ALMA RECORD.

C M. FLEMING Editor and Prop.

ALMA, : : : MICH

WILLIAM STARK ROSECRANS

was born at Kingston, Ohio, Sept. 6, 1819, graduated at West Point acadamy in 1842. In 1868 President Johnson appointed him U. S. Minister to Mexico, but he was recalled soon after President Grant's accession. He was sent to Congress from California and was one of the principal opponents of the Grant retirement bill. His name was mentioned for Cleveland's cabinet and also for some of the more important foreign missions. He was made Register of the Treasury, vice B. K. Bruce resigned, June 4th 1885.

THE legislature has done a commendable thing in allowing $10,000 for the erection of a statue of Gen. Lewis Cass in the representative gallery in Washington. 'Tis fitting that we shou'd remember in some substantial way this brave man whose life was so closely interwoven with the early history of our state, and to whose clear foresight we are indebted for much of the prosperity we now enjoy.

THE following is an example of the ridiculously silly questions asked in the examinations of the civil service commission: "What is the relation of volume of gases to pressure? State what you know of the diffusion of gases." It would not harm anyone to know all about pneumatics, but just how such knowledge is a requisite in business qualifications it would puzzle a wiser man than any civil service reformer to answer.

A law proposed in Illinois, and favored by the Trades and Labor Assembly, deals with the problem of convict labor. Its object is to devise means by which convicts can be kept employed without undersellng the products of free labor, and so reducing the wages of the free laborer. The bill enacts that the product of prison labor shall not be sold at less than market rates; that not over ten per cent of the convicts shall be employed on any particular industry, and that a certain percentage of the revenue shall be set aside for the support of the convict's family.

THE bill providing for an advisory pardon board is now a law and provides for a board of four persons, one of whom shall be a physician and another an attorney, whose duty it shall be to examine applications for pardons of convicts and decide on the same. As an experiment the workings of this bill will be closely watched by all. The executive has been the object of ridicule and censure every time a convict has been pardoned, and that too, unjustly, from the very fact that the true merits of every case were not know to any save the executive and those who were directly instrumental in securing the pardon. Under the new law, the executive has discharged his duty when he has made wise appointments and other shoulders must bear the burden.

The newly appointed United States commissioner of agriculture, Mr. Norman J. Coleman, in an interview says the outlook for crops generally is exceedingly good with the exception of winter wheat of which there would be but a two- birds crop. This deficiency would, however, be nearly made up by the production of spring wheat which since the introduction of the roller process makes as good if not better flour than that produced from winter wheat. He had eve y reason to believe that there would be large crops of corn, oats, barley, and in fact all cereals. Referring to the pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in Missouri, Mr. Coleman says it has entirely disappeared, although he keeps his men there yet to guard against a fresh outbreak.

THERE is a growing feeling all over the country in favor of a Saturday half holiday, as is the custom in England, where it is in such favor with workingmen that they would more willingly surrender any other privilege possessed by them than this. The sentiment in the West in favor of a half holiday is not so strong as in the East, but it is growing. In New York City, according to the Herald nearly a thousand establishments have decided to close at noon on Saturday, and many other proprietors have expressed a willingness to do so providing their competitors in the same business will do the same. There is no doubt that the general adoption of the half holiday would do much to establish more friendly relations between employers and employes and remove one of the causes of discontent among the working people—that they have no time for rest or pleasure. Should the practice become general business would adjust itself to the changed condition of affairs, as when the working hours were changed from 12 to 10 hours per day.

LOVES INFINITE.

HERBERT MOSCROVE.

From sounds of music, scenes of mirth,
We wandered 'neath the drooping trees—
All silent she and silent I—
And silent all save am'rous breeze
That floated far from rhythmic seas.

The night was soft and still'd and sweet,
And naught that holy hour could break;
The air was fragrant as the rose—
Through foliage green, fell o'er the lake
The loved enchantment the moon can make.

Lo, by the dreamful water's edge
We stroll'd in all love's mad delight,
And trobbing hearts found answer there
Where silent lilies veiled their white
And spotless bos'ms to the night.

In barque most quaint we glided o'er
The sleeping silver of the stream,
And far 'neath bending shadows glow—
Until with souls in fire a gleam,
We sought each oth'r—the world a dream!

* * * * * * * * *

The barque rose gently, moved at will,
And Purity bent her hea'nly face
And found in Love's triumphant gold
No darkness that it might efface,
No guile, no tainted thought, nor trace.

O Love! Can meaner beings know!
Ah, nay; for thou wouldst seem less dear;
Thy spotless soul would stain and blush
To let earth's jostled herd but hear
Thy melody or know that thou wert near.

* * * * * * * * *

Her head more glorious than the night—
Her face more radient than day,
And beating heart, were close to mine—
O that our barque would drift away
And on, and life were thus for aye!

AN UNKISSED KISS.

SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.

With jingling coins about her waist,
And hair down in a Grecian twist,
She came—a dainty little maid
In gown of satin stiff brocade
And eyes of deepest amethyst.

Ah, me! 'tis idle to resist
The charm of being on the list
Of slaves to sirens so arrayed
With jingling coins.

I said I never could exist
Unless I stooped forthwith and kissed
Her lips. She did not seem afraid,
But when I tried, she deftly laid
Upon my ear a little fist
With jingling coins.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS

CHAPTER IV.

THE VEILED LADY.

Rudiga seated herself, and looked around the apartment. Whether from taste or to foster the superstitious ideas of the people, her house was fitted up in grotesque, even repulsive manner.

Skulls grinned from the walls; stuffed reptiles, owls, and birds looked down with their sightless eyes from all sides. The shelves around were filled with large books, strange looking apparatus, bottles, and mysterious objects, of which the use could not even be guessed by the unitiated.

The apartment was lighted by a lurid flame, which, itself being invisible, cast a demoniacal glare on the massive furniture and on the queer belongings. Two large iron safes or caskets stood on stands, each by the side of a pillar to which they were chained. These were reputed to contain vast sums of money, and to the uninitiated appeared to be formed of solid blocks of iron—to have no door or opening whatever. But the mysterious mistress of this place could, with a simple touch of the fingers, cause the invisible windows to fly open, revealing the treasures concealed within.

The Woman in Red glanced bitterly around.

"And they call me sorceress," she muttered to herself, "because, by my skill and deep designing, I know so much of the private history of most Genoese families as to be able to tell them of the past, and form shrewd ideas of the future. And yet, all-powerful as they think me, my heart is desolate. I have discovered my daughter, my long lost Naomi; I am powerless to reclaim her; nay, despite her gentleness, she shrinks from me with aversion—from *me*, her mother—and clings to that prating coxcomb who dared to insult me. Oh, Naomi, Naomi! why have I found you, only to see without the power to clasp you in my arms, to call you mine—Hark! a knock! Some one comes to consult the fortune-teller."

It was indeed a continued rapping at the outer door which had disturbed her. She arose, and, touching a spring on one of the pillars, the door flew open.

A lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, entered, and stood before her. The sorceress had rescated herself, and gazed fixedly at the new-comer

"What would you with me, lady?" she asked, "your fortune told? or wouldst hear of your past life?"

Rudiga's penetrating glance discerned, attached to a gold chain, a jeweled watch, engraved on the back with the arms of the Donati family. One glance was enough, and she knew her visitor.

"So, so!" she thought; "the Countess Constanza Donati—the woman who robbed me of my child. What wants she—money? She shall have it; but only at my price."

"I want not to have my fortune told. I am not so credulous as the weak multitude."

"What want you then, with me, Countess Constanza Donati?"

"Ah! how knew you my name?"

"By the same art which you despise, I know not only your name, but your object in visiting me—in one word, *money!*"

"This woman's knowledge is marvelous! Is it possible that there is indeed something in her art, and that she can read both the past and the future?"

"And supposing such were my object?" she asked aloud.

"Money! That would depend on what you offered me in return, Countess. I have money—a vast treasure. See!"

She touched a spring, and instantly the iron door of one of the safes flew open, revealing a great number of caskets, bags, and iron-bound boxes.

"Approach, and view them" she said.

The Countess did so; and as Rudiga threw them open, her astonished gaze rested on piles of gold and heaps of flashing jewelry.

"This casket contains one million ducats in gold and silver, and the value of two millions more in jewels. See, there is yet another; that contains an equal treasure."

The Countess clasped her hands, and gazed with astonishment at such vast wealth.

"Ah! then you can aid me. I require what is to you but a small sum."

"I know," interrupted the Woman in Red; "you require one hundred and fifty thousand ducats."

"Great heavens!" said the Countess, aghast with horror; "how knew you this? How can you tell my inmost thoughts?"

"By that art which you despise," said the other solemnly. "And now I will tell you for what purpose you require the money. Your husband, the Count Donati, writes that unless such a sum can be procured immediately, he is utterly ruined."

"Ah! you know all," cried the Countess in terror. "This is truly dreadful."

"I know all that you know—and more. Listen while I tell you. Not only will the Count be utterly ruined if he do not receive the money, but he will be disgraced, dishonored, and his liberty—probably his life also—pay the forfeit—pay the forfeit."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the Countess, "can it indeed be so?"

"It is so."

"You can aid me," she cried imploringly; "you can save me. Do so; and I shall be forever grateful."

"Grateful!" said the sorceress, scornfully; "will gratitude give me back my gold?"

"I will pay you liberally for the loan when I return it."

"When you return it! That may be never."

"I have my jewels with me, and my daughter's."

"Your *daughter's*, Countess Donati! You said your daughter, I think?"

The piercing eyes of the sorceress were on her face, as though to read her inmost soul.

The Countess quailed before her, unable to meet that fiery, searching glance.

"I have my jewels," she said, in humbler tones; for now she was thoroughly terrified at the deep knowledge this woman possessed of her affairs.

"They will not suffice."

"They are worth more than a hundred thousand ducats."

"That may be; but they are not worth a hundred and fifty thousand, and a less sum is to you useless."

"True, too true, alas!h cried the Countess. "What can I do? Woman, have you no pity? You know all, and yet refuse to aid me."

"Pity, Countess Constanza Donati? Is it you who talk to me of pity? Have you any pity on the *mother whom you have robbed of her child?*"

"I robbed a mother of her child!" gasped the Countess, turning deadly pale. "What mean you? I understand you not."

"You understand me well, Countess Donati. Your daughter—your daughter, whom you call Francesca——"

"My daughter! what of her! What of my dear Francesca?"

"This: your daughter—is—NOT YOUR DAUGHTER."

The Woman in Red rose as she spoke these words, and stood before the unfortunate lady like an avenging angel. Again she repeated the words, almost shrieking them forth:

"YOUR DAUGHTER IS NOT YOUR DAUGHTER!"

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTESS IMPRISONED.

The Countess by an effort recovered her self-possession, and, though pale as death and trembling, arose.

"It is false, audacious impostor. How dare you cast a slight on the honor of our noble family? How dare you, vile sorceress, thus insult me? I will have you flogged through the town at the cart's tail."

"Will you? Indeed, you forget that it is I, not you, Countess Donati, who command here."

"Would you dare attempt to detain me by force?"

"Would I dare? Ha, ha, ha! assuredly I would, my proud lady; so you had best listen to me quietly."

The Countess glanced around the room. There appeared no possibility of escape; for the door by which she entered had again closed behind her, and she could not discern either lock or handle.

She gazed despairingly around the room, but saw no chance of escape. Then she again turned to Rudiga and said:

"Mysterious woman! I know not the secret of your knowledge. You have this day told me secrets which I thought hidden deep in my own breast. Listen: I will tell you more, if you do not already know."

"The stars never lie," said Rudiga solemnly. "Speak on; I can test the truth of what you say by the sleepless sentinels of night."

"More than sixteen years ago a violent shock brought on brain fever; and while thus lying delirious my infant daughter died. Slowly I regained my consciousness and reason. My first cry was for my child. The physicians saw that should I learn the dreadful truth—that my infant daughter was dead—it would also cause my death. My husband procured a female child of the same age as mine; and one morning I awoke and found Francesca nestling in my bosom. For years my kind husband kept the secret; and it was not until the child was six years of age that he revealed to me the fraud. But the then tender vine had wound herself so closely round my heart, that had she, indeed, been my daughter, I could not have loved her more."

"And you thought not, selfish woman, of the poor mother's anguish from whom the child was torn."

"I knew nothing on the subject."

"Then know now that the child that you call Francesca was stolen from her cradle during the absence of the poor fond mother, and that the nurse, who would have revealed the name of the abductor, was murdered—shot dead—ere the words could pass her lips."

"Alas! I knew it not."

"Are you prepared to make restitution?"

"Restitution?"

"Yes."

"What can I do?" answered the Countess evading the question. "Good woman, I have told you all. About this money—this hundred and fifty thousand ducats—will you lend it to me?"

"On conditions."

"What conditions?"

"That you give up the girl you falsely call your daughter."

"To whom?"

"To her mother."

"I know her not."

"I will find her. Answer, will you give up the girl?"

"Never!" shrieked the Countess.

"You shall be compelled to do so; the law will compel you."

"I will deny it. You have no proof—no witness."

"Woman, will you give up the girl whom you have stolen?"

"Never, never, never!"

"Then, by Heaven, you shall never leave this room alive," cried the sorceress, now wound up to a pitch of fury."

The Countess ran frantically to the door. In vain; it was bolted and barred, nor could she discover where the fastenings were. The windows were far above her reach, and she was soon convinced that for the present she was safely caged.

Rudiga regarded her in silence, knowing how vain her attempts to escape would prove.

So soon as the imprisoned lady was satisfied that all her efforts must prove vain she desisted, and turned with the intention of beseeching the Woman in Red to release her.

But, to her dismay, the Jewess had vanished, and she was alone—immured in the dismal old house of the sorceress."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PALACE DONATI.

In one of the sumptuous saloons of the Palace Donati, a fair young girl wandered restlessly up and down, ever and and anon casting anxious glances out of the large, open window which looked into the courtyard. A sweet pale faced, fair-haired girl of some eighteen or nineteen summers, the look of anxiety and grief on her features made her yet more interesting. Dressed in pale-blue satin, her luxuriant light hair flowing loosely over her white shoulders, she looked like a pale and delicate lily—a being too fragile for earth.

"My mother, my dear mother! where can she be?" the young girl murmured. "She went out five hours ago, saying she would be back very soon. It wants now but an hour of midnight. Surely nothing can have happened? Her manner when she left was strange, and there was a wild light in her eye which alarmed me. This morning she received a letter from the Count, my father. I fear it contained bad news, for, from the moment of reading she has been oppressed with a heavy grief. God grant no harm has befallen her!"

Thus musing the young girl touched a small silver bell, and a waiting-maid quickly appeared.

"Ninon, I am alarmed about the Countess, my mother; where can she be? Did she go out in the carriage?"

"No, Signorita; her ladyship went out on foot, and would not even allow one of the servants to accompany her. She said she would not be more than an hour at the outside."

"That will do, Ninon. Leave me; I would be alone."

Francesca went out on the balcony, and leaning her chin on her hand, gazed anxiously and sadly out on the great gate of the court yard, through which the countess had gone out.

She remained thus for half an hour, silent and motionless as a fair statue, when again the girl Ninon appeared.

"Signorita, there is a man below who desires speech of you; he is a strange-looking man, wearing a sword, and with a swaggering gait. I like not his appearance."

"His name?"

"Hector Fiaramonte, he says."

"I never heard the name. I know him not. What can he want with me?"

"Shall I dismiss him, Signorita?"

"Yes. I will not see a stranger."

The girl was about departing, but she called her back.

"Stay; I will see him."

The servant looked wonderingly at her young lady, at a loss to account for her sudden change of purpose.

"Perhaps he has news of the Countess my mother. Send him up."

The girl obeyed; and in a short space ushered in Hector Fiaramonte, soldier of fortune, as he chose to style himself with whom the reader is already acquainted.

The fair young girl regarded him curiously, half in wonder, half in fear. And, indeed there was some reason for a delicately-nurtured young lady to look askance on the reckless bravo he appeared.

"Well, sir," she faltered, what would you with me?"

He looked round at the girl Ninon, who remained in the saloon, as though not thinking it safe to leave her young lady alone with so questionable a character.

"What I have to say, I must say alone."

"Ninon, leave me."

"Signorita, consider; this person—this gentleman is a stranger," urged the girl.

"No matter," said Francesca, decisively, "I will hear what he has to say."

Ninon then withdrew, and Hector, looking around the room, approached the young lady with a mysterious air.

"Speak, sir. Have you news of my mother?"

"It concerns her, yourself and another."

"Another? Who?"

"Count Claudio."

A deep blush suffused the girl's face as she heard the name.

"Ha! What of the Count?"

"I will tell you anon; but first I will speak of yourself."

"Proceed," said Francesca, agitated by a strange emotion.

"Well, then, lady, first of yourself. You are in danger."

"In danger! How?"

"You have an enemy."

"An enemy? I, who have never injured any one?"

"Yes, an enemy; and yet not an enemy."

"You speak in riddles, sir; I understand you not."

"I have this day been offered money to carry you off by force.

A flush of indignation and anger mounted to the girl's cheeks at these words.

"Carry me off by force! Who dare attempt such a deed. Not—not——"

She hesitated and he completed the sentence for her.

"Not Count Claudio, you would say lady. No, it is not Count Claudio."

"Who then is it? Deal no longer in riddles."

"Rudiga, the Jewess, the Woman in Red. She says that the Countess Donati is not your mother, and that she will restore you to your real mother. Moreover, she offered me money to abduct you, and swore a bitter oath that Count Claudio shall never wed you. She is to be feared, for she has the power of gold."

"What knows she of Count Claudio? What enmity has she against him?—and why is she thus vindictive? The woman must be mad."

"There is method in her madness, lady. Trust me, she is to be feared—a terrible woman."

"What is your motive in coming to me with this strange tale?"

"Lady, I may be a bad man—a violent man, but I am a man of honor." Here he laid his hand on his heart and struck an attitude. "But my worst enemy can never say that Hector Fiaramonte is an ungrateful man. Count Claudio once did me a service, and my sword, my life, is always at his service."

Francesca looked with surprise on the singular looking bravo, who, despite of his rascally profession, enunciated so generous sentiment.

"What are you, sir?"

"A soldier of fortune, whose sword is at the command of any who can pay, and at the service of Count Claudio or yourself free of all reward."

Francesca was about to speak again, when a third person appeared on the scene.

"I have been an accidental listener to a conversation, my man, and having heard so much—I must hear more."

"And with these words the young Count Claudio himself stepped forward and stood before the bravo and the girl.

"Claudio," cried Francesca, running up to him, "I am so glad you have come. I am in a terrible grief. My mother has gone out, I know not whither, and now this good man comes and fills my soul with dread by his dark speeches."

"This must be unraveled. Passing by, I saw a light in the saloon, and knowing thereby that you had not retired to rest, I entered, and, unnoticed by the servant, made my way here. The sound of voices attracted my attention and the mention of my own name caused me to pause on the threshhold and listen. I heard the latter part of what passed, and now," turning to Hector, "you please speak plainly, for I will not suffer this young lady to be alarmed with idle tales. Come, sir, speak."

Count Claudio addressed him in haughty tones, as was his wont; for there was not a more fiery and hot-blooded young noble in Italy.

"Have patience, most noble Count; your hasty words shall not anger me, for you once did me a service—a great service—and Hector Fiaramonte is no ingrate."

"You said something of that when I saw you before to-day, and you told me the extravagant tale about the Count Donati."

"The Count Donati—my father!" cried Francesca. "What of him?"

"I will tell you another time, dearest," said Claudio, hastily; for the subject of the supposed utter ruin of her father was a delicate one.

"What I told you of the Count Donati was true as gospel. Ere to-morrow's sun goes down, my words will have been proved."

"Confound this fellow," muttered Claudio to himself; "he seems confident. Can it be that there are grounds for what he avers? What reason can he have for deceiving me? I will question him. Now, ", speak plainly, and say what you have to say."

"What I have to say is said in few words. I have already told this lady that she is in great danger; that one who is to be dreaded purposes to carying her off, and backed by the terrible power of gold will succeed if not guarded against.

"Who is this terrible person?"

"Rudiga, the sorceress and money-lender—the Jewess, or Woman in Red?"

"The Woman in Red! Power of gold! Why, she barely earns a livelihood by telling fools their fortunes."

"Believe it not Count Claudio; the Jewess is enormously rich. She offered me and some friends of mine five thousand ducats to carry off this lady."

"And you refused?"

"Hector Fiaramonte is a man of honor; you did me a service, and are interested in this lady. Boundless wealth shall no tempt me to injure you, nor shall the direst tortures. Hector Fiaramonte is one who never forgives an injury or forgets a benefit."

"On my soul," said Count Claudio "I believe you are an honest fellow. Here is my hand."

The bravo took it.

"Now you speak like Count Claudio; my sword is yours."

At this moment a small clock chimed the midnight hour.

"Oh, Claudio, 'tis midnight; where can my mother be."

"The Countess Donati was seen some hours ago in the vicinity of the house of Rudiga the Jewess."

"Ha! that woman again. Can it be that she has sought her out?" This fellow says she is wealthy; perchance, if there is truth in his tale, the Countess has gone to borrow a sum of money. Something may have befallen her. Francesca, dearest I will leave you. I will search all Genoa till I find your mother. Adieu!

"Count, may I accompany you? The streets of Genoa are infested by lawless characters by night."

"Yes my good fellow; I believe you are honest; and a strong arm and good sword are not to be despised."

Claudio kissed Francesca's hand. Hector Fiaramonte made a deep obeisance, and then both hurried away, leaving the young girl again alone.

"A strange forboding of evil is on my soul," she murmured. "The strange words of that man have filled me with alarm. The Woman in Red says that I not the daughter of the Countess Donati. Can it be true?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

About Widows.

I have a vague idea, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle, that a widow, to be natural, should always be plump. I can't give my reason for it, I have long had a conviction that grief over a departed husband was fattening. I notice that stage widows are always wan and pale and faint at the sight of any relic of the deceased. But that is a dramatic license and only in comedies where true love and devotion are made funny, not to say ridiculous, do they make widows plump. Come to think of it, I don't see why a widow shouldn't be plump. She has nothing to worry about. She is heroine of one great battle, with a weakened world before her to conquer. I like widows. It always seems to me that a widow is a woman who has got the best of a man. He may have been a great deal of a man, or very little of a man, but she's got the best of him. It seems to be awfully hard for a woman to survive her husband. I do not wish to ask whether matrimony is, after all, a disease that is fatal to women. I don't say that a woman should never marry at all. She should always marry some other man.

Some of the Fixed Stars.

St. Louis Republican.

Of the 6,000 fixed stars visible to the naked eye, and the 20,000,000 within the range of the telescope, only twenty are classed as stars of the first magnitude, and of these fourteen are visible in this latitude. They are Sirius, or the Dog star, which any one can easily distinguish, as it is the brightest of all the stars in the firmament, and just now the most brilliant gem in the southern sky; Arcturus, the bright star seen well up in the east at 9 o'clock, and pointed to by the last two stars in the handle of the Dipper; Rigel, the pale blue gem in the forefoot of Orion; Capella, a blue star also, seen in the northwest; Vega, the bright green star in the northeast; Procyne, a blue star fifteen degrees east of Orion; Betelgeuse, a red star in the shoulder of Orion; Aldebaran, a red star in front of Orion's head; Antares, a red star in the heart of the Scorpion; Altair, a green star in the Eagle; Spica, a blue star in the Virgin; Fowalhaut, a white star in the Southern Fish; Pollux, in the Twins, seen northeast of Orion; and Regulus, the beautiful white star just now very close to the planet Jupiter, not far east of the zenith, at 9 o'clock at night. All these can be seen any clear night at 9 o'clock, except Antares, Altair, Spica, and Fowalhaut, and they also can be seen in the hours just before dawn. A casual glance at the stars gives the impression that they are all of the same color, but by comparing them one with another, it will be found that they are of various tints. Another curious fact is that they change their color with the degree of their incandescence. The brilliant Dog star was described by the ancients as fiery red; it gradually paled to white, and is now green. Capella has changed from red to yellow, and from yellow to pale blue; and the brilliant new star of 1572, which suddenly blazed forth in the constellation of Cassiopeia and remained visible for six months before fading out of sight, changed from white to yellow, and then to red.

The first magnitude stars are not all of equal brightness and apparent size. Sirius is three times brighter and apparently larger than any other star in the heavens, the easy chief in the wondrous procession ever moving overhead from east to west. The next brightest is Canopus, the steel blue gem in the southern heavens, which the Arabs regard with such deep reverence. It is not visible in this latitude, but can be seen just above the horizon in the latitude of New Orleans. Next comes the Alpha Centauri, the first of all the fixed stars found to have an estimable parallax, and the nearest one found to our earth. This star, together with the two brightest ones in the Southern Cross, are invisible in our latitude, but can be seen at Key West, Fla., which is the only spot in our country from which the Southern Cross, itself regarded by some as the most impressive of all the constellations, can be looked at.

Astronomers are overwhelmed at the contemplation of the enormous distances of the fixed stars from us and from one another. The planetary intervals in our solar system are insignificant in comparison with them. One might suppose that with a base line of 185,000,000 miles between opposite points of our earth's orbit, we could secure a measurable angle for computing the distance of a star, but it is found that the two lines drawn from a star to the opposite ends of this line are swallowed up in the immense stretch of space they traverse; they make no appreciable angle at all, but appear as one line. A German astronomer has discovered a method by which an approximate paralax for some of the stars is obtained, and this shows that the nearest fixed star, Alpha, in the Centaur, is 224,000 times farther from the earth than the sun is, and the North star 3,000,000 further off than the sun's distance. These measurements can be expressed only in figures; it is impossible for the human mind to grasp them.

England's Great Bank.

The total number of employes all told in the bank is about 1,100, and the salary list, including pensions is about £300,000 per annum, says the Fortnightly Review. There is an excellent library and reading room in the bank, to which the directors have liberally contributed both money and books. There are also a widows' fund and guarantee society, a life insurance company, a volunteer company and a club, or dining room, where clerks can dine cheaply and well, connected with the bank, which owe very much of their prosperity to the liberality and kind consideration of the directors. The governors and directors of the bank divide between them £14,000 per annum. Of this the governors receive £1,000 each and the directors £500 each. Beyond the status which their position gives them they derive no benefit from their office, while they tax themselves most liberally by their contributions toward the welfare of their clerks. The governor and deputy governor remain in office for two years only, and this short tenure of office is, with considerable reason thought to be detrimental to the efficient and consistent administration of the functions of government. The great blot of the system seems to be the want of continuity of policy which is engendered. A governor, let us say, is an enlightened financier; for two years his policy is paramount; but his successor then comes and perhaps reverses everything and the onus of the change, so far as the bank customers are concerned, is left to be borne by the permanent officers of the bank, who have perhaps never been consulted in the matter, or whose opinion based on the experience of many years, may be ruthlessly ignored. The two years' system undoubtedly has its advantages for the constant introduction of new blood; it also strengthens the governors from above and below the chair. The directors below the chair give the governor a loyalty and hearty support, because they feel that one day their own turn may come, while those above the chair, having passed through the ordeal, know the value or their colleagues' support. But the result of this is, nevertheless, the institution of a sort of one man power, which is well enough when there is a Hubbard, Hodgson or Crawford in the chair, or if there is a Baring, Hambro, Rothschild or Goschen to follow, but which may have its disadvantages.

An Arkansas sheriff, while experimenting with a newly erected gibbet, hanged himself. It was such a good joke that the court adjourned to enjoy it. The Judge said he never had so much fun, and the sheriff was tickled to death.

Prof. Gotsuckakoff—"To change the subject, Miss Daisy, is the Deleasera common in this vicinity?"

Miss Daisy—"Dear me! change it again, professor.

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J. H. DENIO, Esq., of Albion, N. Y., years ago was taken with stomach disorder, sleeplessness, melancholy, headches, etc. He gave up his business and devoted to farming in the hope that out-of-door exercise would restore him. He exhausted all the known means of the best physicians in vain. In 1884 began to use Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best, and in March, 1885, he stated that his health was better than it had been for years, and no medicine he knew of or had ever heard of equalled Warner's Tippecanoe, The Best, for stomach disorders.

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Lurks in the blood of nearly every one, in many cases inherited. Its severest form is that of running sores on the arms legs or feet. Bunches in the glands of the neck, pimples, cancerous growths, swollen joints, and thickening of the upper lip, are other symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had wonderful success in curing scrofula. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood, and gives it new vitality and richness.

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