

Table with columns for dates and names, likely a calendar or schedule.

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The Last Cry.

The last cry heard was that of a little child in the cabin. So runs the cold and formal dispatch which announces the breaking up of the Schiller and the loss of more than three hundred lives. A little child in the cabin, and its poor infantile appeal for help! Not all the tragedy of that sad affair, the death of the noble captain at his post, we hope, as became a man and a seaman; the ending of the struggle with death upon the sharp rocks of Selly, which the gallant sailors doubtless fought, or the drowning of the women who were on board, pitiful creatures whose hair is already turned to seaweed—none of these fates equals that of the child whose cry was the last sound heard as the noble ship struck the cruel rock. It seems almost like a violation of the sanctity of grief, like an invasion of the heart that mourns and refuses to be healed, of the sorrow that will not be comforted, to mention this thing, but the cry of that child will be heard around the globe, piercing the ear and reaching the heart of every man who reads the story. A little child! What magic there is in those words! What charms in they touch! What memories revived! A little child, pure and fresh, the handiwork of the Maker, before the debasing breath of earth had struck it. Sweet and innocent, the image of his Maker and the reflection of angels. No, do not wish to be accused of sentimentalism, nor do we desire to be pathetic, but the involuntary words of the telegraph operator upon the key he struck in the brief sentence we have quoted, will vibrate through a million hearts. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

It is needless now to speculate upon the future of that little child had he lived, and it was perhaps ordered wisely and well that he should be so. The ocean is the graveyard of greater dead than the earth, and in its bosom, unconfined and untroubled, lie some of the world's best heroes. Westminster Abbey is no nobler tomb than the dark, unadorned caves of ocean, wherein lie those who died that others might live, and was perished in the most unselfish cause for which man can die—the preservation of the lives of their fellow-creatures. Let us hope that the child was saved—the stories run that way, telling us not only of brands snatched from the burning, but of warriors born themselves as bravely as the best. Casabianca, our whose melancholy ending we mourned in our youth, was a substitute in the ranks between compared with the child who made his voice heard above the roar of the winds, the rush of the waves, and the thunder of the breakers, the night the good ship Schiller went down. Perhaps his father had been swept into the sea an hour before. Doubtless he had warm upon the cold breast of his dead mother, but that cry which rouses the best nature of man, and has sometimes stayed the murderer's hand, was heard above the din of the waves, and at the mercy of heaven itself, for says it out he who said, "Suffer little children, to come into me, for of such are the kingdom of heaven."

As a war of words to the testimony in the Beecher case, the letters of Theodore Tilton to Victoria C. Woodhull have been printed. After reading them we are not surprised that the defense was disappointed when the recipient produced them, and at its failure to offer them in evidence. Tilton is "affectionately," "lovingly" and "internally" bent in these epistles, but they all relate to meetings at Mount Vernon, engagements for dinners at "Emma's," (Mrs. Woodhull) in the library, around the centre table and "graced with Frank's Burgandy." There may have been something back of this Burgandy and centre table lunch, as Sergeant Hazard claimed there was a perfect name of meaning concealed behind the phrase "chops and tomato sauce" in the celebrated case of Bartell vs. Pickwick, but not having the double-act power desired by Sam Weller, we give it up. The publication of the letters is probably the last sensational episode of the trial.—Philadelphia Times.

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