

THE STAR OF PEACE.

Gay hearts every where,  
No cares for the morrow,  
No trouble, no sorrow,  
Thus gently onward flows life's stream  
The past a myth, to-day a dream.  
But turn the tide at certain hours,  
And night will fall upon the drows:  
So sorrow forges chains for each,  
And cares and troubles e'er will reach  
The gay hearts every where.

Sad hearts every where,  
A burden for each hour,  
A thorn for every flower,  
Thus drags the lengthened hours away,  
The sleepless night, the careworn day,  
That shines afar the Star of Peace,  
Which speaks a home where sorrows cease;  
Where all may lay their burdens down,  
Who bear the cross, the promised crown  
For sad hearts every where.

AVENGED.

The old clock in the wall rang out five melodious chimes, as Cora Smith softly closed the kitchen door, and ran into the little bedroom for her blue scarf.

"Five o'clock," she said, as the last stroke died away, "he is wondering why I don't come, and I must make haste. Madge, little Madge, are you going with me to-night? I am all ready."

Little Madge, the twelve-year-old sister, came flying through the hall.

"Auntie says you've forgotten to get the potatoes for breakfast, and we must prepare them before you go. Never mind if he does have to wait a little for you; you've waited for him many a time. Come quickly, and I will help you."

So sweet tempered Cora Smith untied the blue scarf, and tripped away to the forgotten task as merrily as her little sister, albeit her heart beat like an imprisoned bird's at the delay.

The west was all aflame with the autumn sunset ere the sisters closed the door behind them, and ran down the garden path toward the stile, where he was waiting—in other words, where hazel-eyed, sweet-faced Cora Smith's city lover was waiting for his lady-love, as she had many a night waited for him.

Almost every evening they met there at the stile—their "trysting place," he said, just half-way between her home and his boarding-house. He had proposed it, and she was nothing loth to accede—it was so pretty and romantic.

Then, Auntie Smith was not at all pleased with this dark-eyed young stranger, and, though she had not forbidden him the house, both lovers knew she preferred "his room to his company." And so, always with dear little Madge at her side, she daily tripped down the path through the leafy woods to her half-way trysting place, where she met her handsome, dark-eyed lover, Neil Rowan. How her heart fluttered to-night as she thought of him! and the warm love-light deepened and darkened the soft, brown eyes!

"Neil, Neil," she said, almost unconsciously, aloud; and little Madge clasped her sister's hand closer, and looked up in her face.

"Do you love him so very much, sister Cora?"

A swift, hot color came into the girl's cheeks, and then she pauses, suddenly holding the hands of little Madge in a fervent grasp.

"Love him! love him, Madge! better than all the world—better than my youth, my life—ay, sometimes I fear better than my hope of heaven! And I am to be his wife, little Madge, this good man's wife, when the beautiful spring comes. I shall leave you, and Auntie, and uncle, to be all his. But this is our secret, little sister, and only you can share it."

Then her hands relaxed their hold, and drawing the light scarf over her shoulders she tripped silently on. They were almost there—nearing the edge of the wood, and the stile was but a step away. Another step forward, and then Madge held her sister back.

"Wait!" she whispered; "I can see two men on the seat, Cora. We do not want to meet strangers there."

"No," she said, drawing back in the shadow of the wood; "It is Neil's friend, Willis Dean. We will wait until he goes, for I do not like to meet him."

Even as she spoke the figure arose, and the sound of his voice came on the twilight air, distinct and clear.

"And what of this love affair, friend Neil? When is it to end, and how? Are you really in earnest, and do you mean to marry the girl?"

Cora Smith's hand closed upon the arm of Madge till she shrank in pain while they waited for the answer. Neil Rowan laughed softly.

"Marry her!" he repeated. "She is just the subject for a grand flirtation, and I assure you I have done the thing well. But for anything further—bah! I am going back to town to-morrow, and this is our last meeting; so be off, old fellow, for I expect her every moment."

Just for one moment Madge Smith's heart stood still in awful fear, for she thought Cora was dying. That white, ghostly face there in the twilight, that motionless figure, those tightly locked hands, it surely was not the fair, sweet maiden of a moment before. But the spasms passed, and, without a word, she arose and glided noiselessly away, and Madge followed her in silence.

Neil Rowan waited until the light

had all died out of the west, and the dew lay like summer rain on the grass at his feet. His cigar was smoked down to ashes, and his lazy revelry was broken by the cry of the whip-poor-will.

"She isn't coming to-night," he said mentally; "that is certain. The scheming auntie up yonder managed to prevent it this time. Oh, well, it saved a scene! I will drop a loving, farewell note, and so it ends—a summer's amusement. Ha, hum!" and Neil Rowan strolled homeward, singing, half unconsciously, "I won't have her, I know—I won't have her, I know—I don't care a straw who has her, I know."

The farewell note came to Cora Smith the following night, but the fever-bright eyes never rested on the creamy page, for, ere the insane light gave place to reason again, death sealed the white eyelids. To such natures as this girl's, love is life, and the rude blow that woke her from the one bright dream of her youth, snapped the slender cord that bound her frail spirit to earth, and out of the depths of her awful grief, the kindly hand of death led her to the mountain-top, where is builded the city of the New Jerusalem.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, so sped the time until eight years were counted. Eight times the grass had grown over the little grave in the lonely, country graveyard, and again the October winds rustled the scarlet leaves over the narrow mound.

Wonderful changes had the eight years brought. Side by side with the grave were two others, and the headstones bore the names of good aunt and uncle Smith. They had rested there six years; and every summer, beautiful Madge came down from her city mansion, and lingered in the old home a week, trimming the grasses and planting bright flowers on the mounds. Bright, beautiful Madge Smith, the heiress of all Uncle Smith's hidden wealth, the wealth he guarded so well during that toil-worn, weary life.

Three years before, Madge Smith left school, to reign queen of society. Beautiful, strangely beautiful, with that cold, white, high-bred face, those wide fathomless, glittering amber eyes, a figure matchless in symmetry and grace, accomplished, polished, and the heiress of great wealth, no wonder that lovers, old and young, knelt at Madge Smith's shrine. Strange wonder, the world said, that all were scorched—not gently and with words of pity and apology, but spurned from her very feet with scornful lips and blazing eyes.

Ay, Madge Smith was an enigma and mystery to all who knew her. No warmer friend, no brighter companion did those of her own sex seek for. But never were those lips seen to smile, or those wonderful eyes to soften, in response to any lover's; no glacial was more frigid than she to all men. All did I say? Nay, Dame Rumor had plenty of gossip just now. Only a few weeks since a new rival appeared on the scene of action. Neil Rowan, merchant and millionaire, entered the list of Madge Smith's adorers—not for her money, surely, Madame Grundy acknowledged, graciously. He had enough of his own. It was a genuine love that this *blase* man of society felt for beautiful Madge. And a wonderful change had come over the fair lady since his appearance. Bright before, she was brilliant now—sparkling, witty, bewildering; and the world looked on in amazement to see the flush stain her white cheeks, and the bright smile that lighted her eyes at his approach.

And did he not recognize her, you are wondering? Nay, how should he? Sweet Cora Smith, and the summer in the country, were forgotten things with this man. He had broken half a dozen silly hearts since then, and left them with Time, the great healer. He had flirted with society's queens and village maidens innumerable, and left the past all behind him. And now he came and laid the first pure, real love of his life-time at this woman's feet. So he told her, one autumn night, in the grand parlor of her stately home.

How her hands trembled and her eyes shone as she listened!

"Wait," she said; "I will give you my answer to-morrow night; it is my birthday, and I shall give an entertainment. You will come; I will answer you then. Be in the library at ten, and you shall hear my answer."

And the night came, and he was there waiting. He paced the room impatiently. Would she ever come, this girl that was dearer than his life? Ay? she was life to him. The world had seemed old, stale, flavorless, until he met her, the woman who, alone in her sex, had ever stirred the slumbering passions of his heart. How bright the future seemed! He was so sure of her answer; had not she given it all but in words?

"My beautiful, my queen!" he said, softly. And just then he heard the light ripple of a woman's laugh in the adjoining room. Her laugh; he knew it among a thousand; and her voice; she was speaking loud and clear.

"There, Guardie; you must let me go now. Mr. Rowan is waiting for me in the library. You know I am to give him his answer to-night."

And the guardian's voice, speaking tenderly, replied—

"And that answer, I can guess it,

little Madge. You are going to marry this man, and leave us all."

She laughed softly.

"Marry him? No, indeed sir! He is just the subject for a grand flirtation, and I assure you I have acted my part well; but for anything further—bah! But he is expecting me, so by-by till I come again," and she tripped lightly through the half-open door, ere the amazed guardian could utter a syllable.

A white, ghostly, shivering figure stood by the library window.

"For God's sake, Madge Smith, tell me you're jesting!" he cried, as brilliantly, glowingly beautiful, she glided into the room.

"Not so, my friend," she answered, lightly; "I spoke the truth. If you overheard my words I need not repeat them. It is my answer."

"But you gave me hope; you led me on, you have given me reason to think you love me," he cried, passionately.

"It is the one love of my life! I have centered every hope and thought in you, Madge Smith, and for my sake, for God's sake do not wreck my life!"

She was very pale now, and her eyes were black and glistening.

"Neil Rowan," she said, slowly, "I have prayed for this hour for eight years, but never in my wildest dreams did I think my prayer would be so fully answered. When I saw the hue of death, the white agony on my only sister's cheek—when I saw her writhe in speechless agony at the words she heard eight years ago to-night, I vowed to avenge her, God being my helper. Again, when I heard the thud of the earth upon her coffin, I vowed that vow. God has brought it about even sooner, more complete, than I had thought. If I have given you one hour of such agony as she suffered, I am content. If you could live and suffer it for countless ages, I should be better content. Good-night?"

Two hours afterward, the sharp ring of a pistol rang with startling distinctness through the crowded drawing-room. All sprang to their feet, save Madge Smith. Perhaps her cheek paled a little—I cannot tell—but the light of her eye never changed, her smiling lips never relaxed, as she gazed upon the blood-stained corpse in the library. Neil Rowan had taken his own life, and Cora Smith was avenged.

Servants in France.

A good French servant is an extremely good specimen of her class. She is very conscientious about her work, taking a pride in doing it well, and feeling quite affronted if any extraneous assistance be offered to her except upon an occasion of unusual magnitude. We once knew a friend who had secured the services of a very adroit and accomplished waitress. The first time that she gave a dinner party, and hired a man to wait, Catherine wept bitterly; "she feared that madame had lost confidence in her," she said. It is no uncommon thing for a young cook to perfect herself in her business by placing herself for a month under the tuition of one of the chefs of the great restaurants or clubs of Paris, not only giving her services as assistant gratuitously, but paying \$20 for her month's lessons. We have known a cook who lived in a family that was in the habit of ordering from a neighboring restaurant certain favorite dishes, and she never rested till she had succeeded in reproducing those delicacies, deeming the affront to her skill involved in having them made out of the house by no means counterbalanced by the saving to her of extra work.

Bank Notes.

An entirely new kind of bank note, printed in colors instead of the black and white of the Bank of England notes, is being prepared for issue by the Bank of Scotland. The promise to pay in the body of the note is surrounded on two sides by a broad ornamental band, and on the other two sides by a border in which the value of the note is printed a great number of times. On one border the seal and counter seal of King William II of Scotland are printed in brown on a yellow ground, and between them are the royal arms on a blue ground. On the upper border are the arms of the bank in brown on a yellow ground, with the date of the establishment of the bank, 1695. The chief novelty of the new note is in its colors, which will, of course, make reproduction by photography impossible, and it is believed will prevent forgery. The paper on which the new note is printed is made by the same firm as produces the Bank of England note paper.

Government Employees.

The German Government has discharged all women who were employed in its postal, telegraph and railway services as clerks and in other capacities. As during the last twenty years they nearly monopolized such service in some towns, much suffering has ensued among the discharged. The motive alleged is that women are unfit for such public service.

When you have green gages, plums, peaches or apricots, canned or preserved whole, take out the stones, crack and remove the kernels, blanch these by putting into boiling water until their skins peel off, throw them into cold water; fry them in sugar and stick them over the fruit on a tart.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Deeds are fruits; words but leaves.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone. Be wisely worldly, but not worldly-wise.

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

He that sips of many arts drinks of none.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

Whosoever elevates himself isolates himself.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

We owe a part of our happiness to our mistakes.

One's home is the best home, though never so small.

Whoever has learned to love, has learned to be silent.

Blustering assertion goes for proof half over the world.

It is easy to add to things which have once been invented.

In the world there are so few voices and so many echoes.

Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtaxed.

He conquers a second time who controls himself in victory.

He who leaves nothing to lose, enriches himself the most.

Love is immoral, when it is rooted in virtue, as virtue herself.

Moderation is the silken string running through all virtues.

The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

There is nothing so fatal to comfort as well as decorum, as fuss.

Sooner or later a man's thoughts will come into fruition in deeds.

No smoke in any sense, but can become flame and radiance.

He who is oldest in years has not always had the best experience.

Circumstances do not make a man half so often as a clean shirt.

Eminent stations make great men more great and little ones less.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

People who converse at the top of their voices are not high toned.

Trout should never be base ball players. Too many go out on the fly.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Avoid the slanderer as you would a wasp. There is poison in his tale.

The actors of our youth are away ahead of those of our middle age.

To write of heroic sacrifices, and to make them, are two different things.

Hold on to what you have rather than reach for what you cannot get.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

Strychnine will cure longevity, but the remedy is worse than the disease.

Whatever you are undertaking to do cannot be done in your own strength.

In order to look spruce it is not necessary that you should remain evergreen.

It is really of little consequence who we are—it matters more what we are.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

The prolonged study of any great interpreter of human life is a discipline.

The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest, the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.

The only reward of virtue is virtue. The only way to have a friend is to be one.

There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

All misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way.

There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, and rivers run to sea.

And though thou'rt of a different church, I will not leave thee in the lurch.

No man is so devoid of friends that he can not find one to tell him of his faults.

Acts, looks, words, steps form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

Carlyle says the first quality of genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are.

If you are a stone, be a magnet, if you are a plant, be sensitive; if you are a man, be love.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it was the childhood of immortality.

To fulfil the present duty well, is the surest way to learn what God wills us to do in the future.

It is a point of principle with many people to call that nonsense which they do not understand.

Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers, which are always repulsed by the anvil.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love.

It is a ruinous misjudgment, too contemptible to be acted upon, that the end of poetry is publication.

In a crowd the average individual is small, and the purpose of parties is to take advantage of this fact.

There are men in the world who might govern multitudes, if they could learn first to govern themselves.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The building on Lower Broadway, New York, occupied by the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph offices, was burned out on the 4th. The building was a five-story brownstone structure, owned by P. Hanney's Nephews, and it is said they had a large stock of vanilla beans on the premises. The total loss is estimated at \$100,000. The Burkhardt ice-houses at Sharon, Mass., were fired by lightning on the 3d, and destroyed. Several railroad freight cars were also burned. The total loss is about \$25,000.

A letter from President Cleveland was read at the Tammany celebration of the Fourth, in the course of which the President says: In order that the hopes of the people may be fully realized, every member of the party in power should yield a cordial support to all efforts on the part of the Administration to restore a pure, free and just government."

Another heavy rain fell during the 4th and 5th throughout Eastern Kansas and Western Missouri. It is estimated that in Kansas alone 1,000,000 bushels of wheat in stacks have been ruined, besides that damaged in the fields. Corn is probably little injured, but it is "about twenty days backward, compared with the latest season for twenty years."

The Society of the Cincinnati had their meeting and banquet at Delmonico's, in New York, on the 4th and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Hamilton Fish; Vice President, Alexander Hamilton; Secretary, John Schuyler; Treasurer, Alexander James Clinton; Assistant Treasurer, Edward Wm. Tapp; Chaplain, Rev. M. H. Hutton; Delegates to the General Society, Hamilton Fish, John Cochrane, John Schuyler, Alexander Hamilton Alexander James Clinton.

Senor Jorge Holguin, Minister from Colombia, who is charged with a special mission, has presented his credentials to the President. Senor Holguin, in his speech to the President, said that the principal object of his mission was to convey to this Government "the special thanks of Colombia for the generous and loyal interpretation of the existing treaties between the two countries." The President in reply expressed "the good-will this country had always borne Colombia, and it had had opportunity to put it in practical form during the recent disturbance on the Isthmus."

A. E. Stevenson on the 6th qualified as First Assistant Postmaster General and entered upon his duties.

The President on the 6th appointed Alexander M. Dick Postmaster at West Newton, Penna., in place of E. D. Smith, resigned.

A despatch from Salisbury Cove, Maine says: Reports from the fishing schooner Mary Jane Lee, of Hancock, Maine, was run into by an unknown bark and sunk; also that the schooner Lewis King, of Lamoine, lost seven men in the recent gale, and that other vessels' lost dories and deck fittings.

A dwelling near Woodbridge, Virginia, was burned early on the 4th. The infant of Mrs. Bailey was burned to death. Joseph Harrison and two of his children were so badly injured by fire and smoke that they have since died, and Mrs. Harrison's recovery is doubtful.

Mr. Mason, the U. S. Consul at Marseilles, has informed the State Department that the cholera has reappeared in that city and Toulon, and a general exodus from Marseilles has begun. "The apparent death rate is below the average."

Vice President Hendricks arrived in Washington on the 6th.

Secretary Lamar has been confined to his house for several days with a severe cold.

Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, formerly of the United States Navy, died on the 6th in New York. He had been sick for a long time and his death was not unexpected.

The floods in the country around Parsons, Kansas, have proved very destructive to the crops and cattle, and later reports show loss of human lives. Nine bodies of drowned persons have been found and several others are missing.

In the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore on the 7th Judge Bond affirmed the decree of the District Court awarding three colored women damages of \$100 each for having been excluded from first-class sleeping apartments on the steamer Sue, after they had purchased first-class tickets. This settles the question so far as traveling on steamboats on Chesapeake Bay is concerned.

The Postmaster General has curtailed the mail service upon the Star Route from Kelton, Utah, to Wermer, Utah, thus effecting an annual saving of \$195,000.

The Trenton, New Jersey, State Capitol Re-building Commission on the 7th decided to re-advertise for plans to be submitted by July 23th.

The President on the 7th appointed Frederick Gerker to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the First Pennsylvania District, in place of Wm. J. Pollock, suspended.

An extensive cave-in occurred on the 7th at one of the Baltimore mines of Delaware and Hudson Company, about one mile from Wilkesbarre, Pa. The earth has only settled about three inches, but the cracking is extending. The cave-in covers at least ten acres of land over which branch railroads of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, and Delaware and Hudson Company extend. It is impossible to run any trains at present.

A violent hail storm passed over part of Sussex county, New Jersey, on the 5th. In a section ten miles wide and fifteen in length, grain and vegetables were destroyed and young chickens killed. Hailstones the size of hickory nuts fell to the depth of a foot.

Charles J. Bonaparte, Jr., and C. C. Rhodes, lawyers, had a round at fist-

cuffs in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Baltimore on the 7th. Each received a black eye before they were separated. The cause was a remark by Rhodes which Bonaparte misunderstood.

According to rumors in Catholic Church circles in Baltimore before the end of the year Archbishop Gibbons will receive a Cardinal's hat; Rev. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, will earlier be made a Bishop and assigned temporarily to the See of Savannah. After the reception of the hat by the Archbishop Father Foley will be recalled to Baltimore and be made coadjutor to the Cardinal. Rev. Edward McColgan, of St. Peter's Church, the present Vicar General, will be made a Monsignor.

Lieutenant W. H. Schultze, United States Navy, started for Siberia on the 8th, bearing presents from the United States Government to the Russians who aided in the search for the crew of the Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette.

The national Convention of Agriculturists met on the 8th in Washington. About 60 delegates were present from the leading agricultural colleges and experimental stations of the United States. Commissioner Colman was chosen temporary chairman, and made an address of welcome.

The Globe Hotel in Louisiana, Missouri, was burned on the 7th. There were 35 guests. Many of them leaped from the second and third story windows to the ground clad in their night clothes. Dr. Logan, who jumped from the third floor, was killed almost instantly. Other guests received severe injuries. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

The large clothing firm of Oehm & Bro., of Baltimore, employed detectives to put a stop to small thefts which had occurred frequently. Wm. D. Beam, head salesman, on the 8th, sold some goods to this detective, who was disguised as a countryman, and failed to return the full amount. The marked money was found in his possession.

Four homing pigeons from Brooklyn, New York, were released on the 8th at New Orleans. They set out on a journey of 1150 miles from New Orleans to Brooklyn.

The President of the Cleveland Driving Park Association said on the 8th: "I expect to see Maud S. trot in 2.08 at our summer meeting."

President Cleveland has offered the Liberman mission to Rev. Dr. G. W. Bryant, Pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Bryant has not yet accepted.

The Republican State Convention met on the 8th in Harrisburg. James S. Biery, of Lehigh, was chosen permanent Chairman. M. S. Quay was nominated for State Treasurer on the first ballot, he receiving 196 votes out of 251 cast.

The Georgia Legislature met on the 8th in Atlanta.

The State Teachers' Association, in session at Harrisburg, Pa., adjourned on the 9th. The following officers were elected: President, J. R. Stewart; Vice Presidents, Miss Mary L. Dunn and Prof. A. T. Palm; Enrolling Committee, T. McNutt, G. W. Weiss, J. H. Werner, J. W. Benar, J. O. Knauss; Executive Committee, R. T. Haffaker, L. O. Foote, R. M. McNeal, L. B. Landis and J. S. Geist.

A cave-in occurred on the 9th during the making of an excavation on Gaynor's division of the Pottsville and Mahanoy Railroad, in Pottsville. Jos. Becker, of Yorkville, boss of the gang, and four Italian laborers were buried under fifty tons of earth. Becker and one Italian were instantly killed, another Italian had a leg broken and the remaining two were badly cut and bruised.

The Secretary of War has ordered Lieutenant-General Sheridan to concentrate troops for service in case of Indian disturbances in the West. General Schofield has telegraphed to the War Department: "Latest report indicates that no Indians have been in Kansas yet and no citizens killed, but a number, perhaps one hundred young Cheyennes, have left the Agency, it is believed, to conceal their arms on account of recent untimely threats to disarm them. The present disposition of troops will, I hope, prevent serious trouble if the Indians are let alone."

The President on the 9th appointed William K. Meade to be U. S. Marshal for Arizona, and Joseph L. Morgan, of South Carolina, to be Secretary of Legation in Mexico.

Judge Lambert Tree recently appointed Minister to Belgium, qualified at the Department of State in Washington on the 8th.

Mrs. Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State, is dangerously ill at her home in Wilmington, Delaware.

Adjutant General Drum has been informed of the death of Captain Nathaniel Prime, retired, at New York city. Captain Prime fought through the entire rebellion.

Ezra Miller a member of the Senate of New Jersey, and inventor of a well-known car buffer and coupler, died on the 9th at his home near Hockensack. He was 73 years of age.

A despatch from Columbus, Ohio, says the Garfield Statue Commission on the 9th accepted the report of the committee which examined the statue at Washington, and accepted the same. Governor Hoody will present the statue to Congress by letter, and it will be unveiled immediately without formality.

Violent and destructive storms of wind, rain and lightning, passed over Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Dakota on the 8th and 9th. Telegrams from a number of points indicate great destruction of crops, damage to buildings, railroads, telegraphs and bridges, and also a loss of stock and human life by lightning.

English hansom cabs have been introduced into St. Louis, and are expected to revolutionize the transit business of that city.