

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A. J. McBride and wife were murdered in Davidson county, North Carolina, on the 4th and their house was robbed and burned.

Mrs. Louisa Taylor, a young married woman, committed suicide in her father's house, at Charleston, Maryland, on the 5th.

A boiler at the Rensselaer Mill in Troy, New York, burst on the 7th, killing Michael Demworth and mortally injuring Patrick Gaynor.

A passenger train on the North-eastern Railroad, on the 7th, broke through the Santee river trestle, midway between St. Stephen's Station and Santee river bridge, South Carolina.

Thomas Davis, William Sweeney and Joseph Conroy on the 7th pleaded guilty to the charge of outrageous assault in New York, and were sentenced each to sixteen years in the penitentiary.

John G. Gordon, aged 22 years; and Albie Montferand, age 14, were drowned in the Merrimack river at Lowell, Massachusetts, on the 6th.

Bodwell & Allen's elevator, the Knickerbocker ice house and several adjoining buildings in Pittston, Maine, were burned on the 7th.

During the reunion of the Pennsylvania Reserves in Reading about 25 persons, visitors and citizens of Reading, were made violently ill after eating lunch at Maennerchor Hall.

Nelson W. Aldrich was, on the 8th, re-elected U. S. Senator from Rhode Island by the vote of each branch of its Legislature.

A few days ago there disappeared from a lawyer's office in Boston, a tin box, containing \$340,000 in unregistered Government bonds.

Orange Terrell, after wounding Niles Henderson and Sophia Wickson in a fight at Terrett, Texas, on the 8th, was shot dead by Sheriff Keller.

Returns from all except two counties of Oregon give Harmann, Republican, for Congress, 600 majority.

The June crop report of the Department of Agriculture shows the area of Spring wheat to be about the same as last year—12,000,000 acres.

The Tunnel Colliery, at Ashland, Penna., after a three months' suspension, caused by the caving in of the fan-way, resumed operations on the 10th.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania on the 10th made the following appointments: Robert McMahon, of Pittsburg, to be inspector of Steam Engines and Boilers for Allegheny county.

At Cincinnati, on the 10th, Rev. William Henry Roberts, D. D., was elected to the chair of Practical Theology in Lane Theological Seminary.

At Calais, Maine, on the 10th, three masked men appeared at the section house, overpowered the officer in charge at the point of a revolver.

The wholesale and retail drug store of J. H. Sheehan & Co., in Utica, New York, was burned on the 10th.

At Norristown, on the 7th, Judge Boyer denied the motion for a new trial in the case of John M. Wilson, convicted at the March term of the murder of Anthony W. Dealy.

At Bodwell & Allen's elevator, the Knickerbocker ice house and several adjoining buildings in Pittston, Maine, were burned on the 7th.

At Norristown, on the 7th, Judge Boyer denied the motion for a new trial in the case of John M. Wilson, convicted at the March term of the murder of Anthony W. Dealy.

At Norristown, on the 7th, Judge Boyer denied the motion for a new trial in the case of John M. Wilson, convicted at the March term of the murder of Anthony W. Dealy.

HOUSE

In the House on the 5th, the Pacific Railroad Extension bill was considered and the previous question ordered.

In the House on the 7th a number of bills and resolutions were introduced under the call of States and referred.

In the House, on the 8th, Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, called up as a privileged question a motion submitted by him on the 7th to expunge from the Congressional Record a speech made last Friday evening by Mr. Wheeler.

In the House, on the 9th, the Legislative Appropriation bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole and a political discussion, in which civil service reform came in for a large share of criticism.

In the House, on the 10th, Mr. Caine, of Utah, withdrew his objection to the reporting of the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy bill from the Committee on Judiciary.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by strict discipline.

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to theirs with modesty.

A Knot of Blue.

She hath no gems of lustre bright To sparkle in her hair; No need hath she of borrowed light To make her beauty fair.

QUEER WEDDING BREAKFAST.

When Isabel Chantry announced suddenly at the breakfast table one morning that she was going to start on the next for New York to pay a surprise visit to the old schoolmate who was still supposed to be her "innermost," no one thought of making any objection.

After the first brief start of surprise therefore she merely remarked, "Rather a long journey but nobody minds traveling alone nowadays. Can I be of any use in packing?"

And so it came about that one raw winter day the belle of the gay little Western Capital found herself in an eastward bound train duly provided with rugs, snaws, lunch-box, caramels, novels and every other known alleviation of the discomfort and the tedium of travel.

For a few hours all went very well; it beguiled the blase young beauty of some of her weary indifference to languidly watch her fellow-traveler or to glance out at the swiftly-passing landscape, but these mild amusements soon lost their zest, and as the brief winter sunshine skipped away and twilight came on cold and gray, and her novel grew tedious and the dainty sweetness of fruits glaces cloyed upon her palate, she leaned back in her seat and wondered drowsily.

What a beautiful snow storm," exclaimed a very evident bride lifting her head from the fondly accommodated shoulder of her liege; but Isabel shuddered. A perverse remembrance forced itself upon her imagination in that soft white whirl of feathering flakes, to groups of lovely lace-robed ladies circling swiftly through the graceful mazes of the Walby.

Luckily she was young and healthy; and slumber came readily at her call and lingered to leave her. It was evidently late morning when she awoke, opened her eyes and looked about her; but what a curious white light there was everywhere and where were all the people? For she was entirely alone in the cars which seemed not to be moving on at all.

still in that odd tone. "Snow-bound, they call it in po'try. Look a-there, Miss!" He rubbed away some of the frost from a window with his rough sleeve, and Isabel looked eagerly out.

What a wide, white, blank world stretched desolately around them; what hopeless, mountainous drifts piled like miniature Alps in front of them!

Miss Chantry turned a glance of questioning appeal upon her companion.

"You'd better come into the forward car, Miss," he answered in a tone which he tried to make reassuring. "We dunno exactly how long we may have to stop here. We're a matter of twenty miles or more from Albunny, and the other fellers are gone off to try to pick their way back to the last station to see if they can git a telegram off fur 'em to send out snow-plows on engines and things. We thought we'd better be savin' of our fuel, 'cause we don't genly kirry no more'n just what we hev to use, 'n so we've got all the passengers into two cars so's to let the fire go out in the others. You slept so sound—an' they made fuss enough the Lord knows! hustlin' each other along, tryin, to git the places nigh the stoves—I didn't like to 'sturb you, but I guess likely now you'd better go in along o' the rest, hadn't ye?"

"I don't know; I suppose so," Isabel replied, too bewildered to think, and she followed her leader mechanically into the adjoining car.

Faugh! what an odor assailed her delicate olfactory! Isabel thought involuntarily of Charles Reade's "stewed rustic" and retreated incontinently. So she sank down into a seat. "I had rather stay here, please," she said, "as long as I can, and the good-natured brakeman could do nothing but let her have her own way.

"Elbridge! Mr. Darron. You here?" "I? Yes—but you, Miss Chantry, to have been caught in this miserable scrape—and freezing here in this ice-box! Why are you not at least where there is a fire?—though it is not fit for a human being—I have just made my escape myself in dread of asphyxia. Is it possible you are alone? But I beg pardon. I am intruding, perhaps, in asking questions." He drew himself up stiffly, though still waiting eagerly and anxiously for an answer, and Isabel meeting his glance with her troubled eyes, said simply and sadly:

"A kindly interest could hardly be intrusive in circumstances like these. Yes, I am all alone." Her red lips quivered as she spoke, and tears started too quickly for the down-drooped lids to conceal them. The next moment both her hands were seized in a strong, warm clasp, and the old deep, loving tone was in her ear: "Isabel! Isabel! My poor darling! You love me still—you cannot deny it—and I, when have I not loved you?"

The friendly brakeman, who entered about an hour afterward to see if his wayward charge was frozen yet, felt reassured by the warmth of the glowing glances he met, and thought it best to lay the sticks of wood he had surreptitiously brought quietly in the stove and take himself out of the way. If he could have heard the preposterous demand, which had summoned the swift-blood so hotly, "Do yield to me in this, I entreat you, Isabel! You know I would not urge anything that was even ill-advised; you have admitted, too, that it was your own wilfulness which has caused us both this year of misery. That ought to be lesson against obstinacy, you know, darling, oughtn't it? And really when I think of what is before us, the whole day, possibly the whole night, on this snow-bound train; at best arriving in the city late, too late to go to your friends, tired out, perhaps ill, alone in a strange room at a hotel all night—oh, it just seems as though I cannot bear of it, Isabel though I must have the right to be with you, and take care of you, every moment! And everything has happened so fortuitously, just as if it was intended! Why, old chum Hammel who is a parson now—you've heard me speak of him—got on at Chicago with a friend of his, both first-rate fellows and thorough gentlemen, I could have them here in a moment; that young knight of the wood box, whom I see you have pierced with a glance, will do for the other witness, and what do you care for cakes, cards or ceremonies? You know we were to have been married six months ago; and you owe me some reparation for the delay. Come now, be my own inde-

pendent Isabel! Be my little, loving yielding darling, and say yes!"

But she did not say it then; the idea was too new. It took another hour of coaxing, and of hopeless waiting for a promise of deliverance from the present strait. Then she began to weaken, and Elbridge Darron seizing upon the first intimation of wavering, dashed into the forward car and returned presently with his amazed but deeply interested friends.

Whereupon, in that unlikelyst of places, a cold and forlorn-looking railroad car, stranded in the midst of a desolate waste of snow, a unique, but entirely satisfactory marriage was performed, and duly witnessed, signed and recorded. The bridegroom was radiant with triumph, the bride inclined to pout a little.

"Think of me, who always intended to have a grand wedding and give my guests the most sumptuous of breakfasts!" She suppressed a rueful glance summoned by the word, exchanged among her breakfastless companions, and a sudden thought made her radiant again.

A CREAM-OF-TARTAR FACTORY.

The engineer of the factory, in reply to the question as to the health of the men, told the visitor that he had suffered for twenty years from dyspepsia and that doctors and medicines had not cured him in the least.

On the second floor, just off from the office, was the cream tartar in its crude original form in bags standing around the floor. It is of a fine dull-brown color, mainly composed of dust and fine lumps. The powder is composed of a sediment which forms on the sides and bottom of wine casks when the wine is fermenting, and is called argol.

It is imported chiefly from France and Italy, and Germany, Austria and Spain. It arrives in ordinary sized sacks. From the bags the powder is poured into large copper cylinders called digestors. Four of these digestors, with a capacity of from 10,000 to 15,000 gallons, are ranged around. In the bottom of the digester a steam coil heats the water in the digester, which dissolves all the powder bitartrate of potash. After being stewed into a liquid by the digester, it runs off through pipes into a filtering press. This press is composed of iron frames, set close together, with a piece of canvas sheets between each frame. A perforated channel runs through the top of the press and the liquid is forced through these holes into the frames. There the solids adhere to the canvas and form in solid cakes to the frames, closely resembling asphalt. These cakes are used for the manufacture of tartaric acid, which is valuable for various purposes.

The liquid solution, which is the cream-tartar, runs off the filtering presses through pipes into large vats in the basement. In these vats the liquid can be seen crystallizing and forming on the sides and bottoms. The crude cream-tartar comes out in fine brown crystals, and is then washed in tubs with pure water. After several washings the tartar is put through the original process again and treated with ivory-black. It then comes out a pure white, fine crystal, which is said to stand the highest test of purity 99 to 99 1/2 per cent. This is considered a very high test for a commercial article. The liquid remaining in the vats is run off into large storage reservoirs and stored there until pumped up stairs to re-use in the digestors, as it is valuable as still containing some of the elements of cream-tartar. The sediment from which the tartaric acid is made undergoes very much the same treatment as the cream-tartar, except that it is deposited in leaden tanks, after crystallizing solidly on the sides and bottom, from which it is detached by a chisel and hammer.

The road to true philosophy is precisely the same with that which leads to true religion; and from both one and the other, unless we could enter in as little children we must expect to be totally excluded.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate, social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor. I have been more and more convinced, the more I think of it, that, in general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good; but whenever pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong and whatever it might be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is mortally dangerous to do proudly. Teaching by mere precept, in telling others what to do and what not to do, is much easier than teaching by a living example. It is the latter kind of teaching, however, that is generally the most effective, and best illustrates the sincerity of the teacher. Christ taught in both ways, and with equal perfection in both.