LOST.

The meon comes out and glimmers, The stars like diamonds gleam, The stars like diamonds gleam, And long green boughs are waring O'er a pleasant mountain stream.

And my thoughts they travel backward Into the long dead years. And your lace comes up before me, Seen through a mist of tears.

We met—we loved—we parted;
The story ever new,
We lived—we hoped—we waited,
And se the leng years grew.

A rest see rolls between us, A gulf that time has made, New habits grow upon us. Old beauties faint and fade.

Take one last look behind you, lute the vale of years, Does my face come yet befor you, seen through a mist of tears?

WEARING THE CROSS" will be continue ment week, the mails having failed to bring us the usual weekly instalment. After this week we hope to be able to continue it regularly.

Nothing To Make us Happy.

Many a man and many a woman i diseatisfied with life and continually wishing themselves dead. They look with envy upon the success of othershave no desire to succeed themselves, and throw shadows upon the lives of others by wishing themselves out of this world and into the next. Now we have been thinking—thinking that

To be happy is to live to a purpose. With happiness life is a success. With out it a failure. Yet people aneer at those who try to be happy. Those who love each other and rest like the glories of a setting sun over field and orest-who are good, and kind, and loving, and demonstrative in their af fections are called fools, even by those who profess religion and purified intentions. And yet they profess to follow the teachings of Him who says Heaven is but eternal happiness, where loved and loving rest forever, with the near, the dear, the constant, the worshipped.

Some envy others happiness, and by remarks, cruel talk, wicked thrusts, and baneful speech, wound and weaken those who are striving for a heart shelter we all need-the love even Christ Jesus found in the society of Mary and Martha. Why not allow others to be happy even if we cannot?

We are happy, and contented more and more as the years come to break our fall when into the fathomiese byss drops our soul to the beautiful crest which has no working. We are happy in being contented with the result of our striving. We are happy in our work and in our love. We are happy in our health, in our disposition and ability to work, and, above all, in the golden place we have in the hearts. of so many of the poor, the earnest, the heart-suffering ones who write to us. and who do not, but call us triend

In front of our pleasant, cheery, well-lit room, in a beautiful Park. All around are trees. It is the property of the city-but we enjoy it as if it were all ours -- as some would to own it all, the night, as now, a thousand and en andichese were His stars. We en joy all this. The water rises and plashes into the basin, and large reservoir, cool and retreshing to the flesh, We are happy in this beautifeel feast.

And in the day time we look out to see the buds and leaves on the treesto see the chatty sparrows on the green enclosure—the graveled walks — the rustic seats or benches whereon people ait to rest-the crowds of men, women and children wandering therein-to see the elegant teams and beautiful ladies -the handsome equipages and stylish gentlemen go by-to see the houses, and the stores, and the steeet, and the telegraph wires, and the homes, and the spires, and all the works of man

make us happy—when such good the night to be very cold) had not friends, such extrest men and women others less insensible than himself -when there is so much to enjoy-when there are so many who are favorite rendezvous of the hogs, they sick and friendless we are happy and rushed out when the new comer arriv contented, as we are sorry for them, would aid them.

What if that man lives in a better earth when we can finally claim, in which to sleep? What if his or her mansion has more rooms than ourswe can be in but one room at a time. and we are as happy here as he or she there? His windows may outnumber suris, but we can see out of ours—he san do no more. That chair is as easy to us as his is to him. The smile of the one who loves us fills our heart with a life-tint so golden-can he say more? Our room may not be so large as his, but it is as neat and clean, as

erderly, as homelike! His darling may wear more silk than curs, but silk is not love. His darling may be more queenly than ours, but her kies is no sweeter, her hand no sufter, her face no more smiling, her leve no more true, earnest, soul wrap-ying, and heart enstaining. Mis dar-ling may ride in her carriage; hervanta in livery may wait on her; she may car diamonds by the score, but he' is more tenderly loved, more lovingly | promptly.

cared for by his darling than we are by ours; her bosont is no softer resting place, her arms no setter her love no more busing—her kiss and caress no sweeter than all these welcomes of our loved one. His distinct seem in a rma—her healthful in on his population beautiful aweeter than all these well-loved one. Highlight a arma—het beach hill y on h her beautiful beson ring like players as it is only ours in an affect of the second dearer than his to him? A

we are bappy. We have lived the life of a man brave, earnest working man. All that is ours we have won by honest toil of brain and muscles. Others have notdone so well; if they have done better still we are consent ! Our manhood has been preserved the while, and on our face or person is not so much as one mark of dissipation—on the heart of her we love is no deep tear-fountain of sadness from our cold, selfish, cruel misuse of strength and authority. And all these blessings add to our happiness and to our strength, as do the words of griends lead us as a little child steps to reach an outstretched hand, that we may do more, and still more good while working to win the reward which will be given those who reach the Eternal Shores with their pearls in hand and not lost in life's great sea. And some are so intent on reaching the distant shore they lose on the way all that would gain for them admit tance, and rest begond the line which separates the flowery plains from the hot, sandy shore where those must walk who have credentials entitling them to the Lealian Rest.

And as we are happy we would have others so. Would to Him who is Our such persons will not be happy in a world where He who is Supreme has it all His own way, when they are missist all his own way, when they are missistic all his own way, which has not all his own way, when they are missistic all his own way, which has not al who promised to love them and give to them the happiness they once hoped for. That we could call to our room to-night all the men, "our brother-," who are killing themselves, crushing out their manhood, lading their life boats with that which will drag them down— who are running wild and reckless; who are cold, cruel, brutal, harsh, sel fish, tyrannical, neglectful of home and home ones, and ask them to be men for the sake of manhood, and the glo rious reward it brings. That we could call to us to night all the little half starved children who are unloved—who have none to love and care for themwho are neglected by cruel, careless mothers and drunken, lorgetful fathers, and give to each of them a boquet like one beforests in the form of a cross, which came from some one the other day, a kies of love, a bit of sunshine, and a hope for that beautiful life we

all might enjoy if we would.
Thinking--and thinking. Wondering why men will not be men instead of wrecks, why women will not live for something besides envy, foolery, fash ion; why boys will not think more of honorable old age, bale, beautiful, glorious in the sunset of life, than of decrepit manhood-why they will by the light of the and the reward love brings to earnest endeavor, swear to and be somebody to be kind, good, loving, useful honorable men. rather than be of the wandering, list to rise a victor; there must I sue, for less, thoughtless driftwood which lines shores, floats the sea, and bleaches on the sands tinted by the golden sun

eet.
Well—the midnight is here. The work of the week is done. Have we been of use the past week? Have we and with the beauties thereof shut in made even one person happy? Yes by a high wall, so none could see. In Perhaps more. We have tried, at all the night, as now, a thousand and events. We know where our chapters more bright lights are to be seen all like brought light and life to one shout, as if just around us were heav home which not many weeks since was an abode of cold neglect and mise ry. Thank God for this reward, and take courage. If we have not benefit ed ourselves, we have, perhaps, done good to others, and if we have, and do, our life will be happy, our final rest sweet, our loved ones with us Over Yonder from whence comes the reach ing of a nelow golden shadow which sward and in the branches, miking step by step, is leading us on the glori love and melody. We see the cogtly our Sabbath morning, which find gives all who have good records when comes to us who are still "brothers and sis tern" the resting hour of life's Satur day Night, ..." BRICK" PONEROY

"WHEN DID YOU SHAVE?" -In one of the towns of Arkansas, a man had ever ' been drinking until a late hour of night. When he started for home, honest folks were in hed, and the houses were bere before us, and are as happy in all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him and he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon shed, and tell upon the ground. For a long true he have no hard not have a long true he have no hard not have a force of the care and attention. which now is not ours.

When there is so much in life to (for the snow on the ground showed been around him. This shed was a ed, but soon returned to their bed. In the most kindness, and with truest hospitality, they gave their piped comhouse than we own? He cannot take panion the middle of the bed, some lyit with him. What matters the size of ing on either side of him, and others answering the name of a quilt. Their and only for a time, then, so little of it warmth prevented him from being in jured by the exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself com fortable and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern. He reached out him and catoline ing hold of the bristles of a hog, "Why, Mister, when did claiming:you shave last ?"

THE American vacht Sappho, on Wednesday last, won for the third time in the race with the English vacht Cambria, at Cowes. The Cambria was the crack yacht of Great Britain, and was beaten in her own waters.

PITTSBURG reporters are excited about a mysterious individual who rides on the Birmugham street care from early dawn till dewy eve. He never speaks to anybody, never stops unless the cars do, and pays his fare

The Old Batchelon's Note-Book.

I met Lucy Gray on the street to-I met Lucy Gray on the street today, for the first time since my accide t. She was very kind in her inquiries, and its blood her hand a mo
must when I say good bye, she raised
he ever wit a lingh that made her
look like af day age rose. She is a
he let ark good, imodest, beautiful
and dufful; and I asked myself, as I
stood lingering there, why all this hesitation, this delay I Lucy would willingly be mine—I know the language ingly be mine-I know the language of those dear blue eyes so well! And choose her, two other women must be and behind, O'Donaghue, on his white driven to despair! And I, who am horse, which was led by Naiads. swer to my conscience for the rain I must work? Dear Lucy! It is hard ghttering helmet, bright armor, and th

good-bye. Even that puppy must have noticed it. Dare say, though, he took it entirely to bimself. Those young fellows are so intolerably conceited? It was not so in my day.

I called on my glorious widow this afternoon. I found that everlasting Strong, the lawyer, there, and she litt ed her dark gray eyes with such a look of infinite react, a. In concomplayed, and sing to me alone, and law yer Strong sat sulking in the window all the while. At last his jealousy got the better of him, and with a hasty farewell left the house. The dear crea ture grew serious at once when we were She heaved a righ and looked at me from under her long lashes. I knew only too well what she was ex pecting to hear, and the words were al most trembing on my lips, but the thought of Lacy and my interesting Harrickdrove them back again, and I took my leave, still keeping her in suspense. I feel and know that I ought o end this struggle, in justice to myself ! and them. But the melting gray eyes of the charming widow haunt my with their lingering bewitching gaze and echo the question, How?

At eight in the evening I called upon my third four enclaver, the heiress whose golden chains atone for the plainness of her face and the scanty en dowments of her mind sounding sea. My heart was full, and I longed to comfort her by offering her my heart and hand for which sea. have pined and yearned in vam. -- Will not this after all, be my best choice and wise-t course? The lovely face of Lucy must change and tade as the years go slowly by, and the dark grav eyes of the bewitching widow will loose something of their enticing light betore she has been long my own. But Harriet, with her hundred thousand

charms that can never change or pall Harnet, with her town house, her country seat, her servants, her compages, ah, ves, there must I kneel only one brick moment, nor tear to be demed! But this evening I could not speak the magic words that would have bound her heart to mine. That great hulking brute of a dragoon, Captain Sanglier, must needs come trampling in upon us, and take her for a walk upon the shore. It was "an old engagement," she said, holding out her hand as she apologized for leaving me She looked at me with a smile and a sigh, as I bent over her hand. The dragooning monster pulled his yellow mustaches and glared at me, and I glared at him in return To morrow get, as test real...
rope with my Harriet, the brokenis I leave behind. Harriet, the broken

wretched self indulgent, indolent de I have seen a sight this morning that will baunt me to the grave! At the altar of the parish church stood three pile and lovely brides, and each casta heart rending glance of anguish and remorse at me, as they pronounced the fatal words that separated us for-Lucy weds young Harding, the bewitching widow takes the lawver, and my golden Harriet throws herself away on the blustering dragoon! I, who might have prevented at least one of these sacrifices, who might have made at least one heart happy -when shall I ever cease to feel refor the incurable misery I have thus idly wrought - Ledger

A Legend of Killarney

One of the legends of this beautiful lake, accuated in the heart of Ireland. is, that once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donaghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent up on household affaire, fairies hovering before him, and strewing his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence, everything turns to its form er state of magnificence—his castle, his library, his prison, his pigeon-house, are reproduced as in the olden time. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake, may cross the deepest part dry footed, and ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures lie concealed; and the daring visitor will receive a liberal gift in re turn for his company; but before the sun has arisen, the O'Donaghue recross es the water, and vanishes amidst the

ruins of his custle.

Another relates how a young and beautiful girl, named Melcha, wandering along the banks of the beau tiful lake, after the last rays of the setting sun had gilded the horizon, saw the pale light of the silvery which had just risen, a plumed head rise out of the lake. Gazing on the phantom, she distinctly saw the full sun is making parasols and light goods form of a chieftain on a white charger,

gliding slowly towards her. He had a wand, surmounted by a golden sham-rock. They had an interview. She rock. They had an interview. She loved. He promised a happy life under the green wave. She agreed to be his own on the next May morn. May morn arrived, and Melcha was reday; in her bridal dress. She stood of a high rock on the borders of the large just as the sua began to gild the surrounding mountains. Soon she heard rapturous music, the air was perfumed and from which I am stopping. rapturous music, the air was perfumed with delicious odors, and she beheld a and from which I am now writing to train of beautiful damsels arise from she would be a devoted wife, a gentle the water all clothed in white, scatter-nurse. Why then do I hesitate? Alas! In spring flowers around; then a group I cannot endure the thought, that, if I of young children with fragrant flowers, naturally so tender hearted where the the train moved on, boys and damsels fair sex is concerned how could I an came up and followed till the whole were opposite Melchh, He wore a to give her up.

Young Harding came out of his when they parted. She knew not what store as I left her, and she blushed a to do, or how to join her lover, but dicrimson scarf Melchar had given him when they parted. She knew not what rosier red than ever as she bade me rectly she stepped back a few paces, and running, made a big jump off the rock; O'Donaghue rushed forward and caught her in his arms before she reached the water. The entire train gathered around the chief and his bride, and all sunk beneath the waves-nor

A True and Touching Incident.

that day to this.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink to much at the party to day," said she putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face

with a pleading smile,"
"No, Millie, I will not, you may trust me;" and she wrapped her infant in a blanket and they descended. horses, were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation be guiled the way. "Now don't you forgut your promise," whispered the young

wife as they passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red.

The party passed pleasantly; the wite decended from the upper chamber to join her husband. pang shot through her beating heart as she met un, for he was intoxicated; he had also broken his promise.

pressed closely to her grieving heart. "Give me the baby, Millie! I can't trust you with him," he said, as they

approached a dark and swollen stream After some besitation she resigned er first born-herdarling babe, so closely wraped in a great blanket-to his arms.

Over the dark waters the noble steeds bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her breast no babe was there! It had slip ped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild schrick from the mother aroused him, and be turned around just in time to see a rosy lace rise one moment above the dark waters, and sink forever-and that by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

A LITTLE REFORMER -The following conversation, which, if it did not occur in our presence, occurred somewhere, and as it will apply to all localities, we he shall get his quietus, and I will for-tget as best lean to a propose to E. . It is a great wonder to us get, as best I can, in a voyage to En that there are not more men in exist ence leading purer lives, when such Also, my criminal loitering! My out to us, in the simplicity of their pure, 'innocent bearts, the agances indulged in by fathers, which, to the child, must appear so monstrous and unnecessary.

Nellie-Father, do you remembe

that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?

Father-Yes, my child; what of it? Neille—Do you remember that moth or didn't get the two dollars?

Father - Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think about, Nellie - What is that, father? Father - I remember that we are not

rich. But you seem in a brown study What is my daughter thinking about Nellre-I was thinking about how much one cigar costs.

Father—Why, it costs ten cents-not two dollars by a long shot. Nellie- But ten cents three times a

day is thirty cents. Father - That's as true as the multi plication table. Nellie-And there are seven days in

Father-That's so by the almanac. Nellie -And seven times thirty cents

Father—Hold on, I'll surrender.

Father—Hold on, I'll surrender.

Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her I'll do without cigure for a week.

Nellie-Thank you, father; but it

you would only say a year, it would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet and lots of pretty things.
Father-Well, to make my little girl

happy, I will say a year.

Nellie-O, that will be so nice; but wouldn't it be about as easy to say al-ways, then we would have the money year, and your lipe would be so much sweeter when you kiss us.

Mucu is said in these days of woman's sphere. Is it not true that her principal fear is that she will not get married?

The "Sleeping Beauty" of Tennessee, by One who has Stan Her.

So much has alre you. Miss Susan Caroline Godsay was born in Obion county, Tenn., and within ten miles of this city, of poor, but, very respectable parents. Her father has been dead for over twelve years. Her mother still lives and watches over her loved child, and the sunken eves and furrowed brow show very plainly the trials and sorrows she has experienced in her duty for twenty one years. She is very poor, and, to some extent, dependent on the contributions of visitors, to take care of and procure proper supplies for her charge,

Miss Godsny was taken sick when

about four years of age, with what was supposed to be chills and fever, but which baffied the skill of nurses and physicians for more than two years, at which time she fell into a nervous sleep, from which she has not woke has the lovely Melcha been seen from since for a longer time than twelve minutes. She usually sleeps soundly from 11 o'clock at night until about 6 in the morning, and through the day awakes once an hour. Her waking spells are never of less than four nor more than twelve, but usually about ых minutes duration. In her waking moments she spoke both pleasantly and intelligently, answers promptly any question asked her, and appears quite happy and contented.

One of the strangest points of this strange case is the seemingly total absence of anything like respiration. piece of the finest polished glass held to her lips fails to disclose the slightest trace of breath. Her pulse is per fectly still, and but for a nervous tremulous motion of the body, which never ceases, you might at any time call her dead. She has grown during her affliction from a little child to about the average height of her sex, and weighs ninety six bounds; and al though her body and hands show her very poor in flesh, her face is full and smooth, and her features well-developed. Indeed, such a rare style do her features portray that the is not map-propriately called the Sleeping Beauty Tennessee. -- Union City, Tenn Correspondence of the Louisville Com mercial.

A FEARELL THREAT One of the most foolish threats that ever was made is that of the Dominion. It proposes to spite the United States by closing the Welland canal against American vessels. If it were done, it would compel the building of an American canal, and the Welland would soon have its rotten docks decorated with ragged boys fishing for bull heads in the placed waters of the canal, instead of a revenue from the tolls of Ameri can vessels passing through it. In fact, there are not enough vessels passing from one port to another in the Domin ion to pay toll sufficient to keep the tiovernor General's, Souragest thild in underclothes. Sine tenths of the revenue of Welland canal is derived from the passage through it of American bottomed crafts, carrying from points in the United States to others, and the other tenth turnish Canada with neces sities, which would increase in price if they stopped up the canal. A people that can weave a network of railroads over a whole continent, would not be long in building a short canal, and when they had it done, would be ready to say, "Send along your biggest vessels, there's room enough for them to pass through our ditch." This is not mere "blarsted Yankee bombast;" it is a sober fact, and it is foolish for any Canadian paper to suggest the stopping the inter-lake commerce in retaliation for the course of our Government in not allowing troops to pass through our canal the Sault.

SONG OF CONGRESS.

Cold iron, in the common folks' shovels and nxes.

Has strength to submit to the heaviest taxes;
While the high price of salt from a pickle may save us.

And a duty on codice vex Jefferson Davis.

Put on the scrows
As hard as you choose.

To be awindled the people can never refuse

The people at large are but rebels and rioters, tood loval men are aron furnace proprietors. In retirn for tois loyalty let us content ten By taxing all others a hundred per centum. Put on the screw.

From the axe in our hand to the nails in our shoes.

The monarchs of salt pans, the lords of the And reasters of bread crumbs to Congress

return us, squeeze in good carnest the laboring For why should we care for the work of the masses?

Put on the rerews
As hard as you choose,
I ill the growns of the victims our masters amuse.

-Old Guard.

The American System.

The industrial class of the United States have been the subject of a long and interesting report by Mr. Francis Clare Ford, Secretary of the English Legation, at Washington. This report was made in pursuance of a circular addressed by Lord Clarendon, in April, 1869, to the dislomatic and consular agent of Grak Britan, instructing them to report upon the condition of the in dustrial class in the countries to which they were accredited. Mr. Ford says that the American system of common school education has elevated the condition of the native-born working man and has disposed him to prefer occupa-tions in which the exercise of the brain is in greater demand than those of the elbow, and assert that the steady influx of immigrants for the last twenty years has created a disinclination on the of the American to engage in the rough toil of purely muscular labor, which the newly arrived foreigner is ready to exert for his support.

All Sorte of Paragraphs. The law and ried Grease" is a lioux Chief.

SHAMBURG is the name of a new oil city, and an artesian well is to be sold in Charleston.

GEDAR county, Iowa, has a copper mine, and Indianapolis, Ind., recorded a \$10,000,000 mbrigage.

VIRGINIA oysters are sent to England packed in mud, that they may reach there alive.

THE great fire in Quebec last Tuesday was only stopped by a sudden and heavy fall of rain. THE London Times says that in Lon-

"thieves at present are too clever for the present. ADMIRAL Farragut is to deliver the

prizes to the Annapolis Naval Academy graduating class next month. THE Protestant Episcopal Convention

at Baltimore elected Rev. Wm Pick-ney, of Washington, Assistant Bishop of Maryland. In Cincinnati, B. F. Redman, Jr. obtained a verdict in the Supreme Court for \$8,000 sgainet H. C. Culberston for

the seduction of his wife. A BILL passed the Senate last night providing for the government of the District of Columbia, with a Governor,

Secretary and Legislative Assembly WM. E. HILL and John Philips (colored) were sentenced at Boston for the murder of Wm. Jacobs, the furmer to be hanged and the latter to the State

prison for life. THE Board of Supervisors of Milvankee county, Wisconsin, refused, by a vote of eleven to five, to grant and to the Milwaukee and Northern Railrond.

THE last struggler from General Lee's army has arrived at Louisville en route to Baltimore After "Petersburg" he retreated to Mexico, and is now on his

way home THE Revolution settles the dish-washing question by quoting from 2d Kings, xxi 13 "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish; wiping it, and turning it upside down."

ROCHEFORE is now in prison. He romps daily with his children, and they made such a noise the other day, that he warned them, "We will all be turned out, if we create such a row.

THE gallant Feman O'Neil complains that he is a terribly ill-used man he was gallantly fighting the Canadians in the front, the United States Marshal took a back at him in the rear. THE annual convention of the Indiana

State Editors and Publishers Associa-Stipe Editors and Tubesia A resolution met in Indianapolis A resolution was adopted requesting Congress to reduce the duty on printing paper to ten per cent

A rew days since a Mrs. Streiker, 11. ing or Mud Crock, near Wauwatoa, Wisconsin, committed suicide? The cause is said to be sorrow that she had induced a daughter to marry contrary to the child's wishes,

A SMART boy of Bellefontaine, Ohio, after eating a green apple, exclaimed "Oh, dear! I've chewed an Odd Fellow !" "An" Odd Fellow !" said 1 is mother. "Yes; he's giving no the

grip."
The champion old man who is in the habit of mowing fifteen tons of hav per diem, has turned up thus early in the season in Indiana. They are getting him organized for the summer season

An English farmer lately placarded the following announcement: sive sale of live stock, comprising not less than 140,000 head, and a limited right of pasturage " It turned out that he had several hives of bees to dispose

THE laborers on the Kansas Paritie Railroad demand that they shall be armed for the protection of their lives and threaten that if their demand be not complied with they will seize a passenger train and come in thus election the passengers and leaving them to the tander mercies of the savages.

GENERAL Jordan, it is said, has writtencto the Cuban Junta in New York, that he has met with little encouragement thus far in Washington, but does not despair of accomplishing something before the close of the session of Con gress. He attributes his want of success to fulse reports having reached the members of Spanish victories

DYING words are sometimes strange A colored man who died in jail at New Castle, Delaware, the other day, said to unstie, Delaware, the other day, said to his nurse, "You won't have to wish any more shirts for me;" and an old man whose feet were cut off on the Philadel-phia and New York Railroad, Wednes-day night, said it "would cost him less for boots."

THERE are encouraging assurances that the death penalty is to be abolished in Holland and Prussia. A similar measure has just been rejected in Bava-ria by a small majority. The agitation of this question in this country has temporarily given place to more interesting matters, but it is not to die out until its aim is finally gained.

As a man and his wife, residing u Keokuk co., Iowa, where returning one day last week from the funeral of the last of their three children, who had died of scarlet fever, a thunder sterm came up and just as they were entering lightning struck their carriage. The man was instantly killed, and the wife is now a raving maniac.

JUVENILE Peabloys are in bloom at Albany, New York, and will some day make a noise in the world. The 'Argus tells of a little boy, his face besmeared with molasses, and his rags fluttering in the breeze, running up from the river, flourishing a dirty shingle, and screaming at the top of his voice to a comrade.

O. Bill 1 get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogsit of lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash !"

A snobbish travelor at Baltimore, A SNOBISH travelor at Baltimore, who demanded his trunk at the depot before all others, and was told by the Irish baggage master that he must have patience and wait his turn, turned upon the baggage master with "You're an impudent dog." To which he of the trunks rejoined: "An' faith, ye are a monkey and its reset fits that when monkey, and its a great pity that, when we two were made bastes, ye wasn't made an illiphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under yer nosp all the time."

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