

The Singing in God's Acre.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies;
Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are bended low,
As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow:
"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth his sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angel's singing to the sleepers through the night;
And, lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender slumber song:
"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep!
He that guardeth His flock the best
Hath folded them to His loving breast;
So, sleep ye, now, and take your rest—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;
So, through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigil glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby!

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

HE LACKED COURAGE.

BY EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

Erastus Robinson, M. D., had decided to commit suicide. He had reached this determination with considerable reluctance. Being a man of great mental and physical powers he felt more vividly, perhaps, than weaker men that detestation of death that is more or less prevalent among mortals and forms one of the greatest mysteries of this queer world. We all know that we must die. Nature ordains that we should pass away. Why, then, do we dread the ordeal? Nature decrees that we must eat and drink, sleep and love, and we thank the goddess for so doing, but when she tells us all men must die we shudder and revolt. Why is this? Countless generations have attempted to solve the problem, but it still remains unanswered.

But to our story! This man Robinson had been a very successful surgeon. He had cut and slashed his way into fame and fortune, and by lopping off limbs and performing laparotomy, tracheotomy and various other operations had built up a metropolitan reputation that paid him a large income every year. Nevertheless, he had, as was said before, decided to blow his famous and very lucrative brains out.

When Erastus Robinson made up his mind to do anything that thing was practically done. He possessed a will of iron, and he knew that it was a shame to bang at its seat with a shooting-iron. But the doctor had been crossed in love and his scientific acumen assured him that his heart was broken. Now there is only one reasonable and appropriate course for a man with a fractured heart to pursue. The earthly life having lost all its charms he must, of necessity, try some other realm. As there is no marriage or giving in marriage in the other world, he who has been jilted here is certain to find rest and possibly recreation in the land beyond the grave. So, at least, thought Erastus Robinson, and one morning, after a sleepless night, he, like Johnny, got his gun, a thirty-two caliber revolver, and having locked the front door of his office and dismissed his house-keeper, prepared to perform the most interesting, if not the most fatal, surgical operation in his career.

Dr. Robinson had made his way to his profession in large part owing to his wonderful nerves. His colleagues and patients had never known his hand to tremble nor his eye to flinch at any crisis, and, like a society bell, he always gave the cut direct. But as he stood up that day and leaned against his desk his hand, as it grasped the instrument of death, shook so violently that he could not place it against his temple. As a conscientious surgeon he did not wish to make a bungling job of his absolutely farewell appearance in the line of heroic treatment, and so he replaced the revolver on the desk, and, seating himself in an armchair, lit a cigar and began a process of cerebration that resulted in the conclusion that he could not blow out his brains without the aid of some one less interested in the result of the operation than he was himself.

The outcome of his cogitations was this: he walked to the telephone,

called up the central office and asked for a messenger-boy—the oldest and most experienced that could be spared. Then he returned to his seat, resumed his cigar and nearly fainted away. An unsuccessful effort at suicide is apt to agitate the nervous system, but when you combine it with the exhaustion of vitality pertaining to the delivery of a message over a telephone wire the combination is certain to be extremely enervating. Erastus Robinson, M. D., strong man though he was, felt keenly the debilitating effects of trying to reach both the future life and a messenger-boy within the brief space of ten minutes.

After awhile the suicidal smoker grew so nervous that he was obliged to throw aside his weed and walk up and down the office with faltering step. Once he grasped the pistol in a frenzied way, and the messenger boy had nearly lost his job, but Robinson's hand was still too unsteady to do the work required. A ring at the door-bell restored the broken-hearted man for a moment to his senses.

"Come in," he said to the uniformed youth who stood before him. The messenger was a boy of about 16 years of age, whose face bore that peculiar expression that is known to slang as "tough."

Locking the door again, the doctor ushered the youngster into his office. "Have you got much pluck?" he asked the boy, seating himself and lighting a fresh cigar.

"Well, dey calls me 'Nervy Pete,' sir. Don't dat go?"

"That's promising. Did you ever kill a man?"

The messenger-boy looked rather startled, but only for a moment. Then he answered:

"Naw; but I served 'ree month on de Island. I smashed a old chap in de jaw fer callin' me a 'dago.' D'ye see?"

"That's not bad. Do you want to make some money?"

"W-e-l-l hear me shout. But I don't want no more 'de Island. De boodle's got to be big to catch 'Nervy Pete' if de coppers is on de lay. See?"

"Oh! you needn't worry," returned the doctor, taking up the revolver and examining the cartridges. "The point is just here, my boy. I intended to kill myself, but I find that too much smoking has injured my nerves. I can't feel certain that I shall do the act with what the newspapers call neatness and dispatch. Now, I've left a note on the desk here saying that I have blown my brains out. I want you to do the deed. I'll give you two hundred dollars in cash if you'll kill me. When you've put the ball into my head, place the pistol in my hand. Then take this key and leave the house by the back way. There's no one here, and the shot will not be heard. Here's the money. Have you got the sand?"

The face of the youth was a study. Amazement, cupidity, fear, were combined in the picture. He glanced at the doctor, gazed longingly at the money held out to him, took the crisp bills in his hand, carefully placed them in his pocket, shuddered as his eyes rested on the revolver. Then a humorous gleam came into his eyes, and his Celtic countenance seemed to light with an intelligence it had not shown before.

"Look here, boss," he said. "I've de dust, but I ain't got the sand. See?" Then he bolted for the door, unlocked it and was gone.

Erastus Robinson, M. D., is still alive. He was so amazed at seeing a messenger boy run that life took on a pleasanter aspect than it had worn for some time, and he replaced his revolver in its drawer.—[Once A Week.]

Romance of a Shipwreck.

Quite a romance is connected with the loss of the ship Franklin, which was wrecked on Cape Cod, Mass., in 1840, with 60 people aboard. She was discovered early in the morning by Benjamin F. Rich, a youth of 18, who was out hunting for ducks. He gave the alarm and the neighbors—most of them seafaring men—gathered to the rescue. A whale boat was quickly manned and launched through the surf, under command of young Rich's father. It fetched a boatload of the unfortunates ashore, but the elder Rich was disabled on the trip and the boy took command for a second effort. Most of the people were saved, but a number were lost. In the struggle for life there were some pitiful scenes. One woman, clasping her baby to her breast, clung to a belaying pipe that was fixed in the side of the vessel, when a brutal sailor forced loose her grasp in order to preserve himself. She was drowned, but young Rich got the baby. It was purple with cold, its little hands fastening themselves in the blue cloth of his shirt as he carried it to land, but it was revived and lived.

There is a dash of humor even in tragedy sometimes. In this case a fat woman, who weighed about 200 pounds, had embraced the bowsprit and refused to let go, so that she had to be dragged off by the heels into the water and then pulled into the boat. Subsequent developments proved that the ship was wrecked deliberately for the purpose of recovering insurance. A few days later young Rich found a satchel on the beach containing letters from the owners, addressed to the captain of the vessel and suggesting to him that it would not be a bad scheme to lose the old craft. It was shown afterward that the captain deliberately ran her ashore. The owners brought suit for \$180,000 against the insurance companies, but at the last moment the papers which Rich had found were exhibited in evidence and the case was thrown out of court at once. The government did not give medals for life saving in those days, but Rich got one from the Humane Society of Massachusetts. He is now superintendent of the life saving district which includes the Eastern Shore of Virginia.—[Washington Star.]

Weighing a Maharajah.

The ancient annual ceremony of "Talabaram," or weighing the Maharajah of Travancore against an equivalent weight of gold, has come round again. It appears to have been conducted this year with great pomp and ceremony, for the present Maharajah is a Hindu of the orthodox type, who aspires to keep up the traditions of his house. Some months before the ceremony the Government purchased, through its commercial agent at Alleppey, about two thousand pounds' weight of pure gold, the greater part of which was converted into coins for this purpose. After presenting an elephant and offerings to the shrine, the Maharajah entered the building prepared for the occasion, and having completed the preliminary ceremonies, mounted one of the scales. The sword and the shield were laid in his lap; in the other side of the scale gold coins, struck for the occasion, were placed by the first and second princes, till it touched the ground and the Maharajah rose in the air, the priest meanwhile chanting Vedic hymns. Volleys were fired, the band played, and the troops presented arms. The Maharajah worshipped at the shrine, and then went to the palace. Subsequently the Dewan and other officials distributed the coins from the Fort gates to about fifteen thousand Brahmins.—[London News.]

The Largest Existing Flower.

In Mindinao, the farthest southeastern island in the Philippine group, upon one of its mountains, the volcanic Apo, a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers found recently, at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower. The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw amid the low-growing bushes the immense buds of this flower growing like gigantic cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five-petaled flower nearly a yard in diameter, and as large as a carriage wheel, in fact.

This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called it "ti-lo." The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds. It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travellers photographed it, and dried a number of its leaves by the heat of a fire.—[Pearson's Weekly.]

The Chinese Pig.

The Chinese pig, according to the report of the British consul at Kiangchow, is not the least important personage in the Chinese empire. He is the rent payer of Kainan, and is consequently reared in every home with the greatest care. As many as 1000 sleek porkers are sometimes sent to Hong Kong in one steamer; even the dignified French mail boats competing for this traffic. It must not be supposed, writes Consul Parker, that these pigs are ill-treated or that they wallow together indiscriminately in wild filth and disorder. On the contrary a pig cargo is perhaps cleaner than a human cargo of Chinese coolies, such as in the old days of the Macao barracoons used also, in fact, to be called in the local or Cantonese slang "chu-tsai," or "pigs."—[Pleasant.]

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

PEACH TREE CREEK.

How the 13th N. Y. Independent Battery Made it Hot for Hood's Rebels.



Although as to numbers engaged on the Union side, it was a small affair compared with the battle of Atlanta, which was fought two days later, still it was of sufficient importance for the time being to occupy all the leisure moments of those who were "in it," and to retain a place in the memories of the survivors during all the after years of their lives. The battle-ground, the valley or ravine in front, the rise, the timber to the right and rear, the fight over the guns, the flanking on our right and rear, are all brought before me again. Notwithstanding this was so many years ago, I seem to have a better recollection of the doings of that afternoon than of other afternoons since then.

The battery was Capt. Bundy's 13th N. Y. Independent L. A. The full battery of six guns was present. Some of the infantry preceded the battery in locating a line of battle and putting up slight breastworks, in case Hood should take the offensive.

After crossing Peach Tree Creek in the morning, we were waiting in column all the forenoon. An ominous silence reigned. About noon an orderly came dashing up to the Captain, and gave him directions to go into battery on the line-of-battle on a distant hill, and to move with all haste. Immediately comes the order: "Attention! Drivers, mount! Cannoniers, mount! Forward, march!—Trot!—Gallop!"

Then the drivers yell and lash their horses and they break into a full run; the wheels bound along over ditches, logs, stumps and stones that would tear a farm wagon all to pieces. The cannoniers are bounding up six inches from their seats, and hanging on for dear life; for a fall under the wheels would be worse than a rebel bullet. Up the long hill we go, down another one, across a ravine, then up again to another elevation, the horses never slackening their speed until we arrive at the ground where we are to go into battery—seemingly in utter confusion, but we are on the ground in five minutes after starting. In one minute more the guns are unlimbered and run forward, the limbers turned round, the guns loaded and run into the embrasures, each gun, each limber, and each caisson in its proper place. In five minutes more our pickets are driven in and the battle is on.

I was a cannonier of the left gun of the left section. The section was commanded by Lieut. McGurkin. The guns that were captured and recaptured were the right section. The guns that turned the cross-fire on the rebels were the middle section. Our gunner, Corp'l Lynch, was killed at the start, and Lieut. McGurkin took his place. All the appearances indicated that we had business on our hands. In fact, we had been warned for two or three days that Hood had superseded Johnston, and to look out for him, as he was likely to strike hard at some unexpected point, and it so happened that the Second Division of the Twentieth Corps was the place selected to make the assault.

They flanked us on the right; they killed off our men and captured two of our guns; but it was a repetition of the experiment of the fellow who bit off more than he could chew. They did not hold the ground nor the guns. After the action commenced but little beyond our own gun. The smoke enveloped us so that we could neither see to the right nor to the left. Besides, we were pretty busily occupied with "our own knitting," without taking observations. The fire of our section was to the front, and if anybody escaped the stream of fire from the guns I think they would be scared to death by the noise we made. My own ears ached as if they would burst from the continual roar of the guns. They drowned every other sound. I heard no infantry-firing at all, though they were firing rapidly like ourselves. We fired our guns just as rapidly as five men, drilled to move as machinery, and commanded by an expert, could do it. Three shots a minute from each gun, rolling out in one continuous roar, which made the ground shake and tremble, and this without any cessation for two hours. The range was point-blank, and we kept the guns all the time depressed, firing alternately double canister and short-fuse shell. The canister would sweep the ground, mowing swaths through the advancing columns like a tornado of fire. The shell would cut down trees, take off bark and limbs, then burst in front of the rebel ranks, hurling death and destruction around. We would occasionally fire solid shot, which would cut down trees, ricochet over the heads of one line and plow through the ground, throwing dirt over the next line, then bound and roll along, diminishing in velocity, until it would kill two or three soldiers a mile to the rear, when its force was almost spent. And what is most remarkable, that in all this two hours of musketry and artillery some escaped unscathed.

It was a hot afternoon, being the 20th of July, 1864, and after the battle was over our pantaloons and shirts were dripping with perspiration, and our faces were so smeared with powder and sweat that we resembled dar-

kies more than white people, and we were so exhausted that we could hardly stand up.

We lost that day 18 men in killed and wounded, about half the men that were at the guns. One's life was in danger anywhere in that neck of woods that afternoon. A man was as safe at the front as in the rear. One of our wounded men was killed while being taken to the rear.

I was sent to the rear for water to swab the gun. When I arrived at a certain point I thought I could see a depression in the ground that might contain water. I asked some infantrymen who were lying on their faces (I suppose guarding our right rear) if there was any water out there. They replied: "Don't go out there. A man was killed going across there only a moment ago." I remarked that killing was the order of business just then, and I must have some water, so I ducked my head and started. The bullets commenced whistling past my ears, but they miscalculated. I did not stand in one place a great length of time. In fact, if I had been timed, it would have been shown that I made a splendid record of speed. I found some muddy water, scooped up some, and the bullets "zipped" past my head again as I returned.

All earthly things have an end, and this battle did also. It seemed to me that we were loading and firing for two hours just as fast as we could work the guns; perhaps it was not so long. After we had ceased firing, and the smoke had cleared away from our gun a group of us stood resting on the left wheel. A wreath of smoke rose from a tree about 200 yards to our right front, and a bullet came from a sharpshooter's gun, crashed into the hub of the wheel we had hold of, and three buckshot glanced on the tire and splattered lead upon us. It was a pretty good shot. We hastily loaded our gun with solid shot, ran it forward, aimed and fired. It cut the tree in two about 10 feet above the ground. We were too tired to go and see what became of the reb, but he did not molest us any more.—F. M. LEE, in National Tribune.

Eight Year Old Soldier.

John W. Messick died at Evansville, Ind., a few days ago, after a brief illness. He was probably the youngest person who enlisted in the Union army during the rebellion, joining Company A, Forty-second Indiana Infantry at the age of 8 years and serving three years as a drummer boy when he was honorably discharged.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

PHILADELPHIA won the series from Boston. CHILDs, of Cleveland, is the League's best run-getter. CLEVELAND has won the majority of bar extra-inning games. REESE, HUTCHINSON and BUFFTON are together having an off-year. This is Chicago's worst season since the League was organized in 1876. WELCH has been released by the Baltimore. SHOCK will take Welch's place. FIFE BROWNING has a batting average of .315 with Cincinnati, and .319 for the whole season. RHINES and HARRINGTON have been reinstated by the Cincinnati Club. MULLANE has been released. EWING, of New York, is not a successful first-baseman. His weakness causes a lack of confidence to every man who throws to him. The Boston team won by its superior work in the pitcher's position, its remarkable fielding and development of team work at critical stages of the contest. WARD's recent base play is a model to copy from. He faces every kind of a ball, and no fear of an error deters him a moment. This is true ball playing. MILLIGAN leads the batting for the Washingtons, Troy the base stealing, and Radford the base on balls, while Richardson leads the country at second base and short stop. GORE has been released and Outfielder Newman, of the defunct Minneapolis Western League team, signed by the New Yorks. Newman has a batting average of .351. OUTFIELDER JOE KELLY has been signed by the Pittsburgh Club. Kelly was purchased from the Omaha Club. He will play center-field and John Corbitt will be released. KREEK, the veteran pitcher, was given the usual ten days' notice of his release by the Philadelphia Club. On what grounds the club decided to dispense with Kreek's services is not known. The best record thus far in box work this season is that of Pitcher Young, of the Cleveland team, in disposing of his batting adversaries without a single earned run over their credit in a sixteen-inning game. The present New York team is a whole armload against expensive teams. It draws \$50,000 from the city treasury, and is one of the bitterest disappointments ever placed upon the field. There is not even the excuse of "hard luck" or accident to lift the team out of its disgrace. The Brooklyn team deserves fully as much honor as the champions. Manager Ward did not have the benefit of a club as experienced as the Boston, and started with somewhat of an experimental team. His success is little short of wonderful, and his players are entitled to hold the name of Ward's Wonders. The first season of the National League championship has closed. The Boston won with comparative ease, although no to the last two weeks either Brooklyn or Philadelphia had a possible chance. The following is the order of the finish: Boston, 708; Brooklyn, 693; Philadelphia, 693; Cincinnati, 587; Cleveland, 574; Pittsburgh, 487; Washington, 481; Chicago, 443; St. Louis, 425; New York, 419; Louisville, 306; Baltimore, 267. Queen Carola Offers a Prize.

On of the most interesting prizes offered at the Red Cross exhibition now being held at Leipzig is that given by Queen Carola of Saxony for the best scheme for providing medicines, nourishment, and protection for the wounded during and immediately after a battle. Every exhibit in the Leipzig exhibition has to undergo the test of actual use before receiving a prize. Queen Carola has always taken a great interest in the Red Cross Knights, and it was the late Minister of War for Saxony who first suggested that this exhibition should be held.

The bicycle fever has invaded Sweden. A club of ladies has been organized there, and they are reported as enthusiastic.

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

ON ROOTS AND WILD CHERRIES.

HOW IMPORTED RAILROAD LABORERS ARE FORCED TO SUBSIST. The imported laborers who have been clamoring all the week for the \$2,000 due them for work on the Reading, Lancaster and Baltimore railroad, started for Mohntonville and Adamstown. Their condition is wretched. They are almost without clothing and for days have been subsisting on roots and wild cherries. The Directors of the Poor gave them some food, and about a dozen have secured transportation to New York. A squad of police has been guarding the bridges over the Schuylkill to prevent the horde from entering Reading. Nothing has been heard for some days from Contractor Warren, who left last week for New York to secure money from the syndicate which undertook to float the bonds in England from which the money to build the road is to be realized.

TWO DEATH WARRANTS SIGNED. Gov. Pattison signed the death warrants of William F. Keck of Lehigh county and Henry Davis of Philadelphia. They will be executed on Thursday, September 8.

AT UNION TOWNSHIP, Huntingdon county, Thomas Free's barn, two horses, wagons, etc., was burned by incendiaries. Loss, several thousand dollars, no insurance.

LIGHTNING struck and killed John Rainey, aged 16, of Pardoe, Mercer county, while standing by a stack of hay which was destroyed.

GABRIEL EYER, while suffering from a temporary fit of insanity, jumped from a second-story window of the Nixon House, Butler, and ran down street into a barn where he shot himself, dying immediately.

THOMAS WHITE, aged 18, was sentenced by Judge Inghram, of Centre county, to five years in the penitentiary for the killing of John McHenry, in Green township.

CHARLES HELMHOFF, aged 50 years, while sitting in a swing at Philadelphia, fell a distance of two feet, breaking his back, which caused paralysis. He is not expected to recover.

WILLIAM D. WALLACE, guardian for Frederick J. Smith, of New Castle, has sued the Pittsburg & Western road for \$30,000 damages, alleging that the gross carelessness of the road in August, 1888, was responsible for the death of Miss Smith's brother and permanent injury to herself.

THE citizens of Dumb's station, Washington county, are greatly excited over the striking of an immense gas well near that place. The well penetrated the sand yesterday evening and immediately began gassing heavily. A little more drilling developed it into one of the largest gas wells in the state, the test showing a pressure of 250 pounds to the minute. The well is owned by the Carnegie company.

DEAD rats in a well caused typhoid fever and killed the wife and daughter of Ira White, at Washington, last week.

GEORGE HAMMOND, 21 years of age, and his father, John Hammond, aged 41, were killed at the Winesler mines, near Uniontown, by a fall of slate.

EDWARD ST. CLAIR GIBBONS, manager of the opera house at Shenandoah, was killed by falling down cellar steps.

ERIC boasts of a population of 45,867, according to the directory just published.

THIRTY turkeys and 40 chickens were slaughtered by a mink in two nights on John Kline's farm at Tulpehocken. The following was the prize essay of a little Bethlehem girl: "A sheep has two eyes, two ears, a nose, a mouth, a head, four feet and a tongue. He also has wool, skin, flesh, a tail and bones."

THERE is a peculiar disease among the cattle in some counties in this state, which has thus far baffled the skill of cattle men. The first symptom is the drying up of the milk, and finally the animal becomes blind and dies in great agony. A number of steers have also died from this disease. A few days ago a young woman in Well-boro was seized with a fit of coughing, and she was choked by something in her throat, which she finally coughed up and found that the article that she had coughed up was a common pin heavily coated with rust. The most remarkable part of the incident is that the young lady has no recollection of ever swallowing a pin.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

YELLOW FEVER prevails in Honduras. THE iron ore trade still remains stagnant. THERE are fears of a cholera epidemic in Europe.

THE oil wells in this country supply 130,000 barrels a day. HEREAFTER all telegraphing in Spain will be done by military operators.

THERE were no less than five stage robberies in Montana during June.

THE next President of the United States will receive about 7,000,000 votes.

THE pack of canned lobsters is expected to fall off fifty per cent. compared with last season.

A TUNNEL to cost \$1,000,000 has been started at Leadville, Col., to drain the mining camps.

JAMES MULLEN, of Louisville, Ky., died to death from a hole in his tongue about the size of a pin.

THE chiefs of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes Indians refuse to accept the beef issue from the Government.

THE embezzlements of the first six months of the present year amounted to the large sum of \$8,855,814.

RELIEF boats provided and provisioned by the State, have left New Orleans for the flooded district of the State.

DROUGHT famine in Northern Mexico and Southwest Texas looms up as one of the great calamities of the year.

ADVANCES from nearly all business countries show a gradual growth in confidence, though not in the volume of business done.

THE Governments of Germany and Austria are acting in concert in the adoption of measures to prevent cholera from entering their countries.

UNITED STATES cavalry to the number of four hundred are encamped near Douglas, Wyoming, presumably to take a hand in the rustler troubles.

H. L. LINCKES, of Huron, South Dakota, Vice-President of the National Alliance, succeeds L. L. Polk, deceased, as President of the organization.

THE estate of the late Father Mollinger of Pittsburg, worth \$200,000, and supposed to have been given to the church, is claimed by a poor cousin living in New York.

THINGS are going to be lively in the Barling Sea this season. The migrating herds are now near the passes in the closed sea and the cruisers are following them.

MARKLE in quantity has been discovered in Sussex County, New Jersey, near Stanhope. It is the first find of consequence in the State. The lodes are estimated to be worth \$100,000.