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Harvest.

The golden sunset gleams athwart the corn,
The crimson blush of eve is in the west;
The reaper homeward whistles from his toil,
And on the earth is stamped the seal of rest

Low bends the bearded barley in the breeze,
White with the kisses of the harvest queen;
The oats quake tremulous, and on the sea
The still, pure Autumn sky reflects its sheen

The yellow plums hang mellow on the tree,
The blue-bloomed damsons gleam amid the leaves,
The rose-tinged peach clings nestling to the wall,
And jocund gleaners roam amid the sheaves

Spirit of Harvest! wake our grateful hearts,
To raise glad anthems to his earnest praise,
Reaper of all—Him who alone can give
Sweet hopeful seed-time, golden harvest days!

An Old Road.

A curve of green tree-tops,
And a common wall below,
And a winding road, that dips and drops
Ah me! where does it go?
Down to the lovely days
Goes that familiar track,
And here I stand and wait and gaze,
As if they could come back.

Somewhere beneath that hill
Are children's running feet,
And a little garden fair and still,
Were never flowers so sweet!
And a house within an open door,
What was therein I know—
O! let me enter nevermore,
But still believe it so.

Up this o'i-trodden slope
What visions rise and throng!
What keen remembrances of Hope
Lie shattered all along!
These flowers that never grew,
Bloom they in any clime?
Can any Spring to come renew
What died in that sweet time?

Here I believed in fame,
And found no room for fear;
Here sprang to meet what never came;
Here loved—what is not here!
Not worth a moment's pause
Seemed any fallen gem,
Not worth a sigh, a glance, because
Life would be full of them.

The child in the fairy tale
Dropped tokens as he passed,
So pierced the darksome forest-veil
And found his home at last;
I, in the falling day,
Turn back through deeper gloom,
By gathered memories feel my way
Only to find—a tomb.

For there they lie asleep,
Eyes that made all things sweet,
Hands of true pressure, hearts more deep
Than any left to beat;
A world where all was great;
Paths trodden not, but seen;
Light streaming through an open gate—
The world that might have been!

Pictures, and dreams, and tears—
O Love, is this the whole?
Nay, wrap your everlasting years
About my failing soul!
The lightest word you spake
Beyond all time shall last—
These only sleep before they wake—
In Love there is no Past!

—M. B. SMEDLEY.

THE SEALED WILL.

"Do you suppose, mama, in case the money goes from me that it will be given to you?"

"Dear child, how can I ever guess? Your aunt, remember, is your father's sister, not mine; so it is scarcely likely she has thought of me. I am afraid the heir in the sealed will is John Garland."

"Mamma!"

"It is only guess work, dear."

"But he is so unfit to have the responsibility of money; a man known to be a gambler and a drinking man, if not an actual drunkard."

"Very true. Yet he is the nearest relative your Aunt Jessie had, excepting only yourself."

"I can scarcely think Aunt Jessie would leave him fifty thousand dollars."

"My dear, she has left it to you, her niece and namesake."

"But upon the condition that I shall never marry. If I do, the sealed will in the hands of her lawyer is to be opened, and the money pass from me to the heir or heirs named therein. You must know me well enough to be sure that the money would never tempt me to break my engagement; yet for your sake I wish— Oh, why did Aunt Jessie leave it to me at all?"

"Do not think of me. I can live as we have since your father died. But, Jessie,"—and Mrs. Markham's face looked grave and sad,—"there is one view of the matter you do not take."

"I dare say there are fifty. Remember we have now had only an hour or two to think, since the letter came from the lawyer. But what is the view you mean?"

"Charlie."

"Charlie?"

Jessie's large brown eyes were opened to their widest extent as she repeated the name, adding: "Why, I haven't thought of anything but Charlie!"

"But—I mean—dear me!" said the mother, shrinking from uttering her own thoughts. "You know, dear, you have always been considered your aunt's heiress; and Charlie is young and only commencing the practice of his profession. It may be that he will——"

"Be false to me for the sake of money?" interrupted Jessie, with the rosiest of cheeks and brightest of eyes. "We will soon test that," and she drew a writing-table to her side. "I will send him a copy of the lawyer's letter, and"—here her voice and eyes softened—"the assurance that Aunt Jessie's will makes no difference to me."

Mrs. Markham made no objection to this step; but after the letter was signed, sealed and dispatched to the village by Polly, the only servant of Mrs. Markham's household, she called Jessie again to her side.

Over the fair, sweet face of the young girl there had crept a shade of gravity and perplexity since the arrival of the lawyer's letter, that clouded the brown eyes and gave the sensitive, mobile mouth a firmer pressure than was quite natural. Life had been all sunshine for Jessie Markham, yet her's was one of the buoyant natures that find the silver lining for every cloud, and coax some sweetness from every bitter dose. Her father had been dead six years, and his business affairs having been complicated in some way not comprehensible to feminine intellect, his widow and child found themselves reduced to an income that barely covered the necessaries of life. They left the city and took a small cottage in the pretty village of Merton, where Mrs. Markham soon procured a class of music scholars, and herself gave Jessie lessons in the higher branches of English studies, German, French, and music, till, at eighteen, her daughter also procured a few pupils in languages. They were very happy in their mutual affection, in the love of their pupils, and the cares of their little household.

It had been understood from the time Jessie was a tiny baby that she would inherit the fortune of her maiden aunt, for whom she was named, and who came from the city every summer to spend a month or two in the little cottage, always bringing pretty presents to brighten the home of her brother's widow, and lavishing the tenderest affection upon her neice.

Yet, though Jessie herself had known of her aunt's supposed intentions, neither she nor her mother had ever made calculations on a fortune dependent upon the death of one whom they felt the warmest affection, and the idea that others would be influenced by it was a new thought to the young girl.

She had given to her betrothed, Charles Seaton, the first love of her young heart, believing his love was all her own. In the six years she had lived in Merton, child and maiden, Charlie Seaton had been her devoted admirer from the first, and had recently finished his course of law study and been admitted to the bar. His fortune, inherited from his father, was very small, barely covering his expenditure for board and clothing; but he was energetic, industrious, and, without brilliant talent, a clear-headed, intelligent student, promising to make a capable lawyer, if not a shining light at the bar.

Answering her mother's call, Jessie nestled down in her favorite seat at her feet saying, sadly:

"If Charlie was influenced by any hope of Aunt Jessie's money, mamma, it is better to know it now. I had supposed we would have to wait for our wedding day until he had some practice, and you know I have a little sum of my own toward first expenses. We could live here, and——There, I will not think of it any more until the answer comes to my letter."

"While you wait, dear," said mother, "shall I tell you what I think is the explanation of your aunt's singular will? You, who know her only as the gentle, sad woman of her later years, can scarcely imagine, I presume, that she was once as bright, hopeful, and sunny-tempered as yourself. I think it is to save you from her own sorrow that she has taken from you the power of giving wealth to a mere fortune-hunter. She would have you wooed and won for yourself alone; and as she has never positively said you were to be her heiress, she has probably never supposed Charlie biased by that hope. Still, dear, it is possible."

"Yes, it is possible," said Jessie, slowly; "but tell me about Aunt Jessie."

Your grandfather Markham, Jessie, was one of the leading merchants of New York, when your aunt, his only daughter, was introduced into society. Your uncle Hoyt was in good practice as a physician, your father doing then a fair business, and already married and in his own home.

It was therefore with the name of an heiress that Jessie danced through her first season, a careless, light-hearted girl, very pretty, and accomplished enough to make a pleasing impression wherever she went. She was but a little over twenty when she became engaged to Stanley Horton, the most fascinating man in all our circle of friends. Not only handsome and talented—and he was both—but possessing in a remarkable degree the courtly polish and winning grace of manners that go so far toward gaining a woman's heart, the absorbing love that Jessie felt for him seemed mutual, and congratulations were the order of the day, when your grandfather failed. From a man of wealth he became actually poor, and losing energy and hope, he came with Jessie to share our home.

Stanley Horton, the man we all supposed a devoted lover, was fully aware of the change in Jessie's prospects, yet he continued his visits, making no abrupt, ungentlemanly desertion of his betrothed. Yet we, who watched her with the jealousy of affection, soon discovered a change in her. She became pale and sad, often tearful, till finally she confided to me that Stanley was evidently weary of her, and had ceased to love her. Even then she attributed the change to some defect in herself, not seeing the mercenary motive till later, when time had taken the glamour from her eyes and heart. She gave him back his ring and promises, thus accepting the position his unmanly conduct forced upon her, of herself breaking the engagement between them. The first love of her life was the last. She was your grandfather's comfort until he died, and then she went to keep house for Hoyt, who lost his wife and baby one year after his wedding day. When he died he left her the house and money, and she lived there till she died. Still I know she loved you, and I am quite sure her will is not designed so much to keep you single as it is to win the disinterested love of your future husband."

There was a long silence after Mrs. Markham concluded her story, and Jessie allowed her head to rest in her mother's lap, under her caressing hand trying to picture a future of easy competency shared by the companion of her life. It had its bright side; there was still love and happiness for her yet. And then a bright face crowned with curly brown hair would come before her, and she knew that the handsome house nor the comfortable income could ever fill her heart if Charlie left an aching void there. Suddenly, like a gust of wind, there swept into the little sitting room a tall, broad-shouldered young man, in a gray tweed suit and slouch hat, which latter article found a resting place upon the floor, as the young giant braced himself before Jessie in an attitude of grim defiance that sent thrills of glad music into her heart.

"Will you have the kindness, Miss Markham," said the intruder, towering in his six feet of manhood over Jessie's low seat, "to tell me what you mean by that absurd letter Polly handed to me? Was it not fully understood that you and I were to share this cottage with your mamma until I attained sufficient legal eminence to warrant the purchase of a brown stone front in New York? Was I not deluded into the belief that your presence in the culinary department of our establishment was to reduce our expenses to the limits of our present income? Was it not represented to me that my present hoard was sufficient to meet the requirements of two in this domicile? In short, Miss Markham, in what way was I ever led to suppose that the fortune of your spinster aunt was to influence in the slightest degree your matrimonial relations in regard to myself? I paused for a reply."

Jessie stood up, her hands meekly folded together, and her happy eyes downcast till the long lashes kissed her cheek.

"Please forgive me this time and I'll never do it again," she said; and then the laugh dimpled her cheek, danced in her eyes, and rippled out clear and sweet upon the air.

"Oh, Charlie! Charlie! I knew you never thought of Aunt Jessie's money."

"And you," said Charlie, holding her off at arm's length, "you can have it all if you give me up."

"As if I loved money better than you," said Jessie, nestling now in the strong arms folded closely around her.

It seemed, however, as if Charlie were actually afraid of the money that was so temptingly near Jessie's grasp, for he commenced a series of interviews that bore entirely upon the subject of an immediate marriage.

"What is there to wait for?" he would ask, and then enter upon calculations of his present expenses and those of the future, proving most conclusively that there was a decided saving for both in uniting their incomes."

"You remind me," said Jessie, "of the Dutchman who said he could almost support himself alone, and it was a pity if two of them could not do it entirely."

But though she laughed at him, Jessie was quite willing to admit the force of his reasoning; and one bright June morning, six months after Aunt Jessie's death, there was a wedding in the village church, and a breakfast in the cottage for a few chosen friends. Among these was Aunt Jessie's lawyer, for the will stipulated that the sealed codicil was to be opened at Jessie's wedding, if she preferred love to money.

The bride was a little paler than usual when with a solemn face the New York lawyer broke the big red seal. Visions of John Garland holding drunken revels in her aunt's house flitted across her mind, and then she looked into Charlie's face, and over her own crept an expression of perfect content.

The will was opened and found to contain only a letter directed to Jessie, and a short, legally worded formula, making herself and her chosen husband joint inheritors of her aunt's fortune. Truly the bride opened the letter from the dead.

With loving words Aunt Jessie blessed her and wished her happiness.

"I do not," she wrote, "approve of the money power in a family being entirely in the hands of a woman; therefore you will find, dear Jessie, that half of my fortune only is yours, the remaining half to go to the husband who has proved that he loved you for your own sweet self, not for your fortune."

During the wedding tour of the young couple, Mrs. Markham, at their earnest solicitation, took an affectionate farewell of her pupils, and removed her household treasures to the New York mansion, to which in due time came Charlie and Jessie to brighten the long silent rooms with their happiness, and establish that loving circle that makes home of any house, however grand or humble.

Fashion Chit-Chat.

The English or Dolman cloak will be much worn.

Rough overcoats will be much worn, and will be made rather long.

In cassimeres, subdued plaids and stripes are the prevailing pattern.

Feathers and fruit will be extensively used, almost entirely superseding flowers.

Hats will be worn larger than heretofore, giving room for more elaborate trimming.

In colored silks, dark cloth shades are the latest styles, and black silks will also be largely worn.

The popularity of the Normandy cap for babes has almost ruled out the quaint little French cap.

Ruffilings a la Queen Elizabeth, of all varieties, but principally large, is a predominant mode of neckwear.

The most elegant of fall suits will be a lizard-green and black-striped linen polonaise, the stripe being of satin.

Cashmere and camel's-hair cloth will be much sought after, and the rougher the surface the more desirable will be the goods.

The Scotch snood is being again introduced. Brunettes should choose pink, and blondes, blue or Nile-green or narrow black-velvet.

A novelty in polonaises is promised from France. It will be double-breasted, and made of a dark-blue linen, with lemon-colored cord and buttons.

In ribbons, the latest colors are prune, ours, sorosis, Waterloo, Niagara, Atlantic, serpent, lizard, vert mousse, marine, myrtle, Ardoise and bronze.

Ladies' dresses will be of quiet style, long redingotes with large buttons and pockets, with moderate trimmings, will be the most fashionable street dress.

A pretty hat, and likely to be much in vogue, is a dark straw turned up at the side, with a peaked crown, and trimmed at the side with a rooster pompon.

For evening gatherings, brunettes will appear the prettiest in all shades of yellow, red or crimson; ruddy blondes, in blue and light green; pale ones in blue.

Neckties are rather subdued; the latest style is the wearing of a narrow ribbon corresponding in color to the dress, tied into a small bow, and the ends falling below the waist.

Oxidized jewelry is the rage, taking precedence of any other kind, and sets of this material are worn extensively, including large buckles, canteens and urns for suspension from the waist.

A nice covering for chilnren in the winter is a hood, which conceals the entire head, with ends attached, which falls gracefully over the shoulders, after the manner of a Russian baslich.

A nice Marie Antoinette cap, with long streamers, which cross the breast, and are tied around the waist, the ends falling down the back, is a handsome appendage, and likely to be much worn.

A pretty style in sash ribbons is noticeable, that of a combination of Roman colors and water edge, or Roman edge and velvet centre. These combinations are imported in various widths for sashes, belts and hair-ribbons.

The Story of the Polaris.

The special dispatches from London give the statement in brief of Captain Buddington, of the ill-fated Polaris. It takes us back at once to the terrible scene on the 15th of October, 1872, when the party on the ice-floe were separated from the strained and leaking Polaris. We have the story of those so miraculously preserved who were drifted fifteen hundred miles on the ice-floe, and the balance of the tale coming from those so fearfully sundered from their shipmates is like a story from the grave. It will be remembered that Tyson's party on the morrow of the separation sighted the Polaris steering in under the land, and that they signaled and signaled in vain. It was then an open question whether Buddington's party had seen them or not. The question was still further subdivided by the doubt whether, supposing the party on the ice had been seen, Captain Buddington had found it impossible to proceed to their relief or had wilfully abandoned them. All these points are covered in Captain Buddington's statement. In the first place, he says, the party on the ice-floe were never seen by them after the separation. In the second place, the condition of the Polaris leaves no room for doubt that, even had they been seen, any attempt to save them would have been futile. We learn also as to the manner in which the winter was passed in Lifeboat Cove, how the dreaded scurvy broke out among the men, but, fortunately in a mild form. The party started southward as soon as the water opened, and sighted Cape York on the 3d of June. They were picked up by the Ravenscraig. Thus, out of strange perils and unheard of adventures, and out of the locked empire of the ice, all who sailed away in the cause of science return home, save the gallant commander, who lies in his frozen grave near Thank God Harbor, amid the awful silence of the dread regions it was his life's ambition to explore.

The Panic in London.

The London *Times*, commenting on the financial panic in New York, says, in view of the extraordinary prosperity of the United States and the high price of government bonds, the present gust must be regarded as simply an effort of the financial system to get rid of its dishonest elements.

The *Daily Telegraph* says such local troubles as the suspensions in New York seem to be are merely the rank outgrowth of an exuberant prosperity, and accessories to a progress which does not for a moment halt.

Wheat is worth 90 cents a bushel in Iowa, and rye 15 cents a glass.

The Boy who Splits Wood.

There was a boy in a Nelson street, Danbury, yard cutting wood, yesterday, and he worked at it in a strikingly natural manner. First he set the stick on one end and prepared to strike it when it tumbled down. Then he stood it up, and put a sliver under the weak side to sustain it, and lifted the axe for the blow, when it tumbled again. As he had got the axe up quite a ways this time, and was fairly quivering with expectation, the reaction was not pleasant. It appeared to weaken him, and before another trial, he leaned on the axe and looked around on the scenery. At the third trial he put several slivers under the stick, and was some five minutes doing it. Then he raised the axe carefully, deliberately took aim, and brought the blade down with terrible force, and within about an inch-and-a-half of the stick, which immediately tipped over. This surprised him. He looked at the axe, then at the stick, and then around at the houses to see if anybody was looking. He was ten minutes propping the stick up the fourth time. When he got it so it would stand without being held, he took up the axe, and after several mock motions so to get the right aim, he swung the implement down again. The blade struck the stick with terrible force within about a sixteenth-of-an-inch from the edge, and took off a slip about five inches long. We don't suppose there is anything quite so aggravating as this. Splitting your shin open to the bone is a pastime in comparison. The Nelson street boy stood that stick up again without any ceremony, and with the least display in the world swung the axe over his head and brought it spitefully down. The blade this time clipped off a half-inch chip, and then swung around with such momentum as to throw the boy off his feet and drive him headlong over a pile of other sticks, every one of which he struck with his knees or face. We don't think we ever saw any boy get on his feet as quick as that boy did. And we were not in the least surprised to see him snatch up that axe, and with screams and sobs, beat that stick until he was exhausted. With this unpleasant duty performed, he flung the axe in among the tomato vines, and went in the house for a piece of cake.

Stranger than Fiction.

A North Germany paper advertises for the American heirs of the fortune of a widow lady of Amsterdam as follows:

"The following heirs of Catharine Spelling and her daughter Dorothy, both of whom died a violent death in 1852, at Amsterdam, are requested to send their addresses immediately to the Royal Probate Court at Amsterdam: Sophia Behrensburg, Otto Kellenaer, Anna Derfling, Maria Derfling, Joseph Derfling, all of whom emigrated to the United States since 1864.

ERNEST BELGER, Solicitor.

The story of the death of the two women, so long ago as 1852, and the finding of their murderer, twenty years after, the revelation of actual occurrences which are as terribly tragic as may be found within the lids of romance. The widow, Catharine Spelling, and her daughter Dorothy, were joint possessors of diamonds, money, and bonds worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and occupied a house by themselves on Harlan street, Amsterdam. One day, in the summer of 1852, a placard appeared on their door, saying they had gone to the country. Six weeks rolled around and still the placard remained on the door. The suspicions of the police were aroused by the long absence of the women, and the house was entered. The placard was found to be a fearful deception; the bodies of the two women were found on the floor, their diamonds, money, and bonds missing, and no clue to the murderer and thief was found.

In July last, the house was torn down, and in its destruction came to light a circumstance equaling in horror the discovery of the assassination of the two lone women. Between the house taken down and the adjoining one was a space of about a foot, and confined in this narrow cell was found the skeleton of a man, caught midway between the top and bottom, and on the ground beneath him were found the diamonds, the bonds, and the money of the two murdered women. The assassin, in attempting to escape, had missed his footing, fallen between the houses, and, with a strip of blue sky visible above the high walls of his living tomb, had starved to death.

The Yellow Fever.

The Shreveport (La.) *Times* of a late date says:

The epidemic exhibits but little change, and that the decrease in the number of new cases is greatly owing to want of material. The number of deaths is fearful to contemplate; the mortality is beyond precedent, and it looks as though but comparatively few will get well. Thus far very few have got about, while some linger along between life and death. In some few instances whole families have been swept out of existence in the short space of one week. The sudden change in the weather last Sunday night sent scores to their beds, which accounts for the large number of interments in the last day or two. In the language of one of the New Orleans physicians, they dropped off like sheep dying with the rot. Medical treatment of the most skillful kind does not appear to do any good in a great many cases, whereas, in many others, the temporary relief afforded is quickly followed by death. Our stores are all closed, and all our dwelling houses turned into hospitals; in fact, Shreveport is one great hospital; one great charnel-house!

The *Times* publishes a death record. That journal says the number of interments since the 1st of September sums up 342; the number of sick is estimated, variously, at from 500 to 800.

Publishing a Newspaper.

According to "Gath," who has recently been to Springfield, this is the way Samuel Bowles edits his paper: He breakfasts frugally in bed, and reads from beginning to end, every day, when at home, the morning's *Republican*, marking out those parts which he does not need for his weekly—a development in which he takes much pride, as it was his father's paper, the basis of his daily. At eleven o'clock he dictates to a phonographer answers to personal, political, and business letters; or, on some occasions, repairs to his office and meets inquirers personally. Dictation of editorial matter follows, and he breakfasts a second time with his children at their mid-day dinner. At three o'clock he goes to the office, and writes editorials; and at night, generally speaking, reads his proofs or paragraphs, or dictates at home.

CALIFORNIA BITS.—A gentleman writing from California says you hear the word "bit" used very often. A "bit" is twelve and a half cents, or ten cents, or fifteen cents. If you buy an article that costs "a bit" you pay ten cents, and it is all right. If you hand the store-keeper a twenty-five cent coin for an article worth a "bit," he hands you back ten cents change, and that is "all right."

Up in a Balloon.

Prof. King Makes an Ascension from Buffalo With Three Reporters.

A reporter who was with Prof. King in his balloon ascension at Buffalo, thus describes his experience: The balloon was one of the largest ever sent up in this vicinity, and when filled, measured 56 feet in diameter at the largest part, and 86 feet in height from the bottom of the car to the crown where the valve was placed. It took 95,000 feet of gas to fill it. It was named Buffalo, after the city from which it started. In less than four minutes from the moment when she rose from the ground we were gracefully floating along at an altitude of 4,500 feet. But most surprising was the delightfully easy manner in which we went up. There was no swaying and swinging of the cars, and as I looked up at the immense, bulky machine above it seemed exactly as though it had attained a position that was perfectly stationary. There were no sensations of giddiness or vertigo; no holding on of hats; all was as easy as a feather bed, and as calm as though the wind, which had all day long threatened the balloon with destruction, had been entirely overcome. Floating on in perfect quietude we could hear the tumult that was going on below, from the hoarse hackmen to the yelping dogs. The view from the balloon as it soared over must have been magnificent. But the bird's eye view of the city, giving the appearance of large rows of tents, such as are seen whenever long armies are found, though specially inviting, did not equal the view now had of the mighty lakes, Erie and Ontario, those vast inland seas of the North, where every wave, as it were, brings wealth and stability to the Queen City.

Looking over Lake Erie to the north and north-west, as far as the eye can reach at this altitude, from the numerous grain elevators on the shore line to the far distant horizon which seems to dip into the sparkling waves beyond, there is one vast body of water. Here the water appears to reflect the bright ethereal above; there again the rays of the sun are dancing on the tiny waves and sparkling brilliantly, while in innumerable other places the separated portions of nimbus cloud floating silently aloft are reflected in dark spots that represented small islands. From the direction of Fort Stanley, on the Canadian side, appear a number of vessels under sail, which are so small that one involuntary recurs to the days when he made ships of 6 by 4 inch cardboard and rigged them with half a sheet of note paper and a yard of cotton thread. Going out of the harbor to meet these are several small steam tow-boats. To look at these from the car it recalls ocean traveling, when excited passengers rush to the deck to see a school of frisky porpoises leaping over the waves and dashing ahead over the billowy mountains, covering themselves with the spray. Towards Dunkirk the aspect was somewhat forbidding.

Withdrawing the gaze from the waters of Erie and still following the shore line around by Fort Porter we see the Niagara River, as it hugs the city; and, following it in its course, the attention is soon riveted on one of the greatest natural and most beautiful scenes in the world—the waterfalls and ravines of Niagara. All those who have seen the mighty torrents or heard the harmony of waters, watched the foaming and boiling, the dancing of the spray and the unceasing rush of the streams there, would be struck with their grandeur and dignity when viewed from an altitude of a mile. The immense body of water falling over the precipices represented a vast gracefully curved fleece of spotless wool, and the spray was likened by one of our party to a fountain playing to the height of 100 feet, the hills and background being the basin to receive the foaming liquid.

At three o'clock the barometer indicated that we were 5,454 feet above the earth, with the thermometer down to 47. Scarcely had we registered these figures when we were struck by the peculiarity of the horizon. I have noticed on previous ascensions that the clouds on the horizon almost formed a circle, the outer edge of which was on a level with the car beneath the balloon. Now, however, the clouds formed only about a semi-circle, the heaviest portion of the cumulus stratum being to the southwest of Erie Lake, but appearing to be below us. Mr. King called attention to this also, and expressed some surprise at the phenomenon. Away from the horizon and up over us, in the immensity of space, the only clouds visible were gradually forming a canopy, getting between us and the sun, causing our captain no little concern, as he knew he would have to pay penalty in ballast for this rise in the misty region, and ballast, above all things, he wanted to store as far as possible, because on it, to a great extent, would depend the duration of our voyage. Hence the study of the horizon and the debate on the faultless are of heaven that

Spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof

were cut short by the preparing and launching overboard of the 300-foot drag rope. But the rope became entangled, and required three of us to clear it again.

The balloon rushed on a distance of 9,000 feet, and then sank rapidly down to 1,200. Passing so near the earth, parties were hailed and answered the signal. At 5,000 feet above the earth, the temperature was 51 degrees, and at 7,000 feet, the highest elevation, it was 39 degrees. The balloon landed the reporters a few miles from Corning, N. Y., and Prof. King went on his way for a more extended trip alone.

A Bearded Woman's Passion.

The death of the bearded woman, says a Paris correspondent, is announced. Her name was Jacqueline Doublin. For the past year she has been a nightly visitor at the "Chatelet." Each evening she attended the theatre in the garb of a man, always occupying the same seat. She called forth not a little attention, her long black hair and beard rendering her an object of especial interest. About two months ago she appeared in an elegant woman's attire, her face closely shaved. Notwithstanding the change of dress, she was instantly recognized by the gallery, and greeted in a conspicuous but not satisfactory manner. From that she was seen no more, and it was soon rumored that she was ill; also that said illness was the result of a violent and hopeless love for the leading actor of the Chatelet. On her death-bed the unfortunate Jacqueline wrote a letter to the Commissioner of Police acknowledging her passion, which the physicians actually state was the cause of her death.

"Parlous Times."

A German writer states that the deaths in Hungary amount to 5,240 out of each 100,000 every year, which gives the average length of life at less than twenty years. This death rate is equal to two and a half times that of England. The excess is accounted for by the mortality consequent on assaults, duels, drunken quarrels, and other violence. "These be parlous times," indeed, in Hungary.

Boutwell on Farmers' Debts.

In his address at the Worcester County, Mass., Agricultural Fair, Senator Boutwell said: I do not imagine that Massachusetts farmers are generally in debt, but I am quite sure that some of them have applied their annual earnings to the payment of mortgages, when the money could have been more profitably used for the improvement of the farms. It may seem strange that I should suggest that it is not wise always, and under all circumstances, to pay debts. It is told of Mr. Webster—but whether with any foundation in truth, I cannot say—that in a speech at Philadelphia, on a festive occasion, when Pennsylvania was embarrassed and her credit impaired, he insisted that her public debt must be paid. Warmed by the occasion and subject, he said: "The debt of Pennsylvania must be paid; it shall be paid—if I pay it myself." And then, after a little delay; he added, "but as to private indebtedness, that is a different thing." Private indebtedness, gentlemen, under some circumstances is a different thing from from a public debt. I do not speak of the obligation, but of the wisdom of delay with the consent of the creditor. Public debts usually represent the cost of wars, of public buildings, of enterprises too vast for private undertaking. There are no available assets except the private property and the producing power of the people. Every delay shifts something of the burden from accumulated wealth to the wealth-producing classes. The interest on the public debt of England can be wrung largely from the laboring classes, but the principal could only be paid from the accumulated wealth or from the income of the accumulated wealth of the country. The logic which forms the base of British policy on this subject is clear. The wealthy men of the country receive from the laboring classes interest at three per cent. upon a debt which they themselves ought to pay. Hence the policy of Great Britain, dictated by the wealthy classes—no surplus income, no payment of the public debt. Her example teaches that public debts ought to be paid, and paid with the least possible delay; but private indebtedness, under some circumstances, is a different thing. If a farmer has half the sum of money necessary to buy a farm suited to his tastes and plans, there can be no doubt of the wisdom of the purchase. The debt is secure; it is represented by real property. There is hardly any personal responsibility attaching to the debtor. He enjoys the use of the land upon the payment of a certain annual rent, subject only to the chance of rise or fall in the value of the estate. Every improvement is for his benefit. The debt is an annual charge to the extent of the interest—nothing more. If the farmer can use his annual gains in the development of his farm, in the increase of his products, he adds to his wealth more rapidly than he would by the payment of the debt. The debt is a fixed sum; the increase in the value of his farm shows his gains. It is certainly wisef to add to the value of the estate than to diminish the incumbrance while the owner has not all the means in his business that he desires.

The Temple of Diana.

The Temple of Diana, about which there has been so much contention among the learned for so many generations, is now proved to be octastyle, that is, having eight columns in front. It has eighteen columns on the sides, and the intercolumniations of the latter are chiefly three diameters, making the temple diastyle. The statement of Pliny as to its having had 100 columns (externally) is correct, and as many as twenty-seven of these might have been the contributions of kings. Of the position of the thirty-six *columnæ caelatæ* (sculptured columns), I may obtain further proof before the excavations are completed. Allowing for the projection of the sculpture on these columns, which, in the fragments lately found, is as much as thirteen inches, the diameter of the columns was about 5 feet 10 inches. The dimensions of the temple given by Pliny, viz.: 220 feet by 425 feet, were evidently intended to apply to the raised platform upon which the Temple was built. The actual width of the platform, measured at the lowermost step, was 238 feet 3¼ inches English. The evidence as to its length is not at present so conclusive, and the dimensions given on my plan may have to be corrected when the western and eastern extremities have been more thoroughly explored. The dimensions of the Temple itself from plinth to plinth, "out to out," are 163 feet 9½ inches by 308 feet 4 inches. The height of the platform was 9 feet 5½ inches. The interior appears to have been adorned with two tiers of elliptical columns, Ionic and Corinthian, fragments of these having been found near the walls of the cella. —*Athenæum.*

An Insult to the Horse.

Do you know the origin of the fashion of that cruelty to the horse, known as blinkers on the bridles? No! Then I will tell you. In 1802 they came into fashion in this wise: The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was woefully in debt. Being a Prince, he could not be sued at common law, or arrested, but a ribbon stretched across the sidewalk must not be broken by the debtor. So his creditors contented themselves by using this ribbon to compel him to take to the street, or go back. So he had to travel in a coach-and-four. His off leader got "wall eyed." The duke could not buy another team, and this white eye made the horse unpleasant to look upon. Here was a fix, a princely fix. Poverty and no credit ruled the roost, and it seemed that his Royal Highness would have to go on foot, until one of his drivers hit upon the blinker dodge, and so one was fitted to his head. It completely hid the white eye, and then a blind was put on the other horses to make things even and uniform.

Our stages were once driven through the country with four blinkers on the horses, *i. e.*, one on the outside of each head-stall, and that fashion continued many years, or until one-horse wagons came in vogue, and then two blinders were placed on each head-stall. Thus, because the duke was too poor to supply his carriage with sound horses, or those having sound eyes, we to-day, after over seventy years' experience, follow the fashion set by him.

The Reward of Kindness.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has awarded its annual premiums," says a Paris correspondent. "One gentleman received a medal for purchasing an old horse incapable of working, and, to save it from suffering, had the animal slaughtered, and the flesh given to the poor; another prize winner saved a foal from being buried alive by its owner; an architect obtained a medal for plunging into the Seine last November and saving a dog. An agriculturist received honorable mention for extending the culture of goat's beard, a plant which increases the production of milk in sheep, enabling them thus to rear their young. Perhaps that farmer might discover a plant to increase the supply of milk among the Paris herds, and thus enable people to escape from a series of terrible adulterations."

Wall Street in a Panic.

The Excitement Over the Suspension of Jay Cooke & Co.

Not since Black Friday has there been so great an excitement in Wall street, as on the announcement of the suspension of Jay Cooke & Co. The *Times* says:

It was a wild day in Wall street. The announcements in the morning prepared the public in a certain degree for the trouble which was to ensue, and many parties were enabled to go in the market early in the morning and protect themselves from loss. While many did this, and so saved themselves from ruin, there were others, and by far the majority, who thought that the trouble was solely brought about by machinations of the bears, and that there would only be a small-sized panic, which would result in a sudden rebound in prices. Those who took this view of the situation held on to their investments as long as possible, and, so soon as their margins gave out, were compelled to go under. Of course, there were many who, by superior strength, were enabled to hold on to their purchases, and so escaped being sold out, at least for the time.

The first intimation which came into the Stock Exchange of any change in the programme was contained in a brief notice, which said authoritatively that Jay Cooke & Co. had suspended payment. To say that the street became excited would only give a feeble view of the expressions of feeling. The brokers stood perfectly thunderstruck for a moment, and then there was a general run to notify the different houses in Wall street of the failure.

The brokers surged out of the Exchange, tumbling pell-mell over each other in the general confusion, and reached their respective offices in race-horse time. The members of firms who were surprised by this announcement had no time to deliberate. The bear clique was already selling the market down in the Exchange, and prices were declining frightfully.

Of course every one gave orders to sell out holdings as quick as possible, in order to obtain the best prices, and in this way when the brokers returned to the Long Room a fresh impulse was given to the decline, which brought about a fearful panic. There was no one on hand with nerve and money to arrest it either, and so the bear clique, taking advantage of the general demoralization, made confusion worse confounded.

The news of the panic spread in every direction down-town, and hundreds of people who had been carrying stock in expectation of a rise, rushed into the offices of their brokers and left orders that their holdings should be immediately sold out. In this way prices fell off so rapidly that even Vanderbilt could not have stemmed the tide.

The stock exchange has been the arena of many desperate conflicts between bulls and bears, and it is hard to discriminate as to the violence of the respective melees, but it was said by old frequenters of Wall street that no panic so frightful had ensued since the failure of the Ohio Trust Company in 1857 as that witnessed.

The sellers and purchasers in the Exchange seemed to have lost their reason in many instances, and shouted out one offer in one minute, and then, either completely demoralized or oversanguine, put the price up or down one or two per cent. At one time there seemed to be no bottom to the market, and if the bears had pressed their advantage, it is likely that stocks would have declined much lower than was the case.

Everything went down, and although at times desperate resistance was offered by the Vanderbilt brokers, no substancial check was given to the decline, and the bears had everything their own way. Jay Gould's representatives in the Stock Board pressed sales in the most persistent manner, and so soon as there was any cessation in the excitement, or the slightest reaction in the market, they were ready to sell large blocks of stocks and to put up the necessary margins.

Vanderbilt had immense quantities of stocks; Gould had millions of ready cash. Greenbacks told, and the Vanderbilt clique was pressed to the wall. Men went about the street with blanched faces, and requested piteously of their brokers that their stocks should not be sold out as more margin would be obtained in the morning; but self-preservation seemed to be the first law of nature with every one, so the accounts of the customers were closed out, and the losses became a fixed fact.

Some of the men who were ruined swore, some of them wept, some went out of the street without saying a word; others talked of the trouble in a jovial way, and went about trying to borrow money from friends to get on the short tack with.

Stephen Girard's Memory.

"Stephen Girard," says a writer in a Philadelphia paper, "had a remarkable memory, seldom forgetting anything to which his attention had once been called. As an instance, when, in 1793, his ship Voltaire was built, laborers were scarce, on account of a fever raging at the time, and Girard personally assisted his favorite carpenter, 'Jimmy Humphries,' in driving in the copper bolts which held the breast-hook fastenings in the bow. In 1812, during the war, the Voltaire required repairing, and it was overhauled at Kensington. It was necessary to remove the copper bolts which held the fastenings, in order to replace some wood-work, and it became necessary to know whether the bolts had been riveted from the inner or outer side. The same carpenter, Humphries, was assisting in the repairing of the vessel, but was unable to find the bolt-heads. Girard, who was standing near, smiled quietly, noticing which, Humphries asked, rather jokingly, 'Perhaps *you* know something about them, sir?' The old man laughed, and said: 'Why, Jimmy, don't you remember that hot afternoon in '93, when you and I put in those bolts? The starboard ones are riveted from the outside and the larboard from the inside.' Through all the whirling memories of that wonderful head, the old man's mind had gone back to the simple incident of nineteen years before, with perfect accuracy."

Rolling Stock.

The decline in the value of new railroad securities caused by the financial troubles promises to operate in a distressing manner upon some of the industries connected with the railroads. At the Rogers Locomotive Works, in Paterson, orders for locomotives for three months ahead were cancelled and nearly 600 workmen were discharged. It is also feared that 500 more workmen may be discharged from the same works and several hundred from the Danforth and the Grant works. There is also a check to car-building, and it is not at all improbable that much suffering will result to workmen in these and other railroad industries during the coming winter. Hard-pushed employers may prevent some distress by adopting the plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and shortening hours of work, with a corresponding decrease in pay, instead of discharging their employees.

Ingomar, the Barbarian.

Ingomar is a semi-civilized chief, who, even in his sleep, dreams of pursuing and capturing, of crushing and killing, of triumph and booty. Curses are at home in his mouth. He is despotic and tyrannical. His will is his all-sufficient logic. He worships liberty, youth and strength, and thinks strength only is free. All that he expects, when he shall have grown white-haired and