

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

—While a new frame barn was being raised in Union Township, Adams county, Penna., on Saturday, it collapsed, injuring Andrew Sell, Henry Hartz and J. Lohr. Sell and Harris have since died, and Lohr's recovery is doubtful.

—Mrs. Andrew Doran, her seven-year-old son, and Miss Laura Keefe, all of New York, were drowned on the 13th by the capsizing of a sail boat on the Hackensack river.

—A heavy rain storm with high wind prevailed on the 14th along the New Jersey coast. At six o'clock in the evening two schooners—the Republic, loaded with cord wood, for New York, and the Clayton Frame, from Millville for New York, with charcoal—went ashore at Seabright, broadside on. They were driven high on the beach. Their captains and crews were taken off by the life-saving men. Great damage was done on the 14th on Long Island by a heavy thunder storm. Fences were leveled, trees splintered and outbuildings damaged.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hendee were killed by a train while driving across the railroad, near Leroy, Genesee county, New York, on the 13th. Andrew S. Perry and Leroy Plaisted, boys, were killed by the caving in of a sandbank near Chardon, Ohio, on the 12th. Robert Robinson, aged 16 years, died of hydrophobia at Wadesboro, South Carolina, on the 13th. "He was bitten on the left arm by a mad dog two years ago, and a few days before his death was stung by bees on the same arm." At Pekin, Ohio, on the 14th, Mrs. Noah Mossholder, aged 61 years, attempted to save a little child which had run on the railroad track before an approaching train. Both were killed. Stanley Jacobs, aged 16 years, and Thomas Delan, aged 20, both of Hazleton, Penna., were drowned by the capsizing of their boat while on a fishing excursion at Pond Lake, on the 13th.

—A severe wind storm prevailed in Texas on the 13th and morning of the 14th, the gale having a velocity at Galveston of sixty miles per hour. The storm washed away parts of the two bridges which span Galveston Bay, and swept off all the telegraph lines running into Galveston, thus cutting off communication with that city.

—Ellen Hinman, an aged woman, was found dying of starvation in an attic in West street, New York, on the 14th. She expired soon after being removed. Unable to work, and too proud to beg, she had crawled into the attic to die. She had not tasted food for five days. It is said the poor woman had been "of respectable standing through life." Captain William Davis, "an old railroad man," committed suicide by taking poison on a railroad train near Chattanooga on the 13th. The dead body of an unknown man, with the throat cut, was found in the woods near Clearfield on the 13th.

—A young couple, apparently on their wedding trip, registered at the Sturtevant house in New York on the 10th inst., as Winfield Lee Thompson and wife, of Kansas City, Missouri. On the afternoon of the 15th, the office bell was rung from the room occupied by them, but on going to the room no response was made to repeated rapings. Finally the door was burst open, and Thompson and his wife were found lying on the floor. She had been shot in the back of the head and was dying. Thompson held a revolver in his hand, and there were bullet wounds in his head and breast. The woman died before an ambulance arrived, and Thompson became insensible. His wounds are not considered fatal. Thompson is a son of Rev. Dr. Thompson, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Kansas City.

—A freight train was wrecked near Memphis, Tennessee, on the 14th. Fifteen cars were smashed, and several tramps who were stealing a ride were crushed to death.

—William Close and Horace Gaston perished in an old well, which the former was cleaning out, near Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 14th. Gaston was overcome while trying to save his friend. Both leave large families. Two boys named Anderson, aged 13 and 15 years, were drowned while fishing in a creek near Indiana, Penna., on the 14th.

—The Atlantic Yacht Club regatta took place on the 15th on the New York course, and resulted in a victory for the Priscilla. The Atlantic was second and the Puritan third, the latter being becalmed just before the finish.

—Conrad Miller, aged 62 years, committed suicide by jumping into the Patuxent river, near Baltimore. He was about to have sailed for Germany "but the suicide of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, put an end upon his mind, and he sought the same mode of death."

—While a party of colored people were going home from church at Hinesville, Georgia, on the 15th, they quarreled over the words of the preacher's text. Richard Perry tried to stop the dispute. He was fired upon and instantly killed by Samuel Martin. The light then became general, resulting in the fatal wounding of Martin, Thomas Meade and Mrs. Alcinda Law. At El Paso, Texas, on the 15th, George Williams, colored, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide. His wife, who was employed as a house servant, had refused him money. Michael Kelly, a tramp, was arrested at Beaver Falls, Penna., on suspicion of having murdered James Kincaide, of Mahoningtown, last December, and also for the killing of a young girl near Macfield, Ohio, in September. A colored man named Jasper says Kelly confessed both murders to him.

—The Republican State Convention of Tennessee, on the 16th nominated A. A. Taylor, for Governor. The platform adopted declares for a protective tariff, and sympathizes with Ireland's struggle for Home Rule. The Republican Convention of Vermont met on the 16th in Montpelier, and nominated Lieutenant Governor Oranbee for Governor on the first ballot. W. S. Holman was renominated for Congress on the 16th in the Fourth District of Indiana.

—At Salem, Massachusetts on the 16th three railroad ties were discovered and removed from the Eastern Railroad track in time to prevent a disaster to an early freight train. No clue has been found to the perpetrators.

—The heaviest rain of the season visited Pittsburgh on the 16th and 17th. In various parts of the city stores were flooded, and on Mulberry alley twenty families were washed out of their houses by a gale trench overflowing and filling the dwellings with water. Washouts and land slides are reported on several railroads, and trains are badly delayed. The rivers are rising rapidly, and, from present indications, there will be water sufficient to allow the shipment of six or eight millions of bushels of coal to lower ports.

—The piano manufactory and salesroom of M. T. Autesell & Co., in San Francisco, were burned on the 17th. Loss \$200,000; insurance \$100,000. An adjoining store was damaged \$25,000.

—A telegram from Ithaca says the Cornell crew, which it was expected would row at Philadelphia for the Childs cup, "has disbanded because of a lack of funds, there being but \$25 left in the treasury after the purchase of the new shell, while the trip to Philadelphia would cost upwards of \$400." The Childs cup, which Cornell now holds, will be forfeited in consequence.

—Jacob Weiler, aged 62 years, of Labachsville, Berks county, Penna., while at supper on the 16th, was informed that a letter containing \$1700 back pension money had been received for him. Hurrying to finish his meal, a piece of meat lodged in his windpipe and choked him to death.

—At York, Michigan, on the 16th, John Barnett, a farmer, 68 years of age, went to the house of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jackson, where he shot and mortally wounded his wife, and also shot and seriously wounded Mrs. Jackson. His wife was 35 years old and had left him.

—The coroner's jury in Chicago which has been investigating the Canal street tenement house fire of June 7th, in which eight persons were suffocated and a little child mortally injured, on the 17th, held Charles Reilly to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—A freight train on the Pittsburg and Western Railroad broke through the Point Creek trestle, near Foxburg, Penna., on the 16th. The disaster was caused by the breaking of an axle, and twenty cars were thrown into the creek forty feet below, carrying with them part of the trestle work. Engineer Settig and brakeman Steffy and Case were killed, and fireman Geougher was mortally injured.

Two six year old boys, while playing in a bin of shelled corn in an elevator at Dana, Indiana, on the 17th, were caught "in a vortex of sinking grain" and smothered.

## FOURTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

### SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 12th, Mr. Whitthorne spoke in favor of Mr. Frye's bill for a congress of the "American nations." The Army Appropriation bill was passed. The Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was considered. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 14th, the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was discussed. Mr. Edmunds offered a resolution for reference to the Committee on Rules, providing for a change in the rules of the Senate so as to make it possible to lay on the table a motion to reconsider without affecting the question in reference to which the motion is made. Pending consideration of the Forfeiture bill the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 15th, the consideration of the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was resumed, and the bill was passed, yeas, 42; nays, 1 (Mr. Blair). The bill repealing the Pre-emption, Timber Culture and Desert Land act was taken up, and the Senate then adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 16th, Mr. Dawes presented a memorial of the Massachusetts Legislature, which recites that "the General Court of Massachusetts views with deep concern the recent interferences of the government of Canada with the fishermen of the United States, and urges Congress to secure immediate relief for that class of citizens." The Senate then went into executive session. When the doors were reopened, the Invalid Pension and Military Academy Appropriation bills were passed as reported. Mr. Wilson spoke upon the bill fixing the postage on fourth-class mail matter at two cents per ounce. The House bill repealing the Pre-emption, Timber Culture and Desert Land acts was discussed, pending which the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 17th, a number of bills on the calendar were disposed of. Among the bills were those providing for an inspection of meats for exportation and prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles of food or drink, and the bill providing for a Congress of the American nations, to meet in Washington on October 1st, 1887. "To consider such questions and recommend such measures as shall be to the mutual interest and common welfare of the American States." The Legislative Appropriation bill was received from the House and referred. A resolution offered by Mr. Cochrane was agreed to, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to certify to the Senate the claims of volunteer soldiers adjusted by the accounting officers of the Treasury since the last report of the Treasurer. Adjourned.

### HOUSE.

In the House on the 12th, the consideration of the Legislative Appropriation bill was continued, and the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole has sustained the point of order made against the provision attached to the Civil Service clause of the Legislative Appropriation bill requiring the Commission to amend its regulations, and the provision is, therefore, stricken from the measure. Pending consideration of the bill the committee rose. An evening session was held for consideration of pension bills.

In the House on the 14th, Mr. Cobb, of Indiana, called up the report of the Committee on Public Lands, recommending concurrence in the Senate amendments to the Atlantic and Pacific Land Forfeiture bill. The report was agreed to. After disposing of some District business the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 15th, the Committee on Invalid Pensions reported, with amendments, the Senate bill "for the relief of soldiers of the late war honorably discharged after three months' service, and who are disabled and dependent on their own labor for support." It was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

In the House, on the 16th, Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back adversely a resolution offered by Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, declaring in favor of the restoration of the wool tariff of 1867, and a resolution offered by Mr. Wilkins, of Ohio, expressing the sense of Congress as adverse to any change in the present wool tariff, and they were laid upon the table. The Legislative Appropriation bill was passed. An evening session was held for the consideration of the private calendar. Among the bills passed were the Senate bill granting the franking privilege to the widow of General U. S. Grant, and a House bill for the relief of the survivors of the exploring steamer Jeannette, and the widows and children of those who perished in the retreat from the wreck of that vessel in the Arctic seas. Adjourned.

In the House on the 17th, after some routine business, Mr. Morrison moved to go into Committee of the Whole on his Tariff bill. On this motion he demanded the yeas and nays, and Mr. McKinley, on behalf of the opponents of the bill, joined in the demand. The yeas and nays were ordered unanimously, and Mr. Morrison's motion was defeated—yeas 140, nays 157. After the vote was announced Mr. Morrison gave notice that he would renew his motion on the 22d. Mr. McKinley gave notice that the opponents of the bill would try and be present on that day. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill. Pending its consideration the House adjourned.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We can better do without armies and navies than without education for the masses.

A wise man in his household should find a wife gentle and courteous, or no wife at all.

The best of us being unfit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put the worst to death.

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

There are two things that everybody thinks they can do better than any one else—punch the fire and edit a daily paper.

In all cases of heart-ache, the application of another man's disappointment draws out the pain and allays the irritation.

Many a man doesn't realize that he has had a swell time at an evening party until he tries to put his hat on next morning.

Society is just like a pie. There is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.

The great struggle of life is first for bread, then butter on the bread and at last sugar on the butter. This is the best any of us can do.

Gambling is a crime, and some of those who think they are not known are being looked after. They are not the ones to throw stones.

There are some men of so little importance that they cannot even bring disgrace on any organization to which they may happen to belong.

The world's peace begins in delusion, goes on in sin, and ends in perdition. Heaven's peace begins in grace, goes on in race, and ends in glory.

The world is a land of bankruptcies.—Next day it was noised abroad that Donkey and Son had stopped, and next night there was a list of bankrupts published headed by that name.

Beware of counting in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by most trivial vexation: A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest in the far horizon.

I don't believe in special Providences. When a mule kicks a man, and knocks him anywhere from eight to twenty feet off, I don't lay it to the Lord; I say for myself: That man got a little too near the mule.

No man starts in his professional career wise, strong, and thoroughly fitted for his work. One must gain wisdom by experience, strength by exercise, and fitness by reiterated, and, at first, often ineffectual endeavor.

As I approve of the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but he can never be so in mind.

Live always in the spring-time in the country; you do not know what leaf-form means unless you have seen the buds burst and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine and wondering at the first shower of rain.

I have known Christians who tried to feed their souls with the duties of each day, with the care of the children, and of the household, and of business. This is all well; but you must nourish your soul by contact with God in prayer.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by retrieval of mistakes.

## Wishes.

Whatever you want, if you wish for it long With constant yearning and fervent desire,

If your wish soars upward on wings so strong That they never grow languid and never tire,

Why, over the storm clouds and out of the dark

It shall come flying some day to you, As the dove with the olive branch flew to the ark,

And the dream you have cherished, it shall come true.

But, lest much rapture should make you mad,

Or too bright sunlight should strike you blind,

Along with your blessings a something sad

Shall come like a shadow that follows behind.

Something unwelcome and unforeseen,

Yet of your hope and your wish a part, Shall stand like a sentinel in between

The perfect joy and the humble heart.

I wished for a cloudless and golden day;

It came; but I looked from my windows to see

A giant shadow, which seemed to say,

"If you ask for the sunlight you must take me,"

O, a wonderful thing is the human will

When serving one purpose and seeking one end;

But I think it wiser just to sit still

And accept whatever the gods may send.

## A SECOND THOUGHT

"I must have it, George," said Mr. Whitman's handsome little wife, So don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life," she replied, "There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman.

There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About six pounds," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Six pounds! Why, Mary, do you think I am made of money?"

And Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, George," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married. Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of them cost more than mine. I wish you think me extravagant; but I know you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money this evening, that is, if—"

"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in — street yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever beheld. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence.

In his precipitance he had also forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to George, and at once she is a cloud in the sky."

She sat down, pouting and half angry.

"Six pounds for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of the vain pretty and thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle the coal merchant's bill to-day, but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is nearly out, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance; but, if silk dresses are to be the order of the day, there's an end to that. Debt—debt! How I have always shrunk from it! But steadily, now, it is overpowering me. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood; but the bonds that hold me are weak. If Mary could see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position! Alas! that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman quickened his steps, because his heart beat quicker, and his mind was unduly excited.

Not long after Mr. Whitman had left home, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold hand, and said to herself as she did so, "I wonder who this can be from?"

Something more than curiosity moved

her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the mischievous news to her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. Several times of late such letters had come to his address and she noticed that he read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and became suddenly silent and gloomy.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and, as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor George!" she said, as the feeling increased: "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantelpiece, where her husband could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman occurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained!" she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

"She went to the mantelpiece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It did not enlighten her. Steadily she became more assured that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More contemplative, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation pains me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something has gone wrong with him this year!" she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?" The letter was still in her hand. "This may enlighten me."

With careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill for fifteen pounds and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall take proceedings. It has been standing for nearly a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."

The bill was for a lady's watch which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman in great astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking a second letter for her husband came in. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" she repeated.

It was a bill of four pounds for boots and slippers, which had been standing for three or four months.

"This will never do!" said the astonished wife—never—no, never! She thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way, and from that hour until the return of her husband she did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking it from his vest pocket and handing it to her as he came in.

He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old, bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying, "Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to comply with my wishes."

Something in her voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes to her face with a look of inquiry. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he asked, with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes, it will be something splendid," she replied.

He turned off from her quickly and left the house. A few moments she stood, with thoughtful countenance, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out

Two hours later and we find her in the jeweler's shop.

"May I speak a word to you?" she said, addressing the owner, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of one of the long glass cases.

"Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the glass case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband.

"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you beside."

The jeweler paused a little to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch, he said, "Wait a moment," and went to the desk.

"Will that do?"

He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much have I to pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, taking out her pocketbook.

"Nothing," he replied. "The watch is uninjured."

## The Dandy Horse.

The use of tricycles by the postmen of England is not new. In 1830 "improved dandy horses" were given to postmen in rural districts and were in use for several years. The construction of the machine was exceedingly simple; two small and equal-sized stout wooden wheels were fitted, one behind the other, to a stout bar of wood; the rear wheel was rigidly fixed to a pair of stout iron forks, while the front wheel was fitted in a similar pair of forks, which by a clumsy and primitive arrangement, something like that of a bath-chair, could be deflected from side to side, so as to steer the machine.

In the middle of the stout connecting bar or "backbone" was placed a narrow cushioned seat, and in front of it was a raised and padded pommel or cushion, on which the rider threw most of his weight. Seating himself astride, the hobby rider grasped the steering handle with both hands, and leaning his chest upon the cushioned pommel, stood across the machine in a position much like that of a man when running. Then he began to run along the ground placing his weight on the seat and the pommel, and with lengthy strides progressing along the road. As soon as the rider became proficient in the balance, as with the modern machine, he was able to "fly" down hills with his feet off the ground, and could on the level run for some distance with the added impetus of a sharp burst along the road. The pace, as compared with walking or other unaided modes of progression, was remarkable, and doubtless many found the dandy-horse of service as a means of exercise; but its immense weight, clumsy construction, and the terrible jars which its rubberless wheels and springless frame communicated to the system of the rider soon cooled their enthusiasm, and the dandy horse became a thing of the past.

## A Floating Kirk.

A floating kirk for the island of Arran is the latest notion from the north, the Duke of Hamilton having adhered to his resolution not to allow any United Presbyterian place of worship on the island. The modern ark is to be moored in Lamash bay, one of the snugest anchorages on the Scottish coast, and the members of the congregation will be pulled on board from the shore in small boats, when the ship's bell rings at the mast-head. As three and the preceptor is a fair good parish kirk muster in some parts of Scotland in winter, they will probably not be so many crowded pews aft of the pulpit bulkheads on stormy Sundays, though the sermons may be as effective as the acting in the old seaside timber theatre at Carlisle. "Did you see them?" said a would-be Irving once when playing Hamlet, in this temple of the drama, "the pit rose at me." "Ay, ay," said the local doorkeeper, "but it was not till the tide was up that their knees man."

## As to the Love-letter a la Moire.

Parchment paper, blue ink, quills and blotting sand are the correspondence material used by fashionable young women who delight in ancient things.

Judge no man before thou hast been in his situation.—"Until we can read the heart of another without doubt, and know all the circumstances of his life, all the many links in the chain of accident that has surrounded him, we should not blame him too much or be wrathful with him. What he has done may be ill, but we cannot tell why he did it or how he may have repented the doing. A moment of strong feeling, an hour of wrath may turn the feet upon the downward road so hard to retrace. We see one lying at the foot of a precipice; but we do not know how he fell, what cruel hand smote, what life betrayed him, nor how he clung vainly to the brink, praying in vain for some helmsman hand."