The Brown, Blue and Gray.

The watchers were weary, and train-time was nigh,
There was protest and pleading, and tearful good-bye;
We laid the three gently upon the white bed,
And tenderly pillowed each sorrowful head.
The lips were all silent, and soft were the sighs;
The lashes were hiding the beautiful eyes.
On the right lay the dark waves, that rippled with gold,
On the left flowed the silver that never was told,
And the wing of the raven between.
The brown eyes said, closing: "I hope you'll be late;"
The blue eyes yet trembled, "How long can you wait?"
The gray, dark with pleading, were closing in prayer;
The hush of His angel was stilling the air.
The brown hands lay crossed and pressed in their place;
The white hands lay lost in the fold of the lace;
In velvet and dimples the hand that was stirred;
The breath of the sleepers was all that I heard,
And the shriek of the incoming train.

I twice kissed the proud lips, the ruby lips twice;
The lips that were pouting, I turned to them thrice,
Then hurried forth blind in the pitiless rain
And into the night on the outgoing train—
But I think while I bent over tresses and bands
All my heart-strings were caught by the motionless hands,
For whenever I wait and wherever I roam
They are driving me on, they are drawing me home,
While I dream of the brown, blue and gray.

—H. C. Parsons, in Scribner.

THE MORTGAGED FARM.

"Six o'clock!" said Marion Hilyard, looking up suddenly as the tall, old fashion clock in the corner rang out its shrill announcement; "six o'clock, and oh! mother, here is Jenny Lane, punctual to the very moment. Now we shall have good news from Jack, I hope."

She ran out to the gate, flushed and eager to receive the letter from the country carrier; and returning, seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and broke the envelope.

On the first glance at its contents a shade of disappointment dimmed her bright face.

Instead of reading the note aloud she glanced hurriedly over the brief lines, and then silently, with a quivering lip, placed it in her mother's hand and turned aside to a window.

This is what Mr. Hilyard read:

"*Dear Madam*—I saw your son a few days since, when, to my surprise, he expressed himself reluctant to apply his money to the redeeming of the mortgage, saying that he required it for a speculation which promises to be more profitable to him than the holding of the farm. I have, therefore, been compelled to dispose of the mortgage to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who purposes to take immediate possession; and I considerit my duty to inform you thereof, in order that you may lose no time in making arrangements for a removal. Very respectfully,

"ABNER HARRIS."

Mrs. Hilyard returned the letter to its envelope with a trembling hand and a dazed, bewildered look, as though unable to realize the blow which had so suddenly fallen upon them.

Her eyes met Marion's, and the girl threw herself upon her knees by her mother's side and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, mother, mother! what shall we do? What will become of us?"

"The Lord will provide," said Mrs. Hilyard, raising her overflowing eyes to the motto on the wall, embroidered by Marion's own hand. "Where is your faith, my child, that it should fail you in this the very hour of need?"

"Mother, it is not so much the loss of our home nor the poverty and trial in store which grieves me, but that Jack—your own son, my own brother—should have so changed. Oh, mother, I know that our Father in Heaven will not desert us, but to whom on earth can we turn when even Jack can become worldly and heartless?"

At this moment a little blue-eyed girl burst into the room with:

"Mamma—Marion! here is Miss 'Melia Anderson at the gate, in her buggy. She says will you step out a minute, for she wants to tell you about old Mr. Millard being sunstruck; and she daren't leave her horse without somebody to hold him."

Marion was in no condition to listen to Miss 'Melia—the greatest gossip in the neighborhood; so Mrs. Hilyard, drying her eyes, was in civility compelled to see the informal visitor. Marion, her head resting upon the window-sill behind the screen of clinging roses, could have heard every word spoken; but, absorbed in her grief, she paid no attention until the name of Wat Hinton struck upon her ear.

"It's true, for certain; for Maria had it from his own sister, Aggie Hinton. Says Maria, in her wild way, 'If he comes back with all that money'—you know his Uncle Samuel left him most of his property last year—says Maria, 'if he comes back rich, I mean to set my cap for him.' On which Aggie answers, 'Oh, you needn't; for he's to be married before long, and to a real nice, pretty girl.' Of course, Maria wanted to know all about it; but Aggie only laughed in her mysterious way, until Maria says, 'I believe you are jokin'? when Aggie replies, 'If Walter isn't married before winter I'll make you a present of my new earrings which he has sent me.' So you see it's certain sure; and no doubt he'll bring his bride to visit his family, and then, tell Marion, we may look out for a grand party. When the Hintons undertake to do things, they always do it handsomely."

Marion stayed to hear no more. Gliding out of a side door, she crossed the garden, passing little Myra, who was fondling a snow-white calf, her great pet and treasure, and who called out to her to "see how fast Snowball was growing."

Poor little sister! It would be as hard upon her as upon her mother and herself to leave the dear old home, with all the scenes and objects endeared to them by the associations of their lives. For in that ample, pleasant, old-fashioned farmhouse Mrs. Hilyard had been born and married, and here her children also had first seen the light.

Two years ago her husband—who had been too little practical to make a successful farmer—had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state and the farm burdened with a very heavy mortgage. Then Jack, good son and brother that he was, had thought it best to go to the city, taking advantage of a situation offered him by a distant relative, until the mortgage should be paid off.

Only two weeks ago he had written cheerfully that the matter would be speedily settled to their satisfaction; and now, just as they were expecting to hear that their home was their own again, came this cruel letter.

As Marion had said to her mother, not even the loss of their home went to her heart with so sharp a pang as did this evidence of the change in her only brother.

That Jack should have grown so worldly and heartless as to consider his pecuniary advantage before the gratification of his mother's comfort; that he should allow them to be actually turned out of the dear old house, and go to reside in the strange city, where they could never feel at home—oh, this was the bitterest pang of all!

So Marion had thought upon first reading that letter; and it was not until hearing Miss 'Melia's words to her mother that she awoke to the consciousness that fate could have even a greater sorrow than this in store for her.

One year ago she had parted from her accepted lover, Wat Hinton, in mutual anger on both sides. Wat had become jealous, and had spoken sharply to her, and in a manner which she considered herself justified in resenting.

Wat was too proud to apologize, and Marion too proud as well as too delicate to make advances to a reconciliation; and so they had drifted apart, both miserable, until Wat had broken the last link by going off to the West.

She heard of him from time to time through his family, but no word or message to herself ever came. In all this while she had looked forward, with a faint, yearning hope to the possibility of his some time returning, and of all being made up between them.

But now this last hope was rudely stricken to the ground. Wat was going to be married. He had forgotten her, and was lost to her forever.

"Oh, it is hard—so hard to bear!" thought Marion, as, with hands unconsciously tightly clasped, she passed slowly under the apple-boughs of the old orchard. "Life is bitter. It has taken all from me; it can have no more to give. Only my dear, dear mother and Myra! For their sakes I must be strong and try to bear it all."

On the verge of the orchard, where the high bank sloped abruptly to the meadow, she came to a mass of tangled honeysuckle, fashioned into a rustic arbor. Wat had made it for her, and here, in fact, it was that they had last parted.

Down in the meadow ran a little pathway, leading by a short cut to Wat's home, a couple of miles away. How often she had sat here of an evening and watched for him!

She could scarcely look back upon any time of her life, or upon any object now before her eyes, which was not connected with some association of Wat.

There was the walnut tree which he and Jack used to climb, and there the clear, laughing brook in which he had taught her to steer the little boat which he had made for her, laden with grain, down to Jack's famous water-mill, at the roots of that old willow.

Further up was the real "grist and saw mill" which Jack had always been so desirous of owning, and which everybody said would be such a good investment for one who could manage it properly.

And then Marion, seated on the bench in the rustic arbor, turned and looked long and yearningly at the old farmhouse peeping from the great beeches across the orchard. No other place on earth could ever be home to her. And her mother! Oh, it would be harder still for her, whose whole life of fifty years had been spent under that roof.

A sudden sound aroused Marion—a sharp whistle, as of some one calling a dog, and she saw through tear-dimmed eyes the figure of a man hurrying along the pathway in the meadow. She drew back behind the screen of honeysuckle.

The path led past the arbor, but at the foot of the steep bank; and she would not be discovered in her retreat. So she thought; but a moment or two after there was a sound of footsteps ascending the bank, a rustle of the honeysuckle branches, and Marion saw standing in the entrance of the arbor the figure of a tall young man, who looked almost as much startled as herself.

For an instant they gazed at each other—Marion pale, and the stranger with a flush rising to his handsome face. Then he said, as he held out his hand, "Marion, don't you know me?"

She gave him her hand in silence. It was Wat. And suddenly, with the sight of him came the full bitterness of her sorrow, in the consciousness that he was lost to her forever. She was nothing to him now, and he must be nothing to her.

"I am glad to have so unexpectedly found you here in this dear old spot," he said. "I arrived at home only an hour ago, and could not rest until I had seen you."

She met his eyes, bent upon her with a strange earnestness, and her pale cheek faintly flushed, but she could not have spoken a word.

"Marion," he said suddenly, "have you no welcome for me? Is it possible that you cannot forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"

"Yes; for all my absurd jealousy and pride and folly. I have never had a happy moment since I parted from you, Marion, and I have come back at last to beg your forgiveness, and to beg, too, for the love which I forfeited, but which I cannot live without."

"I do not understand you, Wat. I do not know why you should speak thus to me, when—when you are going to be married."

"Who told you that of me, Marion?"

"It came from Aggie, your own sister."

He smiled.

"Aggie knows my wishes. It was she who encouraged me to come back. She thought you would forgive me. Will, you, Marion, darling?"

She had averted her face to hide her tearful eyes, but he now took both her hands, and as he drew her toward him a great tide of unspeakable joy rushed over her, and she could only murmur faintly: "Oh, Wat!"

When they were both calmer she told of the heavy grief that had just fallen upon them. They must leave their dear old home, which had passed into the hands of strangers. Do you call me a stranger?"

"Of strangers, Marion—"

"You, Wat?"

He looked surprised in his turn.

"Did you not know that it is I who have purchased the dear old farm? Did you not receive Jack's letter?"

"Oh, Walter, it cannot, cannot be true!"

He took from a pocketbook a paper, which he opened and placed before her. It was the mortgage which her father had given to Mr. Abner Harris.

"And the place is really yours now?" she said, looking up radiantly through sudden tears.

"Not mine, but ours, darling!"

She was too happy to speak a word in answer.

"You see, dear," Wat said, "Jack and I talked it over the other day, and we agreed, as he was so anxious to purchase the mill and had not means sufficient for both, that I should take the farm, and leave him at liberty to invest in the mill property. It is the very best thing for Jack and for his mother, as I explained to her, if only she had received his letter. Jack is not fitted for a farmer, and could never have made much of the farm, as he will certainly do with the mill. He came up with me, in order to attend to the matter. Forgive me that I neglected to inform you, but I left him behind in the maple field, talking with Aggie."

Marion started up with a glad cry. Coming down the opposite declivity of the meadow was somebody, joyously waving his hand, and in two minutes she was sobbing in her brother's arms—sobbing from a fullness of joy such as she had never in her life before known.

They hastened to the house, all three eager to gladden the heart of the mother.

Jack sprang up the steps and took her in his arms, while Wat lifted Myra, who had run to meet them in frantic delight.

As Marion crossed the threshold, the old clock rang out a welcome chime. "Seven o'clock!" said the girl softly.

Here heart was full, and she turned away and went quietly up to her own room. As she passed the clock, she looked up at it with an expression almost of awe.

"What a lifetime of misery and happiness in one hour!" she murmured.

The Eagle as a Military Emblem.

How old the eagle is as a military emblem—who knows? The eagles of the Tenth legion had landed in Albion long before the embroidered raven flapped its wings on the Northman's standard; the eagle superseded the lark, which was the cognizance of the Gallic levies, and outlived all the birds and beasts of the early Roman militia, as the woodpecker of the Piceni and the wolf of the Hirpini. The division of the empire gave the eagle two heads, one for Rome and one for Byzantium, and when the empire fell the imperial cognizance was adopted by Austria and by Russia, claiming through the female line the honors of the Palæologi. Prussia and Poland had their eagles, and it was only natural that Napoleon, who considered himself the successor of Charlemagne and the Cæsars, should have adopted the bird of Jove as the emblem of his empire

Nothing will make a man's mouth water like a box of shoe blacking.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Baby and the Mirror.

My baby-boy sat on the floor,
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward that golden head
The mirror-border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side, then softly said—
"I can't get out; can you—come in?"

—Blanche M. Channing.

Things Every Woman Wants to Know.

Spring fabrics show a decided tendency not only toward increasing brightness in color, but a mixture of shades as in the peacock colors. Blue is largely brought forward, and appears in different shades under the names of sapphire, a blue overcast with greenish tint; gendarme, a dark shade of military blue, and other blues of milder type called *blue de Sevres* and Baltic blue. Yellow is represented in old gold, gilt, almond and ecru, and garnet, wine and dark plum are still employed. All white goods show creamy tinges, and grays run from dark to light—a pale gray called "dust of shade" being quite new.

Prints, jaconets and other cotton goods, notably the new momie cloth, are out in pretty floral designs which reproduce styles in pattern and coloring prevalent many years ago. Sprigs of flowers on delicate colored backgrounds and little dots disposed of in clusters at intervals, are among leading styles, as are foulard designs. Ginghams of fine quality show large plaids of quiet tone, and handsome Persian borders appear on solid prints. Stripes pervade all classes of new materials, sometimes alone and again in combination with flowers. New summer silks come in stripes; also in small broken plaids.

Finely-beaded passementeries as well as fine cord passementeries, both for bands and for trimming in pieces, are introduced among spring trimmings. Silk fringes have by no means lost their prestige, though woolen fringes are *passe*; hems and rows of machine-stitching taking their place in all-wool costumes. Striped or other figured goods of satin and silk or velvet and silk are employed as garniture for skirt, collar, revers, cuffs, vest, etc. The variety of buttons is undiminished, and they come in round, flat or medium shapes.

Street costumes, as well as dresses having trains, are moderately *bouffant* in effect, and are made with a trimmed or princess skirt, *i. e.*, one on which the drapery is fastened. Basques and jackets, with and without waistcoats, form the popular bodice. For outside wraps the walking jacket and sacque assumes various shapes. When made to complete a costume it is trimmed to match; otherwise it may be trimmed in tailor style or with galloon. Modifications of the dolman, visites, scarfs and fichus will all be much worn. Ulsters remain popular for traveling purposes.

Bonnets, generally speaking, are larger in size; some are variations of the cottage shape; others have flowing brims rising over the forehead, with sides pressed flat to the head. Rough-and-ready straws, braided straws and chips in black and mode colors are among the materials. In round hats come the English walking hat and turban, with a variety of broad-brimmed shade hats for country wear. Two faced ribbons, striped ribbons, Breton lace and flowers in profusion constitute leading trimmings in millinery, as do striped and checkered silks.

The Empire of Fashion.

Fashion is not a feeble goddess, and rarely yields to the attacks of satire, by which she is so frequently assailed. Occasionally she seems to do so; but it is only in seeming, for when a fashion is abandoned it is not in deference to its assailants, but because its wearers demand a change. But in all ages, either with the pen or the brush, satirists have assailed fashion. In a manuscript of the eleventh century an illuminator introduces the father of all evil dressed in the prevailing style. He wears the long sleeves of the period, which had to be knotted to keep them from touching the ground, the enormously lengthened train and the dress laced up in front. Trains, however, did not grow any shorter because of the "paper bullets of the brain" fired at them, for in the thirteenth century a satirist thus discourses of the ladies of the period: "They are like peacocks and magpies; for the pies naturally bear feathers of various colors, so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have not long tails that trail in the dirt, so that the ladies make their trains a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies."

Among other hits at the fashion is found the following announcement, which is called the petition of "one William Gingle, coachmaker and chairmaker of the liberty of Westminster." He states "that for the service of ladies wearing hoop petticoats he has built a round chair in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference with a stool in the center of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle and closing mathematically when she is seated." And further, that he has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be "let in at the top." And "that the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her." It is to be hoped that such extremes of fashion will not be revived in this century. A few years ago many of our ladies wore hoop skirts measuring four and a half yards around the lower edge, but when they had reached that size Dame Fashion kindly declared they should be laid aside altogether.

An old poet tunes his lyre to the following song:

Now dressed in a cap, now naked in none;
Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan;
Without handkerchief now, and now buried in ruff;
Now plain as a Quaker, now all in a puff;
Now a shape in neat shape, now a slattern in gumps;
Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps;
Now monstrous in hoop, now trapish, and walking
With your petticoats cling to your heels like a mauskin;
Like the cock on the tower, that shows you the weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together.

Notwithstanding these attacks, Fashion sits securely on her ancient throne, having the whole world for her empire and all the inhabitants thereon for her subjects.—*New York Herald.*

Fashion Notes.

Twilled satin foulards are among the new suit materials.

One large bow and strings constitute an Alsacian bonnet.

Grenadines are unusually pretty this year.

Black velvet is more popular than last year.

Silk hairpins in bright colors are imported.

Half-fitting jackets will be worn this summer.

The waistcoat is the important part of a dress.

The bonnet cannot be made too large nowadays.

Old-gold gauze and satin is a brilliant stuff for summer toilets.

In spring woolens are seen the Chuddah stripes or herring bones.

Chinese blues and Chinese greens are found among the new colors.

A new camel's fabric, as thin as bunting, will be worn this summer.

Slippers of satin, embroidered with seed pearls, are worn by brides.

The latest novelty in stockings shows a monogram worked on the instep.

Some ladies buy plain ivory buttons and paint them to match the dress.

Dark navy blue and brown are the most fashionable colors for cambrics.

The fashionable color for children's dresses and wraps is robin's-egg-blue.

Outside jackets for suits are still made cutaway, with velvet or silk vests.

Half-fitting jackets will be worn with dresses of washing material this summer.

Woolen goods for spring dresses mostly have a "flannel finish" without luster.

Ribbons for strings are wider than formerly, measuring from three to four inches.

Black satin buttons painted with snow scenes are shown for costumes of mixed black and white goods.

A double cape of heavy chenille, with tinsel thread twisted in the same, is the latest novelty for the neck, in place of a scarf.

Lace gloves with fingers, also with long wrists, are worn this spring, as well as lace mitts and half-fingered lace gloves.

There is a great variety in the gold hair-pins which are so fashionable for the ladies to wear across the front of their hair.

Long gloves, extending half-way to the elbow, are of a creamy-white undressed kid, either plain or with lace insertions and frills.

Gold ornaments for bonnets are made to open like bracelets and then clasp over the wide lace or ribbon strings, so that these seem to be run through them.

News and Notes for Women.

A New Albany (Ind.) woman has been fined $5 for eavesdropping.

A New Orleans woman, whose husband was killed by a pet bear, has sued its owner for $55,000 damages.

It is said that the wife of President Grevy, of the French republic, can ride a steeplechase, paint a landscape, compose a poem and play the piano like an angel.

Classes are about to be formed in St. Petersburg for the instruction of women in medicine; and when their studies are completed, they will be attached to the medical staff of the Russian army.

The late Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, of Davenport, Ia., has left nearly $100,000 to a home for the friendless in that city, and $50,000 to a fund for the support of the poor clergy and the widows of clergymen.

A Day in Havana.

He is wise who adapts himself at once to the leisurely modes of the natives. This fervid climate will not be trifled with. Rise at six. The early morning is delicious. Take only a cup of coffee and a hard biscuit, and start out for a walk to one of the many churches whose discordant chimes ring out a noisy welcome. Then visit the markets. That upon the Campo del Marto is the most picturesque. Here all the products of this fruity isle hang in masses of rich confusion.

Close by the battery at the end of the Prado a peculiar and exciting scene may be witnessed every morning. Here the surf rolls up with free stride against the shore. Just where a little bay is formed in the coral rock several hundreds of horses are undergoing an inspiriting sea bath, or awaiting their turns in long lines, tied head and tail, upon the shore. Without this refreshing process the horses soon droop under the climate, and even with it they are all sleepy and sad. Perhaps it is partly owing to the preposterous style of harness in use.

At nine or ten o'clock breakfast is to be eaten, beginning with fruits. Then a ride until mid-day. Your guide will go to sleep while he talks. Somnolence is the normal condition of everybody in waiting. Take the hint and indulge in a *siesta* until about three. Then, if a man, you may smoke the soothing cigarette until dinner, which must be conducted in a leisurely style, cheap red wine taking a prominent place.

Business with merchants cease by general custom at an early hour. After four o'clock in the afternoon the Prado and avenues leading toward the Cerro present the gay effects we Northmen ascribe to festive occasions only. Our countrywomen may be distinguished in the throng by their hats. The Cuban ladies disdain the use of further ornament for the head than that afforded by an elaborate coiffure. Their forms are swathed in light muslins, and many are seen wearing the lace scarf of Castile pendent from masses of dark hair knotted at the back of the head. The real social life of Havana is best revealed, however, after dark. Then a motley crowd surges through the canopied streets toward the cafes, the theaters, and the public squares, where splendid military bands discourse stirring and, to us, novel Spanish music. In the brilliantly-lighted cafes one must wait often for a vacated chair. Stupendous and strange-looking bibular compounds are placed before the drinkers.

The leading theater, as all the world has heard, is the "Tacon," the auditorium being not unlike those of many of our American play-houses. It is very large, having three galleries. The play being conducted with rapid movement upon the occasion of our only visit, our limited stock of Spanish proved inadequate to the duty of criticism.

An odd custom prevails at another theater of the *vaudeville* stripe. The writer was one of a determined quartette which held its own with a crowd in front of a wicket for half an hour or more. Having purchased the requisite tickets, we were compelled to breast the outflow of humanity coming down the one narrow stairway at the end of the first act. Having gained our box, we were permitted to enjoy a single act of a farce, in which the leading *dramatis personæ* were a superactive soldier in very red and baggy pantaloons and an irate matron of muscular tendencies. This act lasted twenty minutes. The fate of the heroine remains shrouded in mystery, for we shortly discovered that our term of lease had expired, and our box was wanted for another party. We should have gone down to the ticket office and engaged our places anew for the ensuing act.—*Frank H. Taylor, in Harper's Magazine.*

Snails as Food.

We take the following from a curious paper entitled "In a Snailery," contributed to *Scribner* by Ernest Ingersoll:

Snails, being great eaters, meet their just reward in being eaten. The paludine forms are sought after by all sorts of water birds, particularly ducks and rails; while the thrushes and other birds crush the shells of the land snails and extract their juicy bodies. The wood-land birds, however, will not eat the naked-bodied slugs; the slime sticks to their beaks and soils their feathers; but the ducks seem to have no such dainty prejudices. Some mammals, like the raccoons and wood-rats, also eat them; insects suck their juices, and the carnivorous slugs prey upon one another. Lastly, man, the greatest enemy of the brute creation, employs several species of snails for culinary purposes. By the Romans they were esteemed a great delicacy, and portions of plantations were set apart for the cultivation of the large, edible *Helix pomatia*, where they were fattened by the thousand upon bran sodden in wine. From Italy this taste spread throughout the Old World, and colonies are yet found in Great Britain where the Roman encampments were. They are still regarded as a delicacy in Italy and France, the favorite method of preparation being to boil in milk, with plenteous seasoning. Frank Buckland says that several of the larger English species are excellent food for hungry people, and recommends them either boiled in milk, or, in winter, raw, after soaking for an hour in salt and water. Some of the French restaurants in London have them placed regularly upon their bills of fare. Thousands are collected annually and sent to London as food for cage-birds. Dr. Edward Gray stated, a few years ago, that immense quantities were shipped alive to the United States "as delicacies;" but I am inclined to think this an exaggeration. The same author records that the glassmen at Newcastle once a year have a snail feast, collecting the animals in the fields and hedges on the Sunday before the feast.

Will it whet your appetite to drink a glass of water before you eat your meal?

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's trial on charges of falsehood and deceit was begun by the Brooklyn Presbytery. Mr. Talmage made a long address and demanded a thorough investigation.

J. A A. Tirrell, Boston dealers in hides, have failed for $160,000.

The Rhode Island house of representatives voted against woman's suffrage by twenty-five for to twenty-one against—not the necessary two-thirds for submitting an amendment to the constitution to the people.

An accident that might have turned out much more seriously took place on the New York Elevated railroad a few days ago. Owing to the neglect of a switchman two trains collided with considerable force, damaging the cars, throwing the passengers violently from their seats, and injuring six persons.

Work on the great bridge between New York and Brooklyn has been at a standstill for some time, owing to the refusal of the New York comptroller to pay over to the trustees $1,000,000 as the amount due from the city for the year 1878 toward the completion of the structure. The court of appeals has rendered a decision which compels the comptroller to pay the $1,000,000 demanded.

A few days since five men belonging to two schooners were drowned while going ashore in a dory, near Eastport, Me.

Eighteen women started on a six days' walk for money prizes and a "championship belt," in Gilmore's garden, New York.

Isaac Edwards, aged fifty-nine, professor in the Albany law school, member of the board of public instruction, and distinguished for his legal attainments, committed suicide in a bathroom in his house by stabbing himself in the abdomen with a carving knife, while in a state of mental aberration, brought on by severe labor and continued excitement.

Bill Howard, a colored man, who assaulted a twelve-year-old girl at Fort Scott, Kansas, was taken forcibly from the jail by a crowd of 1,000 persons, dragged to a lamp-post and hanged, after which his body was burned.

William T. Wallace, ex-sheriff of Hamilton county, Ohio, has been indicted for embezzling $23,000 of the county funds.

Western and Southern States.

After a few days' suspension the New Orleans banks resolved to resume payment.

The wharfboat belonging to a railroad company was destroyed by fire at Hickman, Ky., and four men on board were burned to death.

Patrick Smith and Julius Christian, two colored men, convicted of the murder of John C. Lacy (white) on the 17th of January last, were hanged at Pensacola, Fla., in the presence of about 2,000 persons.

The vote in Louisiana for delegates to the constitutional convention resulted in the election of ninety-four Democrats, thirty-three Republicans, seven Fusionists and Nationals.

Judge J. M. Elliott, of the Kentucky court of appeals, rendered a decision adverse to a case which Henry Buford had in court at Frankfort. Buford thereupon loaded a double-barreled shotgun and waited in the street for Elliott to come to dinner, and walked up and shot him through the heart without warning, killing him instantly. Buford acknowledged that the other barrel of the gun had been loaded for Judge Pryor, and he would have killed him also had not some children been in the way. He was arrested.

From Washington.

The President has nominated Dr. J. B. Hamilton to be surgeon-general of the United States marine hospital, as successor of the late Dr. Woodworth.

The President has nominated Andrew D. White, president of Cornell university, to be United States minister to Germany in place of the late Bayard Taylor. Cornelius A. Logan, of Illinois, has been nominated as minister resident to the Central American States.

The Democratic caucus of both houses decided in favor of attaching to the army and the legislative appropriation bills the amendments to the revised statutes, to prohibit the use of the army at the polls, and to repeal those sections of the revised statutes which provide for the appointment of a chief supervisor of elections and deputy marshals, and give to deputy marshals and supervisors their police power.

The Republican members of the House, in caucus assembled, resolved to vigorously resist that clause of the army bill which repeals the law authorizing the use of troops at the polls

Foreign News.

Nearly 1,100 persons are reported to have been killed, and two villages totally destroyed by an earthquake shock in northern Persia.

An unsuccessful attempt has been made at St. Petersburg to assassinate General Von Drentelen, chief of the gendarmerie. A man on horseback firing twice into his carriage window as he was driving along the Neva quay.

An army of 3,000 Afghans near Peshbolak has been defeated by the British troops under General Potter. The Afghans lost 200 men, while the British loss was trifling.

Correspondence of the London *Times*, dated Armont, Upper Egypt, gives a heartrent ing account of the condition of the population of the Nile valley. The scenes described resemble those in India during the recent famine. In some of the villages the people are past help, sitting naked like wild beasts, eating roots and suffering with the endurance of despair. The madness worked on by famine stamps such a brand on the starving peasants that cannot be sufficiently pitied. In one town women and children fought over scraps of bread like wild animals. The case is believed to be still worse in the inland hamlets, where the villages are said to be starving like dogs.

Dr. Carver, the American marksman, is giving exhibitions with the rifle in England, and the papers there say such consummate skill was never before displayed in that country.

Thousands of persons have been rendered homeless by a fire which destroyed the native part of the town of Akyab, India.

Queen Victoria has lost a grandson by the death of the third son of Prince Frederick William, crown prince of Germany. The boy was in his twelfth year.

President Grevy and members of his cabinet were received by Queen Victoria, in Paris, on her way to Italy.

The Danish government has prohibited the landing of American cattle in that country.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Senate.

A bill was introduced by Mr. Harris to prevent the introduction and spread of infectious diseases into the United States. He subsequently reported from the committee, which was placed on the calendar....Mr. Saulsbury called up the resolution introduced by him, calling upon the secretary of the treasury for information concerning the negotiation of United States bonds, the commissions paid, etc ....Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, submitted an amendment, which was agreed to, directing the secretary to inform the Senate whether other moneys than those mentioned in the resolution have been deposited with national banks since March 4, 1877....Mr. Wallace offered a resolution that the Senate proceed to the election of a secretary of the Senate, chief clerk, executive clerk and sergeant-at-arms....After a long debate the officers nominated to these positions in the Democratic caucus were elected, as follows: John C. Burch, secretary; Richard J. Bright, sergeant-at-arms; F. E. Shober, chief clerk; Henry B. Peyton, executive clerk; J. G. Bullock, chaplain. These officers were elected by a strict party vote, the Republicans voting for the then incumbents. Adjourned.

After prayer by the new chaplain, Rev. J. G. Bullock, the journal was read by Mr. Burch, the new secretary....The Vice-President laid before the Senate a communication from the secretary of the treasury in reply to the resolution of Mr. Wallace calling upon him to furnish a detailed statement of the accounts of marshals in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, Maryland and other States, and the respective amounts paid to them for services during the elections of October and November, 1878....After debating Mr. Hoar's resolution that the refusal by one house of Congress to make proper appropriations except upon condition that the other house and the President give their assent to legislation which they disprove is revolutionary, the Senate adjourned.

The Vice-President laid before the Senate a communication from the secretary of the treasury in reply to the resolution requesting him to furnish a statement of the amount of moneys that have been drawn from the treasury and paid to supervisors of elections, general and special, for the years 1876 and 1878, as compensation, in excess of fees and allowances by law, for the performance of any duty as circuit court commissioners, and to state separately the amount of such compensation paid to supervisors of elections, general and special, in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati for the years aforesaid. The secretary transmits a statement prepared in the office of the first comptroller of the treasury. The table accompanying the communication shows that there was paid to chief supervisors in 1876, $59,383, and in 1878, $5,108, and to the other supervisors, in 1876, $110,914, and in 1878, $110,699. These sums were expended in Alabama, California, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. The amount expended in Louisiana in those years was $13,491; Massachusetts, $9,373; New Jersey, $10,236; New York, $145,097; Cincinnati, Ohio, $1,610; Pensylvania, eastern district, Philadelphia, $58,289; western district, $5,290; Illinois, $10,120. The communication was ordered to be printed. Adjourned, after an executive session.

The Senate took up the resolution offered by Mr. Hoar declaring that the refusal of one house of Congress to make provision for the support of the government, except upon condition that the other house and the President give their assent to legislation which they disapprove, must lead to the overthrow of constitutional government. The resolution was discussed by Messrs. Hoar, Blaine and Dawes on the one side, and Messrs. Beck, Eaton, Hereford and Voorhees on the other. Without disposing of the resolution the Senate went into executive session and then adjourned.

House.

Mr. De La Matyr asked leave to introduce a bill for reference to the committee on banking and currency. Mr. Garfield objected. Mr. Cox, of New York, offered a resolution for the reappointment of the special committees on the census; the yellow fever epidemic; reform in the civil service and the declaration of the result of the election of President; referred to committee on rules....Mr. Frye asked leave to offer a resolution reciting that the extra session had been occasioned by the failure of the last Congress to make the necessary appropriations; that the business of the country and the welfare of the people demanded rest and peace from legislation, and instructed the committee on rules to report forthwith a rule providing that no bills, except those making the necessary appropriations, shall be reported from any committee or considered by the House during the special session. Mr. Reagan and Mr. Ewing objected. Mr. Conger said that he had understood that there would be no objection to the reference of resolutions affecting the rules. If the objections to this resolution were not withdrawn he would object to Mr. Cox's resolution. The speaker ruled that the objection came too late. Mr. Conger's motion to reconsider the vote on which Mr. Cox's resolution was referred was lost, after which the House adjourned.

Mr. Sparks introduced the army appropriation bill. He explained that it was substantially the bill that had passed the House in the last session of the last Congress, with the provisions in regard to the reorganization of the army stricken out. It was also substantially the bill which had been passed by the Senate, with the provision inserted repealing the two statutes allowing the use of troops at the polls. It was really the bill which had been informally agreed upon in the conference committee, excepting that portion repealing the statutes in regard to the use of troops at the polls. The House then went into committee of the whole. The bill was read in full. It appropriates $25,797,300. It limits the number of enlisted men to 25,000, including Indian scouts and hospital stewards. It contains the clause authorizing railroad companies to do a general telegraph business. It amends section 2,002 of the revised statutes, so as to prohibit the presence of troops at the place where any general or special election is held, "unless it be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States." It also amends section 5,528 in the same sense, making it a penal offense for any officer in the civil, military or naval service to order or have troops at any place where a general or special election is held. After disposing of nearly all the ordinary provisions of the bill and voting down an amendment to reduce the army to 15,000 men, the House adjourned.

Wanted Collateral.

The stampede to Leadville, Col., in and about which many valuable mines have been discovered recently, is almost as great as was the exodus to the Black Hills a few years ago. This anecdote, from the Leadville *Chronicle*, is significant of the state of affairs there:

The first part of the present week hay became very scarce in this market, and consequently went up, up, up, until it sold as high as fifteen cents a pound. The night after the raise a man drove up to one of our corrals with a span of rather lean horses which he had just driven over the range. He called out to the corral keeper:

"Say, captain, I'd like to leave my outfit here."

"All right, sir; drive in Step into the office and leave your name and where you can be found."

The stranger did as requested, and while the corral man was putting up the team he passed out of the office and up the street.

The clerk called to the boss as soon as the owner of the team had cleared the stable:

"Say, that man is going to Ten Mile in the morning, to be gone a week."

"The deuce! Call him back."

The clerk hallooed him back, when the corral man said.

"Going to leave this team here week?"

"Yes, sir; about a week, I reckon."

"Well, my friend, you will have to leave me some security for the care and feed of this team."

"Heavens, man," replied the stranger, "ain't the team security enough?"

"No, sir; hay is worth $150 a ton; and if you should leave that team in my care for a week, and anything should happen to prevent your coming back for it, the horses and wagon wouldn't bring enough to cover the livery bill. I'd rather you'd take 'em somewhere else."

—Rome Sentinel.

A Farmer's Square Meal.

Years ago there lived some miles from Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Foster, noted for eating much and spending little. One day he took a wagonload of butter, eggs, potatoes and ready-dressed pigs to the city; and before he had been in the market disposed of all his stock save one pig. Driving round to a tavern, the landlord of which was wont to supply market folks with a dinner for twenty-five cents, he sold his roaster to Mr. Randolph for seventy-five cents, and departed to while away the time until dinner hour. Jerry was punctual to the minute, and found no one ready for the meal but himself, the landlord and his wife. Just as they were sitting down, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were called away, the former telling Jerry not to wait for them, but go ahead. Before him, nicely crisped and brown was his own roaster, with plenty of potatoes, cranberries, turnips, bread and butter; and the farmer went ahead to such good purpose that when the host and hostess returned to the room they found Jerry leaning back in his chair picking his teeth, complacently regarding all that remained of the porker—its bones. He never dined there again.

Genuine Hospitality.

The true hospitality of the home is never loudly demonstrative. It never overwhelms you with its greeting, though you have not a doubt of its sincerity. You are not disturbed by the creaking of the domestic machinery, suddenly impelled at unwonted speed for your accommodation. Quietly it does its work, that it may put you in peaceable possession of its results. He is not the true host, she is not the best hostess, who is ever going to and fro with hurried action and flurried manner and unnatural zeal, which implies forced effort to affect a hospitable appearance, but rather the one who takes your coming with quiet dignity and noiseless painstaking; who never obtrudes attention, yet is very attentive all the while; who makes you, in a word, "at home."

A Scribe's Moralizings.

A wise business man filleth up his store with goods, and says to the printer, whoop'er up loud to my countrymen, and straightway he brusheth his best clothes and polisheth his boots and says Let them come. He hath invited his friends to trade with him and the ring of silver is heard from the opening of the store at morn till the close at night, and he is happy. He loveth all the world, for he followeth the scriptural injunction and increaseth the talents given in his charge. He fondleth his children and the small child is allowed to pull his whiskers; yea, verily, there is no need of unseemly words in regulating the stovepipes in his home, for he hath credit with the tinner.

His less-wise neighbor sitteth himself on the counter and knocketh his boot heels together. He complaineth that his trade is dull. He readeth an almanac and findeth his symptoms are dyspeptic. He dreameth of poverty and wrinkleth his face prematurely. He yelleth humbug at the printer's ink, but trembleth, for he knowe