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The Bad Little Boys of St. Joseph.

'Tis a pitiful tale of the woes of
The elegant belles and the beaux of
The people who visit St Joseph.
They blush like the rose at the rows of
White, stark-naked bodies of those of
The shameless young lads at St. Joseph
Who bathe where the clear water flows of
The beautiful river St. Joseph.
I'll be frank, and I'll not try to gloss of
An evil that steadily grows of
This wicked set one of the shows of
This saintly old town of St. Joseph.
These swimmers, say they, are the foes of
The morals and peace and repose of
The respectable town of St. Joseph.
They should wash themselves off with the hose of
A hydrant, or we will suppose of
A pump. "Not as any one knows of,"
Reply those bad boys of St. Joseph,
And straightway each one of them throws off
His waist strap, and strips all his clothes off
And dives in the river St. Joseph,
In spite of the 'ahs' and the "ohs" of—
Right under the eyes and the nose of
The good folks who visit St. Joseph,
Those shameless young lads of St. Joseph!

Two Pictures.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For lights shine out across the way,
And a door with crape is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Are dwelling side by side—
Perhaps the death of an early one,
And the crowning of a bride.

Bright eyes are filled with mirth,
Pale faces bend in prayer,
And hearts beside the household hearth,
Are crushed by stout despair;
Ah, sorrow, and hope, and joy,
Are parted by thinnest walls;
But on the hearts of the thoughtless ones,
No shadow of sorrow falls!

No thoughts of the funeral train
Come to the festive throng;
No hope that the past will come again,
To the anguished hearts belong;
The future's a sunny sea,
To the lovers of joy and mirth—
But the past alone, to those who weep
For the sundered ties of earth.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For the lights are bright across the way,
And a door with crape is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Confront us on every side;
A wealth of smiles and a flood of tears
With hope and sorrow allied!

—LUTHER G. RIGGS.

MRS. DENNING'S HOUSEKEEPER.

"Mother," said Lizzie West, as she entered the pleasant little sitting-room where her mother and sisters were at work, "can you spare me for a few days? Mrs. Lane is not able to sit up yet, and that impudent Bridget has gone off and left her, with everything in the house at sixes and sevens. I thought if you were willing I would go and stay with her for a few days."

"How did that happen? I thought when I called there the other day that Bridget seemed to be contented, and did her work as though she liked it. Is Mrs. Lane worse?"

"She seems feverish, but who wouldn't? I don't really believe she has had anything fit to eat to-day, and poor little Nellie was crying for her breakfast. I found bread that should have been baked yesterday, standing on the kitchen table. Spoiled, of course. Bridget had just finished kneading it before she asked for an increase of wages. Mrs. Lane thought she was paying her all she was worth, and told her so; and that she could not afford to give her higher wages at present. Bridget retorted that 'folks shouldn't keep servants who couldn't afford to pay decent wages.' She went to the city on the twelve o'clock train. This morning, Mr. Lane has been all over the village trying to find some one to stay with them until Mrs. Lane is better, but cannot find any one. The girls all seem so afraid of going out to work; even for a few days. May I go?"

"If you wish, Lizzie; I do not want any of my daughters to go out as *servants*, but I could not let a good neighbor like Mrs. Lane suffer, if I had to go myself. I will give you a loaf of bread to take with you, as you will need some to last until you can bake. I am glad I do not have to keep help; they waste more than their wages come to, in the course of a year.

"Lizzie, when will you get your dress done if you go over there?" asked Alice.

"Oh, the dress will answer a while longer as it is. I am glad I did not commence to rip it before I ran over to Mrs. Lane's. As she spoke she took from a chair a pretty brown walking dress, and carried it with her as she left the room. She went to her room to get a few things that she needed, and just as she was ready Mr. Lane stopped at the door.

"I have been making one more trial," he said, "but have failed again. I shall have to go to the city this afternoon and get another girl from the office. Mrs. West, will you let one of your daughters stay with my wife while I am gone?"

"Lizzie was just going over there. I am sorry you have so much trouble in getting help."

Mr. Lane's face brightened.

"Yes, sir," said Lizzie, "and I will stay as long as Mrs. Lane needs me."

"Jump in, then," he said, taking her little traveling bag and tuckling it under the seat.

When they had started, he turned to her and said, "I don't know how to thank you enough for this, Lizzie. I dreaded above all things getting a new girl; Agnes is almost worried to death with them now. She might have been well by this time, if she had had good help."

The invalid smiled brightly as her husband laughingly introduced the New Help. Then she began to cry from sheer weariness and exhaustion. Lizzie knew that the best thing for her patient would be a good nap. She made the bed, cleared up the room, and after drawing the curtains to shut out the sunlight, left her to sleep, taking little Nellie down to the kitchen to keep her quiet. She slept so long that Lizzie had ample time to get Mr. Lane's dinner, and put the parlor and sitting-room in order, discovering, as she did so, that the shade of the large lamp was broken, and three pieces of Mrs. Lane's china tea-set. On counting the silver, three of the spoons and as many forks were missing.

"Well, Agnes, how do you feel?" asked Mr. Lane that evening. "This begins to look a little more like home, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, George; I feel perfectly easy now, and will try to get well as soon as possible. You don't know what a relief it is."

"I guess we know something about it, don't we Puss?" he said, picking Nellie off the stool by her mother's sofa, and throwing her up in the air. "By the way, Agnes, did you know the large lamp was broken?"

"Bridget told me the cat jumped on the table when she was cleaning it, and knocked the shade off."

"No s'e didn't," said Nellie, from her father's shoulder. "Nellie seed Bidyit b'ake 'em her own se'f."

"What did she do, Puss?"

"S'e put 'em in a bid pan of hot water."

"The careless thing! Anything else, George?"

"Yes; two of the china cups, and the cream jug are broken, and three of the spoons and forks are missing."

"Only three? Well, she wasn't very sharp or she would have taken more than that; she had chance enough. But I won't fret over that now. If I can only keep Lizzie West until I am strong enough to do my own work again, I'll never have another Irish girl in the house."

At the end of the week Mr. Lane said, "Lizzie, I never thought to ask what you are going to charge for the privilege of making us so comfortable, so I'll ask now."

"I had not thought of that, sir; I came because Mrs. Lane was sick, and I thought I could make her comfortable. I never once thought of wages."

"That may be, but I cannot let you work for us for nothing. We want you to stay a month or two, if you will. We paid Bridget twelve dollars a month. I would willingly give you more if you will stay; your work is worth more than her's, to say nothing of the waste she made. What do you say to fifteen dollars?"

"I cannot tell now, sir; I shall have to speak to mother before I decide."

"Well, let me know as soon as you have made up your mind."

"I hope she isn't going to disappoint me now," he thought to himself. "I thought her above the silly prejudice against work."

Lizzie lay awake a long time that night, thinking over Mr. Lane's proposition. The next evening she went home for a short time, and, as soon as the inquiries after Mrs. Lane's health were answered, she said:

"Mother, I think I shall stay some time longer. Mrs. Lane wants me, and Mr. Lane offered me fifteen dollars a month. I shall stay and be earning something for myself, instead of making one more for father to support."

She thought she understood the dislike her mother and sisters felt toward such a proceeding, but she was not prepared for the reproaches that assailed her on all sides. She tried for a time to answer them quietly and patiently, but at last, turning to her father, she asked him if he would not help her.

"There is no real need of your doing this, Lizzie," he answered, "I should like it, if you could find something your mother would like better. For my own part, I can see no disgrace in what you propose doing; my mother and sister both occupied such positions, and I never knew that they were respected the less for it. You must make your own choice, my daughter, but consider it well before you decide. It may subject you to some very unpleasant slights."

Mr. West was called out to speak to a neighbor, and as soon as the door closed behind him, the girls began again. But Lizzie bravely stood her ground.

"There is no use in talking, girls; if father does not object, I shall go. You say I have no pride. I have pride enough to earn my own living if I possibly can. I can state the whole case in very few words. You all know that father has mortgaged his farm to help Uncle Charles in his trouble; you know, too, that this year it will be nearly impossible for him to pay the interest. I try to get along with as little as possible, but everything counts. Now here I have a good chance offered me, and would be very foolish not to take it. I don't see any more disgrace in sweeping floors and washing dishes for Mrs. Lane, than doing it at home. You know that she is not the woman to treat one as though I had no rights of my own."

"If you are bound to work, Liz, why don't you try to teach?"

"I have neither the taste nor inclination to teach. Besides there are a dozen applicants for every vacant situation. I should stand no chance at all with those who have spent time and money in preparation for the work. You know that my throat and lungs are not very strong, and would last but a short time if I tried teaching. I am sorry you feel so badly, Julia, but I cannot see that I am doing anything wrong."

"You are just as obstinate in this as everything else. You know we shall be cut by all our friends."

"No, I don't know any such thing. People whose friendship is worth having will respect me none the less for trying to maintain myself honestly, and others I do not care for. It is useless to talk any longer, it only makes matters worse. I promised to go back to-night, and will go and get ready.

When she came down stairs again her mother and sisters were still in tears. Neither of them returned her kiss or hardly spoke when she bade them "good night." As she passed through the hall her father stopped her and said:

"Lizzie, you will need a stout heart to bear you through; if you find it too hard work, come home again. My children are all welcome as long as I can keep a home for them. It is better for you all to learn to support yourselves, for perhaps you will have to do it sometime. Good night, my daughter."

He gave her a kiss and helped her into the wagon (for Mr. Lane had called for her on his return from the store). She told Mrs. Lane that evening that she had decided to stay as long as they wished to keep her.

"I shall not let you go very soon, then, you are as good as nurse and housekeeper both."

It was nearly three weeks after her visit home that she had occasion to go to the store to do some shopping for Mrs. Lane. While she was sitting by the counter trying to decide which of two shades of merino would make Nellie the prettiest dress, two of her old schoolmates came in. She bowed to them as they approached, but without returning the bow Belle King crossed to the opposite counter. Ada Lee glanced from one to the other in surprise, and then offered her hand to Lizzie, saying:

"It is a long time since I saw you, Miss Lizzie; how are your mother and sisters? I have not had time to return Miss West's call since I came back from the city."

"I think they are all well, thank you," answered Lizzie.

"I shall call on you and your sisters as soon as I can possibly find the time."

Here Bell beckoned to her, and when she had reached her side said in a loud whisper:

"Why Ada, how can you speak to a servant girl in that way? Don't you know that Liz West has gone out to work in Mrs. Lane's kitchen?" she asked, in answer to Ada's surprised look.

"Don't speak so loud she will hear you. How long since? I have heard nothing of it," said Ada, so low that Lizzie could not catch the words.

"She went about a month ago, I believe; the other girls hurt, and tried every way they could to stop her, but she was determined to go."

Lizzie finished her shopping and started for home. In crossing the next street one of her small parcels slipped from her hand and fell to the ground She was stooping to pick it up, when a gentleman who was crossing in the opposite direction quickly secured it, and after brushing the dust from the white paper, handed it to her with a polite bow. She glanced up to thank him, and met the gaze of his companion. It was a young man who had visited her sister Julia quite frequently. She bowed to him and was about to speak when he bowed haughtily without raising his hat, and passed on. Before she reached Mrs. Lane's door she met with two more slights.

To say that she did not care would be to make my heroine something more than mortal. She was a proud, sensitive girl, and she felt hurt as you or I would, reader.

As she entered the little parlor and laid her purchases before Mrs. Lane, her lips were compressed and a bright spot of color glowed on either cheek. Mrs. Lane noticed the signs of disturbance and guessed the cause, but did not speak of it. It was not the only time that she saw the same expression when Lizzie had been out. She mentioned it to her husband one evening several weeks after, and he said: "I have seen it myself. I do not blame her for feeling hurt, but I felt the other day as though I should enjoy knocking down young Grey, and shutting up Miss Julia until she could learn to behave herself. They were walking up the street the other day, and I was just behind them. Lizzie came out of Smith & Grey's store a few steps in front of them, but did not see them until they were passing her. Julia turned her face the other way, and looked at something or nothing on the other side of the street. Young Grey, the insolent puppy, put up that eye-glass of his, and stared at Lizzie as though she was some great curiosity."

"Alice is the only one of the girls that has called to see her since she has been here. Julia seems to think her far beneath her notice."

"She and Laura are too full of nonsense and false pride for a poor man's daughters. They think Lizzie has disgraced the family, when she is the only one in it who has the pride and self-reliance to earn her own living. I know that the money I paid her last mouth and the month before went to help West pay the interest on that mortgage Lee holds on his place. You wouldn't catch Julia doing anything like that."

"Lizzie spends every spare moment in reading. I gave her permission one day to use any of the books she liked, and she has planned her work so that she has had nearly an hour every day."

"Good! Give her every chance you can."

"I will; there is much more satisfaction in trying to give her time for reading than in granting Bridget's frequent petitions for an afternoon out. She does the work in much less time, and I have not been obliged to oversee the first thing."

When Lizzie had been with her nearly five months, Mrs. Lane received a visit from her sister. Mrs. Denning was living on the lounge one afternoon when Lizzie came in and sat down at the further end of the room to read. She glanced inquiringly at Mrs. Lane, but as that lady did not seem surprised she said nothing until Lizzie went out to prepare tea. Then turning to her sister with a laugh, said:

"Well, well, Agnes, is this the latest fashion for servants? What will they do next?"

"What do you think of it?"

"I do not know what to think. I was surprised to see her at your table, but now I am astonished. Where did you get her?"

In a few words Mrs. Lane told the whole story, and ended by saying, "I have kept her longer than I really needed her, but I can't bear the thought of her going, I shall be so lonesome."

"I wonder if she would engage with me? If I could only get a good American girl or woman for a housekeeper, I would willingly treat her as you do Lizzie. I think I will make her an offer."

"You will get a treasure if she will, and I think she would go."

Mrs. Denning was true to her word. She offered high wages and said:

"You seem to be fond of reading, and you shall have as good opportunities for it as you have here."

Lizzie accepted her offer, and in a few weeks entered upon her duties. She met with the same opposition at home as on her first attempt, but it cost her less pain to bear it than before. Julia said:

"Liz, you are a perfect fool! That stuck up Mrs. Denning will order you around like any of her other servants, and not let you dare to say your soul is your own."

"I do not think the woman lives that can do that. If Mrs. Denning proves a hard mistress, I have the same privilege that other servants have, I can leave."

"Well, I believe you were cut out for a servant, and nothing else; you are growing dowdy already. I am glad I have a soul above pots and kettles."

A third person would have been amused by the conversation, and the contrast presented by the two girls. Lizzie, with her graceful, erect figure, clear complexion, bright eyes and rosy cheeks; Julia, with her shoulders drawn forward in the latest fashionable stoop, waist pinched up, and complexion sallow from late hours and want of exercise. In reality she was not quite two years older, but she looked at least five.

A stranger would not call Lizzie pretty; her hair and eyes are brown, and her complexion dark but clear. Her nose and mouth are too large to be pretty, but as she stands looking down at Julia, she looks every inch a lady.

She found her position in Mrs. Denning's house rather trying at first; the other servants were jealous and ready to take any advantage they could get. Old servants she found so unwilling to submit to her authority, that, after she had been there a year, she persuaded Mrs. Denning to let her take several young girls and train them herself.

At first she found very little time to read, though, as she had promised, Mrs. Denning allowed her to choose what books she liked from a large and well selected library. She was an early riser, and always spent a few moments in reading, to have something to think of when her hands were busy. She spent a few weeks of each summer at home, and her father looked forward to these visits as the brightest and pleasantest weeks in the year. Her mother overcame her old prejudices and treated her once more as she did before she left home. But Julia and Laura could not be convinced that she had not lowered the dignity of the family. They avoided the mention of her name in conversation if possible, or, if obliged to speak of her called her a companion. This caused their friends much amusement, particularly Ada Lee, who, from the time of their meeting in the store, had cultivated Lizzie's acquaintance. She heard from her father how Lizzie had assisted Mr. West to pay off the mortgage on his farm, and being a sensible, affectionate girl, at once decided that the friendship of such a girl was worth having. She had visited her at Mrs. Lane's, and since her removal to the city had kept up a correspondence that was a source of great pleasure to them both.

In one of her letters she said:

"Lizzie, if you have time, will you try to write something to print? I showed one of your letters the other day to a friend who edits the —— *Monthly*. After reading it, he asked, 'Does your friend write for the press?' I told him I thought not. 'If she can write such letters as that, she is capable of something more. Ask her to send me an article for the —— *Monthly*.'

"Will you try, dear Lizzie, just to please me?

"Always your friend,
"ADA."

Lizzie answered: "I have often wished I had time to write, Ada, but I get so little that I have not attempted anything more than a very short article, upon a subject which very much interests me."

Ada wrote again: "I am at your service, Lizzie; send your rough sketches to me, and I will copy them for you. I can do that though I have not brains enough to compose for myself. You can really do me a favor if you will. I have more time than I know how to use, and it is at your disposal."

In this way Lizzie became a contributor to two of our most popular magazines. Ada was delighted and aided her in every way she could. She managed to keep up an acquaintance with Julia and Laura, though as she confessed to her father, "it was hard work."

"I want them to know how famous Lizzie is getting, but she will not let me tell them. I hope when they do find it out I shall be present. I want to see what they will do."

When Lizzie had been with Mrs. Denning three years she was much surprised one day by receiving a call from a bachelor friend of Mr. Denning's who had seen her in his frequent visits to that gentleman, and, as he thought, fallen in love with her. He was forty-five years of age, very wealthy and very proud.

He made a formal and business-like offer of his hand and heart; but with such a condescending air that she felt like boxing his ears.

Nothing could equal the crestfallen air with which he left the room, after receiving a polite but decided refusal.

"Where is your friend Graham, why does he never come to dinner of late?" asked Mrs. Denning of her husband one evening.

"I have asked him several times, but he always pleads an engagement. I strongly suspect that Lizzie could tell why if she chose."

"Why, you don't think ——?"

"That he has proposed and been rejected? Exactly."

"She must be crazy, to refuse him. Why, any girl in our set would jump at the chance. What an establishment he could give her."

"That may be, but she is not the girl to sell herself for an establishment. She has read his character correctly, I think. He is proud enough to think she ought to feel honored by his preference, and say, 'Yes, sir; thank you,' the moment he proposed."

"She can't do any better."

"That is for her to decide."

Only a few weeks after this Mrs. Denning was surprised by a visit from her half-brother, Ralph Cleveland. He came lounging into her sitting-room one morning, saying:

"Kate, I think I'll settle down to some kind of business, and stay at home now."

"It is nearly time; you have wandered about long enough. Do you think of marrying? With your good looks and fortune, you could choose anywhere."

"Yes, I know all that; but I want some one that will care for poor Ralph when his good looks and money are gone."

"Your old friend Gussie is still unmarried."

"Bah! who wants a doll? I want a good, true-hearted woman. I came here to find her, Kate."

"Not Lizzie!"

"Yes, Lizzie. Agnes has told me her story, and I came to try my luck. What is the matter, don't you like the idea?"

"Lizzie is good enough for you or any one else, but—I shall wish she were not my housekeeper, if you succeed."

"Afraid of Mrs. Grundy? Pshaw, Kate, I thought you were not afraid of what people say."

Mrs. Denning did not answer, but her usually pleasant face wore a frown.

"Come, Kate, you just said she was 'good enough for me or any one else,' and I am sure she is a woman no man living need be ashamed to call wife. But I am talking as though I felt sure of success. I do not at all. Your husband told me yesterday that he thought she had refused Graham. Is it so?"

"We only think so. Lizzie is not the girl to talk of such a chance, if she had it. I would as soon think of asking Mr. Graham himself, as of asking her."

"She is not looking for money, then, or she would not have done that. Well, I shall try at all events. What will you do, Kate?"

"Let you alone. I shall neither help nor hinder. You must do it all yourself."

I have not space to tell a love story now, so the reader must fill it up to suit him or herself. One day, three months after the above conversation, Julia (now Mrs. Grey) was much astonished, during a call at her mother's, by the news that Lizzie was coming home to be married.

"Who in the world is she going to marry? Some coachman or waiter, I suppose; that would be just her style. What is his name, nothing Irish, I hope?"

When she was married, two years before, Lizzie had not been informed until the wedding was over, and now, in return, Lizzie had requested her parents not to tell Julia who she was to marry.

Ada Lee was at this time engaged to her friend, the editor, and after a consultation with Lizzie it was decided that they should have a double wedding.

Lizzie wrote: "Mrs. Denning wants to give me a grand wedding, but I do not wish to make a show for people who come to criticise my dress and see the *housekeeper* who is going to marry her brother, and do not care two pins whether I am made happy or miserable for life. The plan you propose suits me exactly."

Lizzie did not meet Ada's lover until the evening before the wedding. She looked at him again and again, trying to remember where she had seen him before, but for a long time she could not think. At last it flashed across her mind, and just then he said:

"Miss West, I am certain that I have seen you before, but where I cannot think. I have a good memory for faces, and yours is one not easily forgotten, but I cannot place it."

"I believe you picked up a bundle for me once in the street. You were walking with my present brother-in-law, Mr. Grey. I believe I was so much offended at his behavior that I forgot to thank you. He could not afford to be civil to a *servant girl*."

To say that Julia was amazed when she found who Lizzie's husband was, and that she had become so well known by her writings, would give but a feeble description of her state of mind. She and Laura are now Lizzie's most devoted admirers, and "My sister, Mrs. Cleveland, is quoted on all occasions."

Why Ears Should Not be Boxed.

In "Physiology for Practical Use" (D. Appleton & Co.) we find the following: There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. * * * And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially that adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane he could scarcely devise a more efficient means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way.

THE CORN CROP.

An Increase of 3,000,000 Acres in Area Reported--The Crop generally in Good Condition.

It appears from returns to the U. S. Department of Agriculture that an increase in the corn area of fully 2,000,000 acres is apparent, or 6 per cent. above the breadth of last year. The percentage of increase is largest in the South. The increase in acres is largest in the West. The returns make the grain in Iowa over 360,000 acres, in Missouri about the same, in Illinois above 200,000 acres, in Indiana fully 200,000 acres, in Kansas about 170,000 acres. Georgia shows almost as large an increase as Iowa and Missouri; Alabama, 180,000 acres; Mississippi, 120,000 acres; Texas, 200,000 acres. The inducement to enlarge the corn area of the cotton States appears to have been less influential in the Mississippi Valley than in the more eastern States, Georgia particularly. The increase in Texas is simply due to the natural expansion of the crop areas from immigration, and is equally noticeable in cotton and other crops. The number of States reporting a decrease in area is small, including only Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, West Virginia, Kentucky, and California. In Northern New England a late unfavorable spring interfered with planting, and in Louisiana the area is less by reason of the overflow. The States making increase are as follows:

Maryland, Virginia and Wisconsin	101
Pennsylvania, Ohio and Nebraska	102
Massachusetts and Oregon	103
Connecticut, North Carolina and Illinois	104
South Carolina and Michigan	106
Indiana	108
Iowa	109
Mississippi and Minnesota	110
Alabama and Arkansas	112
Kansas	114
Georgia	115
Tennessee	116

The condition of the corn is generally good in the West, but elsewhere variable. Only Massachusetts, of the Eastern States, reports an average condition. Only Pennsylvania, of the Middle States, and Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Texas, of the Southern States, report the same. Minnesota is an exception in the Western States, reporting 94, and California and Oregon fail to give a full average. The per centages of condition above average are as follows:

South Carolina	101
Massachusetts, Florida, Michigan and Kansas	102
Maryland and Iowa	104
Illinois	105
Texas	106
Indiana and Nebraska	109

The States averaging 100 are Pennsylvania, Georgia, Wisconsin, and Missouri. On the Northern Atlantic coast the late planting and cold storms are the causes of a somewhat inferior condition, though the color is generally good and the present growth promising. The inundations, soaking rains, and consequent replantings in the Southern States make the appearance of corn quite variable and account for a condition below the average in certain States, while in others, such disadvantages existing in a less degree, they have been overcome by good culture and good weather. There is complaint of local drouth, but it is not of long continuance nor does it involve wide areas. It has been most serious in Arkansas, some counties having had little or no rain in two months. In the Ohio Valley there is some complaint of drouth; in West Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, and in some parts of Illinois, and to some extent also in States west of the Mississippi. So far the injury from this cause throughout the country is less than usual. Cut-worms have been generally injurious and chinch bugs in the West, where, after devastating wheat fields, they have attacked corn vigorously in many localities.

Henry Ward Beecher's Love Letters.

As to Mr. Beecher's love letters, said a gentleman whose official business has led him to receive and open much of Mr. Beecher's correspondence, you would be surprised to know how foolishly some women write to him. Every once in a while some woman gets a little crazy and writes to Mr. Beecher to tell how much she adores him. The letters used to go to the *Independent* office, and Tilton, under orders from Mr. Beecher, opened them. Many of them he made copies of, and to-day has manuscripts and names, and copies of letters, all connected with respectable ladies who have foolishly written to Mr. Beecher all about their love for him. Some time ago a very respectable lady of Brooklyn wrote a warm, loving letter to Mr. Beecher; Mr. John Howard, in the *Christian Union* office, under general instructions, opened it, and seeing what it was, locked it up to give to Mr. Beecher when he should call for it. In a day or two another letter from the same woman arrived, which referred to a letter which the writer said Mr. Beecher had written to her in reply. Every sentence was full of love, and the lady said that nothing delighted her more than to receive a letter from a man she loved so well. She wrote a number of love-sick epistles, which Mr. Howard locked up one after the other. Every letter except the first referred to a reply that had just been received from Beecher; whereas the fact is that Mr. Beecher did not know of the letters having been received until long after the lady had ceased writing, and then the bundle was delivered to him. He receives love letters by the ream and cord, and the joke of it is that as his wife takes care of all letters that come to him, she reads the love letters before he sees them.

Somewhat Afflicted.

In a Richmond newspaper we find report of a commission *lunatico inquirendo* in the case of Preston Walker. He told the examining physician that when he deserted his wife, some years before, he had been "tricked for it." From the time when the March winds began to blow, until December, he felt "something begin at his feet and run up to his head, and then start back and run to his feet again." He didn't say that he suffered much from this, but it was "rather troublesome," and cut him off from most of the pleasures of life. The doctor told him seriously that as soon as he left the jail the trick would go into one of the prisoners, at which announcement he exhibited signs of intense relief; and he was ordered to be discharged.

An Indian Belle.

Topin, daughter of Kicking Bird, chief of the Kiowas, is described as "a lively, piquant little thing, with arch, soulful eyes." She is but twelve years old. Shall I describe her wardrobe? First and most rare, her buckskin cloak, fringed and spotted all over with elk's teeth, and very rare and costly. Two of them are valued at a mule. There were 500 on her cloak. Think of wearing 250 mules on one's back. Paris and New York are outdone here. A skirt, sometimes of buckskin, sometimes it is a plain shawl, bought from the traders, completes her toilette.

THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

What Mrs. Cady Stanton has to Say in the Matter.

A reporter called on Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton at her residence in Tenafly, N. J., for the purpose of eliciting facts in the great scandal.

"I am perfectly willing to be interviewed," remarked the lady with a smile.

"Can you tell me when you first learned of this affair, Mrs. Stanton?"

"I have a shocking poor memory for dates, and will therefore not endeavor to fix the exact date; I think, however, it was a year before Mrs. Woodhull published her statement that I knew of the matter. Not all the details, you understand, which have since come to light, but the story in substance."

"And are you willing to tell in what manner you came possessed of this knowledge?"

"Certainly. Some time—I think it was in the fall of the year, though I won't be positive—while Mrs. Bullard was still connected with the *Revolution*, Susan B. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Bullard, and myself were in Brooklyn together. It was afternoon; and after calling at the office of the *Revolution*, Mr. Tilton and myself accompanied Mrs. Bullard to her residence, and remained to dinner.

"Through some misunderstanding, Miss Anthony went with Mrs. Tilton, and dined with her instead of us. There was some feeling on the part of Mrs. Tilton in regard to this, although it was quite unintentional on my part. Well, at the table—no one was present but Mrs. Bullard, Mr. Tilton, and myself—Theodore told the whole story of his wife's faithlessness. As I before observed, he did not go into the details; but the sum and substance of the whole matter he related in the hearing of Mrs. Bullard and myself. We were reformers. He gave us the story as a phase of social life."

"This was the first you had heard of it?"

"This was the first. The next evening, hearing that Miss Anthony was a little piqued at me for leaving her on the day before, I returned to my home here in Tenafly. To my surprise I found Susan awaiting my arrival. That evening, when we were alone, I said to her: 'Theodore related a very strange story to Mrs. Bullard and me last evening.' Then I recounted to her all that he had told us. Miss Anthony listened attentively to the end. Then she said, 'I have heard the same story from Mrs. Tilton.'

"We compared notes, and found that by both man and wife the same story had indeed been told."

"What were the particulars of Mrs. Tilton's confession?"

"I will tell you how it was made. When Mr. Tilton returned home that evening some angry words—growing out of the separation in the afternoon—passed between him and his wife. Both became intensely excited. In the heat of the passion, and in the presence of Miss Anthony, each confessed to the other of having broken the marriage vow. In the midst of these startling disclosures, Miss Anthony withdrew to her room. Shortly after she heard Mrs. Tilton come dashing up the stairs, and Mr. Tilton following close after. She flung open her bedroom door, and Elizabeth rushed in. The door was then closed and bolted. Theodore pounded on the outside, and demanded admittance, but Miss Anthony refused to turn the key. So intense was his passion at that moment that she feared he might kill his wife if he gained access to the room. Several times he returned to the door and angrily demanded that it be opened. 'No woman shall stand between me and my wife,' he said. But Susan, who is as courageous as she is noble, answered him with the words, 'If you enter this room it will be over my dead body!' And so the infuriated man ceased his demands and withdrew. Mrs. Tilton remained with Susan throughout the night. In the excitement of the hour, amid sobs and tears, she told all to Miss Anthony.

"The whole story of her own faithlessness, of Mr. Beecher's course, of her deception, and of her anguish fell upon the ears of Susan B. Anthony, and were spoken by the lips of Mrs. Tilton.

"The next morning Mr. Tilton told Susan never to enter his house again. She told him she should enter whenever she chose; but I believe she did not go there again."

"By Mr. Tilton's cross-examination," observed the reporter, "it appears that Mrs. Tilton was far from friendly to Miss Anthony. How could she have made this confession to her?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Tilton thought a great deal of Miss Anthony, of Mrs. Ballard, and all these ladies. I was very intimate with her before Mrs. Woodhull's thunderbolt. At the time of our first knowledge of the affair, Mr. Wilkeson also heard of it. He besought the ladies not to make it public. To him it was a matter of money. He was a stockholder in Plymouth Church, in the *Christian Union*, and in 'The Life of Christ.' Now, the destruction of Mr. Beecher would be the destruction of all these. As Mr. Wilkeson expressed it, 'It would knock 'The Life of Christ' higher than a kite.' Hence his concern in keeping the matter secret."

Mrs. Tilton read the above interview with Mrs. Stanton, and throwing aside the paper, said to Mr. and Mrs. Ovington, with whom she is still staying, "How false all that is."

The Sadness of Suicide.

A heart-rending history finds its ending in the story of the suicide of a young wife at Fonda, N. Y. There is an untold volume—a romance of a life's history full of promise and hope at the beginning, perhaps—and an ending in the suicidal death. Mrs. Anna Jefferson, a wife who had not yet budded from her girlhood—whose age was only fifteen—killed herself by taking arsenic, and domestic troubles are the alleged cause for the act. The very words of the dispatch—"this was the second attempt, the cause being the refusal of her father to support her unless she would leave her husband, which she declined to do"—seem to stand out boldly in testimony of her grief, and one reads the announcement over again in doubt of its truth. Yet the sad story of the suicide seems told in the manner of her death, and the warning to girlish wives, who wed but to suffer and to die, is a sad record of the suicide's refuge from her troubles.

A Heroine.

Mary Gream, of New York, is a heroine if she is only a servant of all work. She must be a useful girl to have in the house. When she heard a suspicious noise in the rear building of the house in which she lives she did not scream or faint, but armed herself with a carving knife and started to find out what was wrong. She was rewarded by the discovery of a disguised fiend, who was coolly proceeding to set fire to the dwelling, a tenement house on Washington street. Mary seized the villain, and as he endeavored to choke her, she stabbed him in cheek with the knife. He then discovered that Mary was too much for him, and fled. It is to be hoped the insurance companies will make up a purse for the heroine.

THE PITTSBURGH DISASTER.

The Frightful Horror of the Flood--Over 400 Lives Lost.

The great storm in Pittsburgh, which set in at eight o'clock Sunday morning, as far as the destruction of human life is concerned, was the greatest calamity which has ever visited that city, and, in some degree of horror rivals the recent Mill river disaster in Massachusetts. No high winds lent fury to the tempest of rain, the devastion resulting entirely from the sudden down-pouring of immense volumes of water. The floodgates of the sky were literally opened, and the ordinary channels for carrying away the water were everywhere inadequate. There had been copious showers during the earlier part of the day, and when the evening rain set in, accompanied by continuous thunder and lightning, little apprehension was felt by the people, as there appeared no occasion for alarm. Pittsburgh proper, owing to the fact that it drains very rapidly, escaped without loss of life and with comparatively light damage. The paving of many of the streets in the hill districts was torn up, huge curbing stones were hurled from their place, shade trees were washed out of the ground, houses and cellars were flooded, and fences were carried away, but nothing more serious occurred.

The Seventh, Tenth, and Eleventh Wards of Allegheny City caught the full force of the storm, and there occurred great loss of life and property. The avenues here ran through narrow valleys, hemmed in by great hills on either side. Gathering in vast quantities on these lofty grounds, the water swept in overwhelming torrents, carrying everything before it. Frame houses supposed to be able to withstand any assault of the kind, were swept away as if made of card-board, and were in a few seconds torn to fragments, or striking against structures of brick, crushed them down, giving the inmates no opportunity to escape. So quick did the flood rise that in many instances the rushing of the waters into the second stories of the dwellings was the first notice of its approach.

At the intersection of Madison avenue and East street, the water divided, each branch carrying destruction in its course. In a triangular-shaped house at the intersection of the street named, resided Mrs. Conlon, a widow, who had three children, one boy and two girls. A young man named Archibald Arnold and another, a cripple, named Rogers, were in the house at the time. The entire number, with the exception of Niel Conlon, were lost. Young Arnold had gone into the house to rescue some of the inmates, but fell a victim to the destroying flood.

A square below the torrent again united, and, reinforced by additional streams from the hills, swept forward with augmented force to the low grounds on which are situated O'Harra, Concord and Chestnut streets. Here the width of the sweep of water was probably two hundred feet, and buildings of frame and brick fell before it as if made of sand. On O'Harra street, four dwellings near each other were crushed. In one lived Jacob Fuchs, his wife, one child, and a brother of Mrs. Fuchs. All were lost. In the next were Jacob Metzlen, wife and one child, all of whom perished. Mr. Haffnagel, wife and three children, who occupied the house adjoining, also perished. A man named Hubbert, with his wife and three children, lived in the next dwelling below and were the next victims. On the opposite side of O'Harra street a frame house was carried by the flood against the brick dwelling of Alderman Peter Bolster, carrying away the front part of it. The family fortunately had taken refuge in the kitchen, and all escaped with their lives, except one son of five years. The latter was carried away by the swift waters, and when found in the adjoining building, his little hands were clasped with the grip of death to a bedstead. Alderman Bolster's family had a most remarkable escape, as the water was three to four feet deep in the room where they took refuge, and the walls shattered.

The scene in the devastated district of Allegheny is one which beggars description. For hundreds of yards Madison avenue is lined with the wrecks of dwellings, furniture, bedding, dead animals, timbers, stones, etc. On O'Harra, Centre, and other streets in that vicinity, there is an equal amount of rubbish, while many of the frame buildings not destroyed are moved from their original places, and stand in all positions except square, with the thoroughfares. As in the mill disaster told of in Charles Reade's novel, so in this, the victims were stripped almost entirely of clothing by the water and floating timber, some having one shoe on, some the shirt-band about the neck, and others being without a shred.

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