What Time Is It?

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word, toss weeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard
In that new situation—
Time to build up on
A solid foundation—
Giving up needlessly changing and drifting;
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty;
Farmers take warning—
Plow in the springtime—
Sow in the morning—
Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing;
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.

Time to count cost—
Lessen expenses—
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences;
Making and mending, as good workers should;
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy,
Doing your best—
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
We'er can we call back one minute of time.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

DOLLY'S DELINQUENCIES.

"And why should I not go?" I demand, poutingly.

"Because it is not a fit piece for you to see, darling," answers my husband.

"I am the best judge of what is and what is not fit for me to see," I return, with dignity.

Will looks at me and stares and laughs.

"Are you? Upon what grounds do you put forward your claims for superiority of judgment?"

"Married women are always allowed more freedom of action than single girls," I rejoin, evasively, quoting from a speech once made to me by a disagreeable married friend in reproof of some scatter-brained offense I had committed, and which I had defended by asserting that she had done the like deed herself.

"Single girls—married women! Ah, you dear little wife of nineteen years!" cries Will, attempting to kiss me; but I am offended, and turn away my head.

"I shall go!" I say, opposition only having increased my desire to witness the notorious piece now being performed at the Variety theater.

"No, dear, I am sure you will not when I tell you I do not wish you to go."

"Indeed I shall, whatever your wishes may be," is my mutinous reply,

"Dolly!"

"Will!"

I return his glance of reproving surprise with one of unabashed defiance, and then, with every appearance of composure, I resume my work.

In and out of the canvas flies my needle. Will has shut up the book he was reading, and sits idly fingering the paper-cutter. He is the first to break the silence.

"You said just now, dear, that married women have more freedom of action than single ones. That is hardly correct; for, after marriage, a woman has her husband's will and opinions to consult."

The lord-and-master style of this address is too much for me. I never could take kindly to control in any shape or form.

"Then I suppose you think a wife ought humbly to ask her husband's approval of every trifling deed she performs?"

"No, I do not think anything of the sort; but I think that there are some matters upon which a man must necessarily be more able to form an opinion than a woman, and in these matters the wife ought certainly submit her will to her husband's."

"Which, being interpreted, means that I ought to submit my will to yours, and not to go and see 'Fact and Fiction.'"

"Exactly," says Will, with a sigh of relief, evidently imagining the whole affair comfortably disposed of.

It is not, though.

"Well, I don't agree with you at all, and I mean to go. You went."

"I know I did, and that is the very reason why I am anxious you should not. I saw and heard things that I do not think it right my wife should see and hear."

"Well, you formed your opinion from personal observation, and I shall form mine in the same way."

"Dolly, understand that I distinctly and decidedly forbid your going."

The only answer I make to this prohibition is a slight shrug of the shoulders as I bend nearer to the light in order that I may choose correctly between two approximate shades of green.

I do not know after all, that I am really so very anxious to witness this particular piece; but I do not like to be thwarted or contradicted. Accordingly my husband's vote decides me. I shall go, please him or displease him.

It is as well, too, to let Will see that, though I am his wife, I have an individuality of my own. I have read and I have been told that husbands are too fond of reducing their wives to a state of colorless unquestioning obedience, of treating them, in fact, exactly as if they were creatures possessed of no brains, hopes or ideas of their own.

That state of blind subjection is not at all in accordance with my view of the marriage contract. It is all very well to say that one will love, honor and obey one's husband. Love! Yes, I do love Will better than any one else in the whole world. And honor him I do, too—he is good and fine and worthy of honor. But obey! That is altogether a different thing. He is only a man after all, and not so many years older than myself.

It is right, of course, to obey one's parents; but a husband—no, that is expecting too much. I cannot think why they want to put such an absurd clause into the service. I do not believe that, when women utter the word, they ever mean to carry out the spirit of the vow.

Yes, having duly considered the subject, I am rather glad than not that this cause of disagreement has arisen between us, as I can now assert myself and show Will that it will be of no use ever to attempt to domineer over me, as I intend always to have my own way. Occasionally I may yield to him, but only when it suits me to do so. As a rule I shall act upon my own judgment. I judged for myself when I married him. That is positive proof, therefore, that my judgment is good and sound; and so I shall tell him if he ventures to dispute the fact. I shall ask Mrs. Upton to accompany me. I do not particularly care for her—she is rather a flighty individual, especially for a widow; but there is not anybody else I should like to ask.

Mrs. Upton declares that she will be delighted to go. It is the very place, she avers, that she has been longing to see. I propose Wednesday, as Will will be late home that evening; and fortunately Wednesday will suit her arrangements admirably.

Wednesday comes, and I feel exactly as though I were a conspirator meditating some heinous crime, plotting against the happiness of some one dear to me. I verily believe that were it not that I have settled everything with Mrs. Upton I should relinquish all idea of going. Fortunately for my independence, I cannot with grace draw back. I am ashamed of my own foolishness—I really am. I can only excuse it on the ground that Will has been even more kind than usual, and yesterday brought me home a pair of earrings—such a pretty pair, and exactly the sort I have been wanting—dear fellow! But then, as I reflect, I am not a child to be bribed with new toys.

I have told Jane to inform her master that I have gone out and shall not return till late, and that he need not sit up for me.

The theater is full; but we have very good seats in the dress circle. I do not enjoy myself a bit though. I am altogether uncomfortable because of the smiles and stares with which we are favored. I do wish Mrs. Upton's appearance was not quite so showy. I do not mean to say that she is vulgar in her manner or gaudy in her dress, but somehow she manages to make herself very noticeable. She is not particularly nice-looking, but her figure is good and her attire fashionable—perhaps too fashionable. Then she talks loudly, and has considerable animation of gesture. For these reasons combined I suppose she always manages to attract attention to her neighborhood. She does not seem to mind it in the least, but I do.

The place is horrid, the acting is quite second-rate, and the heat is abominable. I cannot imagine what Mrs. Upton can find to enjoy, but she says it is all charming; and certainly she looks radiant enough, while I feel as cross as possible.

I am thankful when it is over. I began to think it never would end, and the audience kept clapping and applauding. How terribly the public taste must be deteriorating!

I am dreadfully anxious to depart, but my companion is not inclined to hurry herself. There is a great rush at the doors, and we have some trouble in getting a cab. The crowd is so rough too, and my head aches, and Mrs. Upton keeps saying such stupid things. As we drive along I resolve that I will never ask her to accompany me anywhere again. It is quite a relief to reach home, and so be rid of her.

I knock very gently, in order that Will may not be disturbed; but my precaution is needless, as Will himself opens the door.

"Good evening, dear," I say, gayly. "But you need not have sat up. I told Jane to wait for me."

"Jane informed me of the directions you had given her, but I told her that I should stay up for you and that she could go to bed."

"Oh, if you preferred it so it is all right then!" I return, nonchalently, taking off my wraps, and conscious of a coldness in my husband's tones.

Supper is on the table, but prepared only for one.

"Won't you have some, too?" I inquire, taking my seat.

"No, thank you. I am not hungry."

Neither am I. I have no appetite, but I force myself to eat some pie and drink a cup of tea. I start a conversation once or twice, but Will, who is reading, or pretending to read, gives such curt answers that I do not persevere in my efforts.

I push aside my empty plate and cup, and get up from my chair. Then Will rises too and comes to my side.

"Where have you been, Dolly?" he asks.

"To the Variety theatre to see 'Fact and Fiction.'"

"By yourself?"

"No; Mrs. Upton went with me."

"Do you remember that I prohibited your going?"

Really Will can look remarkably stern and severe when he chooses. However, I do not mean to be frightened.

"Yes, I remember perfectly well," I reply, calmly. "What of it?"

"And you went in direct opposition to my wishes?"

"Yes, dear, certainly I did. I told you I should."

He turns away without another word; and, though I have displayed a proper amount of dignity and spirit, I am very far from being elated.

* * * * * *

I am utterly wretched—utterly, completely wretched. It is a fortnight since my visit to the theater, and that fortnight has been, without exception, the most unhappy period of my life.

Will has never referred to the events of that evening. He has not uttered a single reproach. I wish he would, for then I could work up my anger in answering him, and feel better afterward. But no; he is as kind, polite and considerate as though we had never differed—only when he kisses me there is no warmth in the caress, and when he speaks to me there is an indefinable constraint in his tone.

I do not care of course—he may be offended if he pleases; but it is so horrid to fell that there is something wrong between us. Perhaps he thinks I shall ask his pardon, and say I am sorry, and "won't be naughty ever any more." That is what I used to do when I was a tiny mite and had been punished for disobedience and wanted to be forgiven. But I am not a tiny mite now; I am a married women, and I intend to keep up my dignity. I suppose we shall get right by-and-bye, but it is dreary work meanwhile.

I feel in a particularly doleful mood this evening—why I cannot say, unless it is that it has been raining all day and keeps on raining still. It is an unusually gloomy autumn, everybody declares, and I am quite willing to agree with everybody. It is gloomy out of doors and gloomy indoors, and Will is later than ever to-night. I wait dinner a long time, but he does not come, so I expect he has been detained late in the city. After dinner I sit and shiver, and indulge in tears and retrospection.

In the midst of my misery a postman's knock startles me, and Jane gives a further shock to my nerves by appearing with a telegraphic dispatch in her hand. Men in business regard telgrams as quite ordinary methods of communication, and suffer from no unpleasant emotion on receiving one; but we women, who are not accustomed to such rapid transmission of general intelligence, generally experience a sinking of the heart at the sight of the orange-hued envelopes.

I glance at the direction—"Mrs. William Mitchell." Clearly it is intended for me. I opened it with trembled forebodings. It is from Will.

"I shall not be home to-night. Mother is ill. Shall catch the express to W—. Will write further particulars."

And I shall not see him to-night, nor to-morrow, and most likely not the next day either. I cry in earnest now. By the last post the next day I have a letter. With what impatience I tear it open and run my eyes over the precious lines!

His mother is ill—very ill—and the illness is smallpox. "Of course," he says, "I shall not leave her till she is out of danger. I will write to you every day. I left all in order at the office, and have sent Simmons a paper of directions" He goes on to beg of me on no account to think of going to him, concludes that he is my affectionate husband, and finally adds a last exhortation to await at home his daily bulletins.

Whatever my fears and quailings may be, illness does not frighten me. Ordinary maladies have no terrors at all for me, and I am not even afraid of infectious fevers; but I must own to a decided dread of smallpox. It is so unsightly and loathsome a disease. Still, whatever risks my husband runs, these risks must be mine also. I will share danger as well as safety with him. He is quite right in his determination to remain with his mother. She is a widow, and he is her only child; therefore duty and love both demand his presence at her bedside. And duty and love show me that my place is there also. I acted in opposition to his wishes before when pleasure was concerned. I have certainly resolution enough to repeat the offense for so very different an object.

I get a "Bradshaw" and puzzle out my route, when to start and where to change. It becomes clear to me, after a tremendous amount of consideration, that, if I leave the station at mid-day, I shall reach W— early in the evening. This point settled, I feel more at ease, and retire to rest in sweet anticipation of soon meeting Will again.

On the following day I set my house in order for an absence of an indefinite length, and then start on my journey northward. I have the railway carriage to myself most of the journey. An old gentleman who shares it with me for part of the way manages, during the forty minutes he is my fellow-traveler, to comment upon an astounding variety of subjects. I reply to him in monosyllables, having no inclination for conversation; but my feeble smiles fail to arrest his garrulity. He talks on and on, deserting one topic only to commence another, till the train stops at a junction, and I am relieved of his company.

W— is a small place, pretty enough in summer but indescribably dull in winter. Mrs. Mitchell's husband practiced there as a doctor, and since his death she has remained on in her old house, being attached to it because of its associations with her married life.

When I alight at the station and have given the porter instructions as to the conveyance of my luggage, I ask him if he has heard lately how Mrs. Mitchell is.

"Very bad, ma'am," is his reply, and I turn away with a sad heart.

My mother-in-law has not shown herself particularly fond of me; she has been rather hard upon my youth and inexperience as a housekeeper. But then it must be a terrible trial for a mother to find herself relegated to the second place in the affections of the son whom she has almost idolized; and Mrs. Mitchell is a good woman, I am convinced, a really thoroughly good woman, and above all she is Will's mother, and what troubles him grieves me also.

Ivy Lodge is a low white house, with a veranda extending round two sides and a great deal of ivy climbing about it. I glance at the windows. They are raised and the curtains are fluttering in the breeze; but thank heaven the blinds are not drawn. The maid who opens the door to me has been in Mrs. Mitchell's service for many years. She lifts up her hands with an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Mercy on us! What will Mister Will say!"

"Hush! How is she?"

"Just as bad as she can be," returns Charlotte, raising her apron to her eyes.

"Does not the doctor give any hope?"

"Hardly any, ma'am. Mister Will he has had two and has sent for a third."

"Well, I will take off my things first, and then I will go to my husband. And Charlotte, will you get me some tea? I am parched with thirst."

"To be sure I will, ma'am. You must be tired out with that long journey; and, if you're really come to help to nurse, it won't do to tire you out at first start off."

She brings me presently a well-furnished tray, and, when I have eaten and drank, I feel refreshed in body and strengthened in mind. Nevertheless, I am undeniably nervous as I approach the sick-chamber. I do hope Will will not be vexed. But it is too late for scruples; so I push open the door and enter.

Yellow shades are hung before the casements, and for an instant or two the transition from light to semi-darkness bewilders me. Then I perceive the quiet figure on the bed, and beyond my husband sitting. The movement of my entrance attracts his attention. He looks toward me with a glance at first dubious and hesitating, but quickly changing to one of alarm. He rises and passes noiselessly around the foot of the bed.

"Why did you come?" he asks, hurriedly, agitatedly, but not angrily.

"You are here."

"Yes, my place is here—with her," pointing to the bed.

"And mine also. You forget that when I became your wife I became her daughter, also."

"But there is danger of infection."

"Not more for me than you. How could you imagine that I should stop in town while you were wearing yourself to death with anxiety? I couldn't. Why, you might be dying and I should not know it! And—and, beside, I wanted to see you so badly? Oh, Will, I have been so miserable lately. Won't you kiss, and make friends again?"

I did not mean to say it; I did not mean to make the first advance. But I cannot retract my words now, and I do not think I wish to do so either; for in another moment the peace I crave for is mine.

Mrs. Mitchell's illness is a protracted one. She recovers in the end, but it is a veritable fight for life—a slow and weary ascending out of the valley of the shadow of death. But in those days of pain and languor Will and I learn to understand each other more fully—to love each other more truly.

After all I do take the disease, but very lightly—so lightly that it does not leave any disfigurement. Half a dozen marks I have, certainly, but those Will calls "beauty spots," and will persist in asserting that they add to instead of detracting from my good looks.

In a Maniac Barber's Grasp.

There cannot well be fancied a moment of greater terror to a man than when he is in the unyielding grasp of a maniac who seeks his life. John Wallace has had that experience, and it is safe to say one trial of it is all he hankered after. He went into a barber shop in Marion, Ind., and sat down in the chair of his favorite shaver, a young mulatto. The following particulars are given:

The young man carefully lathered his face, and then leaning heavily upon him and holding his head back by a powerful grip on his chin, looked him straight in the eye and said: "I am going to cut your throat." Wallace saw that the negro was a raving lunatic, desperately in earnest, frothing at the mouth, possessed of abnormal strength and gloating over his proposition, and for a moment felt paralyzed. The barber swung open the glittering blade, eyed its edge with satisfaction, and took a firm hold of the instrument. He seemed delighted at Wallace's position of absolute helplessness, and said: "Yes, I am going to cut your throat. You needn't look scared. It won't hurt you. I can do it in a moment. I'll first cut your throat, and then I'll slit you down the stomach. I'd like to know what's inside of you, anyhow. Oh, I know what they'll do with me for killing you, but I don't care for that. They'll hang me. I'm not afraid of death; you are." He then straightened out his arm to make the fatal movement, when Wallace, by a sudden and desperate effort, managed to roll over and out of the chair and fled. Help was summoned, and the crazy negro after a desperate struggle was overpowered and locked up.

Eyesight.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. Multitudes of men or women have made their eyes weak for life by too free use of the eyesight, reading small print, and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the uses of the eyes: Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read or write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light. Never read by twilight or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day. Never read or sew directly in front of the light or window or door. It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder. Never sleep so that on the first waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease and take a walk or ride. As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint. The moment you are prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them. If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the fingers. It is the speediest diluent in the world. Then wash your face and eyes in warm water.

THE popular verdict is generally the right one, and concerning DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

There is a lady in Calhoun county, Ill., who although seventy years old, has recently married her sixth husband. Her last deceased husband was named Race, and the man she had just married is named Farris. A romantic feature of her last matrimonial venture is that Mr. Farris was her first love, but cruel fate intervened and prevented their union. All of her dead husbands are buried in the family graveyard upon the farm on which she resides.

The New Jersey labor bureau recently sent sent out circulars to 1,000 persons in that State, asking their opinion as to the probable result of a general reduction of the hours of labor to eight per day. To this 910 replies were received, 608 favoring and 301 opposing such reduction. The former generally favor it on the ground that it would bring about a physical improvement in the condition of the working man, giving him more leisure and enabling him to live further away from city centers.

As the new liquor law of Nebraska is exciting much comment everywhere, we give below some of the principal features of the same: A license of $1,000 per year for each saloon in cities of over 10,000 people, and $500 in cities of less than 10,000 inhabitants; the saloon-keeper must give a $5,000 bond, and must present a petition signed by thirty freeholders before he can obtain a license; no bondsman can go upon more than one bond; no liquor can be given away; no screens are to be permitted; exceptions are made in favor of the sale and use of liquor for medical, chemical and scientific purposes only; druggists do not have to take out a license, but are obliged to keep a very complete record of all sales. Another law known as the anti-treating bill was passed. It prohibits one man treating another, and makes it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine and imprisonment. Both of these laws go into effect within ninety days.

Sophy Perovsky, who was hanged in St. Petersburg for complicity in the assassination of the czar, was a young lady not only of exceedingly good education, but also of very good family. She was a decendant of the famous Marshal Perovsky, and had a near relative now aid-de-camp to the Grand Duke Alexis. She was gook-looking and ladylike in appearance. When stopped in the street by the police officer who arrested her, she did not for one moment lose her presence of mind. She addressed the officer with much dignity, and at the same time begged him not to involve a lady in any disgraceful scandal in the street, but to escort her quietly to the nearest police station. In St. Petersburg the story goes that, en route to the police office, she opened negotiations with her captor, who demanded fifty rubles for her release. The young lady had, unfortunately, but thirty in her pocket, and the myrmidon of the law would not trust her for the balance.

From statistics recently issued by the United States census bureau the altitude of the inhabitants of the United States above the sea level is shown. One-fourth live below 100 feet, along the immediate seaboard and in the swampy and alluvial regions of the South; more than two-fifths below 500; more than three-fourths below 1,000 feet, while ninety-seven per cent. live below 2,000 feet. In the area below 500 feet is included nearly all that part of the population which is engaged in manufacturing, and most of that engaged in the culture of cotton, rice and sugar. Examining the increase in population in the several divisions during the past decade there is noticed a decided increase in the lowest grade, due to increase in our seaboard towns and cities, also a gain, though not as decided, in the grade of 100 to 500 feet, with a more marked increase between 500 and 1,000 feet. Between 1,000 and 2,000 feet the increase has been nearly fifty per cent. In this grade the effect of emigration in new and previously unsettled regions appears in part in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and Minnesota. Above 2,000 feet the increase, though small numerically, is proportionally very great. Between 4,000 and 6,000 it is more than 100 per cent., due mainly to the newly-awakened interest in mining. To this cause may also be largely attributed the increase in population in the higher altitudes. A computation based upon the new facts here submitted shows that the mean elevation of the population above the sea is about 700 feet. The mean elevation of the surface of the United States has been estimated at 2,600 feet.

Monster Telescopes.

California means to beat the world in telescopes, as in everything. It seems to be a law of optics, in the use of that kind of telescopes known as refractors, that no amount of increased size in the object glass, beyond a diameter of perhaps twenty-eight to thirty inches, will avail to improve the powers of the instrument. What is gained in magnifying or space-penetrating power is lost in the diminished clearness of definition.

But the astronomers and telescope-makers do not all believe in this law. The great glass ordered in this country by the Russian government, and which is now in the slow and patient process of transformation from a rough and bulky disk of glass into the ground-down, scientifically shaped and polished lens of a great telescope, is one proof of the conviction that increased size in a refractor should give increased power. The great glass at Washington, by which the moons of Mars were discovered, is in diameter twenty-six inches; the one ordered for the Russian observatory at Pulkowa is to be at least thirty inches. Even that, it appears, is not to be the largest of the refractors. The trustees of the Lick observatory, in California, have finally closed the contract for the optical part of the great telescope provided for by the will of the California millionaire. There has been considerable doubt whether a refractor or an enormous reflector would be selected, but the decision is in favor of the former. The object glass is to be three feet in diameter, and the Clarks, of Cambridge, Massachusetts (who are making the glass for Russia), are to make this California lens for $50,000. The mounting for the instrument is not yet provided for. Proposals will be obtained from the principal instrument makers of Europe and this country before the contract is awarded. Probably the mechanical part of the instrument will cost about as much as the optical. It cannot probably be completed in less time than three years.

It is believed by many that the power of this monster glass (for, compared with other refractors it is a monster, though reflectors are constructed of a much larger size), will be proportionate to its size. If it does prove successful it will be by far the most efficient glass ever pointed at the heavens, and under the clear skies of California ought to accomplish great things for science.

The Four-Leaved Clover.

In Germany there is a belief that the four-leaved clover, on account of its crossed form, is endowed with magical virtues. The general form of the superstition is that one who carries the clover about him will be able to detect the presence of evil spirits, and will be successful at play. In Bohemia it is said that if a maiden manages to put the leaf into the shoe of her lover without his knowledge on going on a journey, he will return safely. The four-leaf clover in various regions is believed to protect one from witches and keep butter pure, on which account it is considered a good form for a butter mold.

It is computed that since the beginning of the century fifty-eight attempts have been made on the lives of sovereigns and presidents of republics, of which nine have succeeded. The proportion of presidents killed being, as compared to crowned heads, four to five.

NEWS EPITOME.

East and Middle.

THE annual election for sachems and officers of the Tammany society in New York excited unusual interest this year, because a ticket opposed to John Kelly was put into the field and a determined effort made to defeat him. The Kelly ticket, however, was successful, Mr. Kelly himself being eleventh on the list of thirteen sachems in the number of votes received.

THE Hon. Daniel F. Beatty has been reelected mayor of Washington, N. J. This will be his third term.

A FIRE at Toms Brook, N. J., destroyed the business part of the village, rendered thirty families homeless and caused an estimated damage of $100,000.

A FEW mornings ago two terrible and almost simultaneous explosions of nitro-glycerine occurred in the niter vaults of the Dittmar powder works of Binghamton, N. Y. About five minutes afterward 10,000 pounds of sporting powder, in a storehouse about 100 feet from the niter vaults, ignited, causing another terrific explosion. The buildings were demolished and scattered in every direction, and property was destroyed for miles round. Fences were blown to pieces, trees uprooted, many buildings in the neighborhood badly shattered, and windows two or three miles away blown out by the concussion. The shock was distinctly felt forty miles away. The main magazine, which was under ground, and contained about twelve tons of powder, was not damaged.

GUYMPHREE, the Hungarian, who had been sleeping for seventy-two days in succession at the almshouse in Allentown, Pa., arose from his cot the other day, walked to one end of the room and returned to his couch. He also opened his eyes at the same time. The power of speech had not returned, but the attending physicians said that the crisis was past and anticipated his speedy restoration to his normal condition.

OWEN'S tobacco store, the business house of W. R. Kutzner & Co., Rumberger's marble works, the *Herald* printing office and three dwelling houses were destroyed by fire at Shamokin, Pa., causing an estimated loss of $100,000.

A BURGLAR who attempted to rob a grocery store in Buffalo, N. Y., was shot dead by the proprietor.

JAMES TICKNER FIELDS, the well-known author, publisher and lecturer, died suddenly a few days ago of heart disease at his residence in Boston, aged sixty-four years. Mr. Fields was at one time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and had a large acquaintance among the prominent contemporary writers of America and England.

A SON of Nicholas Kirsch, of New York, an apprentice on the naval schoolship Minnesota, at Providence, R. I., hanged himself the other afternoon. He was in confinement for some misdemeanor, and his father had been sent for to take him home.

FOREST fires have been doing considerable damage in various parts of New Jersey.

West and South.

EARTHQUAKE shocks have been felt in the neighborhood of Goshen, Ind. They were accompanied by a heavy rumbling, and were so severe as to shake the buildings considerably.

GREAT damage has been done to property at Rockford, Ill., by an unprecedented rise in the Rock river.

THE Illinois Southern hospital for the insane at Anna has been destroyed by fire. One patient was burned to death, and others had a narrow escape from a similar fate. The loss is about $150,000.

A SUDDEN rising of river waters has done great damage in portions of the West. The Desplaines river (which flows westward about twelve miles west of Chicago) was greatly swelled by the sudden meeting of snow and ice, and began pouring its broad stream into the canal and overflowing its banks. As a result the canal burst its barriers, making a break fifty feet wide, and the country along Archer and Blue Island avenues was under water, in some places to the depth of two feet. The basements and lower floors of many houses were flooded. At Joliet, Elgin and other places in Illinois and in several Wisconsin towns heavy floods did great damage to property of every description. At Beloit, Wis., a portion of the draw at the point of Barrett, Arnold & Kimball's mill went out. Foreman William Comstock and five men from the Rock River paper company's mill started in a scow to help save the bulkhead. The boat was capsized, and all were drowned except J. K. Lingberger.

THREE cowboys entered a store at Tombstone, Arizona, and compelled the proprietor to open the safe, from which they took $800. Although disguised they were recognized and followed to their home by a sheriff's posse. A demand to surrender was answered by a volley from Winchester rifles, when the arresting party opened upon the robbers with shotguns, mortally wounding two of them.

SHERIFF W. F. BEATTY, of Crittenden county, Ark., was shot and instantly killed by a negro named Hayes White, whom he was attempting to arrest for having committed a burglary. A colored constable was also seriously wounded by White.

GENERAL JOSEPH LANE, a veteran of the Mexican war, ex-United States Senator from Oregon and candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Breckinridge in 1860, died at his home in Portland, Oregon, a few days ago, aged eighty years.

WHILE the night express on the Rock Island division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad was moving at an ordinary speed across the trestle-work over the Meredosia river, one mile south of Albany, Ill., the trestle gave way and the train was precipitated into the river. The train, consisting of engine, tender, baggage-car, passenger and sleeping-cars, all went down, except the sleeper, which hung over the bridge at an angle of forty-five degrees, the upper end high in the air. Two cars floated off down the stream. The passenger-coach lodged against the island, four rods away. The baggage-car stuck in the middle of the stream, about the same distance away. The engineer and fireman and six passengers were drowned. Several other persons were injured more or less seriously.

LUCINDA FOWLKES (colored) was hanged at Lunenburg C. H., Va., for the murder of her husband in January last. Only the necessary officers, a preacher and three other persons witnessed the execution. After the death warrant had been read she was asked if she desired to say anything, and answered, "No more than to bid all farewell." The trap was sprung at 11:35 o'clock. The pulse ceased beating in eight minutes. She killed her husband with an ax while he was asleep and threw the body into a well. They had quarreled about the visits of a man named Deane, with whom she was very familiar. On being arrested she confessed her guilt. On the scaffold she said she expected to meet her husband in heaven.

FIFTEEN armed men rode to McLauren's house, in Frio, Edwards county, Texas, and murdered McLaurens, his wife, and a young man named Lease.

ANDREW FELL, a colored man, was hanged at Monticello, Fla., for the murder of J. H. Whittaker, who was on his way to arrest Fell for robbery; and on the same day Henry Hill was hanged at Hartwell, Ga., for murdering Thomas Skelton, jailor at the prison in which Hill was awaiting trial for burglary.

FOR the first time in many years the theaters in Cincinnati have been closed.

AT a fire in Indianapolis, Ind., the other day, 2,000 coffins were reduced to ashes.

REV. H. THOMAS, of Ozark, Ark., committed suicide recently. He was threatened with blindness.

THE wife and two daughters of Mr. H. R. Bell, mayor of Salinas, Cal., were burned to death in the destruction of his residence on a recent Friday night.

FIVE men and one woman were killed and six passengers injured by a passenger coach jumping the track and going over an embankment on the Denver and Rio Grande road near Rock Tunnel, Col.

THE town of Greenville, Cal., has been nearly destroyed by fire, causing an aggregate loss of over $100,000.

FLOODS in Minnesota and at various points along the Missouri river have done immense damage to railroads and other property.

THE town of Buenaventura, one of the most important commercial towns on the Pacific coast of Colombia, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The houses were mostly built of wood with thatched roofs. Three persons lost their lives, 1,500 more were rendered homeless, and the pecuniary damage done is estimated at $1,000,000.

THE drinking water of Chicago has become so impure that it has to be boiled before being used.

From Washington.

THE President nominated General James Longstreet (now minister to Turkey) to be United States marshal for Georgia, and Philip H. Emerson, to be associate justice of the supreme court of Utah.

THE resignation of Frederick D. Grant as first lieutenant, Fourth Cavalry, and lieutenant-colonel on General Sheridan's staff, has been received at the war department.

A DISPATCH from General Sheridan has been received at the war department stating that it was expected Sitting Bull would soon surrender. Some of his band have already laid down their arms.

AN order declaring postal cards unmailable with anything but the direction on the address side has been issued at the postoffice department.

SECRETARY BLAINE ordered a firm of Boston architects to prepare working drawings and estimates of the cost of the erection of a monument to Washington at his birthplace in Virginia, for which Congress set apart $30,000.

THE Union Pacific Railroad company has filed a heavy claim against the government for money alleged to be due for mail service. The claim amounts to $1,161,720.25, and the case will be tried soon before the United States court of claims.

A BRONZE statue of Admiral David G. Farragut in the park at the intersection of Seventeenth street and Connecticut avenue was unveiled a few days ago in presence of a large crowd. There was a procession and the houses on the streets along the line of march were elaborately decorated with flags and bunting. President Garfield received the statue in the name of the nation, and orations were delivered by ex-Postmaster-General Maynard and Senator Voorhees.

ACTING COMMISSIONER HOLCOMB, of the interior department, reports after examining the statutes that there are no lands in the Indian Territory open to settlement, and that the United States is bound to prevent emigration thereto.

Foreign News

INSURGENT natives of the Sulu isles in Oceanica attempted to surprise the Spanish fortress, but were repulsed, with the loss of 100 killed.

DERVISH PASHA, with 10,000 Turkish troops, has attacked and defeated the Albanians near Uskup.

HEAVY floods have done great damage in Spain. The port of Seville was closed in consequence of the inundations.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S will bequeaths his estate to his brother and to his intimate friend Lord Rowton. He also directs that he be buried beside his wife in the church yard at Hughenden.

THREE children, aged respectively three years, ten months and nine months, were burned to death in a fire at Ottawa, Ontario, caused by an exploded lamp.

MISTAKE, an American horse, owned by Pierre Lorillard, captured the Newmarket international handicap in England.

BUSINESS is reported to be extremely dull in the woolen factories of Bradford, England, and large numbers of operatives are leaving for this country, where some of the proprietors intend to transfer their machinery and capital.

A NIHILIST printing press has been discovered in St. Petersburg and about twenty persons have been arrested.

THE executioner who officiated at the recent hanging of the murderers of the Russian czar has received one hundred lashes for mismanagement in the hanging of one of the Nihilists, whose rope broke twice.

FRENCH troops have entered Tunisian territory.

BY the upsetting of a ferryboat on the Dniester river at Lemberg from thirty to sixty persons were drowned.

FOUR persons, formerly domestic servants in the imperial palace at Constantinople, have been arrested, charged with the assassination of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz. They have confessed that they suffocated him, after which they opened the veins in his arms to make it appear that he committed suicide.

CATHERINE MARSHALL, fourteen, daughter of a Glasgow (Scotland) laborer, has not taken food since the beginning of the present year. She takes a little water daily, but scarcely keeps. She is greatly emaciated, but her pulse is perfectly natural.

DISPATCHES from St. Petersburg say that ever since the assassination the empress has been seriously ill, suffering from severe hysteric attacks, which cause the greatest apprehension. She received letters from the revolutionary committee threatening her with death of the most horrible description should Sophie Perovsky and Hessy Helfmann, the two women implicated in the assassination, be executed. She made the most strenuous exertions to obtain their pardon and received a promise to that effect. She did not discover the deceptive character of this promise until after the execution of Perofsky, and the discovery threw her into a violent paroxysm.

The Wild Sheep of the Sierra.

At the base of Sheep Rock, one of the winter strongholds of the Shasta flocks, there lives a stock-raiser who has the advantage of observing the movements of wild sheep every winter; and in the course of a conversation with him on the subject of their diving habits, he pointed to the front of a lava headland about a hundred and fifty feet high, which is only eight or ten degrees out of the perpendicular. "There," said he, "I followed a band of them fellows to the back of that rock yonder and expected to capture them all, for I thought I had a dead thing on them. I got behind them on a narrow bench that runs along the face of the wall near the top, and comes to an end where they couldn't get away without falling and being killed; but they jumped off and landed all right, as if that were the regular thing with them."

"What!" said I, "jumped a hundred and fifty feet! Did you see them do it?"

"No," he replied, "I didn't see them going down, for I was behind them; but I saw them go over the brink, and then I went below and found their tracks where they struck on the loose debris at the bottom. They sailed right off, and landed on their feet right side up. That's the kind of animal they is—beats anything else that goes on four legs."

On another occasion a flock that was pursued by hunters retreated to another portion of this same cliff where it is still higher, and on being followed they were seen jumping down in perfect order, one behind the other, by two men who happened to be chopping where they had a fair view of them and could watch their progress from top to bottom. Both ewes and rams made the frightful descent without evincing any extraordinary concern, hugging close to the rock and controlling the velocity of their half falling, half leaping movements by striking at short intervals and holding back with their cushioned, rubber feet upon small ledges and roughened inclines until near the bottom, when they "sailed off" into the free air and alighted on their feet, but with their bodies so nearly in a vertical position that they appeared to be diving.—*Scribner's.*

Boiler Explosions.

There is a most inexplicable disproportion between the English and American reports of boiler explosions in 1880. For the United States 170 explosions were reported, and for England but twenty-eight, although it is added that the English total is considerably below the average. The loss of life was for England sixty-eight, and for the United States 259 In England the wounded numbered eighty-two, and in the United States 555. In the United States the boilers of wood working mills formed by far the most fatal class, while in England the explosions were chiefly in iron works. In the period from October, 1867, to 1880, there were in the United States 1,299 explosions, which killed 2,505 persons and wounded 2,612. But since July, 1861, there were in England only 854 explosions, which killed 1,004 persons and injured 1,790. In each case the figures are taken from the report of a company for the insurance of boilers. Two contrasting statements, which may throw some light on the discrepancy, are one by the English company that no boiler insured by it exploded, and a second by the American company, that during the year it absolutely condemned 377 boilers, and moreover discovered 5,444 dangerous defects, besides some tens of thousands of minor ones.

It Was Then.

It had been raining for six long hours Saturday when a man wearing an old beaver cap and a faded army overcoat entered a hardware store on Woodward avenue, shook the water off his back, and said:

"About eighteen months ago I left my umbrella in this store."

"Yes."

"It was a bran new umbrella with a white handle."

"Yes."

"And now I guess I'll take it away."

"Certainly. Where did you leave it?"

"Behind the door."

"Well, there it is."

"Ah! Any charge for storage?"

"None."

"Well, I'm much obliged."

"Not at all. Any time you leave an umbrella here it will be safe for ten years. Good day."

There are hundreds of men in Detroit like that merchant. They might pass a trade dollar on a stranger, but they would never appropriate his umbrella.—*Free Press.*

[Mondovi (Wis.) Buffalo Co. Herald.]

Notions of the First Settlers.

Mr. W. H. H. Amidon, one of the first settlers in the town of Gilmantown, Wis., and one of the most industrious and hard-working men in the county, has been very severely troubled with rheumatic pains during the past few years, so much at times that he was disabled from performing manual labor. Learning of the wonderful cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he procured a few bottles, and experienced immediate relief. Many others of our acquaintances have used it, and express themselves as highly gratified with the relief it has afforded them. This king of medicines can be bought everywhere.

A treasury official is authority for the statement that there is now in the vaults of the department a larger amount of gold than was ever known to be in one place in the history of modern times, and probably more than could be authenticated as existing in a single treasury at any time before in the world. There is now about $173,000,000 of gold coin and bullion, inclusive of some $55,000,000 in silver, while the Bank of England has only about $75,000,000 in gold. What is more singular is that it stays in the vaults, no matter what the demand recently, for as fast as it is paid out it returns