NO 39.

A PRAYER IN HELL.

BY O. L. WILSON

The earth and beavens pass away,
And mind and justice hold full away;
Within the dwelling place of peace,
Where, joy to joy, our hopes increase.
The wicked pray, oh, such a prayer!
Ye rocks and hills, why stand ye there?
O see that side! once did plerce!
Dread soul, thou curse, why look so flerce?
Hah! 'twas my shadow frightened me;
Ah not no! 'tis a davil'! see!
Hold!—'tis the light of Him doth shine
To make my shadow curse divine!
Ah, but my prayer was late—too late!
ButOh! his hate! myself! hate!
Ye rocks and hills, shut out the light!
What burach in me? My! What hell
The sungloss purity doth swell
To flames within my divid-up soul!
Why foous light beyond the goal?
My God! the light shines hrough the gate;
I cannot go! I must not wait!
I wish not heaven now, but hell,
To burn me up! I cannot tell
Where men or d wils user find
A greater hell that cursed mind!
Go back! fly back! ye memories past,
Out of eternity so vast!
Most High Omnapetent, I pray
Make dead my mind! zoid dark my day!
I know Thee who Thou art, Great God;
I knew Thee when the earth I trod!
Thou merey of the God, I hear—
I hear I'm touckers we hells,
Of which the creed of lundes tells, I hear Thy tones of loving cheer. To those, Thy followers; se hells, Of which the creed of indes tells, In heart and heart, thou flery lake Swell up, and in thy mercy take. The sight of good and God and love, and piace its totures high above! Oh! shut out heaven from my sight, And drow an my soul in endless night! Where comes not knowledge, dream

ere comes not knowledge, dreat life; where all is sullen death! MR. AND MRS. BONDURANT.

BY BONNE HUERE.

"I think you will find a document under your plate that may interest you," said Mrs. Bondurant, addressing her husband, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

The words were uttered with a look intended to express severe censure, with some pity and contempt, and rather

more of the latter. The husband slowly turned over his plate, took up and read a grocer's bill -\$59.34. On the margin were the words, "Check expected immediately."

"I would rather not send this man a check just now," said Mr. Bondurant. "It is true I have a little more than that amount in the bank, but I shall need all I have and more also to-morrow to pay the costs of the suit I am

"This is about the answer I expected to receive," said his wife, "and I must tell you that your paltry excuses will not answer for the purpose. That bill

must be paid at once."
"It is scarcely worth while, Julia, to speak so emphatically in regard to this matter," said the husband. "I am doing a little business for these grocers, and although they do not owe me anything now, I can, I suppose, get them to wait a few days and in the mean time let us have what goods we need."

"They will do nothing of that sort," said Mrs. Bondurant. "And if the bill is not paid before 3 o'clock to-day they will send it to my brother, Alfred, who will pay it and take an assignment of

the claim"
Then let him do so," said Mr. Bondurant, quietly breaking a piece of hard cracker into his coffee and at the same time deliberately watching the soften-ing process. "This is what they call hard-tack, I believe. It is better for sailors than for us poor landsmen. They have more time to spend soaking it, unless when the rough weather comes on, and then I suppose they dispense with the ceremony of eating until the storm has expended its fury."

"Your insinuations are intended to exasperate me," said Mrs. Bondurant, "but I warn you, sir, that you are treading on treacherous ground."

"If the ground, madam, on which I am treading is composed of your feelings I would not expect to find it uncommonly delicate," was the retort. "Are you willing, sir, to have my brother pay that grocer's bill?"

"I could have easily arranged it in such a way that it would not have gone into his hands, but as I infer from what you say that the matter has been talked over between him and you and the grocer, and that he has agreed to take an assignment of the bill if I do not pay it before 3 o'clock to-day, I shall allow the matter to be disposed of in that way, and give myself no further concern in regard to it at present."

"Then it seems you are willing to have my brother provide for your family? That is just what he told me it would come to when we were married. and in fact immediately after he first learned that you were visiting me. My father and mother also gave me the same warning. They told me more than fifty times that you would never be worth a dollar in the world, and they would have to support us."

'And you are sorry you did not take

"Sometimes I am, if I must tell you the truth. You know I could have married Rocky Billings, and I had other good offers. As for Rocky, he was almost dying for me. His social standing was not, it is true, quite equal to yours, and he was not so good-looking, but he had more business capacity than a hundred young lawyers like you. With him for a husband I would never have suffered the mortification of seeing a grocer's bill paid by my brother."

"Mr. Billings is still unmarried, I believe," said the husband dryly. "What base insignation are those words intended to convey? You are now my husband, and I have no wish to exchange you for Mr. Billings or any one else. If I have made a bad bargain it is right that I should suffer the consequences of it, and I intend to do so as patiently as I can."

Whenever you wish to be released from the consequences, madam, and the bargain that has led to them, please let me know," said Mr. Bondurant; and without a word more or any token of affection, he passed down the two flights of stairs that led to their hired spartments and was on his way to his office. But, before leaving the room in which he had breakfasted, he placed on the table a \$10 bill.

There was an inside history which this table-talk may suggest but does not explain. Julia Henderson was the daughter of a proud, ambitious family, who had a little means that they were fond of displaying to the greatest advantage. Their daughter Julia was a young lady of recognized beauty and more than ordinary attractions, and

they had hoped that her marriage to such a man as they would select and approve would be of some benefit to them as well as to her, and lift them up considerably on the scale of worldly

prosperity.
"Can it be possible, Julia, that you are receiving the attentions of that young lawyer?" Mr. Henderson had

said

"Well, no, father," Julia answered;
"not in any other way than that I find him a pleasant companion. He calls and takes me out occasionally, in which I hope you see nothing wrong."

"I don't like the way he looks at you, Julia. He evidently admires you, and admiration sometimes changes to love so easily that it is scarcely possible to say when or in what way the transition takes place. I understand he is a somewhat able lawyer, but is very poor and is no doubt likely to remain so in a prois no doubt likely to remain so in a profession that is crowded until there is no longer standing room left. You had better have a talk with your brother and hear his opinion in regard to this young lawyer before you allow him to

call many times more."

A scornful and defiant look was the only answer this suggestion raised, and the next moment the young lady had left the room.

"You see how that girl takes and sets," said Mr. Henderson to his wife, who had been a silent listener.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and I am now satisfied that her feelings are more deeply interested in the young lawyer than any of us had supposed. But let Alfred talk with her, and he may be able to turn her thoughts away from young Bondurant and get her to en-courage the attentions of Mr. Billings. He is rather a low-bred young man, it is true, but he is making money rapidly, and his uncultivated manner need not alarm us-a few weeks spent in society will make them all right."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Henderson, with a look that betrayed more skepticism than confidence.

"I had no thought of seriously encouraging the attentions of Mr. Bondurant," said Julia, the moment she began to feel the pressure of her brother's determinations to prevent the acquaintance from proceeding any further.
"But now, if you please, Master Alfred,
I shall do exactly as I think best in regard to this matter."

From that time onward the young

lady found employment for the whole of her life-will-and the had a good deal-in resisting the effort of her parents and brothers to compel her to dismiss the young lawyer.

"If you marry him we shall be obliged to support you both, no doubt," was her brother's frequent and tautaliz-ing suggestion. "The young fellow is not making a dollar more than he needs for his own board and clothes, and he has actually been obliged to give up smoking, because he could not afford cigars, and was too proud to be seen using a pipe."

The young people had been married four years when the conversation oc curred in regard to the grocer's bill. Young Henderson had been making some money, a little of which he had found opportunities occasionally to give to his sister, and in every instance had reminded her that he was fulfilling his predictions. In fact he, and her parents lso, had been continually reproaching her for her folly in marrying the poor lawyer.

The unfortunate woman-for so Julia egan to consider herself-had no children now living. One little girl, born about eighteen months after their marriage, had lived nearly a year, and when its death and burial came the feelings of the parents -of the father especially—had been wounded almost beyond endurance by their being made to realize their inability to provide for the funeral expenses in a becoming

"I must take care of the dead also, as well as the living," was her brother's unfeeling remark, made while the funeral reparations were in progress.

The stern logic of long continued experience had finally exhausted the spirit of the poor wife, and she gradually came to believe that what she had so often been told was true, and that she had made a great mistake in marrying the poor lawyer. This persuasion, having become a settled conviction, soon found expression in complaints and reproaches which were not very patiently borne by the man who was conscious of doing all in his power to make his wife comfortable, and never spending a cent for any personal indulgence. Besides the amount earned would have enabled them to live in a style of moderate comfort, had not his wife's family continually urged her into expenditures beyond what her husband could afford.

The young lawyer had, however, at last got hold of a case which he felt certain of gaining, and which, when decided, would bring a few thousand dollars. He had taken the case at his own risk and cost, and was to receive onehalf of the amount received, his client having expended his last dollar in the suit, and being unable to do anything more. In the meantime that over-assiduous and agonizing brother-in-law, who was reedy to pay the grocer's bill and take an assignment of the claim, had an interest in defeating the suit and was actually furnishing money for

that purpose. But these legal and business comp cations the discouraged and fault-find-ing wife did not know much about. She knew that the grocer's bill and other bills were unpaid, and that the brother had already paid several of those bills and was holding the claims

against her husband. Well, Julia," said Mr. Bondurant, returning from his office on the evening of the day when he left without saying "Good-by;" "I hope you have been able to get up a plain dinner with the \$10 I left on the table this morning."

"I have not used the \$10, nor any of it," said his wife, handing the money back to him. "I have had a long and serious talk with brother Alfred to-day, and have come to a firm conclusion that under the circumstances it will be best for me to return to my father's house and remain there until you are able to provide for me and yourself also. For the present you have as much as you can do to take care of yourself, and my

brother has promised to see that I am comfortably provided for.

Mr. Bondurant regarded his wife for a few moments in bewildered amazement. He was carefully holding the \$10 bill which he had accepted from her, but without knowing why she had handed it back to him. He now dropped the bill on the table, and clasping his hands, as he was in the habit of doing sometimes when trying to get a clear view of some question that bothered him, he looked at his wife for a few moments in a solemn and earnest way, and then said:

you would not have left me." "No, I presume not; she, no doubt, would have kept us together. I would not have taken her from you, and I know you would not have gone to live with me at my father's house. I have no thought, Alfred, of really leaving you, but shall be true to my marriage vows, and shall be ready to return to you as soon as you are able to provide for me. But for the present we must part. My

"If our dear child had lived I suppose

that you are not worth a dollar to-day, and it is not likely you ever will be." "And if that is so, it would seem that you are leaving me with the expectation

brother tells me that the claim you are

prosecuting will end in nothing, and

of returning no more."
"That must depend, Mr. Bondurant," said the wife, steeling herself to a cold and firm look, "on the possible contin-gency of your being able, at some future time, to provide for me in a comfortable way, which, I am sorry to say, does not now appear very probable."

"Then good-by forever!" said the husband, rising and withdrawing from the room, without taking any further notice of his wife; nor did he even look

back.
The marriage, as a legal relation, remained undisturbed. The husband and wife, when meeting occasionally on the street or elsewhere, bestowed upon each other a bow of civil recognition, but without exchanging a word.

In this way eight years had passed At the end of five years Mrs. Bondurant's family, including that devoted brother, had been both unable and unwilling to do anything more for her and for the last three years she had been supporting herself by performing the duties of secretary for an insurance company. Why that situation had been given to her just at a time when she had no other means of support, and at a salary much larger than she had expected to receive, was a mystery about which she had her own private suspi-

It was a cold morning in mid-winter, and the sidewalks were covered with ice. Mrs. Bondurant, on her way to her office, had just passed the manly form of one whom she had never ceased to admire-yes, love, for his image had always remained in her heart. Every photograph, piece of jewelry, or other memento that he had left with her had een looked at and handled again and again, and some of these articles she On passing him this time she had

received the usual look and bow, and othing more. The poor woman could not, however, refrain from casting ook back for an instant to catch dimpse of his receding form, and while he was doing so the treacherons ice, as if intending some mischief, permitted her to fall suddenly and at full

'Are you hurt, my dear?" were the first words she heard, and her quick, spontaneous answer was:

"Not much, I hope, darling hus-band!" And as he lifted her into the carriage he had hailed and took a seat by her side, with his arm around her, she added, "How glad I am that you were there to assist me."
"Yes, dear, that was a slippery path,"

he said softly.
"Which I hope I may never pass over again!" murmured the wife, earnestly.
"I gained that suit," said the husand, as the carriage was taking them

to his home, which could now be hers also.
"Yes, dear, I knew you gained it and I was so glad! I have saved more than half my salary the last three years. You know, and so do I, that most of

that salary has come form you.' The long embrace and fond kis which each received and returned was a mutual assurance that through their long separation their hearts had become

nited more firmly than ever.
"It was all my—all my fault," was what the repentant and now happy wife wanted and endeavered to say, but she

was stopped every time. "No, no, my dear!" her husband would answer. "These self-reproaches, coming from you, are painful to me. The past has done its work in its own way, and now let us remember the lessons it has taught us, and forget the sorrows through which those lessons have been learned!"

Eloquence.

Eloquence in a man is as difficult define as fascination in a woman. It is an indescribable something which carries us away captive, we know not why or how. And it is almost infinite in vari-Burke was, and is, considered one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of English orators; yet the House of Commons never adjourned after a speech of his to enable the members to regain their mental balance. The House of Commons did do that for Sheridan. None will deny to Webster first-class oratorical ability, yet he could never sweep an audience with him as did Clay. Burke and Webster will live forever in print; Sheridan and Clay in that fond tradition which is quite as imperishable, if not as satisfactory. Sargent S. Prentiss was probably more eloquent than either Sheridan or Clay, yet he exists only as a dim and fading memory. It is doubtful whether the very highest order of eloquence can be preserved in any other way. The subtle spirit that pervades it and gives to it irresistible power evaporates in type. The body is there, but the soul has fled. So the grandest eloquence may be said to die with the breath that carries it to the ear. Domosthenes and Cicero-we read them with delight, but what must they have been to those from the speaker's lips.

USEFUL HINTS.

To RESTORE VELVETS.—Hold over a basin of boiling water, back down. It takes a long time, but the nap will rise. To CLEAN BLACK CASSIMERE, -Wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water, rinse in very blue water, and iron

while damp on the wrong side. To Remove Scorch PROM LINEN. Peel and slice two onions, extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; cut up half an ounce of fine white soap and add to the juice; two ounces of fuller's earth and half a pint of vinegar; boil all together; when cool, spread over the scorched linen and let dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear. spots will disappear.

TO RESTORE FADED UPHOLSTERY.-The following directions were recently given to a correspondent of the London Furniture Gazette : Beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterward brush them; then apply to them a strong lath-er of castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterward wash them with alum water. When dry the colors will be restored to their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond re-covery they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum water.

LEMONADE. - Few persons understand properly the art of making lemonade. The lemon should first be rolled between the hands until it is quite soft, the skin removed with a sharp knife, and every pip extracted, the lemon being held over a tumbler that no juice may be lost in the operation. The pulp should then be divided into small pieces, and the sugar thoroughly mixed with it. Last of all, the requisite amount of water should be added. Orangeade may be made in the same way as lemonade, using less sugar. They both should be iced. Im-perial drink is made by adding a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water to each pint of lemon-

PETROLEUM FOR RUSTIC WORK .- "We ee on every hand," says an exchange, 'handsome rustic work falling to decay and becoming distorted by age. It is commonly made of a kind of wood which does not last long. Soak it thoroughly with crude petroleum when new, and it will remain unchanged indefinitely. A rustic summer-house on a shaded part of our grounds would have been unusually

exposed to dampness and decay had not his been prevented a dozen years ago petroleum. The peculiar brown color imparted by a mixture of the heavy oil remains unchanged; and a lattice work of pine lath a fourth of an inch thick, fully exposed to dampness and weather, is as sound and unworn as ever. The oil is now so cheap that there is no excuse for omitting its ap lication, and it may be rapidly and easily brushed over the surface, and sunk into the pores with a whitewash brush. Apply it

heavily."
CURE OF DIPHTHERIA.—When a mem ber of the family is attacked by this hest medi should at once be called. The danger too great to allow this advice to pass inheeded. Indeed, even in apparently ght cases, that appear to be progress ng to a speedy and favorable terminaion, the patient often suddenly dies, and what are called the sequence of the lisease-its later effects on the organs nd tissues of the body-frequently realt in death, or protracted disorder nd suffering. It will therefore be seen hat intelligent professional treatment s necessary to prevent, if possible, such rious results. But in some cases a bysician may be so far away as to rener his assistance practically impossible. For such, we say there are three principal remedies. The first is the saturated solution of chlorate of otash, given in teaspoonful doses evy hour. The French physicians rely ergely on this. The second is chlerine vater diluted with from two to four imes as much water. A prominent physician of Springfield, Mass., has for he last sixteen years found it almost uniformly effective. Prior to its use, ne lost half his cases. The third remedy is sulphur. Dr. Field, of England, us obtained remarkable cures with it. His prescription is, we believe, to mix a teaspoonful of the flour of sulphur in a wine-glass of water, and give it as a gargle. If the patient is unable to gar gle, blow some of the dry flour through quill upon the diseased parts of the mouth and throat; or burn some of the alphur on a live coal, and let the patient inhale its fumes; or, filling the oom with the fumes, let him walk about and inhale them. The patient should always be kept warm, the bowels open, and the system well nourished with easily-digested food.

Eccentricities of the Olden Time. Mr. J. Underwood, who died in 1733 left £6,000 to his sister on con dition of being buried in the following manner: At the grave-side, six gentle men, who were appointed to follow him sung the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace No bell was tolled nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentle men; and no relation followed the The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's Milton, and a Greek Testament. After supper, they sang the thirty-first Ode the first Book of Horace, all being in strict accordance with the will.

A maiden lady who died in 1786 left the following singular legacies in her will: "Item-I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko (a monkey) £10 per an num during his natural life. Item- To Shock and Tib (a lap-dog and cat) £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock died before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole.

About 1770, there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in halfpence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed £50, 2 shillings and eightpence.

THE hottest place on earth is Bahrin on the Persian gulf.

A New Story of Lincoln.

Gen. Steel, being the oldest member in continuous service of the Indiana Legislature, was appointed Chairman of the committee delegated by the Legis-lature to meet President Lincoln at the State line and escort him to Indianapolis. At Lafayette there was an immense gathering of people to greet the President, and an earnest call by them for a speech, a wish which he seemed very reluctant to comply with. Finding, however, that he must say something to quiet the multitude, he related the fol-lowing: He said his situation reminded him of a man out in Illinois, who was a candidate for nomination for an office. The convention at which the nomination was to be made was held at a town some miles distant from where the candidate resided. On the morning of the day on which the nomination was to be made, the candidate hired a team to take him to the scene of his hopes, The horse proved very slow. The man pounded and swore, and swore and pounded, but with his best efforts he did not get through till after the convention had adjourned and his hopes were blasted. He returned home in a frame of mind which you can imagine. The horse had been hired of the foreman of the livery stable, and was re-

turned to him.
Our candidate did not waste much of his powder on the foreman, but, on his way home, meeting the owner, he de-nounced him in the strongest terms for letting him have such a horse. The owner said there must be some mistake about it; that his horses were all good travelers, and finally persuaded him to return to the stable to find out the trouble. When they got to the stable, the owner asked the man in charge what horse he had given the man, "I gave him the hearse horse." "Hearse horse! hearse horse!" exclaimed the man. "Why, if a man should start to a funcral with such a horse as that, he would not reach the grave till two weeks after the resurrection," and, said Mr. Lin-coln, if I make a speech in every town I pass through, I shall not reach Washngton till two weeks after the inauguration,-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Good Humor. Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and works of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold about them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun make an effort to make some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and to regard it from a bumorous point of view, instead of being irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I never can find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good, but rather impatient, husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said, "I never guess conundrums; I give it up. Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her: and then she felt han py, and so what might have been an oc casion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some people have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home. - Scottish Ar: erican.

Italian Postal Curiosities.

The distribution of letters is, in fact one of the weakest points in the Italian postal system. Except in large towns the postoffice does not profess to make any house-to-house distribution at all, except on the payment of a small fee, generally a sou for each packet delivered to the postman; and in the large towns the delivery is done in a very careless manner. The postman rarely takes the trouble to climb the stairs to the different apartments, except just before Christmas, but con tents himself with leaving all the let ters for a house with a porter, who delivers them whenever he happens to be going up-stairs; if the porter is not in the way the letters go back into the bag until the next round is made, or are even sometimes left at a shop near. No wonder then that letters frequently miscarry without such willful intention as the postman showed who was discovered one Christmas stuffing all his letters into a sewer grating that he might get the sooner to his Christmas dinner. The excuse for nondelivery is that with houses five or six stories the work too hard for the postman; but the remedy for that is obvious. It is only fair to say that the postoffice does not recognize this haphazard distribution; but complaints only remedy the evil for a time, and somehow one's letters seem to miscarry more frequently after making them. As a consequence most business houses pay a small fee to the postoffice to have a box of their own, into which all of their letters are put, and withdrawn by a messenger. The difficulties put in the way of cash-

ing postoffice orders (and also, it may be added, of obtaining registered letters) are most vexatious. You must produce some one to identify you who is known to the officials, and it is easy to see how difficult this may often be; otherwise a notarial certificate is required, and that is only removing the difficulty a step further .- Pall Mail

An Incident of the War. On a raw, gloomy afternoon in the winter of 1864, Col. Senter and the writer had an appointment with President Lincoln on business connected with the protection of the commerce of the lakes. As we were about to be ushered into the private room of the President. Mr. J., a well-known lawyer of Ohio, seized both of us somewhat roughly by the shoulders, and begged us in earnest tones for the love of God and humanity to ask Mr. Lincoln to see him and his client, if only for one moment. "All day," he if only for one moment. "All day," he said, "we have tramped wearily by the door, hoping in vain the President would relent and give us a hearing. Look, for mercy's sake," he continued, "at that noble white head and tottering figure, with the hands tightly clasped nervously before him. That old man is a father; his only son, a lad of 19, is to be about this afternoon at 6 o'clock. to be shot this afternoon at 6 o'clock, unless the President interferes. Stanton has approved the sentence, Lincoln has declined to interfere he will not see me, and, unless we can get the ear of the President, the boy will be shot, and this old man and his wife will be maniaca"

The father of the boy at this moment came forward, a venerable old gentleman, with long white hair falling upon his shoulders. His face was one of the saddest sights I ever saw. The grief and anxiety so plainly written upon it plainly showed the torture he was suffering. We took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, told him we would beg the President to see him, and bade him hope for the best. Mr. Lincoln was in the gayest of humors, some-thing specially funny having taken place in an interview just closed with a large committee from Baltimore, and he recited the whole matter in the merriest manner, accompanied with shouts of laughter. For an hour Mr. Lincoln gave himself up to relaxation and rest, telling the usher to bring him no cards till he rang his bell.

At the end of this time Mr. John G. Nicolay, then private secretary, new Marshal of the Supreme Court, came quietly into the room, leaned over the President's chair and whispered some words of private conversation in his ear. In an instant the President ceased speaking, his face became cold and solemn in composure, and he appeared to reflect gravely for a moment before replying. Quietly looking back over his chair, he said slowly and distinctly:
"Tell Mr. — I will not see him. I can not. Don't ask me again. Tell him have read the papers in the case; all of them fully, word for word. The boy deserted three times, the last time when on guard at Washington, and he can not be pardoned. I will not inter-fere. He must be shot." Mr. Nicolay at once left the room, and Mr. Lincoln again renewed the conversation at the point he had broken off. He made no allusion to the interruption, and evidently did not wish either of us to speak of the subject in any manner. It was plain that his mind was made up, and his decision irrevocable

The lawyer, on getting the message from Mr. Nicolay, admitted further effort was useless, and at once started with his client to cross the bridge into Virginia, and drive where the boy was confined a prisoner. They reached the camp in time to find the young man ready for execution. The parting be-tween father and son was so affecting that no one could look upon it. officer in command had the brokenhearted old man carried tenderly to a tent, and at 6 o'clock promptly the young soldier was shot dead as a deserter, in the presence of his regiment.

Cape and Sword.

When Bonaparte first paid court to Madame de Beauharnais, neither was rich enough to keep a carriage, and the young hero, who was deeply in love, often gave the charming widow his arm when she went to visit her man of usiness, a notary named Raguideau.

Madame, who had a great confidence in this legal adviser, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after her engagement to Bonaparte, who, as usual, accompanied her, but, from motives of delicacy, did not enter the nolary's cabinet, but remained in an adoining room, where several clerks

ere writing.
The door being imperfectly closed here heard nearly all that was said during the interview, and especially the arguments used by Raguideau to deter Madame de Beauharnais from the marriage she acknowledged herself about o contract.

"Mark my words, madame," said the notary, "you are about to commit a great folly, of which you will bitterly repent. Why, this man you are about to espouse has nothing in the world but cape and a sword."

Said Josephine: "Bonaparte never spoke to me of this, and I had not the faintest suspicion that he had overheard Raguideau's contemptuous words. Can you, Bourrienne, figure to yourself my astonishment when, eight years after, on the day of his coronation, as soon as he was invested with his imperial robes, he said, 'Let them go and seek Raguideau; have him come instantly. I have something to say to him."

The notary was promptly brought, and stood much astenished before the Emperor, who with his peculiar sar-donic smile said to him, "Monsieur! have I nothing in the world but a cape

Didn't Declare Himseif.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was traveling in Egypt, with his daughter, they met an Englishman who did all in his power to make it pleasant for them, and, when the time came for their separation, said: "You may wonder, sir, at my having overstepped my usual re-serve so far as to become so intimate with you, but it is for the sake of a countryman of yours, one bearing the same name—Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has done me much good, and I hope some time to cross the ocean to meet him." And Mr. Emerson never told him it was himself whom he

BREVITIES.

PHILADELPHIA has 7,581 grog shops. THE enrolled militia of Massachusette numbers 245,762.

CANON FARRAR is said to have a sweet and musical voice.

SENATOR BLAINE wears a nickel-plated watch that cost \$7,50.

APPLES were never before so plentiful, of such fine quality, and so cheap.

Ar a recent dinner the Queen of England plucked ripe peaches from potted trees.

"Swear not at all," not even when putting up a depraved and ungovernable stove-pipe.

Mun Yew Chung, a Chinaman who reighs just 100 pounds, is coxswain of the Yale crew.

Miss Emily Faithfull has postponed her visit to the United States for the present season. JOHN E. OWENS, the actor, has given up the stage for mining speculation in

San Francisco. Bell, the telephone man, has been elected professor in Johns Hopkins Uni-versity, Baltimore.

THE Lowell Courier believes that the lover who pressed his suit was a tailor

or clothes-cleaner.

THERE are in Georgia 88,522 colored men who own, by the tax receivers' re-turns for their respective counties, 551,-199 acres of land.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., has twenty-five national banks with a capital of \$15,-145,600, and \$3,251,203 surplus and unlivided profits.

"Grastly jolly" is given as the latest addition to fashionable slang in England. It was probably created for use at a nother-in-law's funeral. MRS. JOHN C. GREEN has given \$100,-

000 to the American Sunday-School Union, to be used in developing a higher order of Sunday-school literature. THERE are hundreds of entertaining writers who would be good historians i they did not know so many things that have never happened .- New Orleans

MARE TWAIN draws and paints a little. He drew the lumber to build a fence at the back of his house, and the white-washing on said fence is said to be one of the finest sights in Hartford. "In what condition was the patriarch

Picayune.

Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy. A Horse in Nevada, being sick with colic, ended his sufferings by deliberately dashing out his brains against the

stone wall of the corral. It was in Nevada, also, that a pet dog recently com-mitted suicide by drowning. W. N. Armstrong, a lawyer of New York city, has been appointed Attorney General in the new Cabinet of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich islands. His father was one of the first mission-aries to the islands, and he himself was

born there. Suicides are on the increase in Franc The number in 1870 was 4.157; in 1872 5,275; in 1874, 5,617; in 1876, 5,804; in 1877, 5.922; and in 1878 -to which only statistics have been made up-6,424. A great number of cases, too are hushed up and never appear.

A PRIZE was offered for the mother who presented the greatest number of her own children at the Indiana State fair. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Line were each accompanied to the fair by nine, but Mrs. Line gave birth to a tenth on the grounds, and so took the prize.

A THEOLOGICAL professor asked his class the question whether they could think of any reason why the grave of Moses should have been so strictly concealed, and a simple youth, who, unfortunately, stammers, thought it must be "be-because they would t-take him up and st-stuff him."

Among the languages of civilized na tions English is the most widespread. It is the mother tongue of about 80,000,000 people; German, of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; French, of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; Italian, o 28,000,000, and Russian, of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000.

THE correspondence of Peter the Great will shortly be published by imperial authority at St. Petersburg. The work of editing the materials has already been seven years in hand. The text is elucidated by commentaries from the pen of the Russian Academician Bytchkoff. The appearance of the volumes has long been anxiously awaited, and is expected to be a literary event of the first order, no less on account of the monumental character of the work than the elegance of its execution. It is probable that it will contain many interesting revelations.

A Woman's Tactics.

When one woman is jealous of another she rarely attacks her openly; but she instinctively talks a great deal about her, and the general drift of her remarks under such circumstances must be familiar to every one whose acquaintanceship is not confined to the male sex. It is cer tain that she will never admit her jealousy but beyond that there is no saying what observations she may make about her enemy; nor will she miss any opportunity of saying an unkind word of her. She will generally contrive, however, that none of her weapons of attack shall be so damaging as her She will allow that her enemy is beautiful—beautiful as a tigress—but she will affirm that she is wicked; she will admit that she is amusing, but she will de clare her to be ill-natured; if she calls her innocent, she also calls her silly and if she praises her as true-hearted and trustworthy, she stigmatizes her as unsympathetic and uninteresting. If she begins by describing her as clever, she goes on to hint that she is an infidel. If she praises her balls and her parties, she abuses her for being too fat thin, or mentions some social failing There are plenty of other faults with which ladies accuse each other behind their backs, such as inhospitality, idleness, having "odd people" to stay with them, frequently changing their servants, and even telling lies; but it is needless to multiply instances, accusations are all alike unkind