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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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A Recall.

Come from the south with hurrying feet,
O breezes soft ! O breezes sweet !
And let your fragrant kisses bring
New blushes to the face of spring.

Blow hence the chill from empty nests ;
Blow hither now our singing guests,
And lift the covering of snow
From violets that sleep below.

The streams upon their errands run,
And leap and sparkle in the sun ;
The mountain-sides with laughter shake,
And from their feet the shackles break.

The earth in robes of joy appears,
Becoming to her state and years,
When from the south the bugles blow
That break the reign of frost and snow.

Come, then, and bid the world renew
Its beauteous garniture of dew,
And let your warm embraces start
The pulses of her burdened heart.

Come from the south with hurrying feet,
O breeze, soft ! O breeze, sweet !
Let the glad earth rejoice ere long
In wealth of fragrance and of song.

Guild's Signal.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped !

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say :
"To my trust true,
So love to you !
Working or waiting, Good night !" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence:
"Nothing amiss,
Nothing ; it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain.
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead
Flew down the track when the red leaves
burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned :
Sang as it flew :
"To our trust true,
First of all Duty—Good night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

BRET HARTE.

THE BILL COLLECTOR.

A Most Mysterious Acquaintance.

He was a peculiar-looking person, not more than thirty, I should say, with a face full of points, rather tall, with an easy, shambling gait; scarcely well dressed; hardly a gentleman, and if not a gentleman—what? When I say "a face full of points," I do not mean intellectual points, reflective points, vicious points, in fact, any ordinary or extraordinary points, but rather a face full of possibilities. Was he an actor, an artist, an eccentric man of letters? After considerable scrutiny, I decided "No." Was he a professional of any kind? Since nowadays the professions are so varied, I said, after much hesitation, "Yes, a professional." The decision availed little. Meanwhile the man's presence had a fascination for me. As I occasionally met his small blue-gray eye, suspicions of his being a detective were indulged in; but he lacked the hard expression and the secretive air acquired by that odious yet necessary member of society.

This was a few years ago, on the long colonnade of Congress Hall, in Saratoga. My man would take a position favorable for seeing the world which surged to and fro, and there he would sit nearly all the morning, nearly all the afternoon, not talking with anybody, doing literally nothing, except in the way of observation. I did not once see him speaking with a human being. It was all the same to him, I am sure, for he wore perpetually that easy, vagabondish look. I resolved to scrape acquaintance with him.

Taking advantage of a vacant seat next him, I sat down.

"A fine day?"

It was with this original observation I commenced the attack.

He actually turned and looked me full in the face, as much as to say, "Who the deuce are you, and what object can you have in speaking to me?" A pleasant look, nevertheless, though not unmixed with suspicion. After he had satisfied himself apparently, he replied, "Very." The answer certainly was not provocative of further conversation; still it was not spoken in a sharp, cut-off tone, but dropped from his lips in an acquiescing, amiable way, as if here was a congenial subject on which we could exchange confidences.

"Do you know," I said, "that, of all the people I have seen here, you appear to be most enjoying yourself."

"How is that?"

He uttered "How is that?" in the easiest, most companionable tone imaginable, as if we were old friends about to enjoy a snug, cozy chat.

"Why, you seem to take things philosophically, and to make of Saratoga, what in reality it should be, a place to rest and recreate in."

"Well, you *have* hit my case, that's a fact—it is *rest* that I am after! though I don't care much for the recreation."

"You don't look overworked."

"Don't I? That is strange. It's owing to my native vigor, I guess. Perhaps you won't believe me if I tell you I am the hardest-worked man in New York city—more than that the most imposed-on individual in that little village—the very most."

"I am sorry to hear it. I confess I can't find the least trace of what you complain of in your countenance. By-the-way," I continued, "your face is very familiar to me. Where have I seen you?"

My companion's manner suddenly changed. He looked at me in a curious and prying, not to say offensive, way.

"No, it isn't so," he presently ejaculated, by way of soliloquy. "We never got acquainted—am downright sure."

"I did not intimate that we had," I replied, tartly. "I said your face was familiar."

"Oh, that may be—that may be; easy enough, if you belong to New York. I am *around*, you may be certain of that."

"How as to your being so much imposed upon?"

"I could not explain unless I told you my business, and I sink the shop when I leave home. Don't I enjoy it here!"—he stretched his legs at full length, and they were very long. "Nothing to bother me; no care, no responsibility."

"And no one to impose on you," I put in.

He laughed. "You are curious to find out who I am. I saw that plain enough yesterday. You took my bearings all sorts of ways. You can't guess now."

"No, I give it up."

"Well, I may call myself a philosopher. My life is spent in studies of human nature—that makes a philosopher, doesn't it?"

I assented, and he went on.

"My father intended me for a lawyer, but it was too narrow business—too little scope for real genius—not excitement enough. In fact, I invented my present occupation—not to say 'invented,' exactly, but I struck out a new path, a new mode of treatment, based on truly humane principles. Not but what I *can* be severe if necessary, yet it seldom *is* necessary. New and varied acquaintances, the intimate ramifications of society, the mysteries of this mundane life, the weaknesses and foibles of humankind, all pass in review before me—philosophically interesting—in short, sir, interesting in every way!"

This was delivered in a highly rhetorical tone and manner, and with such a gleam of those blue-gray eyes, that for a moment I doubted my companion's sanity.

"But you have not told me what the occupation is," I interposed.

"It is difficult to comprehend and embrace it by any known appellation. To tell you in one word would be impossible; I should have to enter largely into the subject."

"Just what would most interest me."

"Do you understand," continued he, grandiloquently, "the antagonism between buyer and seller, employer and employed, first man, middle man, and public?"

"Something of this I have paid attention to."

"Well, you are also familiar with the credit system?"

He brought one of his little twinkling orbs to bear on me in a manner so delicately insinuating, that I could positively feel myself changing color. I nodded.

"The credit system, sir—the greatest blessing of civilization, and the most absurd of all our blessings. Have you ever considered, sir, of the millions on millions of individuals on this globe who are benefitted, I may say vivified, by it? Do you know to what it is constantly subject? Did it ever occur to you that to be in such case the medium between persons holding opposite relations is one of the noblest missions of humanity? And yet," he added, with an entire change of voice, and in a tone exceedingly pathetic, "how wearisome, how never-ending the toil."

"In other words," I said, beginning to be weary of his circumlocution, "you are——"

"A collector! There!" he exclaimed, "I see you are disappointed. I knew you would be so." (It was impossible for me not to show it at such an impotent conclusion.) But hold on. I told you no one word would define what I meant, and I have got to go into the subject with you."

I signified my wish for him to proceed.

"Yes, you may call me a collector. Understand, I treat the business on the highest grounds of psychology, humanity, and animal magnetism. I shall explain. I have for my constituents doctors and dentists, retail merchants of every sort, first-class mechanics, and so on, and so on. Lawyers and clergymen have little occasion for my services; but undertakers—fashionable undertakers—frequently call in my assistance. Imagine me with hundreds of these bills in hand, ranging from ten dollars to a thousand dollars. I don't refuse the very smallest. These bills are against persons of all grades of respectability. Often, when put in my hand, they are accompanied by a suggestion which the principal thinks he ought to make, but which he does not expect will influence me much—nor does it. For example, he will say, 'I want you to collect one hundred and three dollars from Jones. You must be sure to treat him with courtesy and not wound his feelings—he is a gentleman.' Now, if I find Jones to be really a gentleman, as is often the case, I have no difficulty. Perhaps he will tell me he can't pay at present, and will explain why. The explain part may all be manufactured out of whole cloth to save his pride; but I accept his statement of inability, and I sympathize with all my magnetism with his excuse, and ask him to fix his own time, when I shall call for the money. He dislikes to fix too distant a day, but he postpones, say, for three weeks. I accept the date with alacrity. I produce my memorandum-book. 'Let me see—that will bring it to Thursday, June 4th. Am very much obliged to you, Mr. Jones. I will call *on that day;*' and I look at him courteously, but with a full magnetic current, by which I am brought into a peculiar relation with that man, and he feels I mean business."

"Does he pay on the day?"

"Not always. Perhaps he will give me a part, and manufactures another excuse—poor fellows! why *will* they lie so?—or, he may really be obliged to put me off again for the whole—recollect, I am talking of a gentleman, and no mistake; then I bring a stronger current to bear, but always as the same polite 'your humble servant,' and the next fetches it. Why, such a man feels as much relieved when he pays one of *my* bills as a criminal does at a verdict of not guilty. Can't explain it myself—magnetism—all magnetism!"

"You have given me, I should judge, a very gentle example. You have much harder cases?"

"I should say so! I was about to tell you. After seeing my people once—I call them *my* people, for I take an affectionate interest in them all—after seeing them once, I classify right off—know just how to deal with each type, just exactly.

"You have many divisions?"

"A good many—reduce down to as few as possible. Besides the type I have just mentioned, is the good-natured, careless fellow, able to pay, not quite ready, because he won't take the trouble to raise the money. These are difficult cases—very hard to bring them into magnetic relations with me. I present the bill. 'Thunder!' isn't that paid? It ought to have been paid long ago! No money to-day—not a stiver; too bad, isn't it?' 'When shall I call again?' I ask. 'When call again?—bless me! whenever you like; always glad to see you. Take a cigar?' Of course, I never smoke. If I take a cigar or a drink, it is all up with the magnetism."

"How do you answer him?"

"I look serious, very serious indeed, but am *excessively* polite. I plead that I have infinite running about to do which precludes my calling for the pleasure of the thing. Still the bill was handed me to *collect*, and if he will name a day for payment I will certainly be on hand. If I can get his sober attention I am all right, but the chances are he will chaff me two or three times, and, as he is a good fellow, my perseverance is rewarded at last."

"Thus far I don't see the dark side of the picture."

"Will come to it presently. I must get on methodically. You must bear in mind, I have often a double trial. A physician sends for me—he is desperately hard up. 'Take these accounts,' he says—'recollect, money I *must* have.' I go ahead. The first person I call on flies in a passion. 'It is not possible! I can't believe it; I don't believe it! Why, I sent the doctor fifty dollars last week, with word he must wait another month for the balance; he sent answer it was all right, and now he has put it in the hands of a collector—perfectly shameful, considering the amount of money I have paid him.' I try to explain. I talk of a sudden loss, of I don't know what else, but the man has got me down on magnetism, and he keeps me down. He defies the doctor, and looks at me as if I were a swindler. He will pay it in a month, and no sooner, just as agreed on—wouldn't pay sooner if he had the cash in his pocket. I get out of the house the easiest way possible. *I* have made no mistake, but the doctor has. I report to him. He at once blows me up for being too pressing; too professional; for not managing better, anyhow. I accept the talk; it don't mean anything. I know that, but it isn't pleasant—no, it isn't pleasant. The chances are, the doctor will write to his patient, tell him a direct falsehood, how the account got by accident into my hands, that I acted without orders; hoping the matter will be overlooked. Poor man, to tell such a lie just for nothing—how humiliating."

Others go further. I had a bill for nine hundred dollars against—well, a very pretty, fashionable woman. It was for all sorts of fancy goods. The merchant thought the people were getting shaky. "We must look very sharp," he said, "or we shall lose this." I had no idea of losing it. I called in the morning, about ten; my lady had not been to breakfast. I called at one, she was engaged; at six, she was at dinner; later in the evening, she was at the opera. By dint of extraordinary perseverance I succeeded, through the servant, in getting her to name an hour when she would be at home. She was at home, but dressed for a drive, and could not stop a minute to see me. She was impertinent, very. I always call that a good sign, just as getting angry is a good sign. "Who sent me?" she wanted to know that. "No one sends me, madame," I said; "it is my own business I am conducting, which is that of collecting bills which are considered a little doubtful or difficult." "Doubtful! do you call a bill against me doubtful?" "With entire respect, I must say I do." She rushed in the carriage in a rage, and was off. The next day she called at my client's store and paid up every cent! My man was so much influenced by her statement of my conduct, coupled with the possession of the money, that he took me to task for doing my duty, although those folks failed in thirty days from that time. My feelings were very much hurt, but I could afford to pity the man. I pity all who prevaricate and lie, and he did both.

The collector drew a long breath, and continued:

"Next come the unfortunates who are so hard-pressed they really can't pay, but they are ashamed to own it. Why, if folks would come right out, honor bright, and say, 'We can't do it, there's no use talking,' I would wait a whole year; but they say 'next week,' and 'next month,' and 'in a fortnight,' and 'very soon indeed, probably Thursday.' Now, I *always keep an appointment*, and if you could hear how, time after time, running through a year or two years, new excuses are fabricated for each occasion, you wouldn't wonder at my pity for these poor, wretched, degraded souls."

"But I should think, understanding their situation, you would let them know it kindly, and save yourself much running."

"That is not my occupation. My occupation is to *collect the money*, and I expect to run after it. Yes, nobody runs like me; morning, noon, and into the night. But I don't mind it."

"You have said nothing of those who impose on you."

"Ah, it is only when my people undertake to impose on me that my genius rises to the occasion. I once had a bill against a club-man—only fifteen dollars. You would know him if I mentioned his name. He never pays anything—belongs to two first-class clubs. I followed him from one to the other; he would make appointments as often as I liked, but never kept them—was of the pompous sort. One day he would be going to receive a check; another day he would show it to me; it was to be cashed in the morning, and I should be paid. Then he would go to Washington, and no one knows where. I lost his track once for three months. At last I caught him at the —— Club. He looked very lofty. 'Thomas,' said he to the waiter, 'change this bill for me.' The waiter took it, and presently returned. It was too large. 'You see how it is,' said the magnate; 'if the boy could change the note, I would give you your money. You will have to call again.' 'How large is it?' I asked. 'A hundred dollars,' said he. 'I can change it for you,' (you see, the big bill dodge is not uncommon, and I go provided); so I took the hundred dollars, counted him out eighty-five, handed him his receipt, and came away—a great triumph, a very great triumph. Poor man, I pity him very much; think how hard he must try to be a rogue poor fellow!"

"You fail sometimes, I suppose?"

"I can't say I fail. I never undertake a 'dead beat'—that is, if I know it—never. I don't claim to be able to magnetize a corpse. Sometimes I encounter one without knowing it. It don't take me long to find it out. Then I punish him, always with a view to his good."

"How?"

"Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. A poor man gave me an account for twenty dollars to collect against a young fellow in a first-class jobbing house. I found he was a 'dead beat;' he would make appointments for every day in the year, and when you came, coolly tell you he had no money. It was in July; the weather awful hot. One day the fellow said, 'Call Friday, and I will make a payment.' On Friday I called; he was in the lower basement, packing goods. 'No money to-day;' that was all he said. Two or three of his fellow-clerks were helping him. I took off my coat and began to preach to him. I *can* preach when I try. I went into the detail of my client's situation, the nature of the debt, the conduct of the debtor, his manner of life, his probable end. I soon discovered I had the attention of my audience—the chap himself began to slacken in his work. At last he said: 'Mister, if you will stop where you are I will pay you five dollars down and give you my word of honor I will pay you five dollars a week till the whole is paid.' 'Done,' I said. He handed over the V, and I came away."

"Did he pay the rest?"

"Not he. The next week the bird had flown, and I never saw him again. But I administered punishment righteously. Poor wretch, my heart bleeds for him. What a life to lead!"

"And do you never resort to harsh measures?" I asked.

"Such as what?" demanded my companion.

"Legal prosecution, for instance," I said.

He laughed at what he seemed to think was a very verdant suggestion.

"You do not suppose," he continued, complacently, "that where my magnetism fails there is any chance for law?"

I did not know. "There are other means," I remarked, "which I have heard of. There are collectors, I am told, who make themselves personally offensive in dress and appearance, so as to be as annoying as possible."

"You are right; but that sort of thing is pretty much played out. These are low fellows, a disgrace to an artistic profession. Why, I knew one of these vagabonds, who had an old covered wagon plastered with common advertisements and bills, and a raw-boned horse. He went around collecting. The establishment was so conspicuous that everybody knew what it was. This chap would drive before the door of the person who owed a bill, and there he would sit an hour or two, so everybody would say, 'Look there; he is after Thompson.' The fellow came to grief. He drew up to a house in Lexington Avenue; went in and asked payment of an account. The party hadn't the money. The other went out, took a seat in his covered cart, and there remained. The party in the house seeing this told him to drive on. He declined to do so. The party, who was a strong, stalwart man, dragged the fellow to the sidewalk and thrashed him soundly. It stopped his business, and it served him right, I say. He was a disgrace to the profession. No, sir; no. Nothing but magnetism and moral suasion. Appeal to the conscience which is alive in the bosom of every one of God's creation, except in that of the 'dead beat' who is a moral corpse. Appeal, I say, to the conscience, and bring your magnetism to bear. Very hard work, though—very hard work, indeed. It requires a deal of running; a wearisome work. I sometimes fear it will wear me out."

Summer Suits.

For summer suits thick Nappleon blue soft-finished linen is imported for $1 a yard, and twenty-five yards are sold for a suit. Polonaises of this linen are wrought all over with white polka dots; others are machine embroidered with white, and sold for $35. A very simple suit of deepest blue with a vine of white brier stitching on polonaise and skirt is $35.

Another novelty is *toile bleu*, blue linen striped with white like bed-ticking coutille. When stylishly made this is very effective, and will not become common, as plain suits cost $70. They are made with a long tight polonaise caught up behind, edged with a scalloped needle-worked ruffle, and fastened by smoked pearl buttons. The skirt has a wide straight flounce edged by two scalloped ruffles. When a line of red is in the white stripe the ruffles are overcast with Turkey red cotton. Cool-looking brown linen suits are not largely imported. The most stylish and simple ones shown have the skirt trimmed with two straight gathered flounces each two-eighths wide, headed by a bias band. The long loose belted polonaise has a similar flounce all around it, is buttoned down the front by large pearl buttons, has square pockets, and has a black faille folded belt with a sash that drapes it high behind. Folds of black faille and a bow are on the sleeves. Around the neck is an English collar of the gray linen. A white linen ruffle will be worn inside.

The newest fancy in batiste costumes is to trim them with strong heavy Malines (old-fashioned thread lace). A row of Malines insertion is set in the polonaise, and three rows are in the Spanish flounce on the skirt. Price $125 for suit. Among other washing dresses are lace-striped percales in brown and gray goods, with white stripes and damask figures.

The loveliest white cambric suits have the polonaise wrought all over in open-worked English embroidery, all eyelet-holes and compass-work. The skirt has a single deep flounce of embroidery. Embroidered fraise around the neck. Violet watered ribbon sash, belt, and knots at the throat and elbow complete this perfect costume. Price $175. A white nansook suit has a Watteau polonaise and Spanish flounced skirt, trimmed with thick Hamburg insertion and scalloped ruffles. New Swiss muslin dresses for afternoon and evening have the front breadth formed of lengthwise insertion and box-pleats, while the back is covered with five flounces made of insertion and puffs. The blouse-waist is formed of alternate insertion and box-pleats. Less expensive dresses are made in this elaborate style with tucked bands and puffs; price $60. These models are commended for graduating dresses. White nansook wrappers have the Watteau fold behind; three fluted ruffles begin at the neck in front, and sweep down the skirt, gradually widening toward the back; they are edged with Valenciennes.

Black Grenadine Suits.

Damask-figured, lace-striped, and polka-dotted suits of grenadine are imported almost to the exclusion of plain grenadines, says a fashion journal, though the small square-meshed canvas grenadines will be worn again. They are made usually with a silk-lined tight basque, half over-skirt, and a silk skirt on which the grenadine flounces are mounted. Sometimes silk flounces are put like a lining under the grenadine flounces; but this seems useless and heavy. The Parisian fancy is to use jet, watered ribbon bows, and French laces on these dresses; but jets are heavy on thin goods, and American ladies can not reconcile themselves to wearing imitation laces. For a polka-dotted grenadine, trim the silk skirt with two straight flounces of grenadine held in three side pleats at intervals, with gathers between, and headed by a wide bias puff, with ruffle at each side edged with lace, the fullness laid in three tiny side pleats reversed at top and bottom. Put an apron over-skirt in front, with a pleated puff around it, a row of pleated pulling up the whole of the second side seam, a panier puff and watered sash behind, and add a simple jockey basque with coat sleeves, and you have a stylish summer suit. Black satin sash ribbons with bright blue or else mustard-color (yellow-green) on the reverse side are much used with black grenadines.

BLEACHING LINEN.—The best method of bleaching or restoring whiteness to discolored linen is to let it lie on the grass, day and night, so long as it is necessary, exposed to the dews and winds. There may occur cases, however, when this will be difficult to accomplish, and when a quicker process may be desirable. In these cases the linen must be first steeped for twelve hours in a ley formed of one pound of soda to a gallon of soft boiling water; it must then be boiled for half an hour in the same liquid. A mixture must then be made of chloride of lime with eight times its quantity of water, which must be well shaken in a stone jar for three days, then allowed to settle; and being drawn off clear, the linen must be steeped in it for thirty-six hours, and then washed out in the ordinary manner. To expedite the whitening of linen in ordinary cases, a little of the same solution of chloride of lime may be put into the water in which the clothes are steeped; but in the employment of this powerful agent great care must be exercised, otherwise the linen will be injured.

UNITED STATES FISHERIES. — The fisheries of the United States, according to the census, employ 20,504 persons, and their products are valued at $11,-696,522. These products embrace 1,135 barrels of sea-bass, 559,982 quintals of codfish, 2,475 quintals of haddock, 10,-955 quintals of hake, 2,451 tons of halibut, 31,210 barrels of herring, 221,003 barrels of mackerel, 5,463 barrels of mullet, 647,312 bushels of oysters, 3,216 barrels of pickerel, 24,118 barrels of salmon, 1,910,000 pounds of canned salmon, 2,617,000 shad, 25,700,000 white fish, 132,718 barrels of miscellaneous fish, and 766,930 gallons of fish oil. More than one-half in value of the fish caught is by Massachusetts fishermen, $6,215,325; Maine and Connecticut have the next largest products, each being less than $1,000,000; New Jersey returns $374,912, and Pennsylvania $38,114.

An old gentleman of Montgomery, Ala., requested his little granddaughter to hand him a pistol from a bureau, the other day, and in a very short time that child had no grandfather.

The Eureka Tragedy.

Failure of the Grand Jury to Find an Indictment Against the Accused Wife of the Clergyman.

The story of the killing of Mrs. Hedges at Eureka, Ill., is one of the most shocking of recent occurrences. Mrs. Hedges was a widow residing in Eureka, who devoted a large share of her time and energies to the church of which she was a member. One day, a few weeks ago, her dead body was found behind a school-house, half eaten by hogs, but bearing unmistakable evidence that she had been murdered. On examination two letters were found pinned to her under clothing, which betrayed an improper, though perhaps not criminal, intimacy between the deceased and a clergyman of the town, a man named Workman. This gave the first clue to the commission of the crime. Workman was produced, but he denied any criminal intimacy with the woman, and also denied any knowledge of the cause or manner of her death. Suspicion at once attached to Workman's wife, who had the reputation of being a high-tempered woman, and she was arrested. Subsequent investigation showed that Mrs. Workman had made an appointment to meet Mrs. Hedges; that scuffling and outcries had been heard in the quarter where the meeting occurred; that Mrs. Workman had afterward declared that she was ruined for life, and requested prayers for her soul, though she had never before been religiously inclined; that there were bruises on her body, which showed that she had been in a fight; and that the dress she wore on the evening of the murder had been hidden, and when found was covered with mud, blood, and hair, the hair being the same as that of the murdered woman. In one word, the circumstances were as conclusive as circumstances can be that Mrs. Hedges had been murdered by Mrs. Workman in a fit of jealousy.

The letters which passed between the Rev. Mr. Workman and the murdered woman, and which have since been made public, give evidence that Mrs. Workman's jealousy was pretty well founded. Mrs. Hedges seems to have been under stronger restraining influences than her reverend lover, though her letters disclose that she was more strongly attached to him than she should have been. Both parties concluded their letters with prayers. Unalloyed love and piety are strangely mixed up in the frequent exchange of letters, the inference from which is that Workman used his position to secure the love of a woman who had no right to love him, and was beyond the age when such a passion might be considered difficult to repress. The case appears to have been one of a dangerous class, in which religious intercourse on the one side and hypocrisy on the other either lead to a violation of moral rectitude or bring the parties upon very slippery ground.

The most dangerous phase of the case, however, has been developed in the action of the Grand Jury of Woodford County, in which the murder was committed. In spite of the proofs that Mrs. Workman was the murderess of Mrs. Hedges, the Grand Jury refused to find a bill of indictment, and the guilty woman has been released. This decision was evidently as much a surprise to the people of Eureka, where the murder occurred, as it will be wherever the history of the case is known.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Incremation.

The Rev. Charles Veysey, an eminent English clergyman, comes out strongly in a letter to the London *Index* in favor of the new plan. He proposes that when death has ensued the body should be chemically destroyed, and "then," he says, "it should be placed in some receptacle containing those powerful agents known to chemical science, which would simply annihilate the outward form, and practically destroy it. There would necessarily be some deposit, which one might call 'ashes' of the dead; and these might be reverently gathered and placed in a beautiful urn or vase, to be disposed of according to the wishes of the survivors. They might easily be deposited in consecrated places, in niches in the walls of churches, or in mortuary chapels designed for their reception. This, too, might be accompanied by a religious service; so that the religious element is left untouched by my revolutionary proposal. The advantage of all this to people of highly wrought feelings would be immense. I can imagine the peaceful calm which would steal over the mind when one could take reverently into one's hand the sacred urn and say, 'This holds all that remains of my beloved.' No horror of dark vaults and damp graves, with their seething corruption. No precious body being eaten piecemeal by worms of the earth, or melting away in a loathsome stream. The form is changed; the substance really remaining after chemical burning is not in the least degree suggestive of the past or future. The body is thereby saved from every dishonor, purified from every decay. No words can describe the relief which such a process would bring to many and many an afflicted soul. On the ground of health to the community, it would be most salutary. We little know, in England at least, what mischief is brewing for us in our seething cemeteries. They are getting fuller and fuller, at the rate of I know not how many hundred corpses a day, the latter ones being nearer and nearer the surface. Many are within four feet of the turf, and that is not enough to prevent the escape of the most foul and pestilential gases. I know of one old cemetery which is now occupied by a cooperage, and which is constantly wet with stagnant water. All around it typhus fever is perpetually raging. The danger would not be so great if the bodies were buried without a coffin. The earth would sooner disinfect them; but as it is, the mischief is nursed and multiplied a hundred-fold by the process of decay being delayed."

A CURIOUS BOY'S DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—"Bertie" Vaughan, a little son of C. A. Vaughan, of Ashtabula, Ohio, met with an accident, a few days since, which might have resulted in death. Possessed with a desire to try the sensation of a train of cars passing above him, he secreted himself in a culvert, on the A. J. and F. Railroad, and anxiously awaited a rapidly approaching train. Like lightning it thundered by, and the boy popped his head up, congratulating himself upon the success of his adventure, when crash against it came a hand-car, which was following the train. The wound inflicted was fortunately not as serious as was at first anticipated, and he is recovering.

WESTERN FRUIT.—J. E. Chamberlain, President of the St. Joseph Fruit Growers' Association of Michigan, announces the result of a tour of observation through the farms in that region. So many peach-buds are alive that sanguine fruit growers estimate the crop of peaches at one-third of a full crop. The peach trees killed by the severe cold were mostly old and sick trees. The apples never looked better. The pear trees are uninjured. The grapes promise an abundant crop. The strawberries are in splendid condition and will yield a full crop. The cherries and plums promise equally well.

Moving House.

Among the miseries which for various reasons we agree to treat rather with ridicule than with sympathy, few are more acute than those connected with a change of house. It would be a curious inquiry why any evils which in themselves are real and serious should be regarded as placing their victim beyond the circle of a common humanity. Sea-sickness involves as much unhappiness for the time as the loss, say, of a first cousin; if more transitory, it is more acute for the moment, for few people lose their appetite for a day on the death of a relation, and still less do they contemplate suicide as desirable under the circumstances. Yet one of these is almost an invariable, and the other a very common, result of sea-sickness. We sympathize, it would seem, only with those forms of suffering which are susceptible of poetic treatment; and in other cases we feel—to alter the ordinary saying—that there is a comic side to the misfortunes of our best friends. This excuse, whatever its value, is not quite sufficient to account for the callous indifference with which we generally regard the victim of a change of houses. For surely there is something poetical about the feelings of a human being torn from the builing which has become almost a part of himself. He is not, we assume, about to cross the ocean, or to break off any habit of familiarity. He is merely moving to a distance of a few hundred yards, because some intrusive railway has demolished his former dwelling-place: or because an increase of his family, or a desire for better accommodation, or the imperious wish of the ladies of his household, has compelled him to shift his anchorage. However slight the change may be, he is breaking innumerable threads of association, of whose force he was never before sensible. For many of them, it is probable that he is hopelessly unable to account. He cannot tell how many social meetings have hallowed particular rooms for him, and left behind an odor perceptible to the imagination, if not to the senses. He can only dimly guess that certain marked stages in his domestic life have been connected in the background of his consciousness with particular rooms or pieces of furniture. Hawthorne argues in the "House of the Seven Gables" that all this attachment to old places is an old-world superstition; and that in the coming days we shall be wiser, and change a house with the same facility as we now change a coat. Our remote descendants will revert to the nomad state, though their tents will be made of brick and mortar instead of canvass. They will scorn to be bound by sentiment to any particular plot of ground. It is hard to prophesy what may be the mental condition of our remote posterity. A day may come when patriotism and family feeling may be regarded as idle superstitions; and in that era, an attachment to any special lump of matter will be a weakness of which every luminary of the twenty-somethingth year will be heartily ashamed. But meanwhile every person in whom the imagination is not quite an obsolete faculty clings more or less to an ancient domicile. He feels a perceptible wrench upon quitting it; and is painfully sensible that he is passing one more milestone on his road to the grave.—*The Saturday Review.*

The Bottomless Pit.

Of course everybody has heard, says a Knoxville paper, of the old cistern dug many years ago in the yard of the Lamar House in this city, the bottom of which fell out, carrying the tools of the workmen, as was popularly supposed, to China. It was afterward found that there was a yawning cavern of unknown dimensions, whose bottom no man had the courage to find out. The practical sense of the proprietor of the Lamar House determined him to use the bottomless abyss as a drain, seeing it was a broken cistern that could hold no water, and for many years it has been thus used. But there being no solid foundation to the impromptu drain, the sides have regularly fallen in time and again, and the workmen, being fearful of their lives, have hitherto repaired the drain very flimsily indeed. There was another cave last week, and Mr. Guthrie, the proprietor, determined to have the old thing fixed once for all. The work has been progressing now for several days. The repairs promise to be permanent. Thirty-five feet below the surface the workmen came to the cavernous opening about which much has been said and more written. The mouth of the cavern is very large, and the cavern itself is supposed to extend many thousand feet downward and to cross the city diagonally from southeast to northwest. The workmen found great difficulty in making the excavation, the stench being almost intolerable. Five dollars a day was paid for their work, and a number of them were compelled to cease their labor, having been overcome with the foul exhalations, arising from the decomposed matter turned up by their shovels. They talk with bated breath of the mysterious sounds they heard coming from the cavern, and will not tell of the many odd and uncanny things they found accumulated at the bottom. One of the workmen narrowly escaped being buried alive. He was ascending the ladder, following his comrades, who were going to dinner when a mass of earth and rocks, weighing several tons, caved in just opposite the round of the ladder on which he stood at the moment. The mouth of the cavern has been arched over in a substantial manner, and the drain will be made more secure and stronger than ever before.

How the Pope of Rome is Elected.

The manner in which the election of Pope is conducted is by scrutiny or ballot. Upon the cardinals assembling for the purpose of election they remain secluded until the object of their meeting is accomplished. In conducting the election each cardinal writes his own name with that of the candidate he proposes on a ticket, which he then deposits in the consecrated chalice which stands on the altar of the chapel wherein they are assembled, kneeling and repeating a prayer as he approaches and retires from the altar. All the tickets of the cardinals present being thus deposited a pause ensues, after which they are taken from the sacred cup, by officers named *ad hoc* from their own body, and compared with the number of cardinals present; and if it is found that any of them has two-thirds of the votes in his favor he is declared elected. Failing this requisite number of votes for any one candidate, the next procedure is termed election by access, which is so called in consequence of the power then given to any cardinal to accede to the vote of another by altering his ticket according to a prescribed form; and this is continued until one of the candidates receives the requisite majority of votes. Immediately the election is declared the tickets are burnt.

A telegram operator in Baltimore, recently sued a friend for twenty-five cents, the amount he paid for a telegram sent at his request. He obtained a verdict for the amount and costs, aggregating $1.95, but the defendant appealed, and has finally given bond in the sum of fifty cents.

Double Murder in Maine.

The Murderer Captured by Citizens and Summarily Lynched.

Full particulars of the double murder in Aroostook county received at Bangor show it to be one of the most cold-blooded and brutal crimes ever committed in Maine, and it causes great excitement throughout the county in which it occurred. It seems that one James Cullen, a native of New Brunswick, broke into D. Dudley's store, in Presque Isle, and stole a pair of boots and several other small articles. The crime was traced to Cullen, who took to the woods, and a warrant was issued for his arrest, which Granville A. Hayden, of Presque Isle, Deputy Sheriff, undertook to serve.

Knowing Cullen to be a hard character, Hayden took three men with him and started in pursuit. They came up with Cullen in Chapman plantation, about four miles from Presque Isle, and seeing that resistance was useless, he surrendered himself. They started to return, but, night coming on, concluded to remain till morning in a lumbering camp, where, as they supposed, they had securely fastened their prisoner, and went to sleep. During the night Cullen managed to loose his bonds, and, finding an axe in camp, crept stealthily behind Hayden and one of his assistants named Thomas Hubbard, and dashed their brains out with the implement. Swanbeck and Bird, the other men with the Sheriff, were awakened by the noise, and, on seeing Cullen at his murderous work, were so horrified that they sprung up and, being near the door, made their escape, leaving their companions to their fate. Cullen chased them some distance, brandishing the axe, but they, being unarmed, ran only the faster. Upon reaching the settlements they gave the alarm, and a party, led by Mr. B. J. Hughes, started from Ball's Mill and went to the lumber camp, only to find it a mass of smoking ashes covering the charred bodies of Cullen's victims. The discovery created the most intense excitement and indignation throughout the community, and parties started in pursuit of the murderer.

Cullen was found secreted in the cellar of his house at Mapleton, a town adjoining Presque Isle, and the party who arrested him bound him securely with ropes and started to return. On their way to Presque Isle they were met by a party from that village, who took possession of the prisoner, dragged him under a lofty tree, put one end of a rope they had brought around his neck, and, throwing the other end over a convenient branch, hung him. No steps have been taken to bring to justice the lynching party. Mr. Hayden was widely known and much respected. He leaves a wife and one child. Hubbard was unmarried. Cullen had lived in Mapleton about two years, and has borne a hard name. He leaves a wife and one child.

From the Old World.

Berthold Auerbach's Dispatch to his Countrymen in America.

A May greeting to the New World, from Gernsbach, in the Black Forest, comes from Berthold Auerbach, relative to the Vienna Exposition:

What will be your feelings, dear countrymen, when you revisit Germany this summer for the World's Exposition! Germany is your Fatherland, America your childland! You come again under the parental roof, like sons and daughters who have married abroad; you are free and independent, but in your hearts dwells yet an inward remembrance, and you will find in the old home a new beauty and will go back to the New World with your souls refreshed. Welcome!

* * * * * * *

But I cannot visit the turbulent, busy scenes yonder; and if I could what would be a single voice there? The more delightful is it, that it has been allowed me to send a message from my May-fresh home-valley:

"Alle Waesserlein auf Erden
Die haben ihren lauf."
("Every streamlet upon earth,
Every streamlet has its course,")

is sung in the road. Before my window roars the mill-driving, raft-bearing Murch; it flows into the Rhine, which pours itself into the sea. And so the sea of thought, into which every thought is pouring to-day, is the World's Exposition at Vienna. "Cuckoo" calls the bird from the leafy height. "Look, look," is its meaning, when the spring awakes and all the buds are bursting forth. And there, too, in the Exposition all the buds of the human mind are unfolded, and there, too is "Look! Look!" the word. But then, too, bethink thee and consider. No voice from without calls that to thee; it is the voice within thee. Look well, if thou canst not lay thy finger now upon the pulse of the present!

To the great World's Exposition has the black forest also sent strong proofs of its industry, its knowledge, and its art. But what will they signify in the great collection. And yet it will form a tone, a chord in the great symphony. For all the hissing of steam, all the digging, boring, hammering, chiseling, down to the scarcely audible sound of the scholar's pen, and down to the inaudible tracing of the artist's brush, all makes one single harmony and is called WORK.

A Bold Stroke.

"Henri III." was written by Alexander Dumas and accepted by the theatrical manager, but Dumas had neglected his official duties in his application to the piece, and was threatened with the loss of his post. At this his poor mother broke down, and was seized with a fit, at the very moment when success was dawning upon him. "He spent his time rushing from the theatre to her bedside, and back again." On the day before the performance "he ventured on a bold *coup*, which he had reserved for the last. He asked for an audience with the Duke of Orleans, and was received with some graciousness. He submitted an humble request that his Royal Highness would honor the performance to-morrow night by attending it. The Duke was not a little astonished by this demand. But it was impossible for him to comply; he had a large party to dinner—some twenty or thirty persons of the highest rank, including princes. The young author was not discouraged by this difficulty. With surprising readiness and boldness he suggested that His Highness should bring the whole party on to the theatre! The Duke was not displeased, and merely suggested another difficulty. His dinner was to be at six, while the play began at seven. The petitioner had another suggestion ready; the play could be put an hour later and the dinner an hour earlier! Strange to say, the Duke inclined to the idea. But would the theatre agree; and where was such a party to be placed? The theatre *would* agree, and the author had already reserved the grand gallery, hoping that the Duke might consent. The latter smiled, and agreed, and from that day Dumas dates the commencement of his success in life.

Our exchanges mention a large number of sudden deaths throughout the country.

Dutch Social Customs.

The tyranny of social custom is the basis, as it is the bane, of Dutch life. Every one submits to it, and in his own turn exercises it; the rich man in his own manner, the poor one in his. We remember a very characteristic case in point. Custom does not permit riding on horseback in the streets of Amsterdam—a prohibition which doubtless sprung into existence from the ancient cleanliness of the town, and which has always remained a tacit assumption if not a recognized fact. A young progressist philosopher endeavored in our presence to disregard this prohibition. A saddle-horse was brought, and he mounted it at his father's door. Hooting and hisses followed him to the very outside of the city, and the children threw stones at the legs of the animal he bestrode.

On the next and following days he renewed his attempt with true Dutch phelgm, when the people again opposed him with the same perseverance. Crackers were exploded so often under the horse's feet, that the life of the rider was in danger, and no one, neither the police nor public opinion, dared to interfere in his behalf. His own father, quite indifferent to the want of success attending his son's rashness, said as much to the effect that the Dutch people had but exercised their right in resisting innovation.

A married son or daughter never dines with the family without an express invitation. The same sort of formality is also established between brother and sister, for they only visit each other on the footing of guests. We were one day praising to a Dutch lady the conservatory of a brother of her's who lived in the same city.

"I have never seen it," she said, "as I only visit him in the evening."

As a rule, never do married children live under the same roof with their parents. Therefore some difficulty arises for them in the contracting of marriage, since they must first of all secure a home, and that is not always an easy matter in many of those semi-aquatic towns, more particularly in Amsterdam. Building ground is scarce, and the pile foundations cost more than the house itself. Such extravagant expenditure as was common at the Republic's zenith of prosperity is not to be renewed often; thus generation succeeds generation in the occupancy of the dwellings built centuries ago. A family must therefore emigrate or die out before another can take its place, and hence it is that the fathers of families look out for a vacancy before marrying their children. In the meantime the betrothal takes place, which, under the double guarantee of honor and Dutch *sang froid*, forms a sufficient bond of security, even though years elapse before the marriage is celebrated.

Patronizing the Newspapers.

The old ring of New York gave the advertising to twenty-six daily and fifty-four weekly newspapers. A large number of these were pauper concerns, many of them living solely on this advertising, as is proved by the fact that as soon as it was withdrawn twenty-seven of them were suspended. Much of the advertising was illegal and paid for at exorbitant rates. At times, with or without the request of the city officials, the newspapers would print the advertisements in their reading columns and charge special rates; they would charge as advertisements what was printed as news, and in many cases charges were presented without any service at all to show for them. One publisher reprinted a file of his newspaper in order to prove that he had performed the service for which he had charged falsely, and his trick was detected lately only through the blunder of the printer in making up among the April news an account of the great Boston fire, which took place in November following.

A remarkable example is that of one publisher who presented a bill for $50,-000; afterwards amended it so as to claim $80,000, by adding bills amounting to $30,000 which had already been receipted for. The special board of audit, appointed to examine these claims, recommends that this newspaper be paid $13,825, or about one-sixth of its claim.

The advertising under the management referred to cost the city of New York more than one million dollars per annum, exceeding one dollar per head for every man, woman, and child in the city.

Dining with a Dog-Owner.

Among the many miseries of human life, the *Pall Mall Gazette* avers, there are few more trying than to dine with a valued friend who has a valued dog of snappish disposition. The moment you enter the room your troubles commence—the beast declares war by barking furiously. Civility prevents your taking up the poker as a weapon of self-defense, and when at last your assailant is induced by threats or entreaties to retire under the table, he asserts himself by periodically making snaps at your legs, and keeps your nerves on edge the whole evening by his interesting ferocity. The painful part of the affair is that if the dog is small your host ridicules the idea of your really objecting to being bitten by him. Yet small dogs can not only give disagreeable bites, but are often almost demoniacal in the tenacity with which they cling to their victims, as is shown by the conduct of a fox-terrier one day last week, who fastened himself on the head of a fox hanging from the saddle of a whipper-in, causing the horse to run away, and was only dislodged by the jerk occasioned by the leap of the animal over a five-barred gate; and even then the dog followed the horse with the evident intention of making another dash at its prey. This terrier would no doubt equally cling to the leg of a live guest as to the head of a fox, and the incident is worthy of note as showing that only weak-minded and foolish dogs are fit for admission to family circles. Strong-minded dogs, the *Gazette* thinks, be they large or small, however faithful to their owners are often dangerous nuisances to those who are not honored with their friendship.

Excitement at a Wedding.

At a Milwaukee wedding recently a startling episode occurred in connection with the marriage of Mr. L. B. Gregg, a worthy business man, and Miss Augusta Sherman, daughter of Mr. James P. Sherman, a wealthy private banker. Mr. J. P. Sherman, a brother of the lady, remonstrated against the banns, and his parents refusing to listen to him, he became violent and made threats. When the wedding party arrived at the residence of the elder Sherman the young man rushed to his room. Mr. Sherman, the elder, and a well known citizen, Levi Blossom, president of the Lake Shore Railroad, followed the young man quickly, and found him armed with a loaded shot-gun, which he levelled at his father. As he pulled the trigger Mr. Blossom threw up the barrel of the gun, and the murderous charge shattered a mirror in the room. Young Sherman then procured a revolver, but before he could make use of it he was bound hand and foot and conveyed to the county jail, where he still remains. The marriage ceremony was then performed without further molestation.

Items of Interest.

Nevada [illegible] compulsory education.

A married Indiana man has eloped with his step-mother.

The last Legislature of Kansas organized eleven new counties.

In April the United States received $8,000,000 from Internal Revenue.

The remaining walls and gates of Quebec are to be torn down.

The late Alderman Gilsey of New York, left three million dollars.

They manufacture fuel from hay and straw by machinery in Western Iowa.

The British government has forbidden subscriptions to the Carlist cause by British citizens.

A ship canal to cost nearly $2,000,000, is projected under the Palasades and Hoboken.

Brown check patterns will be largely used in materials for gentlemen's wear this season.

"I'm full inside," as the 'bus conductor said in confidence after a convivial meeting.

Six boy burglars, the oldest aged seventeen, are awaiting trial in Hartford, Conn.

A man in Jacksonville, Ill., has declined to accept an office to which he was elected.

All who start in life with good constitutions have the elements of old age within them.

The Maine Republican State Convention is to be held in Bangor, Thursday, June 19.

A Newport cat washes its face in a basin as neatly and skillfully as its proud owner.

Fred. Douglass was refused the use of the Opera-house in Lexington, Ky., for a lecture.

The announcement that "truth is stranger than fiction" is said to depend chiefly upon who tells it.

Nearly all the American girls studying for the operatic stage in Milan lodge in the same house.

A Montreal boy fell six stories through the hoistway of a store, last week, and did not break a bone.

Proceedings have been instituted against two papers in Toronto for publishing a gift-enterprise advertisement.

With the spring weather suicides are taking place in vast numbers. The papers report a number of cases every day.

The burning of the town of Aura and killing of non-combatants by the insurgents is acknowledged by the Cuban press.

A Chicago druggist, whose clerk's "mistake" cost a woman her life, has been sued for $25,000 damages by her husband.

A Lynn man has invented a substitute for sole leather, which, he claims, is cheaper in price and superior in durability to that article.

Two candidates for a local office in Illinois receiving an equal number of votes lately, "tossed up" to see which should have the office.

The Havana authorities have delivered to the English officers the Bank of England forgers, and they will be taken to England in a man-of-war.

Small contributions to the United States conscience fund are the order of the day. Sums ranging from $1 to $5 reach the Treasury every day.

Three boys in Evansville, Ind., tried to see which could hang longest by the neck. When their sport was interrupted one of them was almost dead.

In Chicago two pounds of canned green corn are worth as much as sixty pounds of shelled field corn, the former being most of it brought from Maine.

The two love-sick Wisconsin girls, who the other day unsuccessfully attempted to commit suicide together by poison, have since drowned themselves.

The Albany *Evening Journal* says that a spaniel dog, which belonged to the late David Woodworth, of that city, died of grief the next day after its master expired.

A little lady in Schenectady recently sent word to her aged Pa in New York that she must be excused from writing a longer letter. She had spent a very restless night with a sick doll.

A Rhode Island enthusiast at an auction bought a lot of furniture and then asked the crowd to name "the poorest woman in town." The name was given, and the goods were sent to her.

A Massachusetts farmer recently advertised his farm for sale, and now he is asserting that he has fed out over a hundred barrels of oats to the horses of persons who have come to examine it.

Some practical jokers in Worcester, Mass., a month ago put some tacks in a chair for their friend Thomas McGee to sit on, and they produced wounds on his thigh which led to dangerous abscesses.

A Baltimore boy was so badly frightened by one of the performing Indians, who chased him while they were riding through the streets, that he was thrown into a brain fever, and narrowly escaped death.

The order of Patrons of Husbandry has extended its operations into the far South. The farmers of Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia are organizing into granges, and evince a lively interest in the movement.

The Attorney-General of the United States has given his opinion that indigent persons who volunteered in the Union army during the rebellion, and have since that time become insane, are entitled to admission to the Government Asylum for the Insane in the District of Columbia.

Corporal punishment is rarely inflicted in the schools of Russia and Germany. In France it is prohibited. In Switzerland school-whippings are left to the regulation of the separate cantons. In England there is constant and vigorous whipping, and in America the custom is dying out.

The employer of a large number of Chinese laborers in North Adams, Mass., still expresses himself much pleased with their achievements, and says they live up to their contract. He regards many of the stories relating to Chinamen as exaggerations or misrepresentations by interested parties, and thinks, from his own experience, that when they are properly treated they become excellent laborers and mechanics.

It is stated that Mr. Stockwell, who has been lately so badly bled in Wall street, tells this old joke upon himself: "When I first came down in Wall street I was called Stockwell; then, when I began to make money, I was called Mr. Stockwell. Then it was Captain Stockwell; and subsequently I became known as Commodore Stockwell. Now it is that red-headed cuss from Cleveland."

The Wisconsin Assembly has a chaplain (the Rev. Mr. Richardson) who is determined to do his duty and to earn his salary. He admonishes the members in an indirect way through his prayers. The other morning he invoked the Almighty to put a stop to the practice of dancing in the Assembly chamber. He also represented that the honorable members were too much given to levity and foolishness, and he prayed that they might be brought to a "realizing sense" of their weakness and folly.

Moncure D. Conway tells this story in one of his London letters to the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "Let me conclude my letter with the following little conversation which I overheard at the Adelphi Theatre a few evenings ago. The play was 'Jack Cade.' First stranger, remarking upon one of the earlier thefts of the hero, says, 'He's a fair candidate for Newgate.' Second stranger says, 'If he went to America he'd be a fair candidate for Congress.' 'Fact.'"

Minister Washburne has sent $25 to a gentleman in Illinois, to be used in defending the suits instituted by the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company against the farmers who refused to pay more than the legal fare.