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Revival.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet—
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring and cheerly—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer, "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with her snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say;
Then she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you—
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you—
Set you free at last!"

Thorns.

"Every Rose, you sang, has its Thorn,"
But this has none, I know."
She clasped my rival's Rose
Over her breast of snow.

I bowed to hide my pain,
With a man's unskilful art;
I moved my lips, and could not say
The Thorn was in my heart!

OUR COUSIN.

There was great excitement in our little household, when Robert came home one evening and announced that Cousin Max was coming to visit us. We girls had never seen him, but Robert and he had spent a year together on the continent, when our father was alive and money was plentiful with us. Since then, our German cousin's name had been almost a household word with us.

Max was quite alone in the world, our aunt and her husband both dying when he was quite young. He was almost Robert's age—was tall and fair, and that was all we knew. Robert—never very good at description—had indeed attempted to give us some idea of his appearance, but was silenced by Claire and Birdie, who both exclaimed that they would rather keep their fancy-picture than the caricature they knew he was drawing. We were very happy together, and contented generally. We had been able to keep the old house, and Robert's income from his profession—he was a lawyer like our father—supported us very comfortably. The occasional sale of one of my pictures helped us on a little, and altogether we did very well.

Sometimes I caught myself wishing that Claire (Claire was our beauty) could have the "purple and fine linen" which seemed her right, and that Birdie's exquisite voice might be properly trained; but if I hinted this, Claire would kiss me gaily, asking if she wasn't pretty enough to suit me as she was; and Birdie would dash off into a description of the life she would lead as a *prima donna*, and how every night she would see old Rob and Gracie looking severe propriety from one of the boxes. And so my little trouble always ended with a laugh.

I was the old maid in the family. Robert was the only one that knew why, and he kept my secret faithfully. I had got over being unhappy about it, and Robert and I made our plans very contentedly—how we could live on in the old home when the others had flitted, and what a genuine "old maid's castle" it would be. I was to Robert what the others—dearly as he loved them—never quite could be, and we did not think our separation possible.

We had expected Cousin Max for weeks, and yet he came quite unexpectedly at last. We were sitting in the porch—Claire, Birdie, and I—when we saw Robert coming, and with him a stranger, who Birdie declared she was sure was Cousin Max. He was talking and laughing with Robert, but I noticed that, as they came closer, he started violently, and passed his hand over his eyes; but, recovering himself immediately, he greeted us with a genuine warmth of affection, which took all our hearts by storm.

A gay evening we passed! "Coming events" do *not* "cast their shadows before," whatever people may say. I had never known how really beautiful Birdie was, till that night; but as she stood by the piano, in her soft white dress, with the passion-flowers in her hair, I saw Cousin Max gazing at her like one entranced. Claire's beauty did not seem to impress him at all, perhaps because she was like himself; for indeed they might have been brother and sister. Both had the same regular features, blue eyes, and blonde hair. Beside them Birdie looked like some tropical flower. Max was never tired of watching her quick, graceful motions, and Robert and I had a laugh together over our little pet's conquest.

Cousin Max was soon thoroughly at home with us all, though Birdie still kept her place as chief favorite. They were left much together, for Claire was soon to leave the old home, and our new brother, Alfred, spent most of his time with us. I was very closely occupied with my housekeeping, and with preparations for the wedding, which was to be in August. Robert was away all day, so that Birdie and Max were left to amuse each other. He was quite an artist, and greatly to Birdie's delight had offered to paint her picture. The rest of us were excluded from the studio; for, as it was his first attempt at portrait-painting, we were not to be allowed to judge of his success or failure until the picture was finished. He was also teaching German to Birdie, and every morning found them under the trees in the orchard, Birdie with her work, and Max reclining on the grass beside her, reading in his low, thrilling voice, the legends of his Fatherland.

Blind—blind! Did no one of us ever see that the child-smile had passed away from our darling's face? Did no one ever think that the soft shining in her dark eyes might be the light of a woman's love?

The picture was finished on my birthday, and was the gift of Max to me. We were all taken in to see it, and never since have I beheld so lovely a picture. Birdie's very self stood before us, dressed as Max had first seen her. But the face—the exquisite dewy softness of her eyes—the lips, just parted in a happy smile! The others were congratulating Max. I could only clasp Birdie in my arms, and hide my foolish tears on her shoulder.

That evening we were all sitting in the moonlight. Max was smoking by the window, and Birdie in the usual place on a footstool at his side. He was unusually silent, and unless by an occasional word to Birdie took no part in the conversation. The room was flooded with the clear brilliance of the moonlight, and everyone protested against lamps. Robert and Alfred were arguing as to the reality of supernatural manifestations. The possibility of a second self appearing to warn one of approaching death was mentioned, and Claire turned suddenly to Max:

"Max, you are a German, and should know about such things—you tell us." His face was clearly defined by the light streaming through the open window, and I saw his lips compress suddenly; but when he spoke it was in his usual even tone.

"I certainly believe such a thing possible, Claire. Indeed, I may say I *know* it to be so."

"O, a story! Cousin Max, a story. Tell us *how* you know," said Claire, eagerly.

He smiled slightly. "It is strange, but I have been thinking of this very subject. If I tell you, however, you must expect me to be egotistical, for it is a leaf out of my own life I must show you."

Something in his tone impressed us all, and we sat very silent, waiting for him to commence. Birdie's eyes were lifted wistfully to his face, but his were fixed on the stars beyond.

"About four years ago, I was visiting a very intimate friend in the south of Germany. I had never before seen his family, though we had known each other for some time. His father was a strange, fanciful man, knowing every ghost legend and old superstition by heart. My friend laughed at all such, but his sister, Gretta, was a firm believer in all her father's theories. I remained there for some months, and before I left, Gretta had promised to be my wife."

His voice fell, and it was some moments before he continued.

"Four years ago, to-night, I was sitting by an open window, as I am now, when suddenly I was surrounded by an overpowering scent of violets. This was Gretta's favorite flower, and I immediately thought of her. Presently I heard a step, and a rustle of drapery. Right under my window I saw—I could swear to it—Gretta's face and figure. I sprang to my feet, ran down the stairs, and out into the street, but she was gone, nor was there any other person in sight. I returned to my room baffled and wondering.

"A few days after, I heard from Gretta; she begged me to come to her at once. I found her suffering from great nervous excitement, which she bravely attempted to control in the presence of her father and brother; but the evening of my arrival, as we were all sitting together, she left the room, making a sign to me to follow her. I found her on the terrace. She was standing with her hands clasped loosely before her, her eyes fixed on something in the distance, and such a weird, unearthly look upon her face, that I hastened to arouse her. Laying my hand upon her arm, I spoke her name. She started, then clung to me, trembling violently. When I attempted to soothe her, she burst into tears. When she could speak, she told me that one evening she was standing where we then stood, when she saw a figure coming up the steps from the lower terrace. Thinking it some visitor, she went slowly forward. As they came face to face, the figure raised its head, and she saw—herself!

"I stood quite still," Gretta said to me, "and the *thing* came nearer, looking at me with awful eyes. I tried to speak—to move—but I was held, as if by chains. Then something—whether it was my double or not, I cannot tell, but I heard the words—said '*A year!*' The tower-clock struck seven, and then I fainted."

"That was the day on which I, too, had seen the apparition. Gretta had spoken of this to no one, but the impression that her coming death had been foretold was firmly seated in her mind. In vain I argued against this idea; she would only shake her head, and smile.

"The day on which the apparition first manifested itself was Gretta's birthday, and that day in the coming year was fixed upon for our marriage. Thinking that a change of scene would restore my Gretta's failing health, I urged that an earlier day might be fixed, but her father was obstinate. 'The stars had told him that day would be a fateful one in her life,' and nothing would induce him to change it. When I told Gretta of my failure, she said gently, 'You must not be vexed about it, Max. If I cannot be your wife on earth, I will be in heaven.'"

Our cousin paused as he uttered these words, and sat leaning his head back against the curtain. He had used no word of endearment in speaking of his promised wife, but the tone of suppressed passion told us how dearly he had loved her.

Claire broke the silence: "Was she very beautiful, cousin Max?"

"You have her living image there before you," he said, looking down at Birdie's averted face.

I saw my pet change color, and presently she arose, and moved quietly away to one of the windows opening on the garden. Max did not seem to notice the movement, and soon went on with his story:

"The time for our marriage was very near when I again saw Gretta. Business had kept me from her much longer than I had intended. I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the preceding year, and I hoped Gretta had also. I cannot speak of those few short weeks of happiness, all too short as they were. The day came. We were to have been married early in the day, but the pastor suddenly fell down in strong convulsions, and one at some distance was sent for. When Gretta was told of the delay, she said, quietly, 'I knew it would be evening.' The wedding was to be as quiet as possible, on account of Gretta's health, which, shut our eyes as we would, we could not avoid seeing was failing rapidly.

"The pastor arrived, and the hour approached. The air was very heavy, and, opening one of the windows, I went out upon the terrace. Walking slowly forward, I saw a figure in white cross the lower terrace and come slowly up the steps near which I was standing. The form and carriage assured me that it was Gretta, and, calling her name, I went to meet her, but the figure passed quickly on, and vanished in the shrubbery. Turning, I saw Gretta at my side.

"'You have seen it, Max!' she said, in answer to my look of amazed inquiry. 'The time has come, Max. They do not know that I am here,' she said, with a glance toward the house, 'but I wanted to see you again. Don't forget me, Max. I will wait for you.'

"We entered the house by different ways, and in a few minutes her brother came to call me. The service was commenced. My eyes were fixed on Gretta, who was growing paler and paler at every moment. Suddenly the tower-clock struck *seven;* she raised her eyes to mine. I caught her in my arms, but she never breathed again. And that is the reason," said Cousin Max, quietly, "why I shall never marry."

The silence was oppressive. Presently Claire and Alfred left the room, and soon we heard the piano. Max looked around with a smile. "Claire is calling us—where is Birdie?" I pointed to the window. He crossed over to her, and, laying his hand on her hair, said coaxingly, "Come, songbird, they want us." But Birdie drew back from his caressing hand with a quiet dignity that sat strangely on her, and, excusing herself, ran up to her own room.

Max rejoined us with a sorely puzzled face, but though he watched the door all the evening, Birdie did not reappear. I always went to her room at night, and while Claire, Alfred and Robert were sitting chatting in the hall, I went up stairs. Hearing no sound from Birdie's room, I opened the door softly and went in. She was kneeling by the open window, gazing out upon the winding river just visible through the trees, and the gleaming of the white stones in the little church-yard on its banks. I called her, but she made no answer. Sitting down beside her, I lifted her on my lap. Her hands were cold and she was shaking from head to foot.

"My poor little pet, what is it?" I asked anxiously. Never shall I forget the piteous eyes she turned to me.

"Gracie—Gracie, he only liked me because I resembled *her!*"

O, my darling! a mother's eyes might have seen the truth and saved you, but I left you to drift into this bitter love without one word of warning.

The next day Birdie never left my side, refusing, greatly to the astonishment of Max, all his invitations to walk or read with him. To do him justice, I do not think he guessed the mischief he had done. Birdie had seemed such a child, we never thought of the strength and depth of her character. Her sunny, happy nature had been enough for us, and we looked no further.

Robert and Max went away for a few days together, and when they returned Max seemed feverish and excitable. By night he was much worse, and the doctor very soon pronounced his disease typhus fever. When Birdie heard that he was in danger, she insisted upon seeing him, and after that he would not let her out of his sight. He would call her "Gretta," his "darling," his "wife," and beg her never to leave him again; and Birdie would sit with her hand in his, soothing him, humoring his fancies, and growing paler and paler at every word he uttered. In the morning, about two or three o'clock, he would become more quiet, and then, leaving the nurse with him, she would come to me. It was only at such times she rested at all, and often she would not sleep, but would lie watching the color creeping into the eastern sky, with a quiet look of expectation on her face, which filled me with an indefinable sense of dread. In vain we begged her to give up her care of Max; in that she was determined—nothing could shake her resolution. "While he wants me I shall stay," she would say decidedly.

The time for Claire's marriage approached. We had decided to put it off another month; but greatly to our astonishment, Birdie argued against this. When the doctor came she saw him alone, and he, too, advised us to have the wedding. Max might be ill a long time, he said, and it was better to have as small a family in the house as possible. So, a week later, Claire was married. Birdie was there, pale and still, but with a smile on her face, and with loving words and kisses for our poor beauty, whose wedding had proved so sad, after all. Alfred and Claire were to leave immediately; so our good-byes were hurried.

"I am coming back in a week," Claire said to Birdie, "and then I am going to take you away with me."

Birdie did not speak for a minute, and when she did, she only said softly, "Good-by, pretty Claire—good-by."

That night Birdie told me the truth. She was taking the fever, and the doctor had said there was no chance of her living through it. He had told her, a week ago, that, by nursing Max, she *might* save his life, but she would certainly lose her own; and our Birdie had answered, "I will save him if I can."

"I am so glad Claire is married; I was afraid she would have to wait," Birdie said to me. O! so quietly.

I begged the doctor to forbid her watching Max, but he shook his head: "It would do no good; she wouldn't live any longer for it." So, for a little while longer, I sat waiting every night for my darling, outside the door of her *murderer*, as I called him in my wretched heart. One morning she was later than usual. The doctor had been with Max all night; he left about three, telling me, as he passed me on the stairs, that Max was better, was sleeping quietly, and must not be disturbed.

Four struck, and yet Birdie did not come. I was afraid to open the door, so sat leaning my head on my hand, counting the minutes as they passed. The birds were beginning to sing in the chestnut-tree outside. I sprung to my feet as the door creaked slightly. The nurse was holding it open, and I fancied I saw tears on her wrinkled cheeks. Birdie was standing in the doorway. "It's come now, Gracie," she said softly, as she clasped her arms about my neck.

The cool September winds were blowing, and yet Max had not left his room. He was able to sit up all the morning, and I used to bring my work and sit beside him. One clear, bright day he was sitting by the open window watching the lazily moving clouds, and the fleeting shadows on the grass. Across the field I could see the willows in the church-yard tossing their long arms above the gleaming river, and my heart hardened toward the pale, languid figure opposite me. We did not speak much to each other. He was too weak, and I—what could I say? That morning Max seemed restless; at every sound he would glance toward the door, and then turn away with a look of pained surprise. At last he said, abruptly: "Grace, why does Birdie never come to see me? Has she quite forgotten me?"

I was prepared for this. They had told me I must tell him. I had thought and planned what I should say, and now I could think of nothing. I took the little packet which my darling had given me, and placed it in his hand. "She nursed you through the fever, and she told me to give you this." And so I left him. Had I told him too abruptly? Had I told him at all? Dare I go back?

I tried the door when two hours had passed, but it was locked. When Robert came in, I begged him to go and speak to Max, but before he could obey me Max entered the room where we were. He looked ten years older, and his face was inexpressibly sad. Robert held out his hand to him with a few kindly words of congratulation upon his recovery.

"I *must* be well," Max said, gravely. "I leave to-morrow, and I want to thank you now for all your kindness, when you had such reason to hate me. But, believe me, I never dreamed that——" His voice failed him, as Birdie's canary, hanging in the window, just then trilled forth its joyous song. Covering his face with his hands, he hurried out of the room.

I am glad that, while he stayed, we were able to be kind to him. Before he left, he came to me:

"Gracie, forgive me, if you can. Believe me, your angel is averged."

I kissed his forehead, and bade him "God-speed." And so our Cousin Max dropped out of our lives forever, leaving no memento of his visit, save the picture that hangs before me as I write—Birdie in her youth and beauty, with the passion-flowers in her hair—only that, and a grave in the little churchyard by the river.

The Drowned Students.

Private letters to the friends of one of the young American students drowned at Lausanne, Switzerland, give such details of the accident as could be ascertained. One of the Crane brothers was found sitting upright in the boat nearly submerged, wrapped in the sail and frozen stiff, his hands clutching the sides of the boat so hard that the skin was torn from his fingers. As the two days intervening between the departure of the boys and the discovery of the one body had been stormy and cold, it is supposed that the boys discovered the approach of the storm and on attempting to lower the sail the smaller of the Crane brothers fell overboard, and that William Woodbury, who was an excellent swimmer, sprang overboard to save him, but that both were drowned. The remaining boy, it is supposed, wrapped himself in the sail for protection, but became drenched and froze to death in the long continued storm.

Excessive exertion often leads to a congested state of the lungs, and deficient exercise is capable of producing tubercles in the same organs through nutritional alterations.

ANOTHER SEARCH FOR TREASURE.

A Strange Story if It Is a True One.

The schooner Witch Queen sailed from San Francisco recently for Cocos Island, on a search for buried treasure. The money has been supplied by New York capitalists. In the event of a failure the vessel is to proceed to the pearl fisheries, otherwise she is expected at San Francisco within six months. The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that the capitalists put faith in the story of David Sutherland, of Vallejo, which is as follows:

"In the year 1835, when I was about eighteen years of age, I shipped as one of a crew of twelve on board the barkentine Mary Deer, bound from Bristol, England, to Valparaiso. On the way out the captain died, leaving but eleven souls on board the vessel. After having discharged our cargo at Valparaiso, we proceeded up the coast to Peru, and anchored off a Peruvian fort, a few miles above Callao. At this time a war existed between the Peruvian and Chilean governments. In the fort was gathered a large amount of gold, silver, jewels, and other valuable property, for safe keeping. An attack on the fort was considered certain, and to keep it from the enemy the treasure was carried on board of the Mary Deer. After the treasure was placed on board our vessel we were tempted by the glittering millions and formed the design of running away with the precious freight. The cable was cut, the sails were spread, and our little craft stood out to sea. As soon as the Peruvians were made certain that we had taken flight they immediately gave chase with two or three vessels. But our vessel was a very swift sailer, and soon left the pursuers far behind.

"We were now in undisputed possession of the treasure with no immediate fear of capture. In the hold of our little craft was wealth sufficient to supply us all with princely opulence; but how was it to be disposed of? After many plans had been proposed and rejected, it was decided to bury it upon Cocos Island. Ten boatloads were one after another conveyed to the beach and buried there. I do not remember the amount of money, but it was said to be many millions; some of it in boxes and some in hides. Reaching back from the shore where we made our landing is a piece of level ground—about two acres. This piece of land lies at the foot of a mountain, down the side of which runs a stream of water. We followed this stream, and near its head, at the foot of the mountain, on the piece of level ground, selected the spot where we buried the treasure.

"After leaving the island we encountered a heavy storm, had our sails carried away, were driven by the wind to the coast of Peru, where we were captured, taken to Callao, tried, and sentenced to be shot. That sentence was carried into effect against eight of us, but I and two others were placed on board of a government vessel and promised that if we would show where the treasure was concealed we should be pardoned. In hopes that some chance of our escape would offer, we told them that the money was buried on the Gallipagos Islands, and the ship was immediately started to get it. On our way we, for some cause that I never knew, put into the Bay of Panama, and while there, the captain and nearly all of the crew were taken sick. One of my companions died, as well as several of the crew and some of the officers of the vessel. One dark night there was a breeze sprung up, and a whaling vessel that had been lying alongside of us weighed her anchor and put to sea. Just as she was going out I and my companion slid down the vessel and swam to the whaler. The captain was glad to get us, for he had also lost some of his men while at Panama. We were on board this whaler several years, but when she came to San Francisco we left her and went to the mines. My companion has done well, and is now living in Napa; his name is Charles Stuart. I have lived at Vallejo for many years, and am well known there."

She Wouldn't Go.

Tom Wilson had been working on his poor farm for years, and yet nothing had been laid by "for a rainy day." He had thought the matter over until he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to sell the old place and go where the soil was good. He went, found a place that suited him, and when he returned home broached the subject to his wife, as they, with their children, sat around the evening meal.

"Fannie," he said, "I think we had better leave this country; the old place is about worn out, and for the sake of our children, we ought to go where we can do better. They are getting old enough now—"

"I'm not going to do it—no, Mr. Wilson, I never will leave this place, and you needn't think any more about it."

"I saw some fine land while I was gone," he continued, "where we would soon become well off. I looked at a place which would suit us exactly, being near good schools and churches. It is fine soil, well improved, a good house and fine orchard, so I think I will sell out here and—"

"No, you'll not sell out, I just won't go; no, I won't; it's foolish to think of such a thing."

"Well, the boys and I will go——won't we, little men?"

"Yes—yes, we'll go—we'll go with papa," exclaimed all three little voices at once.

"Well," said Fannie, "you all may go just as fast as you please, but here's one who won't budge a step. Go West, indeed, where I don't know anybody—no, not I."

Mr. Wilson was determined on going, so he said no more about it to his wife, but went ahead, sold his farm, and made all his arrangements. He even packed up his furniture and household goods; still said nothing to Fannie. His wagons were carried before the house and loaded, children bundled in, and just before driving off Fannie came out, wrapped up nicely, with her traveling basket swinging on her arm.

"Where am I going to sit, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh—ah—why, I thought you weren't going?"

"Of course I'm going wherever you and the children go. Here, put my chair in there," and she climbed in the wagon." That was a long while ago. Tom Wilson is one of the wealthiest farmers in his county now.

Where States are Sovereigns.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in a recent decision involving the validity of certain acts of the Michigan Legislature, authorizing the granting of municipal aid to railroads, lays down the principle that a State Legislature is sovereign and able to do whatever is not in terms prohibited to it by the Federal or State Constitution. The effect of this decision is to prevent a large number of towns in that State, and other Commonwealths, from avoiding the payment of bonds which they issued in good faith, but subsequently undertook to repudiate.

Good Quarters—Quarter dollars.

The Tariff Bill.

The amendatory tariff bill as passed by the United States House of Representatives imposes the following rates of duties:

On spun silk, or silk in the grain, and on floss silk, 30 per cent. ad valorem; on sewing silk, 40 per cent.; on lastings, mohair cloth, silk twist, etc., for buttons exclusively, 10 per cent.; on all other silk goods, irrespective of classification, 60 per cent. (the act not to apply to goods having as a component material thereof 25 per cent., or over, of cotton, flax, wool, or worsted); on all still wines imported in casks, 50 cents per gallon; do. in bottles, $2 per case, with a proviso that imported wines containing more than 24 per cent. of alcohol shall be forfeited, and that there shall be an allowance of 2 per cent. for leakage, and of 5 per cent. for breakage; on hops, 10 cents per pound; on chromate and bi-chromate of potassa, 4½ cents per pound; on macaroni and vermicelli, 3 cents per pound; on preparations similar thereto, 5 cents per pound; on nitro benzole or oil of mirbane, 10 cents per pound; on tin in plates or sheets and on terne and taggers tin, 1½ cents per pound; on anchovies and sardines, 15 cents per box, 7½ cents per half box, and 4 cents per quarter box, and when imported in any other form, 60 per cent. ad valorem; yellow sheathing metal and yellow metal bolts, of which the component part of the chief value is copper, shall be deemed manufactures of copper, and pay the duty now prescribed for such, but a drawback is to be allowed for such metal used in the construction, repair, or equipment of vessels built in the United States for the foreign trade between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The duty on moisie iron is to be the same as on all other species of iron of like condition, grade or stage of manufacture.

Jute butts are to pay $6 per ton, and machinery for manufactures from the same plant, except such as is now made in this country, is to be admitted free of duty for two years.

The following articles are put on the free list: Alizarine, peas for seed purposes, quicksilver, ship planking and handle bolts, spurs and stilts used in the manufacture of earthern, stone or crockery ware, and seed of the sugar beet. The fourteen last sections of the bill have reference to internal revenue matters. One of them allows any farmer or planter to sell at the place of production tobacco of his own growth and raising at retail directly to consumers to an amount not exceeding $100 annually.

Bank checks, drafts, orders, or vouchers for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon any bank, banker, or trust company pay a tax of two cents. Nothing contained in the present laws is to be construed to authorize the imposition of a stamp tax on medical articles prepared in accordance with a formula published in any standard dispensatory or pharmacopœia.

The New Party.

A new party movement is under way in the United States, but thus far has been confined to the West. The platform runs somewhat as follows:

(1.) A call for a constitutional convention to effect several changes in the fundamental laws of the United States, among which will be the election of President, Vice-President, and Senators directly by the people; subordinating all corporations to the National Government; disallowing special privileges to any corporation; adding largely to the authority of the General Government in matters affecting the transportation and trades of the country; and making such banking provisions as will allow the General Government to institute banks under its own authority.

(2.) An immediate agitation for committing Congress and the nation at once to the carrying out of the scheme of the five great artificial water routes recommended by the Transportation Committee of the Senate—that is, the opening of the mouths of the Mississippi, the connection of the Mississippi with the lakes, the ship-canal around Niagara, the enlargement of the Erie Canal, and the joining of the James River with the waters of Ohio by a canal.

(3.) The construction of at least two direct freight railways under the authority of the General Government, so as to regulate the charges of the main lines of the country.

With regard to the currency question the majority of those who attend are in favor of inflation; but as yet it is not made a cardinal doctrine of the new party. They will await the course of events.

Catching Mackerel.

Mackerel are very numerous along the Atlantic coast, and are caught by fishing smacks in great numbers from Cape May to Cape Cod. These fish were until late years caught with a small hook, but as fishing became more extensive a new plan was discovered by which a great number could be caught in less time than with the hook and line. It would take the fishermen, with hook and line, a long time to get a load to bring to market fresh, but now they often get enough in one haul to load their vessel.

The smackmen have two fishing-boats and a large seine-like net, about 200 fathoms in length and eight in depth, with a large weight of 150 pounds called "Old Tom," fastened to the bottom rope about midway of the net. They have pulleys connected with this weight and small rings fastened to the bottom rope about four feet apart. A long rope is passed through these rings and attached to the pulleys, so by pulling on this rope the men are able to draw up the bottom of the net like a bag. On approaching a school of mackerel the fishermen drop "Old Tom" overboard, and then row around the fish and let out the net so as to form a circle. After the fish have been closely gathered in the net the captain comes alongside the net with the smack, and with a large scoop-net he, with the assistance of the crew, hoists them on board.

The Eddystone Light-House.

One of the three or four most famous light-houses is the Eddystone, off the coast of Devonshire. The first edifice constructed here was by Mr. Winstanley, of Littlebury, near Lord Braybrooke's famous seat of Audley Inn, which the traveler sees *en route* from London to Cambridge, in Essex. Mr. Winstanley was a country gentleman much addicted to mechanics, and his house was full of "cunning conceits." You sat down in an easy chair and were made a prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbor and found yourself floating in the pond.

Mr. Winstanley contrived a fabric which lasted three years. He went to visit his work one day, saying he wished that the fiercest storm which had ever blown would rise to test his structure. That evening came the storm, and structure and Winstanley were washed away by the waves.

A very able amateur, a retired tradesman named Rudyerd, next undertook the task, and very cleverly he executed it. His work stood fifty years, and was then destroyed by fire. Then came the wonderful work of Smeaton, which stands to this hour.

MASKED BURGLARS AGAIN.

They Bind the Watchmen and Blow Open a Safe--$3,500 Stolen.

The office of the West Point Foundry was robbed by masked burglars of some $3,500 in money and bonds. One of the watchmen tells the following story of the affair:

I first went to the office and stayed in there until 12:25 o'clock. I then went to an oven in the molding-shop to warm my tea. As I was in the act of putting my tin can down before the fire, three men made their appearance outside. As I came out of the building one of them stepped up to my left side, one of the others to the front of me, and the third one behind me, with a lantern in his hand. The first man said to me, "Are you firing up?" I replied, "Yes." Then he said, "Where is the old man?" I asked him, "What old man?" He said, "The one that watches with you." I said I thought he was in the office. The old man's name is Rodney Roe, a watchman the same as myself. I said to them, "Do you want him?" He replied, "I want you, and you are my prisoner." Then they seized me and walked me along to the molding-room, where they put my hands behind my back and strapped them. One of the men then took a round ball out of his pocket and crammed it into my mouth, and tied it around my neck with tarred strings, completely gagging me. They then set me down and strapped my legs with new straps in two places, and also pinioned my arms and tied me to a heavy casting, and all three left. After I had been left alone five or six minutes one of them came back to see how I was getting along. He asked me if I was all right. I could only mumble something. He then returned to his comrades who were in the office binding and gagging the old man. One of them came back to see how I was, and left again quickly. Finally they came back and cut the straps from my legs and ordered me to stand up. Then they covered my head with a coat. I asked them as well as I could, "Where are you going with me?" One replied gruffly, "You'll know after a while."

I was then led out of doors, and they walked me into the office to the safe vault, in which they put me, and shut the iron door nearly to, leaving it open just far enough to give me a chance to breathe. I found Rodney Roe, the other watchman, in there too. He was also bound and gagged. We sat on the vault floor facing each other. While we were in the vault we heard the robbers endeavoring to break open the safe on the opposite side of the room. The safe-vault we were in was used for keeping books and papers in. The inner door is of iron and the outer of wood. The safe they were breaking into is six feet high. We couldn't see the men at work, but could hear them. They were apparently hammering the safe with heavy hammers, and we could hear the clinking of cold-chisels and the grating of levers, as though they were prying open the doors. Suddenly they opened the outer door of the vault we were in and called out to us to "Keep back from the inner door, as there was going to be an explosion." Of course we kept back, and then they shut the outer door. We heard a very slight explosion soon after, when the outer door of the vault was again opened, and we heard one of the burglars say to the other, "Where is the new fuse, the old fuse is good for nothing!"

We knew then that the first explosion was a failure. We could hear them charge the safe a second time, and very soon a heavy explosion followed, as though the front part of the safe was blown out. We next heard them handling papers, tearing open envelopes, etc. They were not more than half an hour doing the latter work when they again came to the door of the vault, and opened the inner one, and coming to the inner door, opened that one a little also, and peered in upon us. I mumbled to them that I felt faint, and they opened the door wider. One of them took a sledge hammer and smashed in one of the wooden panels of the outer door, and that let the air come in more freely, but he locked the door. All this time Mr. Roe and myself were trying to get our hands loose. Mr. Roe finally succeeding, he then loosened mine, but we did not dare to show that our hands were free for fear they would kill us. Presently we heard them gather up some things and leave the office, and we could hear them hurrying away. I managed to squeeze through the broken panel of the outside door, and soon released Mr. Roe. Looking about the office we discovered that a large hole had been blown in the north door of the safe, and both doors were powder-stained and wide open. Scattered about the floor were torn envelopes, papers, packages, etc.; also a crowbar, sledge hammer, two cold-chisels, fuse, tarred strings, muslin gags, and punches. This was a little after 3 A. M., and as quickly as possible we gave the alarm, but the robbers had fled. All were masked.

A Wild Boar Hunt.

About one hundred and fifty persons, with dogs, guns, &c., met in the public square of Union, Ky., organized under the leadership of Mr. Clarkson, and proceeded to the farm of J. D. Smith on Gunpowder, which a vicious wild boar had visited the night previous. Here Medoc, a noted dog, found the trail, and the entire pack was soon in full cry.

After a run of more than an hour through the dense thickets and among the bluffs, the boar broke cover toward the open country, with the dogs in hot pursuit. Here the hunt grew very exciting, the pursuers being frequently in full view of the chase, and using their guns whenever they could, and the dogs (fox hounds) pressing the game closely, but as yet unable to bring him to bay. In fact, it was almost certain death for one to approach him, his formidable tusks proving such fearful and deadly weapons of defense that he had up to this time killed eight outright and wounded four.

Finally, as he was crossing the Big Bone road, a powerful bulldog was let loose, and immediately attacked the furious beast. Then ensued a desperate struggle. The boar fought as if he knew that his life was in the balance, and the dog was equally game. The latter seized the maddened animal by the right fore shoulder, and in spite of stabs and gashes from the sharp tusks held on with the tenacity for which the breed is noted. The hunters coming up joined in the battle with pistols, clubs, and stones, and under the attack of the combined forces the boar was at length stretched on the ground, conquered only in death. On examination it was found that during the chase he had received fourteen shots, all inflicting severe wounds. He weighed about five hundred pounds, and his tusks were eight inches in length by actual measurement.

The chase lasted about four hours, and a notable feature of the closing scene was the fact that though the dog was nearly torn to pieces and his antagonist was covered with wounds, neither uttered a cry during the fierce death struggle, but both were grim, silent, relentless, and game to the very last, and not until the boar was dead could the dog be induced to release his hold.

THE BLUE POPLIN.

"There! what a lovely shade! This is just the thing, Ida. You *must* have it," and Miss Burlingame tossed the folds of blue poplin, pure Irish, every thread silk, up in better view as she spoke.

"I can't afford it, Fanny. I have only twenty-five dollars in the world, and that must go home to mother, for she needs it," was the quiet answer of Ida Ross, while her eyes, blue as the silk, rested admiringly on the piece, which she longed to possess.

"Nonsense!" cried Fanny; "go in debt for it till some of your music scholars send their money in. It needn't cost over fifty dollars."

Oh, Fanny! I couldn't go in debt for a party dress," said Ida.

"Nonsense!" repeated Miss Fanny. "Ladies do that every day; and you know you'll have the money before long. Come, Ida, you know it is my farewell party, and I particularly want you to wear the same color I do. This poplin is just the shade of my blue satin. Do get it to please me!"

"How much is it a yard?" inquired Ida of the shopman.

"You shall have it very cheap—only two dollars a yard—you don't often have such a chance for a piece like that, madam."

"Twenty-five yards—fifty dollars—say nothing of trimmings," was Ida's hasty calculation, as she half glanced up at a young man who stood near, and who suddenly turned his back upon them. "I ought not, I know, but it is so pretty!" she went on. And aloud she said:

"You ought not to tempt me so, Fanny. I want it bad enough, dear knows. But I won't decide now. Keep it till to-morrow, please, and I will call again in the morning," she said to the clerk.

"Oh, you'll take it, I know," said Fanny, as the obliging clerk laid the goods aside, and the two young girls passed out.

As they went, the young man who had turned his back upon them faced round, and looked after them with an odd expression on his handsome face. But Ida little guessed that Maxwell Derwent was near, and had heard every word of her conversation with Fanny, or she would have fallen to the floor with mortification.

"I wonder if she will buy the dress?" he said to himself, as he followed the young ladies out. "I hope not. I could not respect a girl in her circumstances who could incur a debt like that for a party-dress. I hope she will not. If she does—" Maxwell Derwent compressed his fine lips firmly and did not finish his sentence in words, but mentally he added— "then all is over with us, for I will not seek a wife who can be guilty of a dishonorable action."

He sighed as he spoke, for he was more than interested in the pretty little music-teacher. He had seen a good deal of her lately, for, owing largely to Fanny Burlingame's influence, Ida was received in the same society she had moved in before her father's death. And, thoughtless as well as selfish though Fanny was, she was sincere in her friendship for Ida.

The evening for the farewell party given to Fancy by her aunt, Mrs. Burgess, arrived quickly. And in a thoughtful mood, Maxwell Derwent arrayed himself for his appearance.

"It will be a deep disappointment to me, if I see Miss Ross in the blue dress," he soliloquized, fitting on his gloves before he started. "For if I find she has nobleness and firmness enough to resist this temptation, I will seek to win her. If she has not—well, an extravagant, inconsiderate wife would soon ruin a man with more money than I have, and I won't risk it. Better bear a little pain now than a great deal hereafter. Prevention is better than repentance. After all, though, it doesn't matter much."

But it did matter much, for Maxwell Derwent's heart had never beaten so anxiously as it beat when he stood in Mrs. Burgess's elegant parlor, watching the ladies arrive. And it sunk like lead in his breast, with one heavy throb, as Ida and Fanny Burlingame came in together.

Yet Ida had never looked so lovely as she did to-night. Her fair cheek was flushed the hue of a pink sea-shell, her blue eyes lit with a happy light, two or three soft curls straying from the golden crown on her pretty head down over her white shoulders, and nothing could have been more becoming to her blonde beauty than the lustrous blue folds which fell around her slender figure, and trailed upon the rich carpet beneath her feet.

But nothing could make that blue poplin beautiful in Maxwell Derwent's eyes.

"Fifty dollars for the pattern," thought he, "and a good round sum for all that lace and ribbon trimming, and another seventy-five, I suppose, to the dressmaker. What a load of debt for a young girl to carry! Poor foolish little thing!" He added the last words half pityingly, half scornfully, as he went up to address her, not caring to call remark upon himself by seeming to avoid her.

But he could not make his manner seem otherwise than cold and constrained, and Ida soon felt it. She could not guess the cause, but the light went out of her eyes, and her smile was not so bright as when the happy evening began.

She was glad when Tom Burgess came up and invited her to dance, giving her a chance to get away from Maxwell.

He, poor fellow, had no heart for dancing. He turned away—perhaps fate led him—and sought the shadow of a distant window-curtain from whence he might watch the dancers at his will.

He stationed himself behind two matronly ladies, one of whom he did not know, and the other knew well, for it was his hostess and Fanny's aunt, Mrs. Burgess.

He did not pay attention to their conversation until the strange lady said, "What a pretty girl Miss Ida Ross is!"

"She is a noble girl; a true woman," replied Mrs. Burgess.

"Her dress is very becoming. But one would hardly think she could afford to dress so elegantly," observed the other lady.

"That very dress is one thing which shows her nobleness," said Mrs. Burgess.

"How? You interest me," said the lady.

"Then I will tell you the story," said Mrs. Burgess; and all unawares how interested was the listener who stood behind her, she went on: "This is Fanny's farewell party, before she goes South, you know, and she had set her heart on having her friend Ida wear a dress the same color as her own. She bought herself a blue satin, and wished Ida to purchase a beautiful blue Irish poplin which they saw. Ida knew she could not buy the dress without going into debt for it, but she was so much tempted that she promised to call the next day and decide. She did go, by herself, and told the clerk she would not take the dress. Then she came here and told Fanny. You know Fanny is a little heedless and a little selfish, sometimes, and she was so disappointed at not having Ida wear the blue dress that she spoke very unkindly.