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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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No. 56. Two-story house, containing 75 rooms, on which are fine fruit and shade trees, good well, cistern and barn. Very desirable neighborhood. Price \$5,000.

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**BARNARD & COPE,**  
Manufacturers of all kinds of  
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**GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS.**  
Sole Agents for Platt's Patent Metallic Burial Cases and Caskets.  
Corner Third and Minnesota Streets,  
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**THE COSMIC EGG.**  
Upon a rock yet unexcited,  
And a chaos inclosed,  
An uncreated being sat;  
Beneath him, rock,  
Above him, cloud,  
And the rock was rock,  
The rock then growing soft and warm,  
The cloud began to form,  
A form chaotic, vast and vague,  
Which issued in the cosmic egg.  
Then the being created,  
And the egg did incubate,  
And thus became the Incubator,  
And of the egg did incubate,  
And the incubator was potentator,  
But the incubator was potentator.

**POOR MARY ANN.**  
"Deed an' it isn't me'll be here waitin' for ye much longer, Dan Doyle," said Mary Ann Blake, aloud, as she saw the sun begin to sink behind the low hills. It was a warm, soft twilight in May, and Mary Ann had stolen away, after the cows were milked, to the "far meadow," where under an old willow-tree by the little river that bounded her father's farm, she had promised to meet the lover she dare not ask to the farm house. Mary Ann was a beautiful creature. No wonder that Dan Doyle and every other young man for miles about fell in love with her. Tall, shapely, alert, her untrammelled figure had the grace of a statue and the coloring of a picture. I was about to say; but no canvas ever wore those wonderful tints of pure flesh and blood. Her low, white forehead; the milk and roses of her exquisite cheek; the moist, red lips, that full and sweet in repose, yet parted widely over the teeth, white and even as rows of fresh corn; the great dark eyes, that were agate gray in some lights and hyacinth brown in others, but always dancing and overflowing with mirth, mischief or passion; the long masses of blue black hair that were knotted tightly at the back of a delicate head poised on its full white throat, or unfashioned by chance or sport, fell fairly to her ankles—all these charms made up a "vision of delight" that maddened many a soft Irish heart and hot Irish head; and when the vision spoke with the softest of merry voices and the piquant coquetry of her sex and race, grander and wiser than the "factions" about Ballymoreen might have lost their senses and worshipped old Pat Blake's daughter. Moreover Pat was a well-to-do farmer. He kept cows and a horse, his wife made butter for the Dublin market, and he had money in the Dublin bank. And his daughter was the apple of his eye. He thought her fit to marry the Lord-Lieutenant's son, and he meant she should marry the biggest man in county Kildare anyway, that man being, in his eyes, Harry O'More, son of Sir Ulrick O'More, a rough, drinking, dashing, floridly handsome young fellow, who wore like a pirate, banded, red horses, and did every thing a man should do. But all this went for nothing in Pat Blake's eyes. Harry had made sweet speeches to Mary Ann, danced with her many a time, sent her posies and fairings, none of which she looked at twice; for, partly out of instinctive repulsion, partly because her father wished her to like him, Mary Ann having a little more than the ordinary perverseness of feminine nature, and partly because she had a dawning fancy for somebody else, she hated Harry O'More soundly, and after the fashion of women, fell deep in love herself with the last man in the world her father would countenance; for Dan Doyle had neither a penny in the world nor an old family underground. His father had a hut on Sir Ulrick's estate, a potato patch, and seven small children belonging to a second wife, for Dan's mother died in his babyhood. Nor would it seem to an unprejudiced observer that he was at all calculated to captivate pretty Mary Ann. Yet there she stands under the willow waiting for him, lovely as an ideal, in her dark cotton gown and red jacket, with a deep blue shawl thrown over her head, certainly not for warmth. Can Mary Ann know that deep gentian tint brings out all the pure tints of her exquisite skin, and contrasts with the dull red of her jacket? Great is the perception of a woman if she is beautiful, to the becoming. If it only extended to the plain, how much less plain would they be! But it never does. Mary Ann had no time to breathe against her delaying lover for he appeared just as she closed her lips after that first salutation, and, too breathless even to speak, could only use his lips in other ways to a pologize.

"Oh, it's a great felly ye are, to be kep't me here this half hour!" pouted Mary Ann.

"Deed thin, drop ov me heart, it's not two minits be the clock over yeant in the steward's house that I'm late. Sure Mr. Barry kep' me about the pities."

"An' I'll have all the b'ys flatterin' after to seek for me, an' mebbe the father himself, if I do be stayin' here over ten minits; so if you want to spake, Dan, spake quick. Whatever me ye said for me to-night of all nights?"

"Bekease, Mary Ann dear, to-night it is I've the last shillin' raked an' scraped together, that'll make up

twinty pound, an' that sum, blessin' on it! I'll take two to Ameriky; an' now wlna will ye be off to Dublin, dear? Father, look! there'll be ready an' willin' to do for us, an' the ship sails Thursday week, to-day bein' Monday."

The quick blood surged all over Mary Ann's fair face.

"Sure, it's a modest young man y'are! Do ye think Mary Ann Blake's a natural, to be goin' over says w'll ye, ye omadhaun? an' at wan week's notice, moreover if I'd go at forty. I wonder ye didn't want me to be marryin' ye to-night be the old Methody person at Bantyre. Dan's face grew white with passion, his light blue eyes fairly blazed, for he had a temper of his own. Perhaps another man would have coaxed and entreated, and Mary Ann would have played with him pussy fashion, now a pas' and now a pass, and set by smiling to see him squirm, but after all, despising him. Dan grasped her white arm with a masterful grip.

"Deed thin, I'm past playin' wid ye, Mary Ann. I'll never set foot on the sod or ould Ireland again widout ye go over w' me a Thursday night. I'm not Dick Boyle, nor Lea Kearney, nor a half a dozen more, to be turned over in thin hands ov yours like a heap ov cards. Take me or lave me it is, for I'm goin' to Thursday week."

Mary Ann looked up at him half frightened. Here was no ductile woe, but a strong, hot-headed man, and the girl's coquetry failed her in the time of need. She felt how deep was the passion so roughly expressed: may there was a traitorous response within her—she ought to have resented his assumption. Poor Mary Ann! she rather rejoiced in it; for while the world endures there will be a race of women who accept their position in creation not only submissively, but with content, who like to be ordered by the man they love, who enjoy their chains, who even assist in heart and life to the old-fashioned dictate. "And he shall rule over thee." Their strong-minded sisters despise them, but they make quite agreeable wives, and I have observed, rather more apt to be married than the other kind. And Mary Ann, being at heart as much a woman, for all her naughty tricks and manners, as a rose is a rose, for all its thorns, after a few minutes of tears and protestations, promised Dan to meet him at the time and place appointed; and hurried home just in time to escape a hue and cry, and answer impatient queries, with a bunch of cowpals from the meadow to make a cowpal ball for little Davy.

Perhaps the girl's heart would have failed in that short week if the very next day Harry O'More had not come over to the farm, half drunk and pressed his suit in vehement fashion; he knew very well that Sir Ulrick would set his face straight against such a marriage, but he could have his way before his father knew it, if Mary Ann would marry him at once; and when Sir Ulrick came back from abroad and found such a pretty daughter-in-law fairly established at Castle O'More, he would not doubt make up his mind to forgive Harry. So he stormed and pleaded and raved and swore, till Mary Ann hated him worse than ever; and old Pat Blake, shaking his fist in her face, were he would bring her to reason, and bade her make up her mind to marry Mr. O'More by Thursday week, or be turned out of his house forever, thereby doing Dan Doyle an unconscious service, for Mary Ann set her red lips together, looked her father in the face with her great eyes in a black blaze, and went up to her room to get her clothes out and mend them up in order to run away with Dan. It makes such a difference whether it is a father or a lover who orders!

So when Tuesday came, and Mary Ann was sent into Dublin in the jaunting car with Cousin Patsy Blake, to buy the wedding bonnet, she not only bought it, but was married in it to Dan Doyle, and waved her wedding kerchief to the horrified Patsy from the car window as the train for Cork flashed out of the station; and before Mary Ann's loss could be reported at home by her cousin, she and Dan were well off the coast, as sea-sick as possible, and quite indifferent to the rage, and profanity of the men they left behind them.

Poor Mary Ann! many a time on that long voyage she thought of her mother, and longed for a fresh cup of milk from her dairy, hardly knowing in her forlorn state of mind and body whether she needed the refreshment for one or the other. But at last "Ameriky" rose on the horizon, and there was soon firm ground under foot, and the usual emigrant experience began.

It was not long, however, before Dan found work in the country, and an old house to shelter their heads, a mere cabin, in which Mary Ann bloomed like a scarlet and white lily set in a broken mug; but she kept it clean, and it was her own home, which atoned for much, and by the next May more home-like still, for there was a baby, a round nubby girl; and now Mary Ann was utterly happy.

It is doubtful if Dan thought little Mary Ann an unqualified blessing; the good fellow was neither jealous nor exacting by nature; but the best of us do not like to be quite displaced by what theologians call "the expulsive power of a new affection," and Dan was neglected indeed since baby came.

"Sure it isn't an angel, Mary Ann. Ye don't be sayin' prayers to it, do ye?"

"Deed an' she's a little angel itself, Dan Doyle, blessin' on her!"

"Well, Mary Ann, maybe she is thin; but if she war I'm thinkin' she'd say, Mary Ann Doyle, haven't ye got a husband at all?"

"Dan, ye big idiot, what would a decent angel be askin' sich nonsense for?"

"Oh, bekease I'm thinkin, ye forget me intirely meself, Mary Ann; an' sure an angel would be more penetratin' than me."

With which Parthian arrow Dan left the house for his work, and Mary Ann, after a moment's thought, proceeded to dress the baby.

She certainly loved Dan more than he or she knew; but she was one of those women to whom maternity brings the crowning delight of life. Children had always been her passion; the tie that was hardest to sever when she left home was her affection for her little brother Davy; and now she had a child of her own; a baby that was hers "to have and to hold" literally. Words are weak to describe her affection for and devotion to the little creature. It slept on her arm all night, and she lay awake to listen to its breathing, sweeter to her than any lover's song or sacred anthem. She never left it out of sight all day, and stopped continually in her work to watch its kindling intelligence, to press her lips to its rounded limbs, its tender face, its shining head. She cared for it with all the tenderness and assiduity a little princess could have required. She asked no greater reward than to hold it in her arms and stare at its sweet baby smile and eyes, till her insatiable heart overflowed with eager and passionate love. If it fell down in its first attempts at walking, her heart fell too; she gasped for breath; she was paralyzed with terror. If it was ill, death seemed to stare her in her face and be about to snatch her treasure. She could neither eat nor sleep till Moyna was well again.

"Sure w'at'll this man do at all for a mother? I'm thinkin' I'll have to take the weeny thing wid me intirely," was Dan's dry remark when another small girl made her entrance into this world; and Mary Ann glared at him like a tigress.

"Faix, thin, is it a mother the dawdy little darlin' will be after? Do ye think I haven't heart-room enough for a dozen if I had thin to-day itself, Dan Doyle?"

"It isn't home-room, ye'd have, anyway," laughed Dan.

But Mary Ann proved true to her word as far as the new baby went. That it was fair, delicate, pining, only endeared it to her more. She loved it more deeply, more tenderly far than she had loved Moyna, simply because it appealed to every pitiful sympathy of her nature.

Poor Mary Ann! she had the true mother heart that broods the weaklings longer and closer than the flowers of the flock; that gives, like God himself, to need rather than demand; that loves best that which costs most pain and care. Moyna, bright, strong, willful, captivating, led her father in chains; and her mother loved her none the less that she loved little Mary with a deeper and diviner love, instinct with self-sacrifice, more of sacrifice and self-denial.

There are some very good people who would have warned her not to love her children "too much,"—as if all the love one has to give were too much to bear the daily and hourly anxiety, labor, pains and weariness that children bring; as if love were not the condition of their healthy life and growth; as if, indeed, one could help it.

If Mary Ann ever thought she loved her children too much, it was not while they were with her; not while their clinging arms, their caressing hands, their sweet voices, filled her heart with earth's inmost rapture; not while they made all the world bright and beautiful to her; not while she was the happiest of women when their dark and bright heads lay together in the crib at her side all through the night, and she heard their soft breathing, or awoke in the morning to the ripple of baby laughter, or even the moan of baby pain.

No; she was never "Poor Mary Ann" while she had her babies, and food and fire for them and Dan. If it could have lasted! But when Moyna was five and little Mary four years of age there came a wet summer. Dan was at work on a railway embankment across a marsh, and day after day dug and wheeled; in the rain, steaming wet, or, if a west wind blew, shivering with a chill; he took rheumatic fever, and was laid on his bed for six weeks. Poor Mary Ann began to feel the stress of hunger for the first time, not far herself, but for her babies, and with exhaustion and anxiety, the deeper

pang that the future might be near at hand when Dan would leave her; for he was very ill.

Likely, many a mother woman and man too, the never knew how she loved him till the thought of his loss came home to her, and now she almost neglected her children in her eagerness to serve and save her husband. She worked day and night at the wash tub, in her intervals of nursing, to get food and fuel; the neighbors were all good to her, but they were few and far between, and poor themselves; the doctor, pitor and petted the children, and the doctor's wife sent them many a pail of milk, but still they fretted for care and food; and Mary Ann thought twenty times a day of the creamy milk in her mother's dairy, the big loaves of bread, the fresh eggs, the curds, the generous frizzle, the great turf rick, and the full potato bins of her old home, and how the children would grow and flourish there. In the midst of all came a letter from home. Her father was dead. Her mother wrote:

"Oh, Mary Ann, alas! I sure ye poor dear father's dead an' gone all at wan of a sudden, it's appoplexy he had. Doctor Duvoan sees an' it's meself don't know how he'd have that anyway, for so-ra no apple there is on the farm save an' except seven little green ones an' he'd be the fool of the world to eat them which he didn't do, only just bein' after min's a good big dinner, ov pork an' cabbage an' cheese an' a jug of potan, an' Mick Rafferty, a drinkin' that way that the father kept up with him to get his share of the drink, an' it's the will of God which sure we'll all have to come to an' the undertaker made a good job too. Heaven rest his soul poor man as never thought he'd have thin black fathion over his head this day twelv months as yer was, which now I write dear Mary Ann to say he wouldn't hear to me spakin' to ye afore an' now come home ye an' Dan an' if ye're babies which the saints and sp'rits look em all for there's but, Jack an' little Davy an' me an' the bit an' up ready for ye an' Dan a grate help on the farm intirely so no more at present from yer lavin' mother."

"MOYNA BLAKE."

And here was Dan could not lift hand or foot! But it was an outlook of hope to Mary Ann, and she lived on the promise of that letter even more than on her daily bread. She wrote a long and loving answer back, painted her babies, as they seemed to her, a pair of cherubs in a hovel, and promising as soon as Dan was well and they could raise money that they would all come home. But Dan did not get well fast, though the next mail brought over the money for their passage, which "the mother" had saved up this long while for them.

The doctor shook his head daily over Dan. The fever had left him, but not all pain; he was stiff, aching, feeble. But this was not all; a swelling appeared on his throat that defied the doctor's skill and puzzled his knowledge. He wished Dan would go to a hospital in New York; and at last, after much persuasion, Mary Ann resolved to go there with him, to establish herself somewhere near by and take in washing till his cure could be effected, and they could all go "home" together.

But the New York doctors shook their heads too. The swelling was a tumor, and in a difficult place; perhaps it could be removed, perhaps not; at any rate, it must develop further. It is six months, it might be a year, before they could operate, and at any rate the result would be doubtful.

"Mary Ann, dear," said Dan, in a weak, patient voice, when the doctors had told him their opinion, "sure I've an idea in me head. It's long I'm sure to be lyin' here, an' it's hard for to get work in a big city like this, where ye haven't a friend to spake to; an' I'm thinkin' it's better for ye to go home wid the childer, an' an' come to me. I'll be my own man agin' an' luv ye."

Mary Ann threw herself on his bed in a passion of tears. "Oh, Dan! Dan! it is lavin' ye here in the hospital all alone wid thin doctors, an' you me own child! Sure wlna I do that same I won't be Mary Ann Doyle at all!"

"But ye'll have the childer, dear," was his quiet answer.

His wife felt as if he had struck her and she desecrated the blow. "Yis, oh yis, I'll have the childer; but will I have me husband? Tell me that, Dan Doyle," she sobbed.

Dan smiled. He liked to know at last that his own children had not quite superseded him in his beautiful wife's heart. He was a man, if he was an Irish laborer, and "human natur," as Mr. Waller remarks, "is a run thing."

However, he persisted in his project, and at last poor Mary Ann reluctantly consented to take her children away, and leaving them in her mother's care, came back to Dan till he should be well. She could not and would not leave him in the hands of a hospital corp in a strange country. She must be where she could see to him herself. It cost her a great struggle to leave him at all, but evidently it must be done, for the children were already pining in the poor close tenement-house where they had found lodgings, and the sooner she went the sooner she would return; so she only waited to see Dan established in the hospital ward to

set off for Ireland; and once there, delayed but two short weeks, to see her precious babies safely established in her mother's care, chasing the geese in the meadow, playing with the big house-dog, eating their fill of bread-and-milk, and recovering every hour their fresh looks—even little Mary growing rosy in the soft Irish air and the constant out-of-doors life.

Granny, of course, worshipped the two pretty creatures, and spoiled them; Uncle Jack became their joyful slave; and Davy, now a big boy of thirteen, allowed that they were "well enough for girls, to be sure," which was high praise for Davy. But how could poor Mary Ann leave her darlings? Daily her great eyes grew darker and sadder, her cheeks were fitful, her heart was heavy as lead, whenever she dared to think. But the inevitable day came.

"Oh, mother, it's lavin' the heart out o' me breast to lave thin two. Mother—the saints be love thin two! watch the hairs of their blessed heads till I be back again. Oh, it's the fight o' me eyes an' me heart's blood I'm lavin' behind, an' I can't bear it! Oh, mother, mother, I can't!"

And she seized the children in her arms, and pressed them to her breast with an agony of pain and love tragic to see—alas! how more than tragic to feel!—then, covering them with hot kisses and a broken torrent of blessing and prayers, flung herself into the car, and snatching the whip from Jack's hand, lashed the poor old horse into a frenzied flight along the Dublin road, as if she dared not trust his sober pace to draw her away with slow tortures, but must make the fatal leap speedily and have it over with! Her agony had but just begun. All through the long and stormy voyage she pined and thirsted and panted for her children. Night clasped her with dreams. Soft arms mocked her neck, rosy lips kissed her, a shining head lay on her arm, a dark one on her bosom. She dreamed that her lost was a dream, and woke to find it true, with streaming tears and dizzy brain, weak, all alone, to hear the dull dash of threatening waves against the ship's side, the shrieking wind in the cordage, the creaking of rudder and yards, and the hoarse cry of the watch, and the knowledge forced upon her that every hour bore her further away from the delight of her life.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)  
A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

It is the richest country in the world, its exports being annually \$100,000,000 in excess of its imports. Its 248,000,000 of inhabitants speak 160 distinct dialects, and are governed by the people of one little island in the North Atlantic. Sixty millions are still nominally under the sway of princes, who have very respectable armies. To control this number of human beings England has only 60,000 European and 150,000 native soldiers. It is generally believed that there are four castes, the Brahmins, the warriors, the traders, and the working people in Hindostan, but there are only two, Brahmins and working people.

Some Brahmins look with contempt upon other Brahmins, and the working people are self-divided into about 80 subdivisions. A goldsmith is conceded to be at the head of the working class, and he himself himself little inferior to the Brahmins. He disdaines carpenters and blacksmiths. But wherever the influence of the Anglo Saxon is strong the lines of demarcation between the classes are indistinct. A Brahmin, for instance, often finds that he must ride in a railway carriage with a working man. The Brahmins are often poorer than the working people, and must accept alms from them. But the workingman's shadow even must fall athwart the Brahmin's.

Whenever the English have gained new territory they have assigned officers to survey it and give a title to the native owner of every the smallest part of it, and for every acre of cultivated land a legal deed is held. The burning of widows and the destruction of female children is as uncommon in India to-day as in New York. In 1849 the last suttee that came within the cognizance of the English law was performed. The magistrate of the district was informed that it would be done the following morning unless he should interfere. He rode hard and fast, attended by soldiers, but the priests had hastened, and dying embers alone marked the place where the woman had been burned. The priests and her nearest relatives were tried and sentenced to death, but were transported for life. But the abolition of suttee, and of the destruction of female children, was not so much due to rigorous laws, as to the enlightenment of the Brahmin doctors of the law by European scholars.

Laborers in India get \$1.50 a month and find themselves, but if they can maintain themselves upon half of that sum, it is good pay. Carpenters receive \$2 a month. Yet there is no poverty in India. Laborers' wives and children wear a surprising number of gold and silver ornaments. Their sayings are invested in them, for they have no banks. It has been calculated that \$50,000,000 worth of the precious metals are lost by attrition every year in India.

As soon as the sun goes down, the day's work is deemed at an end. The women shoulder their pitchers and go to the wells. There they loiter and gossip. The men engage in games of checkers, or gather in the groves, lit by myriads of fire-flies, and listen to wonderful tales about Brahma. The English dare not engage in the conversion of Hindostan. If the Hindoos once thought that the English intended to force them from their religion, the whole land would be in a blaze.

The English have built up a vast railway system, established police and excellent prisons, steadily enforce the laws, have introduced irrigation and a wonderful network of canals, but they cannot openly favor the work of Christian missionaries among the Hindoos.

**THE METHODIST CHURCH.**  
In 1850 there were 5,877 ministers, and 870,327 members; in the next ten years, which covered the period of the war, the gain was (in 1860) 1,699 ministers, and 231,857 members. This year was also the centennial anniversary of the founding of Methodism in America, and was duly celebrated. The close of the present year (1876) will complete the eleventh decade of Methodism; the results of nine years of the decade are in gains of preachers 3,347, of members 548,375; the totals being 10,923 preachers and 1,580,359 members. The statistics of preachers thus far given include only travelling preachers; besides these there are now (1875) 12,881 local preachers. The property of the Church, including parsonages, is valued at \$81,084,862, and there are 19,287 Sunday-schools, with 1,406,168 scholars. It is estimated that the contributions in 1875 for missions, salaries of ministers, and expenses of Sunday-schools, new churches, church improvements, etc., aggregate nearly \$17,000,000. There are 81 annual conferences, half of which meet in the Spring and half in the Autumn. Three of these conferences are in foreign lands, viz, the Germany and Switzerland, the India, and the Liberia. There are now 12 bishops, Minnesota furnishing one, Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, of St. Paul.

An exchange says: "We are in receipt of two poems, one on the 'Throbbing Brain,' and other on a 'Bleeding Heart.' We will wait until we receive one on the 'Stomach-ache,' and publish all three together."

—Mr. Parton's marriage in Massachusetts may be invalid, but he's all right in New York. Over two months ago the knot was again tied by Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., who remarked at the ceremony, "This time it is sure to hold."

With fierce energy she strode to the window; dashed back the rattling blind and peered into the inky darkness. But her burning glances failed to pierce the pall-like blackness that enshrouded the deserted streets. Tearing up the hall register and detaching the pedal from a sewing-machine, she laid them on a hassock and resumed her weary watch. The storm without raged with wild fury, driving the sleaz across Charles River with a force and velocity that was appalling. The night waned and she sat wan and haggard.

CHAPTER II.  
An abandoned-looking man, with a crimson nose, tattered Ulster and fearful frowns—in his trousers was waltzing with uncertain strides through one of the grand avenues of the lower Port. Ever and anon the graceless man would mutter to himself: "I'm hic—wonderful—woman sup—?"

Bracing himself he reached home, and was trying to pick the door lock with an empty flask, when the door was opened from within. Then there came a wild cry for mercy, heard high above the horrid, raging elements, waking up two policeman, and—then all was quiet.—Boston Courier.

**THE FIRST NEWS OF WASHINGTON'S DEATH.**  
There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than that in Boston when the news came of Washington's death (1799). It was a little before noon; and often heard persons say at the time that they could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store as a matter of course, without consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped. My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome; my mother was alarmed to see him in such a state, until he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crepe on their arms; no boy could go into the streets without it. I wore it, though only eight years old.—Life of George Ticknor.

**BEATING THE TESTATOR.**  
A Hebrew gentleman had a legacy left him, but it was hampered with an unfortunate condition, which he hastened to announce to a sympathizing friend. The sum was £10,000, but half the sum, according to the testator's wishes, was to be placed in the coffin and buried with him. Was there ever such a waste of good money? But the sympathizer was equal to the occasion. "Where is the money now?" he asked, and was told "In the bank." "All right," he said, "you write a check for £5,000, and put it in the old boy's coffin, drawn to order!" That young man ought to get on in the world.—N. Y. World.