egypt, and returned only a few months ago.

A TENDER COURTSHIP.—In an account of the marriage ceremonies of the Esquimaux given by Dr. Hayes, he says: "The match is made by the parents of the couple. The bridegroom must go out and capture a polar bear as an evidence of manly courage and strength. Then he is told he can marry, if so inclined, and like most bachelors he is generally so inclined. He sneaks behind the door of his inamorata, and when she comes out he pounces upon her and undertakes to bear her away to his dog-sledge. She screams, bites, kicks and breaks away from him. He chases her, and the old women of the settlement come out with frozen strips of sealskin and give her a thwack. After running the gauntlet of these old women, she falls down exhausted, and surrenders. The bridegroom then lashes her to his sledge, and whipping up his dogs, they fly over the frozen snow, and the wedding is consummated."

THE veritable horse on which Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer rode to his death at Mill Spring is owned by a citizen of Warren county, Ky. Though old in years, he prances with the fire of Bucephalus at the tap of the drum or the crack of a rifle.

X LOOK! X

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GRAVE AND GAY.

We waited for Waite, and we've got him;
  The last of the trio
  (He came from Ohio!)
And he's got the ermine, dod-rot him.

A NEW weekly paper, called the Jim and Eliza Journal, has been started in Mississippi. Jim and Eliza are the editor and wife.

THE legislature of western Virginia is said to have passed a law at its last session "to prevent the owners of hogs from running at large."

BRIGHAM YOUNG instructs his missionaries to send him no women over 30 years of age. The man must be crazy. Who ever saw a woman over 30 years of age?

"MYNHEER, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Do not, really." "Well, I tell you. Der reason dat we call our boy Hans, dat ish his name."

THE Dubuque people, after a good deal of wrangling, have decided that society has no reason to look down upon a woman because she wears muskrat furs.

GRANDMA, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, child, I'm getting old now, and can't take care of one, as I used to, you know."

A WORTHY Kentucky farmer, being asked if a daughter recently married was still living with him, replied: "No, sir; when one of my girls swarms, she must hunt her own hive."

IF all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.—*Solon.*

IT is stated that the Mormons are about to re-establish themselves at Nauvoo, the place from which they were forcibly ejected by the citizens of Illinois, about twenty years ago.

THE Pall Mall Gazette has invented a patent baby-washer, where you slide the begrimed and molasses-coated infant in at one orifice and take it out cleaned, fed and spanked at the other.

THERE are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge; and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.—*Johnson.*

HONDURAS and San Salvador, the two baby republics of Central America, are at war with each other. A force of San Salvador troops captured the port of Amapala, lately, losing forty men in the struggle. The war seems to be an unprovoked aggression on the part of San Salvador.

A NEW plan is to be tried with Michigan convicts. The striped garments are to be abolished. The prisoners are to be allowed to correspond with their friends. Those who are uneducated are taught; and when liberated, each man is to receive a suit of clothes, $10 in money, with whatever he has earned by overwork.

PROF. PROCTOR says that if an infant were born having an arm of the length of 91,000,000 miles, so as to reach the sun, and if in the cradle he were to stretch out his arm and touch the sun, that infant might grow to the threescore years and ten allotted to man, but he never would be conscious of the fact that the tip of his finger was burned; he would have to live one hundred and thirty-five years before that would be experienced. Some infant ought to just try this to see whether the professor is right.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Herald says he is surprised to read of Charles Sumner calling the Puritans "the founders of liberty on this continent." He says that, landing upon Plymouth Rock, they lost no time in planting the tree of Puritan ascendancy and religious proscription; that their early history is a record of persecution of other sects; and finally, that the name of Puritan should be construed to mean all that is mocking and hypocritical. Having written this and signed his name to it, he had better move out of Boston.

The Leader of the German.

A sarcastic writer in All the Year Round says, in describing the German cotillion: "Most delightful of all is the anxiety, the wise folly, or foolish wisdom on the face of the leader of the game. When things are going right he is forecasting what is to come, consulting hurriedly with the hostess, who has been told that she must leave all to him, or let the thing go to wreck. There is a kind of serious concentration in his manner, which suggests some great captain, who is called in at a crisis, and who engages to 'save the country,' provided he gets *carte blanche*, and must be strictly obeyed. Some of these commanders lie in the bed the next day, I am told, exhausted, not by the bodily labor, but by the mental strain. I have heard the 'leader' telling his fair companion gravely, what 'anxiety' he had felt for the week past, as Algy Blueboy, who had given his word to support him, had gone off to the country, to stand by Mrs. Mantower at a similar crisis. He was going to throw it all up, only that Mrs. Blank, the hostess, had come to him in a flood of tears, saying, poor woman! that she would be ruined and undone if he didn't stand by her. This put him on his mettle. He had lain on a sofa all day, giving strict orders that no one was to be let in, had put his head to the work, and every one might see it was going off splendidly. But the wear and tear of these things was awful."

STEAM ROAD CARRIAGES.—Steam locomotion on the common high-way has long been the subject of experiment and invention, which has hitherto resulted in little of practical value. An eminent Scotch engineer, though, has lately introduced a road steamer upon the streets of Glasgow that seems to be absolutely free from objection of any kind. The engine attached to the road-carriage is very simple in its construction, and is so much under control that it is possible to stop the carriage when traveling at the rate of six miles an hour, within a distance of fifteen feet. An annulus, provided for the emission of steam in a continuous flow, prevents the noise of puffing and snorting of the engine, and obviates all difficulty and danger of horses shying or becoming frightened. The inventor of this road-steamer has applied his principles in the manufacture of a private traveling carriage, and proposes to build steam omnibuses for city convenience and traffic. The small private carriage, after many experiments, in the most crowded streets of Glasgow, was found to be perfectly manageable and almost noiseless; while the steam omnibus, it is believed, would prove equally so, and be from forty to fifty per cent. more remunerative to its owner than the ordinary horse omnibus of the same capacity.