The Wife

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it.
She who kisses oft my lips,
Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels the closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary—
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy throne,
This breast shall be thy pillow;
Still these lips shall meet thy own,
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on mine happy heart,
Since thy love has won it—
Dream then, on my loyal breast,
None but thou has done it;
And when age our bloom shall change,
With its wintry weather
May we in the self same grave
Sleep and dream together.

OLD MONEYBAGS' WILL.

A Nurse's Story.

It is about ten years ago, when I followed my calling in Willenhall and Walsall, I was sent for somewhat hastily to attend an old fellow—I cannot call him a gentleman, though he was rich enough—who lived in a solitary square house away from the high road, and was supposed to be dying.

I had often seen old Weston, or "old Moneybags," as he was called, walking about and talking to the locksmiths and nailmakers, men and women both; and it was from one of the latter Amazons, whose head I was plastering up after a free fight with a rival of the hammer, that I had heard what little I knew of him.

"Theer goes owd Moneybags after his rents. They say he's a mint of money in th' bank, an' lots o' houses; an' it'll a' fa' to his gran'child, a lad no bigger nor eawr Sam."

She then went on to tell me that Jim Weston had invented a new kind of lock, and, taking out a patent for his invention, had thereby amassed a fortune, and it would all fall to a boy who had put other folk's noses out; though to be sure, who had a better right than his own grandchild? Jim Weston had turned his back upon his daughter for marrying John Dudley, a Walsall gunsmaker, without a penny, just as her father was beginning to make his way in the world, and thought his money and her pretty face together might procure her a gentleman for her husband.

He set his face against the young couple, and never relented till after she was a widow, or quite forgave her until he found little Jim sobbing beside his dead mother's coffin, in a miserable garret, in a grimy neighborhood. Then he buried her gaudily, and put a fine monument over her—a sort of broken pillar—taking the boy home to his house, and engaging masters to give him a good education, of which he had felt the want.

There were two people, however, who did not take kindly to the arrangement, and these were Keturah and Job Bromley, his elder sister's son and daughter, who had done their best to wriggle into his good graces; and thought he had shown to the last how little he thought of them by leaving the latter into an attorney's office (he was articled on a £60 stamp) and putting Keturah into a small shop in Walsall, these two looked upon themselves as the rightful heirs to their rich uncle's property, real and personal, and, as it was more than suspected, had kept open the breach between the father and daughter to make assurance doubly sure.

He had keen eyes, that old Moneybags—eyes that seemed to search one through. I know I used to think so when after a time he began to stop me and ask me how my parents were getting on; and many a time—for he was not a bad sort, you must know, when he slipped a couple of half crowns, or even half a sovereign, into my hand, and told me those were the pills he perscribed when he took to the healing art. Then he would chuckle, and ask his grandson if he would like to be a doctor of this same sort when he grew a man, and prescribe silver pills and golden ointment; and when the boy laughed at the conceit he would press the small hand, and go on his way rejoicing.

"If I were to fall sick, Mary" (nobody called me 'Mrs. Marbury' near Willenhall, "would you mind coming to nurse me, and see I was not choked off before my time for the sake of my moneybags?" he asked me one of these times.

Of course I said I should be glad to do my best on such an occasion, but I hoped there would be no need of me yet awhile.

That was in March, and sure enough the last week in May, James Bradley came running to my poor lodgings, white faced and breathless. Mr. Weston had fallen in a fit; would I go back with him?

I hold it the duty of a nurse to keep herself in readiness night or day; so no more time was lost than would carry us over the hills or so of dusty road. A few hawthorns scented the air as we approached the house; and a doctor's brougham from Walsall stood at the gate.

We found the whole house in confusion, and the old man lying on a sofa, breathing heavily, and speechless; the doctor feeling his pulse.

Before Dr. Hill went away Mr. Weston had recovered so far as to justify removal to his own bed and undressing, though he still remained in a critical state.

This bed was a heavy and peculiar piece of furniture, evidently built to fit into a recess in the wall of the room opposite to the windows. The door opened on to a square landing, and was one of five, two close being on each side, the fifth door opening to a set of dressing-room, which had a second door opening to the chamber.

The next day he was better; and it was quite touching to see how he stroked the head of his attentive grandson, and called him a "good boy," and bade him take care to become a good man also.

That night brought into the house his two other relatives, lugubrious in their emotional manifestations.

Having once got foothold in their uncle's house, they never left it. Keturah, the most obsequious and attentive of nieces, took the household reins in her hands at once, and had it been politic would, I think, have got rid of me.

Job, though long out of his articles, was still a clerk, and tied to the solicitor's office; but he obtained frequent leave of absence, and gave his dear good uncle the full benefit of it, not much to the sick man's solace.

Gradually I perceived they endeavored to warp the invalid's mind against the grandson, and not finding that avail, kept the boy out of the room, saying grandfather wished it; telling the old man the youth was playing, or riding, or reading—anything but caring for a loving relative near death.

At last I became sensible that the old man was sinking fast, and daily grew more submissive to his nephew and niece, who were urging upon him the necessity of making his will. His speech was imperfect, but at last he seemed to yield, and from my room, where they thought me asleep, I overheard them suggests a form of will, and saw him nod assent. This puzzled me, for the terms were all in favor of the orphan grandchild.

During that very day I was startled on entering the room to find the feeble old man out of the bed, and making superhuman efforts to pull it from the recess. I thought his brain was touched, for his keen eyes looked into mine, and I heard him say: "Will, will." I got him back into bed, and tried to soothe him. Keturah came up, and he was still moaning: "Will, will."

"Dear uncle, Job will have it ready this evening," said she, with affected tenderness; but he looked from her to me, and still said: "Will."

It was plain James Weston would not be old Moneybags much longer, and Dr. Hill bade us prepare for the final change.

Job Bromley had prepared. That evening I had gone down stairs to get my supper, leaving Keturah in the room, when the lawyer's clerk came home with a seedy looking companion.

The two went up into the sick chamber, and something impelled me to follow. My list slippers were noiseless; I crept into the little dressing-room, the door of which was ajar. I saw a parchment produced, and a pen, and the old man raised to sign. I thought also I heard a distinct "No, no," and then he fell back—dead.

"It's no use, Job; he's gone, and his moneybags with him; you've left it too late—just like you," cried Keturah, in a temper.

There was a blue-bottle fly buzzing in the window—it was in the middle of August.

"Stop," said the strange, "let me catch that blue-bottle," and after some dodging he caught it, and for what do you suppose? He put the fly in the mouth of the dead man, and held it shut, saying as he did so: "Now put the pen in his hand and guide it, and we can swear he signed it while there was life in him."

I shrank with horror as I saw this villainy perpetrated, and the other man's signature affixed, whilst the fly released went buzzing over the room, and then bells rang, and a great wail went through the house; but the young one who fled to me for comfort, and sobbed upon my shoulder, was the only true mourner.

The funeral came and the will was read. James Dudley had not been wholly excluded; they had been too cunning for that; but the will set forth that his mother had offended in her marriage, and that he, James Weston, had taken an oath to disinherit her offspring. The testator, however, left a charge upon his heirs and executors, his beloved nephew and niece, to educate his grandson James, and article him to a solicitor, as he himself had been articled, with a small sum for maintenance till the youth was twenty-one, when he was to have £50, and no more.

I told Dr. Hill that I was sure the pen was put in a dead man's hand, but he said it was preposterous, and bade me hold my tongue. I was dismissed, and being myself afraid of any publicity of my own name, I weakly let the matter drop, stifling conscience with the thought that it was no business of mine.

Then my own cares drove all others out of my mind. I came to London, where I soon got a good connection, and I began to save money. At last it came to my ears that the Bromleys were purse-proud and arrogant, and had not even fulfilled the provisions of the sham will for poor James Dudley. My conscience stung me; I felt as if I had been a partner in the fraud to rob the orphan of his patrimony, and I went to a magistrate for advice.

He gave me a hearing, and then referred me to a respectable solicitor, who took the matter in hand.

To make a long story short, James Dudley was looked up, criminal proceedings were threatened against the Bromleys, a search-warrant obtained, and in the recess behind the bed another will was found, properly drawn up and attested, in which old Moneybags left to his nephew only the money he had already defrauded him of—as witness several forged checks inclosed with the will. Of course the latter will would have set this aside, had it been genuine. That it was not was proved by the abrupt flight of the Bromleys, and the confession of their fellow conspirator, who was brought to book.

A Somnambulist's Escape.

One of the most remarkable among the record of incidents of narrow escapes occurred near Mansfield, on the Atlantic and Great Western road, one night recently, according to the Dayton (O.) *Journal*. A gentleman and his wife, named Wakeman, were on their way to Lawrence, Kansas. They were accompanied by their only son of sixteen. On arriving at Mansfield nothing could be found of the boy, who had been seen by his father to pass toward the end of the car a few minutes previous. There was a dumb and vacant air in his manner at the time, which his father had noticed. The young man had on one or two occasions previous been known to get up and walk about in his sleep, and it was conjectured that he had in this somnambulistic condition walked or fallen from the train; it had been running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the night was dark, there are many deep fills along the road, and certain death seemed inevitable under the circumstances. The mother of the boy was overcome with fear; his father, in company with several men, started out in search of his son's remains. They passed along the track for a number of miles till certain they were beyond the spot where he must have left the car. Nothing was to be seen of him, and the party were returning about daylight when they discovered the object of their search lying within a few feet of the track. He was asleep, his clothes covered with dirt and slightly torn, and his face scratched in several places, but upon being awakened he arose unhurt and walked back to Mansfield, a distance of six miles.

The conjecture that he had walked off the train when asleep proved correct. The boy states that he has no recollection of leaving the car, but was aroused by hearing the crow of a rooster from a neighboring farm-house. He found himself lying alongside of a fence, and with much difficulty clambered up the railroad filling to the track, where, it still being dark, and feeling tired and stiff in the limbs, he laid down and slept. His escape is the more remarkable, as there is a filling at this point with a descent of fully fifty feet. A board fence is at the bottom, and he broke through in striking this, and was probably stunned by the contact.

Distress in China.

A very dark picture is drawn by a correspondent of the distress which has been prevalent in China for the last few months. He says that in the Chihli and Shantung districts the distress has reached such a height that a part of the inhabitants of these large provinces are literally dying of hunger. Two Europeans who had the courage to carry some provisions to a small village in Shantung returned horror struck with what they had seen. The inhabitants were putting an end to their sufferings by suicide, and in one family the father and mother, to avoid witnessing the death agony of their starving children, had buried them alive.

The famine has been caused by the failure of the harvest for two years running in districts which are generally very fertile. Neither grain nor fruits are to be had at any price, and the land seems to have been scorched by a burning wind. The grass by the roadside has been devoured to its very roots by the famishing people, who have stripped all the trees of their bark and foliage. As the winter has been exceptionally severe, many of the sufferers have died from cold as well as from hunger, and the appearance of the survivors is mostly ghastly. When fine weather returns, these provinces, formerly so populous and flourishing, will have been converted into deserts, and there will be a lack of hands to till the ground for next year's crop.

The functionaries, the bonzes and the missionaries, without distinction of nationality or creed, have joined their efforts to those of the government to arrest the famine; but charity, on however large a scale practiced, is insufficient to meet all the wants. It is worthy of note, however, that an anonymous donation, equivalent to $15,000, was sent some time ago from Japan, and it has since been ascertained that the donor is a Japanese who for many years was a domestic servant in China, but who by a lucky marriage had become possessed of a large fortune, part of which he has generously used in promoting good feeling between the two countries.

A Murderous Lunatic.

Quite a commotion was caused in the vicinity of the "Forge," Weston, Mass., by the wild freaks of an evidently escaped lunatic. His first appearance was before Mr. George Hull, who was planting in a field near the roadside, who, on looking up to see what the man wanted, received a blow between the eyes which nearly felled him; recovering himself and starting for the man, who was then on a run for the fence, the fellow stopped and commenced stoning him, which caused a halt on Hull's part. The man took to the highway, and next came up behind Mr. B. Hull, and felled him to the ground by a blow in the back of the head from a large stone. He next met a man coming toward him with a hoe, and running up to him he snatched the hoe from his hand and struck at his head, but he caught the blow on his arm and the handle was broken into two pieces. By this time the neighborhood had become alarmed and an effort was made to seize and confine the fellow, but he somehow got a six foot fence stake and went wildly for any and all who approached him. One of the men finally went into a house, borrowed a pistol, and presented it at the man, threatening to fire unless he gave himself up, but the fellow would not yield, and continued his attack on all; he was finally shot, the ball going through one of his cheeks, yet he would not give up, and apparently did not mind the shot in the least. A boy getting behind, hit him on the back of the head, which knocked him senseless, in which condition he lay for about an hour. During the whole of the melee it is said that he did not speak one word, and being a perfect stranger, he is supposed to have been an escaped lunatic from some asylum.

Point D'Alencon Lace.

It is estimated that there are 500,000 lace-makers in Europe, of whom nearly one-half are employed in France. Almost all of the latter work at home. Of the French laces, the most noted is the point d'Alencon, which has had a wide celebrity for more than two centuries, and has been styled the queen of lace. It is made entirely by hand with a fine needle on a parchment pattern, in small pieces, which are afterward united by invisible seams. The firmness and solidity of the texture are remarkable. Horsehair is often introduced along the edge to give firmness. Although the workmanship of this lace has always been of great beauty, the designs in the older specimens were seldom copied from nature. This circumstance gave a marked advantage to the laces of Brussels, which represented flowers and other natural designs with a high degree of accuracy. The defect, however, has disappeared in the point d'Alencon of recent manufacture; at the Paris Exposition of 1867 were specimens containing admirable copies of natural flowers intermixed with grasses and ferns. Owing to its elaborate construction, this lace is seldom seen in large pieces. A dress made of point d'Alencon, the production of Bayeux, consisting of two flounces and trimmings, were exhibited at the Exposition of 1867, the price of which was 85,000 francs. It required forty women seven years to complete it.

Human Nature.

From our window, says the Danbury *News*, we have just observed a man cross the street in front of a flying team. Carefully measuring the distance with his eye he saw that he could make it in safety by hurrying, so he started on a run and got across before the team reached him. Then he stopped a moment to look after the team, and then sauntered leisurely on his way.

THE TURKISH CAPITAL.

Departure of Russians from Constantinople—Famine and Sickness in the City.

A correspondent of a New York paper writes as follows from Constantinople: The departure of the last imperial mail boat from this city to Odessa was accompanied by scenes never before witnessed in the history of a civilized city. On the morning of the day on which the last steamer was advertised to leave, the faubourg of Pera was full of Russian men, women and children, officials, high and low, preparing to embark. To say that the scene was an enchanting one would be to belie the facts. It was one of the saddest ever witnessed in Constantinople. At least a dozen Russians were accompanied to the vessel by young women, mostly handsome Circassians, who wept and sobbed as only lovers know how, and there was deep, intense grief depicted on the faces of the men. It was with difficulty that these people could be separated when the officer on duty at the wharf warned them that the time of the steamer's departure was nigh approaching. Gently and firmly their arms were loosened from the departing Russians, whom they insisted upon embracing again and again, until the gang plank of the steamer presented a scene worthy of the pencil of a great artist. There they stood, moaning, crying, hugging, kissing, until even the sturdy sailors on board the Russian ship were amazed at the first sad picture which the reality of war had placed before their eyes. At last the employees of the Russian legation came along, officials one and all of them, and of course less demonstrative in their conduct. There was one notable exception to all this sadness. Among the passengers was a young Russian naval officer in undress uniform, said to be also an attache of the now abandoned legation, who walked the deck briskly with a blonde north German lady. Those who witnessed the departure of the vessel had noticed the lieutenant and his wife, as some supposed, as presenting a cheerful contrast to the sad scenes on the dock, but paid no further attention to it. To my astonishment, however, I heard that the lady was the wife of a well known Hamburg merchant doing business in Constantinople, and that she was in the act of eloping with the young lieutenant in the coolest manner imaginable, taking advantage of the last boat to Odessa to flee with her new found lover to Russia, so as to cut off all pursuit by her husband.

The departure of so many Russian officials has also worked great misery among a large class of people, mostly Greeks and Armenians, who have been reduced to beggary by losing their positions as servants for Russian families, without possessing the means to leave for their respective homes. They remain here in utter want, and only increase the overwhelming number of paupers already abounding in this city of the Bosphorus. The prices of all necessaries of life have risen to fabulous sums here during the past few days, as most of the cattle, flour and other food used to be sent here in large quantities from Odessa and other cities of the Black sea. This traffic is now interrupted by the blockade, as also the export from Bulgaria, where the troops will need all that the country produces. Add to this the fact that the government has laid in immense stores of flour and meats, and you can readily understand the terrible condition in which the people of this unfortunate city find themselves at the very outset of the war. All postal communication with the North has been suspended, and the only route to communicate now with the east of the world is via Trieste. The health of Constantinople just now is not satisfactory. Over two thousand people are suffering with slow fever, and the hospitals are overcrowded with patients.

Making Allowances.

We were struck the other day by the reply of a musician to a friend who had asked him to play on a piano which was out of tune. Some one was present who had not before heard the pianist. "Do play for us," said the musician's friend, "Mr. Blank will make allowances for the condition of the piano." "Make allowances!" replied the pianist, "I have heard that all my life, and it never was and never will be true. Nobody 'makes allowances.' If a pianist plays on a bad piano, or a tenor sings when he has a sore throat, or an orator gets out of his death-bed to make a speech—the audience is disappointed because he does not do his best work, and it carries away an impression of the performance which is likely to last for a life-time. It's the same in housekeeping, and dressing, and business, and everything else. People expect the best under all circumstances. There is no such thing as 'making allowances.'"

Why They Often Fail.

Young men often fail to get on in the world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to the charge of greater things. A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully. The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit, a person of only ordinary abilities will outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters. But after all the mere adoption by a young man of a great essential rule of success shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

A Mysterious Affair.

A lady, closely veiled, hired, not long ago, in the suburbs of Dana, a Russian city on the river Dunaberg, a carriage, and dumping a box securely corded into the vehicle, ordered the driver to stop at a shop where, as she said, she had to make some purchases. The driver stopped and waited, but the lady did not return. Then he asked the shopkeeper to allow him to leave the box. Permission was denied, but, on consultation, the box was opened by the two men, when the body of a dead infant was exposed. The driver did not know what to do, fearing that he would be arrested for murder. The shopkeeper advised him to put the box back in the carriage, drive to the market place, and leave it unattended while he ate dinner, in the expectation that some one would steal the box. The driver took the hint, and the box disappeared. Neither lady nor dead body has since been heard of.

Reducing His Rent.

In passing over the New York Central and Hudson River railroad a few days ago, a correspondent learned this fact, creditable in the highest degree to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, president of the company. At one of the employees houses owned by the company the lessee was paying $6,000 a year rent. Mr. Vanderbilt said to him: "If you will give up your bar, cease the sale of intoxicating liquor, I will reduce the rent to $1,500." The lessee at once accepted the liberal offer of Mr. Vanderbilt. This act of the president of this great line of travel and traffic is evidence of the faith that he has in sober conductors and engineers, and that he is disposed not to put temptation in their way. This is a contribution by Mr. Vanderbilt of $4,500 a year to the cause of sobriety.

A calculation made forty years ago stated that for home use and for export purposes 20,000,000 pins were required daily in England. The quantity now produced is 50,000,000 per day, of which Birmingham produces 37,000,000, leaving 13,000,000 as the production of London, Stroud and Dublin, where pins are also made. The weight of wire consumed annually in the pin manufacture of England is about 1,275½ tons, or 2,857,120 pounds, one-eighth of which is iron wire, used in the manufacture of mourning and hair-pins.

Two Brooklyn thieves stole a bottle of cologne. The officers soon had a scent of them, of course.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

While preparations were being made for the launching of the vessel Saratoga at Chester, Pa., she began to move down the stocks, and before the men at work on her sides could get out of the way seven men were crushed to death and a number of others more or less badly hurt.....Ghlacet, on the Danube, was burned by the Russians, who also dismounted their artillery and ammunition, considering them of no further use. The Russian frontier posts in Asia were threatened by a large force of Turks, and they attacked the Russian position at Adler, a Turkish man-of-war assisting in the bombardment of the place. War between Turkey and Greece is considered inevitable.....Austin Humphreys, aged sixty-three, was hanged in Sandwich, Ont., for the murder of Frederick Apple, a building contractor. The cause of the crime was Apple's dilatoriness in paying a small sum of money due to Humphreys.....Fresh changes were made in fourteen departments of the prefectoral departments of France.....While two men were at work in a sewer in New Haven, Conn., the water began to rise, and before they could be got out one of them, named Farrell, was drowned.....By a fire in Gloversville, N. Y., damage amounting to $100,000 was done; insurance, $50,000.....The number of persons seeking relief in India on account of the famine has increased over 100,000, and great distress exists.....Three boys were killed by an explosion of fire damp in the Mine Hill colliery at Minersville, Pa.....John C. Simpson, who has been a minister for twenty years, was convicted of illicit distilling by the United States court in Missouri.....While about twenty men were at work on a large three-story brick block at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, it suddenly fell in, and seventeen of the laborers were injured in different degrees of severity.....The extensive white lead works of Davis, Chambers & Co., in Pittsburgh, were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $100,000, on which there was a full insurance.

Bismarck's return to Berlin caused considerable uneasiness in France.....Mrs. Williamsburg, N. Y., committed suicide by taking poison, and two days after her husband, J. H. Steinmacher, shot himself dead over his wife's coffin. They were in comfortable circumstances, but were unhappy in their domestic relations.....The Turks in Rahova, on the Danube, fired on an Austrian vessel, and after several shots set her on fire. The Turkish official account of the taking of Ardahan admits the loss of 300 killed and wounded.....Don Carlos, of Spain, was requested to leave France by President MacMahon.....A great grandson of Lafayette visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon.....Hon. George Boker, United States minister to Russia, has resigned.....Millions of potato bugs have appeared on Staten Island, N. Y., and the farmers are disheartened.....Alfred T. Aurere, a geologist, of New York, died on a train between Suspension Bridge and St. Catharines, Ont.....W. H. C. Hosmer, the poet, is dead.....Many persons are applying at the department of State, Washington, for assistance in obtaining positions in the medical corps and other branches of the Russian military service; but answer is made that in view of our neutrality laws no such assistance can be rendered.....A loom in the Orion cotton mill at East Greenwich, R. I., exploded, killing the foreman, John Hughes, Jr.....An insurrection in Japan is rapidly being quelled by the government.....The body of Judge N. W. Watson, a wealthy and influential citizen of Hartford, Conn., who has been missing since last January, was found by some fishermen near New York. He is believed to have committed suicide.

The Post-office department in Washington finds itself embarrassed by the flood of silver money pouring in upon it. At Portland, Oregon, the bankers threatened to send the drafts of the department to protest unless the postmaster tenders greenbacks.....A number of men employed in brick yards in Haverstraw, N. Y., who had gone on a strike for higher wages, became so desperative that the militia were called out to disperse them.....The Russians made two desperate attacks on Forts Fahmaz and Kardagh, outworks at Kars, but were repulsed each time. A religious war has broken out in Bosnia.....The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* announces that during the past few weeks measures have been adopted for the gradual mobilization of the whole Russian army to crush Turkey in superior numbers.....Frederick Steiner confessed that he murdered Mrs. Steiner, his aunt, and Miss Taylor in Saline county, Ark., last January.....The American pilgrims were received by the Pope in Rome.....The New York Legislature adjourned the Senate passed an extra session to prepare for the trial of Bank Superintendent Ellis, and adjourning to meet at Saratoga July 18.....A meeting of merchants and manufacturers was held in New York for the purpose of making a proper representation of the United States in the French exhibition next year.....Eighteen students were graduated by the General Theological Seminary.....Four inches of snow fell in Berkshire county, Mass., on May 24.....The Bessemer iron works in Bessemer, Pa., were totally destroyed by fire. Loss between $125,000 and $250,000.....Rufus B. Stillman, who was to have been hung in Rochester, N. Y., had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.....The annual convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association was held in New York, many of the most conspicuous agitators of the question of woman suffrage being present.....One of the daughters of Commodore Vanderbilt has filed a petition for the reopening of the probate of her father's will.....The works at Newpoint, N. Y., were burned, causing a loss of $135,000.....All the employees of the Pennsylvania Central railroad have had their salaries reduced ten per cent.

Five men are to be hanged in Pottsville, Pa., June 21.....A long letter by Senator Morton was published, in which he praised the President, but it expressed doubts of the sincerity of Southern men, and called upon Republicans not to split into factions.....Five rioters were arrested in Haverstraw, N. Y., and the brickmakers there resolved to close their yards on account of the strike.....It is said that Russia states that the Russian main army in Asia, which captured Ardalan, was 70,000 strong. It is said that no important movement on the Danube will be made by the Russians until the whole force is in position along the bank of the river. The situation in Constantinople was extremely critical on account of the turbulent demonstrations of the Soltas, and a state of siege was proclaimed in the city.....The report of the resignation of Mr. Baker, United States minister to Russia, is denied.....During the progress of athletic games in Cornwall, Canada, a heavy sledge hammer in the hands of an athlete slipped and struck a young girl named Ellen Lavanagh, killing her on the spot.....James L. Chapman, cashier, and John C. Tracy, president of the Farmers' and Mechanics' national bank, who had pleaded guilty respectively to deceiving the comptroller of the currency and to perjury and embezzlement, were sentenced in Hartford, Conn., the former getting five years at hard labor and $1 fine, and the latter six years and six months at hard labor in the Connecticut State prison.....Mary Frances Beech, who was arrested near Washington for intoxication, was burned to death in her cell.....About five thousand people witnessed the execution of Jack Wilson for the murder of Wyley McCish near Dover, Tenn.....Rev. F. C. Fraker, late president of the Defiance First national bank of Wichita, Kan., who absconded with $91,000 of the institution's funds, was captured on the Mexican border of Texas.....A striking molder in Troy, N. Y., convicted of assault, received the heavy sentence of ten years' imprisonment.

Eleven coaches participated in the second annual procession of the New York Coaching club. The parade presented a gay appearance, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators.....Two children were burned nearly to death in Hobeken, N. J., by their mother. Mrs. Gibson—who had been in the habit of maltreating them for the last two years. She was arrested.....In Elizabeth, N. J., Dr. Warren C. Westlake, a N. Y. dentist, killed Walter Lewis with an overdose of chloroform while extracting a tooth, was acquitted.....In the supreme court at Providence, R. I., a verdict of $10,000 was rendered against the New York, Boston and Providence railroad for loss of life resulting from the Richmond switch disaster.....The residence of Henry Tower at North Clarendon, Mass., was burned, and two of his children—boys aged nine and eleven years each—were burned to death.....A signal of men attempted to arrest William H. Crawford, near Cleveland, Ohio, for throwing vitriol in the face of his wife, who had been divorced from him; but after firing at his pursuers without doing any injury, he shot himself, preferring death to arrest.....The following details have been received of the destruction of another Turkish monitor by torpedoes: Two Russian engineer officers attempted to reach the monitor early in the evening with torpedoes, but they were discovered and driven back by the heavy fire. At three o'clock in the morning they returned in two skiffs, carrying a chain of small torpedoes filled with dynamite. No lookout being kept aboard the monitor they securely lodged the chain across the bow, and then return they discharged the whole series of torpedoes by means of an electric battery. The vessel immediately disappeared. The Circassians in Trans-Caucasia have surrendered their arms to the Russians.....It is said that the Turkish ministers of war and finance have tendered their resignations. The Levant *Herald* was suspended one month for disparaging the minister of war.....News has been received of the death in Peru of C. T. Carleton, the defaulting secretary of the Union Trust company of New York, who absconded during the panic of 1873, and whose defalcations amounted to $375,000.....A gang of drunken desperadoes made an attack on the Greenway Hotel in Syracuse, N. Y., and one of them was shot to death by the barkeeper and two others were wounded.....F. Hinckley, manager of the Chicago and Paducah railroad company, was arrested on the charge of defrauding English stockholders of the company of upward of $900,000.

He Threw it into the Fire.

A wealthy German banker, not having been able to find a sufficiently uncommon and expensive toy, presented his little grandson on his birthday with a bank note of considerable value. Soon afterward the little fellow's mother was horrified on entering the nursery to find him crying bitterly. "What is the matter, darling?" she asked. "Has not grandpa given you anything?" "Yes—yes," was the sobbing reply. "Tell me what, my dear." "Why he gave me that ugly piece of paper that I have just thrown into the fire!"

The sour oranges of Florida, fruit which grows indigenously and most abundantly in that strange peninsula, have at last been utilized in the manufacture of marmalade.

A DETROIT ROMANCE.

The Young Lady Who Found it Difficult to Choose Between Two Evils and Lost Both.

A marriage in Detroit was recently broken off in the following mysterious manner: The parties are a bookkeeper in a large wholesale house, a clerk or salesman with a firm a few doors away, a young lady of more than ordinary attractions and her parents. The two men were persistent and determined rivals for the hand of the young lady, and her parents were inclined to favor the suit of the bookkeeper, who is about thirty years of age, tolerably good looking, in receipt of a snug salary and with money in the bank. His rival was a young man of twenty-four, quite handsome and stylish, but drawing a small salary and without a penny to his name. The young lady was unable for a long time to choose between the two, and every day increased her bewilderment and uncertainty. The bookkeeper would spend the evening with her at the opera house, and she would seek her pillow with a feeling of tender partiality for the man of columns and figures. But next afternoon she would go out buggy riding with the clerk, and his youth, good looks and winning ways would turn the scale temporarily in his favor. Both had proposed and both had received evasive and noncommittal answers. Lately, however, the bookkeeper seemed to gain in advantage, and becoming more assiduous in his attentions to the girl and her parents, again urged his suit and was accepted. The clerk first learned of his defeat from the lips of the object of his affections, but did not seem to be cast down by the unwelcome intelligence. He replied mysteriously, in the following words: "What you have told me shows me conclusively that I have failed to gain your heart, and without that I should never seek to marry you, and I now renounce all claim and pretensions to your hand. I have done my best and failed. I wish you to understand that what I am about to tell you is not instigated by spite, revenge or jealousy, but solely by regard for your happiness and future welfare. You can never marry Mr. ——! I will prevent that; and I thank God it is in my power to prevent such a marriage." When he had delivered this extraordinary speech he took his hat and prepared to leave, but the girl, her curiosity and interest roused to the highest pitch, pressed for an explanation, even holding him by the coat to prevent him from going. But he was immovable. "I am simply doing justice to all, and particularly to you, by preventing this marriage," he said. "By revealing the means of prevention of which I am possessed I should be doing an injustice to my fortunate rival, and I am too proud to profit by his downfall. He is the last man in the world I would seek to injure. But I am determined he shall not injure you by marrying you." Then he took his leave, and next day he went to the store in which his favored rival was at work. The two adjourned to a quiet corner in the store, from which the voice of the bookkeeper was shortly heard in excited and angry tones. The voice of the clerk was low, cool and calm all through the interview. The other clerks saw papers and copies of old newspapers pass between the two, and finally put away in the pocket of the clerk. After a brief space the bookkeeper's voice sank to a whisper, and a listener got the impression that he could discern the accents of entreaty. After about an hour's conversation the two separated, the clerk going out and the bookkeeper, with a pallid countenance, returning to his desk. It was observed that he did very little work with his pen during the remainder of the day, and finally left the store in the middle of the afternoon on a plea of illness. The young lady received a note next day from him, announcing in guarded but delicate terms that the engagement was broken, and that he would never call at the house or seek her company again. A passage in the letter read: "To marry you would be the sum of my earthly happiness, but a cause, with which you are entirely unconnected and which I cannot reveal, makes such an event impossible." By this stroke the lady loses both of her lovers and is entirely in the dark concerning the cause. Any shrewd reader, however, can make a good, general guess at the heart of the mystery.—*Detroit News.*

A Rich Man and Wife at School.

A lady engaged in teaching the rudimental branches to wealthy people of neglected education in New York has been giving some of her experience in a series of articles in the New York *Telegram*. Among others taught by her were a wealthy couple, of whom the writer says:

But of all the cases of neglected education which were brought within the range of my personal experience, perhaps the most interesting to me, and the most touching, was that of a nice and matronly woman who appeared at my rooms one day literally blazing with diamonds, with a fifty dollar bonnet on her head, and a twenty hundred dollar camel's hair shawl on her ample shoulders. Though thus overloaded with ornament the woman was not really vulgar, and after she had talked with me a while I really liked her. She made a confidant of me at once; she told me her simple history and her strange position. Fourteen years ago she had been a chambermaid and her husband had been a private coachman, both in the service of the same family; they had married, and her husband had taken to his old trade of carpenter, and from a carpenter he became a builder, and from a builder a millionaire. He was now the fortunate owner of one of the finest houses on —— avenue, in New York, and his sons and daughters were being educated at the best schools in the country. But up to this date he had enjoyed no spare time to acquire any knowledge save what was absolutely necessary to his business, while his wife had remained as ignorant as at first. Now the loving and worthy couple began without any false pride to procure it. Without further ado, without the slightest pretense at reserve or mystery, the worthy couple invited me to call that very evening. There I met in a private parlor two people waiting for me, and only two—the wealthy builder and his wife. I found him as frank and as hearty as I had found her, and before that evening closed I had given my joint pupils their first lesson. They were docile as babes, and there was something dramatic in the contrast between wealth and their ignorance, and something pathetic in the humility with which those successful worldings received instruction. They studied as though they were in a country schoolhouse under the eye of a village pedagogue. I taught them English grammar principally. I also corrected their pronunciation, and, I trust, improved their spelling and their penmanship. Above all, I flatter myself that I won their friendship, for I found them friends worth having.

The Tortoise as a Weather Prophet.

The tortoise is a safe weather prophet. M. Bouchard, in a paper read before the French Academy of Science at its recent session, described the precautions taken by tortoises against cold weather. Their instinct tells them in the milder seasons when the thermometer is likely to fall to freezing point; and, toward the end of autumn, warns them also of the approach of winter. In both cases they take precautions to screen themselves from cold, and by carefully observing them M. Bouchard has for years been enabled to regulate his hothouse. At the end of autumn, when the winter threatens to be severe, tortoises creep deep into the earth, so as to conceal themselves completely from view. If, on the contrary, the winter promises to be mild, they scarcely go down an inch or two, just enough to protect the openings of their shells. Once when the thermometer stood at fifty F., he saw the tortoises creep into the ground, and that very night the glass fell to twenty-eight F. Another time, the mercury being at 110 F. in the sun, one of the tortoises hid himself. On the following morning there was hoar frost.

Oh; My Head Aches!
Then take a dose of Quirk's Irish Tea. The great bilious remedy, price 25 cts. a package.

"Survival of the Fittest."
The ingenious doctrine propounded by Mr. Darwin, the tireless investigator of nature and her laws, is as applicable in determining the fate of medicines as in that of the animal species. Every year new remedies are brought before the public, and are soon completely discarded as their sale rapidly decreases. Only those medicines which are best suited to the people's wants survive the first test. If they "are tried and found wanting," in the merits which they are claimed to possess, no amount of advertising will make them popular. Of all the remedies ever introduced to the public, none are so popular as Dr. Pierce's family medicines. Their sale has steadily increased each year, and wholesale druggists assert that the present demand for them is greater than ever before. If you would patronize medicines scientifically prepared use Dr. Pierce's family medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is alterative, or blood cleansing, and an unequaled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilated females; Extract of Smartweed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel complaints, and an unequaled liniment for both human and horseflesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for catarrh and cold in the head that ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists.

The Debris of the System
Must either pass through its natural channels of exit, the bowels, the kidneys and the pores, or in default thereof, poison and disorder the fluids of the system. In order to effect the complete expulsion of this dangerous refuse matter through which it passes, it must be active and unobstructed. Fortunately there is a certain means of rendering them so when they are not. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stimulate the action of the excretory organs, and at the same time impart a general movement throughout the circulation, encourage moderate perspiration. By this triple effect the exodus of the fecal and other waste matters are encouraged, and the system freed from peril it would otherwise incur. The action of the bowels which follows the use of this beneficent alterative is easy and unaccompanied by griping, and its stimulative effect upon the urinary organs very conducive to their local health.

Dyspepsia—What It Is, and How to Cure It.
First the stomach don't work the first thing, then comes bad feeling after eating, flatulency, headache, dullness and melancholy, sometimes nausea and vomiting. The liver soon becomes torpid, then biliousness, constipation or possibly diarrhea, follows. Then comes the kidney affections, with pain in the back and more or less rheumatism or neuralgia; finally the nervous system becomes affected, aggravating all these and adding other symptoms, until it is all aches, pains, weakness, dullness, irritability, bad temper and a miserable feeling throughout. A single preparation is advertised for all this is Van Buskirk's Invigorant, only 50 cents. Druggist's sell it. Van Buskirk & Co., proprietors, 18 Vesey St., New York.

Doctor, it Feels Like a Ball of Fire!
So speaks oftentimes the sufferer