Wine and Glory.

A fly, on the brink of a tankard, was
The rich mantling wave of the ripe Rhenish wine;
"Oh, what are you doing? you rush to your ruin!
Be wise, foolish fly, and to reason incline!"
Thus argued another, careering in gladness,
Around the bright flame of a taper afar,
"All drinking's a folly and brings melancholy;
Take warning and shun it, lest fly that you are!
"Behold how a passion more noble should move you;
Tis glory alone has a charm in my eyes;
Whatever betide me, its radiance shall guide me;
Good-bye, silly toper! and learn to be wise,'
Thus saying, he sported his wings for a minute,
Then flew to the light that so tempted his gaze;
But burning his pinions in glory's dominions,
He fell in the candle and died in a blaze.
"Alas!" cried the fly that was perched on the tankard,
"Can aught for the want of self-knowledge atone?
We rail against others, see faults in our brothers,
And blame every folly and vice but our own."
But whether this fly was converted from toping
Or led a new life, is not easy to say;
But if flies are like drinkers, among two-legged thinkers,
'Tis likely he sips the bright wine to this day.

HAPPY AT LAST.

"I do wish, Marguerite, you'd listen to common sense," said Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Dale was sitting by a table opposite to a rose-twined window, whence a lovely summer landscape stretched itself away — green meadows, braided with the silver band of a tiny river, and clusters of woods seeming to lean against the sky.

She was a widow who had not yet lost all the fair rounded outlines of her girlish beauty, or the luxuriant auburn braids of her yet unsilvered hair.

And Marguerite, her lovely daughter, sat on the other side of the table, the slanting sunlight touching her golden tresses, and her dazzling complexion seemed purer and more like a newly blossomed sweet pea than ever, by contrast with her light dress.

"Well, mamma," Marguerite Dale spoke almost recklessly, "what would you have me do?"

"Mr. Alcotte has proposed to you?"

"Yes."

Marguerite's hand involuntarily closed over the open letter lying in her lap, while she turned her face suddenly away, as if the glow of the noon sunlight hurt her eyes.

"And you actually intend to refuse him?" persisted Mrs. Dale.

Marguerite shuddered slightly.

Then rising, she crossed to her mother's side, and placing her hand on the back of her chair, looked down into the upturned face.

"Mamma, would you have me marry a man whom I do not love?"

"My dear, my dear," reasoned the mother, "this idea of love is purely visionary. True happiness is founded solely on esteem."

"Mamma, that's nonsense!"

"Marguerite!"

"Well, mamma, it is. And I am not going to barter away my birthright of my heart for such dry leaves of theory. I love one man only—and that is Geoffrey Rossmore. And I will never marry anyone else."

"But, Marguerite, dear" Mrs. Dale was half frightened by the vehemence of her daughter's manner—"Geoffrey Rossmore is dead."

"How do I know that he is dead? The ship was lost—but there have been many instances in which one or two, or even half a dozen persons, have survived a worse shipwreck than that. And I know—oh, mamma, I feel it in my soul that he is not dead. My heart would not beat now were there not an answering throb to it somewhere in this wide world!"

"Then where is he? How do you account for this long and unbroken silence on his part?" demanded Mrs. Dale.

"I don't account for it, mamma—I only trust."

"Marguerite," pleaded her mother, "he has forgotten you, even if he is still alive. Give him up. Prove your womanly pride and spirit."

But Marguerite resolutely shook her head.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Dale, "Mr. Alcotte is your uncle's friend. One reason of my coming to your uncle's house this summer was to afford you this golden opportunity. Here is his only heir—wealth, ease, a luxuriant home for your mother, as well as yourself"—

"Mamma, I would rather go out working by the day," interrupted Marguerite.

"Work, then, ungrateful girl!" burst out Mrs. Dale, angrily. "For I certainly shall no longer remain a pensioner on Colonel Dale's bounty, since you have contemptuously spurned his best friend from you. Sew—scrub—teach—whatever suits your best. Something must it is necessary for you to do, and that quickly."

Marguerite retired, pale and silent, and went to her uncle's room.

Colonel Dale was bending absorbedly over some letters—he looked up with a start as Marguerite entered.

"Well, Peggy," he said, caressingly, for his pretty niece was rather a favorite with him, "have you come to tell me you will be Fernande Alcotte's wife?"

"No, uncle," answered Marguerite, firmly.

"Why not?" demanded the old man.

"I do not love him."

"Well," said Colonel Dale, intently watching her, "and why don't you love him? Are you still thinking of that ne'er-do-well, Geoffrey Rossmore, who was shipwrecked six months ago?"

"Yes, uncle," despairingly cried out Marguerite, "I am still thinking of him. I am his affianced wife, and will be faithful to him as long as I live."

"Then you are a fool," slowly uttered Colonel Dale, a savage frown knitting his brows.

"Uncle," went on Marguerite, unheeding his last remark, "will you help me to get a situation?"

"No," thundered the irate man, "I won't!"

That was the end, of course, of their easy going life at Dalewood Place.

Mrs. Dale and Marguerite went into cheap lodgings.

Mrs. Dale spent her time, like Niobe, "all tears."

Marguerite toiled from place to place in search of any work which might keep starvation from their door.

And in the midst of all this Mr. Alcotte renewed his offer.

Mrs. Dale brightened visibly.

"Oh, Marguerite, you never will refuse him a second time?"

"Mamma," said Marguerite, "I have not changed my mind in any respect. I would rather starve than sell myself for gold!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Dale, setting her teeth together. "I have endured the consequences of your caprices long enough. I will go back to Dalewood. Your uncle offers me a home."

"Good," said Uncle Dale, when the mother arrived at Dalewood. "There's nothing like extreme measures. She can't hold out long now. We shall have her back here eating humble pie in less than a month."

But there was more resource and resolution in Marguerite's character than either her mother or her uncle gave her credit for.

One morning she was asked by a gentleman if she would accept a situation.

"Give me something to do," said she, despairingly; "I don't care what it is."

"Will you go abroad as companion to a crazy lady?" dubiously inquired the other. "Good salary, but troublesome place. The lady's mother goes with her, too, you know."

"Yes," said Marguerite, "I will go."

Mrs. Gerard knew nothing about traveling—Miss Gerard was possessed with a general idea that a regiment of soldiers was following her to shoot her down—and between them both our little heroine had but a sorry time of it.

But she persevered, smiling and resolute, as if her heart were not growing faint within her.

It was the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel, and the three ladies had come on board—Mrs. Gerard nervous and flurried, Miss Gerard perpetually watching an opportunity to escape the vigilance of her guardians, and Marguerite worn and wearied with the cares of packing.

"Here's a mistake," cried out Mrs. Gerard. "I thought we had engaged No. 14."

"So we did," said Marguerite.

"And here's the officer says No. 14 was taken a month ago, and there's some mistake, and we shall have to go in a dark, stuffy little hole under the wheel. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"I am sorry, ma'am," said the officer, "but it is the only state-room left. Perhaps, however, the gentleman who has engaged No. 14 might be willing to give it up to the ladies if"—

"Dear Marguerite, do ask him," said Miss Gerard, bursting into feeble tears.

Marguerite hesitated.

It was not a pleasant mission, but there seemed no alternative.

Conducted by the stewardess, she knocked at the door of No. 14, one of the best cabins on board.

"If you please, sir," said the voluble woman, "here's three ladies as supposed they were to have 14, and there's only 9 left, as there's no ventilation and only two single berths, and if you wouldn't mind changing—"

The state-room door opened.

A tall figure darkened its expanse, and Marguerite dropped her traveling shawl with a low cry.

"Geoffrey! oh, Geoffrey!"

"Marguerite, is it possible that this is you?"

"Yes," said Marguerite, recalling herself instantly. "I am going to Italy."

His face blanched.

A hard, strained look came into all the features.

"On your wedding tour, I suppose?" said he. "I have heard of Mr. Alcotte's devotion."

"No," answered Marguerite, quietly; "as companion to two ladies. I am earning my own living now, Geoffrey. Uncle has turned me out of doors, and even mamma has left me."

"Why?"

The word escaped like a fluttering bird from between his closed lips.

"Because I have refused to marry Mr. Alcotte. Because I was true to the man who, it seems, has forgotten me."

"Never, Marguerite!" he cried. "My trusture—my love, listen, and you yourself will confess that I am guiltless of blame."

And then, still standing in the state-room door, Geoffrey Rossmore told her of his shipwreck and of the long fever that ensued and his slow homeward progress.

He had written more than once, it seemed, but his letters, intrusted to careless messengers, had never reached their destination.

"And when I reached England," he concluded, "I heard that Fernande Alcotte was your accepted lover. What could I do but shrink from beholding you, and resolve that my inopportune presence should never mar your prospects?"

"Oh, Geoffrey!"

"Ah, dearest, you have never suffered the pangs of jealousy. And when, at last, the bequest of a distant cousin placed me above want, I decided to leave this country forever. And thus it happens that I engaged a passage in this vessel."

"But, Geoffrey"—with a smile and blush—"you—you will not go now?"

"Not if you will stay in England with me," said Mr. Rossmore.

Mrs. and Miss Gerard went to Italy without a maid, and had No. 14 all to themselves.

Colonel Dale and his sister-in-law have concluded that it is useless to enter the lists against love; and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rossmore are happy at last.

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH STRENGTH.

Turkey in a Position to Make a Strenuous Defense.

A military authority says that there is every indication that Turkey is in a position to make a strenuous defense upon the Danube and in the Balkans. In addition to the army properly so called, she possesses 200 battalions of territorial infantry in the Vilayet of the Danube, and Osman Pasha, the late ambassador at Paris and now governor of this province, is displaying great activity. The places situated upon the banks of the river are entrenched and well provided with supplies, and some of them, such as Widdin and Varna, are very strong. The latter town has eight advanced forts and 200 siege pieces, a fourth of which are Krupp guns. The garrison is under the command of Blum Pasha, a Prussian Jew, who came to Turkey about twenty years ago. The Turkish fleet will assume the offensive in the Black Sea, where it disposes of sixteen large ironclads, as many vessels of lighter draught, a powerful artillery, and good English engineers.

The Russian army is composed as follows:

First—The army of the South, which was formed in September, under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, with Gen. Nispoligiski as chief of staff, comprises four complete army corps, each with two divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, and artillery in proportion, four battalions of chasseurs, two divisions of Don Cossacks, four regiments of light Cossacks, and three battalions of sappers, making 36,000 men to each corps, or 200,000 men in all. The advance guard is already at Unghieni, which is the junction of the Roumanian and Russian railways.

Second—The reserves of the army of the South, consisting of four divisions of infantry, four battalions of chasseurs, one division of cavalry, and artillery in proportion. These troops, encamped in Podolia, represent a total of from 70,000 to 80,000 men. Thus the Russian forces intended to operate upon the Danube number about 280,000 men, and this is the estimate which has been formed as to their strength by Gen. Klapa in a letter to the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Third—The coast army, which will have to keep watch over the Crimea and the movements of the Turkish fleet, has been formed of two corps which formerly belonged to the army of the south, and numbering, together with the garrison of Bender, Ackermoun, Kertch and Otchakoff, about a hundred thousand men, who are under the command of Gen. Semeka.

Fourth—The army of the Caucasus comprises, inclusive of the reserves recently dispatched to it, ninety-two battalions, eighty-two squadrons or sotnias, twenty-five batteries, and some irregular cavalry, consisting of Mussulman volunteers from Tiflis, Daghestan and the Caspian provinces. Prince Mentschikoff is in command of this army, which is estimated to number 150,000 men.

It may, therefore, be said that Russia has now in line half a million of men, from which total must be deducted a fifth for non-combatants and ineffectives. But during the last month she has been organizing and putting on a war footing nine fresh army corps; and there is in addition the imperial guard, commanded by the czarewitch, and consisting of three divisions of infantry, two of cavalry, three brigades of artillery, and one of chasseurs.

The *Invalide Russe*, which is the organ of the Russian minister of war, has also published a table of the Turkish forces at the end of the war with Servia. According to this journal, the total of the Turkish forces in Europe did not then exceed 867 battalions and eighty-three squadrons, making in all 250,000 men and 468 guns; and those in Asia, 165 battalions and sixty-four squadrons, making in all 120,000 men and 362 guns. New levies have been raised since, but the *Invalide* does not think that Turkey can now dispose of more than 450,000, many of whom are irregulars. The *Invalide* also estimates that about 50,000 Turkish troops will be employed against Montenegro, that there will be 60,000 at Widdin, 20,000 at Rustchuck and Silistria, and about 8,000 at the extreme west of the empire, upon the Danube. A little further south, Turkey will probably have 40,000 men attached to the army of the Danube, and will defend the line from Varna to Schumla with about 25,000.

A Plucky American in England.

The son of the American minister in England and a party of country roughs got into a tussel the other day. The story, as told by a correspondent, runs thus: Young Pierrepont is studying with an English clergyman, rector of Holme-Pierrepont, near Nottingham, the region from which his ancestors are said to have come. A few Sundays ago, as the worthy rector was coming from church, in company with his son, young Pierrepont and an Oxford tutor associated with them, he found a party of young fellows near by, stripped to the waist and bare-legged, running a foot-race. He remonstrated with the young men, using rather severe language. There were eleven of them, sturdy fellows. The clergyman getting in the way, one of the racers ran against him and knocked him down. The son of the minister, being by, knocked down the Nottingham rough. Another coming up, he dealt him a blow which sent him to the ground. By this time the whole crowd was upon him, and the Oxford tutor came to the rescue, but of course they were worsted. Meantime the clergyman and his son stood by looking on. Probably they did not approve of fighting, and so they let the young American and the Oxford tutor get beaten without lending a hand. The roughs were tried for assault and fined two guineas each. On the whole there was nothing to be ashamed of in the behavior of Pierrepont, and even the accused at the trial expressed admiration for his pluck.

A Man's Fight with a Panther.

Savage animals are not yet extinct in Vermont, as Thomas Peggington of East Richford found to his cost. He was on his way to his sugar orchard, in company with his dog, when he suddenly came face to face with a huge panther. The dog was torn to pieces in a twinkling, and the beast then turned his attention to Mr. Peggington, who, though unarmed, kept his presence of mind, and avoided the creature's first spring by falling on his face. The second time he was caught by the shoulder, and a desperate struggle followed, both rolling over and over on the ground and finally falling over a precipice twenty feet high, which ended the combat. Mr. Peggington lay unconscious for several hours until found by his friends, and he was severely injured. The panther has not been seen since the fray, but it is thought he was badly hurt by the fall.

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF A PLANT.—There has lately been discovered in Nicaragua a plant which has electro-magnetic properties. If you tear off a branch you experience an effect as though you struck a battery. The discoverer could not by careful analysis detect any magnetic metalic substance in the surrounding soil. The intensity of the shock varies according to the hour. At night it is scarcely perceptible. A two P. M. it is strongest. Birds and insects never seem to alight on the *phytolacca electrica*.

A MOTHER OF SEVENTEEN.

Mrs. Kelley's Maternal Pride over Nineteen Years of Wedlock.

Children are strikingly numerous in the lower part of Washington street, New York. Now that the weather has grown warm, they occupy the sidewalks to an extent that makes walking difficult to anybody who is in a hurry. The tenement houses in that neighborhood are tall and crowded, and each is packed with enough of humanity to supply a fair-sized village. The interiors are dark, and, in many cases, noisome. It is no wonder, therefore, that the children swarm out of these houses into the sunshine. A writer in the New York *Sun* came across a remarkably large group of them in front of No. 45 Washington street, and stopped, not so much to watch them as because he could not pass without stepping on them or making a detour in the mud that covered the pavement. A police officer who stood by said: "Look'ee youngsters—you mus'n't block up the sidewalk;" at which they scattered, but instantly came together again, a little further on, to scramble over an apple that had fallen from a vender's wagon.

"Where do they all come from?" was a question put to the officer.

"Well, these houses average twenty families apiece," was the answer, "and the families average—I won't guess how many children. Why, sir, a woman up there in forty-five has just had her seventeenth child."

"The seventeenth?"

"Fact, sir; and I don't believe she's more than thirty-five years old, either. At that rate, you see, we must expect to tumble over children in the street around here."

"You're sure about the number—it's really her seventeenth?"

"So they say; but go up and see for yourself. Her name's Kelley, and she lives in the fourth floor front. She's proud of the baby, and will be glad to talk with you."

The writer went through the narrow passages and up the stairways of the tenement house, and wrapped at a door in the fourth story. An old lady admitted him to a room that was scantily furnished, but clean and pleasant. He asked if Mrs. Kelley lived there, and for an answer was pointed to a bed, on which lay propped up on pillows a comely Irish woman who did not seem to be older than the officer had said. Her face was round and ruddy, her complexion was that of entire contentment, and she seemed in the best of physical and mental health. A baby lay at her side, looking intently at its tiny fists, as though trying to make up its mind whether it had ever seen them before. The visitor at once established himself on a basis of welcome by saying that it was a fine child, which was the truth. He asked how old it was, and Mrs. Kelley said: "Four days, sir."

"And it is your twelfth?" he ventured to say, deeming it imprudent to risk mentioning the number that the officer had stated.

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Kelley's face, and brogue that refuses to be represented in print, indicated mild resentment; "this is my seventeenth."

"Ma'am, you have good reason to be proud"—she looked assent—"of being the mother of such a family"—she smiled, and drew the babe closer—"at your time of life."

"I'm not very old, that's true, sir."

"Not much over thirty, certainly."

"Thirty-seven, sir."

"And how old is your oldest?"

"Nineteen. I was just eighteen years and three months old when he was born."

The old woman who had admitted the visitor then gave information with a pride of manner that told, before she had imparted the knowledge in words, that she was Mrs. Kelley's mother, and that she took to herself a part of the merit of Mrs. Kelley's achievement. The facts that she imparted, without stopping much to take breath, were as follows: The husband, Patrick Kelley, is a laborer, about ten years older than his wife, and he brought his family to this country from Ireland in 1865. They had child been married a year when their first was born; next came three girls at intervals of about fifteen months; next, after a year and a half, boy twins; next, two girls and a boy, with intervening periods of a year varying from a year and a quarter; next, another pair of twins, but girls, after a lapse of a little over a year; and the six other births were less than eighteen months apart. All were healthy as babies, yet fourteen died early—of "all kinds of diseases," the old woman said, but not of constitutional disorders, she was sure. The survivors are the first born and the two youngest.

The four-days-old infant began to squall, but was easily pacified by the mother, who laughingly said: "Oh, sir, I know how to deal with 'em; the mother of seventeen ought to. Oh, the bother of 'em."

"You will be rewarded one of these days by having a grown-up family abundantly able to take care of you."

"Faith, they don't live to do that. Except the oldest—a fine young man, sir—them that's left is too young to be of any use."

"Well, you are young yet yourself, and I hope that those remaining will grow up."

"Indeed, so do I, sir. But I expect to have more."

"Have you any particular number fixed in your mind, ma'am?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's some time now since I've had twins, and I don't know why I shouldn't again. I'd be contented if I had twenty-five altogether. Don't you think anybody ought to be contented with that size of a family?"

"I do."

The truth of Mrs. Kelley's assertions as to her children was sustained by the family record, in varied penmanship, on creased and yellowed paper. This document, kept in a Bible of much newer appearance, bore entries of the marriage of Patrick and Bridget Kelley in 1857, of the births of seventeen children to them in nineteen years, and of the deaths of fourteen.

The writer again congratulated Mrs. Kelley, frightened the baby to the verge of convulsions by a well-meant attempt to play with it, and withdrew. On his way out he met the officer, who remarked: "Didn't I tell you so?"

"You told the truth. I've seen the mother and her seventeenth child. Now, I'd like to see the father."

"There's no telling where to find him, for he works here, there, and everywhere. He's a sober, industrious man; but they do say that he was fairly carried away when the seventeenth baby was born."

"Elated, eh?"

"You bet; and he celebrated the event with a party of friends"—

"Royally, eh?"

"Well, Kelley's a steady, nice man—not given to drink in the least, you understand—but the night that his seventeenth was born"— The officer stopped short, relapsed from the manner of a man who has begun to tell a funny story, took on the manner of a man who feels that silence is a duty, and added: "Elated, you said? Yes, sir; Kelley was elated."

A Contrast.

The Tuscan women look old before their time, are sallow complexioned, and their appearance, as well as their mode of life, is very different from that of the natives of the Romagna. There the women are splendidly developed, vigorous, healthy, and possessed of extraordinary muscular power. They present a contrast to the men, who leave all the hardest work to them. You see along the Roman road leading from Ravenna to Forli, parties of women coming laden with heavy weights of cut wood. They walk erect, and their handsome faces show no signs of fatigue. By their side walk the men of the party, carrying the little baskets which contain their dinner.

The vessels which passed through the isthmus of Suez in 1876 numbered 1,395, and measured 1,986,698 tons. In 1875 there were 1,411, measuring 1,908,970 tons. Of the vessels of 1876, England was represented by a tonnage of 1,510,198, against 476,500 supplied by other nations. France followed at a long distance, with 135,345 tons; Holland had 101,031 tons; Italy, 60,998; Austria, 27,281; and Russia but 16,627 tons.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York, made an offer to the secretary of war to furnish the funds with which to pay the army from July 1 until the Army Appropriation bill shall be passed. The secretary declined the offer on the ground that it would be a violation of law.....A Turkish gunboat which tried to pass Kalafat, on the Danube, was captured. A dispatch says the Russians have succeeded in dressing the Danube near Rustuch, in the Dobrudscha, with a force of 40,000 men. A special from Perth says Roumania has formally declared war against Turkey. The war party in the British House of Commons is in a small minority.....Carnival time is the first of its kind in that city—came off in New York after many months of preparation and anticipation, and proved a failure. The king of the carnival arrived off the Battery in a steamboat at noon, and took in state up Broadway, attended by a body guard and men dressed to represent the grand Turk, the khedive of Egypt and other dignitaries. Following the king came a long industrial procession consisting of several hundred trucks and wagons, all more or less ingeniously and gaudily decorated, and advertising the firms to which they belonged. Newspaper publishers, brewers, butchers, printers, trunkmakers, etc., were represented. The carnival proper—the parade in the evening—was a fiasco, although a huge throng of people gathered along the line of march and at Union Square, where a grand stand of pine boards had been erected, and seats were sold at $1 each. The evening procession was made up of floats, representing interesting events in the history of the country, such as "The Landing of Columbus," "The Boston Tea Party," "Pocahontas and John Smith," etc. With a few exceptions they were wretchedly constructed, and little order or discipline prevailed. The affair closed with a ball at Gilmore's Garden which was poorly attended and of little interest.....On the same day of the carnival thousands of people assembled in Central Park, New York, to witness the unveiling of the statue of the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck. Addresses were made by William Cullen Bryant and William Allen Butler, a poem by John G. Whittier was read, and the statue was unveiled by President Hayes.....Large forest fires in northern New York created great damage to property. Three villages were laid in ashes, and the entire country for hundreds of miles was covered with smoke. There were also large forest fires along the Hudson, in Vermont, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Canada.....In the seventy days since the restored franking privilege went into effect the average of twenty thousand pounds of documents have left the Washington post-office daily.

The awards for Indian supplies have been made.....The Laurel (Md.) cotton manufacturing company has suspended.....President Hayes held a reception in the city hall, New York, and was afterward entertained by ex-Gov. Morgan and John Jacob Astor.....It was announced from St. Petersburg that in the bombardment of Sukum Kaleh in Asia Minor, the town was somewhat damaged, but that the Turkish troops were defeated in the attempt to land guns and troops, and left a number of dead on the beach. A dispatch says that Austria has threatened to occupy Servia if the agitation continues.....On the day before the execution of Mondscher Edmonson for the murder of a farmer named Shaw in Stoddard county, Mo., the governor of the State received information that a dying man had confessed the crime and that Edmonson was innocent. A respite was ordered until July 15.....Fifteen students and two professors of Princeton College are preparing to go on a scientific expedition to the Black Hills.....The railroad station house at Little York, N. Y., took fire while the occupant, Frank Dunigan, and his wife were asleep, and they and their little children, two of scarcely nine years of age—were burned to death.....A miner named George Carman was blown to pieces by an explosion of nitro-glycerine near Georgetown, Col.....Most of the Canadian lumber yards of Oswego were destroyed by fire. Loss over $40,000.....The Rev. Mr. Wright and his wife were arrested on the charge of setting fire to his church in Northville, L. I.....Gov. Robinson vetoed nearly fifty appropriations in the New York Supply bill.

A number of lads quarreled with three drunken men in Washington square, New York, and one of the boys was stabbed to death.....A new French cabinet has been appointed, with the Duke Decazes at its head as president of the council and minister of justice.....The Russian squadron which had been anchored in the harbor of New York for some time past left under sealed orders.....Ex-President Grant has recovered from Philadelphia on board the steamer Indiana.....Arica in Peru was severely injured by an earthquake.....A Russian infantry corps, numbering 52,000 and accompanied by a large force of cavalry and artillery, has crossed the Danube at Simnitza, at which point it is believed the main body of the Russian army will attempt the passage of the Danube. A dispatch from Asia Minor says the left wing of the Russian army has crossed the Lom and is threatening Rustchuk, a town on the main road from Bajazid to Erzeroum. The capture of Soukgoum Kale, and the rising of the Circassians who killed the garrison and burned the town, has been official ly announced in Constantinople. The Russians have a number of floating batteries on the Danube.....The President returned to Washington from his visit to New York.....A hurricane passed over Fulton, Mo., demolishing ten buildings and a portion of a school house.....Miss Kingsbury, a school teacher, was struck at Oregon, Mo., by an unruly pupil and fell back dead. She had been subject to heart disease.....A mutiny occurred on the brig Ida off the coast of Sawsy, and the vessel was lost.....The crew were put in irons.....By an explosion on board a French war steamer twenty-seven persons were killed and forty injured.....The steam collier Harrisburg collided with the schooner Marietta Tilton. The latter was sunk, the captain and his wife and four others were drowned.

A crisis in French affairs, caused by the formation of the new cabinet, seemed imminent.....The Russians attempted to bombard Kars, but by a miscalculation the shots fell over the town without doing any damage. The revolt in the Caucasus assumed alarming proportions, and it was feared the Russian general before Kars would be unable to maintain communications with the main army. The Russians are reported to have captured outworks at Ardahan in Armenia.....Secretary Sherman has abandoned the idea of making a public announcement of his resumption policy.

Intense suffering is caused by a famine in India, and over one million people are receiving relief.....The property of whisky distillers in Chicago was seized by the government to satisfy judgments against them.....The President and cabinet received an invitation from the citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., to attend the decoration of the graves of the Federal dead in that city by the late soldiers of both armies.....A tornado passed over Stuyvesant, N. Y., doing considerable damage.....The first instance in the United States of a colored clergyman preaching to a white congregation in an Episcopal church is recorded in Chattanooga, Tenn., where the Rev. John B. McConnell delivered a sermon before the diocesan convention in session there.....Samuel Orr was hanged in Mount Vernon, Mo., for the murder of a farmer in 1873. He had an accomplice who is also under sentence of death.....A fearful hailstorm passed over Shaftsbury and part of Bennington, Vt.....Marfield's bank at Circleville, O., suspended. Assets, $100,000; liabilities, $80,000.....A large increase in the number of sudden deaths, owing to the unprecedented heat, was noted in New York.....In an encounter between United States officers and illicit whisky distillers in Lee County, Va., two men—a citizen and a distiller—were killed, and three were wounded.

Ex-Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, was offered the position of solicitor of the treasury, but declined. He will go to New York, as head of the law firm of Chamberlain, Carter & Eaton.....By an accident to an excursion train in Kansas, one man was killed and eight were injured.....Rev. J. H. Foster, pastor of the Congregational church of Hannibal, Mo—the second richest church in the State—was compelled to resign after having charge of the church for six months, indisputable proofs having been furnished that he had lived a wild and dissolute life; had gambled and swindled people, and had married five wives, from none of whom he had been divorced.....Hon. Edward Fenton tendered his resignation as United States minister to Austria.....Part of a paper mill at Westfield, Mass., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $50,000; fully insured.....Three buildings were blown down by a whirlwind in Canaan, and people were compelled to take refuge in the cellars to save their lives.....During a discussion of the governor's veto of portions of the Supply bill in the Illinois Legislature, an uproar was created by the crowd in the gallery, and at the end of the session a number of the members were hissed and threatened with violence and were compelled to seek safety in flight. The police were called upon and the governor's residence was guarded all night.....Ardaban, in Asia Minor, was captured by the Russians, who stormed the outworks and then took them after a desperate resistance by the Turks. An immense quantity of stores, sixty guns and the camp formerly occupied by fourteen battalions of Turks were taken by the army of the czar. The Turks have massed about 200,000 troops between the Balkan mountains and the Danube to oppose 250,000 Russians. The Turkish ships are reported to have completely annihilated a company of Cossacks near Sukum Kaleh.....Julius E. Nichols, formerly a contractor, committed suicide in New York.....A fresh outbreak of the rinderpest has occurred in England, near London.....Extensive stock stables on Grass Hill farm at Millbury, Mass., were burned. Loss, $20,000.....A number of people in New York were overcome by the heat, and several cases of sunstroke occurred.....The town of Creswell, N. C., was totally destroyed by fire. There was but little insurance held by the owners of property, and great distress prevailed.....Robert Baskin, a Harrisburg (Pa.) prisoner, died from a fever attached near that city, beaten insensible and robbed.

Eighty-six persons were injured by the explosion of a balloon that was about to ascend in Hull, England.....The Russians made a heavy attack on the outer lines at Kars, having preceded the attempt by a furious cannonade from the siege artillery; the Turks in the fortress replying with a well directed fire from the powerful guns composing their batteries, and the Russians were compelled to withdraw without accomplishing their object. Roumania proclaimed her independence and declared war against Turkey.....A brick church near Marion, Ind., was blown down during a storm and while it was filled with people attending divine service. One man was killed and about a dozen were seriously injured.....A mutiny occurred in Liverpool on board the American ship Kate Davenport, bound for Mobile, and the chief officer and three men were shot.....During an affray between some of the towns-people of Mallow, Ireland, and a body of militia recruits, eleven of the latter were wounded.....Kate Hannon, a young lady aged twenty-two, died of hydrophobia in Stanford, Mass.....A general order has been issued by the War department to the effect that no further payments for services rendered can be made subsequent to June 30, 1877, until proper provision has been made by Congress.....Whitmounday was generally observed by the Germans of New York in picnics and excursions.....The secretary of war and General Sheridan inspected the fortifications and defenses in Boston harbor.....Generals Sheridan and Ord had a consultation in Chicago regarding the troubles on the Mexican border.

Anecdotes of Animals.

The Danville (N. Y.) *Advertiser* has the following stories of strange animal predilections and cunning: Here is a story which our veracious Deacon E. S. Palmer relates to me, and which we are therefore bound to believe: About two years ago one of his trusted hens hatched a brood of chickens, and they were domiciled in a coop in the garden. Close by, in an asparagus bed, rested a fine old cat, the pet of the household, with some new kittens. One of the kittens looked upon the chickens and loved them—loved them so well that it abandoned mother, and brother, and sisters, and went to the old hen and asked to be admitted into her family circle and become a member thereof. Biddy clucked assent, and thenceforward hen, chickens and kittens mingled together in mutual sympathy and sweet accord. It astonished the deacon, yet did his heart good, to see chickens and kittens rubbing against each other and lying close together, and his favorite hen brooding them all with her wings, and the entire family acting all day as if kitty, in spite of four claws and her fur, had been hatched from an egg. The kitty of two years is now a grave old cat, but from kittenhood to the present it has lived and roofed with the chickens and hen.

There are several witnesses to the truth of another story. The affiliation in this case was between a cat at the Hyland House barn and four small pigs. It commenced last summer and continued some weeks, on the grounds and street adjoining the Hyland House. The cat saw the pigs, went up to them, made friends with them, and became their constant companion until they were shut up in pens. When they ate, the cat was always present, and they followed it about, running when it run and walking when it walked, and each night the cat and pigs slept together in the straw.

Just after the last heavy fall of snow a man in West Sparta, while in his barnyard feeding cattle, heard a noise among his geese, close by. He turned and saw a fox take one of them by the neck, sling it over his back, and start across the fields with it to Hartman gully, a quarter of a mile away. The man chased with a pitchfork, but the snow was so deep that the fox gained on him. So he called his shepherd dog and showed him the game. The dog quickly caught up with the fox, but the fox dropped the goose, turned around, whipped the dog, and then took up the goose and trotted on again. The dog was induced to tackle the fox three or four times, and each time the result was the same as we have described; the goose was dropped, the dog whipped, and a forward movement with the goose. The fox finally got safely into the gully with his goose, and probably never had a better opinion of himself than he had when he was satisfying his hunger on the choice meat that he had secured with so much risk and courage.

About five weeks ago a quail flew into one of our village yards, and was picked up by a kindly hand and given to Mr. Thomas O'Meara, who put him in a large cage in his store. In the same room were two canary birds, in another cage. The canaries would sing and the quail would whistle in response, and so much reciprocity of feeling was manifested that after a time Mr. O'Meara transferred the canaries to the cage of the quail, who received the songsters with evident delight, and when night came, seeing them place themselves on a perch in the top of the cage, it hopped to another perch just below and slept there. This it has done each night since, although before, in accordance with quail customs the world over, its roost was the bottom of the cage.

The Court Indignant.

At a late hour John Johnson stood under an awning waiting for the rain to slack up. Along came a stranger, who sought the same shelter, and remarked:

"This rain will do the grass good."

"Yes; and it will also help wheat," replied Johnson.

"Nice for flower-beds," continued the man.

"And splendid for grape-vines," said Johnson.

"How mysterious are thy works, oh, nature!" sighed the stranger, after a long pause.

"And what poor worms of the dust we folks are," sighed Johnson, and that was the last he knew until he found himself at the station. He said he thought he had been struck by lightning.

"There was neither thunder nor lightning all night!" indignantly exclaimed the court. "You were drunk, sir, and the officer found you dripping wet and without sense enough to tell the American flag from a clothes-pin. Don't try to come any thunder and lightning game on me."

"Do you suppose you hear all the thunder there is around?" softly asked the prisoner.

"Yes, sir, and about everything else; and I don't want any impudence, either. You are sent up for thirty days."

"I'll take paris green and die on the way up there!" said the man.

"Very well, sir. The Black Maria passes a graveyard, and it will be no trouble to toss you over the fence. Don't take too much of the poison if you want a good effect.—*Detroit Free Press.*"

Two Dog Stories.

The Columbus (Wis.) *Republican* tells one as follows: "A four-year-old child of Deacon D. J. Evans, of Elba, fell into an open cistern a few days ago, and an elder brother leaped in after him; but the latter found it impossible to reach the floor above while supporting the child. A large Newfoundland dog, comprehending the situation at a glance, ran off to a neighboring field, bringing back with him a number of men, attracted by the strange actions of the dog. A ladder was put down in the cistern, and the young man and his charge, half-drowned, were rescued."

The other is related by the Providence *Press* thus: "A boy was driving one of Kennedy & Gough's teams down Manton avenue, when the horse began to run, the reins fell out of the boy's hands, and he was thus at the mercy of the beast. A large Newfoundland dog belonging to the firm was in the wagon, and, taking in the situation, sprang for the horse and fastened his teeth in the animal's tail. One of his teeth gave way and the knowing canine saw that he could not stop the horse in that way. By this time the frantic steed was running down Broadway. The dog leaped out of the wagon, seized the horse by the nose and succeeded in bringing him to a halt, no particular damage having been done. The owners of the sagacious dog say that they would not take $500 for him."

Great pecuniary distress prevails in Belgium. Manufacturers have stopped, workmen are out of employment, trade is dull, and the theaters are empty. Germany is an equal sufferer.

Spitting of Blood.

WILLSBORO', Essex Co., N. Y., Aug. 13.

Dear Sirs:—During the summer and winter of 1858 and 1859 I was afflicted with a severe pain in my side and chest. This was accompanied by a very hard cough, and I frequently raised large quantities of blood. I called upon a number of physicians, all of whom prescribed for me, but to no effect. For six or eight months I continued to grow worse, when I was induced to try Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. I found great relief from the first bottle. I afterwards used two more bottles, since which time I have been able to attend to my business as before.

Yours truly, ROYAL GOFF.

50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP is a positive inspiration. It was a happy thought to combine the remedy, which of all others is beneficial in the majority of cutaneous diseases, with a pleasant and pure soap, by means of which it can be brought in contact with affected parts. Sold everywhere. Depot, Crittenton's, No. 7 Sixth avenue, New York.

Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Information worth thousands to those out of health. Self-help for weak and nervous sufferers. Facts for those who have been dosed, drugged and quacked. The new Health Journal teaches all. Copies free. Address, Electric Quarterly, New York.

POPULAR PRICED POULTRY BOOKS! 50 cents each will buy Burnham's new "Diseases," "Secrets in Poultry Breeding," "Guano Fowl," or "Raising Fowls and Eggs for Market." Mailed free price by "Poultry World," Hartford, Ct. (the leading paper for Poultrymen.) or by GEO. P. BURNHAM, Refrigerator, Ham.

A GREAT OFFER!! We will during this month dispose of 100 PIANOS and ORGANS, new and second-hand of first-class makers including WATERS' at lower prices for cash or Installments or to let until paid for than ever before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS and ORGANS (INCLUDING THEIR NEW SOUVENIR and BOUDOIR) are the BEST MADE. 7 Octave Pianos $150. 7 1-3 do $160 not used a year. "2½ Stop Organs $30. 4 Stops $35. 7 Stops $48. 8 Stops $75. 10 Stops $88. 12 Stops $100 cash, not used a year, in perfect order and warranted. Local and Traveling AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. A liberal discount to Teachers,