LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING. DECEMBER 26, 18663

Biteraru.

All letters on business dressed to H. G. Smith & Co.

"Sent by Express."

BY AMY RANDOLPH. Maria Harlan was alone in the world her mother just burled. She was a beautiful, brown haired She was a beautiful, brown haired girl, with soft shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze and asked:

"But what are you going to detail

tardy blaze and asked:

"But what are you going to do to 'arn your bread and butter, child?"

"I don't know—I haven't thought—
Mamma had an uncle in New York 'Yes, yes-I've hern tell about him

—he was mad 'cause your mother did not marry to suit him, wasn't he?" Marian was silent. Deacon Gray walted a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations : but she did not, and the Deacon went home, to tell his wife that "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creature he had ever come across."
In the meanwhile Marian was packing

her few scanty things into a little carpet bag, by the weird flickering light of the dying wood fire.
"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firmly together.
"My mother's uncle shall hear her cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Min-

nie Harlan; I am an orphan all alone in the world who must fight life's bat-tle with her own single hands!" Lower Broadway at seven o'clock P L. What a babel of crashing wheels hurrying humanity and conglomerate noise it was! Minnie Harlansat in the as very, very tired.
"Poor little thing," thought the dark haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen and plunged into a perfect

'Mr. Evans?' The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear in obedience to the beckoning finger of I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?" 'Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa,—arrived this afternoon."
As though Minnie Harlan were a box

Atlantic Ocean of accounts.

or a paper parcel. "Who for?" "Consigned to Walter Harrington Esq."
"And why has't she been called for?"
"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment. "Very odd," said the gray haired gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

Some three-quarters of an hour after Harrington's residence --- ''
Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her check, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.
—And we regret to inform you that

he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock eyes-she trembled like a leaf. In all eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she made no allowance for an exigency like this. "Can we do anything further for you,"" questioned the young clerk po-

you"" questioned the jum litely.
"Nothing—no one can do anything "no way. Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send you to any other of your friends?" I have no friends!"

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel!"

Minnie opened the little leather purse and showed him two cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear. 'This is all the money I have in the So young, so beautiful, and so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire

"But what are you going to do?"
"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work house or some such place, I could go to, until I could find something to 'Hardly." Frank Evans could scarely help smiling at poor Minnie's sim-They are putting out the lights, and

preparing to close the office," said Minniestarting to her feet. "I must go some-'Miss Harlan,'' said Frank, quietly, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof a day or two, if you can "Trust you?" Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!"

"How late you are Frank! Here. give me your overcoat—it is all powder ed with snow and—' But Frank interrupted his bustling cherry checked mother, as she stood on tip-toe to take off his outer wrappings. "Hush mother! there is a young lady down stairs."

down stairs."
"A young lady, Frank?"
"Yes mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find someting to do." Mrs. Evans went to the door and

called her cheerily out.
"Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as flowers in May! Frank you did quite right; you always do." The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling. "It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I managed without her."
"Now Minnie you are not in earnes

about leaving us to-morrow?"
"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only
think—I have been here two months to-morrow: and the situation as gover ness is very advantageous."
"Very well, I shall tell Frank hov very obstinaté you are."
"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't!

Please keep my secret."
"What secret is it that is to be so re ligiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown

eyes sparkling archly.
"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why, Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow."
"Minnie!"

"I must, Frank, I have no right further to trespass on your kindness."
"No right, eh? Minnie, do you know that the house has been a different house pose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

beam?"
Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's rm grasp. 'You'll stay, Minnie?''

She shook her head determinedly. "Then you must be made to stay,"

said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!"
"Missed something!" Minnie rose, turned red and white. "Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me!"
"But I do suspect you. In fact I
am quite sure the article is in your pos-

"The article!"
"My heart, Miss|Minnie! Now look here; I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay, be my little wife!"
So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programme, married the dark haired clerk in Ellison's Express Office. They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire

cage, under the circlet of gas light.

Evans! "Yes sir."
Frank, with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray headed official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?"

, sir—I remember her." A tail silver haired gentleman here Interposed with eager quickness:
"Where is she? I am her uncle
Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris when the news of her arrival reached me! I want her; she is the only living relative left me!"

"Ah! but sir," said Frank, "you can't have her." "Can't have her? what do you

mean?"
" Has anything happened?" "Yes, sir, something has happened; Miss Harlan was married to me this

walter Harrington started.
"Take me to her," he said hoarsely.
"I can't be parted from my only relative for such a mere whim."
"I wonder if he calls the marriage corner of an express office, under the flare of gaslights, surrounded by boxes, and wondering whether the people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tunnit. Her dress was plain—gray poplin, with a shabby old-fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ributtle straw bonnet tied with large ributtle straw bonnet tied with black ributtle straw bonnet tied with large ributtle straw bonnet tied with black ributtle straw black ributtle straw bonnet tied with black ributtle straw bonnet tied with black ributtle straw black ributtle straw black ributtle straw black ributtle straw black ributtle nthe straw bonnet fied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her article of baggage, the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very tired. her husband's arm.

Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I

cannot leave my husband, uncle Walter

—I love him!" -I love him!"
"Then you must both of you come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly. "And you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a Frank Evans is no longer an express clerk, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite vet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his too children are the sunshine of his declining life.

A Strange Story.

Ten years ago I was elected Sheriff of county, Illinois. This was my first election, and I have been returned several times since. My first attempt to pen court was made during an impor open court was made turning a support tanttrial. The criminal was a deprayed, desperate wretch, who had been indicted ior an atrocious and brutal murder The fellow was greatly hardened and seemed to care but little how the trial went; the cyldence was strong against Some three-quarters of an hour anerwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's die with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr."

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr."

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr." wilty without leaving their seats.
The execution was fixed for a day two weeks after the trial. Of course it was a distasteful daty, I assure you; for though I knew full well the man de-served his fate, I did not relish the idea of hanging him. I got through with it, and set him to dancing in the air. He struggled but little. I thought he had an easy death. After hanging the usual time he was cut down, and his body given to his triends for interment. I thought I had seen the last of the man, as the wagon containing the body drove but of the jail-yard—but I was greatly

mistaken. About four months after the execu-tion, I happened to be passing my barn, when I saw a man sitting in the doorway with his head resting on his hands. I did not like his looks, so I approached him, and asked him what he wanted He raised his head and looked there. at me in silence. I am not given to su-perstition, and I don't think I'm very timid; but I felt my blood grow ice cold as I recognized the man before me as the same man whose execution I had conducted. His face showed no trace of his violent end; and the only indi of his violent end; and the only fluctuation of it, now visible, was a slight disfigurement of the neck. I scarcely knew what to say or think, for I had seen him hung and pronounced dead, and had delivered his body to his friends for burial; and yet after a lapse of four months, there he sat looking at me with a face as white as a sheet. The terror which was exhibited in his counenance convinced me that he was no olness as I could command: "Jack Larkings, do you know me?"
"You're the man that hung me," he replied doggedly, at the same time mov-

g away.
"Before you go, Larkings," said I,
I would like to know how you cheated ne gallows."
"You won't peach on any of them will you?" he

olks that helped me, will you?" he red. "No. I replied. "I will not get any of them into any trouble; I simply wish to know how you were resuscitated."

He hesitated for some time, but upon a renewal of my assurances that none of his friends should be molested, he told me the following story: "When I put the rope around his neck, and left him on the gallows, he felt a faintness about the heart, cause by realizing his fearful situation for the lirst time; but before he had time to think, the trap was sprung, and he fell through the opening. His thoughts were remarkably clear, and he seemed to have the power of seeing far above, below, and all around him. Everything assumed a bright vermillion hue, and a soft, dreamy languor stole over him until he became insensible. There was nothing painful or unpleasant in anything he had undergone. He seemed o be sinking into a delicious sleep, and all his thoughts were pleasant. The next he remembered was being wrong by the most agonizing torture. The pains were not confined to any particu-lar place, but extended through the whole body. His first thought was that

he was in perdition, and was suffering the penalty of his crimes. The pains increased each moment, and at last became so intense that he started to his feet with a scream of anguish, at the same time opening his eyes. Great was his surprise to find himself in his father's nouse: in the midst of his friends and relatives. He fainted at once, and when he recovered found himself in his own ed. As soon as it was thought safe to his friends informed him that ipon bringing his body home, they had letermined to resuscitate, him although

hey feared it would be useless. The orked faithfully and at last succeeded "Butsir." said the man in conclusion coming to life again was much worse The man promised to leave the State and try to do better. I had but little confidence in him, yet I let him go. He cept his word, however, and a short time ago I heard he was a well-to-do

farmer in one of the territories.

This is the manner in which I got my deas about hanging, and I think you will admit their force

The East Baltimore Union League, Fri day night, adopted a series of resolutions advocating the adoption of the Constitution. al Amendment, and pledging themselves to support the principle of universal suf-

A Western paper contains a formal notice

Taking a Whale. BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Early one morning while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm whales I was dozing on the maintop-gallanteross-trees. Suddenly something seemed to go right through my brain. I woke to discover that it was the wild voice of Zadik, the Captain's harpooner, a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanaka, half English. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shricking with all the force

of his lungs:
"There blows!—there blow-ow-s!—
there—there—there—blows!"
"Where away!" thundered old Capt.
Boom, glancing aloft.
"On the weather-bow, four miles, off, heading to leaward!" answer sent an electric thrill through every vein: the old ship lurched as if she felt it too. Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two ratlines at a time. When on the cross-

trees he just gave one squint with his telescope; then his voice rung through the ship like a great saw going through Back the main-vard—clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and races. The ship came up slowly, and Bloom went down like lightning by means of a back-stay.

Zadik, following him, sprung like a

leer into the starboard boat. "Lower away!" growled the Captain.
Buz-z-z! buz! buz z-z z! sounded the alls, and swash! went the four boats. almost simultaneously, into the water.
The merry dogs bundled into them, and away they flew, the Captain's taking

the lead.
"Snap your oars, ye griffins! Make
the fire fly, my bull-dogs! Long and
strong's the word! Break your backs
every mother's son of ye!" gritted the
old fellow through his teeth. In a similar manner the other officers ncouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.
"None of your dare-devil pranks, Tom, if you get alongside a whale!" said the skipper to his son—a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the after-thwart in the first mate's hou! first mate's boat.
Tom—the ship's favorite—smiled and shook his curly head. At the same mo-ment the water broke into a whirlpool

a few fathoms, astern.
There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew, for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak and in much pain, moving slowly and now and then reeling sideways with a sudden plunge. It swam in a circle as if be-wildered, and the noise of its spouting somehow reminded me of the wailing "Paddle ahead!" was the order, for

every man believed that the mother of the calf—the cow whale—was not far The first mate was soon within dart ng distance.
"Give it to him!" he shricked, and whiz, whiz! went the harpooner's irons, one after the other, into the animal's body. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then, breeching, it came down, writhing and whirling its fulkes in great agony, after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; it soon rose oout fifty yards ahead. n the boat's bow, lance in hand.

As he spoke the water on one side o

the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous levi-athan—the cow whale—boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with er flukes and spouting thunder.
Round and round her offspring she wam, but soon paused, as if half para yzed with astonishment and grief a the situation of the sufferer. A momen she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning, as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim so, but was too badiy crippled to swill it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-

ed spout no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

Now the behavior of its mother wa oitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young one was really dead. Roundit she slowly swam, pouting with a noise something spouting with a noise sometiming of tween a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half crazy, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring.

Meanwhile her enemics were rapidly out stealthily advancing. Soon the Captain who was foremost, was near

enough to dart. "Lether haveit!" he growled. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed its great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not foll

Zadik lowered the point of his weopor Zank lowered the point of his well eyes softened.

"That whale's just like a human mother, Captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"
"Dog!" hissed Boom, "whatails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!" As he spoke a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat. Wrathful and wild for revenge, she breeched, the whole length of her enormous body, out of water; then falling back with the din of a hundred thunder-bolts, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaw

sea!
"Starn! starn!" gritted old Boon and every man of his crew except Zadik turned pale. The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flush of fight was now on his cheek, and there was fire in his

on his circles, and there was wrinkled; the eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight black hair bristled like spear points. He motioned to the Captain to keep off a little, and, being obeyed, sent both irons whizzing into the side of the monster's hump! Maddened with pain, fiercer thau ever, the whale made a swift dash toward the boat, which she must have grappled had not the Captain, by adextrous movement, whirled the light ves-sel to one side. Thus baffled, the monsterdove, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat, swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the logger-

head, and the crew cheering like

who were pulling after them. Zadik and the Captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. The whale came up a quarter of an hour later, and "Haul line!" was the order. When within darting distance the skipper sent his long weapon quivering into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came booming towards us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by

demons in answer to the cheers of those

"Starn! starn!" from the "old lion." and every time he spoke he was either darting his lance into the whale or pulling it back. Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly its great head, bursting from the white foam cloud, we saw the bristling jaw within six inche

Had the nerves of Zadik failed him the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the halfpreed rang like the clang of a hammer as with ready steering-oar he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monthe boar's boardsdoe toward the mon-ster, and then gave the order to "stern!" Snap! went the monster's closing jaw, just missing the boat's bow; and whiz-z-z-! went the old lion's lance again into her body alongside the

us, our shipmates arrived to take part n the combat.
The long limbed first mate, who had left the calf to be towed by an extra boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the Capbattled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of

are!" "Starn! starn!" "Pull ahead!" "Hoo, hoo! take that, old queen!" "Mind yourself at that oar!" "Now then, Mr. Spooner—there's a "good sight!" "Whang! whang! whang! three lances into her that time!" "Hooray! hooray!" etc., etc., were heard on all sides, while so thick was the spray that no man could see his the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly. Vigorously pressed—with lance after lance piercing her body—her jaws and flukes avoided by the vigilant harpooners—the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up to the approved a light red foun-Well, I didrun, and we got ropes from the tents, and a few strong fellows held these as I swung over the cliff, just reaching poor Joe as the cold water was lap, lap, lapping up to his mouth, taking away his breath, and then running

into the spray-cloud a light red founthe lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in her writhing body, from which the spout rose darker and lower every moment.
Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark

blood-spout now ascending scarcely six The Captain and his third and second officers churned her with their lances, when, turning over, fin out, and half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired! The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up; in fact, the Captain had been too busy to notice which vessel was stoven. Now as the roor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son! The sad story was soon told; poor little Tom was far down under the sea, whither his frame, crushed by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by

head. He did not lift it until we were alongside theship. While we were cut-ting in the whale we looked in vain for "He is down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man

again!" "Ay, ay," said Zadik, gloomily. "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed her offspring, and she killed the Captain's son!"

A Story of Two Kisses. I am an old man : so old am I that looking back, life seems very long, and yet so short that I do not know whether yet so short that I do not know whether many things did not happen in a dream I am hale and hearty, and merry, for the matter of that; and when I laugh, my laugh rings out clearly and loud, they say; so much so that it makes the people around, especially my grand-children, and nephews, and nieces laugh too. And when I laugh, the old times come back when others, who are now silent, laughed with me, and then I am suddenly still, and the laugh dies away; and when I think of it, its empty echoes fill my brain just as if it were sleep-laughter in a dream. sleep-laughter in a dream.
When I stop laughing so suddenly—
for the merriment and enjoyment, and,
for the matter of that, the grief and pain

of old men are short and sudden. like those of children—my grand-children, and nephews, and nieces, have a great difficulty to stop too; and they choke, and nudge each other, and say, "Ah! that is a good story, uncle, almost as that is a good story, uncle, almost as good as the story you told us yesterday."
Told yesterday; let me see what it was that I told yesterday. How long ago it seems; it must be longer ago than the time I was twenty years old, a stalwart, brave fellow in yellow breeches, black leggings, a heavy brass-bound helmet, with a white plume tipped with red, with a clanking sword which I now could not lift with my two hands.

was a royal volunteer then, prepared o resist the French, and I and some of my companions were encamped in white tents on the east Kent. Yes; people think me very merry. And so bless heaven! I am; for I try And so bless heaven! I am; for I try to stand upright, four squares to the world, as a man should; but, being an old man, I have blank places in my least now where volumes are selected. heart now, where no love grows; barren spots in my memory, and chill and numbed parts in my feelings, whereto I cannot look back, and whereon I dare not trend and touch lest sudden pain should come back, like to the shooting of an old, old wound.

Been in love? Yes, I should think I

Been in love? Yes, I should think I have; how else could I have grand-children, those people who laugh so hearty when I laugh, and make me say how old I am a score of times, and say how well I am looking.

Been in love? I think I was talking of that, was I not? Yes, been in love! Well, we just did love when I was a young fellow, and I recollect her as I loved her when she was very young, and as I love her now. I think that she could do anything but drink and smoke, or tell an untruth, or doa wrong action. Her face was a s her hair a very dark Her face was a sweet oval face her hair a very dark brown, nearly black; and her eyes a deep blue, full o story or was touched with pain for any

merriment at one moment, aye, at all moments, except when she heard a sad one else, and then they grew deeper and deeper as they filled with tears. Not for herself. She never cried for herself that I know of, for she never had a day's iliness. But she was terribly cut up when her poor brother died, and that you see was how I knew her. Her that you see was how I knew her. Her brother was my right hand man in my company. Many's the time that he stood shoulder to me, good at drill, good at song, good at anything. He used to live near the coast; and, indeed, he joined us, and I was one of his tentfellows, and his chum.

Well, he knew people that I knew

and we were soon friends; and he took me home to show me Alice. He was always talking about her, and she about him; and, when he was there, scarce a look did she give me. Her brother— his name was Joe, and mine too—could do everything, and was the be-all and end-all of the world, I used to think, and so one day I tried to run with Joe, and Joe beat me, and Alice laughed; and then I shot against Joe, and he beat me too, and she laughed the more, and I wrestled with him and threw him; and she didn't laugh then, but ran to see whether he was hurt, and said it wasn't fair for Joe to tackle a big fellow like me, although he was nigh an inch

taller. In short, I could not please he anyhow.
Well, it was one day when we heard that the flat-bottomed boats of old Boney were not coming over, and that the army of Boulogne had melted bit by bit away like a snow drift, that we made a night of it. Ay, it was a night, too! and being hot and in the summer time, we must keep up the fun till the sun came up over the seacoast, looking red and angry at our folly. Well, Joe and I—the two Joes, as they called us-ran down on the beach and washed our hot faces, and plunged in the fresh, salt waves, and were in a few moments as fresh and merry as larks. And, after dressing, Joe must needs take a walk with me who was loth, you must know—along the edge of the cliff. The seas for centuries have been washing that chalk-bound coast, and at intervals there stand up pillars of chalk, with seas around up pillars of chalk, with seas around them. The people call such a place "No Man's Land," and no man can own it, truly. Well, Joe came to one of these, within a few feet—say twelve—from the cliff, and turning to me, said from the cliff, and turning to me, said "Joe Junior," said he—I think I see his bright face now—"I challenge you to jump on 'No Man's Land,' I do." "Joe," said I, hurriedly, "don't be a fool! It may be it would give way at the top, and, if it did not, how could you jump back without a run? You'd be stuck on top there like a mad sentinel or a pillar saint. I'm not going to

nel or a pillar saint. I'm not going t jump it."
"But I am," said he. And before I could stop him, if indeed I had tried, nump! | could stop him, if indeed I Now, as she dashed furiously toward | he took a run and jumped.

It was so sudden that I could only stand aghast when I saw him there. He stood, indeed, but for a moment, Lake Austrice, the skating pond of Whitestown, was a perfect flower gar-den; scarlet, and purple, and amber and divinest shades of azure flirting and then he took a back step, and would have jumped back, when I heard a rumbling sound, and half the top of the

"No Man's Land" parted and the chalk and earth, and Joe, too, fell down battled desperately of the men, the crashing of the whale's fluke's, mingling with such wild cries as "Lay me on!" "Keep off a little!" "Now then—steady as you are!" "Starn! starn! starn! starn! at a little!" "Joe! Are you hurt, Joe!" A feint voice came up, and I coulded a hug.

the poor fellow struggling under a huge piece of chalk, which seemed to hold plece of chalk, which seemed to not him down in agony. He smiled in a ghastly way with his whitened tace, and said, "Run, Joe, run! the tide's coming Well. I did run, and we got ropes from

back, crawling over him and leaving bubbles of salt foam, as if in sport. I got him out, but he could not stand. Some bones were broken and he was badly brulsed, so that I was forced to tie him to a rope, and they hauled him up, and afterwards pulled me up, and we took him home. Well, well! to make a long story short, poor Joe died, with my praises on his lips, and Alice bowed her head like a broken lilly. It was a long time be-fore she got over it, and summer had grown into winter, and winter to sum-mer, to autumn, and to winter again. The threatened invusion was all over; our swords were getting rusty, our uni-forms dirty, and when the holidays came I left the firm in which I had just become a partner, and went to spend a fortnight at my old friend's in Kent.
Alice was there, well and cheerful now, and reconciled to her loss, though we often talked of poor Joe, and as the days wore on we grew close together, and she called me by my name and seemed to have transferred her brother's love to me. She never told me so nor let others see it till one merry Christmas

night, when she rejected all her cousins and her friends and would only dance and her friends and would only dance with me.

We had the misletoe, too. At last one mad cap fellow proposed that the ladies should kiss the gentlemen all around when and how they could; and Alice should play, too; and she, in a solemn, quiet way, smiling sadly and yet sweetly, too, took me beneath the Christmas ough and kissed me on the lips.

And, its many years ago, but I feel it
ow. My heart beat so fast that I

hardly dared return it; but I put my arm around her and took her gently to the bay window of the old hall, saying, as I pressed her hand, "Alice, dear Alice, did you mean that kiss?"

Well, I need not tell you whatshe an arwared. "I'll affly years ago fifty years. swered. 'Tis fifty years ago, fifty years ago! and I am surrounded by Alice's grand-children, and there is one, a little thing with light and golden hair that will deepen into brown, who plays around my knees and tells me her little stories, her sorrows and her joys; so guick, so hurried in their coming and quick, so hurried in their coming and their going that they are like my own, and, as we talk, we grow quite friends and companions, as my Alice was to me. Bless you, she understands it all! She is a woman in her pretty ways; her

poutings, pettings, and quarrelings. She manages her household of one wax doll and two wooden ones, and tells me, for the wax doll is the lady and the two wooden ones are the servants in the mob-caps and stuff gowns, when they gosslp with a wooden policeman, who ners to her brother little Ice. play with the pink and shiny-faced lit-

with red stockings; but she came and sat by me and talked softly in the fireof fifty years ago. And only think how old times came back and new times like the old; only just think that when her mother told her she should choose a sweetheart she got a little bit of mistletos and climbing slyly on my knee, and hold-ing me in talk as if to hide her purpose -though I guessed it soon. I'll tell vou —she put her doll-like arm around my neck, and holding the mistletoe above my head, she kissed me again and again, and said I was her sweetheart. So this child sweetheart brought the

old times back-the old times that are still so distant and so near-and the sweet kiss 'neath the rustling leaves made me think of my dead Alice in the grave.

Foreign Gossip—An Affectionate Wife and a Dutiful Husband. A London correspondent of a Nev York paper gives the following:

It is not often that I have any scan dal for you, but here is a bit about a certain Mrs. N—, whom you may see daily driving through the streets at a furious pace, with her meek-eyed hus band at her side, his face bearing the impress of fear in every feature. He would remind you of Mr.— Somebody's picture of despair, if the ludicrous was not blended quite so strongly with affright. Mrs. N., however, is a with affright. Mrs. N., however, is a stunner—a little bit manny, but a magnificent creature, and drives her phæton well, though she does hold the reins a little too tightly, perhaps. Imagine, then, if you can, her indignation when

she heard for the first time that Mr. N. had accepted an invitation to sup at Brown's, a jolly fellow of his bachelor days.
"Only ourselves you know," and Jones and Robinsons," said Brown, and Mr. N --- accepted, not without miswould have to encounter when he communicated his rash promise to Mrs. N As fact would have it, his wife looked awfully splendid and flerce that night. love and fear, his tongue re-Between love and lear, his tongue re-fused to speak the words. He would wait till next morning—there was no hurry. In a word, he did not tell her at all, and it was by the merest chance, of course, that she heard of it. And so, sir, I hear that roing to supper with that horrible man.

ong w supper with the control of the first factor of the factor of the first factor of To accept the invitation, of course,

my dear."

"Then, of course, you expect me to accompany you?"

"To a tachelor's supper party, my dear? Impossible."
"Then you don't go, that is all, my dear. N—— resolved he would be master this time, and in silence made his plans. The day came. No more had been said on either side—nothing rela-

tive to the subject was said now. Yet I am reluctantly compelled to record the fact that Mr. Brown and his friends were disappointed of their friend N——'s company that night. ---wouldn't let him come," said one.
"I only saw him this morning," said Brown, "and he promised to be here."
"What a lark, if we called on him."
"Let us say all."
And they did so.

And they did so.

A thundering knock; N—'s street door was opened to Brown, Jones and Robinson, and they were shown into the diffing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. N—sat immovable in their chairsfast asieep.

They had administered a strong opiate to each other unaware—the wife to keep the husband at home, the husband to

wiet the wife

A divorce is pending. The Virginia Legislature has re-elected Wm. F. Taylor, auditor of public accounts; John M. Herndon, Secretary of the Commonwealth; John S. Calvert, Treasurer, and J. F. Pendleton, Superintendent of the Panticular.

Broad street, in Philadelphia, is destine to be the finest street in any American city. It has been extended from Nicetown Lane to Fisher's Lane. It is now ten miles long, with a width of one hundred and thirteen water was ankle deep, and it was frightfully evident that the lake was breaking

and divinest shades of azure flirting about hither and thither, shading curls of fax and brightest ebony. Slivery laughs rang out high above the sharp click of skater's steel, and soft eyes grew tenderly lustrous beneath the fire of others held all too dangerously near. instant, he made for the shore.

others held all too daugerously near.
Remington Ashe looked on with admiration in his dark, bright eyes.
Suddenly a little figure shot out from the shore, and sped down the lake like an arrow. Now keeping close to the wooded shore, then gliding like a sunbeam through the very midst of the skaters. The scarlet feather in her cap floatest back behind her mingled with er. A moment more and he should floated back behind her, mingled with the black hair, which escaping from her net, tumbled into masses of glittering Ashe touched the arm of a gentleman

near him.
"Who is she, Churchill?" Verne Churchill's dark cheek showed touch of crimson, "Which one?" "As if there was more than one

She with the scarlet feather and velvet sacque. The queen of them all." "Oh: that's Asia Vance. "Asia! What a name! How came she by it. "A conceit of her father's, I have been told."
"Humph! An odd fancy! Do you

know her? "Yes."
"Introduce me, please; I cannot return to Boston without hearing her voice. It ought to be sweet as silver bells to accord with her face and figure. "I see no opportunity, at present, to gratify your desire," said Churchill, rather coldly.
"We will seek the opportunity. Buckle on your skates. We will over-

ringlets on her shoulders.

That is easier said than done. Miss Vance is a swift skater."
"At least there is no harm in trying,"
Ashe said, and presently the two gen-tlemen set forth in pursuit of her. Both skated well-Ashe a little more sprightly perhaps; but Churchill his superior in endurance.

Asia saw them coming, and divined their motive. It pleased her to allow them to overtake her.

Her brilliant eyes softened slightly, as they met the expression in Churchill's, and a little conscious rose-color flushed her cheek. He touched lightly the dainty hand in its soft-furred gauntlet. uperior in endurance. gauntlet.
"This is Mr. Ashe, of Boston, Miss Vance. She acknowledged the introduction

with a gay courtesy. Ashe was fully a match for her in small talk, and the acquaintance progressed rapidly.
The two so lately strangers whirled off together, leaving Churchill to return or to follow them at leisure. He hesitated a moment, and then joined Maud Eastford.

Maud was unusually brilliant that day. The keen air had colored her pale cheeks scarlet, and her blue eyes flushed like sapphires. Maud and Asia were rival beauties. Maud's skates had be-come loosened. She seated herself on a fallen log, while Churchill arranged

by. Churchill saw the bright flush on Asia's face, and caught something of

grey eyes.

And he, who had loved with his whole soul Asia Vance for three years, had never been abla to win from hera smile ilf up tander on that which now wreathed her face for this stranger Churchill's thoughts were bitter haps his countenance expressed something of what was passing within. Maud bent towards him, one curl of Maud bent towards him, one curl of perfumedgold touched his cheek. What sweet voice she had. "What troubles you, Mr. Churchill?"
For a moment the man was tempted.

near his own that he could have touched the scarlet lip with his. Maud loved him, and Asia was a cold-hearted coquette.

He took the hand Maud laid on his shoulder, and half encircled her waist with his arm, but his native truth conquered. Because one woman flirted he would not be false himself. So he

He looked up into her beautiful face, so

answered Maud quietly:
"Thank you. Nothing troubles me. "Thank you. Nothing troubles me. Shall we join the company?" And piqued and disappointed, Maud reluctiantly assented.

Asia, little coquette that she was could not be unmindful of the attractions of Mr. Ashe. His blonde face with its golden, brown beard and hair, would have won the heart of almost any

young lady. Asia liked the courteous deference of his manner, and she was not averse to reading the admiration expressed in his eyes; besides, the marked attention made the other belles spiteful towards her, and Asia liked that. She did not care how hard the girls felt against her; she knew her bright eye would set all right with the

other sex.

Ashe walked home with Asia, and obtained permission to call.

He went there frequently.
His stay in Whitestown was prolonged from three days to a week, and to a fortnight. His business had taken were time then he thought he said by more time than he thought, he said, b way of excuse. But he could stay no longer. His partner was becoming im-patient at his delay, and had peremp-

torily recalled him.

The last day of his stay he went down to the lake. It was the first of April but the ice had not yet broken up.

The old people said it was unsafe to venture on it, but old folks are prone o croak, and the young people gave ittle heed to them.

There was quite a crowd on the ice, heir destruction during the winter, which we have reason to believe is done and among them Asia Vance.

Asia had never been gayer. She glided up to the gentlemen mentioned, and challenged them to a race.

Ashe's eyes glittered meaningly.
"What shall be the stakes we contend for, Miss Vance?" "Whatever you please, 'she answered quite saucily.

'Very well. I accept the condition. It shall be yourself, if you please.
She blushed, but was too high spirited She blushed, out too retract.
"So be it. But you must catch me fairly. I claim that."
"Right. We are both gentlemen, I think," bowing to Churchill, who stood

think," bowing to Churchill, who stood a little apart.
"Allons," she said gaily; but in spite of her light tone, there was a sober fright in her eye seldom seen there. She could see that by the way they looked at each other.

What if Ashe won? and, again, what if Churchill won? She dared not think

if Churchill won? She dared not think lest they should recede.

They started off fairly—all together. Asia went straight up the lake toward the head waters. The gentlemen followed her. None of the party as yet exerted_themselves. They glided on easily, saving their strength for the final contest. Swifter and swifter flew the slight figure of the girl, the distance between her and her followers materially lengthened, and now the race began lengthened, and now the race began

earnest.

People called out that it was danger reopie canted out that it was danger ous to go so near the mouth of the Rocky River, the principal tributary of Lake Austrice; but they did not heed the warning. They were too much excited to think of peril. to think of peril.

On went Asia, the scarlet feather streaming out behind her like a war flag and her silvery voice of defiance now and then floating back to them.

The color and texture of the ice

different here. It was dark, and they could see the water gliding beneath. Still they would not hesitate to follow where she dared to lead them.

Ashe's handsome face gleamed and his eyessparkled as he sped on; the ice bending beneath his weight, and the water bubbling through the air holes with a hoarse sound.

He knew how insecure was his foot ing, he knew the risk he ran; but Asia a little before him was beckoning him NUMBER 51.

Good God!" he cried, "all is lost!" To go on was death. He was not ready to sacrifice himself for the des-perate chance of outskating Asia Vance. He turned quickly, and like lightning glided back to where the ice was yet intact. Gathering his strength for an

Churchill's eagle eye took in the scene at a glance. His breath came quick, and his heart beat like billows of the sea. And his great strength served him.
Over the yielding ice he glided on,
gaining perceptibly on the scarlet feath-Suddenly she stopped, transfixed with horror; at last she realized the deadly peril of her position. Churchill strained every nerve, never for a second losing sight of the grace-ful figure standingso frigidly erect amid the roar and tumult all around. Another instant—it seemed hours to

him—and he had thrown his arm around ner.
"I have won you," cried he hoarsely She was white as death, and her stiff fingers clung to his arm with the grip

"O, Verne, we are lost," she cried.
"We must trust to the water. See i Even as he spoke his feet were swept from under him; the whole mass of ice heaved and groaned; and then the large cakes drifted tumultuously around. Churchill was a strong swimmer, and battled bravely for the victory. Sometimes it seemed as if he must go down times it seemed as it he must go down; but his will was like iron, and his strength indomitable.

He fought his way through the mas-sive cakes of ice, torn and bleeding, but

never despairing.

At last he caught the pliant branch o a willow which swept far out over the water, and by its aid drew himself and his burden to the shore.

Asia looked into his face with wide open eyes, and a glow of crimson stealing over the ghastly whiteness of her

ing over the ghastly whiteness of her countenance.
"Have I won fairly, Asia?"
"Yes; you have won," she said, averting her eyes.
"I do not hold you to it unless you will it. Are you mine freely?"
"And what then?" she asked softly. "Asia!" their eyes met.
She flung her arms around his neck and put her face up to his.
"I give myself to you, oh, so free
Verne did you not know that I have

oved you so always ?' Mr. Ashe returned to Boston the nex day, without calling to bid Asia good She did not think of the omission until Mr. Churchill asked her opinion of Boston breeding.

She answered him saucily:

"I am quite satisfied with White town manners sir."

Seasonable Hints to Farmers and Gard-The time is now upon us when we must prepare for winter. Not a day should be lost. Many plants, we find, that are supposed can be protected only in the green-house, will stand the winter if carefully laid down and covered with two or three inches of earth. All such plants as the hydrangers so protected will come out in the spring etter than if kept under glass.

the unusually severe temperature of last winter did not affect ours in the least. So with what are called half-hardy roses; they will keep in the most perfect order. The strawing up of roses, which we see in so many places, is the very worst thing that can be done with them. If the winter is moist they are almost certain to be smothered, any circumstances are never benefitted. Small criptomaria laponicas should

have a thick twinerun round the branches and loosely drawn together, and then

strawed on the sunside only, leaving them open to the north. So with Irish them open to the north. So with Irish yews. If roses which are strawed were allowed an unobstructed northern expo sure, they would stand the winter.

If straw is loosely thrown over maho lies, and secured against being blown away by the wind, they will come out in perfect order. Mahonies growing too large may be pruned as much as de-Raspberry canes should be pruned for next year's growth and laid down in the row and covered with a couple of inches of earth so as to secure them in their places. It will benefit all rasp-berries to lay them down through the winter. Fig trees must be taken up bodily and laid in a trench and buried. Three inches of earth over all plants

poles laid over the straw to keep it is its place. Thus treated, this best of al greens will give the earliest of all green regetables in the spring.

A parsley-bed surrounded with fou oards, from eight to twelve inches high, with a board top or a sash, which should be covered in very cold weather, will afford a supply all through, the winter. If the top is of boards it should removed occasionally for light and

are better than any greater quantity.

Spinach sown in the fall should be slightly covered with straw, and bean-

Salsify, like carrots, is better to r main in the ground, and use as may b Strawberry beds should have a ligh covering of stable manure; but wher the ground is low and moist a slight covering of straw is better, or they will Chrysanthemums should be taken up as soon as the frost interferes with their blooms, and placed in sand in a cellar or pit. Much complaint is made of

given to them does not seem to be of any use. Gladiolus bulbs should be taken up and buried in sand. The mice are particularly fond of feeding upon them in winter, and many of them will not stand a severe temperature.

If these homely directions are follow ed, they will accomplish pretty much all the good mentioned.—Germantown Telegraph.

y mice, as all the protection that car

What a Spider Eats per Diem. In order to test what aspider could do

In order to test what aspider could do
in the way of eating, we arose about
daybreak one morning to supply his fine
web with a fly. At first, however, the
spider did not come from his retreat, so
we peeped among the leaves and there
discovered that an earwig had been aught and was now being feasted on The spider left the earwig, rolled up the ly, and at once returned to his "first irse." This was at half past five A. M., in September. At seven A. M. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting awhile, and proba-bly enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at nine A. M. A little after nine we supplied him M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At one o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and then immedi was greedily serzed, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly.

During the day and towards the evening, a great many small green flies, or

what are properly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty, all dead and fast prisoners at dead and fast prisoners in the spider's nest. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indiges-tion or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in roll-ing up together, the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of an hour was followed by the most industrious web followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the

same way. on.
He made the attempt to advance; but A gunboat with Surratt is expected to arthe ice cracked beneath his feet; the rive in about four weeks.

Miscellancous.

. 1.60

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LEGAL AND OTH B NOTICES—

Philadelphia's Early Masonic History. In 1733, at the Tun tavern, then a fashionable hotel, on the east side of Water street, between Walnut and Chestnut, a Grand Lodge of Masons was held, as we learn from the gazettes of the time.

In 1734, Franklin was G. M. of Pennsylvania, and in the same year reprinted the 1723 edition of "Anderson's Constitutions," since reprinted at the "Masonic Mirror and Keystone Office," in

sonio Mirror and Keystone Office," in this city.
In 1735, the Grand Lodge changed its meeting from the Tun tavern to the Indian King, corner of Biddle's alley, in Market street, below Third.
In 1749, B. Franklin was appointed Prov. Grand Master for Pennsylvania. A Grand Lodge was held on September 5, 1749, at the Royal Standard, on Mar-ket street, near Second. ket street, near Becond. In 1750, Wm. Allen, Recorder of the city, was appointed Proy. Grand Master, and he appointed Ben. Franklin Deputy G. M. The record states, "as far as the minutes of the modern G. L. go, Dr. Franklin was inever absent from a meeting."

meeting."
Soon after this the craft built a hall Soon after this the craft built a name for their use on the site of the old Bank of Pennsylvania, on Second, near Walnut. The building, of brick, was finished about 1754, and inaugurated with much ceremony. Lodge alley, now called Gold street, took its name from this building.
In 1758, Lodge No. 2, of Philadelphia,

was constituted.
In 1764 (or as another record says 1761) a patent for a G. L. was issued by the G. L. of Ancient Masons in London, and was "No. 1 in Pennsylvania, and No. 89 in England." The prior patents to Pennsylvania vere from the G. L. of so-called modern During the British occupation of the

In 1779 the G. L. was reorganized. In 1776 the G. L. of Pennsylvania separated from the authority of the G.

L. of England. Booth and the Lord's Prayer. In the palmy days of Booth (the father of Edwin Booth, now performing at the Brooklyn Theatre), the great tragedian, together with several friends, was invited to dine by a peason who was opposed to theatres and theatre-goings -and yet who had curiosity enough to wish to see something of the lion of the day. During the evening, some one day. During the evening, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, to read the Lord's prayer. He expressed his willingness to afford the company this gratification, and all eyes turned expectantly towards him. Slowly and reverently he arose. All were astonished at the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. His face became deathly pale, and his eyes tremblingly turned upwards were wet with tears. The silence could were wet with tears. The slience could almost be felt; it became absolutely painful before his rich-toned voice from the death-hued lips indescribably sylla-bled forth, "Our father who art in heaven, etc." Every heart was thrilled with the pathos and solemnity of the occasion. After he had finished the slience continued, until a subdued sob from a remote corner of the room broke with streaming eyes and selzing Booth by the hand said: "Sir, you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayor, but I have never heard it before, mever." Booth replied: "To read that prayer as it should be read, has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten

thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed, in a space so small and in words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity.' So great an effect had been produced by the reading, that after a few minutes of subdued conversation, the company broke up and retired, for the time at leas

with full hearts. A Wonderful Land With Stone Trees Six Hundred Feet Long.

In the Eastern Slope newspaper we find a report of many of the curiosities and great riches of the Black Rock country, in the Northwestern portion of California. The reports of the singular features of that section are of many years standing, but are so marvelous that they have saidom obtained crethat they have seldom obtained cre-dence. Among the wonderful stories we have heard is one that there is a petrified tree there seven hundred feet in length! The present report in part confirms previous statements, and establishes the fact, that Black Rock i one of the wonders of the Pacific coast like the Yosemite, the big trees, the Gey sers, &c. Besides the curiosities there appears to be an abundance of silver a Black Rock, but the ore is said to be o an unusual variety and very difficult to work; but it has been worked with very good results at the mills at Washoe. The quantity of ore is so great that it is said it will justify the erection of a thou-sand mills. A gentleman who has visited the section has exhibited to the editor of the Eastern Slope very many curiosities peculiar to the country, strange petrifactions from the ravines, curious water-worn pebbles from the mountain tops; knives, arrow-heads and daggers manufactured by Indian and daggers manufactured by Indian skill from solid flint, a superior quality apparently of ore-block tin, said to contain six hundred dollars in silver to the ton, pebble tin, with its curious fracture, that admits no change in form, and a thousand strange and new things. The aditor says:

editor says:

He also tells us of many strange things that he saw but could not bring with him, and many stranger things he heard but did not see. Among the latter list of wonders is a great basin that contains a patrified forcet apparently forter. tains a petrified forest, apparently floated there, many vast trees of solid stone, ranging from six to fifteen feet in diameter. Doubtful as this tale may apdiameter. Doubtful as this tale may appear, shall we dare to dispute its correctness when we know this strange country has a boiling spring of fresh water lifteen feet in diameter, that cannot be sounded, from which no drop of water ever runs; that in the same vicinity there is a flowing stream of cold and apparently good water, the drinking of which induces venereal disease; and that any water found by digging is and that any water found by digging i dollar deposited in the soil is eaten up by the salt, and after thirty days no

vestige can be found!" An Actress in a Good Role.

An Actress in a Good Role.

A San Francisco paper says that Miss
Alice Kingsbury, the actress, went to
the Baptist Church in that city, recently, and volunteered to teach a class in
Sunday School. The offer was accepted,
and the superintendent complimented the lady on the manner in which she performed the duties. He, however, when lecturing to the children on their when lecturing to the children on their duties, warned them to shun the theatre, for it was a "lighthouse of hell, and all actors and actresses were emissaries of the devil." Miss Kingsbury got up the devil." Miss Kingsbury got up and stated that she was an a member of the church, and in a short speech defended the profession in a manner that placed hors du co man who had opened the war.

A prize fight took place on Sunday morning, in a hall in New York, between Patsey Evans and Luke Murphy, for \$100 a side. After fighting twenty-four rounds, and both men being severely punished, a paniotook place at the approach of policemen, and the fight was declared a draw.

and the fight was declared a draw.

The death of a remarkable rabbi of the Jowish Church of Germany is announced.

M. Frank was a native of Wilna, born in the year 1758, so that he had attained his one hundred and eighth year. At that advanced period of life he was without any of the infirmities of old age; his hearing was perfect, he read without spectacles, and took long walks up to the last week of his life,