### Puss and her Three Kittens.

Our old cat has kittens three;
What do you think their names should be?
One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender;
But into a temper she quickly flies,
If you ever by chance offend her,
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy "Pepper-pot"
A nice name for a cat?

One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too;
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to purr, too.
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy "Sootikin"
A nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise shell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him—
If you tease him at once he sets up his back,
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!
I think we shall call him this—
I think we shall call him that;
Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"
A nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be—
"Pepper-pot," "Sootikin," "Scratchaway"—there!
Were there ever kittens with these to compare?
And we call the old mother—now what do you think?
"Tabitha Longclaws Tiddlewink."

—*Thomas Hood.*

## THE HOUSE CLEANING.

Mr. Walter Ammidon laid his knife and fork down with a gesture of absolute despair.

"Not going to clean house again, Mrs. Benedict! Why, it seems as if we had only just recovered from the dreadful tearing up process of last spring!"

Mrs. Benedict slowly dropped four lumps of sugar into his coffee, then handed it to him, utterly regardless of the misery in his face.

"'Dreadful tearing up!'—that's perfect nonsense, Mr. Ammidon. As if you were very much inconvenienced last May while the carpets were up and the curtains down and the painting going on. Of course I shall clean; it's my habit, and has been for twenty odd years."

Mr. Ammidon gave a little groan at the sad fate that awaited him—that awaited all bachelors in boarding houses—in the shape of several consecutive days of bare floors and the odor of soap; of cold dinners eaten wherever it was convenient to set the dining table; of Mrs. Benedict in a chronic state of bustle and crossness, and the servants impudent, tired and sulky; of wide open doors and windows where the draughts tore through.

He was a gentleman, however, Mr. Ammidon was, and so repressed his illtemper and disgust and mental maledictions that house cleaning was a purely malicious instigation of his Satanic majesty for the torment of mankind.

"We'll be so nice and sweet and clean," Mrs. Benedict went on, with horrible cheerfulness, "and I've been thinking that I'll have your rooms newly papered, Mr. Ammidon. I'm sure you'll like that?"

"Very much—when it's done, madam."

And he cut his meal short and rushed out of doors into the cool, fresh October evening air.

"Ah, bah! I can already experience the agonies of last spring! Good heaven! the woman must be made of cast iron to attempt such a siege again. It is no wonder her husband died if he suffered two attacks of house cleaning a year, and I shall die or grow crazy unless I leave her—that I suppose all women are equally idiotic."

A groan of genuine misery broke from his lips as he strode along, his hat jammed over his eyes—very unlike the handsome gentleman he really was, with his frank, cheery face and pleasant mouth, with the white, even teeth, and the half curling, thick dark hair, and the grave, intelligent eyes, that nothing could ruffle as the idea of Mrs. Benedict's semi-annual "tearing-up"—a courteous, refined, genial gentleman, whom society found a puzzle because of his persistent bachelorhood, when it knew of at least a half-dozen women who would have jumped at the faintest chance of an offer of marriage from him—who himself wondered why he never had fallen in love—and whom pretty little Mrs. Baldwin, the blue eyed, blonde haired widow, with no incumberance, a house of her own, and an income of three thousand a year, often felt quite piqued with that he was so very unimpressionable.

So Mr. Ammidon strode along, almost mechanically turning corners, his pace gradually growing slower, and then, all at once, he heard the brilliant tones of a piano as some skilled hands played, and, looking up, found himself in front of a warmly lighted, cheery, hospitable house—the very house where Mrs. Bessie Baldwin lived.

The contrast was so startlingly vivid between the pictures in his imagination that he involuntarily paused—one, the picture of the way Mrs. Benedict's boarding house would look next day, the other of how Mrs. Baldwin's elegant little home always appeared when he called there and as it appeared now through the lace curtains—quiet, warm, hospitable, inviting.

And like a revelation from heaven it came to him—an idea, a determination that was so strong, so resistless that he walked forthwith up Mrs. Baldwin's front steps and rang the door bell, wondering as he did why the music had ceased and where the player had gone.

"I'll marry her if she'll have me, and then we'll see how many times a year the house is cleaned; that is, if"—

Then the door opened and the maid invited him into the parlor, with the information that Mrs. Baldwin had just run into a neighbor's by the side gate, but would be back directly if the sick child was better she had gone to see.

Mr. Ammidon ensconced himself in the easiest chair in the room—a great, deep, wide, cushioned affair that was drawn up by the little low table under the chandelier.

"Bless her pretty blue eyes! Gone to see a sick child; I like that—I like it. What a blessing that it occurred to me to offer myself to such a good hearted, cheerful, tender, fond little woman as she is; and what a miraculous fool I have been not to have done it long ago. Why, honestly, I feel as if I had been in love with her all along; and I believe I have been, and never knew it."

His handsome head leaned comfortably against the cushions, and his well shaped, well booted feet were crossed on a low ottoman near the fire that burned cosily and brightly.

He waited ten—twenty—thirty minutes, and when she did not come at the expiration of three-quarters of an hour Mr. Ammidon was conscious of a keen unpleasant sensation that astonished himself.

"At all events, my object shall be accomplished, so far as I can accomplish it," he thought.

And he took his gold and ivory pen, and wrote an ardent, courteous, undeniably eager statement of his case, asking her to be his loved wife, and begged an answer on the morrow, when she should be visiting Mrs. Benedict.

"I accidentally learned you would take tea with us to-morrow night," he wrote, "and I must know at once when I meet you if I am the blessed man I hope to be. If you can look favorably on my suit let me know by answering 'Yes' to the first question I put to you. If it is otherwise, I will not trouble you further."

Then he signed himself suitably, put the folded and addressed note conspicuously on the top of a pile of newspaper and sheet music on the piano, and took his leave, in a strange whirl of excitement and expectation.

Half an hour later Mrs. Baldwin came in, stopping as she passed the dining-room door to speak to the girl.

"You carried all those papers and the music up stairs, Annie, as I told you?"

"The very minute the gentleman went away, Mrs. Baldwin—it was Mr. Ammidon, and he came just as you went out."

"Oh, that's too bad that I was not in! Mrs. May's little Edith is very, very sick, Annie."

And so Mrs. Baldwin never knew of the precious letter, as she sat there alone by the fire, thinking of the caller she had missed with genuine sorrow and paling cheeks and eyes full of disappointment.

For pretty Mrs. Bessie, with her soft blue eyes and rebelliously curly hair, and small, perfect figure, was more interested in the handsome bachelor than she cared to admit even to herself.

The next day she dressed with unusual care for her afternoon visit to Mrs. Benedict, wondering, as she basted the soft little ruching in the neck of her sleeveless velvet jacket, and adjusted the *pouf* of her black silk overskirt, whether or not Mr. Ammidon would think she looked well, and whether, possibly, he might not escort her home.

So her eyes were dancing with radiant blue sunshine, and her cheeks were flushing a most delicious rose pink hue, and her lovely mouth dimpling in bewitching smiles, when Mr. Ammidon came into the sitting-room, several minutes before the time for the dinner-bell to ring—Mr. Ammidon, handsomer than she had ever seen him, in a dark blue cloth suit, with white tie, and his face so grandly intelligent and animated as he went up to her and offered her his hand, looking straight in her face as he spoke, very quietly, but with all his fate in his words—and she so smiling, so unconscious.

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Baldwin. Didn't you find it very cool this afternoon?"

Then she met his gaze, and hating herself because her heart was throbbing so gladly at sight of him and despising herself because he had thrilled her from head to foot.

Then, never knowing her fate was in it, she turned her beautiful face carelessly away and withdrew her hand, and answered him:

"No; I thought it was charmingly pleasant."

And Mr. Ammidon recoiled as if he had been struck a dreadful blow, and could not, for the life of him, console himself with the conviction that women were fools and men were well rid of them.

The next day he told Mrs. Benedict he would not want his apartments any longer, and had his trunks packed and sent to a hotel.

Mr. Ammidon determined to kill two birds with one stone—to get out of the possibility of having to meet often Mrs. Benedict's friend, the pretty, merciless little woman, than whom he had never loved another, and to make his home where house cleaning was unknown, and Bessie cried till her eyes were red and swollen to think how entirely indifferent Mr. Ammidon was to her.

And the winter crept softly along in soft, white, snowy robes, and several times Mrs. Baldwin saw Mr. Ammidon driving past, although he didn't do more as he passed than glance carelessly at the window and bow.

And the sweet, warm spring days came, and with perfumy hints of roses and woodbine, and fresh emerald leaves, and climbing vines, and bursting blossoms, came Bessie Baldwin's fate, in the shape of the unromantic, the inevitable spring cleaning that must be undertaken and accomplished, no matter how temptingly balmly sunshine and fragrant breezes and cloudless skies clamor for promenades and drives in order to welcome them.

Thus it happened that Mrs. Baldwin was ensconced in one of her chambers, with a blue veil tied tightly over her golden hair and her muslin dress pinned up in front, disclosing ravishingly lovely feet despite the half-worn boots, with a basket lying in readiness beside her, and her faithful ally, Annie, waiting to consign piles of washed and slightly ignominy, and the paper and rag man.

"Only one pile more, Annie, and aren't you glad we're so nearly done? Here, you sort the papers, and I'll see that nothing worth saving has been put with this music."

And a minute after the soft, rustling stillness was broken by a sudden ejaculation from Mrs. Baldwin, and Annie looked up, wide-eyed, to see her reading a penciled note, with paling face and trembling lips.

"It's a letter I lost, that's all, Annie. Go on with the papers. There is a man at the door. I'll go down. You can finish."

And with fluttering heart and eyes that were suspiciously bright, Mrs. Bessie went down stairs, glad of an opportunity to get away by herself a few minutes to think it all over, to try to realize that it was true that Walter Ammidon had loved her.

And she brushed away tears that were both rapturous and full of disappointment and fear, and opened the front door to Walter Ammidon.

He bowed with a little look of surprise and chagrin, fearful lest, now that his love for Bessie Baldwin had overleaped its boundaries, and forced him to a second attempt to win her love—that had become more precious in proportion as it seemed unpossessable—fearful lest his coming, as suggested by her appearance, was inopportune and awkward.

But Mrs. Baldwin flushed, and smiled, and looked lovely, despite the old blue veil.

And then he suddenly discovered she held in her hand the note he had written her six months ago.

She answered his inquiring look as she conducted him into the parlor.

"I have only this moment read your letter. Oh, Mr. Ammidon, what must you have thought of me all this time?"

His face lighted gloriously.

"That you were the sweetest little darling in all the world, whom I loved so, and wanted so, that I came again today to plead my cause. Bessie, consider that letter written just now—what would be the answer?"

And she drooped her white eyelids and half averted her sweet, blushing face, and the answer came through her parted lips, so low that only a lover's ear would have known she said "Yes."

* * * * * * *

And Mr. Ammidon never finds fault when his wife "cleans house," because he knows if it had not been for that abused institution, he might be a lonely bachelor in Mrs. Benedict's establishment.

### An American's Success.

Capt. Boynton, wearing his india rubber suit, has crossed the straits of Messina, passing successfully through both Scylla and Charybdis during the prevalance of a severe gale, which caused the destruction of one of the accompanying vessels. Fortunately there were no lives lost. The trip took five hours, and was witnessed by the American consul and many distinguished Italians. Shortly after starting, Boynton received a blow from the tail of one of the large fishes which abound in the straits, but upon the approach of the harpoon boat he was found entirely uninjured and laughing at the mishap. Notwithstanding the predictions that he would never leave the water alive, Capt. Boynton landed in excellent condition and in no way fatigued by his marvelous exertions. His reception by the entire population of Messina was most excited and enthusiastic. He was officially welcomed by the mayor and authorities, and subsequently entertained at a public banquet. Capt. Boynton compares the Scylla and Charybdis to the rapids and whirlpools of the Niagara river.

### A Modest Prince.

The Prince of Wales, when he goes hunting, likes to enjoy himself unostentatiously, and doesn't want a fuss made about him. But when he went to Gloucestershire lately, a member of Parliament and a newly-rich person, Mr. Powell, appeared to think this all nonsense, and when the meeting was appointed on his estate made a great fuss indeed. He set up a marquee on the lawn for the prince's luncheon; he prepared his reception rooms for the entertainment of his hunting friends and acquaintances; he laid in bread and cheese by the ton weight and strong beer by the hogshead for the consumption of the country side. Consequences: The mob of mechanics and laborers of the neighborhood broke in, devoured the royal luncheon, and made the day hideous generally; and after a long day's hunting the prince refreshed himself with tea and poached eggs at the nearest clergyman's residence, not having been seen at all by his ambitious would-be host, Mr. Powell.

## THE MORMON EXECUTION.

**A Statement from One of Lee's Guards Charging District Attorney Howard with Suppressing Important Parts of Lee's Confession.**

A strange sequel to the tragedy of John D. Lee's execution at Mountain Meadow is contained in an official paper which was filed with the department of justice in Washington. This is no less than an affidavit by Edward Gilman, of Salt Lake City, that Lee was induced to make a confession to the United States district attorney on the promise that in return for such confession he should receive a reprieve and eventually a full pardon. This promise, Gilman alleges, was made to Lee by the district attorney in furtherance of a plan to implicate, expose and punish all the Mormon leaders, from Brigham Young down, who were believed to be concerned in the Mountain Meadow massacre.

Gilman alleges that he was specially engaged as a go-between by the district attorney to make the overtures to Lee for the confession, and to promise eventual immunity to Lee in consideration of the disclosures he should make. In his capacity of guard at the penitentiary at Beaver, he had free access to the cell of Lee, and was occupied quite a while in conducting the negotiations before a mutual understanding was had between Lee and the district attorney. Lee was cautioned by the latter not to make known the substance of his confession to anybody, not even to his wife Rachel, who, it will be remembered, was the constant companion of his closing hours on earth, and attended him in his cell up to the moment of his removal for execution.

But Gilman says that the confession was read by himself and by Rachel during odd moments when Lee happened to be absent from his cell taking exercise, during which intervals their curiosity got the better of them and they read the folios of manuscript as they lay on Lee's writing desk.

From these furtive and detached perusals of the confession Gilman acquired a general knowledge of its substance, which he says is at variance with the confession given to the public by the district attorney.

It will be remembered that the New York *Herald* published in advance of the press a telegraphic report from Salt Lake City of Lee's confession, in which Lee directly and unequivocally charged Brigham Young with being responsible for the order under which the dreadful massacre at Mountain Meadow was perpetrated.

Discrepancy between the two confessions on this point of Brigham Young's alleged guilt was commented upon widely at the time, and is now accounted for by Gilman, who says that the charge against Brigham Young by Lee in his confession to the district attorney was expunged, and that the entire paper was garbled in the interest of the Mormon chief after it had passed out of Lee's possession and before it was given to the public. The original confession published by the *Herald* was made by Lee when he was under sentence of death and before any delusive promise of a reprieve and pardon could have been held out to him according to the statement of Gilman. It is strange, therefore, that under the inducement of such promised pardon, the second confession should be less severe upon Brigham Young.

Gilman also says that in taking his first message to Lee from the district attorney, he was instructed to tell the prisoner that if he would dismiss his lawyers and put himself wholly in communication with and under the protection of the district attorney, he, Lee, would be serving his own interests in the most salutary way.

Hence it was that Lee gradually came under the influence of the district attorney, who thenceforth plied him with the hope of pardon until he secured the confession in its entirety, and then kept his victim under the belief that reprieve would arrive at any moment, until the fusilade of the firing party ended his life and his deception together.

It may seem improbable that a man of the cunning and discernment of Lee should not have detected the deception practiced upon him, when, during the last few hours of his life, he was taken a hundred miles away from the reach of the telegraph to be done to death in a solitude where reprieve could reach him only by a miracle. But those who have prompted Gilman to make a clean breast of his connection with what they denounce as an outrage upon the sacred name of justice point to the manner of Lee's death as evidence that he was sustained to the last moment by the expectation of a reprieve.

His theatrical bearing, his imperturbable coolness when, sitting on the coffin, he gave suggestions to the newspaper artist as to how he should be sketched—all, they say, indicate a secret belief that he was acting a farce, and that his ushering into eternity was as unexpected as if he had been struck by lightning. This is the web of the story as woven by Gilman in his affidavit, and elaborated by the persons who have urged him to make it.

Gilman says that he was first moved by remorse to tell what he has revealed as above. As to the discrepancy in the two confessions he says he can be corroborated by Rachel, the widow of Lee.

As to the alleged motive of the suppression of the part implicating Brigham Young, it would hardly be just to the district attorney to repeat it until he has had an opportunity to explain why the suppression was made, if it really were made.

Gilman has had the benefit of a testimonial from the district attorney, who, in recommending him about a month ago for an appointment as a mail carrier, testified that he was a reliable and competent man.

On the other hand it is said in defense of the district attorney that the charge against him is the work of a number of politicans anxious to get him removed from his office in the interest of a favorite, and that the whole thing is a conspiracy which will come to light in due time.

Menwhile the attorney-general refuses to allow the affidavit to be made public. He says that persons accused have rights as well as accusers.

### Chinese Cousins.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* has the following on Chinese cousins and their obligations: In the course of the evidence of a Chinese interpreter in the Ah Moon murder trial, the witness was asked what was the application of the term "cousin," as used by the Chinese, or, in other words, what was the relationship existing between Chinese calling each other cousins. He replied that all Chinese having the same surname were cousins under the social laws of China; that it made no difference from what State or part of China they hailed from, they called each other cousins, and that this applied to the Chinese all over the world. The witness was asked the question: "If these cousins did not consider it not only their privilege, but their duty, to sustain each other, right or wrong?" He answered that they did. "Suppose," said the counsel, "a member of the cousin family by the name of Wing was killed by a member of a cousin family named Sung, would not all the members of the Wing family be obliged to pursue the Sung family until they obtained revenge on one or the other of the members?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness.

### Such is Life.

Mortality statistics, showing the average duration of life among persons of various classes, are often faulty. In Massachusetts such figures are more carefully and accurately obtained than almost anywhere else, and the following table is the result of very recent investigation in that State:

| | Years. | | Years. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Men unemployed | 68 | Masons | 48 |
| Judges | 65 | Traders | 46 |
| Farmers | 64 | Tailors | 44 |
| Bank officers | 64 | Jewelers | 44 |
| Coopers | 58 | Manufacturers | 43 |
| Public officers | 57 | Bakers | 43 |
| Clergymen | 56 | Printers | 43 |
| Shipwrights | 55 | Shoemakers | 43 |
| Hatters | 54 | Mechanics | 43 |
| Lawyers | 54 | Editors | 40 |
| Ropemakers | 54 | Musicians | 33 |
| Blacksmiths | 51 | Painters | 34 |
| Merchants | 51 | Teachers | 34 |
| Calico printers | 51 | Clerks | 34 |
| Physicians | 51 | Operatives | 32 |
| Butchers | 50 | | |
| Carpenters | 49 | | |

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

**Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.**

During the past nine months $2,677,383 worth of American beef has been shipped to England..... Seven men were severely burned by an explosion of sulphur in the Middle Creek mines, near Tremont, Pa..... President Hayes authorized the expenditure of $204,000 of the money appropriated for river and harbor improvement..... Three dwellings and two shops were burned in the little Canadian town of Lucan..... The Atlantic steamer Americus, which went ashore on the sand at Seabright, N. J., during a snowstorm, was successfully got into deep water by the coast wreckers after three months persistent efforts, taking advantage of every high tide or storm. The vessel is apparently uninjured..... Reports from Newfoundland are to the effect that the seal fishery has been generally successful the past season..... The North Bridgewater (Mass.) bank has been restrained from doing business until it proves its solvency..... Deficits in the accounts of the deceased treasurer caused the action..... Gov. Pillsbury, of Minnesota, set apart April 26th as a day of prayer throughout the State for the annihilation of the grasshopper scourge..... The first case in Kings county, N. Y., under the civil damage act, resulted in a verdict of $350 in favor of a wife, against a liquor dealer who had sold liquor to her husband, thereby depriving her of his services..... Hiram Arbuckle, of East Montpelier, Vt., shot George Short twice, injuring him fatally, then shot his brother-in-law, George Bancroft, three times, killing him, and concluded the tragedy by shooting himself through the head. He is thought to have been insane..... The United States troops were withdrawn from the State house at Columbia, S. C., and the moral support of Chamberlain having thus dwindled, he adopted the advice of his State officers, and surrendered the State government into the hands of Gov. Hampton.

The New York companies running steamships to Europe, with the exception of the Cunard, will run steamers fortnightly, instead of weekly, after "we let, owing to the falling off in traffic....It half past one o'clock, on the morning of the eleventh, a fire started in the storeroom of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, and the elevators acting as drafts, the immense six-story edifice was soon a mass of flames, and the guests on the upper floors were awakened only to find all egress cut off and death staring them in the face. Dozens were rescued by means of long ladders and fire escapes—many boldly jumped from the casements and escaped with broken bones, while others fell victims to the fierce flames, or were crushed out of all semblance to human form by jumping from the fifth or sixth-story windows to the flagging below. The dead will number nearly forty, comprising guests and employes. Among the fearless thrilling escapes, by the inmates, one of whom was the actress, Miss Kate Claxton, who was on the stage of the ill-fated Brooklyn Theater, the night of that memorable holocaust. The loss is upward of one million dollars..... By the overturning of a gasoline lamp, Mrs. Chas. Davis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was burned to death and her three children dangerously injured by the flames, in trying to escape from their burning home, in Lexington street, New York, and a number of speculators failed, owing to the downfall of certain stocks..... The Hudson River paper mills, at Palmer Falls, N. Y., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $140,000; insurance, $70,000..... Burglars chloroformed a family of eight persons in Hoboken, N. J., and ransacked the house..... A locomotive exploded at Madison, Ind., killing the engineer and a friend accompanying him, and fatally injuring the fireman.

A fire at Constantinople, originating in the Greek quarter, destroyed between 300 and 500 houses..... By the wreck of the coal schooner John C. McShane, from Philadelphia bound for Havana, the captain, mate and a second man were drowned, only one man, the steward, was saved..... It has been decided thoroughly to investigate all the facts of the alleged irregularities in the New York custom house..... A large fire occurred at Paterson, N. J., and Pomeroy, Ohio, the former resulting in the complete destruction of the Hamilton mill, one of the largest woolen mills in the country, while by the latter, twenty-five of the business houses, stores and residences of Pomeroy were consumed by the flames..... Not so many lives were lost by the burning of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, as was at first supposed, the number of dead hardly exceeding eleven, although it is possible more bodies will be found at the removal of the debris of the ruins..... The strike of silk weavers in Jersey City and Hoboken, N. J., has ended, most of the operatives resuming work at the old rates..... In the investigation of the killing of two of the members of the firm of Jewell & Sons, in Trenton, the coroner's jury returned a verdict that George W. Jewett came to his death from wounds received by a hand grenade, carried to the store of the firm by Orville D. Jewett, and that the latter by both his actions and words intended to inflict by himself..... The water register of Cambridge, Mass., who disappeared in April, 1876, taking with him $20,000 of the city's funds, has been captured in Brooklyn, N. Y. The Prince of Wales has formally opened with the daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant..... Charles H. Gilman, a sewing machine agent, was found murdered in Rockport, Mass. A man named Williams, an employee of the murdered man, was arrested on suspicion.

Gen. G. W. Curtis Lee has begun a suit for the recovery of the Arlington estate, near Washington, formerly the home of Robert E. Lee, and which was sold for taxes and bid in by the government in 1864. About 15,000 soldiers are buried there..... The grand jury of Carroll county, Md., failed to indict Gill, Stewart and May, for dueling in that county, the evidence being insufficient..... Patrick O'Donnell, on trial for the murder of Morgan Powell, at Mauch Chunk, Pa., was found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury in Bloughton case jury again disagreed in the case of W. B. Ottman, charged with receiving a package containing $47,000, stolen from the United States government..... At a second election in Providence, R. I., for a U. S. senator and two representatives, the Republicans elected nine representatives. There was no choice for senator nor for the tenth representative..... The ex-mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., Edward A. Lambert, has swindled his sister-in-law of about $50,000..... The Prince of Wales has received the order of the garter, and fresh instructions sent to the commission at New Orleans..... The price of wheat has steadily advanced in the London market.

..... The woman who identified as her son, Charles Ross, the child supposed to be the murderer, has discovered that she had made a mistake, and had been imposed upon..... Ernesto Saportas, a New York broker, died suddenly in a coach while being taken to his home..... Two men fought a duel near Little Rock, Ark., without inflicting any damage, however, as their seconds loaded with blank cartridges..... A mail carrier named Harrison, was murdered in West Virginia. The murderer has been arrested..... Large forest fires were raging in the woods near Rondout, N. Y..... A boy named Thomas Welsh, aged sixteen, has been indicted by the grand jury of Hudson county, N. J., for murder in the first degree.

Michael Blake created a sensation in Williamsburgh, L. I., by returning to his family after an absence of sixteen years, during which time he had never communicated with his relatives, who supposed him dead..... While under the influence of *delirium tremens*, a miner named Harkins, ran through the streets of Altoona, Pa., brandishing a knife and attacking all who crossed his way. He stabbed one man six times, disemboweled another, and was in turn shot, stoned and clubbed by the populace. He was finally captured and locked up..... The rumors of a European war caused the sale of a greater amount of corn in Baltimore than had ever before been sold in one day in that market..... 120 immigrants, forty of them being miners from Pennsylvania, sailed from New York for Queensland, Australia..... At a meeting of anti-Mormons in Salt Lake City, resolutions were introduced petitioning Congress to prohibit polygamists from voting or holding office.

..... John Primatt, a Brooklyn (N. Y.) cigar maker, after a prolonged debauch, attacked his wife and another woman with a poker, drove them from his lodgings, locked the door and cut his throat with a razor, bleeding to death before assistance arrived..... No appointment of associate justice to succeed David Davis will be made until Congress meets in June, and possibly not until December..... The steamship Leo, from Savannah for Nassau, was burned at sea, and four passengers and part of the crew are supposed to have been lost..... At Geneva, Ohio, a man named Potter shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide..... James Gordon Bennett has purchased a residence in Paris, and will remain abroad several years..... In Boston, Joseph F. Favor was held in $10,000 bonds, charged with abducting Mary E. Harrington..... Owing to a recent decision of the New York court of appeals, it is likely that an extensive war upon the liquor dealers of New York city will be commenced..... The President has pardoned Charles E. Bruce, convicted of forgery. This is the first pardon granted by President Hayes..... The body of the youngest daughter of P. T. Barnum was taken to Bridgeport, Conn., for interment.

Ten vacancies exist in the medical corps of the United States army, but none will be filled until fall. Meanwhile, a board of medical examiners will be organized, to meet in New York, for the purpose of examining applicants..... One hundred Indians, who claimed that they had been deceived by Spotted Tail, in representing that they would be obliged only to give up the arms taken in the Custer massacre—whereas the government insists on a general disarmament—have again gone on the warpath. It turns out that the Rev. W. H. Scott, the colored preacher, who was reported as having been murdered in South Carolina, is alive and well..... Two prisoners in jail at Manchester, N. H., succeeded in overpowering the turnkey, and after firing three shots at the jailor's wife, made good their escape..... In New York, Joseph C. Brady, a contractor and politician, quarreled with James Lenhan, a laborer in his employ, with whom he had been drinking, and was knocked down, receiving a fractured skull..... Counsel for Stirling, convicted of the murder of a little girl in Youngstown, Ohio, and who was reprieved by the governor, claim that the reprieve was equivalent to a pardon, and have begun proceedings for illegal detention..... George Beatty, a waiter in the Grand Central Hotel, shot and severely wounded James Larney, a fellow waiter..... N. P. Carter, a New York commission merchant, was beaten senseless and robbed by highwaymen in St. Louis.

At St. Petersburg the belief prevails that nothing can be done to avert a European war. It is believed that immediate hostilities will cause a rise in American grain..... The New York city liquor dealers have sent a committee to Albany to oppose the liquor law..... One of Tweed's lawyers has gone to Albany, N. Y., in behalf of his client, who, he says, is willing to surrender all his property and disclose all his companions in crime..... Col. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, was assaulted with a whip by Nathaniel McKay, a naval contractor..... The bricklayers of Trenton have gone on a strike..... The First national bank of Suffield, Conn., is embarrassed, but it is supposed to be solvent..... No immediate change in the mission to England from the United States is expected..... Miss Anna Dickinson suddenly closed her engagement at the Eagle theater, New York, giving as her reason that the management had not fulfilled the terms of its contract with her..... Signs of life were discovered in the body of Dr. R. B. Green, who had been lying in a vault at Hoosick, N. Y., for two weeks, and attending physicians pronounced it a case of suspended animation..... A revolt occurred among the convicts on Blackwell's Island, New York, and before it was quelled one of the prisoners was shot dead by a keeper..... In New Hampshire the Constitutional amendment abolishing the religious test as a qualification for office, was voted upon and passed by the governor and council..... A heavy gale wrecked a number of vessels near the coast of North Carolina, which is strewn with their fragments.

### Discontent.

How universal it is! We never knew one who could say "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich and poor, the man of competence, or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, and you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. "The other day," said Freeman Hunt a good while ago, "I stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask. 'Ah!' said he, 'mine is a hard lot—for ever trotting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop.' 'Heigho!' sighed our neighbor, the blacksmith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while his red-hot iron glowed on the anvil; 'this is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over the fire.' 'Oh, that I were a carpenter!' ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone; 'here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in this little seven by nine room.' 'I am sick of this out-door work,' exclaims the carpenter, 'broiling and sweating under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather—if I were only a tailor!' 'This is too bad,' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying my needle—would that mine was a more active life!' 'Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant; 'I had rather be a dray horse—a dog—anything!' 'Happy fellows,' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry record—'happy fellows!' I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brain on this tedious, vexatious question.' And through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. 'If I were only this or that, or the other, I should be content,' is the universal cry—'anything but what I am.' So wags the world, so it has wagged, and so it will wag."

### Opposed to Public Policy.

An instructive breach of promise case appears in the last volume of New Jersey Common Law Reports. The defendant was a married man. He had wed his wife for a divorce, and expected to succeed in the suit. Under these circumstances he told the plaintiff he would marry her within a reasonable time after he obtained the desired divorce. He did not keep his word, and the plaintiff brought her action. This was the case as presented in the complaint. The defendant objected that these facts would not sustain a suit for breach of promise of marriage, as the promise relied upon was plainly unlawful and void. The supreme court held this objection to be good, and declared such a contract opposed to morality and public policy. "If a husband can bind himself to a future marriage, conditioned on the getting a divorce," said Chief Justice Beasley, "so he can incur a similar obligation to be put in effect on the dissolution of his marriage by the death of his wife. Such contracts are highly impolitic and highly scandalous, and are therefore illegal."

### A Triangular Scrimmage.

The Newburyport *Herald* says a novel fight was witnessed in that city on Sunday between a rat, hen and rooster. A hen scratching near a water cask was suddenly interrupted by a huge rat, and neither would give way. Finally the hen made a pass with her beak, which the rat dodged, and then the rat made a spring for her neck, which was not a success. At this juncture a cluck from the hen brought up the rooster, who, like a gallant cock, came into the ring to take a hand himself. Then commenced a triangular scrimmage with teeth and beaks. The hen had lent him one right in the smeller, which seemed very much to anger the rat, who gathered for a spring on his adversary, which was prevented by the cock lighting upon him and putting both spurs into his body, performing the solemn tragedy of harikari. Not satisfied with disembowling their enemy, they picked out his eyes and left him.

### A Prisoner's Pets.

Two years ago Geo. Bidwell, the notorious Bank of England forger, was transferred to Dartmoor prison. Soon after he was apparently seized with paralysis of his lower limbs, and has ever since been an inmate of the infirmary. Lately a new governor was appointed to Dartmoor, who was skeptical as to the genuineness of Bidwell's illness. The prisoner was ordered to get up and dress, but positively refused. Thereupon he was put in a cold cell and left there unclothed until he chose to dress. Within an hour he jumped up and put on his clothes, and evidently a perfect cure had been effected, but when he was being stripped a curious discovery was made. Beneath his armpits were found a tame mouse and a rat. These he said he had caught in the infirmary, and had petted and fed with crumbs for many months.

### Gambling in Paris.

Paris has again been scandalized by a gentleman at a club losing $100,000 at the card table in a single night. The police summarily closed the establishment next day, from which it is evident that the club in question was not the Cercle de la Rue Royale, nor the Jockey Club, nor the Imperial—all of which, with others of equal standing, continue to flourish at the present moment. Enormous sums continue to be lost all the year round at respectable clubs like those above mentioned, and at the Cercle de la Mediterranee of Nice, which seems to have been established for the convenience of gentlemen who are too lazy to go every day to Monaco. It was not so very long ago that the son of a Roumanian banker lost $200,000 within a month at this charming place of recreation.

### He Drew a White Bean.

Gen. W. B. Middleton died in Leon county, Texas. He was sheriff. He was captured in the Mier expedition in 1842, carried to Mexico, a ball and chain put upon him, and he was compelled to work in the streets, and often whipped by the Mexicans. He and his fellow prisoners were compelled to draw to see who should be executed. Those who drew a black bean were to be shot, and those who drew a white bean were to be set at liberty. Gen. Middleton drew a white one.


**It Might Be Supposed.**

And reasonably too, that because the Grand Central Hotel, New York, is the largest and most elegantly furnished, that it is also the highest priced first-class hotel in the city. But in reality its prices are now the lowest of all the first-class hotels, since its latest reduction from $4.00 to $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

For ten cents we will send a scientific book of one hundred and sixty choice selections from the poetical works of Byron, Moore and Burns; also, fifty selected popular songs and other writings. The poetry of these authors is true to nature and the finest ever written. Desmond & Co., 915 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* may be administered to children with perfect success, in cases of croup, whooping-cough, influenza, and almost any of the diseases to which they are liable.

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, the great New England cure for coughs, colds and consumption. Cutler Bros. & Co.'s, Boston, only genuine.

A positive cure for rheumatism—Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Washington, D. C.

**Thousands of Affidavits.**

Many having used "patent" and prepared medicines and failed in finding the relief promised, are thereby prejudiced against all medicines. Is this right? Would you condemn all physicians because one failed in giving the relief promised? Some go to California in search of gold, and after working hard for months and finding none, return home and say there is no gold there. Does that prove it? Many suffering with catarrh and pulmonary affections have used the worthless preparations that crowd the market, and in their disappointment say there is no cure for catarrh. Does that prove it? Does it not rather prove that they have failed to employ the proper remedy? There are thousands of people in the United States who can make an affidavit that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have effected their entire cure. Many had lost all sense of smell for months, and pieces of bone had repeatedly been removed from the nasal cavities.

We have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for about four years. Nothing that we have ever sold gives such universal satisfaction as a cough remedy. While we keep all the old popular remedies, the sale of this last universal has by far the leading sale. Our customers speak in its praise without exception. We can refer any one who has not used it to scores who will testify to its value. B. S. & L. S. Stranton, La Fargeville, N. Y.

After an experience of over twenty-five years, many leading physicians acknowledge that the *Graefenberg Marshall's* Uterine *Catholicon* is the only known certain remedy for female weakness and disease. Address the *Graefenburg Vegetable Pills*, the most popular remedy of the day for biliousness, headache, liver complaint and diseases of digestion. Sold by all druggists. Send for almanacs. Graefenberg Co., New York.

**Money in Poultry.**

Prof. A. Corbett, of No. 7 Warren St., N. Y., has received the Centennial and several gold medals, also 12 diplomas for his new process for hatching eggs and raising poultry by means of horse manure. This valuable discovery will give $500 yearly profit from 12 hens. Catalogues, circulars and testimonials sent on receipt of postage.

**Good Material is Always Requisite**

to great results. You may have the best flour, eggs, milk, shortening, however, and still have poor bread, cake, pastry, etc. Why? You didn't use DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. With this last magic element to give order, harmony, and union to the rest, the result is a mathematical certainty. Try it, and be convinced.

**Smoke, Soot and Coal Gas,**

And all worry with fires that will not burn, and where it is impossible to cook properly, can all be remedied and a saving in fuel obtained. Send stamp for circular. Henry Colford & Co., 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

**Procrastination is the Thief of Life**

as well as of time. Delay in coquet with a cough, a cold, or any lung or throat complaint. Without even an hour's delay procure "Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar." There's no discount on its cures, and its cure is the inevitable result. Sold by all druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

**Important.**

When you visit New York stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot. 350 elegantly furnished rooms. Best restaurant in the city; prices moderate.