The Courtier's Reply.

An old Norse king, one dark and stormy night,
Sat with his courtiers in his windy hall.
The oak logs blazed, and shafts of ruddy light
Wavered like moving spears along the wall.

Without, like some old Viking armed for war,
The tempest wandered in his robe of rain,
Or, rushing with a clamor from afar,
Roared through the castle, and was gone again.

The monarch and his bearded courtiers sat
All silent round the fire, with downcast eye,
No sound within was heard, save when a rat
Scampered across the floor, with dismal cry.

But suddenly a bird, wet-winged and bright,
Flashed over them, and vanished as it came.
Out of the night, it vanished into night,
As brief and beautiful as a falling flame.

"Such," said the king, "such is this life of ours—
A moment's passage through a lighted room;
One taste of this sweet breath—then death devours
Life's transient day in its eternal gloom.

A moment no one spoke; then, with a tear,
An aged courtier hastened to respond:
"True, sire, the tired bird did not tarry here,
Because the nest God gave it lay beyond."

—*James Buchham, in Lippincott.*

PAMELA'S FACULTY.

They talked over Deacon Semple's death in the sewing-circle. It was very sad that he should have died. So suddenly, too, of pneumonia, poor man. But Mrs. Calkins, at whose house the society met that week, couldn't help thinking that it would have been a very dull meeting if he had not; for since everybody had found out just why Luke Judkins had been obliged to mortgage his farm, and Dr. Saunders' marriage with his housekeeper had become an old story, there was absolutely nothing to talk about. It was also providential that he should die just after planting was over, and before haying had begun. He was growing very deaf, too, and was always shiftless. Being a deacon, of course he was prepared, and there was really not much to mourn for, except that now Pamely would have to take care of herself, and Pamely had no faculty. Ruthy Ann could go on keeping school, as she had done for years, and the twins, luckily, were married. Pamely was the only one that was left unprovided for. Pamely was one of the kind that always was unprovided for—the kind that had no faculty.

The farm was all run out; and if it were not, Pamley wouldn't know any better than to expect to raise pumpkins on a pea vine. If she was a farmer's daughter she didn't know but what potatoes came up of their own accord, and weeded and dug themselves. Mrs. Ichabod Badger (generally known as Mis' Ichabod) thought it probable that she even supposed that they washed themselves and jumped into the dinner pot. And it was evident that she set a sight more by posies than she did by garden sass. She was always littering up the house with weeds and stuff out of the woods, and she drew pictures when she'd better have been drawing candles or making soap. She took after the Spenceers—her mother's folks. One of them wasn't half witted and wrote verses, and another painted pictures and never amounted to anything. And Pamely was headstrong; she never seemed to pay any attention to good advice. She was always as pleasant and amiable about it as could be, but she would go right on in her own way. This was like her father; when they tried to dismiss the Rev. Mr. Caldwell for unsoundness of doctrine, Deacon Semple he wouldn't agree to it. He didn't get excited and call hard names as the others did, but though they argued and argued he wouldn't be convinced.

Mis' Ichabod was of the opinion that a committee of ladies ought to call upon Pamely and advise her to go and keep house for old Hiram Hutchinson. He had a large farm and two invalid daughters, one afflicted with spinal disease and the other with epilepsy; so 'twas a hard place, and of course she would keep everything at sixes and sevens, not having any faculty; but old Hiram was willing to take her, because he was very close, and she wouldn't expect much. And Mis' Hosea Blodgett added that as Hiram was a widower nobody knew what might happen. He was over fifty and hard to get along with, but then Pamely couldn't be far from twenty-five, and ought to be willing to make a sacrifice for the sake of a home. Ben Seaverns, who used to keep company with her, had gone off to sea five years before, and had probably got drowned, to say nothing of being a shiftless good-for-nothing, and surely there was no man in Brimblecom who wanted to marry a girl without faculty.

Before the meeting adjourned Mis' Ichabod, Mis' Hosea Blodgett and Miss Nancy Perkins, the postministress, were appointed a committee to labor with Pamely.

There was no doubt about the zeal of the committee. Bright and early the next morning—so early, in fact, that the breakfast dishes were not washed in any town except Brimblecom—the three ladies presented themselves at the front door of Deacon Semple's late residence; front doors were reserved for state occasions in Brimblecom. The committee, after consultation, had decided that this was an occasion which required the use of the front door appropriate.

Keturah Grant, who had been maid-of-all-work in Deacon Semple's family for half a century, hobbled to the door, and admitted them to the sitting-room; and there was Pamela, with a great bunch of weeds—buttercups and clover and white weeds—painting, actually painting, at that time in the morning! She wore a high-necked and long sleeved apron, which was bedaubed with paint, and on her nose was a smirch of bright yellow.

The committee with one consent heaved a deep sigh.

"Seein' Scripter commands us to be kind to the widow and the fatherless we thought we'd come and tell you that old Hiram Hutchinson wants a housekeeper," said Mis' Ichabod, who had been chosen chief spokesman in view of the "flow of language" for which she was renowned.

Pamela turned an innocent, puzzled face upon Mis' Ichabod—a very lovely face, with a pure pale skin, and soft shy brown eyes, though in Brimblecom, where rosy-cheeked beauties were the fashion, they had never thought of calling it so.

"Oh, the widower! I couldn't think for the moment what you meant. Poor man! I am sorry if he can't find one. But nobody could expect me to give up Keturah, surely! She is growing too old; and she wouldn't leave me, anyway."

The committee looked at each other. Their mission seemed a somewhat difficult one to perform. Was Pamely so innocent as she looked? Mis' Ichabod had a dreadful suspicion that she was deep, and she resolved not to be daunted.

"We thought you might like the place yourself, seein' you was left so kind of dependent," she said.

"I? Oh, dear! I haven't the least bit of faculty, you know;" and Pamela laughed merrily.

"Them that hain't any faculty have got to try to do something if they don't want to be objicks of charity," said Mis' Ichabod.

"I don't think Brimblecom will ever have occasion for me. If it does I am such a little thing that it won't cost much."

There was a suspicion of a flush on Pamelas cheek and a tense look about her mouth that the committee did not observe. They only saw her laugh, and they snow in high dudgeon.

"I hope the time won't come when you won't find it a laughing matter," said Mis' Hosea Blodgett, who was determined not to come away without saying anything; that would be so humiliating to tell of.

"Oh, I hope not," said Pamela, sweetly.

"That was the very worst thing about Deacon Semple—you never could make him mad," said Miss Nancy Perkins, as she opened the gate. And though the other members of the committee wouldn't acknowledge it, Pamela's resemblance to her father in that respect was the thing that they had found most aggravating in their interview with her.

Before they reached their homes they repented that they had not said more, but there was something in Pamela's manner that made it seem an impossibility. The committee could not explain it clearly. Pamela had been quite pleasant and polite, but they didn't care to go again. However, they quite agreed that the matter ought not to rest there, and they were willing—even anxious—to go and confer with Mr. Stockbridge, the minister, upon the subject. Perhaps he could be induced to advise her. She would not dare to be so high and mighty with the minister.

The Rev. Mr. Stockbridge was a grave and dignified man of nearly forty, who, when he had first come to Brimblecom, ten years before, had had the caps of half the young ladies of his parish persistently set at him. They had now, if they had not wholly abandoned the cap-setting, learned to "draw it mildly, lest it were all in vain," for the minister had never shown the slightest signs of being caught. He seemed somewhat embarrassed when the committee visited him and made known their errand. As Mis' Hosea Blodgett said, in describing the interview to her friends:

"He kinder turned red, and then he kinder turned white, and he looked all ways for Sunday, jest as if we'd said something that wa'n't proper. And when he said anything, which wa'n't for as much as a minute, he up and said jest as good as to say that he didn't consider 'twas any of his business. But Mis' Ichabod she jest talked and argerfied beautiful about how the town would have to take care of her, and bein' her father was a deacon the church ought to do its duty, advisin' and laborin' with her if she was headstrong and set up, and she convinced him—with a few words that I let fall as 'twas given me to speak—and he said h'd go and talk with Pamely accordin' to the best wisdom and judgment that was given him. When she sees him a-comin' she'll dowse her peak, for there's nobody in Brimblecom that ain't afraid of the minister."

Within a week the committee waited upon the minister to hear the result of his advice to Pamela. It was very hard to find him at home; they tried four times before they succeeded. If he had been anybody but the minister they could not have avoided the painful suspicion that he slipped out of the back door when he saw them coming. And when at last they did find him at home his report was not altogether satisfactory.

"Miss Semple did not care to accept the position of housekeeper to Mr. Hiram Hutchinson," he said, as if Pamela were the greatest lady in the land, and could pick and choose positions. But then he was a minister, and ministers couldn't be expected to talk just like common people.

"What is she a goin' to do, then?" demanded Mis' Ichabod, severely. "I don't know of any other chance for her."

"I—I offered her a position, but she declined that also," said the minister.

The committee looked thunderstruck.

"I do hope it wa'n't to keep school," said Mis' Hosea Blodgett, recovering herself suddenly, "for she hain't a mite of faculty, everybody knows. Why, I asked her once if she understood mathematics, and she said she could do addition if you gave her time. My Angelia understands mathematics, and besides beautiful learnin' she's got a real faculty for keepin' school."

"It was not a position as schoolteacher," said the minister.

"She could kind of get along with house work, though she hain't any faculty. I hope the folks ain't very partickerler," said Mis' Ichabod.

"As she declined the position it does not seem to matter whether they are or not," said the minister.

If Mis' Ichabod had not stood very much in awe of the minister he would have then and there received a piece of her mind," as she afterward declared; "for if there was anything that provoked her beyond endurance it was a closemouthed person." But as he was the minister there was nothing to do but to take leave of him with a coldness and dignity which should give some token of their displeasure.

As if he couldn't tell them just as well as not who wanted to hire Pamely to do housework! But there was one comfort—the committee knew there was nothing going on in Brimblecom that they couldn't find out.

And just after she had expressed that opinion Mis' Ichabod was so overcome by some sudden thought that she fairly gasped and leaned for support against the town pump, which providentially stood in her way.

"I heard that Joanna Leach wanted to go home because her sister's twins had the measles. The minister wanted Pamely to keep house for him!" she gasped.

"Well, Mis' Ichabod, if you hain't got an understandin' worth havin'! And though I never breathed it to a mortal before, I've had my suspicions that the minister wa'n't all he'd ought to be," exclaimed Mis' Hosea Blodgett.

"I never knew a man to have one white eyebrow for nothing," said Miss Nancy Perkins, darkly.

Before night the report had spread all over Brimblecom that the minister had asked Pamela Semple to keep house for him. Mr. Stockbridge was certainly the last person to be suspected of an impropriety, but appearances were deceitful. He surely must know that he ought to have a housekeeper who was at least fifty, and it was eminently proper that she should be toothless, cross-eyed and disfigured with the smallpox, as Joanna Leach was. If Pamela were an especially capable person, the case would be somewhat different; but to be willing to bear with a housekeeper who had no faculty he must have a personal regard for her.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember such an excitement in Brimblecom. The Rev. Mr. Caldwell's heresy had been tame, and the report that Dr. Saunders had another wife living only mildly exhilarating in comparison.

But several weeks went by before any sound of it reached the minister's ears. Happily for him Brimblecom had a wholesome fear of the minister. But at length, owing mainly to the efforts of Mis' Ichabod, Mis' Hosea Blodgett and Miss Nancy Perkins, it was decided that at the next church meeting one of the deacons should question the minister concerning the matter. Such a crying scandal must no longer remain uninvestigated.

It was a great day for Brimblecom. There had not been such an attendance at a church meeting since the Rev. Mr. Caldwell's trial for heresy. Mrs. Deacon Simmons said it seemed so much like county conference that she got up at 4 o'clock and went to baking a great batch of pumpkin pies before she remembered what she was about.

If the minister had any idea of what it all meant he gave no sign, and when Deacon Simmons, with awful solemnity, and with a long preamble concerning the duty of a minister to set an example to his flock in righteousness, asked him if he thought it seemly and becoming to ask the daughter of their late Deacon Ephraim Semple to become his housekeeper, the minister quietly replied that he had never done so.

The committee looked at each other, and everybody else looked at them. Miss Nancy Perkins felt, as she afterward expressed it, as if she "would like to go through to Chiny;" but Mis' Ichabod bore up nobly, and Mis' Hosea Blodgett relied upon Mis' Ichabod.

"Didn't you tell a committee consistin' of Mis' Ichabod Badger, Mis' Hosea Blodgett and Miss Nancy Perkins that you had done so?" pursued Deacon Simmons.

"I did not," said the minister, with an air of bland and innocent surprise.

This was too much for Mis' Ichabod. She arose, and shaking her forefinger impressively at the minister, demanded:

"Didn't you tell us that you had offered her a situation to keep house? And who in this livin' world could it be that wanted a housekeeper but you?"

"You misunderstood me," said the minister, with great politeness. "I said I had offered Miss Semple a position, and it was not to teach school."

Mis' Ichabod sat down, because nothing occurred to her to say, and for a time there was silence. Then Deacon Simmons arose and said, like a second Adam:

"I hope you won't take no offense, nor think nothing' more about this, Mr. Stockbridge. It's somethin' that the women-folks have got up amongst themselves, and I guess it don't amount to but dretful little."

"To relieve any further curiosity about the matter," said the minister, looking straight at the committee, "perhaps I had better explain—although it is an explanation which a man doesn't often makes in public—that the position which I offered Miss Semple and which she declined was that of your minister's wife."

Mis' Ichabod always averred that if it hadn't been for a bit of cinnamon which she had on her tongue she should have fainted then.

The church meeting broke up suddenly, the sentiment which Mis' Hosea Blodgett expressed being apparently the sentiment of all—that she should have died in five minutes if she couldn't have got out where she could talk it over.

"Don't talk to me about that girl!" exclaimed Miss Nancy Perkins, with deep feeling. "There never was a man that it took so much faculty to get as the minister."

"And she wouldn't have him? Depend upon it, there's more in that than meets the eye. She's deep," said Mis' Ichabod.

"What do you think Mis' Moses Gregg whispered to me in meetin'?" said Mis' Hosea Blodgett. "She says Pamely sells the pictures she paints for money—sends 'em off to the city. And besides supporting her and Ketury she's a-goin' to pay off the mortgage on the farm."

"I hain't never been sorry that I was brought up to work," said Mis' Ichabod. "Vanity and folly may prosper for a season, but we all know where the downward path ends. If Pamely Semple hadn't been sent away to that academy she might have been as likely and well-behaved as any girl in Brimblecom—if she hadn't any faculty."

And with these remarks Mis' Ichabod withdrew herself from the council.

On the even tenor of her way went Pamela, working early and late with her brush, and before long a report found its way to Brimblecom that she was considered a remarkable artist, and some things were evident to Brimblecom senses; the mortgage was being paid off, the crops were in a prosperous condition, and old Keturah was renewing her youth.

Brimblecom began to be proud of Pamela. It almost forgot that it had ever been afraid she would become a pauper. Nobody seemed to remember that she had been thought to have no faculty—nobody but the committee.

One or two persons were actually heard to say that it was a pity she wouldn't marry Mr. Stockbridge, but perhaps she had a right to look higher than the rest of the Brimblecom girls. Mis' Ichabod always shook her head with mysterious meaning when Pamela was mentioned, and said grimly, "Them that lives the longest will see most."

One day triumph came to Mis' Ichabod.

The committee were in the postoffice—Mis' Ichabod and Mis' Hosea Blodgett were often so kind as to assist Miss Nancy Perkins in assorting the mail—when in came Mrs. Deacon Simmons, who was fat and scant of breath, and in such a state of excitement that the committee had, all and severally, to fan her vigorously before her news could be extracted.

"Don't you think, as true as I'm a livin' woman and not a corpse, as I might expect to be, hearin' such upsettin' things and hurryin' so—"

"Go on, go on! don't lose your breath!" cried the committee, in chorus, fanning vigorously. "We'll never breathe it to a soul."

"Oh, it's all over Brimblecom. That good-for-nothing cretur, Ben Seaverns, has come back without hardly so much as a coat to his back, and the rheumatic fever. Been cast away on a desert island and eat up by cannerbals 'most—which nobody can't say wa'n't exactly like him—and nothing but skin and bones, and the doctor says most likely won't never be good for anything again, not to mention that he never was. And Pamely's took him in, and she and Kentury's a-nussin' him up. And that ain't the worst of it; the minister went up and married 'em! She's took that good-for-nothin' cretur to take care of for life—her that might a-had the minister!"

"They never got me to believe that she had any faculty," said Mis' Ichabod.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Level-Headed Engineer.

A dinner was given in Paris a few days ago to M. Grisel, now sixty-nine years of age, who has been all his life a model workman. In 1857 he particularly distinguished himself. On November 23 in that year he was driving a train from Clermont to Brioude, when, on arriving at Vic le Comte, he heard the river Allier rushing with unwonted violence. The night was horribly dark, the rain was pouring in torrents, and being well acquainted with the Vic bridge he felt sure that it would not resist the inundation that was already beginning. The station-master signaled to him to proceed, but Grisel refused point blank to move on, on which the official flew into a rage, but the engine-driver declared that he would not stir until the bridge had been examined. His apprehensions were destined to receive a striking confirmation. At the very moment when the station-master was telegraphing to Clermont for instructions the bridge was carried away with a terrible noise, and the passengers, who had got out of their carriages in much alarm, not quite understanding the cause of the extraordinary delay, rushed up to Grisel and overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude. On that memorable night the gallant engine-driver had, at the risk of losing his situation, been instrumental in saving no less than 125 persons from, as the event proved, certain death. It was at the instigation of M. Gambetta that M. Raynal, his minister of public works, recognized Grisel's rare merit by making him a knight of the Legion of Honor.

How the Patient Paid.

Among the leading medical specialists of the French capital is a fashionable physician who professes to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to by olfactory treatment. A wealthy Briton not long ago crossed the Channel on purpose to consult him. Having asked his visitor a few curt questions respecting his symptoms, and subjected him to careful auscultation, the doctor extracted a bottle from a drawer in his writing table, uncorked it, and handed it to the Englishman with the words, "Smell it!" adding, as soon as his command had been obeyed, "That is well. You are cured." Whatever surprise the patient may have inwardly experienced at being relieved of his malady with such astounding promptitude and ease, he exhibited no external sign of amazement, but, adopting the laconic style of his professional adviser, ejaculated, "How much?" "A thousand francs," was the reply; whereupon, producing a bank note to that amount from his pocket-book, he held it under the doctor's nose for a few seconds, saying, "Smell it." The astonished Æsculapius mechanically complied. "That is well. You are paid," calmly observed the Englishman, pocketing the note: "I have the honor to wish you a very good-morning." So saying, he bowed politely, and quitted the room.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A frozen plant may be sometimes preserved if plentifully drenched with cold water, because the application of the liquid produces a neutral thaw.

A healthy frog will remain alive for days after the whole of its blood has been withdrawn from the vessels and replaced by a solution of common salt.

One may become so accustomed to opium as to be able to drink daily a litre of laudanum, twenty drops of which would be a strong medicinal dose for a non-habituated person.

From observations made during many years in Senegal and other intertropical regions in Africa, Dr. A. Corre is inclined to believe that the African blacks are destined in course of time to disappear and be supplanted by European emigrants.

An Antwerp firm has patented a means of automatically playing musical instruments by pneumatic and electro magnetic appliances. The pneumatic arrangements are for sounding reeds, and a sheet of card, perforated according to the tune, makes and breaks electric contact as it travels.

A French chemist is said to have obtained a dense, black gum from the outer layers of the birch tree bark by distillation, possessing all the ordinary properties of gutta percha, and having the additional merit of resisting the deteriorating influence of air and the corrosive action of acids.

In seeking for a substance which would destroy the microscopic animals in water without injuring it for drinking purposes, Dr. Langlett found that citric acid (one-half gramme to every litre of the water) killed all the living organisms, except cyclops and those with thick epidermis, within two minutes.

For the photography of birds in their different positions in flying Marey employs an instrument like a rifle in shape, giving twelve successive images per second, each image being taken in the 1-700 part of a second. In bright sunlight the time of exposure is reduced to the 1-1500 of a second. These views furnish an analysis of the motion of birds in flight which could not be obtained before the perfection of the processes of instantaneous photography.

The Monks of St. Vincent.

The abbey of St. Vincent, near Latrobe, Pa., is the oldest monastery in America, having been founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the college now connected with it is attended by 316 students, receiving instructions from a faculty of thirty-three monks. The abbey brothers cultivate a farm of 500 acres, and there is a brewery attached, which, besides supplying the beverage to the community attached to the monastery, the surplus is sold to the neighboring cities. The barn on the farm is 300 feet by nine y-eight, and the brothers have a printing office and bindery, where all the books used in the college are printed and bound. They put up all their own machinery, build their own wagons, shoe their horses, make their own clothing, raise and cook their own food, and slaughter the cattle raised on their own pasturage. The founder was Theodore Browers, a pious Franciscan from the Danish West Indies, and on his death bed he left a will providing that the priest who should succeed him should have the use of the small farm for life; the only condition being that the priest should each year say four masses for the soul of the testator on the anniversary of his death and the three succeeding days. In 1791 Franciscus Fromm, a German priest and missionary, took possession of the farm under the will without the consent of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore. He was ousted from the farm in 1798, and since then it has been a part of the church, and the stumpy, partly-cleared farm has become the site of the flourishing abbey of St. Vincent.

The Earliest Plowman.

The steel or iron plowshare is one of the most valuble of modern inventions, and has both lightened the farmer's labors and added largely to his wealth. But Mr. Darwin has proved that worms do in a quiet but effective way the same work that the plow does on a larger scale. They break up the solid crust and enrich the surface by bringing the most valuable constituents from the sub-soil and forming a rich vegetable mold. The little piles left at the mouth of their holes are full of nutrition, and of the highest value for the growth of plants and vegetables.

The worms fill an important place among agricultural labors. The smoothness of beautiful lawns and meadows, Mr. Darwin says, is "mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms." The improvements which their industry effects are constant and progressive. The whole of the superficial mold over any expanse has passed, and will pass again, every few years through the bodies of worms." These despised articulates ought to be reckoned by the farmer among his most valuable allies.

Made a Mistake.

An insurance agent called into an establishment the other day with a large account-book under his arm. Walking up to the proprietor in a business sort of way, he inquired:

"How's business—how's stock?"

"Oh, business is very dull," replied the tradesman. "Pon my word, sir, I haven't got $900 in the house. Terrible dull!" and he paused and looked inquiringly at the visitor.

"Only $900!" said the insurance man, in surprise.

"Pon my soul, sir, I don't believe there is a dollar more—look for yourself," and the man looked very sad and sighed.

"Then, sir," said the insurance man, with a good deal of warmth, "how does it come that your stock is insured in our company for $4,500, eh?"

"Oh! ah! beg your pardon!" exclaimed the dealer, in confusion. "Thought you was the taxman! I was sure you was the tax-gatherer, or, 'pon my soul, I would not have said that, when, in fact, my stock is worth full $8,000. Look for yourself, sir."

The Photograph Gun.

The last invention of science, says a London letter, is a machine to take your likeness by photography unawares. Mr. Tennyson and other celebrities who have an objection to having their portraits taken will no longer be able to enjoy the sunshine, but must take the air at night only. The apparatus is contained in an ordinary opera glass, in which "matched lenses" and "dry plate holders" are substituted for the usual eye-pieces. "The dark chamber used is a cylinder of black cloth like a muff, which fits tightly about the wrist by means of elastic bands." One look at you, and the thing is done. This will afford an opportunity for jokers to immortalize their friends in the most ridiculous positions.

The Life of the Savage.

The savage has no education, no books, no God. He was troubled with no fear of a future state, no money, no ambition. He wooed a maid, raised children, roamed the forest and fished the stream for food. He never traveled in Europe; never went to Congress; never was tried for heresy; never attended a primary election, engaged in trade or edited a newspaper. He never kept carriage-horses to go lame, or a cook to get saucy, or indulged in household expenses he could not pay. His exemplary spouse never indulged in fashionable attire, obtained on credit from a French milliner, or bought on time. He never had a headache from bad whisky or dyspepsia from overseasoned food. He lived, hunted and took no thought for the future.

Ice lying in the interstices of rocks will explode them as effectually as dynamite.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

There arrived at Castle Garden, New York, during the week ending May 20, 23,545 emigrants, the largest number landed at the port in any one week.

An explosion of sulphur in a colliery near Shamokin, Pa., caused the death of three men and fatal injuries to a fourth man.

At a meeting of striking railroad miners in Pittsburg it was resolved to continue the strike against a reduction in wages.

Eli Fay, a mill-owner of Stafford, N. H., became jealous of his wife and they separated. Meeting her the other day in a cemetery he shot her in the back, inflicting a mortal wound. Fay was arrested.

The boiler-makers of New York and Brooklyn have struck for an increase of ten per cent. in their wages.

The Pacific National bank, of Boston, which suspended some months since and only recently resumed, has stopped payments again and will wind up its business. The second suspension is due to a lack of business since resumption, public confidence in the concern not having been restored.

Timothy Smith, a thirteen-year-old boy of Naugatuck, Conn., objected to going on an errand for his mother, and when she insisted went to the barn and hanged himself.

The estate of Joseph L. Lewis, of Jersey City, valued at $1,000,000, which he bequeathed to the United States government to help to pay the national debt, has been finally settled. The probate of the will was disputed by a woman who claimed to be the widow. She, Marcus Sacia, Dr. Parks and other associates were convicted of fraud and sentenced to State prison at Trenton. The estate, by judicious investment, has now reached the sum of $1,400,000. The sum of $300,000 has been awarded to the West India heirs, and $100,000 has been allowed for counsel fees and legal expenses. The residue, $900,000, is in United States bonds, and they will, it is said, be canceled, under the direction of the court, and then be returned to the secretary of the treasury, as the simplest way of carrying out the terms of the will.

Moses Taylor, one of the best known and wealthiest of New York's merchant princes and bankers, is dead in his seventy-seventh year. He left an estate estimated at between $40,000,000 and $45,000,000, mostly in railroad, bank, telegraph and gas securities.

The prosecution closed in the Cramer case at New Haven, and without speech or argument the defense began to call witnesses, seeking to establish their theory that Jennie Cramer, after a scene with her mother, went to Savin Rock and committed suicide.

South and West.

The late ex-Governor Washburn, of Wisconsin, left an estate valued at $2,500,000. His will provides $50,000 for a public library at La Crosse and $350,000 for a memorial asylum at Minneapolis as a tribute to his mother.

Stephen G. Effler was hanged at Marion, N. C., for murdering his wife, and W. W. Rhea suffered a similar penalty in the same way at Pulaski, Tenn., for killing one Goodrum, against whom he had a grudge. Rhea's hanging was witnessed by 5,000 persons and was a horrible affair, as three attempts had to be made before the man was launched into eternity, the noose slipping twice, lacerating his face and breaking a blood vessel.

A fire at Leadville, Col., destroyed the Windsor hotel, Academy of Music, and the Palace of Fashion, a large dry goods house, causing a loss of about $200,000. Several lives were lost.

John McMenemon, a farmer, aged sixty-five, living near Muscatine, Iowa, was shot and killed by his fifteen-year-old daughter. The father and daughter were quarreling, when the girl's brother, aged eighteen, handed her a revolver, with which she shot her father through the breast. It is supposed that the children desired to get possession of their father's property. The mother is in an insane asylum.

Further crop reports from the Northwest state that wheat and corn are doing well, and that there is a large increase in acreage.

After a session covering a period of thirteen months a committee appointed by the Arkansas legislature to investigate the accounts of ex-Treasurer Thomas J. Churchill, now the governor of the State, has made a report declaring that there is a deficit in the accounts of the governor during the six years in which he was treasurer to the extent of $114,000.

In Upson county, Ala., two farmers, John Owens and James Baker, met on the highway and quarreled. Baker drew a revolver and leveled it at Owens, who said: "If you shoot me, shoot me in the head." Baker did so and killed Owens instantly.

A band of vigilants, after chasing eight horse thieves in Missouri for three weeks, caught and lynched three of them near Kirbyville, shot and killed a fourth and mortally wounded a fifth.

The national committee of the Greenback-Labor party met at St. Louis, Mo. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the United States.

Considerable damage has been done to some of the crops in Iowa and other parts of the West by a severe frost and a fall of snow to the depth of three inches.

A man named Buckman, arrested in Baltimore on a charge of larceny, confessed to the murder on April 4 of Captain Nelson, commanding an oyster sloop, and of a negro employed in the vessel. The captain, the negro and Buckman were the only persons on the sloop. Buckman was employed as cook, and after murdering the other two he turned the vessel adrift, escaping in a small boat.

From Washington.

The state department has advices that President Barrios, of the Republic of Guatemala, will visit the United States at an early date.

The President has approved the fortification appropriation bill, the agricultural department appropriation bill and the act providing for the removal of the remains of the late General Kilpatrick to the State of New Jersey.

Guiteau has written another letter asserting that he is in the protection of the Almighty, and that if he is hanged a judgment will fall on this country.

The bill to extend the charters of the national banks passed the House by a vote of 123 to 67.

The unanimous decision of the District supreme court on the questions raised by the defense in the Guiteau case is against the appeal of the assassin's counsel that the trial should be declared void for want of jurisdiction. The opinion of the court sustains the position taken by the district attorney, that the jurisdiction is complete where the fatal blow was struck without regard to the locality of actual demise. The court holds that the bullet fired at the President by Guiteau on the 2d of July at the railroad station in Washington was the cause of his death and that the trial could only have been held in Washington, and that the mere fact of the victim being removed to Elberon to prolong his life or save it if possible could not be made to affect the character of the crime. The court holds, in addition, that there are several grounds on which the jurisdiction, as exercised, might be maintained if it were necessary to decide the case.

After the delivery of the opinion adverse to Guiteau's appeal the prisoner was taken at once to a solitary cell in the jail and placed under the death-watch. Every action will be observed up to the fatal moment, and not a word will be permitted to be spoken to him except by his spiritual adviser or by persons specially authorized by the warden, General Crocker, who has entire charge of and responsibility for the assassin until his dead body is ready to be consigned to the doctors for a post mortem examination. District-Attorney Corkhill has determined upon an examination of the brain of the assassin by a board of the most eminent medical experts in the United States, to put at rest, as he believes, by such examination forever the question of his sanity. After the autopsy the body will be delivered to his relatives.

Guiteau received the announcement that the court had refused to grant him a new trial with considerable coolness. Mr. Reed, his counsel, said to him: "I have just come from the court in banc, which has affirmed your sentence of conviction." "On what ground?" asked Guiteau, calmly, and without the slightest appearance of nervousness. "They sustain the right of jurisdiction on the common law, and they did not profess to find any statute which supplied the defects in that law," replied Mr. Reed. "Well, what do you think of it?" asked Guiteau, coolly. Mr. Reed then held a whispered conversation with the prisoner, in the course of which he explained to him what steps he proposed to take next. Guiteau listened attentively, and expressed his satisfaction.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate: Leland C. Bacon, of New York, to be consul of United States at Samana; Louis Dupont Lyle, of Pennsylvania, to be consul of United States at Funchal; John W. Stone, of Michigan, to be attorney-general of the United States for the Western district of Michigan.

The postmaster general, in response to a resolution of the House, has sent a letter to the speaker in which he recommends that the postage on second-class matter (papers and magazines) be abolished. He also states that the fourth class matter (merchandise) is carried at a loss to the government, and if the government is to be taxed for the transportation of either class it should be for the second class instead of the fourth.

Foreign News.

An American missionary stationed at Talas, in Asia Minor, reports the prevalence of a distressing famine in that region. He says that from one-half to three-fourths of the people in many villages are destitute.

Ten thousand Jews are without shelter at Brody, Russia, and their condition of misery is reported as indescribable.

The Irish repression bill passed its second reading in the house of commons by a vote of 383 against 45.

The coronation of the Russian czar will take place at Moscow on September 6.

A fire at Lyons, France, destroyed several workshops and other buildings, causing a loss of about $800,000 and throwing 9,000 workmen out of employment.

Four hundred houses have been destroyed by fire at Boyabad, in Asia Minor.

The schooner President arrived at Quebec, having on board the mate and five seamen of the ship Western Belle, which had run into an iceberg and sunk. The captain and thirteen men were lost.

The Duke of Grafton is dead in his sixty-fourth year.

Ireland is to have a new detective force.

During a riot in Limerick, Ireland, the police charged on the crowd with fixed bayonets and several persons were injured.

It is reported that at a council of the Russian imperial family it was decided, because of the receipt of alarming information touching the projects of the Nihilists, to defer the coronation of the czar for a year.

The Irish members of the British parliament will stoutly resist the passage of the repression bill.

A fire in the Jewish quarter of Kovno, Russia, destroyed 105 houses.

Five men who attempted to destroy a bridge on the Mexican National railway were caught, and by order of the governor of the state of Mexico they were immediately shot.

In the British house of commons a division occurred in the Irish party, Mr. O'Donnell and others being opposed to the moderate policy of Mr. Parnell. The latter, with several members of the party, left the house.

The Russian press has been ordered to omit hereafter any report of the massacre of Jews, and not to discuss the question.

Latest advices from the wreck of the steamer Manitoulin which was burnt near Killarney, Ontario, places the number of persons lost at twenty to twenty-five.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

The Senate passed nine building bills, appropriating in all $1,975,000. The places and amounts were as follows: Louisville, Ky., $500,000; Hannibal, Mo., $75,000; Detroit, $600,000; Council Bluffs, $100,000; Syracuse, N. Y., $200,000; Poughkeepsie, $75,000; Rochester, $200,000; Galveston, Texas, $125,000; La Crosse, Wis., $100,000.... The five per cent. land bill was passed.

House.

The general deficiency appropriation bill, appropriating $6,425,319, was reported.... A deadlock ensued in an attempt to consider the South Carolina contested election case of Mackey against O'Conor, the Democrats refusing to vote, thus leaving the House without a quorum.

WISE WORDS.

We can refute assertions, but who can refute silence.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions; they hold him.

Surmises are not facts. Suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated.

Idleness is hard work to those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being and work its natural and most holy necessity.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproot.

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, language.

Nothing elevates a man so much as disinterested good-will. We, for example, most heartily wish that every man in the world had half a million and we ourselves a million.

Hugging sorrow is not the way to lessen it, though, like the nettle, trouble stings less when it is firmly grasped and not feared. Frequent disappointments teach us to mistrust our own inclinations and shrink even from vows our hearts may prompt.

Victory is not for the weak, the cowardly, the vacillating. The roar of the battle may deafen us, the smoke of the conflict dim our sight, but if our feet are firm upon the rocks of resolution, our hearts filled with divine aspiration for all that is pure and true, if our hands be the willing servants of our hearts, victory will be ours. Defeat is impossible, as God lives. Victory and defeat.

HEALTH HINTS.

Borax used in preserving butter imparts no disagreeable flavor.

Milkweed juice is said to be a remedy for suppurating wounds.

A strong solution of white soap forms a valuable antidote in case of poisoning with the mineral acids, if alkalies are not at hand.

The wearing of silk or flannel underwear throughout the year, especially for delicate or invalid persons, is recommended by physicians. If, however, the skin is so sensitive as to make even the thinnest gauze a source of irritation, an exception would be made in such case; but in some way it is necessary to be prepared against the sudden changes of temperature which, in our climate, occur almost daily, even in summer.

Mr. George Catlin, in his history of the North American Indians, says that he never met one that breathed through the mouth, nor one that was deaf, unless born so. The habit of breathing naturally through the nose would therefore appear to preserve a healthy state of the air-passages leading from the back of the throat to the middle ear on each side.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

A Romance of the Guiteau Trial.

The Washington *Star* says: During the Guiteau trial the newspaper correspondents and others who made daily visits to the court-room became much interested in a young lady with a pretty face who sat during the trial at a table beside Mrs. Scoville. It was an oasis of beauty in a desert of bald heads and unromantic pencil-drivers, immediately in front of the judge's stand. This young lady was the daughter of Dr. Rice, of Murton, Wisconsin, Mr. Scoville's family physician, who declared Guiteau to be insane, and became so much interested in the proceedings that he remained here through nearly the whole trial. Dr. Rice and his daughter May stopped at the Tremont house, and there Miss Rice became acquainted with Mr. Fred Cowie, the son of Mr. George Cowie. Since the trial ended Mr. Cowie has found mysterious business that has taken him out to Wisconsin once or twice. On the last trip, however, he settled the business and returned to Washington with Dr. Rice's daughter, who now bears the name of Cowie.

An Attractive Region.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says: The northern zone of the South, embracing Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, with the northern portions of Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas, is a region of vast extent, and has great interest for Northern people accustomed to farming who may desire to emigrate to a country suited to this industry. There is much excellent land here, with soils adapted to the cultivation of most of the important farm products of the region lying between New York and Pennsylvania, on the east side, and Iowa and Kansas on the west, as well as to those of the south. The climate is favorable, not being so different from that of the States north of it as to cause emigrants from them any considerable inconvenience or discomfort. In the hilly portions of this zone there is cold enough for Northern people, while the mildness of the winter and its brief duration render farming and stock-raising more profitable than they are farther north, as the shelter and feeding of animals require comparatively small expenditure. The summers are of course much longer than in New York or Iowa, but the heat is not usually so great as it is in New Hampshire. With proper attention to sanitary conditions and requirements this is a very healthy region, the proportion of malarious diseases for the uplands being less than in some of the finest portions of New England. There is much beautiful country, with pleasant scenery. In Northern Alabama I observed a close resemblance to the appearance of the hill regions of Southern and Central New Hampshire.

By attention to the selection of seed of the most suitable varieties, and to methods of