

THOUSANDS HOMELESS.

SEVEN HUNDRED HOUSES IN SAINT SAUVEUR BURNED.

NO WATER AND NO INSURANCE, ONE KILLED AND ONE FATALLY INJURED.

QUEBEC, May 16.—A disastrous fire broke out early this morning in Saint Sauveur, in the house of Mrs. McCann, on Valier street, and spread with great rapidity through the wooden district which surrounds it. The streets burned are portions of Valier, Chenel, St. Peter and Ste. Marie. The insurance companies interested are the North British and Mercantile, London and Lancashire, Guardian, Agricultural, of Waterbury, and Northern. The total losses so far made and in prospect may be \$150,000. At 5 o'clock it was impossible to gauge the limit of the fire, and the people were in dismay at the rapidity with which the fire jumped from one wooden building to another. The local arrangements for quenching the fire were defective, and the Quebec Fire Brigade was sent for and were quickly on the spot, but their efforts were crippled for want of water. B Battery was called out and rendered valuable assistance in fighting the flames.

Over 100 wooden houses have been destroyed. A good deal of distress will be caused by the destruction of a large number of wooden shanties, on which there is no insurance. At seven o'clock the fire was under control, having almost burned itself out. While the military were preparing to blow up some of the houses to check the fire a premature explosion took place in one of the houses, killing Major Short and Sergeant Wallick, of B Battery. Both were hurled into the ruins. The body of Sergeant Wallick was found near the door of a house dreadfully mangled.

QUEBEC, 10:30 A. M.—The fire in Saint Sauveur has been checked on the city side, but is still burning furiously toward the northwest, and will probably stop only when nothing is left to feed it. The insurance is comparatively small. There is a strong easterly wind blowing, and rain has been falling steadily for the last three hours.

QUEBEC, 1 P. M.—The fire is still burning and no hopes are entertained of stopping it until the open country is reached. Already about 500 buildings, mostly wooden shanties, have been burned, and over 1000 people rendered homeless. The greater portion of them are camped out in the fields with what few effects they were able to save, while a few have found shelter with friends in the city.

Major Short's body was recovered about noon. One leg and one arm had been torn from the body by the explosion and were found at some distance from the trunk.

St. Sauveur is a separate municipality from Quebec, but is separated from this city by only the width of a street. It has a population of about 15,000. Only last night the St. Sauveur officials refused an offer of this city to supply them with water.

QUEBEC, May 16, 4:30 P. M.—The fire has burned itself out after reaching the limits of St. Sauveur, the tollgate keeper's house in Valier street being about the last to go. The district north and west of Massus and St. Antoine streets has been swept clean, with the exception of a portion of Valier street. About 700 houses were burned. As many of them were tenements, the number of families homeless is not less than 1200, comprising 5000 or 6000 persons.

WRECK OF A STEAMSHIP

HER CAPTAIN AND THIRTEEN MEN RESCUED.

FIVE KNOWN TO BE DROWNED—FIFTEEN OTHERS NOT YET HEARD OF.

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 16.—The steamship Columbia, which has just arrived at Astoria, bound from San Francisco to Portland, brings a report of the loss of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's magnificent side-wheel iron steamer Alaskan.

This vessel is reported to have foundered at sea off Cape Blanco, Monday, May 13, while on her way from Portland to San Francisco. Only meagre particulars have been received yet.

The Alaskan left Portland Saturday, May 11, bound for San Francisco, where she was to go on dry dock for some repairs preparatory to being placed on the Puget Sound route. It is supposed that she must have encountered a very severe gale while on her way down the coast.

The steamer fortunately carried no passengers, having on board only her officers and crew when she went down. Cape Blanco is 400 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river.

The steamship Columbia, which was coming up the coast, picked up the captain and brought them to Astoria. Five men are reported to be drowned. There were 34 persons aboard. As soon as the vessel began to founder the officers and men deserted her, taking to the boats, Captain Howe, Captain Woods and all of the crew all in one boat, and the remainder of the crew in the others.

The fate of the others is not yet known. Hopes are entertained, however, that they drifted landward and were saved. It is possible that all got in boats, escaping from the sinking steamer.

The Alaskan was built in 1883, for the O. R. & N. Co., at Chester, Pa., by John Roach & Son, and launched August 8th of that year. She sailed around the Horn, reaching this port April 8th, 1884.

She was exactly like her twin steamer, the Olymian, now plying on the sound. Her length over all was 275 feet, her depth of hold, 14 feet 6 inches, with 39.10 foot beam. She was the most elegantly fitted up steamer in the Northwest, and cost \$350,000.

—Andrew Cavanash and Stephen Goodtask, Hungarian laborers, were killed by a freight train at Tullytown, Penna., on the evening of the 11th.

TERRIFIC HAIL STORMS

GREAT DAMAGE DONE IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.

ESTIMATED LOSS A MILLION.

BALTIMORE, May 14.—The Sun's special from Norfolk, Va., says: About 3 o'clock this afternoon one of the most severe hail storms that ever struck this section passed over Norfolk and Portsmouth and vicinity.

Ice particles of extraordinary size came down with the hail, and several inches of hail lay in drifts before the deluge of rain that followed carried it away. The shade trees of the streets and the flower and vegetable gardens were badly wrecked. In the country the truck farms were badly torn up, the strawberries and peas, cabbage and other crops being ruinously beaten to the ground.

The vineyards and orchards suffered severely, vines and trees being cut terribly and the fruit destroyed. Many of the truckers express themselves as ruined for the season. A swarth five or six miles broad was cut through Norfolk and Nansamond counties by the storm. The trucks all around the Hodges Ferry section and between the Western Branch river and Portsmouth lost everything. The loss will probably reach a million dollars, and it is too late now to attempt to recover.

Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock a terrific hail storm and rain fell sweep over Southampton county in the vicinity of Newsome's depot, and the growing crops and orchards were badly damaged by large pieces of ice and the great quantities of it. The drifts of hail were 24 inches deep in some places, and 12 hours after the storm the drifts were over six inches in depth. The barn of Mr. W. S. Francis was blown down by the wind and demolished, and three horses killed. Other farmers suffered in damage to their buildings.

Late yesterday afternoon a hail storm struck the great bridge section of Norfolk county, and the hail stones, of a considerable extent, were as large as pullet eggs. The potato and vegetable gardens were damaged. Three men at work in a field beyond Deep creek, during the same storm, were struck by lightning and badly injured.

From Danville comes this report: The severest cyclone known here passed over this city at 3:30 p. m. today, doing great damage to roofing, fences, fruit and shade trees.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—The severest storm of thunder and lightning ever known at Staunton, Virginia, passed over that city on the morning of the 12th, between 12 and 1 o'clock. It continued nearly an hour, the rain falling in torrents. The lightning was continuous and fearfully bright, "and peal after peal of thunder fairly shook the earth." At 1 o'clock a discharge of electricity killed four horses, a colt and a cow standing in different places.

—Mrs. William McNall and her four children, at Ridgeway Elk, county, Pa., sought safety from the storm in the cellar of their house on the 10th. Lightning struck the house, and the mother and three of the children were killed. The other child a month old, was found uninjured in the arms of its dead mother.

—James B. Smith, local editor of the Republican, in Springfield, Massachusetts, was shot and killed early on the morning of the 13th by his brother-in-law, R. B. Sturtevant, at the home of his father-in-law. He was mistaken for a burglar. Henry Demuth, seven years old, died in St. John's Hospital, in Yonkers, New York, on the evening of the 11th. It is alleged that while at school he was struck on the head by a teacher, and that his death was the result of the blow. George Ward, aged 28 years, shot and killed his wife in Memphis, Tennessee, on the 13th, and then committed suicide. The cause of the tragedy is unknown.

—A terrific explosion of fire damp occurred in the mines of the Chartiers Block Coal Company, at Toms Run, a few miles from Chartiers, Pa., on the 11th. Four Hungarian miners were killed and the mine was greatly damaged.

—Part of the wall of the house at No. 151 Spring street, New York, fell on the 13th, killing two men and fatally injuring George Thomas. Another man, Thomas Crow, was slightly hurt. The building was being torn down, and the men killed were Patrick Gillan and James Joseph, both laborers. Professor St. Clair, attempting to give his leap from the clouds, at the fair grounds in Houston, Texas, on the evening of the 12th, lost his grip on the parachute and fell 300 feet to the earth. He was instantly killed.

—A terrific storm passed over Rockingham county, Virginia, on the 12th, and news of the damage is just coming in. Lightning destroyed several barns and stables. Much stock was killed. In a part of the county hail fell and destroyed the wheat crop. Fences and houses were blown down, but no lives were lost.

—Navigation on the Upper Mississippi, from Grand Rapids to Aitken, Minnesota, is reported to be completely blocked by a cedar-log jam, "which extends for miles in tiers 10 feet high." It will take several hundred men a week or more to break the jam.

—During the progress of a Sunday School Convention in Somerset, Kentucky, on the 12th, Constable Doolin tried to arrest William Watson, for a trivial offence. The young man started to run and the constable shot him dead. Doolin was arrested.

—Frank Ryan and Harry Sadler, the young men arrested in Canton, Ohio, on the 12th, on a charge of attempting to wreck the New York and Chicago limited vestibule train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad recently, have confessed their guilt. Three other men will be arrested.

—An earthquake was felt on the 14th in the Mexican State of Guerrero. The oscillations were from north to south and lasted four seconds.

—Five tramps attacked James Burns in Altoona, Penna., on the morning of the 14th, and robbed him of \$30. They also stripped him of his clothing and left him for dead. Subsequently a fight took place between the city policemen and the tramps and four of the gang were captured, manacled and taken to jail. A gang of men surrounded the house of a farmer named Phelton, at Rogersville, Kentucky, on the evening of the 11th, and attempted to take him out. Phelton shot and killed two of the gang, and the others fled.

—A hotel in course of erection in Tacoma, Washington Territory, was blown down by the wind shortly before 6 o'clock on the evening of the 13th. Five men were killed and four injured. At last accounts there were still some laborers buried in the debris. A fall of coal in the Huron mine, in Houghton, Michigan, on the evening of the 13th, killed two miners and badly injured two others. John Forester and Wm. Nolan, residents of New Hampshire, Iowa, got drunk on the 11th. The former, in his drunken stupor, laid on the railroad track and was killed by a passing train. The latter, while on his way home, drove off a bridge and broke his neck.

—A wind storm at Lumberton, North Carolina, on the afternoon of the 14th, unroofed the railroad warehouse and telegraph office. A severe hail storm occurred the same evening at Tolson Station, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, in the same State. "The fast mail train had to move cautiously and was delayed two hours." Some panes of glass were broken in the car windows, a tree was blown across the track, and much damage was done to the crops. Telegrams from various points in Minnesota and Dakota give accounts of heavy rain and snow fall on the 14th. The crops have suffered, but the rain fall will save the crops.

—One man was killed and three others were fatally injured by a terrible accident at the Michigan Car Works, in Detroit, on the afternoon of the 14th. A gang of laborers were unloading a car-load of iron, when some part of the crane holding the iron fell on the men, completely burying them. When the victims were liberated, Joseph Benicotte was dead and his three companions were mortally injured. All leave large families. An explosion of dynamite occurred at Osceola Mine, at Ishpeming, Michigan, on the 15th, injuring four Austrian miners, two of it is thought, fatally. The accident occurred through the carelessness of one of the men injured.

—Peter Matthews, aged 50 years, was killed and George Koelberer fatally hurt, on the 14th, by the fall of an old church in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, near which they were excavating for a new hotel building. Two other workmen were slightly injured. Mary Weldon, a young girl, was accidentally killed in Rockford, Illinois, on the 14th. A boy was playing with a revolver, and the girl went to look into the barrel, when the weapon was discharged. James Kelly, a produce dealer in Lexington, Kentucky, was found unconscious in his room, in a hotel in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on the morning of the 15th, the gas having been left partially turned on. He died in the afternoon.

—The body of a well-dressed man, about 30 years of age, which had been kept at the bottom by heavy weights, was found on the morning of the 15th in the Harlem river, at New York, and was washed ashore. A piece of iron, weighing over 20 pounds, was tied to the right leg with stout packing cord, also a black silk umbrella. There was a double case lady's gold watch in his pocket, and in his scarf a pin of gold representing an owl clutching a cross bar with a star on its head.

—A telegram from Reading says that letters have been received from Dr. J. M. Brause, in Oklahoma, showing that he was not murdered, as reported.

—A deposit of tin has been discovered about 20 miles from Topeka, Kansas.

—The Attorney General has authorized the Marshal of Arizona to offer a reward of \$500 each for the arrest and conviction of the robbers of Paymaster Wham.

—While Mrs. Louis Palmer was cooking supper in Rockdale, Texas, on the evening of the 15th, she dropped a coal-oil lamp, which exploded, she ran into the yard with her clothing on fire, and her husband, extinguished the flames, but not before she was fatally burned. By this time the house was in flames, and two small children, in an inner room, were burned to death.

—A boy named Denham, aged 12 years, was drowned in Lake Trout, Barton county, Florida, on the 16th. A Miss Sherez, who went to his assistance, was also drowned.

—Robert Day, 27 years old, living near Loveland, Ohio, went home from a circus intoxicated on the evening of the 15th and shot and fatally wounded his father, Robert Day, Sr., 65 years of age, and also his divorced wife, Mrs. Hubbell. He also slightly wounded the servant girl, Charles Hupé, aged 27 years, shot and fatally wounded his daughter-in-law, in Marion, Indiana, on the 15th. The cause of the shooting was a quarrel between the young woman and her mother-in-law, Thomas L. Angel, a prominent citizen of the Indian Territory, was shot dead by John Swallow, a ferryman on the Audrain ferry, on Grand river, on the 15th. Swallow was drunk at the time.

—An attempt was made on the evening of the 15th to wreck a passenger train on the Pittsburg Railroad, a short distance west of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. A track walker discovered a pile of ties on the track at a sharp curve, and on attempting to remove them was pelted with stones by unknown villains. He ran back to Shelburne Falls, procured help, and had the track cleared in time to prevent loss of life.

—James Turner shot and mortally wounded T. A. Holton, a merchant, in a Magistrate's office, in Nashville, on the afternoon of the 16th. They quarreled over a suit by Holton to recover goods sold to Turner.

The Old Friends.

Where are the scattered now,
The old, old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples grow,
And mighty streams through solemn forests flow,
But never from the pine-crowned land of snow
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's common ways;
And then perchance a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load
Of cares;
For love grows on, like wheat among the
fares,
Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep;"
The words are sweet!
O friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet will tread the weary way ye trod
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God,
When shall we meet?
O Thou, divinest Friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments
white,
And see them with a new and clearer
sight,
Mine old familiar friends—made fair and
bright,
Like unto Thee?

HIS ONE LOVE.

An old gentleman, leaning forward with his hands clasped over a gold-headed cane, was seated in a summer-house situated upon the grounds of a hotel at a fashionable watering-place. He was in a corner, hidden by drooping vines, and his face expressed deep and apparently painful thought. The refrain of his sad musing was:

"Only one person in the whole world to love me, and I shall lose every that love now!"

On the other side of the summer-house, divided from the side the old man occupied by a rustic partition, two ladies, young and fair, rushed in, and taking out some fancy work, settled down for a chat.

One was tall, and dressed in a pretty costume that was at once youthful and matronly; the other was petite, blonde, and not more than eighteen. Mrs. Courtland spoke first.

"Embroidery, Alice!" she said, "A handsome handkerchief corner. For your trousseau?"

"Yes," and the sweet voice faltered, while a burning blush crimsoned the fair cheek. Is it not pretty?"

"Very. I want to talk about your prospects, child. Your Aunt Marcia tells me you are making a splendid match."

"Did she? I think so, Blanche, Malcolm is so noble and good, and a true Christian!"

"But your aunt tells me he is the favorite nephew of the great oil merchant, Hiram Bates, whose wealth is something enormous. You have only to help him play his cards well, and he will probably be heir to a magnificent fortune. But what says you? You look as if I was telling you a piece of news."

"I think Aunt Marcia has been misinformed, that is all."

"Then he is not Hiram Bates' nephew?"

"I never heard him speak of a rich uncle and I am quite sure he has no hope of inheriting money. He has a good salary, and my little fortune will buy and furnish a small house, so we can make a comfortable, and, I hope, a happy home."

"Did he never speak to you of his uncle?"

"Never of a rich uncle. He has told me of a lame uncle, his mother's brother, who has been very kind to him, given him an education and a start in business. He always talks of him with the deepest love and pity."

"Pity?"

"He suffers torture from the effects of a fall that has lamed him for life and often causes him weeks of agonizing pain. Malcolm tells me with tears in his eyes of his fear of losing this dearest friend and kind uncle, and I think he hopes I may be useful sometimes in nursing him."

"I wonder if she is the same?"

The old man leaning upon his cane was thinking.

"Can it be true? Does Malcolm think so little of my money, that will be his, that he has never even mentioned it to his promised wife? Can it be that I shall gain a loving, tender niece instead of losing my nephew, when Malcolm marries?"

Loving his nephew so deeply, Hiram Bates had felt a keen pain at the news of his betrothal. He had never seen Alice Hunter, but he knew she had been brought up in a circle of fashion, and was the orphan niece of one of society's gayest votaries, Mrs. Marcia Haydon.

He ascertained by inquiry that the young girl had inherited ten thousand dollars from her father and that her winters were spent with her Aunt Marcia, her summer with a maiden sister of her father. She was quite a belle, although only in society one season, pretty and accomplished, and the old man groaned in spirit over his nephew's choice.

A belle, and with a head full of fashionable frivolity, he was convinced that the girl had been won by the prospect of Malcolm's heirship to his own fortune. He had seen in the future his nephew estranged from him by the influence of a dressy, empty-headed woman, or, still more appalling, his niece-to-be making false protestations of affection, with a hope of winning golden favors.

While he mused upon the conversation he had overheard, the silvery voices

of his young neighbors still sounding beside him, there was a sudden crash, something struck him upon the head and he lost consciousness.

Cries from the summer-house, from groups of people collected in the grounds, brought a party of men speedily to the spot. The rotten posts supporting the roof upon one side had given way and the side and roof had fallen in, Mrs. Courtland and Miss Hunter were buried under the fallen timbers, but were uninjured. Not so the old gentleman, who had been their unsuspected listener. He was taken out pallid and senseless.

Nobody knew him. He had come by the morning train, had taken breakfast, but no room, and asked; the hour for the return train. A surgeon, summoned as speedily as possible, announced a broken arm and an injury to the head, making a likelihood of a long, tedious illness. There was some animated discussion, some suggestions of hospital, a search through the pockets of the unconscious victim, resulting in the discovery of a small sum of money, but no letters, papers or cards, and finally a desertion of one way and another, each going his or her way, with the comforting reflection:

"It's none of my business."

But when they had all deserted the injured man the surgeon, still busy binding up his arm as he lay upon a bench brought from the ruined summer-house, felt a light touch on his hand, and looked up to see a little figure in mourning, with a sweet face, very pale.

"Can I help you?" Alice Hunter asked.

"No, child, not now."

"What will they do with him?"

"I suppose he must go to a New York hospital."

"But the ride—the journey?"

"Will cause great additional suffering, perhaps result in death."

"Doctor, will they keep him herself he is paid for?"

"Certainly; but there is not money enough about him to pay his board a week."

"I will pay it."

"You."

"Yes; I will not let him die for want of money I have. He"—and her lip quivered—"he looks like my dear father who is dead."

"I'm—yes. Here comes the fellows to take him to the station. I think I will take him to the little cottage where I board. It will cost less and be more quiet."

Mrs. Courtland declared Alice was outraging the proprieties most dreadfully when the young girl went to the cottage and offered her services as nurse to the doctor; but Aunt Sophie silenced comment by moving her belongings from the hotel to the quiet boarding-house, and the doctor found he had a valuable assistant.

Alice explained, in her quiet, low voice, that her father was ill for nine months, before he died, and she was his nurse. This accounted for the noiseless woolen dresses, the velvet-shod feet, the quick eyes and ready hand, and when the sufferer recovered consciousness, the gentle voice and tact that quieted him in paroxysms of pain and fever. Aunt Sophie was too much of an invalid herself to help, but she sat beside the bed while Alice moved to and fro, made dainty soups and tempting dishes, and performed all nursing duties.

The invalid had one long talk with the doctor and then submitted to the gentle ministrations of the two women, only insisting upon a man the doctor provided being with him at night and within call.

The season was over, and only those three remained of the summer boarders at the little cottage, when one cool October day the sick man, now fast recovering, called Alice to him.

"I shall soon be well again," he said, regretfully.

"Yes," she answered, cheerily; "very soon."

"And I my patient; but I am glad you are recovering. We were afraid at one time there would be a more painful parting."

"You mean I was in danger of dying. Why should that be painful, I am old."

She made no answer, looking sorrowfully into his uplifted eyes.

"And a burden upon you, the doctor tells me. Why did you make yourself responsible for a stranger?"

The fair face flushed, the soft eyes were dewy with feeling as Alice said, softly:

"Because you are old and seemed poor and friendless. I was glad it was in my power to aid you. Do not think it was at any great cost," she added, with a generous desire to lighten the burden of obligation. "I have some money laying idle."

"For the wedding day, perhaps. Well, child, you might have poorer jewels to deck your bridal than an old man's tears of gratitude and love. I am getting well and shall soon leave you; will you give me a keepsake?"

The girl loosened a little locket from a chain round her throat, cut off one of her golden curls and put it in the place of some she took out, and laid the trinket in the old man's hand.

"With my love," she said, softly.

"Ah, child," he sighed, "an old man, sick and feeble, wins little love."

"Yet," she said, earnestly, "you

must believe that I have nursed you, since you were conscious, with affection. My own father is gone, but you want a daughter's care or affection, believe me, I will gladly come to you, if possible."

Three days later the little cottage was deserted. Aunt Sophie and she returned to their home to make up for their lost time in dress-making and sewing, and Alice cheerfully paid out of her small patrimony for the board and expenses of her venerable patient.

She little guessed how deep an impression her care and tenderness had made upon the heart so long closed against human affection, so distrustful of any advances from his fellow-creatures. It was a revelation to him, this active charity of an utter stranger. He had gone to the hotel merely to see Malcolm's choice and had purposely left all clue to his identity behind him. He had intended meeting Alice, if possible, unknown, and watching her unobserved, but accident had thrown them together in a way he little anticipated. The first use he made of his recovery was to write to his nephew, and Malcolm met him at the depot when he returned home.

Knowing nothing of the recent accident, the young man was shocked at the change in his uncle's face.

"You have been ill?" he cried.

"Very ill."

"Why did you not send for me?"

"I had even better nursing than yours, Malcolm. Don't ask me any questions now, but tell me about your marriage preparations."

"Alice has gone home and will remain until November. Then she comes to Mrs. Haydon's and will buy her house and furniture."

"In November?"

"Yes."

Late in November she came. Her trunks full of Aunt Sophie's daintiest stitching, and Aunt Marcia gave her cordial greeting. A grand wedding was the display upon which this lady had set her heart, and Alice shrank a little at the comments upon the rich uncle and her own good fortune in the "first-rate match."

But just before the wedding day a little note was brought to Alice by a gorgeous footman, who was driving to her aunt's behind a private carriage. The note was from Malcolm, and begged her to come to him in the carriage.

Wondering, but obedient, Alice was speedily ready, and was driven to a handsome brown stone house, where the door was opened to usher her into a stylish drawing-room, where a gentleman awaited her, and Malcolm, advancing, said:

"My Uncle Hiram, Alice?"

Kindly blue eyes looked into her own, withered hands were extended, and a voice she knew well said:

"We are old friends, Malcolm. Are we not, Alice?"

Then, before she could answer, the old man continued:

"I have thought, Alice, that it was unkind to have my nephew wait for my death before sharing my wealth. I have borne a course of distrust in my heart for many years, thinking my money won me all the affection, save Malcolm's that was offered me. But though you are well content to wed the young clerk, and put your own patrimony into his home, you must not refuse my heir, who has accepted from me an income that makes him independent, and this home."

"My love to Malcolm can bear riches or poverty," was the answer; "but, sir, our home needs you. You will come, will you not, to the children, who will try to make your life happy by loving care? Long before I knew you, Malcolm told me he hoped when he had a home, to win you to live in it. Will you let me, too, beg of you to come to us?"

"Gladly, child! Gladly!" the old man said.

So, where the rich lonely man had feared to lose the one love of his life, he gained another tenderer, sweeter love, to brighten his declining years by a daughter's devotion and affection.

Invention for Bachelors.

There seems to be convincing evidence that a watchful providence takes care of that class of men who refuse to experiment as to whether "marriage is a failure" or not, namely, the bachelors. His buttonless condition that was the theme for humorists a few short years back is made unnecessary by the introduction of buttonholes and studs, and his ingenuity has guided him to regard a small nail as the most satisfactory fastening for a suspender. And now lo! and behold! he need no more lament the loss of spiral studs, for a genius among the unwedded has discovered that nothing looks neater, is more convenient or cheaper to supply their loss than the ordinary round topped paper fastener. The little points of the paper fastener are pressed through the eyelet, clenched on the under side, and no one but an expert can tell them from the most costly Etruscan gold jewelry.

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.