Popular Personals.

The roof of a poor widow's house in Corvallis, Oregon, was burned off a few Sundays ago. All the town turned out to assist the only engine and the hook and ladder company in extinguishing the flames, and before they were fairly out the crowd made up a fund of $600, which it was thought would be sufficient to repair the damage done.

Lord Dufferin, it is said, was allowed to choose between a marquisate and the blue ribbon of the garter. He chose the latter. Either honor is expensive, the patent and stamp fees in the case of the marquisaie costing $15,000, and in the case of the order of the Garter the expense is fully $500.

Says the London Queen: "The prettiest woman at the private view of the Royal Academy in London was the wife of an artist; the handsomest, the wife of a well-known journalist; the worst dressed, a lady who has written a book to teach how to dress; the best dressed from an artistic point of view, Mrs. Jopling. The tallest man was Corney Grain."

The oldest commanders of German corps d'armee are General Tumpling, Baran Barnekow and Baron Manteuffel, each of whom has attained the age of 74 years. Among the French generals on the other hand, the oldest, Lecomte and Lallemand, are only 66. Indeed, the average age of German generals (67) is seven years greater than of the French (60.) Lord Nepier, the oldest English general, is 73 and the average age of his compeers is about 63.

John G. Whittier often writes impromptu verses, in albums and elsewhere, bright with a gayety that does not often appear in his more important works. Not long ago he wrote in the album of a young lady—who with her friends had been rallying him on his bachelorhood—the following lines:

"Ah, ladies, you love to levy a tax
On my poor little paper parcel of fame;
Yet strange it seems that among you all
Not one is willing to take my name—
To write and rewrite till the angels pity
her.
The weariful words, Thine truly,
WHITTIER."

Chester W. Chapin, the millionaire, who died at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday was the New England Vanderbilt. He began life as a stage driver on rough country roads, and when the age of steam came on, naturally turned his attention to the construction and operation of iron ways for transportation. Mr. Chapin was for many years president of the principal New England railroad—the Boston and Albany—a contemporary and crony of the elder Vanderbilt, and a man after the commodore's own heart.

A Paris correspondent writes that Edwin Booth's daughter has taken part in private theatricals in that city, but shows little talent for the stage. In another generation there will not be a Booth in "the profession," unless some of the grandchildren of the late Junius Brutus should come to the fore. It would seem strange, indeed, to find this illustrious name no longer on our play-bills.

George W. Cable, the novelist, is a very quiet little man, who was formerly a clerk. His life has been spent in New Orleans; he is a pious man, who attends largely to the official business of religious corporations, he does not read French novels, although one might from his style think that he does, and he has never attended a theatre. He is about 42 years old, and he does not think that he writes novels when he is describing Creole life. He does not know what alcoholic liquors taste like, and has lived in New Orleans all these years!

What the Governor Knew.

Ex-Gov. Seymour's nephew tells how his uncle lives on a farm near Utica: "He takes an interest in all people about him. The farmers consult him about their family affairs and crops, and he constantly receives letters from all over the country about all kinds of affairs of the people as if he belonged to them. He is always ready to give a helping hand to any one that deserve it. To illustrate this: A story is told that a man coming into the city with a load of wood broke down on the Deerfield road, whom no one stopped to help or paid any attention to. Gov. Seymour came along and got out of his conveyance and helped him to fix up his wagon, gave him a strap from his own harness and sent him on his way. The man afterward said, 'I felt mighty mean, because I stole the wood from the governor.' But the joke of the affair is that Gov. Seymour knew all along that the wood had been stolen from him, but concluded that the man wanted it more than he did."

The Little Boy's Secret.

"Where d' y get 'em? "Well, I might a-ketched 'em in the Sawkill, or the Raym'skill, or the Capow. Or I might a yanked 'em out o' Gordon's mill pond. I didn't though. But I've got 'em." The Pike county small boy knows that if he brings in a nice mess of trout before any one else has had good luck on any of the streams he is of as much importance as a circus procession, and that the chief end of man in the place, for the time being, is to find out where he caught them. A specimen of him came into the Crossman house this afternoon. He had a basket of trout that set everyone crazy. Some New York fishermen were stopping at the hotel and the landlord was anxious to find out for their benefit where the trout had been captured. Hence his query as above, and the extremely satisfactory response of the boy. "Do you want to sell 'em!" asked the landlord. "Yes, I'll sell 'em," said the boy; "but the price I've sot on 'em mebbe won't suit you. They'm 60 a pound, these is." "I'll give you 70 cents a pound if you'll tell me where you got 'em," said the landlord. The boy scratched his head. He looked his trout over, as if he was pondering the question as to whether or not it would be a good stroke of business to sell his secret with them. Finally he said: "If you'll make it 75, I'll go you." It was a bargain. The trout were weighed and the money counted out to the boy "Now, then, where'd y' catch 'em?" said the landlord. "I said I tell you where I got 'em," the small boy replied, as he walked to the door. "I didn't ketch 'em. I traded six fly hooks an' that ches'nut fish pole o' mine to Bill Smith's boy for 'em."—Milford, Pa., Letter.

Rev. Henry Crawford Tucker of Laurens county, Ga., has preached in Baptist churches forty-seven years without getting a cent of pay.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads,
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve and wonder.

PURIFIED AS BY FIRE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Ethelyn Hurst drew her pretty, slight figure up to its full height, and flashed the full light of her lovely brown eyes upon old Aunt Agatha's face, who had just foretold that she should stand face to face with death before the stars should come out that night; for Ethelyn was proud, and always treated the poor with unkind haughtiness.

"I don't want to hear another word of your nonsense," she said, as she picked up her azure lined, white silk parasol, and took her departure.

That afternoon, Ethelyn and her friend Lillian Lane, went off to a wild, lovely spot, to spend the long, warm summer afternoon, after which they proposed to drive to the depot for Ethelyn's lover, Fred Westerly, who was coming to the seaside hotel that evening for a two week's outing.

It was a lovely, but lonely spot to which the girls went, shut in by uprising solemn cliffed rocks, at whose base rushed and roared the contending waves; a place so grand and gloomy, that Lillian Lane shuddered as she looked about its solemn sanctuary.

"Oh, Ethelyn, it makes me afraid! Aren't you afraid?"

Miss Hurst glanced up bright and fearless.

"Afraid? afraid of what?"

And somehow, Lilian felt ashamed to express her feelings upon the subject again.

Then, becoming engrossed in their books, they soon forgot their external surroundings, and it was not until the sun had gone down that Lilian suddenly aroused.

"Why, Ethel, I had no idea it was so late! It is after sundown—it is long after tea time,"

"Of course it is. But what a splendid afternoon's enjoyment we have had! We will go now, however."

"But, Ethel," Lillian said, as she involuntarily drew nearer to her companion; "look there! That was not there when we came here! See, the ocean is washing all along in front of the rocks, and it was dry when we came in."

"Oh, it's nothing but the incoming tide," Miss Hurst said, lightly. "I am not afraid of wetting my boots a little."

As she spoke, she advanced toward the door of the little rock grotto, and then, even her own cheeks grew pale as she suddenly realized their situation.

For, rising far faster, than she had deemed possible, the waters had shut them in. Retreat waa actually impossible. The waters were already more than knee deep over the path by which they had come—the only path by which they could return—and were rising with fearful rapidity.

Pale and tearful, Lilian clung to Ethelyn's arm.

"Ethel, Ethel!" she gasped hysterically. "What shall we do?"

And Ethelyn gathered the trembling young girl in her arms, with a piteous feeling that she was responsible for the horrible doom which was breaking over the bright young head.

In that one instant, it all came to her so plainly. She realixed the awful waiting; the death wrapping them around in its cruel arms, that were each moment extended nearer and nearer to them; the moment of mortal agony; the last look out upon the world from their living coffin; and then the end of all. And Fred Westerly—he whom she had avoided, and yet lured on with such girlish coquetry; she would never see him again, and she so little thought, when she so laughingly denied him his good bye kiss a few days before that she would never have the opportunity to deny him again.

"Lillian," she whispered, and her brave voice quivered despite itself, "at least we can kneel down and pray, Let us try to remember, dear, that God is as much our God, and is as near, as if we were kneeling beside our beds at home."

And so these two young girls sank upon their knees among the white fringed foam at their feet: and white Evelyn's eyes were fixed wistfully upon the stars, which began to glimmer solemnly one by one, it flashed over her like a revelation what old Aunt Agatha had said—"Before the stars were thick in the sky again she should be face to face with death!"

How could Aunt Agatha have known?

"Come closer to me, Lilian, and put your arms about my neck. Don't let us be afraid—we must not be afraid, dear! We will just sit, and wait, and wait; and it is just like falling asleep, I have heard a score of times."

"But I'm afraid," Lilian sobbed—"I am afraid! It is a horrible death, and no one to know—no one—Hark!" and her voice rose to shrill expectancy, and she lifted her head like some brave young animal scenting danger from afar. "I thought I heard the sound of oars."

"No, dear. It was only the echo of the waves against the rock."

"But I am sure—I am sure—I heard a voice!" poor Lilian wailed.

"No, dear," Evelyn said, soothingly, with her upturned face as pale as an angel's. It could be no voice. I cannot remember my prayers, Lilian dear. All I can think of is, God be merciful to me a sinner. Lilian, say it—you say it, too—and He will be merciful."

And a few moments later, when the little boat, with Fred Westerly sitting on the seat, and pulling lustily at the oars, came plashing around the curve the two fair young girls were past all consciousness, and the salt spray was already beginning to sprinkle their white faces.

But they were saved—saved at last. Ten minutes more and it would have been to late. But Fred Westerly, who had been told in which direction the girls had gone, had been just in time.

And the first face which Evelyni Hurst saw, as her soul drifted back upon the boundless shores of time, was that of her lover, and from his face, with a heavenly smile upon her lips, she glanced to old Aunt Agatha, to whose cabin he had taken the two half-dead girls.

"Did I not say what was true?", the woman asked, as she met the gaze of the young girl's eyes. "You have stood face to face with death; but God was good and He did not let it conquer your brave young life. Good, not evil, will come of this."

And never again did Evelyn Hurst speak a harsh word to the poor and desolate, who are God's own, and whom He has set in our way to prove and try us.

It might have been a prophesy, it may have been a mere chance, but whichever it was, Evelyn Hurst did not disregard the strange, solemn lesson she had learned.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

Aunt Judy's Celestial Journey.

From the Texas Siftings.

A Southern summer night, lightened by the lustrous glow of golden moon which looked down upon a tiny garden at the back of a small cottage. There were other spectators besides the moon, who, standing on a high balcony overlooking the pretty bit of verdure, saw two negro women sitting in the back doorway of the cottage.

One of the women was quite young, the other very old. From beneath the wide frills of her white cap her gray hair bunched out in natural crimps, which no dampness could straighten, and a pair of silver-rimmed "specs" were kept in place by a black and greasy string, which passed over the cap. Her face was wrinkled beyond description, and her hands were hard, knobby and crooked.

"Yes, honey," the old woman was saying, "I'se been to heaven, sho as you a livin' chile."

"How you come to go dere, Aunt Judy—wus you dead?"

"No, chile; I wus jes as live as I is this minit. You see, I wus er irenin' de white folks' close; I had a mighty big wash an' I had ir'ned an' ir'ned until I wus mos' ready ter drap. Well, all at wunst I hyeard a voice say, sarter low, 'Judy!' I never said nuthin', but I knowe i it wus de Lawd"—

"You knowed it wus de Lawd?" interrupted the younger woman.

"Uv cose I did," replied Aunt Judy.

"Is you done seen Him befo' dis time?" asked the other.

"No."

"Well, is yer ever hyeard His voice?"

"No; but I knowed it was de Lawd; and I says"—

"But I don't know how yer could er knowed"—

"Well, never you min'," said Aunt Judy, with some asperity; and, seeing the other was about to speak, she continued:

"Look hyer, gal, if yer gwyne to keep er axin' sech foolish queshchuns, I has no mo' ter say."

"Oh, Aunt Judy, doan stop. I wont say annudder word, 'deed I wont. Aunt Judy, please tell me the res'."

Thus mollified, Aunt Judy resumed:

"Well, I knowed it was de Lawd—" a pause, during which Aunt Judy steadily fixed her eyes upon her companion. But if a doubt remained in the younger mind, it did not betray its presence by words or look or movement, and the narrator continued:

"I knowed pufieckly well; but I nuver said nothin'. Presently I hyeard it agin, a leetle louder, 'Judy! Judy!' but I kep on er irrenin', an' nuver answered. Den I hyeard it yit the third time, sayin': 'Judy my little lam, an' den I says' sorter short: 'What yer want, Lawd?' and he says, 'Judy my little lam' come wid me; an I says, 'I ain't got no time to come; I got white folks' close hyer terirne, an' I'm mighty busy.'

'An yit agin he says, 'Judy, my little lam', come wid me.' Well, I didn't hab no time ter go nowhars. I was er irenin' some dresses fer de young ladies an' dey was mighty pertickler work, an' it wus er gittin' late in de ebenin.' But de voice kep' on a callin' on well, at las' I says, 'Well Lawn I'll go' but I'm mighty busy; an' if I doan git dem close irned de white folks gwine ter git behin' me, sho.' Well, I come outen dis very do', an dar stood the Lawd, right on dat spot, an' he tuck me right in his arms and carried me straight up in the sky; an dere wus oll de angels in' sperrits er singin' an' plyin' on dere harps. May be you think you seen fine close,' but you ain't you ain't nuver seen nothin' to de close dem angels had on. Dey dresses was floanced up ter de wais wid lace on em' an' big long white ribben sashes an' long har curlin down to dere heels, an' rings on dey fingers an' bracelets, an' brespin—you nuver seen de like. Well, arter I stayed as long as I could, I said I had ter go back home an' do de white folks' work; an' de angels all said I mus' come gin' and I says, 'Thank ye, but I couldn't come very offen, kase I had so much to do' An' den de Lawd tuck me up an' fetch me home an' sot me down on dis very spot what I'm sittin' now. Well de irns wus hot, an' I tuck one of de white flounce dresses outen de basket to iern it—an' I 'clar, chile, 'fo' de Lawd, if dat dress didn't look as black as er pot after dem dresses I been a seenin' up yonder."

"Did you see any cullud folks up dar, Aunt Judy?"

"Is you crazy? Why de angels dat had de whitest skin, an' de finest close, an' de longest har, dey wus de sperrits uv de cullud folks. An' de white folks wusn't nothin' 'long side o' dem."

After which revelation the conference adjourned.

Comparatively little interest eems to be taken in the remaining star route cases and the proecdings in Judge Wylie's court Saturday attracted very few spectators. After some preliminaries, the case of ex-Senator Kellog was postponed to next Saturday, and bail was accepted for Mr. Brady in the sum of $20,000, or $10,000 under each indictment. Mr. Ker was on hand for the governme t, A. B. Williams for Brady, and Nathaniel Wilson for Kellogg.

County Surveyor Relf of Brainerd, who has been re-surveying in the northern part of Morrison county, says the government buildings at Fort Ripley are all falling down from decay. It is urged that these buildings should be sold so that the settlers in the neighborhood could buy them and convert them into substantial buildings on their farms.

Never the Time and the Place.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one altogether!
This path—how soft to pace!
This May—what magic weather!
Where is the loved one's face?
In a dream that loved one's face meets
mine,
But the house is narrow, the place is
bleak,
Where, outside, rain and wind combine,
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak;
With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek;
With a malice that marks each word,
each sign.
O, enemy sly and serpentine,
Uncoil thee from the waking man!
Do I hold the past
Thus firm and fast,
Yet doubt if the future I can?
This path, so soft to pace, shall lead
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!
Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and strangers;
we,
Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she—
I and she!

—Robert Brewning

BARNEY'S PATIENCE.

BY N. DAGMAR MARIAGER.

His name was Barney McFlaherty. He was a man well built and muscular, a mechanic working for $5 per day, and beaming among his fellow laborers as a bright and shining light; all deemed it a delight to bask in Barney's eternal flow of sparkling wit when the day's work was done. There never could be enough praise of him; he was termed "the cock of the walk," a "hail fellow well met," indispensable as a companion, a lady's man, a fine dancer, and numerous other things at the mention of which a smile of satisfaction spread over his handsome face in acknowledgement of the compliment.

In his early youth Barney was "his father's own boy," but his mother, who was moldering in a neglected grave, he could call to mind only when an opportunity offered itself for making some period in her life the butt of a joke. With him itwas come day, go day; his nature carved a leadership in some capacity; he loved flattery as he loved to flatter; whys, wherefores, and possible consequences were not to be considered; he could yield to the temptations of the hour; to-morrow would take care of itself.

At the age of twenty-eight Barney was a married man. His wife, a delicate little woman, had been an orphan from her childoood. At the time of her christening her parents had held a sharp argument as to whether the infant should be called Prudence or Patience, and though her mother, woman-like, had the last word, her father conquered, and she was named Patience Trodweighty. A kindly, but ignorant neighboring family had taken her home at her parents' death. They were all poor, and nothing of consequence was left her, but these people, poor though they were, had given her some education, and Patience had a fine sense of duty.

When she was 16, only one year prior to the opening of our story, the old people persuaded her to marry the dashing Barney, then on a short visit in the country, and who was smitten by her beauty of face and form. He would settle himself down and behave himself when he had a wife they said, and Patience, with childlike obedience, in gratitude for past kindness, and reluctant to displease her benefactors, who had a flock of children of their own to support, yielded to the plan and acompanied Barney to the city as his wife.

Barney had worked rather steadily in the meantime, even with late hours and dissipation. They lived in a small, one-roomed tenement, and boarded two blocks away at the cheapest restaurant, while he labored to get out of debt. Then they might start housekeeping on a cheap scale, and gradually build up home comforts, Patience thought, while she added her little mite by knitting wool shawls, which were sold at a store on commission.

Were only these troublesome debts diminished, instead of making daily fresh developments, then the struggle would be a comparatively easy matter. With bitter sighs and lonely tears she longed for the day when her cage should measure more than ten feet square; when she should have two windows, and no longer be compelled to look at the tin patches on the neighbor's dilapidated roofs, when she could afford a book or pay to read, and eat three times a day if she felt so disposed. In view of that hoped-for time, had it been approaching ever so slowly, she could have kept up a brave heart; but to see it receding made her concern for the future difficult to hide in ihe presence of her jovial and care-free husband.

What had she done to be thus tried? the childish wife of 17 asked herself desparingly. Would He who marks the sparrow's fall not pity her in the time of need? The faith she had been taught in Providence as a sender of relief to the disheartened at the eleventh hour she felt, in spite of her efforts to support it, was slowly dwindling and dying within her.

There were her reflections as Patience sat daily working by the dark little window. The chill of November weather numbed her fingers. She hoped the next trifle money realized from her shawls might be spent in procuring wood for warming the room, and putting the box stove standing in the corner once more in use.

"Why didn't ye come to work this mornin', Barney?" said a fellow workman to Mr. McFlaherty, coming from luncheon on a bleak, snowy day in December. "Why, what ails ye, ye are smiling all over!"

"Congratulate me, Fatty. I've got an heir. There is a boy up home—nice as you please. Now I want to know what do you say to that, old fellow?"

"That's way up! You're fixed up in business, now, Barney. I'd like to see him, so I would; but I don't suppose your wife would let any of us fellows in up there. But it's time I was back to my work. You'll be down to-night and give the boys a shake, won't you, Barney? You know we've got to have a bouncer to the health of Master McFlaherty."

"I'll set up the drinks, Fatty, rest easy on that. I never went back on my friends yet, did I? That boy'll cost me plump $100, but that's all right. Tell the boys to prepare for a jamboree at Barney's expense. Go long, Fatty."

The third day dawned upon the little stranger, and sent its accustomed dim light into the window and into Patience's room. The last candle had flickered out early in the night; the infant had cried for nourishment and other attention which its mother was unable to give. At 9 the doctor came, a cross old man of 50, who evidently knew his case was an unprofitable one. Inside the door he hesitated a moment in contemplating the contents of the scanty quarters, and then with ill-concealed displeasure burst forth:

"No fire yet! didn't I say distinctly that a fire must be made immediately and kept going in this weather? There! Well, if there don't lie my note of directions in the identical place I dropped it twenty-four hours ago. Well, well, that's encouraging!"

"I'm so sorry, doctor," replied Patience, in a choking voice, "but no one has been here since you left. My husband failed to come home last night. I've no food for the hungry babe, and I don't know what to do."

"And have you had nothing to eat or drink in that time?"

"Nothing since the tea he brought me before you came yesterday."

"Well, then, how do you expect to nurse the baby or nurse yourself?" said he, impatiently. "Let me see it," stepping to the bedside. "Good heavens! not a dry thread on it! As cold as ice, and eating its fingers up! And you," catching hold of Patience's wrist, "are freezing too. Well, what else could be expected?"

"I believe, doctor, that some wood came for us yesterday; it was left out on the back porch, and if only I could have made the Chinaman hear me call, perhaps he might have built a fire for me."

The Mongolian was soon summoned, and when the room was warmed to a comfortable temperature the surly doctor proved himself not quite as heartless as he had tried to make believe. The infant was tenderly stripped, bathed, and made comfortable, while the servant went for refreshments for its mother.

"I'll ask the landlady to call in occasionally as I go down-stairs," said he, in a pleasanter tone, giving the babe into Patience's arms again.

"Oh, no, doctor, don't please do that she would drive us out at once if she knew the state of affairs."

"Well, then, I'll report your husband's doings to the police," said he, with renewed impatience in his voice. "The drunken scoundrel was raving through the streets last night like a madman, with a dozen of his clique following at his heels, and all howling like a pack of wolves."

"Oh, for mercy's sake, doctor don't do it?" cried the despairing wife. "It would do no good, and Barney don't mean to be unkind to me. You won't do it, doctor, will you?"

"Well, all right, then, I won't" was the angry reply. "If you like this treatment, I assure you I shan't envy you your lot; but this is my last visit. I have got no business where there is no one to carry out my instructions. Women are fools; natural fools! Good day," and before Patience could speak again the irate doctor was gone.

Early in the afternoon Barney staggered into his wife's room with eyes half closed, face bloated, and the fumes of brandy enveloping him like a cloud. With a delirous look and thick tongue he made an effort to say:

"How is your boy, Patience? Is he getting big and fat? Here is a rattle I got for him to play with. Let's give it to him. He's a fine fellow! Let me kiss my little son."

With that he lowered his head over the infant, now in quiet slumber on its mother's arm. It fell heavily, and in a drunken stupor the father lay insensible, the weight of head and shoulders on the frail little infant. Frenzied with fright at the danger of her child, Patience shrieked for help; her very nerve was strained to hold him off, and the strength of her arms was superhuman in one in her condition. After a few moment's struggle she cast the murderer upon the floor. Then looking upon the lifeless body of her child she wailed as bereft of reason.

* * * * *

With the grief-stricken mother two months passed somehow—no one knew how; she did not even know herself, as the greater portion of the time she had been in a kind insensibility. She remembered some one beside Barney had made effort to care for her, a colored woman, who for a few weeks had been hired by him to attend her. This woman's nursing had brought Patience back to life. Barney was overjoyed to see his wife improving, and he poured into her ears her repentance; but it savored much of his natural shallowness. However, had it had a firmer foundation, it was too late. She loathed him as she might a snake that had stung her child. Never could she look upon her husband without a fancied recurrence of that awful hour.

Daily the invalid gained strength under the devoted but ill-paid care of the colored woman, who persistently continued to call a couple of times a day. Her husband has long since gone to his work again. At last she felt herself able to walk out of the room, the very atmosphere of which seemed impregnated with a waking nightmare. It was the dusk of evening; Patience Trodweighty, attired in her best robes, bade farewell to the MacFlatherty domicile, descended the stairs, stepped into the street, and went—but it don't matter where she went.

Barney found abundant sympathy for the loss of his Patience in his fellow-workmen, and a balm for his wounded heart in the cup put to his lips by fair and graceful women, earning their support by the sale of their smiles, little witticisms, and social toleration of such as he.

Patience's life, after her flight from her husband of a year, was neither a happy nor a long one. When she bade farewell to all earthly trials she was followed to her grave by women, some of whom were pure in heart, sincere in tender sympathy, capable of a fine sense of right, and had souls full of true kindliness. But others of them were only out for the sake of parade; women such as nature had not deigned, on the day of their creation, to endow with a particle of the worthy instincts given in greater or less degree to most all creatures, both human and animal.

Moral:—Know yourself and the nature of your beast; tame your lion first; take the place of your proverbial lamb last.

Shall We Smell by Telephone?

I asked Judge Bleckley, the other night what he thought would be the direction of invention and progress the next thirty years: "I should say," he replied, "the application of the principle of the telephone to the other senses. A few years ago the distance at which you could hear a sound was limited. Now it is practically without a limit. You can smell a flower only at a short distance. I do not see why a telephone for the nose might not enable you to smell a rose at New York, even though they were located at Atlanta. So of the taste and touch. A new application of the principle of the telephone might enable you to remain at Atlanta and kiss your wife at London, or taste a berry at Paris. The telephone has already made a clumsy step in this direction for the sight. We would have thought the man crazy a decade ago who said you could stand at New York in 1883 and hear every note of a concert at Boston. Quite as crazy as the man who now predicts that in 1803 you may sit down at Atlanta, see a theatrical representation at Cincinnati, smell a bouquet at New Orleans, taste a fresh oyster at Baltimore, and shake hands with a friend at Savannah, all at the same time. In these days it is only the impossible that happens."—Atlanta Constitution.

On Brooklyn Bridge.

Murat Halstead in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

I walked over the bridge to Brooklyn to-day. The distance is something over a mile between the New York and Brooklyn starting places.

This bridge is the greatest work of human hands. The cathedrals that are the wonders of Europe are like toys beside this monstrous and magnificent structure, and its lines are as beautiful as its proportions are stupendous. It is very like the Cincinnati-Covington bridge, only very much more so. We have two cables; there are four here. I think the cables of this bridge are larger than ours, but so vast is their sweep that, as they soar above the lofty towers and swing far over the strait that they span they seem to grow slender. We have to inspect them closely to be satisfied of their enormous strength. The foot walk is in the center of the bridge, between the two central cables. Next outside the foot walk are the railroads, and outside of these the carriage drives. So there is a roadway for foot passengers, two lines of rails and two wagon roads. The bridge seems to dominate the cities. One looks down upon the beautiful bay and the far-spreading habitations on its shores, as from a mountain top. The bridge towers surpass the spires in apparent attitude, and either of them is as imposing as the Strasburg cathedral. The bridge will be the pride of the city, the favorite scene of its history and its romance. It will revolutionize currents of travel, change values, and the cities will be up in the architecture of the future to harmonize with its grandeur. With this stone from 100 to 200 years, Nova Scotia stone probably from 50 to 100 years, Ohio sandstone 100 years, Caen stone 35 to 40 years, coarse dolomite marble 40 years, fine marble 60 years, pure calcarous marble from 50 to 100 years, granite, according to variety, from 75 to 200 years. Among the chief destroyers of the stones are solvent substances washed from the air by rains, and the bridge and the elevated railroads, and the far-shining electric lamps, the possibilities of New York have been extended and illuminated, and the developments that are to come on the islands and penninsulas upon which we look from the bridge will exceed all that has gone before in the experience of mankind. Only in a few of the new buildings do we find the beginnings of the amazing city that is to be realized here, out of the consummate resources of civilization. How the wind blows on the bridge; it is with that air of continuity one marks on the prairies, or the sea.

THE STOLID GRANT.

Observation of a Reporter During His Recent Visit to the Capital.

Gen. Grant has been here quietly visiting every day. He has walked down the avenue, a favorite walk of his when he was President. This has brought out the usual wiseacre, who compares the manners of Grant to Arthur. "When," asks he, "has Arthur walked down the avenue in the democratic way of Grant." Some people like to walk and some prefer to ride. As for that matter it is easier to gain access to Arthur than it ever was to get at Grant. The present President sees every respectable person who calls on him. He has not Grant's stolidity of manner and so a crowd frets him. Grant can walk the avenue, ignoring with the greatest calmness any, people who stop, if he has no inclination that way. Yesterday a German place-hunter, who has been begging the general to help him get an office, tried to break into a conversation between Grant and Beale. He said:

"Why, my dear Cheneral Grant, I vas delighted to see you."

Grant nodded and never paused once in his walk. The German lifted his hat and trotted along by the side of Grant, talking at the rate of 3,000 words a minute, more or less, but under that infliction Grant never moved an eye-lash. He walked stolidly ahead, and after the German had barked at his heels for over five minutes he gave up exhausted, took off his hat, and mopping his reeking forehead with a handkerchief the size of a bath towel, he said:

"By chimminy Cheneral Grant vas a very crate man."

At the lower part of the avenue a party of Indians, fresh from the plains, were fanning themselves to-day. Although their interpreter called to them, they only glanced at the president as he passed by. When Gen. Grant came along they only took one look at him, ignoring him when he passed beyond the point where they would have to turn their heads to look further. Their stolidity equaled Grant's. An Indian agent in the group said Indians did not consider it good manners to manifest surprise. He said the best bred Indians he ever saw were in a party of wild Sioux who had never before been inside the confines of civilization. They had never seen a steamboat, and yet they manifested no surprise when they saw the vessel steaming in. They just sat down on the dock and gazed afar off as if they were not interested. The steamer swung alongside of them, and still they did not move. Then the pilot said he would rattle them or he would miss his guess. So he moved the boat just above them, and then, without a word of warning, he let off steam with the roar of a hundred devils, but the noble sons of the forests never turned their heads. They sat silent until they had worked out the branch of thought on which they had been engaged, and moved away in a tired manner, as if they were bored. But the agent said these were better-bred Indians than the ones on the avenue to-day.

The fire in Pillsbury & Hubbard's elevator, Barnesville, was by great effort put out by the citizens. It was perfectly calm, hence the fire did not sprean. The fire caught at the top, and is generally regarded as the work of incendiaries. The damage will be only about $100; no insurance.

M. De Lesseps is telling his friends that he expects to have another christening in his family. It will be the tenth affair of the kind.