

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

-During a dance at Keeney's Creek, a mining village in Fayette County, West Virginia, on the night of the 24th, a fight was provoked by too much whisky drinking, and one man was shot dead, two others being mortally wounded, and a fourth badly cut with a razor.

-In East St. Louis on the afternoon of the 25th, a water tank on the refrigerating house of the Helm Brewery fell through the roof, killing John Keefer, an employe, and breaking the pipes so as to liberate a quantity of ammoniacal gas, which was inhaled by two men, who, it is feared, will not recover.

Thomas J. Nivler, aged 28 years, was crushed to death by a fall of rock in the Susquehanna Coal Company's shaft at Nanticoke, Penna., on the evening of the 27th. In Scranton, Penna., on the 27th, Mrs. John Burke, while going up stairs with a lighted lamp, fell to the bottom, and her clothing catching fire, she was burned to death.

-Anna Rhoads, aged 17 years, a domestic, committed suicide by taking a dose of poison in Lancaster, Penna., on the night of the 27th. Her only reason was that she "was in trouble."

-A subscription fund for the benefit of Mrs. Logan was started on the 28th in Washington, and by evening the amount subscribed was over \$15,000. Among the subscribers are Governor Alger, of Michigan; Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey; Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia; and O. S. Smith, of Detroit, who gave \$1,000 each.

-A fire at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Penna., early on the morning of the 29th, destroyed ten buildings, including the Laird House, Semple's hardware store, old Press office, Caleb Stark's dwelling and four stores. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$50,000.

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-Mrs. Etwin Stanford, aged 19 years, was burned to death at Sanford's Corners, Jefferson county, New York, on the 28th, by her clothing taking fire from a stove. While Laura Varley, aged 16 years, was standing by a red-hot stove in a barn in St. Louis, on the night of the 28th, a large dog bounded into the room and knocked her against the stove. Her clothes caught fire and she was fatally burned.

-The ice in the Susquehanna river, above Port Deposit, began to move on the evening of the 28th, and piled on Garrett Island and at the new railroad bridge. The railroad tracks were on the 29th covered with water, and the rolling stock was removed to a place of safety. A telegram from Port Deposit says: "If the weather grows colder there will be no serious apprehension at present, but if the thaw continues the result will be serious here as well as at points above."

-Rev. Clayton Keiso, a minister, hanged himself in his barn at Macon, Missouri, on the morning of the 29th, after returning from the funeral of his sister.

-During the present month in New York City there have been reported thus far 2600 cases of measles and 225 deaths from that disease.

-By a premature explosion of powder in the colliery of Lawrence, Brown & Co., at Frackville, Penna., on the 29th, Thomas Fisher was fatally burned, and died soon after. Five other men were dangerously wounded.

-The proprietors of nearly all the gambling dens in Decatur, Illinois, have been indicted and will be tried next month. It is said that one young man has squandered \$20,000 in one of these dens within two years.

-Isaac Bickel, an aged farmer of Anamosa, Iowa, on the night of the 29th ult., refused his 18-year-old son, Ira, one dollar to spend at a New Year party. He also attempted to chastise the boy, but was struck dead by the latter by a heavy blow on the head with a stick. During a colored dance in Fayette county, Georgia, on the 29th ult., a woman named Turner objected to Ellen Williams dancing with her husband. A sister of Ellen thereupon seized Mrs. Turner and killed her by cutting her throat. Theodore Richards was fatally stabbed by Nicholas Burns, in Louisville, on the morning of the 30th ult., just as he was getting out of a hack in which he had been seeing Burns (who was drunk) to his home. The men had been friends. At Bun-lesville, Kentucky, on the 30th ult., Lee Nelson, aged 23 years, seriously whipped a little son of Benjamin Chestnut, Edward Chestnut, an uncle of the boy, hearing of the whipping, pounded Nelson on the head with a club, inflicting injuries from which he cannot recover.

-Temperatures below zero were reported in Maine, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 30th ult., in the following places: Milltown, 18; Calais, 20; Barrington, 25; Houlton, 26; Presque Isle, 30; Caribou, 35; Fort Fairfield, 36. At Andover, New Brunswick, 42 below was registered. In Vermont, 23 below was reached at Waterbury, and 30 below at Barre.

-Owing to the snow storm, all trains from the West and South, arriving at New York, on the 30th ult., were from two to five hours behind time. The Boston and Providence mails were also delayed about two hours.

-William Lester, aged 33 years, was fatally burned by falling into a vat of sulphuric acid in Work's candle factory at Cincinnati, on the evening of the 29th ult.

-A fire at Upper Marlboro, Maryland, early on the morning of the 30th ult., destroyed ten or twelve buildings, causing a loss of nearly \$50,000. The spice mills of William Schotten, in St. Louis, were burned on the night of the 29th ult. Loss \$85,000, insurance \$50,000. Plondon Stevens' saw mill in New York was burned on the same night. Loss \$25,000, covered by insurance.

-James and Mary Romans and C. O. Bogam were arrested in Boston on the 29th ult. for passing counterfeit coin.

-Dorr M. Hamlin, who, two weeks ago, shot himself and a young woman at Penn Yan, New York, died on the morning of the 30th ult. of his wound, in the jail at that place.

-General W. W. Loring, Pasha, formerly of the United States Army, then of the Confederate Army, and later commander of a corps in the Egyptian service, died on the evening of the 30th ult. in New York. Captain Richard Hill, of the Tampa and Havana steamship Whitney, dropped dead in New Orleans on the 30th ult.

-Mrs. Annie Smith, accused of inducing Lillian Smith, an 11-year old girl, to steal pocketbooks from ladies engaged in shopping, was on the 30th held in \$1500 bail in New York.

-Five men were injured, two of them mortally, by the giving way of a scaffold on the new armory building, at Nanticoke, Penna., on the 30th ult.

-In Chicago, on the evening of the 30th ult., Michael Maloney, drunk and bespattered with blood, went to a police station and said that he had cut the throats of his daughter and son. Officers went to the man's house and found that the two children had attempted to put Maloney to bed. He angrily resisted and drawing a knife plunged it into his daughter's neck. Maloney's 11-year-old daughter rushed between the father and son only to receive a slash under the arm. The boy's wound is probably fatal, but it is believed the girl will recover. Oscar and Thomas Hopkins, both colored, were shot dead by Daniel Nelson, also colored, in Brenham, Texas, on the same evening. They were walking on the platform in front of the freight depot when Nelson deliberately fired both barrels of a shot-gun at them, hitting one in the back and the other in the head. The murders are the outcome of "an old feud between rival negro brass bands."

-The Charleston News and Courier says that the number of manufacturing establishments in South Carolina has increased from 1239 in 1869 to 3243 in 1896. The capital invested has increased from \$9,931,756 to \$21,327,970. The number of hands employed is 33,378 in 1869, against 694 in 1863 and 8149 in 1870. The value of the products is \$29,951,551. The cotton mills give employment now to 4889 persons. It is estimated that the value of agricultural and garden products for 1895 was \$44,109,501, and the value of the corn alone was nearly half the value of the cotton crop. "Taking the population of South Carolina as 703,708 in 1869 and 1,100,000 in 1896, the average gross income of each person in the State was \$77 in 1869 against \$70 in 1896. There is deep significance in these figures which, moreover, take no account of the mercantile business of the State. Were the amount of general business added, it would be reasonable to say that the gross income of the people of South Carolina, their means of living and of spending, is considerably more than it was in 1869."

-The funeral of General John A. Logan, took place on the 31st ult. in Washington. Services were held in the Senate-chamber and were attended by a distinguished assemblage, including Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, members of the Cab net, Senators and Representatives and members of the Diplomatic Corps.

The services comprised the reading of the 90th Psalm by Bishop Andrews, the reading of the burial service by Rev. Dr. Butler, prayer by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, and the funeral sermon by Rev. Dr. Newman. After the sermon the body was placed in the hearse and taken, under military escort to Rock Creek Cemetery, about four miles from Washington, where it was interred with due honors.

-During the year 1896 the Saginaw River Mills, in Michigan, manufactured 798,826,000 feet of lumber, 227,463,000 shingles and 100,900,000 pieces of lath, and have now on hand 315,000,000 feet of lumber.

-The house of Don Domingo Gana, the Brazilian Minister, in Washington, was robbed on the morning of the 30th ult. of \$7000 worth of jewelry and other valuables and some cash, by F. B. Silva, a discharged servant. The robber was arrested on the morning of the 31st, while boarding a train for New York, and the valuables were recovered.

-A squad of six convicts at work on the railroad near Augusta, Georgia, on the 1st, "overpowered and disarmed their guard, imprisoned two trustees in a hole just dug, and with picks and shovels triumphantly marched into the adjoining woods and escaped."

-Two brothers named Connor, while engaged in a drunken quarrel in Floyd county, Virginia, on the 1st, fatally stabbed their father, who tried to separate them. Alexander Brown, a well-to-do farmer, was found murdered in his house at Lampasas, Texas, on the 1st. The house had been plundered. Officer Michael O'Brien, of the Central Detail, in Chicago, who was wounded in the leg at the Haymarket riot, is reported in a critical condition.

-A construction train and a freight train on the Southern Pacific Railroad collided in a deep cut, near Devil's Run, on the night of the 31st ult. The wreck caught fire and four men perished in the flames. An express train struck a sled, containing twenty young people at a crossing, near Eort Wayne, Indiana, on the evening of the 1st, killing two women and injuring seven others. The killed were Mrs. Lizzie Lepper, aged 23, and Miss Tina Minceker, aged 17. The men in the party were the train approaching and asked the driver to stop. He did not near them and they escaped injury by jumping out.

-The members of a family named Thomas, in Lawrenceville, a suburb of Pittsburg, are sick with iriditis, in consequence of eating ham, and the oldest son is past recovery.

-The snow storm just ended was very heavy in the West. A telegram from Michigan City, Indiana, reports "over five feet of snow on a level in the exposed places, while in the ravines it is some six feet deep." There is trouble on all the railroads, freight trains being abandoned, while several passenger trains are stopped at different places. A telegram from Laporte, Indiana, reports the snow three feet on a level in the city, and from four to five in the adjacent country. The storm was very heavy in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio.

-Mrs. Boulanger, a wealthy old French resident of Donaldsonville, Louisiana, was murdered in her house about noon on the 1st, by an unknown tramp. Robbery was the motive.

-Frederick Spaeth, aged 30 years, shot and killed his wife Josephine, aged 27, and shot himself in the left breast, inflicting a wound which is likely to prove fatal. They came to this country from Germany a year ago. About four weeks ago Mrs. Spaeth left her husband to live with a baker named Reilly, but a brother of Frederick had induced her to return to her husband. It is said he was frugal and saved money, while she was extravagant and fond of fine clothes.

-The Dolores Land and Cattle Company of Texas, chartered last year with a stated capital of \$2,000,000, made an assignment in Austin on the 1st. The liabilities are said to amount to about \$500,000; the assets are footed up at \$540,000.

-The Otis block in Chicago, including the LaCade Hotel and a furniture store, was burned on the afternoon of the 1st. Loss, \$40,000. The guests in the hotel had a narrow escape. A fire at Sioux City, Iowa, on the 1st, destroyed a commission house, a dry goods store and a boarding house, causing a loss of \$15,000. During the fire the horses attached to a hook and ladder truck ran away and a man was run over and crushed to death.

-Slight earthquake shocks, accompanied by faint detonations, were felt in Columbia and Sumnerfield South Carolina, on the night of the 30th and morning of the 31st ult.

THE MARKETS. PHILADELPHIA. Beef, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Pork, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Lard, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Flour, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Sugar, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Coffee, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Tea, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Rice, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Cotton, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Wool, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Hides, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Tallow, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Soap, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Oil, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Butter, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Eggs, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Corn, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Wheat, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Oats, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Hay, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; Timber, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4.

Treasure. The dowers I planted in the flush of spring, Have budded, bloomed and withered long ago; The grain my lavish fingers used to throw, Long since was reaped for other's garnering; Yet I am rich amid my nature's dearth; My gold is where the rainbow touches earth. My wealth is moiten of full many an ore, Dug from the sacred caverns of the past; Stored where the present's quiet light is cast; Piled on the promised land that lies before. All bent together, all of priceless worth, All hid just where the rainbow touches earth. And memory, Faith and Hope's guardians are, As holding Love's strong hand I make my way, Knowing I near a little every day The one sure goal where, passing o'er the bar, I find, in all the glow of second birth, My treasure, where the rainbow touches earth.

ONE DAY.

The carriages were coming back from the Pincian Hill and the Borghese gardens. The sun was setting and the crowds of people on foot and riding who had been listening to the music and looking at each other, came down toward the Piazza del Popolo, bound homeward before the darkness set in. It was a gay crowd that the old obelisk with its spouting lions saw surging around its base, separating into two human streams, and pouring down the streets that branch off from the Piazza—the Corso and the Via del Babuino. Carriages of every kind, filled with gaily dressed women, dashed through the city gate and made their way through the dense mass of pleasure seekers.

A dog cart with magnificent horses came quickly from the direction of the Borghese gardens; a tall, aristocratic looking man is driving, and is apparently trying to catch up with a victoria just ahead of him, in which a woman is seated—a woman dressed in the height of fashion, and of a strange, tiger-like beauty; slender she is, with a mass of hair of that peculiar color of reddish gold, firm set lips, and a proud, defiant look in her clear, magnificent eyes. The people on foot give way before the carriages until they are almost abreast. One person only—a young man covered with dust, with a knapsack on his back—apparently does not hear the approaching horses, but stands looking at the woman in the victoria, oblivious to anything else. Only when the horses of the dog-cart are almost upon him, and the driver cries out to him, does he hear; then he moves aside a little.

As the carriage dashes past, the gentleman driving reaches down, and with a muttered curse, cuts the young traveler across the face with his whip. It leaves a crimson line. The young man does not cry out; he only says quietly to a bystander: "Who is that man?" "The Prince Borghese." "And the lady in the other carriage?" "The Princess Vera, his future wife?" "Ah, thanks!" he says, and walks to one of the four fountains at the base of the great obelisk, and bathes his face in the water.

There are fewer people about now. The piazza is almost deserted. The sun sinks down out of sight. Darkness comes and all is silent; not a soul to be seen; all the piazzas are deserted. Only the travel-stained pilgrim sits by the fountains with the mark of the cruel lash on his handsome boyish face.

There is a ball that night at the Russian embassy; the rooms, decorated with fabulous extravagance, are like scenes from fairy lands. Masses of rarest flowers and plants are placed around; richest tapestries and statues make the old palace look as though it was a garden called up by a magician.

All nations are there; beauties from all parts of the civilized world are at the ball that night; it is the event of the season, and the last for some time, as Lent is coming on; so the guests are making the most of their time to the music of the musicians, hidden behind a bank of flowers and palm-branches. Women in gorgeous raiment, blazing with jewels, smile, their eyes sparkle with enjoyment, and all is one grand carnival of pleasure.

Off the ball-rooms are doors leading out on to the terrace; the night is warm; several persons, finding the air inside oppressive, walk out into the moonlight and stroll leisurely up and down, or sit in the shade of the orange trees.

The Prince Borghese and the Princess Vera come out and walk; she is magnificent in her ball dress of satin and lace with a necklace of diamonds, and diamonds sparkling in her hair; the prince is talking to her in low tones, holding his head close to hers.

A shadow comes out of the darkness and stands in their path. The prince looks up, angry at the interruption; the princess, too, looks and gives an involuntary start.

"Well, sir, what can we do for you?" says the prince, impatiently. The stranger turns his face in the moonlight, and the prince sees a red line across it, as he answers.

"The prince was kind enough to give me this," pointing to his face, "as he passed me this afternoon. I have come to return it or demand a meeting."

"Sir," he answers, "do you imagine the Prince Borghese would soil his hands with fighting with any adventurer that may present himself?"

"Do I understand you to refuse?" says the stranger, quietly.

"I do; and let me tell you that if you do not leave us immediately, I will call the lackeys to kick you into the street."

"Beware, sir," says the young man, excitedly, "how you keep on adding your insults. You refuse! You will not spare the princess the pain of seeing me strike you before all these people. You refuse to meet me, so be it. Am I unknown? Ask the princess if she knows me. I think she did once, if she has not forgotten."

The prince, livid and furious, turns to the latter, who has drawn a little to one side and is leaning against the balustrade, a calm witness to the scene.

"Is this true?" says the prince, "do you know this man, Vera?" "Yes, once," she answers, in a low voice.

"Ah, that alters it!" he says, turning to the stranger, "I am entirely at your service when you will."

"To-morrow, then, by sunrise, at the Borghese gardens."

"Very well; as you have many things to set in order, I beg you to excuse me; au revoir." Saying this, he turns on his heel. "I think the night air is rather cool. Had we not better go in, Vera?" She takes his arm, and gives a quick glance over her shoulder from the stranger to a white speck on the ground; he takes her meaning, goes to the spot, and picks up a small piece of the order of dancing; he takes it to the light and reads.

He gives a start of joy as he sees the following words: "Come to my house after the ball to-night. Corso, No. 123, I wish to see you."

It is late that night when the ball breaks up and Princess Vera's carriage rolls up to her door. She gets out and slowly walks up the steps and into the parlor. The young man who is to fight a duel in a few hours is waiting for her. He rises as she enters.

"Raphael," she says, in musical tones, "is this the way you forget your old friends in Rome, and never come near me?"

"Friends?" he answers. "Ay, yes. Is the princess still one of them?" "Can you ask?" she murmurs. "When we last met—"

"Yes, yes, I know. I could not tell my own mind then. You told me you loved me. I smiled then—I found out differently since."

"What do you mean?" he says, with a joyful look on his melancholy face. "When I wanted you more than anything—any one—you had gone, none knew whither."

"What! do you mean that you love me? Do not repel my love—do not spurn me because, when you told me before, I did not know that you alone possessed my heart. Forgive me," she says, imploringly.

"Forgive you?" he repeats, in a dazed way. "Oh, the joy of this moment would repay a lifetime of suffering. Oh, Vera, my queen!" he says, and takes her in his arms, and in each other's embrace they sit together in the mellow light of the lamps and forget everything.

"Vera," says Raphael, suddenly, "what is the price to you?" "Nothing," she answers. "Then it is not true that you are to marry him?" "Can you ask me, after what I have told you?" "I believe you," he says trustingly. "And to think that in a few hours you are to fight him—the best shot in Rome! To think that you may be killed! Oh, I cannot bear the thought!" "Do not think of it, darling. To-day I wished to die; now I feel I am invulnerable and will be victorious. I am protected by happiness and love."

"May heaven grant it! Now that I have found you I could not bear your loss; it would kill me."

"My happiness is too great! I can scarcely believe it," he says. "It seems like a dream! Too much as I wished—too improbable to realize!"

"Does this seem unreal?" she says, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him passionately again and again.

Daylight has come. The sun has risen and the Romans are taking their morning walk, or sitting lazily in the sun.

The foreigners are out; doing the sights, armed with their guide-books, and the beggars and artists' models are as thick as usual in the Piazza di Spagna.

A young man hurries along, almost on a run, and turns down the Via Condotti to the Corso. People look after him in wonder, such activity is so unusual among the Romans.

"A lunatic or an eccentric Englishman," they mutter and pass on. On he goes along the Corso to 123;

where he rushes through the courtyard and rings the bell. A footman answers the summons. "The Princess Vera?" "Madame is not up yet."

"Well, I will wait. Tell her a gentleman wishes to see her on business of great importance, and will not leave until he has seen her."

He walks into the salon that he knows so well. "Truly love has protected me. I have nothing but joy ahead now. How happy she will be when she finds it is I!"

He is interrupted in his meditation by the fruff of a woman's dress and Vera enters. She looks at her visitor and says, in surprise: "What, you! And alive?" "Yes, Vera. I shot the prince!" "What! You shot the Prince Borghese?"

"Yes. He is dangerously wounded. I am safe. I have yours love. We have nothing but happiness now—no shadow."

"What do you mean?" she says, coldly. "What! Have you forgotten? Do not trifle with me, Vera. I know you do not mean it, but it pains me. Come, sit here, where we sat last night, and tell me that you love me again."

She turns from him. "Love you! You are mistaken. I never loved you an instant."

"Ah, Vera! stop, I beg!" he exclaims, as each word cuts him like a knife. "Would you like to know the truth?" she says.

"Yes," he answers, a vague feeling of future grief coming over him. "Last night I told you I loved you. I knew you were to meet the prince this morning. I was sure you would be killed. So, as they make the last hours on earth as pleasant as possible to a condemned man, I decided to make yours. It would do me no harm, as you would soon die and die happy. I regarded you as already dead—souvenir. That is the reason of what I told you last night. I am sorry I was mistaken and I am forced to undeceive you."

Raphael trembles as she proceeds and turns ghastly pale. "Oh! that I had been shot this morning. It would have been far more merciful than this! Have you nothing more merciful than that! Have you nothing more to say, Vera?" he gasps.

"Very little, except god! This interview is extremely disagreeable. Go and never let me see you again. You have, perhaps, killed the man who was more to me than you ever were or ever could be. Go! You have wronged me. But for you I should have been the Princess Borghese in a short time, rich and courted. You, perhaps, have destroyed it all! The mere sight of you is repulsive to me!" His features show his agony. "Thanks, Vera," he says, his voice audible—thanks for the truth. I thought it was too unreal, too little like you to love me, poor and unknown. Your love is only for the highest bidder. May that man find your true value. Adieu!" And he leaves the room.