Caught in a Shower.

'Twas a midsummer day, and the raindrops were falling
And stirring the leaves in a slumberless way,
First gentle and soft as the cooing and calling
Of dove to its mate at the parting of day;
Then faster and faster it came, till the plashing
Of waters grew loud, in its gathering power,
And the birds that above me, like jewels were flashing,
Trilled songs of delight in the midst of the shower.

Then who should I meet but sweet Rosa, the fairest
Of all the sweet flowers that illumine the morn,
But oh, all her dainty adornings, the rarest
That beauty can fashion, hung damp and forlorn.
She held up her hands, with a gesture entreating:
"Oh, Mr. La Rue, I your pity implore—
Of course I'm a fright! But how fortunate meeting
You here. Why, I never once dreamed of a shower."

Her hat was a'wreck, but the eyes that were smiling
Beneath it were even as violets blue,
And her lips—well, I thought, so complete their beguiling—
"If I were her lover I know what I'd do."
I gave her my arm, and beneath my umbrella
She crept, with a face like the rosiest flower,
For I think she divined, tho' I dared not to tell her,
The rapture I felt shielding her from the shower.

'Tis summer again and the roses are giving
The wealth of their hearts to the covetous air,
But fairest of all is my Rose, whose is weaving
The threads of our lives into unity rare.
And yesterday eve as we watched the surrender
Submissive of day at the sweet twilight hour,
She whispered in accents of loving made tender:
"Oh, Fred, ar'n't you glad we were caught in that shower?"

ATROCITIES IN BULGARIA.

Fiendish Work of the Turks--The Terrible Bashi-Bazouks at Work--Massacre, Incendiarism, Slavery and Debauchery--One Hundred and Twenty-One Villages Destroyed.

M. Ivan de Woestyne, correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, has made an extended tour through Bulgaria and has written several graphic letters to that journal, in which he describes the atrocities committed by the Turks. The following extracts will be found extremely interesting. Although the author is evidently anti-Turk in his feelings, there is no reason for supposing that the story he tells is exaggerated. He thus describes his experiences on the first morning of his visit to Adrianople:

At the first street corner after leaving my hotel I found myself opposite a man hanging, whose legs were still kicking convulsively. He was suspended from the door of a shop. The feet were fastened and the hands tied behind his back, but the face was uncovered and the tongue hung from the mouth. The feet were scratching the side wall of the door in a vain endeavor to find a resting place. The shopkeeper, furious that his house should have been chosen for the execution, was abusing the "zapties," who went away laughing and driving before them two other wretches whom they were ordered to hang in different parts of the town. The evening before, the tribunal, which was composed of the Turks and "chosen" Christians, had condemned a dozen Bulgarians to death on account of the revolt which took place three monthsago. It was decided that three of them should be executed in Adrianople, and the other nine scattered through the country, one at each cross-roads. I followed the soldiers who were driving these unfortunates before them with the butt ends of their guns, while crowds of boys threw stones at them and shouted "Giaour."

We soon came to a gallows constructed of three pieces of wood, the upright and arm being held in their places by a support from one to the other. This primitive gallows was erected under a lamp which had been pulled down the night before by the weight of another man executed there; for they hang them here every day. In a few minutes everything was ready. The cord rolled round the arm of the gallows, ended in a running knot, which fell down to meet its victim. One soldier placed it round the neck of the shorter of the two condemned men, and then, upon a remark made by one of his comrades, took it off and adjusted it on the taller. The reason given by the second soldier for this change was that it was difficult to hang tall men from the shops, which are generally low. The man was then placed on the scaffold, where he was kept in position with blows from the butts of the soldiers' guns until the rope was finally adjusted, when the scaffold was kicked from under him. They had not even taken the trouble to fasten hiseps, which kicked convulsively in his agony, while the ill constructed gallows groaned. The crowd was already far distant.

At the corner of the street the cortege seemed to be in doubt as to which route they should take, and the soldiers engaged in a discussion. It appears that although they had been ordered to hang one of the prisoners at the gallows, yet they were free to strangle the others when they pleased. They advanced toward a confectioner's shop, which was somewhat larger than the others, but the proprietor, guessing their intentions, ran in front of the troops and put something into the commander's hand, who, changing his direction, went to a cafe. Here the same scene ensued, the owner of the cafe took the sergeant's hand, who turned to a cafe opposite with the same result. All the shopkeepers not caring to have a man hanging at their door all day pay the zapties to go further on, and the victim meanwhile has to follow their zigzag march under an incessant rain of abuse and stones. At last the cortege stopped. The Bulgarian had fainted. I went away, for I had seen too much.

"Bashi" means in Turkish "head," and "Bazouk" "spoiled" or "damaged," so that bashi-bazouk is "bad head." This official name given to these irregular troops show that the government has allowed them to take the initiative. The population of Turkish villages, like those of villages everywhere else, are composed of men and women, but with this difference, that whereas with us the men are willing to work, here they do nothing and are content to send their women into the fields, as I have frequently seen them from the top of my wagon in the vicinity of the Turkish villages, and when leaving their work they must go home with their faces veiled. While the women work the men sit at the door of their cabins smoking the excellent tobacco which their country affords. This is kept up during the clement portion of the year, and during the winter the women work in the barns and farmhouses. There comes a call "to arms," and everything changes face.

Immediately an old flag is brought out from the mosque, borne by a fellow who, in view of some past exploits, bears the title of chief, accompanied by priests reciting short verses of the Koran, the religious sentiments of which are "Down with the infidel," and the real meaning an incitement to plunder and destruction. The village is at once full of life and activity. Old guns are refurbished; the old flintlocks are repaired and refitted; the broad blades of their knives are cleaned and sharpened; women and children all take a hand at the work. They are thinking of the spoils, and the great thing is to be ready first. It is also a question of slaying the giaours, for he who shall shed the most blood will be able to aspire to the first place or chieftainship of the village. Vanity governs amid savages, it seems, as it does amid the civilized. The same day the sub-prefect, or Kaimakam, makes his appeal to these patriotic (?) souls, every available man is *en route* for the place named for the men of the different villages to meet, followed by old men and children, the former going to teach the young how to torture the wounded and set fire to vacated dwellings.

These reunions last several days, for it is the villagers furthest off that receive the notice last and who have the greatest distance to make. These latter, on arriving at the town of meeting, find the others gorged with booty, and, irritated by jealousy, attack the Christians in the streets, where they are supposed to be protected. Among these bandits the bravest or most brutal are the Circassians. The others wear the red blouse and spatterdash—shoes they take from the peasants—the belt is filled with long knives and long barreled pistols, and their linen, when they have any, is always bespattered with blood from the bodies of their victims. A Greek vest fitted close around the body and a handkerchief tied around the head completes the dress. They wear nothing around the neck. It would seem that they are constantly in expectation of being hung. Everything they have on is filthy, repugnant, hideous. Such are the men who, according to Turkish newspapers, "leave their hearth and home" to rob "in defense of their country."

I have said that 1,000 regular trained troops, which have not been sent, would have been more effective, but 10,000 Bashi-Bazouks have been sent instead. They will assassinate more than 30,000 persons. The fear inspired by the authorities before an attack on some of the Christian villages caused them to abandon everything. A hundred and twenty-one villages were burned. I went by chance to look at one of these—Perouteichitza—the history of which I will give. According to the estimate of disinterested persons and European officials, this is the hundred and twenty-first, and this may even be considered as beneath the number. Perouteichitza is situated to the left of the railroad between Philippopoli and Pazardschyk, midway between these two places, and 6,000 or 8,000 yards from the railroad. It was a Christian village of 350 houses and having more than 2,000 inhabitants, planted, as it were, between several Turkish boroughs as poor by their idleness as Perouteichitza was rich by its labor. The instant the call was made for volunteers Perouteichitza was shut in between all its neighbors. The nobles who were saved in time arrived at Philippopoli, where they demanded aid more loudly than any one of their fellow citizens, saying they had nothing to do with the insurrection. The governor replied to the effect that he would think about it. The consuls intervened and addressed themselves to an aide-de-camp of the sultan sent from Constantinople to report the true state of things. They obtained a promise of help, which was reduced to the sending of a commission of conciliation. The commission did not even go into the village, which the assailants wanted disarmed, to begin with.

This, in effect, was the way the Bashi-Bazouks operated: They presented themselves before a Christian village, and, according to the "order of authority," required complete disarmament. After this order was obeyed a massacre of the men so disarmed was begun. In case the villagers refused to hand over their guns, etc., their village was immediately set on fire. Several villages which had never been armed, and which, consequently had no arms to deliver—a fact well known to the murderers—were treated in just the manner I have indicated. The people of Perouteichitza answered that they would deliver their arms to soldiers of the regular army, but not to the Bashi-Bazouks. Then the attack commenced by firing the village at the four corners. The fight lasted four hours, and the inhabitants, surrounded by fire, took refuge in one of the two churches. The "authority" then sent cannon, but the unfortunate people held together, though at this point they were willing to parley. At length, completely outnumbered, they consented to surrender. The first to leave the church were shot down in cold blood the instant they showed themselves; they then comprehended that the attack was made with but one object, namely, a general extermination, and they resolved to stand out to the last. Thus, in a word, there now remains of this village absolutely nothing of the 350 houses—nothing, nothing, nothing. I defy any one to find any other trace than a portion of the church, whose four walls are riddled with bullets, and a piece of another wall a few feet in height. The only object remaining inside the church was the half of a painting representing St. Paul, all that remains of a township which paid 500,000 francs a year in taxes.

And as to the population of over two thousand persons, they are now reduced to one hundred and fifty old people and children, who mourn among the ruins which cover all that was dear to them. Not a strong man is left, not a woman. All these have been slain, and all those who escaped the massacre have been carried away into slavery to the other side of the Salkans, where they will be subjected to the Pomacs, renegade Christians, still more ferocious than the Musulmans themselves, and who are always on the raid. The abandoned children who strayed into the country have been caught and sold at an average rate of fifty piasters each—a little less than $3—the little girls, at least those who were pretty, sent to Constantinople and placed upon those secret markets for such bargains which always exist. They will be scattered among the harems, where the ladies always have little girls which they raise to sell when they become of age. These are their little perquisites. You will understand that the slave dealers are "expected from Mecca," a rumor now being in circulation that the sale of women is about to be recommenced.

It will be seen that the old Turk is just as low as the moment after the conquest; indeed, these people have not advanced one step morally, and some of the recent events have destroyed all that European civilization has been able to achieve in fifty years upon this essentially brutal population. One hundred and twenty-one villages burned, women violated and children hacked to pieces. The Bashi-Bazouks take the latter by an arm or a leg, give them one terrible cut with their knives and then pass on to the next. Those considered most adroit in this bloody work cut the little ones in two across the waist at a blow. A priest told me that some few days previous, while he was crossing a ford, one of these half bodies injured the legs of his horse. One priest was crucified, another was roasted alive. Further on he saw women impaled on stakes drawn from ricks of hay. My mind shrinks from the remembrance of these horrors, and I will conclude in the words of some of the countrymen to me: "Whatsoever you may say to your readers, you will always be within the truth."

How Sleeping Car Thefts are Made.

A discovery was made recently on a sleeping car on the Little Miami railroad, which lifts a heavy load of suspicion from the conductors and porters. It is always the case when a passenger in a sleeping car is robbed that the porter or conductor first falls into disrepute. Then, if they are not found to be guilty, it is taken for granted that thieves are in some of the berths, and honest passengers are made uncomfortable by being suspected of being common thieves. A lady made the discovery above alluded to. She was awakened at a point where the train stopped for water, not a station, by finding a man's hands rummaging her berth for valuables. She gave the alarm, but too late to catch the man, but in time to make the discovery that the thief was neither conductor, porter or passenger, but a scoundrel who reached the open window of the berth from the outside, by standing on the chains, or rods that stretch below the car, near the edge. It is not a comfortable position, but it enables an expert thief to make a pretty minute inspection of a sleeping berth, without entering the car. Moral, close your window when the train stops for water in a lonely place.

A SURE THING.—If you ever in your life did anything bad do not run for office. It will be found out, and all the papers will publish it.

The Custer Battlefield.

The Butte (Montana) *Miner* of a late date has the following: We had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Andrew McKendry, better known as "Big Andy, the Scout." Mr. McKendry arrived in town direct from General Gibbons' command, which he left on the twentieth of July. Mr. McKendry left Fort Ellis with General Gibbons' command on the first of April and was one of the party in advance who discovered the bodies of General Custer and his men. On that day Muggins Taylor, accompanied by young Logan, a son of Captain Logan, of the Seventh infantry, was a few paces in advance of the main body of the scouts, when they were fired on by the Indians. They fell back, and shortly after Lieutenant Roe's company came up and a number of Indians were seen on a hill near at hand. Lieutenant Roe twice sent back to General Gibbons for permission to charge, which was wisely refused, and when the command came up the Indians broke from cover on every side, rapidly retreating and throwing away their packs. A few moments later they came in sight of Custer's battlefield and saw at a distance of about two miles what appeared like pieces of white spar on a side hill. A nearer approach revealed the sad fact that these were the bodies of Custer and his men, all stripped and nearly all horribly mutilated.

Mr. McKendry states that Custer never reached the Indian village, but with all his men was slaughtered on the hill, the bodies lying as they fell, in line of battle.

Major Reno's command was found, receiving, as has been before published, their first knowledge of Custer's fate from their rescuers. A hasty burial was given to the remains of the ill-fated band, and the command fell back a few miles to camp. Mr. McKendry started the same day for old Fort C. F. Smith, making the trip there and back without seeing any Indians. He reports that the village, by actual measurement of the engineer corps, was four and three-quarter miles in length, and many blankets were found branded "Fort Peck," "Standing Rock," "Lower Brule," "Red Cloud," "Spotted Tail," and other Indian agencies. Our informant states that he scouted in every direction for ten miles adjacent to the scene of battle and only knows seventy-five dead Indians being found; so the reports that came recently of 500 dead Indians being found are probably untrue.

Mr. McKendry's estimate of the number of Indians engaged in the fight is from five to six thousand, and as he had previously spent some time at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies and has seen large bodies of Indians he feels certain that he has not over-estimated the number, especially as his opinion was confirmed by many others in the command. Of the fifteen scouts attached to General Gibbons' command ten were killed. Mr. McKendry has retired from government service and intends taking up his quarters in Butte.

Gold and Silver.

The following important resolutions bearing on the silver legal tender question have been passed by the Science Association, in session at Buffalo, N. Y. The resolutions were drawn up by the committee on weights, measures, and coinage, and the report is signed by F. A. P. Barnard, chairman; Jos. Henry, J. E. Hilgard, Wm. B. Rogers, E. B. Elliot. The preamble and resolutions are as follows:

Whereas, Gold and silver, like other gifts of nature or products of human industry, are subject to gradual changes of values, no relation of values which may be by law established between them can permanently conform to the actual relation existing in the markets of the world; and

Whereas, Coins of these two metals cannot for any length of time be maintained in circulation side by side when the coinage of both is equally free from limitation and both are made legal tender in payment for all amounts; and

Whereas, It is historically true that legislation in the endeavor to restore the disturbed equilibrium between the standard metals has tended invariably to depress the grade of the coinage in one or the other and ultimately in both; and

Whereas, It it the aim of enlightened governments everywhere at the present day, whether by the absolute abolition of the double standard or not, to make gold for all practical purposes the single standard, and to employ silver chiefly or wholly as the material of a subsidiary coinage legal tender only to limited amounts; and

Whereas, The United States, after an experience of nearly a century in the effort to maintain a double standard, during the earlier portion of which, under the operation of the inexorable laws governing exchanges, gold was completely banished from circulation, while during the later silver if legal tender grade has shared the same fate; and after the complete disappearance of the silver dollar from business transactions for more than forty years, have at length, by an act of deliberate and wise legislation, extricated the country from this long-standing evil and adopted gold as the sole standard of value in their monetary system; therefore,

Resolved, As the sense of this association, that the single standard of value in our system of coinage, now fully established by law, ought to be maintained, and that every proposition to restore to silver the legal tender character for payments to all amounts ought to be discouraged.

Attempted Assassination.

The Swiss journals furnish some details regarding the attempt to assassinate Prince Michel Gortschakoff. It appears that an elderly lady, evidently belonging to the best society, took up a position at the entrance to the avenue leading to the Schauzenberg, in the environs of Berne, where is the residence of Prince Michel Gortschakoff, minister of Russia in Switzerland, and youngest son of the chancellor of the Russian empire. That part of the Rabenthal is generally at the hour deserted, and one of the secretaries of the legation was not a little surprised on the evening in question to see this strange lady station herself at that place, after having examined him closely as if to assure herself of his identity. It has since been discovered that the only means she had of distinguishing Prince Gortschakoff was the impression she had gathered of him from a passing view on one of the promenades of the town. A few minutes after M. Giers, the secretary just mentioned, had passed the lady, Prince Gortschakoff had followed him on foot, as was his practice. Presently M. Giers heard the report of firearms, and on looking round saw the woman standing in the middle of the road, with a pistol still smoking in her hand. Prince Gortschakoff rushed upon her instantly, and after a struggle of a few seconds succeeded in snatching a revolver from her. He asked his assailant who she was, and what were her motives for attempting to murder him. Her reply was brief, vague and incoherent. On the order of the prince she followed him toward his house, where she was taken in charge by the domestics. On being further questioned as to her motives and intentions, she continued to give evasive answers. Ultimately the police were brought, and they conveyed the attempted assassin to prison. Those who have seen her state that she appears to suffer from severe nervous excitement, which might possibly be the result of persecution such as she says she and her family were subjected to in her native country.

Useful Medicines.

A party of ten English medical men were dining not long ago, when one of them inquired if all present were limited in their practice to a selection of six pharmacopœial remedies, which would be chosen as being the most useful, compound drugs to be excepted. Each of the party wrote the names of the six drugs he would select, and handed them to the doctor who asked the question. On examining the ballots, it was found that a majority of the votes were in favor of opium, quinine and iron; between mercury and iodide potassium the votes were equally divided, as they were also between ammonia and chloroform.

Fleeting Joys.

Time goes in for funny freaks,
Man's a toy he likes to play with;
Notice how he lines our cheeks,
Mark what glee he makes us gray with.
Pleasure comes to soothe our hearts;
Often, like the rose, 'tis prickly;
Soon its radiance departs—
Happy moments vanish quickly!

Supposing you by fate's decree
Love a girl and long to greet her,
Don't the minutes seem to be
Leaden-winged until you meet her?
When the hour arrives at last,
And all care away you banish,
Then the tyrant travels fast—
Happy moments quickly vanish!

Here upon this earthly ball
Joy awhile will make us gayer,
But when sorrow gives a call
Oftentimes she proves a "stayer."
Hope, thou swiftly glidest on—
Fragrant are the flowers thou pickest;
Soon, alas! their bloom is gone—
Happy moments fly the quickest!

Never mind, we needn't groan;
Teardrops, showerlike, refresh us;
After all, we're bound to own
Joy is like a sweetheart—precious.
Cast away regrets and sighs,
Though our cares beset us thickly,
Happy moments let us prize,
Even though they vanish quickly!

HARRY, THE ERRAND BOY.

"Papa," said little Lucy Weston, climbing upon her father's knee, "what pleases you so much to-day? You have been smiling to yourself all dinner time."

"Something has pleased me to-day, Lucy. If you and Johnny would like to hear the story, draw up your chairs."

"A story," said Mrs. Weston, looking up from her sewing. "May I hear it too?"

"If you are very good," said Mr. Weston, smiling. "Let me see, how old are you, Johnny?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Well, my story is about a boy just your age. It is nearly a year since I first saw him. I was busy one afternoon last winter, when I saw a little boy coming into the store, whose face attracted my attention at once. It was earnest and bright; a strong, good face, if ever I saw one. The boy was poorly clad, but his clothes were clean and whole.

"May I see the boss?" he asked.

"I am the boss," I answered, 'what can I do for you?'

"'I want to ask the price of a first-rate sewing machine; not a fancy one, sir, but a good worker!'

"'Sixty dollars.'

"'Well, mister,' said he, earnestly, 'can I work it out? I have every afternoon from half past two till seven, and I can run errands or do any work about the store. You see, sir, this is how it is: Father died two years ago, and mother she wants me to stay at school for a year or two longer, but she has to work awful hard to keep me there. Father was a bricklayer and mother owns the little house he almost built himself, and that is all. She sews, sir, so I thought I would see if I could earn one.'

"'But it will take a long time,' said I. 'If I give you a dollar a week, it would take sixty weeks.'

"'Will you give me that?' he said, his eyes fairly dancing. 'I can come all day Saturday.'

"Can you I suppose we say a dollar and a half? And if you do well, you can have the machine a little less than retail price.'

"You see, Lucy, I was interested already in the boy, with his honest, frank face, and resolved, if he was faithful in his duties, to help him along. So we made an agreement, he to give me all his spare time out of school, and I to credit him each week with a dollar and fifty cents toward the purchase of a machine.

"Every day he came, punctual to the minute, rain or shine, and he was the most prompt errand boy I ever employed. Little by little the dollars rolled up on the account, until one evening in the fall I was here after dinner, just before you and your mother came home from the country, when the door bell rang, and in walked Harry Cummings, my errand boy.

"'I found this, sir,' he said, 'when I was sweeping out the store,' and he handed me a roll of bank notes I thought safe in my pocket.

"'Please to see if it is all right, sir,' it was under the counter.'

"I counted the notes, two hundred dollars, and then taking out one twenty dollar note, I said:

"'I should have offered a reward for this, Harry, if you had not found it.'

"'I am glad I saved you that, sir,' he answered. 'I'll bid you good night.'

"'But you have earned the reward,' I said, putting down the twenty dollars; 'will you take it, or pass it down to the machine money?'

"'Mine! all that! Oh, sir, pass it to the machine. You see, I'd have to tell mother where I got that money, and the machine is to be a surprise.'

"I never spent twenty dollars with so much pleasure in my life, Lucy! This was a great lift on the machine, and this afternoon, when Harry came, I told him to pick out one for his mother.

"We selected a first-rate one, handsome, too, and I promised him one of our best teachers should go and show his mother how to work upon it.

"When it was on the cart, ready to go, I invited myself to go with Harry to see it delivered. He asked me to write a note telling his mother the price was honestly earned, and I told him I would tell her.

"So away we went, and when we reached the little house, the cart was just turning the corner of the street. Harry opened the door very softly, and the man lifted the machine into the parlor. Then Harry led me to a small sitting-room at the back of the house where a pale woman in a widow's dress was sitting sewing busily. She rose and offered me a chair, and I told her I came to see if I could obtain Harry's services at five dollars a week. You should have seen the boy's eyes.

"'He can go to the evening school,' I said, 'and I will see that he has some time to read and study. I cannot spare him now, having had his services so long.'

"'My afternoons and Saturdays, mother,' Harry said. 'I told you I was not in mischief. I was earning you a present. Come and see.'

"And he fairly danced into the parlor, his mother and I following.

"'It's yours,' he said, dancing round the machine; 'all paid for, and lessons on it, too. Ain't it splendid?'

"His mother was as delighted as he expected, and that is saying a good deal.

"'Oh, sir,' she said to me, 'he's been a good son since his father died. Every morning, summer or winter, he's up and makes the fire while I'm dressing, and while I get breakfast he brings up all the coal for the day, so I won't have to go into the cellar; and every step he can save me he does. But how he ever made all the money to buy a machine out of school hours, I cannot understand.'

"'I got a dollar and a half a week, mother, for errands, and twenty or thirty cents extra when there was snow to clean off the sidewalk, or any other job, and Mr. Weston gave me twenty dollars.'

"'No, you earned that as well as the rest,' I said, and his mother fairly broke down and cried when I told her about the roll of money.

"So, Lucy, now you know what pleased me so much to-day. To-morrow Harry becomes my errand boy, and I know he will be a faithful one. There is the making of a noble man, Johnny, in the boy who can work steadily and faithfully for such an object as Harry had, never taking one cent from his hard earned money for his own pleasure, never failing in his self-imposed duties. Harry is a boy only twelve years old, but I honor him.'

"But, papa," said Lucy, "you are rich, why didn't you give his mother a machine?"

"Because the pleasure would not have been so great to either Harry or his mother. Think how proud she will be of her good son every time she touches her machine, and how glad she will feel that he persevered so well whenever she sees it. It is a little sunbeam in the dull routine of business for both them, as for me."

"Any mother would be proud of such a son," said Mrs. Weston, gently, "and when he has a holiday you must let him spend it here. We will be glad to see him, will we not, children?"

There was a very hearty "yes ma'am," and then the brother and sister, thanking their father for the story, opened their school books, and went busily to their duty for the evening, Johnny wondering a little if he could have the self-denial, industry and patience of Harry Cummings.

Icebergs in the Atlantic.

Capt. Kengut, of the steamship State of Pennsylvania, from Liverpool, reports that while the steamship was in latitude forty-eight degrees fifty minutes north, longitude forty-nine degrees fifty-eight minutes west, the cry of "sail ahead!" came from the sailor on watch. In an instant all eyes were turned to the horizon, where a large white object, apparently a vessel under full sail, was outlined against the cloudless sky. As the steamer gained upon it, it was seen to be an iceberg. The night was clear and illuminated only by the faint light of the stars. Towering fully 150 feet above the sea, and sweeping majestically onward in the current, the iceberg glittered like a huge diamond as it reflected back the faint light of the stars above, and borrowed an additional charm. The iceberg had evidently been subjected to the heat of the sun's rays for some time, because, to quote the captain's expression, "it appeared to be literally rotting away," chunk after chunk, and all perforated with crevices from which miniature rivulets were streaming, became detached from the main body of the iceberg, tumbled down its sides with a loud, crackling noise, and disappeared in the depths of the ocean.

To the north of this iceberg were many smaller ones, forming a very pleasing picture. This group of icebergs lay directly in the track of the steamer, and she was consequently obliged to make a detour in her course to avoid them. They were safely passed, however, and had almost ceased to form a topic of conversation among the passengers, when word was again sent from the sailor on watch that another iceberg was visible on the larboard bow. This iceberg was fully twenty miles off, but was such an immense one that it could be distinctly seen from the deck of the steamer. It had a wild, unearthly appearance, and looked for all the world like a mountain that was rent and torn by fissures and chasms. It was tipped with snow, which sparkled in the beams of the morning sun so brightly as to render a good long look at it exceedingly painful.

A New Trick of the Tramp.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* says: A few days ago a dilapidated looking party entered the office of a gentleman in this city and stated that he had a trade to propose. The gentleman listened and learned that the fellow was a tramp *en route* from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The trade was that the tramp proposed to sell a diamond, which if genuine would easily be worth $100 to the gentleman. The story of the tramp was that he had picked it out of the bosom of a man in attendance upon a convention, but had been saving it for a "stake." Now he was in a strange city, and without means until he could reach Montgomery, where he professed that he had friends living. He proposed to sell the diamond, removed from its setting to prevent identification, as he said, for the paltry sum of $15 cash. The gentleman did not like the idea of buying a stolen diamond, but the tramp insisted that he had stolen it from a man whom he did not know, who was a stranger in Cincinnati, and whom he would scarcely ever see again. These considerations overcame the scruples of the gentleman, and he finally purchased the diamond at the price named. He gloated over his good fortune for a couple of days, and then concluded that he would have the precious stone placed in an appropriate setting. He went with it for that purpose to a jeweler of the city, who laughed at the idea, and explained to the gentleman that he had been swindled most egregiously. The piece of stone was no more diamond than a carwheel, but was a clearly cut and polished quartz pebble. The gentleman is reticent as to diamonds just now, but he keeps a sharp lookout for his tramp.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

There is no surer test of integrity than a well proportioned expenditure.

In all the affairs of this world so much reputation is in reality so much power.

Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free.

Republics come to an end by luxurious habits; monarchs by poverty.

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

Let no man who wants to do anything for the soul of a man lose a chance of doing something for his body.

People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those that they affect to have.

Love never reasons, but profusely gives, like a thoughtless profligate, its all, and trembles then lest it has done too little.

Do not try to pass for more than you are worth; if you do your duty, your good qualities of head and heart will be discovered and appreciated.

Many persons when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners do, only to fish them up again after the storm is over.

When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and thy ocean is so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

The British Grain Trade.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the corn trade, says: The weather during the week has been favorable for farmers. Harvesting is progressing satisfactorily, and the bulk of the grain crop has been secured. The wheat yield will be less than an average, and probably not larger than that of 1875. This result is disappointing. However, the quality is fine and the weight heavy. New barley is satisfactory. Several important country markets note an advance of one to two shillings for new English wheat, while prices from abroad offer no margin to importers. The London market has been somewhat firmer, but there has been no important change of quotations. The demand has been mostly for consumption. Speculators are still holding off. The floating cargo trade has been steady and the arrivals off the coast moderate. The market tended to improve toward the close.

The Grave of Speaker Kerr.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: Mr. Kerr owned a beautiful lot in the Northern cemetery in the city, wherein is buried his second son, Charlie, who died in 1858, aged two years; his law partner, James A. Ghormley, who died of consumption in 1862, and a little adopted daughter that Mr. Kerr took to raise. The lot is separated from the last resting place of Governor Ashbel P. Willard by a narrow walk through the grounds, and it is rather singular that these two great and honored sons of Indiana should take their final sleep so near to each other. Mr. Kerr always expressed a wish to be buried here, and designated the spot where he desired his grave. While Mr. Kerr was a member of no church, it is known that he was partial to the Presbyterian faith, his estimable wife being an earnest and devoted member of that church.

"Look out for the Injun!" is the way signboards along the routes in the Black Hills region read.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The international four-oared race, at Philadelphia, on which so much interest was centered, was contested by so many crews as to necessitate their rowing in heats, three in each—the victorious crew of one day to row together the next, until it was narrowed down to one final victorious crew. The contestants the first day were the Eurekas, of Newark, N. J; Argonautas, of Bergen Point, N. J.; Dublin University crew from Ireland; Vesper, Crescent and Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia; Yale College Crew, Columbia College crew, Elizabeth crew, of Portemouth, Va.; Beaverwycks, of Albany, N. Y.; Falcons, of Burlingtfo, N. J.; Duquesnes, of Allegheny City, Pa.; Watkins (N. Y.) crew; London (Eng.) rowing club; Northwesterns, of Ft verdale, Ill.; Cambridge (Eng.) University crew and the Oneidas, of Burlington, N. J. The Atalantas, of New York, had withdrawn on account of sickness, and the Malta and Quaker City crews, of Philadelphia, also withdrew. The winners were: Eurekas, time, 9.26½; Yale, 9.02¾; Columbia, 9.11; Beaverwycks, 9.14; Watkins, 9.06¾; London rowing club, 8.55; Cambridge University, 9.06¾. The Columbia crew retired from the second day's race on account of sickness, leaving only the above six crews. The Beaverwycks beat the Eurekas in the first heat in in 9.07. In the second heat the Cambridge crew gave out before reaching the stake, and the Watkins boys won in 9.01¾. The interest of the day centered on the third heat, which was between Yale and the London crew. It was nip-and-tuck from start to finish, amidst the greatest excitement among the vast crowd on the shores. The time was the fastest ever made on the river, being 8.51½ for the Englishmen and 8.52¾ for Yale. The last of the series was rowed the third day by the Londoners, Beaverwycks and Watkins. Although the race was generally conceded to the foreigners, to the surprise of every one the Beaverwycks came in first in 9.06, the Londoners second in 9.06¾. The poor time is accounted for by the roughness of the water and a strong wind.

The Democratic State convention met in Saratoga, and after selecting the Presidential electors, unanimously nominated by acclamation Horatio Seymour for governor. The platform ratifies the nominations of the St. Louis convention, and declares a settled conviction that a return to the constitutional principles, the frugal expenditure, and the administrative purity of the founders of the republic is the first and most imperious necessity of the times—the commanding issue now before the people of this Union. It declares that the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden, while it insures the vote of New York, will be approved throughout the Union as the incarnation of the vital issue and a guarantee of a successful achievement of the work of national reorganization and reform. That the party reaffirms the principles set forth in their Syracuse convention of 1874, and the national convention of 1876. It condemns all interference with the constitutional amendments and all violations of law, holding that all the people in all the States alike, regardless of race, color, or condition, are entitled to equal protection; and that all disturbers of the public order and peace should be adequately punished. Recommends the people to ratify at the coming election the two constitutional amendment for securing henceforth a more economical and efficient administration of the prisons and canals of the State, and for enforcing upon officers a stricter accountability. Also favors such a reduction of tolls as will be of best advantage to the State and the men engaged in canal traffic. It concludes by stating, that as American citizens and Democrats devoted to the union and the equality of the States, and to the honor and good name of the Federal government, we hereby enter our solemn protest against the recent order of the secretary of war, approved by the President of the United States, to place government troops in the Southern States with a view to intimidate the people and control their elections. A government by the bayonet to take the place of a government through the ballot is an outrage which demands the condemnation of all who love republican freedom and note despotic power.

Congressional nominations: Michigan, Detroit district, John V. Reuhle, Greenback; Alabama, third, Jere. N. Williams, Dem.; Ohio, twelfth, Geo. K. Nash, Rep.; Ohio, first, Milton Sayler, Dem.; second, H. B. Banning, Dem.; New York, twenty third, W. J. Bacon, Rep.; Virginia, eighth, J. C. O'Neal, Rep..... The Connecticut Republicans renominated the ticket of last year. It is headed by Henry C. Robinson, of Hartford. Their platform declares that President Grant is entitled to the thanks of his party for his patriotic services. ....Felicien Cæsar David, the noted composer, died in London..... A verdict of murder in the first degree was returned in the case of Laros, who poisoned his entire family near Easton, Pa., by putting arsenic in the coffee. ....Two ladies and two children were drowned, and a large number of cattle washed from the Kill Creek valley, Kansas, by the bursting of a waterspout..... The governor of Porto Rico has been ordered to issue bonds for the indemnity of liberated slaves.

Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., easily won the championship for amateur single scullers at Philadelphia..... Sultan Murad V. has been deposed because of his mental infirmities; Abdul Hamid, his brother, has been proclaimed his successor..... A party of Philadelphia roughs landed at Pennsville, N. J., from steam tugs, and two of them, Wheeden and Walker, fought a prize fight, which resulted in the death of Walker after the sixty-second round, from contusions on the head. The sheriff at Pennsville endeavored to make arrests, but was driven off by the crowd. The Philadelphia police had strict orders to arrest the principals and abettors on a charge of manslaughter..... Yellow fever prevails at Savannah.....A party of disguised robbers broke into a house near Montague, Texas, and murdered W. G. England, his wife, stepdaughter and four stepsons..... Indians are committing depredations in Nebraska. Fifteen men were killed by them in one day..... A passing locomotive set fire to the lumber yard of Waltz & Stricker, at White Haven, Pa., and one million feet of dry lumber were destroyed. Loss, $15,000.....In the free-to-all race at Hartford, Conn., Smuggler won the two first heats in 2.15¼ and 2.17¼. The third heat was a dead heat between Smuggler and Goldsmith Maid in 2.16¾. The Maid won the next three heats and race in 2.17¼, 2.18, 2.19¾.....Congressional nominations: Michigan, second district, John J. Robinson, Dem.; seventh, Anson E. Chadwick, Dem., thirty-third, G. W. Patterson, Rep.; New York, nineteenth, Amasiah B. James, Rep.; Virginia, first, L. C. Bristow, Rep.; Wisconsin, second, L. B. Caswell, Rep.....At Derby Line, Vt., E. C. Hayden shot his wife fatally, and also his brother-in-law, C. O. Bingham. No cause was assigned.....Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy murderer, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

The new sultan of Turkey will not make any change in the cabinet.....The public debt statement shows a reduction of $5,119,369.29 for August.....Large numbers of Russians are fighting in the Servian army.....The Italian marquis, who forged the names of King Victor Emanuel and other prominent officials to a large amount, has been sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.....The international boat race at Philadelphia was contested by the Cambridge (English), Columbia and Yale crews, and was won by the latter in 9.10¾. The captain of the Cambridge crew gave out on the course and they had to stop rowing. A strong wind prevented better time, the course being the same as Yale rowed over in 8.52¾, in their contest with the London crew..... Officers of the army engineer corps have been detailed to make the new Pacific railway survey.....Congressional nominations: Missouri, fifth district, R. P. Bland, Dem.; Kansas, first, W. A. Phillips, Rep.; Virginia, seventh, J. T. Harris, Conservative.....Tranit Wade in the four-mile swim at Long Branch, by two feet.....While a marriage ceremony was being performed at Bulkley, Ill., between George Sleeper and a young lady, Sleeper was called to the door and shot dead by Burt Fleming, a rival for the lady's hand. .....Hillary Page, a colored man, was hanged in Chesterfield county, Va., for arson. He confessed the crime..... A band of religious fanatics, calling themselves Cobbites, were reported near Gum Springs, Ark., and two man, Humphreys and Blake, went to investigate them, when they caught the former and literally hacked him to pieces. His companion escaped, and gathered together a crowd of men to arrest the fanatics. They found the Cobbites dancing about the head of the murdered man, which had been impaled on a pole; but as soon as they saw the crowd they prepared to attack them, when the leader gave the order to fire and two of the fanatics were killed. The others, four men, four women and two children were arrested.

A fire broke out in the town of Hyacinthe, Canada, and owing to a fierce wind was spread with the utmost rapidity through the business portion of the place, only being quenched after destroying three banks, factories, post-office, court house and other prominent buildings, as well as eighty stores and six hundred houses. Hundreds of families are homeless, their entire possessions having been lost. The losses will foot up $2,000,000..... The most decisive battle of the Servian-Turco war was fought at Alexinatz and resulted in the defeat of the Servians. The Turks acted on the offensive all day, which closed with bloody carnage..... By the explosion of the boiler of a thr