A Mother's Heart.

A little dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays: "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
A little home grown lonely, dark and chill;
A sad heart, groping blindly for the light;
A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings: "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps her safe through His eternal years"—
And that is all.

Clara's Stratagem.

It was an autumn evening. The dead leaves were falling about the garden, and all was still save the noise of the flood lapping the seaweed on the shore. Two persons were walking beneath the old trees in the garden; one was a young man in whom was exhibited somewhat of the mien of a sailor, though scarce twenty summers had broadened his shoulders, and though a foreign sun had browned his cheek, yet he was "full of lusty life." Upon his arm leaned a lovely, laughing creature, just bursting into glorious womanhood; her eye sparkled with the fires of wit and mischief; she seemed one who could laugh at every disappointment, and by whom to be beloved was bliss. Silver toned words were dropping from her rosy lips. She gayly reproved him of the broad shoulders at her side.

"Do you sail so soon, then? How naughty, Rupert. I shall be getting jealous of Mistress Ocean. You have scarcely arrived, and now you are anxious to go. Maybap some pretty one of the luxuriant South calls you from your cold maiden of the North. Ha! methinks that brown cheek waxes a little brighter at the accusation. Oh, you naughty, naughty boy! Remain a few days longer and attend our picnic. I shall be alone without my manly Rupert. Come, say you will."

"Were it possible Clara, I would, but I must sail. I should have been away three days ago, but for those superstitious fellows who have got an idea that the vessel is haunted. And now they will not sail without I stay to-night in the forecastle and unravel the mystery for them. If I succeed in shaming them, we are to sail to-morrow. The whole village is astir with their foolish stories."

"You don't believe in ghosts, then?"

"Nor does Clara, I presume."

"I believe in ghosts, the evil spirits which haunt the vessel of Rupert Lyons and in"—

"Good-night, Clara." And Rupert walked toward the wharf.

The scene was on the banks of one of those quiet little harbors, where merchants sometimes grow silently rich, away from the noise and smoke of the crowded city. It was in Prince Edward's island, a good many years ago, when commerce was an infant there. I was a young man then, and had charge of a small brig sailing to the South. We had just completed taking in a cargo for New Orleans, and intended trading among the West India islands until spring should unlock the harbors of my fatherland, whic. winter always fastened with strong bars of frost. My owner was the principal merchant of the place, and lived near the wharf. We were distantly related by marriage, but a near tie of friendship bound us closer than blood. Perhaps that tie was Clara Sea, perhaps it was not; at any rate I had always lived with him previous to going to sea, and now, when in port, spent all my leisure hours at their pleasant home; there was Rupert's room still, and Rupert's slippers, and his writing desk, and his rifle, and his dog.

I was passionately fond of the sea, and being scarce out of my teens, the acme of my ambition was to make shorter stays and quicker voyages than any other vessel; and now that I had a share in the business, private interest supplied to ambition what it might be losing of youthful enthusiasm. Upon the whole I am afraid I was but a sorry lover, and my coldness and neglect were sufficient incentives to awaken the witty sarcasm of the fair Clara, which were always joined by the jovial laugh of old Mr. Sea.

According to the statements of the crew, the brig had been haunted for several nights previous to the completing of her lading, by supernatural visits; and these still continued to be kept up. One had seen a small, whitish figure jump from the wharf, hop quickly across the deck and leap into the water; another had seen two figures passing quickly and noiselessly from the wharf, and all had heard loud reports at midnight, as of the explosion of a gun upon the deck. The combination of these strange events had so terrified the superstitious sailors, that many of them refused to sail until I should convince them by other means than words that they were laboring under a delusion. And now, when three days were gone, and their lively imaginations were enlarging everything tenfold, I determined to watch one night and weigh anchor on the morrow; and for that purpose, on the evening alluded to, after taking a hasty leave of Clara, I proceeded in the direction of the vessel. The long wharf was deserted by all the craft, and not a spar came above the wharf save those of our little brig which lay moored at the further end. Two small schooners had just moved into the channel, and were awaiting a more favorable wind. The night was growing rather dark, but disturbed only by soft zephyrs which sighed softly in the rigging. Having arrived at the outer block, and before going on board, I made a review of the place. Near the bow of the vessel end opening in the other direction, was a shed or storehouse, erected on the wharf, for convenience in loading and unloading. Entering and casting a searching glance around the interior, I satisfied myself that no one was there concealed. Barrels and boxes were piled against its walls. In this corner was heaped a lot of large turnips, in that were arranged oars, and spare yards, and oyster tongs, and in the center were several heavy anchors and two or three unmounted, heavy guns. Leaving this and stepping on board I found the men in a feverish state of excitement.

I endeavored to shame them out of their fears by laughing at what I termed their folly, upon which they promised that if I watched in the forecastle, where they deemed the most danger was to be encountered, and if I could explain the mysterious visitation to their satisfaction, they would sail the next day. Taking with me two of the most timid, and sending the rest to the cabin, I went below, and stretching myself on a sea chest, was sinking into a deep slumber, when a noise, as of something falling on deck, brought me to my feet, and immediately a rolling sound was heard followed by a sudden plash as of something falling overboard; this was repeated thrice at intervals of about a minute, each time, however, increasing in loudness, when all was hushed. Taking advantage of the pause, I directed my two men upon no account to make a disturbance, unless I called, and went on deck.

After searching everywhere, and putting my ear down to listen, until completely tired out, I wrapped myself up in a foresail and awaited in curious anxiety. Remaining half an hour without any signs of a repetition, I again went below and prepared to sleep. I had barely time to get comfortably stretched, when, as I had just begun to doze, a noise, louder, heavier and more terrible than any preceding one, brought my timid companions trembling to my side; but, unlike the former, it did not extend beyond the deck, no rumbling overhead, no splash of water was heard—it ended as if something had been crushed to atoms where it fell; then followed the same gentle, lulling sound of the water upon the vessel's prow, the same gentle breeze was heard moaning in the rigging, and the dread silence of the forecastle was broken only by the loud heart-beats of my superstitious attendants.

I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing a slight rustling in the direction of the shed, I passed over the bow and moved softly round to listen. On arriving at the opening in front I looked cautiously in, and what was my surprise to see a figure approach from the further corner, with something held in what appeared to be an outstretched arm. It moved slowly and guardedly toward the spot where I stood concealed by a large box. Quick as lightning the truth flashed across my mind. I closely scrutinized the object. It was held by a small, gloved hand, which was now near my face, and lo, it was a huge turnip! The figure placed itself in an attitude as if to throw it with more than ordinary strength, when I stepped forward and there fell into my arms the form of Clara Sea. Another slight report might have been heard, and the ghost would trouble us no more. I waited till the day of the picnic, and the one following—and another, and another—until the old man began to go oftener than usual on the wharf, and then sailed out of port, perhaps not so enthusiastic a sailor, but a more devoted lover. Clara's artifice, if it did not frighten us into giving up the voyage, hastened a marriage ceremony.

None Like Him.

At the Detroit and Milwaukee depot as a lady was about to get aboard the down train, she said to the man who was loaded down with her parcels:

"Now, while I'm gone you must take up and beat all the carpets and lay them again."

"Of course," he replied.

"And polish all the windows, rub off the furniture and repaint the front steps."

"I will, dear."

"And you must rake off the yard, make some flower-beds, fix the alley fence and black all the stoves before you pack them away."

"Of course, darling," he smiled.

"And you must send me $20 per week, write to me daily, and the neighbors will watch to see if you are out after eight o'clock in the evening. Now, then, good-bye."

"Oh! darling, how can I spare you!" he sighed, the engine groaned, and away she went, and as he turned to go out his mental distress was so great that he fell over a trunk, barked his shins and rubbed half the skin off his nose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Narrow Escape in a Croton Aqueduct.

Once a year, or oftener, usually in November, an exploration is made of the interior of the New York aqueduct from end to end, by Mr. Benjamin S. Church, the resident engineer, who for over twenty years has been in charge of this part of the work. The water is shut off at the Croton dam, and the aqueduct is emptied by the waste wiers which I have described. Many strange and exciting adventures befall the men detailed for this service; and though but one life has ever been lost, large parties have been in imminent danger. The manholes having been opened previously, the laborers under charge of Mr. Church, dressed in rough suits, enter the aqueduct at the dam, and travel downward either afoot or in an ingenious car propelled by a crank like the hand cars used on a railway. The effect is wierd and awe-inspiring. Some of the men carry torches, whose smoke and wavering blaze curl and flash in the darkness and throw fantastic shadows and reflections on the moist walls. The voices reverberate like peals of thunder, and seem to awake responsive vibrations in the massive stone and brick work itself. In some conditions of the atmosphere, laborers repairing the masonry five miles below can be distinctly heard by those at the entrance, and at all times the human voice pitched in an ordinary key can be heard at a distance of two or three miles, on long slow rambles. A broad halo of light frames the men in, and behind this there is an impenetrable blackness, so dense that an inexperienced person takes every step with extreme caution. There are few greater promoters of terror than the power of darkness, and the simple, superstitious Irishmen descending the ladder at the entrance leave sunshine, sky and fields above in no cheerful mood. The short clay pipes are allowed to go out and few words are spoken. It is a business to be done with as soon as possible. Thousands of tons of water are pressing against the gates at the entrance, and should a bar give way, or an order be misunderstood, the flood would rush down upon the unfortunates and engulf them with irresistible force. Once, in fact, an order was misunderstood, and twenty men narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Church, with this number of laborers, entered the aqueduct to make some repairs, and instructed the keeper at the dam to let the water in at the usual time, at eleven P. M. The party were making some repairs at a point some distance below the entrance at eleven A. M. when Mr. Church noticed a gradual rise in the water. Afraid of causing a panic, he did not say anything to his men, but urged them on in the hope that the work might be completed that morning. The water continued to rise, however, first submerging their feet, and then creeping up toward their knees with terrible stealth and certainty. The situation was that of a shipwrecked crew cast upon a rock which is being slowly covered by an incoming tide. The engineer now realized the fact that his order had been misunderstood, and that the water had been turned on at the wrong time, and would soon be within a few inches of the roof of the aqueduct. By this time the men were in a highly nervous condition, and Mr. Church had to use his authority in preventing them from making a confused retreat for the nearest exit, which was some distance away. Meanwhile the water had made its way above their knees and was rushing through the aqueduct with a velocity of two miles and a quarter per hour. It was no easy work walking against such a current as this, and the progress made toward the man-hole was unavoidably slow. The torches were successively put out by the splash until only one remained, and that threw a dim, yellow, uncertain flicker on the dark surrounding. There was no danger which Mr. Church foresaw and was particularly anxious to avert. If the men were not kept under control, each would make a disorderly struggle to reach the ladder at the man-hole, and a delay would result that might prove fatal. As the water increased in depth the greater, of course, became their terror, and when the gray light of the opening came into view their bodies were submerged to their waists, while the current almost lifted them off their feet. By reasoning with them and encouraging them, however, Mr. Church allayed their fears and they gained the ladder, and ascended it, one by one, in safety.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

A Curious Prophecy.

Just before the defeat of Mr. Greeley for the Presidency, several gentlemen were congregated on a piazza at Newport, R. I., says the New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury*. Among them was Chief Justice Chase. Another was one of the first conversationalists in the world. The latter repeated not an anecdote, but a prophecy, which had been made by a hermit in Bavaria many years before; and this prophecy was not only delivered, but printed by a member of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of about 1857. The Austro-Prussian war was correctly predicted, as well as the Franco-Prussian war and the taking of Paris. Now for the future. In 1876-7 the pope is to die, which will cause a general European war. Next, France and Prussia are to have another conflict. France will be defeated and Paris taken for the second time. There will be a partition of France. The Iberian powers (Spain and Portugal) are to have a large share, as also Italy. Belgium gets the northern part. Holland is ceded to Prussia. All that will remain of France will be the old "Ile de France," of which Paris is the capital. These results having been obtained, there will be a general acknowledgment of the folly and futility of excessive armaments. All the powers will agree to disarm. Swords will be beaten into plowshares.

The hermit's prophecies for 1866 and 1870 were fulfilled. It seems as though the rest might be. The pope is in bad health. The chances of a general war growing out of the Eastern question are excellent. Should France think the moment favorable to attack Prussia, and be defeated, the conqueror would show no mercy. France would be rendered harmless, and her territory divided. The partition of republican France is the dream of the Prussian "Junker party." The general reduction of armies is less probable. It is easier to change the map of Europe than human nature.

He Wanted to Exchange Wives.

When Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveler, was taking leave of Kamrasi, king of Unyoro, that potentate asked him, as a particular favor, to leave Lady Baker behind. This cool request raised Sir Samuel's ire, and in high indignation he told the king that if ever he made such a request again he would shoot him. Lady Baker, too, who overheard and understood the offer, felt that a word from her would not be out of place, and gave the monarch a piece of her mind in the strongest language she could command. His majesty for a while was greatly astonished, being unconscious of having given any offense. At last, seeing that his guests were really angry, he said, in a deprecating voice: "Don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you would have no objections to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives and I thought you would like to exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like to do as others do there's an end of it."

Cure for Trouble.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency ever since Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly, without leaving any disagreeable sequelæ, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound found in the market.

ENRAGED TURKS.

Dangerous Condition of Affairs in Bulgaria.

The Rustchuk correspondent of the London *Times* writes as follows: "The twenty odd thousand troops of this garrison are the perfection of soldiers. They are brown, open-faced, big-shouldered fellows, perfectly resigned to any fate Allah may have for them, with perfect faith in the bankrupt government, for the chief of which they shout and *salaam* every evening at sunset. The disorderly Moslem element is in a state of great fury with the Bulgarians and foreigners generally. The Christians are frightened to death lest some imprudent member of their faith should provide the spark which might light up such a glare as would throw Batak into the shade completely. Even the consuls have to be careful for their lives. Proofs of the extreme and dangerous tension of the relations between Moslem and non-Moslem could be given without end. Mr. Richard Reade, the English and American consul here, who has never been accused throughout the late troubles of being in any way prejudiced against the Turks, but who has been suspected of leaning the other way, thinks that matters are as serious as they can be, and his urgent warnings are ignored both at Downing street and Constantinople. It is believed by some here that Russian influence, in the form of money, is artfully planning a dreadful outbreak, and that those are no friends to the Turk who do not insist upon a step being put to irregularities the firm repression of which would give satisfaction to decent Mohammedans and non-Mussulmans alike." The correspondent explains an incident recently reported from Constantinople about the British consul striking a Turkish officer. It seems this correspondent with one companion crossed in a small boat from Giurgevo and was arrested by Turkish naval officers. They were seriously threatened by a Moslem mob. The consul came to the rescue and pushed the captain out of his way when the latter tried to stop him. The correspondent thinks that the consul's vigorous measures alone prevented them being thrown into the Danube by the mob.

A Mill Site That Proved a Gold Mine.

A few months ago Harrison Gray purchased the wooden shell of the old Union mill in Gold Hill for $1,000. The mill having been dismantled and the machinery all taken away the owners thought they were getting a good price for the rotten lumber, and probably laughed in their sleeves at Mr. Gray's greenness. The purchaser immediately put some men to work at the south end of the mill, taking up the flues and sluices, and came upon the hole in the ground where the waste had been allowed to run when the mill was in operation. This hole had been made at this place because a tunnel was known to pass within a few feet, and the refuse, being in a liquid state, would flow off through the tunnel. The flumes had no sooner been removed than the presence of quicksilver was made apparent. Closer examination revealed the fact that a space of ground about four by five feet was permeated with small globules of pure quicksilver, carrying a heavy percentage of gold and silver. This ground was all dug up and sluiced until a shaft twenty-five feet deep and six wide had been dug, when a connection was made with the tunnel, and a large deposit of quicksilver was land in such purity that it can be raised to the surface by shovelfuls.

The only preliminary work necessary is to carefully skim the surface ground and put it out the way, when there lies revealed a genuine quicksilver and gold mine. How much of a deposit there is has not been ascertained, as the parties at work there are very reticent, but it is known that between $8,000 and $10,000 has already been taken out and sold. A great part of the amalgam carries a higher percentage of gold than of silver, because the mill was running in the early days of mining on the Comstock, when the ores were worked for the gold alone and the silver was allowed to flow off. There is no doubt but that the deposit will be found to continue to the bedrock, which is probably fifty feet deeper than has yet been obtained in the tunnel. For about three months there were five men employed there, and the yield was about sixty pounds of amalgam per day, but since connection has been made with the tunnel two men have been employed, who take out about forty pounds of quicksilver per day on an average. Parties who are anxious to get old mill sites off their hands will probably be more careful in future and examine them well before disposing of them.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

A Chinese Bath House.

A Shanghai correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, writing of a visit to a Chinese bath house, says: Within we were accosted by a damp looking specimen of humanity, with a face shriveled up like a washerwoman's thumb, who proved to be the proprietor, who consented for a consideration to allow us to examine the workings of the establishment. Pulling aside a dirty curtain we were ushered into a large room in which a half dozen tallow dips made feeble effort to illuminate the surrounding objects. A tank some fifteen feet long and ten wide was sunk in the floor to the depth of four feet, and possibly contained 500 gallons of water, heated by means of underground furnaces to quite a high temperature, and in which I counted fourteen bathers at one time, while at least twenty others were either preparing to enter or completing their toilet prior to departure. The proprietor seemed quite proud of his accommodations, and after politely inviting us to take a bath, which we reluctantly declined, gave us the following information: The tank is refilled with clean water every midnight, and is not again changed for the twenty-four hours succeeding. His customers arrived at any hour between daylight and midnight, and usually numbered about one hundred and fifty a day. None were refused admission on any account, either of filth or disease. I tried to impress upon the keeper what a great advantage he would have over rival establishments if he would introduce a toothbrush on the end of a chain, but he was inclined to regard it as an innovation calculated to engender too luxurious ideas, and therefore declined it. Seriously speaking, this frightful system of bathing is the cause of propagating more disease than any other met with in this pestiferous land, if we except epilemics, which can hardly be regarded as causes.

The Cossack.

The Cossack is a little Russian, about five feet five, even on his high heels, but at once sturdy and wiry. His weather-beaten face is shrewd, knowing and merry. His eyes are small, but keen; his mouth large, and between it and his pug nose—rather redder than the rest of his face—is a tuft or wisp of straw colored mustache. His long, thick, straight hair matches his mustache in color, and is cut sheer round by the nape of his neck. Below the neck the Cossack is all boots and great coat. He is more armed than any man of his inches in Europe, and could afford to lose a weapon or two and yet be an average dangerous customer. Weapon number one is the long, black, flagless lance, with its venomous head that seems itching to make daylight through somebody. He carries a carbine, slung in an oilcloth cover, on his back, the stock downward. In his belt is a long and well made revolver in a leather case, and from the belt hangs a curved sword with no guard over its hilt. His whip completes his personal appurtenances; he wears no spurs. He rides, cocked up on a high saddle with a leathern band strapped over it, a wiry little rat of a pony.

A good story is told with regard to a "daft" man and a somnolent congregation. Whenever any of his hearers began to "nod," the minister observed that "daft Jamie" aroused them somewhat sharply by shooting peas at them. Catching the eye of the delinquent at last, he shook his finger at him reprovingly; but "Jamie" responded, not a bit abashed: "Just gang on wi' your sermon, minister, and I'll keep the beggars wakin'."

There are six different ways of spelling the name Batoum, the Turkish port, but there is only one way of capturing it, and that is by fighting.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

A Washington report says that as Attorney-General Devens is not altogether contented in his cabinet position the President will appoint him to the vacant seat on the supreme court bench. Advices from Constantinople say Abdul Kerim Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, informed the inhabitants of Rustchuk, Varna, Schumla and Silistria that all persons who have not provisions for at least six months must quit within twelve days. A St. Petersburg special says the Turkish monitor was blown up in open daylight by Russians in boats under a heavy fire. A cavalry fight between 2,000 Turks and 1,000 Russians took place near Kars, but was stopped as soon as begun by a heavy rain.....The Greek ministry have resigned.....The British National Rifle Association will send a United Kingdom team to America this year, to compete at Creedmoor.....Twenty business houses and nearly as many dwellings were destroyed by fire in Walkerton, Canada.....The schooner Ness, Bedford, twenty feet long, having on board Capt. Thomas Crapo and his wife, capsized on her way from Boston in which the frail craft was witnessed by an immense crowd.....Dispatches were received at the New York office of the Pacific Mail steamship company announcing the wreck, off the coast of Mexico, of their steamer City of San Francisco.....Gen. Grant and wife were warmly welcomed by the mayor and leading citizens of Liverpool, and were tendered the hospitalities of the town.....Summary measures are to be taken to protect American citizens and property on the line of the Rio Grande from Mexican raiders.....An explosion occurred on a lighter containing seventy-five barrels of naphtha at Fourth street near the North river, New York, and three men were killed and one was dangerously wounded.....The wife of Baptiste Schwaerzler and another woman were shot by him during a quarrel in New York.....A plan for the reorganization of the line to Liverpool, by way of New Orleans, is in contemplation.....The displacement of department officials in France continues.....In a boat race in England the championship of the Thames was won by Hoyd.....Three negroes shot and killed Mrs. C. C. Chambliss, ex-Steward county, Georgia. They were caught, and by the unanimous decision of about 300 white and colored people were immediately hanged.....Gen. Miles made an attack on a hostile camp near the Rosebud, and routed the Indians after a severe running fight of several miles. Four soldiers were killed and nine wounded. Fourteen Indians, including their chief, were killed.....Michael Moriarty was stabbed to death by Thomas Ryan, during a quarrel in New York.

John Lothrop Motley, the historian, and for six years United States minister to Austria, died in London at the age of sixty-three. He was the author of well-known works connected with the history of Holland.....Decoration day was more generally observed throughout the country than heretofore. In New York a long procession of the military, veteran societies and fire department, closing with wagon loads of flowers for the graves of the soldiers in the various cemeteries in the vicinity of the city, was witnessed by thousands. Statues of Washington, Lincoln and Lafayette, in Union Square, and William H. Seward and the Worth monument in Madison Square, were decorated with flowers, and appropriate services were rendered at the Lincoln, Garfield, Arthur and other places ex-Union and ex-Confederate soldiers united in observing the day.....Particulars of the wreck of the Pacific Mail steamship City of San Francisco have been received. She struck on a rock when five days out from Panama, and was immediately headed for the shore and run aground on a sandbank, in a sinking condition. The passengers were all taken off in safety.....Mills and other buildings in Oscoda, Mich., were burned; loss, $150,000.....A fire in Montreal destroyed property to the value of $150,000.....Fletcher Harper, the last survivor of the four brothers who founded the well-known publishing house of Harper Brothers, died in New York.....Gen. Grant received invitations to dine with Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Beaconsfield, and others of the English nobility.....Ardahan has been recaptured by the Turks. More than $16,000,000 has been raised in Russia for war purposes by voluntary contributions.....M. Thiers has became the recognized leader of the French Republicans.....The rowing match in New York between Jacob H. Martin, of Michigan, and James Owens, of Vermont, was won by the latter after a five hours struggle.....Gen. Butler denied the report that he was going to settle in Colorado.....A town in Texas was captured by Apache Indians.....Three men on a hand car in New Jersey were crushed to death by a freight train, and one man was severely injured.....Mrs. Lydia Sherman, the female poisoner, who was undergoing life imprisonment in Connecticut, escaped from jail.....Mrs. Bolinger and her daughter were attacked and outraged by masked ruffians near Waverley, N. J.....A tidal wave visited the South Pacific coast, from Callao to Chili, demolishing many towns and causing the deaths of hundreds of people. The whole coast is a scene of devastation, and the loss of life and property is said to be enormous.....A commission has been ordered to investigate the New Orleans custom house.....Major Charles E. Powell, United States consul at Iquique, Peru, died of fever at that port.....Another revolution has broken out in Peru.....Gov. Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, was inaugurated.

In Lowell, Mass., Lucy A. Mink was found guilty of manslaughter for having shot her lover, Charles W. Ricker.....It is reported that Mukhtar Pasha has been dismissed from the command of the Turkish army in Asia. A body of Bashi-Bazouks crossed the Danube, captured fourteen Roumanian militiamen and cut off the calves of their legs. Advices received from St. Petersburg represent that the Turks recaptured Ardahan after it had been reduced by the Russians.....Fifty additional removals, including four chiefs of divisions, have been made from the bureau of engraving and printing of the Treasury department. At Washington, a span of horses ran away in the Rural cemetery, at Albany, N. Y., and one of the occupants of the carriage—Miss Lizzie Calhoun—was almost instantly killed in jumping out.....A Catholic church in Wieschen, Grand Duchy of Posen, was struck by lightning during a Sunday service, and six persons were killed and almost seventy injured more or less severely.....M. Alvergnat, a professor of French in a school in Hartford, Conn., died four weeks after swallowing a button by a small piece of bread.....The suit of Sarah M. Rice against John T. Coolidge and others for slander, was begun in Boston.....All the principals in the suit are well known in Boston.....The Hon. Elisha Watson, of Kingston, R. I., drowned himself.....Two altercations, one with a bullet and the other with a knife—were made to assassinate J. B. Stillson, the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, at Salt Lake City, but each time the would-be murderer was foiled.....The annual commencement exercises of the Cooper Union School of Science and Art took place in New York, Peter Cooper distributing the prizes.....A little girl's veil caught fire in a Catholic church in New York and a panic attended with serious results was only prevented by the presence of mind of the officiating priest and ushers.

A bar of red hot steel rolled about the legs of John Langdon, a workman in Gautier's rolling mill in Lafayette, N. J., terribly burning him before could be rescued.....A telegram from Erzeroum says the Russians were cannonading Karadach, the Turks replying vigorously. The fortifications of Sofia, on which thousands of men were working for months, have been completed, and mounted with heavy Krupp guns. They are considered very strong.....The village of New Centreville, in Pennsylvania, was almost entirely destroyed by fire.....John Logan has declined the collectorship of customs at Chicago.....The village of Oroto, on Lake Superior, Mich., caught fire from the forest fires raging thereabouts, and every house except the church and schoolhouse were destroyed, depriving seven hundred people of their homes. A tugboat with provisions and clothing for the sufferers was dispatched from Marquette.....The queen of Holland is seriously ill.....Heavy forest fires were raging in the woods in the vicinity of Halifax, N. S.....M. Hansen, leader of the Left in the Danish parliament, is dead.....The public debt was reduced last May $6,981,000, the total reduction since July 1, 1876, being about $36,000,000.....The increase in hours of work in the New York custom house, recommended by the committee of investigation, has gone into effect.....The great scandal case of Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge and others, in Boston, was taken from the jury after one day's trial, and put in the hands of three eminent lawyers for private adjustment.....General Grant was formally introduced to the Prince of Wales, and went with him to the Epsom races.....An express train ran off the track near Wyalusing, Pa., crushing in four passenger coaches and causing the instant death of two ladies, and the serious wounding of seventeen other persons, five of whom were expected to die.....A coal oil refinery in Baltimore was burned for the fourth time. The burning oil ran through the streets and gutters, setting on fire a block of tenement houses, badly damaging them.

A party of roughs assaulted Officer Train in Manchester, N. H., overpowering and brutally beating him. At last he drew a revolver and shot into his assailants, mortally wounding William Ryan.....A night watchman discovered an unknown person in the act of sawing through one of the main braces of a railroad bridge near Canton, Ill., for the evident purpose of wrecking a train. He was fired upon, but escaped.....Glenwood, a small village in Michigan, was destroyed by fire from a burning forest, the inhabitants being compelled to flee for their lives.....Rev. John M. Friday, pastor of the Lutheran church at Harper's Ferry, Va., was drowned in the canal near Frederick, Md.....George H. Wolff & Co., of New York and Cincinnati, dry goods jobbers, have failed, owing $450,000.....E. H. Taylor, proprietor of one of the largest distilleries in Kentucky, failed with liabilities exceeding $500,000, his assets being one-half the sum.....A body of Circassians at Ichki Ahmed, near Kars, was routed by the Russians, and the place was burned. A dispatch says the Turks lack good commanders.....A large oil tank near Millerstown, Pa., was struck by lightning, and the flames communicating to the other tanks, 32,000 barrels of oil were destroyed, together with several derricks, involving a loss of $85,000.....Four persons were drowned near Albany, N. Y., while bathing.....There are several hundred applications for vacant consulships on file in Washington.....There was a serious drought in Alabama, no rain having fallen in several weeks.....Edward Harrington, a New York saloon keeper, was struck on the head with a cart rung in the hands of Edward Otto, and soon died from the effects of the blow.....Anthony Gardner has been elected president of Liberia, Africa.....Sophia Fredericka Matilda, queen of Holland, died June 3, aged 67 years.....A commission to examine the Tilden Iphia custom house has been appointed.....The jury in the Ellentown conspiracy cases in South Carolina acquitted one prisoner, and disagreed as to the other ten.....The Civil Service Reform Association was organized in New York.....While a tramp was stoning a train near Amsterdam, N. Y., he was struck by a locomotive going in an opposite direction and was instantly killed.....Mrs. Winslow and her daughter of sixteen were waylaid by three ruffians near Portage City, Wis., taken from the team which they were driving, and were brutally outraged and beaten seemingly beyond recovery.....Francis Murphy, the temperance reformer, addressed 300 liquor dealers and their families in Philadelphia. Seventeen other temperance meetings were held in Philadelphia on the same day, and it is estimated that over 1,000,000 people have signed the pledge since the Murphy movement was inaugurated.

An attempt was made to wreck an express train on the Atlantic and San Francisco railroad, 154 miles from St. Louis. Rails were moved from the track and the engine and baggage car plunged down an embankment forty feet, causing the death of the engineer, fireman and another. The conductor was also fired upon in the darkness by the persons who had perpetrated the fiendish act, and whose evident design was to run the whole train down the bank and plunder the passengers.....A terrible tornado swept across southern Illinois, destroying about twenty lives, and injuring from thirty to fifty persons. Buildings in the track of the storm were unroofed and overturned. At Mount Carmel the buildings destroyed were two churches, two schoolhouses, the court house and a number of stores and residences. In Mattoon one building was thrown into the street and turned upside down.....Much excitement was caused among the working classes of Paris by the arrest of M. Duverdier, president of the municipal council, charged with "exciting to pillage, Marshal MacMahon and inciting civil war and assassination."

The American whaling schooner Ellen Hazpah was boarded by a Spanish cruiser while taking oil on the Keys, south of Cuba, and the captain papers being deemed unsatisfactory, he was detained four days in close confinement.....During a fight among a drunken crowd in a saloon in North Hudson, N. J., on a Saturday night, one man was fatally stabbed, another lost an eye, and several others were more or less dangerously stabbed and beaten.....An engagement took place between two English ships of war and a Peruvian rebel turret ship that had been committing piratical acts against British subjects. The Peruvian vessel was badly damaged, and surrendered.....The board of visitors for the annual examination of cadets met at West Point and organized.....A waterspout near Burlington, Iowa, caused considerable damage to foundries and machine shops.....The Danube has been more heavily swollen with rains this year than in the last thirty years, thus retarding all military operations, and making the passage of the river by the Russian troops a matter of extreme difficulty. A band of Circassians and Bashi Bazouks crossed the Danube and made a raid within the Russian lines, capturing fifty head of cattle and taking a number of prisoners.....A wealthy physician—Dr. Israel Randolph—died suddenly in a horse car in New York.....The seventieth year locusts filled the woods of New Jersey for miles.

A Ghost in Camp.

The London *Times* has a ghost story. For a month the camp of Aldershott was visited nightly by an aggressive spirit. It was no respector of persons or rank; it pummeled haughty officers in the ribs and gave humble privates black eyes. A private of the 19th saw it one night and was abashed. It was midnight, and the sentry perceiving something advancing toward him gave the usual challenge, to which no reply was made. The challenge was repeated, whereupon the ghost went to the sentry box, slapped the soldier several times in the face, and before he could recover from his confusion made off across the common with astonishing bounds. The soldier, in his excitement, loaded his rifle and fired, but missed his aim. The ghost went toward the military cemetery and in a similar manner attempted to frighten a private in the 100th regiment, who was on guard by a powder magazine. Again was a gun fired and again did the ghost stalk off unharmed. A fortnight afterward the ghost pounced upon another soldier and endeavored to snatch away his rifle. A sharp struggle ensued, which ended by the soldier receiving a pair of black eyes and losing his shako, which was found next morning in the canal. Another sentry was accosted in the camp by some one with a mask, who informed him that he was the much dreaded ghost and his object was to show the nation how easily he could frighten the soldiers of the present day.

A Deaf Elder's Mistake.

Some times a laugh will occur in the serious minded congregation of a Connecticut church, as on a recent Sunday. The clergyman desired to call the attention of the congregation to the fact that, it being the last Sunday of the month, he would administer the rite of baptism to children. Previous to his having entered the pulpit he had received from one of the elders, who was quite deaf, a notice to the effect that as the children would be present that afternoon, and he had the new Sunday school song books ready for distribution, he would have them there to sell to all who desired them. After the service the clergyman begun the notice of the baptismal service, thus: "All of those having children and desiring to have them baptized, will bring them this afternoon." At this point the deaf elder, hearing the mention of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books, and rising, said: "All of those having none, and desiring them, will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents each."

The Sweetness of Home.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasures of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetness of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot? You will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand of hope when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows, as if they were her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joycus laugh, will drive sorrow from your careworn brow and enclose in it the wreaths of domestic bliss. No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad, if true hearts dwell there it is yet a home. A cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy than bags of gold and worldly honors. The home of a temperate, industrious and honest man will be his greatest joy.

A Raleigh Girl's Sleight-of-Heel.

Not more than twenty-seven blocks from the capitol building, on Hillsboro street, says a Raleigh correspondent, a couple of young ladies elegantly costumed in visiting paraphernalia emerged from a residence and entered the street just ahead of us. Each had a trail as long as a peafowl's tail, trailing in the dust, and they must needs be taken up. The elder of the two followed the revolting custom of the day by reaching down and taking up hers by hand, but the younger one didn't do that way. Planting her left foot square on the ground she gave a sudden kick with the heel of the right foot, and the trail was instantaneously elevated to its position in the right hand, extended to receive. It was done so quick that the motion was hardly perceptible, in fact it was the "cutest" trick we ever remember to have seen, and the first sleight-of-heel performance we ever heard of.

A Foiled Thief's Dilemma.

A pickpocket, who was out at heels as well as out at elbows, recently entered a basement shoe store on Broadway, New York, took off his boots, and directing that they should be resoled forthwith, proceeded to select and try on a new pair. While the shoemaker was at work at the old boots the customer attempted to bolt with the new ones, but not being so light footed as he was light fingered, he was caught by the irate shopkeeper. The latter not only forced him to take off his new footgear, but, having already removed the sole from one of the old boots, stoutly refused to sew it on again until he was liberally paid therefor. Having nothing in his own pocket, and having no one else's immediately available, the discomfited pickpocket had to tie the severed sole to the upper with his handkerchief, and limp home as best he could. The would-be freebooter had become a footpad.

A minute analysis of life at once destroys the splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display or luxury enjoy is procured by offices from which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and dunghill; all the magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all pomp ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

Legal Biblical Ignorance.

During the trial of the celebrated Leavenworth baby case, in which two women claim the same child, one of the lawyers, in the course of his remarks, pointe to the painting of Solomon ordering the child to be severed in halves and divided between the two women. His scriptural knowledge being small, he alluded to Pilate instead of Solomon. The opposing counsel, supposing he knew all about it, instantly jumped to his feet, and called him a fool, and said that the order was by Cæsar and not Pilate. After a heated discussion they agreed to leave it to the judge. His honor decided that both the attorneys were taking upon a subject foreign to their knowledge, and, pointing to the painting, said it was intended to represent Herod, and not Pilate or Cæsar. The lawyers considered the matter settled and proceeded with the case.

Titans and Men.

"Blessed are the meek," exclaims the voice of inspiration, but can a man be meek with the consciousness that a dreaded monster is consuming his vitals. We are not a race of Titans. A Prometheus might stand chained to the torturing rock with a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, and his face ever wear an expression of heroic and even meek endurance. But Prometheus has left no descendants. With vultures (disease) consuming his liver, the modern man makes himself and every one around him miser