

A Devoted Wife.

Occasionally we hear of men so wicked and abandoned that they have lost faith in woman, and no longer believe that the accident of sex entitles her to immense and invariable respect. These are the depraved wretches who hint that woman is sometimes frivolous and fickle, that she does not, in all circumstances, tell the truth, and that she loves the bonnet which perishes with the using, more than all the treasures of wisdom. If there really is any man so utterly bad as to entertain these views, let him read the touching story of a brave Sicilian wife to her unfortunate husband. If it does not melt him to tears and wring from him the confession that there is nothing in this world so bright and beautiful as woman's fidelity then he is indeed a lost and wretched man.

About a month ago, Signor Carlo Malenchini, a rich proprietor, residing in Palermo, was captured by brigands. He had gone a few miles outside the city walls to inspect an olive grove which he had some thoughts of buying, and having fallen into an ambush, was carried by his captors into the mountains and held for ransom.

Signor Malenchini had been married rather less than a year, and his wife was not only one of the most beautiful women of Palermo, but she was, at a moderate estimate, three times as good as she was beautiful. She loved her husband devotedly, and no matter how late he might be detained at the office or the lodge, or how often he was obliged to attend dinners given by the New England Society or the Evangelical Alliance, or other respectable bodies, she always sat up for him, and gave him a smiling welcome. She never flirted and, in fact, never did anything to which the sternest critic could take exception, and public opinion unanimously pronounced her a model wife.

When this young, beautiful, and tender creature received a letter from the brigand chief demanding a ransom of \$10,000 for her husband, her sufferings may be imagined. The brigands gave her a week in which to raise and forward to them the ransom, and announced that at the end of the week, in case of the non-arrival of the money, they would begin to mutilate her husband. They promised to cut off his ears on Monday, his nose on Tuesday, and lips on Wednesday. On Thursday they undertook to put out his eyes, and on Friday to finish the job by cutting of his head. Most women, on receiving such an atrocious letter would have had a fit of hysterics at once, but the Signora Malenchini was incapable of such weakness, and without a minute's delay, she began to raise the sum necessary to secure her husband's safety.

The sale of all his personal effects brought only \$2,000, and it became necessary for her to appeal to the charity of her friends and the public. For more than a week that noble woman spent the whole day in visiting ever man in Palermo who was supposed to have any ready money. She rehearsed a thousand times the story of her husband's goodness and his misfortune. She averred that she would die if anything happened to him, and that if she could not raise the necessary ransom, she would go herself to the brigands and demand to share her husband's fate. This

delicate young woman climbed on an average, seventy-three flights of stairs daily and presented her case to a hundred and twenty or thirty different persons every day. No book agent ever rivaled her in the extent of her unselfish recklessness of shoe-leather has never been surpassed.

Palermo is not a rich city, and \$8,000 seemed to the Palermians an enormous sum. Few men were able to withstand the noble wife's entreaties and tears, and almost every one to whom she appealed gave her something, if it was only a franc. The money however came in slowly, and when the week of grace came to an end, Signora Malenchini had collected only a little over \$6,000.

Promptly on Monday night the city express wagon brought the ears of Signor Malenchini to his horrified wife's door. The miserable woman was almost in despair, but she took the ears with her and exhibited them to the persons on whom she called—not of course for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Thus stimulated, the charity of Palermo revived, and the good wife secured in a single day nearly \$800.

The brigands kept their barbarous promise. Day after day fresh samples of the unhappy Malenchini arrived in Palermo, and were duly delivered to the agonized wife. Day after day she dragged her weary limbs from house to house, begging for money to save at least her husband's life. At a late hour on Thursday evening she obtained the last dollar, and went to her desolate home with the full sum of \$10,000 in her pocket.

She was, indeed too late to save the majority of her husband's organs. His ears, nose, lips and eyes were gone, but there was yet time for the loving wife to save his head and bring him back to her devoted arms. But she was wise as well as loving, and she made up her mind that it was wrong to encourage brigandage. She said to her mother, who had shared her anxieties in collecting the ransom; "Is my husband in his present state worth \$10,000? Had I not better refuse to take him on the ground that he is so extensively damaged? With the money now in my possession I can get a handsome trousseau and whole husband. Is not this my plain duty?" Her mother hesitatingly said that it was, and Signora Malenchini, after notifying the brigands that on the whole she must decline to accept the remnant of husband still in their possession, ordered a mass to be said for his soul, and tried to meet her loss with resignation.

Such is the power of love in the heart of a true woman. What man can read this touching story and still sneer at woman's fidelity?—[N. Y. Times.]

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

The "They Say So's" are the vipers of society. Eliminate them from among us, and this earth would have a smack of paradise about it.

It is said that there are one hundred different ways of cooking onions, but, unfortunately, there is only one way of smelling them.

Can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell and not his own judgement and discretion.

FRIGHTFUL VENGEANCE.

A few weeks ago a respectable old peasant farmer in Roumelia, smitten by the charms of a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe who had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his wife. He received several warnings from sundry of her gypsy lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surprising beauty that he disregarded these monitions and married her. On his wedding night a number of stalwart gypsy youths broke into his house, seized him in his bridal bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, having previously strangled his young wife before his eyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tents and decamped, nor have the authorities as yet succeeded in laying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime.

A TOMB FOR A DAY.

One of the most thrilling adventures in the annals of mining happened at the Zeile mine, near Jackson, Cal., on Wednesday last. At the morning shift, Nocolaus Noce, an Italian, with a number of other miners, went to work on the 240-foot level. Noce, it seems, was separated from his companions. They had been at work but a few minutes when the premonitory symptoms of a coming cave, such as the creaking of timbers and falling of small pieces of rock told them that it was time to seek safer quarters. In withdrawing they were not forgetful of Noce, shouting to him to get out of danger's way. He, however, did not realize the nature of the trouble. The cries of the comrades conveyed the idea that something was wrong and he retreated toward the face of the tunnel. No sooner had he got out of the way than the crash came. One-half of the ledge next to the hanging wall came down with a thundering sound, crushing the heavy timbers like match sticks, the cave involving about thirty feet along the ledge rearing an effectual barrier between Noce and his companions and liberty. It was not long before the awful nature of his situation dawned upon Noce. He was cut off in a tunnel, a lone prisoner in one of the recesses of the mine, with hundreds of tons of rock and debris choking up the only possible outlet from his cell. From the cave the tunnel was sixty feet in length which would afford air for a day or two. He was well provided with candles, having two or three with him, and he began to contemplate the prospect of having to subsist by eating them. Meanwhile the escaped miners had communicated with Superintendent Rose, and within fifteen minutes a hundred men were picking a tunnel to the rescue. About 7 o'clock in the evening an aperture was made, and Noce crawled out of his "tomb for a day."

The latest puzzle is this:
Hard..... Eggs
Boiled..... Man.
The trick is to get the eggs inside the man without breaking the shells.

The Mobile Register thinks that without great efforts upon the part of the Democracy, Grant stands a good chance to carry Alabama if he be nominated.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable nature.

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THE Morehouse Clarion,

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I could get twice as many names within two miles of town. A. CURTIS

To those that wish to go into the business, the plain facts are: I am 66 years old and can dig and brick 30 feet in sand in 10 hours with the assistance of two common laborers. This is a well three feet in diameter, requiring 36 brick to the foot. The price I ask is \$2 per foot which no one, knowing the cost of digging, etc., and the disposition to be made of the profits, can say is too much.

I patented the well for charity's sake and will put them down on the following terms: 1st. Ten per cent. of the profits shall be deposited with the authorities of the town, city or parish in which they are made, said fund to be appropriated to the benefit of the poor and helpless. 2d. The balance, 90 per cent., to be deposited in any safe bank subject to my order or my agents order. The reason that so small a portion of the profits are left where they are put down is that there is not more than one-tenth of the United States that they can be put down in. It is a plenty and will clothe the naked and feed the starving wherever they can be used. Not one cent shall be appropriated for education. While I don't wish to sell territory I can give employment to thousands for a royalty. A. CURTIS.

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august30-3m

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