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IRISH SONG.

When first I saw young Molly
Stretched beneath the holly,
Fast asleep, forninst her sheep, wan dreamy summer's day,
Wid daisies laughin' round her,
Hand and foot I bound her,
Then kissed her on her bloomin' cheek, and softly stole away.

But as, wid blushes burnin',
Tiptoe I was turnin',
From sleep she starts, and on me darts a dreadful lightnin' ray,
My foolish, flowery fetters
Scornfully she scatters,
And like a winter sunbeam, she coldly sweeps away.

But Love, young love, comes stoopin'
O'er my daisies droopin',
And oh! each flower, wid fairy-power, the rosy boy renews;
Then twines each charmin' cluster
In links of starry luster,
And wid the chain, enchanting, my colleen proud pursues.

And soon I met young Molly
Musin' melancholy,
Wid downcast eyes and startin' sighs, along the meadow-bank.
And oh! her swellin' bosom
Was wreathed wid daisy-blossom,
Like stars in summer heaven, as in my arms she sank.

—*Spectator.*

HOW SHE CAME TO HAVE HIM.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"

Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quite village street, as if among the leafless trees and on the frost-bound landscape she should find the answer to Horace Levison's question.

Then, after a moment, she turned her face toward him—a face as fresh and fair in its peachy bloom as many a young girl's ten years her junior.

"I—I am—afraid I can't, Mr. Levison."

Mr. Levison looked her straight in the bright blue eyes—such lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that has bloomed in the shade.

"You are 'afraid' you can't, Mrs. Willard? Answer me another question—yes or no: Do you love me?"

She blushed and smiled, and looked bewitchingly.

"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I do—like you! I always did ever since I first knew you, years and years ago."

"When Will Willard won the prize all we fellows were striving for! So you liked me then, Nellie, and you like me now? Then why won't you marry me? You've been a widow for three years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn for Will?"

"You wicked man! As if three hundred years could ever teach me to forget poor, dear Wilson."

Her bright eyes reproved him sharply, and he accepted with good grace.

"Granting the truth, Nellie, that your deceased husband was a good fellow and a loving partner, I still can not see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present, Nellie! Why won't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because, Harry—because Wilson Willard made me promise never to marry again."

"Nonsense! What if he did? A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated shield of the stone.

"I know it is," she said; "but——"

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.

"Yes—'but' what, Nellie? In all respect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone, and you've been true to his memory all these long years; and what is he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said again, meditatively, "but—but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise never to marry again under the penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And don't be angry with me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he would appear to me!"

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a nervous little nestling nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her, and assure her he was not angry with her.

"So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie, if you broke your promise? A sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in superstitious fol-de-rol! And after having waited for you ten years of your married life, and three years of your widowhood, you condemn me to hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for the sake of such a shadow as your husband's ghost!"

And Nellie looked imploringly at him again, and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her long lashes.

"O Harry, how cruel you are! You know I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again! Don't be angry—please don't be angry with me."

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be angry with her, and then went away thinking badly of the husband who had burdened his lovely young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale blue-gray sky when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a younger gentleman who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you, old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him warmly.

"Fred. Willard! Where in the name of goodness did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a good six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I am glad to see you, although for the instant I confess I was startled. You are the living image of your brother Wilson. We've been discussing ghosts, you know."

Young Williard's eyes gleamed mischievously as he interrupted, irreverently—

"'We' is good, Lev. You mean my little sister-in-law of course? I know she believes in 'em. I am impatient to see her—for the first time since Will's funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers, glowing like melted rubies behind the silver bars of the grate. Now he turned suddenly to Fred, and laid his hand persuasively on his shoulder.

"Look here, Fred, you are a friend of mine, and I am about to put your friendship to a test. I want you to do me a very great favor. Will you?"

Fred laughed.

"Will I? Of course I will. What's up?"

And Mr. Levison turned the key of the door, and the consultation lasted until the housekeeper rang the dinner-bell.

Five hours later the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver-gold glory on the quite scene, and Mrs. Willard, with a fleecy white zephyr shawl and her *crepe* brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage-nouse which she had personally seen was secure for the night ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes glowing like blue fires as she stood there one moment in the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing.

Then, with a little involuntary exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in and locked the door after her, for her three servants had all retired for the night, and then gave a little shriek, for, standing in the selfsame accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband.

She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly as she realized that she was looking upon a *bona fide* ghost—a vertiable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows.

"Will!" she said, faintly, with her hand tightly on the handle of the door.

"Will, is it you?"

His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—Will's undeniably, unmistakably.

"Who should it be but me, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you."

"Yes?" she grasped; "but what for? I have tried—I have done everything that I thought you would wish. There is nothing wrong, Will?"

The pale, moonlighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it almost paralyzed Nellie, and yet, aided by the very material contact of the door-knob, she stood her ground and listened.

"Nothing is wrong with you, Nellie, but with me. I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong I unintentionally committed in binding you to perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to revoke my decision, to give you my full permission to marry again, and my advice to marry Horace Levison. Promise me you will do it, and I will rest peacefully forever."

"O Will! If you say so—if you think it best—yes!—yes, I will!"

Her face was pale enough now to have passed for a ghost herself.

"Go look at the big clock in the dining-room, Nellie, and see if it is near the stroke of twelve."

She went dumbly, mechanically, at his behest; and when she came back he was gone, and the moonlight streamed in on an empty room.

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up to her bedroom, locked the door, covered her head with a shawl, and sobbed and cried hysterically until her overwrought nerves found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed, and crimson with confusion, penciled an answer, assuring him she had changed her mind, and begging him to come over to luncheon with her, to meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from abroad.

Of course Mr. Levison came, and it didn't take two minutes to settle it. Nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience of the night before.

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"

"A jolly old—I mean a thoughtful, painstaking spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, we'll hold him in eternal remembarance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature even when he and Nellie and Fred. Willard discussed the marvelously obliging kindness of Will.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs. Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whiskers—nor was there any need she should know, for her happiness was secured and her conscience at ease—*Danbury News.*

MR. GLADSTONE ON PREACHING.

My belief is that as long as mankind subsists, preaching and science will both have their places in the field of life, and if I were to wager I would just as readily wager in favor of the longevity of preaching as I would on the longevity of science. I will venture to say as much as this, and I hope it will not be misunderstood. I quite comprehend that it is no part of the ordinary business of preaching to puzzle and disturb men's minds by wandering into questions which are for them to a great extent and in the majority of cases abstract and speculative, questions lying outside their path of life and outside their path of duty in life; but when I ask myself why is it at this moment that the tone of so many professors of science is so harsh, so unkindly, and so domineering towards that precious gem and jewel of religion which is the hope of human kind, I cannot but admit to myself that it is in part a reaction from a former state of things, that those who have believed in religion, and professed religion, and even taught religion, have in various ways been not sufficiently careful at all times to avoid placing stumbling blocks in the way of their brethren by fictitious modes of representing divine truth. I am persuaded, and it is a precept of great practical importance, that not only the substance of the thing taught but the manner of the thing taught should be continuously studied; that the precept not to offend "one of these little ones" should be remembered in its application not merely to those who know themselves to be little ones, but to all who are little ones in reference to divine truth and knowledge, even where they be rich in the cultivation and science that this world can give them.

THE CHICO MASSACRE.

Full Confession of the Assassins.

The following is taken from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"On the night of March 14, 1877, in a shanty on Chris Lemm's ranch, two miles east of Chico, on the Humboldt road, five undisguised white men entered, and, covering six Chinese occupants with pistols, searched them for money. They then shot them, spilled coal oil through the shanty, fired it and left. Three Chinamen were killed outright. Of the wounded, one was hurt but slightly—only in the arm—and when the murderers left he hastened to the shanty of a white woodchopper, half a mile away, on the same ranch. The chopper and he went to Lemm's, but Lemm and others were afraid to go to the Chinese shanty that night. Next morning the Chinaman brought word to Chico. The coroner and a jury went out and held an inquest. The verdict was, "Murdered by unknown parties." On March 16, three suspected boys were arrested, but discharged. The citizens formed a meeting of one hundred and fifty, appointed an executive committee of twenty-seven, who formed another committee of three. Sheriff Schneider and his deputies took as little interest as if they had never been here. Ex-Sheriff Daniels took an active interest in detecting the murderers. Col. Bee, agent of the Chinese companies, sent here R. B. Hall, head of Hall & Co.'s private detectives. On board the train he met detective James Hamilton, of San Francisco. Hall and Hamilton arrived here on the 18th, and consulted with Daniels. The three agreed to work together, and this night they fully completed the most thoroughly and promptly worked out criminal mystery of California. By their instructions the drop-box of the Chico postoffice was kept cleared and watched by F. C. Radcliffe, clerk of John Bidwell. A suspicious letter was dropped; Radcliffe ran out the back way, followed the young man who dropped it to the house of the Slaughter family, in town. The letter was then taken to the person addressed, opened, and found to be one of a threatening series. On the morning of the 19th city marshal Steward arrested Fred Conway, the man who dropped the letter, and confined him in the city prison. By the direction of the detectives no charge was made against him. On the night of Thursday, the 23d, Conway made a confession, which was taken down by detective R. B. Hall, and subsequently signed and sworn to by Conway. It is as follows:

CONWAY'S CONFESSION.

My name is F. E. Conway. The circumstances of the murder of the four Chinamen at Chico, on the evening of the 14th, are these: Myself, Charles Slaughter, John Slaughter, Thomas W. Steinbrook and Eugene Roberts, all Chico residents, living near together, started out, not knowing myself what we were going to do. John Slaughter asked me to go along. They did not tell me what they intended doing till near the cabin, when Roberts said: "Unless we kill the Chinamen, we will be arrested." The first object was to rob them of their money, as it was believed they had some about them. When we entered, there were six Chinamen there. Roberts and Charles Slaughter examined the cabin and the person of each Chinaman, while the rest of us held our pistols to them to keep them quiet. I don't know whether either of the boys got any money. Roberts, before the shooting commenced, scattered coal oil broadcast over the cabin and the Chinamen from a bottle of the liquid which he carried in his pocket. I don't know as any one set fire to the cabin. After scattering the coal oil, all fired, each selecting a Chinaman. Some of the crowd fired more than once. Four Chinamen were killed, as we learned, by our shots, and two were wounded who are alive. As soon as we fired, we left in haste, following down the lumber company's flume, through the woods, and separating near Mr. Roberts's house. The killing occurred about 6 o'clock, as near as I can tell. We separated about 9:30 and went home to Slaughter's, where we have been living for a few months past. When the murder became known, Mrs. Polmantier, the mother of the Slaughter boys, accused me and the boys of having had a hand in it. Roberts was the principal man and talker. I don't know who suggested the robbery. John Slaughter first mentioned it to me. Roberts told us that H. C. Wright would swear we were all at the stable that night at the hour of the murder. His statement concerning the fires is that there have been several attempts to fire Chinatown. Henry C. Wright first suggested it, about February 15. I am confident that A. M. Ames, president of the Labor Union, was cognizant of the intended burning. The night following Wright told me that he and Jones, the carpenter, went to Chinatown and laid in wait to fire it, but several men were around and they thought they were detectives, so they didn't do it. The night Bidwell's soap factory was burned I saw Wright in the crowd. He called me to one side and said that he and three or four others had "done a little job;" he did not say who the others were. On March 3d, John Slaughter told me that his brother Charles, Henry C. Wright, the carpenter Jones and Thomas Steinbrook were to burn both Chinatowns, when, he did not state distinctly. When the boys' intention was made known to me, I wanted to turn back, but dared not, believing then and now that they would have killed me. I make this freely, voluntarily and without fear, menace, or hope of reward. This statement is sworn to, on oath, the same as the verified complaint, on March 24, 1877, before A. Hallett, justice of the peace. The detectives then had the officers arrest the Slaughter boys, Steinbrook and Roberts. The jail having only three cells, the detectives billeted the prisoners around in private rooms, with keepers to keep them separate.

STEINBROOK'S CONFESSION.

The next confession was Steinbrook's. His confession was sworn to also, on the 24th of March, and coincides exactly with the preceding one. The additional facts are as follows: I live in the house near Slaughter's, which I rented from C. M. White. At 7 o'clock, on the evening of the 14th, I, John Slaughter and Fred Conway went from Slaughter's house down Eighth street. Shortly after we went out on the Humboldt road and met Eugene Roberts and Charles Slaughter, who joined us. We then went up the road, and turned towards the Chinese camp. At Lemm's Ranch, Roberts and John Spangler went ahead, and got over the fence into the field, where they stopped and talked about who should lead into the camp. Roberts agreed to. John Slaughter first entered, and then all rushed in. Roberts proposed shooting but I and Conway objected. When the other boys entered I stood outside. None were disguised. Roberts gave me the word to shoot first. When I first heard of the intent I was at the fence. When Roberts and Slaughter proposed the robbery, near the camp, Roberts proposed killing, I think, for safety. Roberts had a bottle of kerosene, the contents of which he threw over the Chinamen. When the firing commenced, some one asked: "Which one do you want?"

The five confessing to murder are the two Slaughters, Roberts, Steinbrook and Conway. The other confessions are by Holdenbaum and Wright, of incendiarism. H. T. Jones, a third Slaughter boy named Pleasant, and John Mahoney, are in jail as incendiaries. These have not yet confessed, but doubtless will. Wright says he and Jones fired the soap factory. The three Slaughter boys, Conway and Jim Fay, burned the Chico creek laundry and Mrs. Roberts's barn and the Chinese tenement near Chico. Holdenbaum was arrested in a lumber camp thirty-five miles from here. Fay and Pleasant Slaughter were arrested here. The two Slaughters, Conway, Holdenbaum, Wright, Steinbrook and Mahoney were taken before Justice Hallet and waived examination. The five murderers were held without bail. The incendiaries were held to bail in $3,000 each, and were committed in default.

A CHANGE THAT IS COMING OVER THE WORLD.

There are situations in the aggregate life of the world which are properly styled epochs. There are epochs—epidemical epochs—financial epochs, industrial epochs and commercial epochs. The one now dawing upon the world is an industrial epoch, and its results most deeply concern America; and every man of intelligence in America who has capital ought to give to this new shaping of events his earnest attention.

Let us examine the condition of the nations of the earth to-day. What are they doing? Which among them are making money, which among them are drifting into bankruptcy?

Russia desires to enter upon a career as a manufacturing nation, and has already forbidden any railway company from using rails, cars, locomotives or other articles which are not manufactured in Russia and of Russian material. It is dawing upon the mind of the czar that if he could honorably get out of his difficulty with Turkey and use the immense sums which war with that power would cost for the fostering of national industry—mechanical industry—Russia would, in a decade, emerge richer, happier and much more intelligent and entitled to respect than she would after a decade of war with the Turks, even though she succeeded in driving the sultan out of Europe and acquired Constantinople and a large slice of European Turkey.

Russia begins to be impressed with this great fact. She begins to realize the true condition of her enemy. Turkey is a colossal mendicant. She has no resources, no manufactures, no intelligence and no money, but plenty of extravagance, arrogance, ignorance and beastly inhumanity. The agriculturists of Turkey are slaves, the women of Turkey are simply concubines, and the religious fanaticism rendered permanent by the profound ignorance of the masses, makes it impossible for Turkey to ever progress out of her stagnated and decaying position as a nation of the earth. Consequently what could Russia gain were she able to-day to annex all of European Turkey to her dominion?

Pass to Germany. What is the condition of that newly created empire? Every man of intelligence knows that the grip of hard times has not slackened since the payment of the French war indemity demoralized values throughout the empire and by reaction caused the worst panic that has afflicted Germany since the war times of the first Napoleon when Berlin fell before his victorious arms. Germany is importing more than she is exporting and this, united with the mad freak of changing the specie basis of the empire—declaring that silver shall no longer be money and that gold only shall be money—is causing the balance of trade with foreign nations to run heavily against her. Russia has closed the door against many German articles in the iron way and has decreed that such articles must be made at home and out of home material. There are no trade relations subsisting between Germany and France and in all other markets of the world German manufactures meet with a competition which they find it impossible to overcome and the consequence is her industrial pursuits languish.

Italy and Spain cut very little figure in the industrial affairs of the world. Both are heavily in bebt. Neither have a reserve of undeveloped resources, and both are groping in such intellectual darkness and bigotry that all the more enlightened nations have passed them in the race for industrial excellence and domination. They count for nothing. They are dead to all of the magnificent achievements of the future.

Austria can hardly be said to be in a better condition. A polar wave of financial depression has swept her from border to border and she is prostrate. In 1873 there were in Vienna alone 294 joint stock companies with a paid-up capital of 1,702,000,000 of florins. A florin is worth 47½ cents Americcan coin; call it, for the sake of convenience, fifty cents. The paid-up capital of these companies would be $851,000,000, which, even in America, is a good deal of money. The panic in Austria was under pretty good headway by the 1st of January, 1873, and from that day to January 1, 1876, 135 of the above named joint stock companies were forced to go into liquidation, and carefully made figures show that of the 369,000,000 of florins which these 135 companies started with at least 206,384,000 florins will prove an absolute loss.

In some respects the Austrian empire resembles the United States. It is a debtor country, but is struggling hard to reduce its debt. It has a paper currency, and silver yet bears a premium of 5½ per cent. It is an exporting country and for the first time for many years it exported more than it imported last year. Here the parallel ceases, for the United States is a free country. Austria is a despotism. In the United States the agricultural and mechanical classes are mainly educated; in Austria they are mainly ignorant. The United States is a gold and silver producing country, while Austria is not, to any great extent. The United States has a wonderful reserve of undeveloped resources. Austria has not. Austria will very soon be distanced in the coming race of industrial supremacy.

France is the most industrious and economical nation on earth to-day—that is to say, she excels all the commercial nations in this particular. France is more prosperous than Germany is—as a nation—but how strong will she be in competing for supremacy as the manufacturer of the world's goods? Her masses can not read and write. How are they to win the race from more intelligent competitors? It can not be done. England admits that intelligence is the card that is going to win, and America holds that card.

As sure as the world endures the nations of the earth will find that of all expensive things they ever attempted to maintain the ignorance of the masses carries off the palm.

Switzerland cries out that American watches and American boots and shoes are selling under their very noses for less money than the home-made article can be manufactured for.

Why is this?

Intelligence, on the one hand, makes machines to do its work cheap and well, and ignorance on the other sticks to the old, slow, laborious and expensive methods, and is beaten, of course.—*St. Louis Republican.*

BURIED CITIES IN CENTRAL ASIA.

An expedition to explore the buried cities in central Asia is talked of in Bombay and elsewhere in India. Thattre asures like those of Mycenæ may be found in the sands of Mongolia is at least possible. If tradition be of any value—a tradition, too that has persistantly clung to one locality through the lapse of centuries—the tomb of Ghengiz Khan is yet, with its fabulously rich treasures, to be found (as Colonel Prejevalsky was told by the Mongols) to the south of lake Tabasun-Nor. Your readers may remember the quaint legend about the last resting place of the great Khan. Within the tomb lies a man who seems asleep. Every evening a sheep or a horse is tied near to the spot, and lo! in the morning the animals have been eaten. In three hundred years, says the Mongols, the sleeper will awake and lead countless hosts of his children to victory and dominion. The old story is said to be circulating more and more widely every year. Then the Mongols say that constantly the drifting sands disclose, here and there, gold and silver treasures, which they have a superstitious dread of touching. The buried cities under the sands of Gobi are affirmed to be mines of incalculable wealth, guarded by gnomes and fearful spells, while all the deserts around the hidden ruins are peopled by myriads of howling ghosts. Dr. Bellew established the fact sometime since that we shall probably have several of these buried cities revealed shortly, in a similar naturally manner to that in which they were primarily concealed from the sight of man. The sands of the deserts of central Asia regularly move and drift from east to west, and even now the eastern borders of deserts are being denuded widely of all soil that can be torn away and be borne westward by the violent winds that rage with incredible fury many months of the year in those regions. Will Russia be the first to avail herself practically of the knowledge of this?—*London Atheneum.*

THE JOHN OAKHURST OF THE SOUHETN HOTEL FIRE.

The first to reach the hotel and the most prompt to render assistance were the keepers of the all-night houses along Fifth street, whose places are particular numerous in the vicinity of the Southern. From staking dollars they came to stake lives, and the game they played was one with death. More than a score of these brave men ran up the stairs by the ladies' entrance on the Fifth street side, and penetrated to the topmost story bringing down women and children only to let them go in the comparative safety of the street. They returned again and again to the rescue and gave up floor after floor only when they felt sure no one had been overlooked. These men were the last to abandon the building, and some clung to their life saving heroism even when the means of exist was cut off save by the ladder.

One of these men was Charles Tiernan, partner of Mose Labonta, at No. 9½ South and Fifth streets. Tierman had brought out several women and was taking one last look when the ladder was moved to another window. He came back to find himself in a perilous situation. The flames were closed behind, and to turn back was to face the terrors of death from suffocation, so he crept out upon the window-sill, forty feet above the stone flags, and sprang for the ladder. His fingers barely rapped the rungs, and then a swiftly-falling object struck the pavement with a dull, dead sound. They picked up all that was mortal of poor Charlie Tiernan, and carried him back feet foremost into the club house from which he had rushed forth on his noble mission an hour before. To-day the body was placed in a handsome casket and men came and went softly, speaking reverently of the dead. To-morrow the mass will be said over Charlie Tiernan's remains at the cathedral.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Alphabet for the Little People.

A tumbled down, and hurt his Arm against a bit of wood
B said, "My Boy, oh! do not cry; it cannot do you any good."
C said, "A Cup of Coffee hot can't do you any harm."
D said, "A Doctor should be fetched, and he would cure the arm."
E said, "An Egg beat up with milk would quickly make him well."
F said, "A Fish, if broiled, might cure, if only by the smell."
G said, "Green Gooseberry fool, the best of cures I hold."
H said, "His Hat should be kept on to keep him from the cold."
I said, "Some Ice upon his head will make him better soon."
J said, "Some Jam, if spread on bread, or given in a spoon."
K said, "A Kangaroo is here—this picture let him see."
L said, "A Lamp pray keep a light, to make some barley tea."
M said, "A Mulberry or two might give him satisfaction."
N said, "Some Nuts, if rolled about, might be a slight attraction."
O said, "An Owl might make him laugh, if only it would wink."
P said, "Some Poetry might be read aloud, to make him think."
Q said, "A Quince I recommend—a Quince or else a Quail."
R said, "Some Rats might make him move, if fastened by the tail."
S said, "A Song should now be sung, in hopes to make him laugh."
T said, "A Turnip might avail, if sliced or cut in half."
U said, "An Urn, with water hot, placed underneath his chin."
V said, "I'll stand upon a chair and play a Violin."
W said, "Some Whisky-Whizzigiggs fetch, some marbles and a ball."
X said, "Some double XX ale would be the best of all."
Y said, "Some Yeast mixed up with salt would make a perfect plaster."
Z said, "Here is a box of Zinc! Get in, my little master!
We'll shut you up! We'll nail you down! We will, my little master!
We think we've all heard quite enough of this, your sad disaster."

—*N. Y. Sun.*

Why Nellie was not Popular.

"Well, Nellie, what is the matter?" asked Miss Percy, as she seated herself in a straw rocker on the piazza, where Nellie sat, chin in hand, pouting over a portfolio of prints that lay outspread before her.

"I'm mad!" was the reply.

"Mad? That is distressing. I hope you don't bite."

"Oh, of course I don't mean *that!*" said Nellie, turning away from the pictures with an injured air. "I am vexed?"

"Then why did you say *mad?*"

"Oh, you are too particular, Aunt Alice! What do you think Kate Sibley has done?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Her mother gave her leave to invite three of the girls to go with her to the picnic in Cedar Creek, and she asked the Morrisons and Minnie DuBose, and left me out, though I have worked every one of her examples ever since we have been in Denominate Numbers. It is just the way with them all. I do everything they ask me to do, and they all hate me. I'll be even with them though—I'll hate them too."

And the future misanthrope began to sniffle and use her pocket-handkerchief.

"Don't you think it would be a wiser plan to make them love you?" asked Miss Percy, gravely.

"I can't do it" replied a chokey voice from behind the handkerchief.

"I have tried, but I ca-an't. They all like Rosa Guignard, who never does anything for any body, but—but—"

As Nellie did not seem able to finish what she wished to say, Miss Percy came to her relief by observing quietly:

"The girls all like Rosa on account of a very rare gift she possesses."

"Rose Guignard gifted!" exclaimed Nellie, surprised into forgetfulness of her wrongs, "Why, Aunt Alice, she is 'away down in all her classes, and you know she isn't pretty—that is, until you get used to her."

"But it is a much rarer gift than either intellect or beauty, that which Rosa possesses," returned Miss Percy.

Nellie's red-rimmed eyes asked a question to which Miss Percy replied with brevity: "Tact."

"Tact? What is that?" asked Nellie.

"I don't know any better difinition of the word than one a great novelist has given: 'THAT is knowing what not to say.'"

"Don't *I* know what not to say, Aunt Alice?" asked Nellie, after a short silence.

"No my dear; I don't think you do. You will take offense, probably, if I give you a few examples as proofs of this; but as I am in your mother's place this summer, I shall take the liberty of speaking plainly. Do you remember who were in the company yesterday when you coolly asserted that a certain religion was nothing but 'mummery,' and went on to observe that, for your part, you looked upon such a religionist as no better than a Mohammedan or a Jew?"

"There was so many—such a roomful—that I cannot— O Aunt Alice! I do remember now! Mademoiselle Durand was here, and she is a member of that church. I am sorry!"

"And Miss Lyons was here also, and she is a devout Jewess. Did you notice that she kissed Kate Sibley when she went away, and did *not* kiss you?"

"Yes; and I wondered what was the matter. But mademoiselle kissed me."

"Yes, mademoiselle kissed you, although the flush had not died out of her cheeks which your thoughtless words had called up."

"Well, Aunt Allice, I didn't *mean* any harm; and you know everybody makes mistakes once in a while."

"But you make mistakes a great deal oftener than other people do. Shall I give some other instances of your not setting watch on your lips?"

"If you like."

"Don't be sulky about it. I am 'cruel only to be kind.' When we were told the other evening that Miss Collins had small-pox, you immediately declared that if you were in her place you would rather die at once than get well and be a fright all the rest of your life. It was too dark on the porch to see the expression on Miss Adger's deeply-scarred face, but I remember that lady's next remark was: 'I can't endure pert children.'"

"You can't expect me to see in the dark," muttered Nellie.

"No; but you ought to have remembered Miss Adger's presence. And you have not darkness for an excuse for what you said yesterday before Miss Pratt—that you believed all red-haired persons had bad tempers."

"Of course I meant present company excepted."

"It would have been better not to mention red hair at all in Miss Pratt's presence, as her hair, though beautiful, is of a reddish tint. You made another blunder yesterday, and I think if old Dr. Manning had had Elisha's power you would have stood in considerable danger of being torn to pieces by the bears after your facetious remarks on the subject of bald heads."

"Oh, I never thought about *his* being bald?

"But my dear child, these are matters that *ought* to be thought about. Let me give you one plain, simple rule, Nellie: *Never remind anyone of his or her personal defects.*"

"I'll try to remember that."

"There is another thing you would do well to remember—that comparisions are odious. When Kate Sibley played the 'The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes' for me the other evening it was scarcely polite in you to exclaim as soon as she had finished: 'Oh, Aunt Alice, you ought to hear Minnie DuBose play that! She does play it *beautifully!*'

Later in the evening, when I asked Kate for the 'Etude Mazurka,' she replied: 'Oh, you must wait and get Minnie DuBose to play that, as Nellie says *she* does play it beautifully.'"

"Resentful creature. Well, at any rate, I have never said anything against Kate's *looks.*"

"No; on the contrary, I once heard you remark in the precence of a dozen of her schoolmates that she was *by far* the prettiest girl in Mr. Radford's school; but then you went on to qualify your praise by coolly observing: 'However, I don't think that is saying *much* for her.' You showed more temerity than I imagined even *you* were possessed of in giving so many young girls to understand that you did not consider them at all pretty."

"Well, I *don't* think them pretty."

"Nor interesting either. At least so I judged the other night when, as they were going away, you observed, yawningly: 'Only ten o'clock. I thought it was a great deal latter than that.' You are an unselfish child, Nellie, and always ready to give up your own pleasures to oblige your friends; but you will never be popular until you learn to bear this in mind that although it is always wrong to tell falehoods, it does not follow that it is always right to tell uncalled for truths."—*Constance Marion, in St. Nicholas for April.*

SOUTHWESTERN PRE-HISTORIC WONDERS.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Arkadelphia, Arkansas, under date of March 23d, gives the following interesting account of archæological discoveries in that region:

I think I have struck a big bonanza here, and, if I am not mistaken, this is the field for the archæologist who revels in the relics of the pre-historic man. When the old military road was opened from Memphis in 1831 to the Mexican (now Texas) line, the route lay along what appeared to have been a well-built and graded road about fifty feet in width, and apparently so old that trees of the largest and oldest growth had grown to maturity, decayed and their places filled with others. In fact, all the indications were that the road had been built from eight hundred to one thousand years. The Indians then living here had a tradition of another race which had inhabited this country which they called the *Lena-Lenape*, or wise men, and claimed that their domain extended from the great American bottom east of St. Louis, far off to the southwest. They also boasted that when the fiercer tribes of red men came from the north they drove these peaceful cultivators of the soil toward Mexico, and that remnants of the tribes driven away still lived away toward the great hills in the sunset land. The pioneers who had charge of opening the military road had learned to look upon the dusky sons of the forest as liars and frauds, and attached but little importance to the traditions, but when they reached the Ouachita, near where this town is built, the Indians pointed out to them the mounds, and especially the one on the Caddo, which is over one hundred feet high, then they began to believe the story, and the officers mentioned the mounds and the tradition in their report. But Arkansas was a far-off country then, especially the western and southern part, and the existence of the mounds was soon forgotten, if generally known, which was probably not the case.

When white settlements came the pioneer followed the Ouachita up to this point, near the Caddo, and, finding the soil rich and everything as attractive as nature could make it, did what the Lena Lenape did, started a town and began cultivating a soil which gave the most extravagant returns for the labor expended upon it, and for years so interested were they in raising corn and cotton that they gave no thought to the rich treasures which might be buried in the mounds. About twenty years ago it occurred to Col. H. W. McMillan, then a young attorney of this place, that it might be well to dig into one of these artificial hills, and, if possible, discover some relics of a past and forgotton age. Taking a couple of negroes and a supply of picks and shovels, he began operation on the large mound on the Caddo. This hill was covered with a growth of large trees, and had it not been for the fact that it rose out of a level plain, might have been mistaken for a natural mound. The laborers, after digging a few feet, struck a rich lead which panned out a number of earthen jugs, bowls and dishes and a few pipes, all of them curiously carved, and evidently containing inscriptions in hieroglyphics as difficult to decipher as those found by Professor Smith among the ancient Abyssinian ruins. The crockery was made of clay, and had been hardened by fire, and when found was in a good state of preservation.

While making these examinations, an old Spanish sword was found buried nearly a foot beneath the soil and under it the remains of a human skeleton. About the skeleton was found some pieces of iron, evidently portions of the style of armor worn in the time of De Soto, and similar to those found at the old salt springs below this place, while the sword was the counterpart of the one found near Hot Springs about four years ago.

The net result of Col. McMillan's researches was a barrel of jugs, bowls, pipes and some stone relics which he had removed to his office, where they were thrust aside and forgotten for quite a number of years. But when the ancient kettles and iron camp utensils were found at the salt wells a few years ago, giving indisputable evidence that De Soto had camped there, the colonel bethought him of the ancient sword and went to his barrel to get it, but it was gone, and has never since been discovered.

Some five years ago Col. McMillan gave the relics he had left to one of the editors of the Memphis Appeal, and that gentleman deposited them in the state library at Nashville, where they still remain.

During the last twenty years Mr. W. A. Trigg (the largest planter in this part of the state, and a gentleman of the old school of hospitality), has gathered many relics similar to those already described, from mounds on his plantation, but has given them away whenever asked for. Last year he contributed many of them to the centennial commission of this state.

Last week a ditcher named Louis Gibney, while making excavations on the Welch farm hear here, found a number of pipes and a lamp formed in imitation of a duck, the whole surface bearing inscriptions. About the same time some persons living near the Ouachita river, about five miles below here, discovered that the river in washing the bank away at a bend had unearthed a large number of skeletons which measure over seven feet from the top of the skull to the heel. No relics of any kind have been discovered, but this is probably due to the fact that no excavation has been made save by the action of the river.

The distance from here to the Hot Springs is twenty miles, and the evidences prove beyond a doubt that the pre-historic inhabitants must have known of their existence, and have used them as their extensive burying grounds, and their mounds would indicate that they visited this rich and beautiful valley of the Ouachita as a water-cure and health resort.

From this point up to its source in the mountains the Ouachitt is one of the most beautiful streams on the continent. In size the stream is about equal to the upper Wabash, but the fall is so great that the current is much swifter. It abounds with fine fish, a large portion being shad, and the wild character of the scenery after it enters the mountains near Hot Springs, makes it a delightful retreat for fishing and hunting parties. But a few days ago a party of gentlemen from New York went up the river to spend a month fishing and hunting. They were supplied with tents and camp equipage.

THE MYSTERY OF A WOMAN'S SUICIDE.

Of the unknown woman whose suicide in a Little Rock hotel, on the 12th, the Gazette of the 13th says that she registered as "Miss Thompson," and that there was every evidence that the act was premeditated, and that she had taken steps to destroy her identity. The deceased had, previous to taking the poison, dressed herself in her best clothes, burning the ones she had pulled off, as the buttons, corset staves, etc., were found in the stove, where was also ashes showing that she had destroyed all her papers with the exception of the following scrap found in her hand-satchel, and which, bearing date as it does of April 7th, shows that the act had been in contemplation several days. From this scrap she had been careful to tear away the signature, though at the top of the note had been written and afterward erased with a pencil mark "Sophia." The following is the note found:

"APRIL 7, 1877.

"Dear Emma: I have been thinking all day of our happy school days, when I had not one serious thought. Then we were all mirth, and your ma would tell me my face looked like sunshine. Oh! how can one all life and happiness become so sad and unhappy. Change of place does no good. Oh! I am so world weary I think I shall put an end to my life. I have lost all in this world that is dear to me, and the world is so cold and wicked, and such a beautiful world, too. Why can't every person live happy? I have tried to live as near right as I knew how. I don't see why I have had so much trouble caused by other people's sins. My heart is dead to this world, and I don't think my punishment will be great in the next. Every ray of light has faded from my life. I did think to go and see the dear old place once more. I can't get my mind; it would only be the worse for me. I am not well; I think I am going to have the fever.

"I am glad you like Illinois, and hope you will live happy. I think you have one of the best of husbands. As for myself, I am so unhappy I can't care for anybody but the happy ones that have passed away. I thought I'd try to write while the train has stopped for breakfast, so if I didn't get soon—you need not trouble yourself about me. My head aches so—will finish when I sleep again. I wrote to B. to let my means go to the orphans' school, if I did not send for it in two months. I left Denison this morning. If I don't come back I will write again. Oh! the world looks so bright and lovely this morning, but not for me. I feel destitute. Write to my relations—tell them I forgive them all they have wronged me." The dead woman appears to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age. She was about five feet two inches high, dark hair, cut short, oval face, without much expression, tolerably good-looking; one of her upper front teeth, on the left hand side, was missing; gold ear-drops in her ears, and plain gold ring on third finger left hand. Besides her baggage, she had about $14 in money.

..Bayard Taylor speaks disparagingly of the pop-corn and withered figs upon which the train-boy feeds the American traveler. If Mr. Taylor had been reading "Red-headed Mike," or "The Hunter's Bride," either of which entertaining romances he might have bought of this same train-boy, he would not have so much time to find fault with his victuals.

..Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—*Shakspeare.*

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

..Man is more than constitutions.—*Whittier.*

..No man is so great as mankind.—*Theodore Parker.*

..Poor pensioner on the bounty of an hour.—*Young.*

..Grace is to the body what good sense is the mind.—*Rochefoucauld.*

..Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.—*William Penn.*

..There is nothing so good to make a horse fat as the eye of his master.—*Diogenes.*

..Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—*William Penn.*

..Nothing so prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so.—*Rochefoucauld.*

..Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton.*

..The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—*Milton.*

..It is vain for a man to be born fortunate, if he be unfortunate in his marriage.—*Dacier.*

..Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.—*Rabbi Ben Agar.*

..I think few people are aware how early it is right to respect the modesty of an infant.—*Harriet Martineau.*

..The proprietor of a young ladies' academy utterly ruined his business by causing to be inserted in a large number of newspapers a picture of the building, with two girls standing on the balcony with last year's hats on their heads.

..Hip-pockets for lap dogs are the latest innovation in ladies' dresses. With a dog in her pocket, a seal on her back, a bird in her hat and kids on her hands and feet, the well dressed lady is but little short of a walking menagerie.

..Fashions for the kitchen: Cook–Lor' Jane, I wouldn't be bothered with them trains every day! I only wears mine on Sundays. Jane—That may do for you, cook, but for my part, I likes to be a lady week days as well as Sundays.

.."What is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

.."You didn't laugh at my stupidity before we were married; you always said I was a duck of a lover," grumbled a complaining husband. "Yes, that's so," replied the wife; "and a duck of a lover is always sure to make a goose of a husband."

..Jonesville (N. Y.) has a girl worth courting. She was sitting with her lover when she heard a mysterious noise in the house, excused herself, found burglars up-stairs, got the old gun and blazed away—and not till then did the lover suspect anything unusual was going on.

..It was an agricultural editor who, referring to potatoes, wrote "Eastern Jacksons." And it was an intelligent compositor who, setting it up, made it read, "eating jackasses." The intelligent compositor is now seeking a position as a New York harbor pilot.

..An Iowa youth invested $1 50 in a New York firm to discover "How to appear in society." The receipt he received by return mail was short, simple and easily understood: "Always keep your nose clean, and don't suck more than one finger at a time."

..The will of the rich man of the future will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and wordly goods of all description Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains." This instument will satisfy the family and save the trouble of proving the old man insane.

.."Three hundred years ago forks were unknown in England, and a man could scoop up all the green peas he could carry on the flat of his knife and shovel them into his mouth without having his wife stamp on his corns, or nudge his elbow and spill the peas all over where his napkin ought to be and never is, and say in a hoarse, reproachful whisper, 'Why, Bartholomew!'"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE TWEED RING DIVIDEND.

The whole amount of warrants paid by authority of the special board of audit was $6,312,541 87. Of this Ingersoll deposited in bank $3,549,329 18, and paid over to Woodward $1,817,467 49, leaving a balance of $1,731,861 69, which could not be traced. Garvey deposited in bank $1,177,413 72, of which he paid to Ingersoll $47,744 68, and Woodward $731,871 01, with $397,898 03 not traced. Woodward deposited in bank in warrants and these checks from Ingersoll and Garvey $3,582,054 26, of which he paid to Tweed $932,858 50, leaving a balance not traced of $2,649,195 76. Tweed received in addition to this sum $104,333 64 from the New York Printing company, making a total realized by Tweed out of this special audit of $1,037,192 14. Subsequent investigations and the confessions of Ingersoll, Garvey and Woodward reveal the fact that Connolly received 20 per cent., Watson and Woodward each 5 per cent., and payments were made to James M. Sweeney of 10 per cent., traced to his account at the Nassau bank, and supposed to have been the share of his brother, Peter B. Sweeney. These figures show that ex-Mayor Hall, on a basis of 10 per cent., must have received more than $500,000, or, in exact figures, $571,171 39.

THE WOMEN OF SERVIA.

They wear on their heads red kerchiefs, with the ends hanging down their backs, bound on their heads by a velvet fillet, embroidered with coins, in which were often stuck flowers, chiefly in red and white. They were generally dressed in white, but invariably with the brilliant aprons sewed down to the skirt, and often with a gaudily embroidered stomacher, or, perhaps breast-plate would be the more descriptive term, studded with coins on black velvet. The working-dress of women in the fields is a short jacket, braided and slashed in the fashion of that worn by the men, a red and yellow kerchief crossed over the bosom, a petticoat striped mostly in the parallel stripes of Moorish pattern, but occasionally in the checkered, which makes the pattern a tartan, a tapestry-like apron of brighter colors than the petticoat, and bare legs and feet. The men are a fine race, tall, with a certain stateliness and self-respect in every gesture; their faces are almost always good, and often quite intellectual and chivalric, but in muscular development the peasant women of Servia can give their husbands a stone and a beating.