The Sewers.

All seed is in the sower's hands.
Ten thousand sowers through the land
Passed heedless on their way;
Ten thousand seeds in every hand
Of every sort had they.
They cast seed here, they cast seed there,
They cast seed everywhere.

The land a forest straightway grew,
With plants of every kind;
And kindly fruits, and poisonous too,
In that wood could you find;
For trees grew here, and trees grew there,
And trees grew everywhere.

Anon, as many a year went by,
Those sowers came once more,
And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky,
And wondered at the store;
For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
And fruit hung everywhere.

Then plucked they many a berry bright,
None could their right deny;
And some ate to their long delight,
And some ate but to die;
While some plucked here, and some plucked there,
And some plucked everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
The trees that were their own;
Yet as they plucked as each one should,
Each plucked what he had sown.
So do men here, so do men there,
So do men everywhere.

The Young Wife's Lesson.

"Indeed, Charley, I don't think you ought to expect it of me!"

Clara Arden stood coloring, and evidently annoyed, in the midst of her pretty little drawing-room, while her husband leaned against one of the puffed damask chairs, pulling unconsciously at his long beard.

"It won't be much, Clara," said he. "Fenwick is too sensible a fellow to expect any great performance from so young a housekeeper as you are."

"That's all nonsense!" said Mrs. Arden.

"Yes; but Clara, darling"——

"There's no use wasting any further argument on the question," said Clara, setting her lips together. "When you invited him to dinner without consulting me, you made a very great mistake."

"But what am I to do? I've asked him, and there is no alternative!"

"Yes, there is. Do as other gentlemen do, and invite him to the restaurant—that is, if you must keep this head-long engagement!"

"But I never did such a thing in my life before!" said perplexed Charley.

"And I hope you never will again!" retorted Mrs. Arden, with some acerbity. "That is, so far as inviting people without any sort of forethought goes!"

The color rose to Charles Arden's cheek.

"Clara," said he, "if you had asked a dozen people here, my only thought would be how best to welcome them."

"You are not a housekeeper," said Clara, coldly, "with a sick cook, and everything in disorder."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Arden, as he went out, closing the door behind him, with more emphasis than was absolutely necessary.

"Men are so selfish, so inconsiderate!" she said to herself. "As if I would brave the criticism of Oscar Fenwick, who has dined at Parisian restaurants, and knows half a dozen aristocratic families, where they keep men-cooks, and butlers, and regular dining-room servants. It's quite out of the question, and so Charles may as well understand first as last. If Bridget hadn't been ill with the intermittent fever, I might, perhaps, have tried to get up a dainty little dinner; but as it is, no one but a man would expect it of me."

So Mrs. Arden adjusted her pretty, shining braids of brown hair in the glass, and nestled down in the corner of the sofa, to forget the wearisome trials and vicissitudes of real life in the pages of the morning papers.

It was late in the afternoon when a visitor was announced, with rather startling abruptness, by the red-armed maid-of-all-work, who was trying to supply the vacant place of the disabled Bridget, according to the best of her ability.

"Please, mem, it's Mrs. Marley."

Clara started up, half ashamed of being caught in her morning robe so late in the day.

"If it was any one but you, Mrs. Marley," said she, laughing and blushing, "I should apologize for my shortcomings. As it is, you are just in time to take off your things and stay to dinner with me. I am alone to-night, and your society will be a real charity."

"Why, where is your husband?" asked the visitor, in surprise.

"Dining out."

"Where?"

"I don't know. The fact is, he met an old college friend this morning, and in a burst of inconsiderate hospitality—so like a man, you know—invited him to dinner. Of course, I refused to ratify the invitation. What could I do, with Bridget ill in bed? So I told him he must take his friend to a restaurant, or some such place. He assented with rather a bad grace, I must confess, so here I am, alive."

Mrs. Marley was a pretty, fair-complexioned lady, with hair as white as snow. One of these gentle, helpful, motherly sort of persons, who are invaluable to their friends. She shook her head as she listened to Mrs. Arden's story.

"Don't you think I did right, Clara asked, impulsively. "Just consider how I am situated!"

"It would have been some trouble and responsibility," said Mrs. Marley, "to superintend the preparation of such a meal as you would like to ask your husband's guest to sit down to; but I think I should have advised you to try."

"But why?"

"In the first place, as a compliment to your husband."

Clara shrugged her shoulders.

"We are old married people now," said she. "Only think, it is surely three years since our wedding day—and all this sentimental billing and cooing is worn out."

"Real sentiment between husband and wife should never wear out," said Mrs. Marley, mildly. "Depend upon it, my love, your husband will appreciate any delicate little attention now quite as much as in the days of your engaged life. But this is not all. Let me tell you a little experience of my own. I had a brother once—a very dear brother. He died of delirium tremens."

"Oh, Mrs. Marley!" Clara Arden placed a sympathetic hand in that of her friend, for she saw that the pretty old lady had grown pale, and trembled.

"Yes, my dear," went on Mrs. Marley. "He had a gay, pretty, young wife, who disliked the cares of housekeeping—and it was an understood thing between them that any gentleman guests whom it fell Clement's lot to entertain should be taken to some hotel or restaurant. Well, my dear, you know how it was. The wine flowed freely—there was no feminine presence to restrain the false idea of good-fellowship. Clement acquired the fatal habit of indiscriminate drinking, and the upshot of it all was, that he filled a drunkard's grave. Perhaps I was uncharitable, but I have always thought that had his wife made her home agreeable to her husband and his guests, things might have ended differently."

"But, Mrs. Marley," cried Clara, much shocked, "this is quite a different thing!"

"I do not say that it is not, Clara. I only want to warn you against the rock on which my poor sister-in-law's life was wrecked. Of what use is all our sad and hardly-won experience, if not to caution others a little?"

Clara was silent for a minute or two, and when she spoke again, it was on quite a different topic. Mrs. Marley stayed and dined with her off the cold joint and simple salad, and went home at about eight o'clock.

And then came the long, lonely evening, during which Clara sat by the window, waiting and listening for every sound, nervously impatient for her husband's return.

"Of course, he is not the sort of man to drink too much," she told herself, over and over again; "but—but I am almost sorry I was so obstinate about not asking Mr. Fenwick to dinner. It would not have been so very much trouble, after all, and I think Charley was vexed about it."

Nine o'clock struck—then ten—then eleven—and Clara sprung up and began pacing the room in her nervousness.

"I wish he would come!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I wish he would come!"

Just then there was some disturbance in the street; and glad at all hazards to escape from her own harassing thoughts, Clara threw open the window and thrust out her head.

There was a little crowd at the corner of the street, and she could distinctly hear the jeering voices of some of the little street Arabs crying out: "It's only a drunken man! Hallo, mister, you'll find your hat in the gutter! Can't you tell where you live? Go and ask an officer."

Clara's head turned cold as ice. Could it be possible? Was this poor, staggering creature, whose uncertain step afforded amusement to a mob of boys, her noble husband? Had he so far forgotten himself and her? And if so, at whose door lay the fault?

Nearer and nearer came the little crowd. Clara drew in her head, and closed the window. She could not bear to have the dreadful probability confirmed. She stopped her ears; she buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

"Why, Clara, little wife, what's the matter?"

It was Charley's voice—not the mandlin accents of semi-intoxication, but the full, deep tones of the man she felt she could yet honor, as well as love and obey. She looked up with a little hysterical laugh.

"Oh, Charley, I was frightened! A drunken man in the street, you know"—

"Yes, I passed him. A policeman has just walked him off to the station-house. So you were frightened, eh?"

Clara's face was radiant as she turned up the low jet of gas.

"I am so glad you have come, Charley," said she. "I have had a great many compunctions of conscience this afternoon, because I didn't make Mr. Fenwick welcome to the best I had in the house, instead of sending you off to a restaurant."

"We went to Lemonde's," said Charley. "The dinner was stylish enough, but nothing better than you could have given us at home."

"And, Charley," added Clara, softly, "the next time you invite a friend to dine with you, you may be certain that my welcome will be ready."

"That's my own dear little Clara," said Charley. And the hearty satisfaction in his face was a reward for any sacrifice she might be called upon to make.

"A fellow likes to feel, you know, when he meets an old chum, that he has a home to ask him to, and a wife that will meet him with a smile."

"But I am sorry about Mr. Fenwick."

"Never mind. He will be in town again one of these days, and then we'll show him what a home-made dinner is—eh, Clara?"

And Clara's smile answered him.

She had had her lesson. She was not likely to forget it.

The Two Bills.—A Fable.

Two bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill—only one dollar; the other was a big bill—a thousand dollar bill. While lying there side by side they fell a-talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out:

"Ah, if I were as big as you, what good I would do. I could move in such high places and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go. Everybody would admire and want to take me home with them, but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me; I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes, that is so!" said the thousand dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well-trimmed edges that were lying next to the little bill in conscious superiority.

"That is so," it repeated. "If you were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled into a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmuring bill and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries, as with a smiling face she receives it. "My dear hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand and it whispered:

"I may do some good if I am small."

And when it saw the bright faces of the fatherless children it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker for bread; then to the miller; then to the farmer; then to the laborer; then to the doctor; then to the minister; and wherever it went, it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened by its daily use. Seeing the thousand dollar bill lying there with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray sir, and what has been your mission of usefulness?"

The big bill sadly replied:

"I have been from safe to safe among the rich where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Few indeed are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

The little dollar bill said:

"It is better to be small and go among multitudes doing good than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few."

And it rested satisfied with its lot.

Moral: The doing of little every-day duties makes one the most useful and happy.

A Fatal Duel About Five Dollars.

Colonel J. B. Vinton, sheriff of Frio county, brought in word of the killing of two young men named Virgil Ridgeway and Frank Connelly. Ridgeway and Connelly and two hired men were out on a cow hunt, and had camped near a Mexican's house. Connelly went to Ridgeway and and asked for five dollars, saying that he wanted to go down to the Mexican's house and gamble. Ridgeway gave him the money, but told him not to stay long. Connelly left, and did not return as soon as expected, and when he did return, Ridgeway told him that he had no further use for his services, and asked him to pay back the five dollars. Connelly said, "Maybe you think you can make me pay it back." Ridgeway said he could make him, and was going to do so. Connelly then drew his six-shooter, and Ridgeway picked up a Winchester rifle and jumped behind a tree, and both fired at about the same time, and both were struck in the bowels. The two boys who were with them ran off, and returned with assistance, after being absent a considerable time. Both the wounded men had crawled off together to a pond at some little distance, where they were found covered with mud, Connelly dead, and Ridgeway mortally wounded. Neither of the young men was over eighteen years of age.—*Galveston News.*

A Roaring and Hissing Monster.

While a gentleman and lady were sailing on the Sound, between Byram Shore and Captain's Island Lighthouse, their attention was attracted by a queer hissing noise and a roaring sound, and they soon discovered, not an eighth of a mile distant, a monster of the deep advancing rapidly. This monster stood up straight, was apparently as large round as a hogshead, showed an enormous head, and exhibited not less than fifteen or twenty feet of his length. He advanced a short distance in this upright manner, when, with a roar and a hiss he sank completely out of sight, only to reappear in a few moments, uncomfortably near the boat. The party made haste for the shore, and were soon out of harm's way. The monster is evidently neither whale, porpoise nor shark. Our informants are trustworthy people, and not given to tell fish stories.—*Portchester Journal.*

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

An Event in the Life of a Man who Sleeps in a New York Public Square.

[From the New York Sun.]

Last evening Mr. William B. Dinsmore, Mr. John Hoey, and a large number of merchants and expressmen left this city for Boston to attend the funeral services of the late Alvin Adams, the founder of the Adams Express. In 1840 Mr. Adams was not worth a dollar. Last week his express carried in one day $27,000,000, the security for which was simple receipts. In 1840, with the assistance of one man and one boy, he did what little there was to do. To-day the concern of which he was parent employ nearly 15,000 persons. Mr. Adams was one of the few of whom it might be said: "He was one of the most remarkable men in the country." Like Vanderbilt and Astor, Mr. Adams started with nothing, and died leaving an estate valued at many millions of dollars. Among his earliest associates was John Hoey, who for thirty-seven years was an intimate, and at Mr. Adams' death stood high in the councils of the company. On the eve of his departure to attend the funeral Mr. Hoey was asked to give some reminiscences of Mr. Adams and the early days of the great enterprise he began. In reply, Mr. Hoey said: "I would be glad at some other time to tell you the facts of this romance, but I am hurrying off to Boston. When Mr. Adams began to carry parcels and letters between Boston and New York there was no railroad. He came to Allyn's Point, and thence direct to New York. He had a singularly pleasant face and a frank, manly bearing, that attracted people and bred confidence, so that he soon got his share of that kind of patronage."

"Did he travel much himself?"

"No; he traveled a short time only. Then he hired messengers; but his personal bearing and genial manner did much to win customers. It was everything in fact. After a few months he induced a young harness maker named Dinsmore to come to New York and open an office. He did so; and at first he kept the books, delivered the letters (for which they got twenty-five cents each) and the parcels, made out the way bills and collected the freight."

"Were you with them then?"

"Oh, no; I was a cabin boy on the Sheridan, a packet between New York and Liverpool. I got in a with a gang of boys, and in a short time we five made a corner in counting papers. We counted, mailed, folded and shipped all the papers printed in this city. Mr. Bennett took a great fancy to us. One of us was Jerry Bryant, the minstrel. While I was doing this I made the acquaintance of an expressman named Beecher. He was running a little Connecticut express and offered me four dollars a week and steady work. I accepted, and we took an office with Adams. At that time Edwards S. Sanford was in the habit of coming in and asking for a job. Finally Dinsmore let him help to make out a way bill, and little by little he worked in, till he was made agent in Philadelphia, and Dinsmore and I ran the New York end, Adams staying in Boston."

"Was Mr. Adams the chief?"

"Oh, yes. And he was the sole one known, too. He and his manner made everything."

"Were you successful at first?"

"Not at all. It was 1846 before we began even to see our way clear. It was a constant struggle. A three-dollar way bill was a wonder."

At first bills and letters were the principal freight, but parcels began to come in, and after a while trunks, boxes and bundles. This necessitated a porter, but for a long time a boy and a wheelbarrow did all the collecting and distributing. Then they got a horse and wagon—a step which was pondered long before it was taken. All the parties interested were fond of horses. Mr. Adams had in early life looked forward to the day when his ambition would be crowned as he took his seat upon the box of a stage, with the ribbons of a four-horse team in his fist. Mr. Dinsmore, as a harness maker, was brought in contact with horsemen, and knew about horses. In late years Messrs. Adams and Sanford have been noted for their stables, and held the reins over the best blood in the land. With the purchase of the horse and wagon came a new field of operations. The New York and New Haven Railroad, just then completed, offered them facilities and exclusive contracts for carrying money and small packages in what was known as a P. P. truck over its line. For this Adams & Co. contracted to pay, with fear and trembling in their boots, the enormous sum of $1,700 a month, but almost at the very start it proved a paying venture—indeed, the venture which determined them to continue in their business. The next step was to carry freight for merchants at either end of the line, and to establish agencies along the route as well; and in less than three years the whole custom of the country was changed, almost all the light freight and some of the heavier being sent by railroad express, instead of on the boats as freight.

The government was not slow to follow the example of the banks and merchants, and sent for Mr. Adams to go to Washington. He went, and made so good an impression that a contract was at once entered into by which the company were to carry over all their lines the government treasure. When the war broke out this duty meant much more than in ordinary times. Millions were sent by Adams & Co. every day all over the continent; sometimes millions in coin, sometimes in bills or bonds. At times they had armed guards to protect the treasure, but, as a rule, the government agent took the company's simple receipt, and left the rest to the agents.

When the California fever broke out in 1849, Mr. Adams was first in the field, and sent out an express under Mr. D. H. Haskel, one of the keenest men in the service. He took out a wooden shanty for an office, and soon made the place headquarters for all the wise men of the East. Those were golden days. The trouble, exposure, risk, danger, and cost of running an express to San Francisco, and thence to the interior, can never be known by heresay. The messengers were honest, for they carried millions safely. Attacked by robbers, caught in turbid streams, tempted by new diggings, and harassed by hardships and fatigues, they did their devoir like heroes. After the express had been doing finely, an evil day they opened a bank. When Mr. Adams went to San Francisco the whole town rose at him. He went to inspect, but he had no time for that. He was wined all day and dined all night. He was carried from point to point in a carriage drawn by four horses and treated like a prince.

When he got back he said he didn't know whether he was Alvin Adams or the Great Mogul. At all events, he knew he hadn't done what he went to do. Express charges at the East were moderate; in California they were outrageous. Letters, daguerreotypes and small packages from loved ones at home went out at extortionate rates, because of the danger and the risk. Ten to one if the consignee ever saw the freight which went in the wild rush for the land of gold. Later, system obtained and regular service ruled. During the great financial scare the California branch of Adams & Co. went under. Fortunately the business here was in different shape. A stock company was formed with a capital of $1,000,000, called the Adams Express Company, and as the business had assumed colossal proportions, Mr. Adams, who was seriously crippled by the California failure, was not many years in extricating by the dividends accruing to his share of the stock.

Mr. Dinsmore had graduated from the happy-go-lucky harness maker into the calm and portly president of the company. That position he still holds, as he does a large amount of the stock. Mr. Hoey, who used to count newspapers and deliver letters, was made superintendent of the great establishment, married the dramatic favorite, Mrs. Russell, and is to-day a Long Branch millionaire. Mr. Sanford, whose eager pleadings for a job enlisted the sympathy of Dinsmore, has left off bill sticking. He was for a long time agent in Philadelphia, then turned his attention to the American Telegraph Company, then the Western Union, married a daughter of the veteran jeweler, Geo. R. Downing, and still lives, a very rich and fortunate man.

ALVIN ADAMS, THE EXPRESSMAN.

The Business Success that Made Him and His Two Associates Millionaires.

[From the New York Sun.]

Last evening Mr. William B. Dinsmore, Mr. John Hoey, and a large number of merchants and expressmen left this city for Boston to attend the funeral services of the late Alvin Adams, the founder of the Adams Express. In 1840 Mr. Adams was not worth a dollar. Last week his express carried in one day $27,000,000, the security for which was simple receipts. In 1840, with the assistance of one man and one boy, he did what little there was to do. To-day the concern of which he was parent employ nearly 15,000 persons. Mr. Adams was one of the few of whom it might be said: "He was one of the most remarkable men in the country." Like Vanderbilt and Astor, Mr. Adams started with nothing, and died leaving an estate valued at many millions of dollars. Among his earliest associates was John Hoey, who for thirty-seven years was an intimate, and at Mr. Adams' death stood high in the councils of the company. On the eve of his departure to attend the funeral Mr. Hoey was asked to give some reminiscences of Mr. Adams and the early days of the great enterprise he began. In reply, Mr. Hoey said: "I would be glad at some other time to tell you the facts of this romance, but I am hurrying off to Boston. When Mr. Adams began to carry parcels and letters between Boston and New York there was no railroad. He came to Allyn's Point, and thence direct to New York. He had a singularly pleasant face and a frank, manly bearing, that attracted people and bred confidence, so that he soon got his share of that kind of patronage."

"Did he travel much himself?"

"No; he traveled a short time only. Then he hired messengers; but his personal bearing and genial manner did much to win customers. It was everything in fact. After a few months he induced a young harness maker named Dinsmore to come to New York and open an office. He did so; and at first he kept the books, delivered the letters (for which they got twenty-five cents each) and the parcels, made out the way bills and collected the freight."

"Were you with them then?"

"Oh, no; I was a cabin boy on the Sheridan, a packet between New York and Liverpool. I got in a with a gang of boys, and in a short time we five made a corner in counting papers. We counted, mailed, folded and shipped all the papers printed in this city. Mr. Bennett took a great fancy to us. One of us was Jerry Bryant, the minstrel. While I was doing this I made the acquaintance of an expressman named Beecher. He was running a little Connecticut express and offered me four dollars a week and steady work. I accepted, and we took an office with Adams. At that time Edwards S. Sanford was in the habit of coming in and asking for a job. Finally Dinsmore let him help to make out a way bill, and little by little he worked in, till he was made agent in Philadelphia, and Dinsmore and I ran the New York end, Adams staying in Boston."

"Was Mr. Adams the chief?"

"Oh, yes. And he was the sole one known, too. He and his manner made everything."

"Were you successful at first?"

"Not at all. It was 1846 before we began even to see our way clear. It was a constant struggle. A three-dollar way bill was a wonder."

At first bills and letters were the principal freight, but parcels began to come in, and after a while trunks, boxes and bundles. This necessitated a porter, but for a long time a boy and a wheelbarrow did all the collecting and distributing. Then they got a horse and wagon—a step which was pondered long before it was taken. All the parties interested were fond of horses. Mr. Adams had in early life looked forward to the day when his ambition would be crowned as he took his seat upon the box of a stage, with the ribbons of a four-horse team in his fist. Mr. Dinsmore, as a harness maker, was brought in contact with horsemen, and knew about horses. In late years Messrs. Adams and Sanford have been noted for their stables, and held the reins over the best blood in the land. With the purchase of the horse and wagon came a new field of operations. The New York and New Haven Railroad, just then completed, offered them facilities and exclusive contracts for carrying money and small packages in what was known as a P. P. truck over its line. For this Adams & Co. contracted to pay, with fear and trembling in their boots, the enormous sum of $1,700 a month, but almost at the very start it proved a paying venture—indeed, the venture which determined them to continue in their business. The next step was to carry freight for merchants at either end of the line, and to establish agencies along the route as well; and in less than three years the whole custom of the country was changed, almost all the light freight and some of the heavier being sent by railroad express, instead of on the boats as freight.

The government was not slow to follow the example of the banks and merchants, and sent for Mr. Adams to go to Washington. He went, and made so good an impression that a contract was at once entered into by which the company were to carry over all their lines the government treasure. When the war broke out this duty meant much more than in ordinary times. Millions were sent by Adams & Co. every day all over the continent; sometimes millions in coin, sometimes in bills or bonds. At times they had armed guards to protect the treasure, but, as a rule, the government agent took the company's simple receipt, and left the rest to the agents.

When the California fever broke out in 1849, Mr. Adams was first in the field, and sent out an express under Mr. D. H. Haskel, one of the keenest men in the service. He took out a wooden shanty for an office, and soon made the place headquarters for all the wise men of the East. Those were golden days. The trouble, exposure, risk, danger, and cost of running an express to San Francisco, and thence to the interior, can never be known by heresay. The messengers were honest, for they carried millions safely. Attacked by robbers, caught in turbid streams, tempted by new diggings, and harassed by hardships and fatigues, they did their devoir like heroes. After the express had been doing finely, an evil day they opened a bank. When Mr. Adams went to San Francisco the whole town rose at him. He went to inspect, but he had no time for that. He was wined all day and dined all night. He was carried from point to point in a carriage drawn by four horses and treated like a prince.

When he got back he said he didn't know whether he was Alvin Adams or the Great Mogul. At all events, he knew he hadn't done what he went to do. Express charges at the East were moderate; in California they were outrageous. Letters, daguerreotypes and small packages from loved ones at home went out at extortionate rates, because of the danger and the risk. Ten to one if the consignee ever saw the freight which went in the wild rush for the land of gold. Later, system obtained and regular service ruled. During the great financial scare the California branch of Adams & Co. went under. Fortunately the business here was in different shape. A stock company was formed with a capital of $1,000,000, called the Adams Express Company, and as the business had assumed colossal proportions, Mr. Adams, who was seriously crippled by the California failure, was not many years in extricating by the dividends accruing to his share of the stock.

Mr. Dinsmore had graduated from the happy-go-lucky harness maker into the calm and portly president of the company. That position he still holds, as he does a large amount of the stock. Mr. Hoey, who used to count newspapers and deliver letters, was made superintendent of the great establishment, married the dramatic favorite, Mrs. Russell, and is to-day a Long Branch millionaire. Mr. Sanford, whose eager pleadings for a job enlisted the sympathy of Dinsmore, has left off bill sticking. He was for a long time agent in Philadelphia, then turned his attention to the American Telegraph Company, then the Western Union, married a daughter of the veteran jeweler, Geo. R. Downing, and still lives, a very rich and fortunate man.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common-sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in this world; the reason is, they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

One quarter of the town of Dieppe, France, was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of over $225,000.....The New York Democratic State committee met at Albany and resolved to hold the convention, for the nomination of a State ticket, at Albany, on October 3.....M. Gambetta, the successor to Thiers, as the leader of the Republican party in France, was condemned to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 2,000 francs for failing to appear in court to answer to a judicial summons..... The centennial of the battle of Brandywine was celebrated at Chaddsford, Pa., with appropriate ceremonies, including addresses by Senator Bayard and others.....The Wisconsin Republican State convention met at Madison and nominated a ticket headed by William E. Smith, of Milwaukee, for governor. The platform reaffirmed the principles which have guided the Republican party hitherto; hoped that the magnanimous purpose which animated the present administration to restore peace and concord to the South would be fully appreciated; rejoiced if the Southern policy of the President produced the hoped-for results of order and peace, but if these results shall not follow this experiment, demanding the adoption of other measures which shall secure to all citizens the fullest enjoyment of their constitutional rights; declaring unshaken confidence in the purposes and patriotism of President Hayes; opposing the further bestowal of public lands upon railroad corporations; holding that the silver dollar should be restored to its former place as money, and expressing sympathy with the workingmen.

The State convention of the Massachusetts Prohibionists was held in Worcester, and a ticket nominated with R. C. Pitman for governor at the head. The platform adopted declares a determination to destroy the liquor traffic, and affirms that the policy of the State toward the liquor question cannot be settled by a party divided between license and prohibition; another plank favors woman suffrage.....The British ship Forrest, from London for New York, collided with the British ship Avalanche, from London for New Zealand, off Portland, the former cutting the latter in two. The Avalanche sank immediately, while the Forrest kept afloat for an hour or two and then foundered. Over one hundred persons lost their lives by the disaster.....The rifle matches at the Creedmoor range attracted large crowds from New York and vicinity. The inter-State military match was won by a team of twelve men from California, who made a score of 995; Connecticut coming next with 971, and New York with 967; the prize being a bronze statue worth $350. The champion's match, for a gold medal, valued at $100, was won by Henry Sellon, who scored a possible 150. The prize known as the Wimbledon Cup—valued at $500, and presented to the riflemen of America by the riflemen of Great Britain, for annual competition—was captured by Dudley Selph, of New Orleans, who scored 137 out of a possible 150, at 1,000 yards.....The Pennsylvania Prohibitionists nominated A. H. Winton for supreme judge, and adoped a platform declaring an abiding faith in the ultimate success of the Prohibition party.

The President arrived at Richmond, Ind., and immediately visited the sick chamber of Senator Morton.....The Massachusetts Democratic State convention was held in Worcester. William Gaston and Charles P. Thompson were nominated for governor, and the former was selected by a vote of 1,190 to 236. The other candidates are: For lieutenant-governor, William H. Plunkett; for secretary of State, Weston Howland; for treasurer and receiver-general, David L. Skillings; for auditor, John E. Fitzgerald; for attorney-general, Charles P. Thompson. The platform adopted reaffirms and announces the National Democratic platform of 1876, as the authoritative exposition of the principles of the past, and expressed belief that the people fairly elected a majority of the Electoral College in favor of the Democratic party; congratulates the country upon the restoration of public order and domestic peace in the South by the adoption of Democratic principles; favors the removal of obstacles to an extended reciprocal trade with foreign countries, and the opening of a liberal reciprocity with Canada and Mexico; is in favor of "the honest payment of the public debt, and of a currency on the gold basis;" opposes the reenactment of the Prohibitory law, and believes that "the present system of taxation in Massachusetts unequal, unjust and oppressive, and the time has come for a thorough reformation of the laws regulating the levying of taxes. Should the judicial decision, sentencing M. Gambetta, the French Republican leader, to three months' imprisonment, be confirmed by the higher tribunals, he will be deprived of all civil rights for five years.....A Workingmen's convention met at Columbus, Ohio, and nominated a State ticket, headed by Stephen Johnson, who was also the choice of the Greenback party for governor. A platform was adopted demanding a payment of bonds at or before maturity, according to the laws under which they were issued; the remonetization of silver coin; immediate repeal of the resumption act; non-sectarian schools; wholesome control by the government over all corporate bodies, and fostering of the resources of the country to the end that labor may be fully and profitably employed; declares in favor of a graduated income tax; that the government lands should be reserved for actual settlers; deprecates all efforts to redress wrongs by violence, and denounces the system of paying store script for labor, and calls for laws to prevent this swindle on laboring men. Their financial plank declares it the prerogative of the government to issue coin and provide money, both metallic and paper, for the convenience of trade, and that this power should not be delegated to corporations or individuals; demands that the legal tender currency be fully restored and made legal tender, and be continued without contraction, and that the national banking law should be repealed.....The National Banker's convention, in session at New York, discussed the silver question. Six hundred delegates were present, representing 500 banks, controlling an aggregate capital of $300,000,000, divided as follows: New York, $80,000,000; Boston, $60,000,000; Philadelphia, $30,000,000, other cities, $130,000,000.

A reception was given to President Hayes, at Fremont, Ohio, by the Twenty-third Ohio regiment. About twenty thousand persons were present, among them being a number of prominent military men and politicians. The demonstration had no political signification, but was participated in by all, irrespective of party. The President, as president of the society of veterans, called the meeting to order and introduced the various speakers. An election for officers of the society took place and the President was selected. Addresses were made by General Sheridan, Senator Stanley Matthews and others.....The great two days' match, at Creedmoor, between the riflemen of America and Great Britain for the Centennial trophy—won last year by the American team—was won again by the American team of eight men, who made a score of 3,334 points against 3,242 for Great Britain—a majority of ninety-two points. The shooting of both teams was very fair, the American team making the largest score ever made on any rifle range, some of their individual scores being unusually large. The highest score of the Americans was made by the youngest man in the team—C. E. Blydenburgh, who scored 429 out of a possible 450. The best individual score of the British team was made by the captain, Sir Henry Halford, who scored 412. The trophy is a magnificent banner, handsomely worked and embellished, and is to be competed for annually by the marksmen of the world.....The proprietor of the New York piano manufactory, at the recent burning of which a number of persons lost their lives, was censured by the coroner's jury for not providing sufficient means of extinguishing a fire.

Admiral Constantine Canaris, the Greek prime minister, is dead.....Yellow fever is on the increase at Fernandina, Fla.....William M. Tweed, in his examination before a committee of New York aldermen, concerning the fraudulent ring transactions, stated that in the New York Legislature of 1870, over $600,000 had been paid to the senators and representatives, as bribes to secure the passage of the city charter. Tweed testified that he paid members of both political parties to vote for bills in which he was interested, and that in the matter of the city charter, he paid four senators $40,000 each for working for him in caucus.....During a struggle between two counterfeiters and a secret service officer, at Tyrme, Pa., one of the former, Bishop Weir, was killed and the other was captured.....The New York *Herald* has heard from the African explorer, after a silence of twelve months, and when he had almost been given up for dead. Stanley arrived on the west coast of Africa, after suffering incredibly in regions infested by cannibals and savage tribes, with whom he was compelled to wage incessant warfare.

The Clairmont Savings Bank, of New York, suspended, leaving a deficiency of about $64,000.....General Sturges' command came upon the Nez Perces Indians on the Yellowstone and fought them all day, killing a large number and capturing 150 horses. A number of soldiers were killed and wounded.....The Tilden Democrats and party—consisting of the President and family, Secretaries Evarts, Thompson, McCrary, Postmaster-General Key, and others—arrived in Louisville, Ky., on their Southern tour, and were welcomed by the mayor and citizens. Speeches were made by the President, Secretaries Evarts, McCrary and Thompson, Postmaster-General Key, Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, and others. After a visit to the Louisiana exposition, the party took dinner at the residence of General Bristow, and in the evening a public reception was held at the Galt House, which was largely attended.....The inter-State long range rifle match, at Creedmoor, was won by a team of four men from the Amsteur Rifle Club, of New York. The members of the team were Messrs. Dakin, Weber, Allen and Jewell, all of whom were in the American team in the preceding match between America and Great Britain.....A series of fierce attacks and counter-attacks between the Russians and Turks, in the vicinity of Plevna, resulted generally in the success of the Ottoman troops, with a fearful loss of life on both sides. The owner of Sargent's Ranch, near Rockin Cal., and a Mrs. Oder and husband, were murdered by Chinamen, for the sake of plunder, whereupon the exasperated citizens compelled every Chinaman in the town to leave, and demolished all the buildings in the Chinese quarters. The murderers were arrested and narrowly escaped lynching.....A monument to the soldiers and sailors of Massachusetts, who fell in the late war, was dedicated on Boston Common, with Masonic rites, and presented to the city. The speech of acceptance was made by Mayor Prince, and the oration was delivered by Attorney-General Devens. Among those present were General George G. McClellan, Joseph Hooker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and other distinguished military men and civilians. During the exercises a large tier of seats filed with people gave way, and a number of men and women were more or less badly injured.....The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, of the United States, met at Baltimore, and opened their fifty-third annual session.

THE EASTERN STATES.

Some Interesting Facts in Relation to the Peculiarities of New England.

Nathan Allen, in an address before the Social Science Association, gave the following interesting information concerning New England people and changes in population in the Eastern States:

According to the census of 1870, 615,747 residents of other States were born in New England. Another marked change consists in a migration from country towns and rural districts to villages and cities, and has become very extensive throughout New England. Closely connected with a change of residence is a change in pursuits; in fact, a removal from county to city, or from a small place to a larger one, almost necessarily implies such a change. Prior to the present century, the prevailing business of New England people was agriculture. The report of 1875 gives these facts in respect to the number engaged in the following pursuits:

1.—Government and professional	29,730
2.—Domestic and personal service	434,289
3.—Trade and transportation	104,935
4.—Agriculture, fisheries, &c.	81,156
5.—Manufactures and mechanical industries	316,459
6.—Non-productive and propertied	65,430
7.—Students of all grades	282,784
8.—Not given, including children, &c.	347,129

The most striking fact observable in this table is the comparatively small numbers engaged in agriculture. It is well known, too, that many important changes in agriculture have taken place. Less land is now cultivated than formerly; the improvement of many thousand acres on the hills and in the poorer districts of New England is now given up, but the land near cities, large towns and the markets is more fully and better cultivated. By the introduction of machinery and improved tools, farming is carried on with much less help and manual labor. These facts may account in part for changes in pursuit. In this change two facts are noticeable:

1. The diminishing number of Americans engaged in agriculture.

2. The relative increase of foreigners engaged in it. And never was this change taking place faster than at the present time. The Massachusetts census of 1875 reports under the head "Agriculture," 2,000 persons less than the United States census of 1870. The statement made in this paper go to establish these general facts:

1. There has been within a half a century a great change of residence among the New England people, both by immigrating out of these States and by migrating in each State from the country to the city.

2. There has been a marked change in business, men largely giving up manual abor and exchanging the farm for the shop, the store and the mill.

3. A change also in numbers and character, the removal of more than half a million of New Englanders of these States, and the introduction into their places of a still larger number of persons born in other countries.

4. The birth-rate of New Englanders has for a long time been gradually declining—approaching nearer and nearer to the death-rate, so that their increase from this source has become, as a whole, small, and in some localities is doubtful; whereas, it is an established fact that the birth-rate of the foreign element is twice that of the American, so that the probabilities are that the former class will steadily gain in numbers upon the latter.

There are in New England, according to the last *Catholic Directory*, 539 Catholic priests, 508 churches, 167 chapels and stations, in a Catholic population of about 890,000 souls, and it is evident, from an examination of the list of the churches, that a large proportion of them are in the small towns and rural districts of these States.

Nearly twenty-five per cent. of the present population of New England is composed of Roman Catholics, and nearly seventy per cent. of the births in that region are those in Roman Catholic families.

New England, indeed, promises to be the first portion of the country which is likely to become distinctively Roman Catholic. The immigration into New England is small, but is composed mostly of Catholics; the increase of population is very largely Catholic; the immigration is almost entirely non-Catholic."

Horrors of the Eastern War.

The London *Times* war correspondent in Armenia writes: I have recovered fresh details concerning the lamentable occurrences at Bajazid, and as they come from an official source, I am justified in claiming some attention for them. After deliberately murdering a detachment of 900 Cossacks, the Kurds under their fanatical leaders, entered Bajazid. The scene that ensued was one of unparalleled horror. The town contained one hundred and sixty-five Christian familes, and all of the men, women and children were ruthlessly put to the sword. A Turkish officer who visited the town a few days subsequently states that there was not a single inhabitant left; all had fled, and, including Russian prisoners, upward of 2,400 people had been killed. In every house he entered small groups of dead were lying shockingly mutilated and in the most revolting positions.

Captain M'Calmont, who visited the place shortly after the Russian relief, states that it is entirely deserted and a mere heap of ruins; also, that soldiers were employed for six days in burying the dead, the number of whom it was