JANE.	cade, a column of citizen soldiers;	more. Russian gold, Russian agents,	so we resolved ; it is the same how we
BY NORA PERRY.	above it, like fine sparkling needles,	with many other equally ridionlone and	perish !"
She came along the little lane	glistened the bayonets; the officers rode in advance.	improbable phantoms were the night.	"(Det allow ma" somewhed (
Where all the bushes dripped with rain, And robins sung and sung again,	The column reached the opposite side	mares at that period, and were held in awe by the excited populace.	"What good could you expect from
As if with sudden, sheer delight,	of the boulevard, and, occupying it en-	1 again repeat this was a time of	such a foolish revolution ?" "We had to perish, is it not the same
For such a world so fresh and bright,	tirely, wheeled in front of the barricade and halted, ever increasing in numbers	verror.	now?" He carefully wiped his lips,
To swing and sing in day and night.	and becoming more consolidated. Not-	Three days were spent on such men-	folded the napkin, thanked us, and rose
But, coming down the little lane, She did not heed the robin's strain,	withstanding the arrival of so many	tal rack; the fourth came (26th of Juue). The news from the conflict	from his chair. "Are you going ?" exclaimed G
Nor feel the sunshine after rain.	troops, everything became more still; voices were lowered; at rarer intervals	reached us quite regularly, passing	"Yes, I must join our people. For
A little face with two brown eyes, A little form of tender size,	resounded the former laugh; it was as	from the lips of one person to another	what reason should I remain here?"
A/little head not very wise ;	if a pall had fallen on every sound.	along the streets. For example we	"But you will certainly be arrested
A little heart to match the head,	An empty space between the line of	already knew that the Pantheon was captured, and the left side of the Seine	on your way home, and perhaps, even shot !"
A foolish little heart, that bled At every foolish word was said.	the National Guard and the barricade was suddenly formed, over which light-	neid by the army : that Gen. Beat was	"Perhaps. But what is the differ-
Bo, coming down the little lane-	ly whirled two or three small eddies	shot by the insurgents and Archbishop	ence? While I live I must provide my
Lase her now, my little Jane- Her foolish heart with foolish pain	of dust, and, glancing about, walked a	Affras mortally wounded, that only the Faubourg St. Antoine still resisted. I	family with bread, and how am I to obtain it? If I am killed, our people
	little black-dappled dog. Suddenly from front or behind, from above or	remember listening to the reading of	will not allow my orphans to starve.
Was aching, aching in her breast, And all her pretty golden creat	below, was heard a quick, hard sound	the proclamation of Cavaignac, appeal-	Good-bye, citizen !"
Was drooping as if sore opprest.	resembling rather the noise of a falling	ing for the last time to the patriotic feeling which still remained in the most	"Give me your name, at least! I
And something, too, of anger's trace Was on the flushed and frowning face,	iron bar than of a shot, immediately	hardened hearts. An ordinary, an	must know the name of one who has done so much for me."
And in the footsteps' quickened pare.	followed by a strange, death-like still- ness. All was silent in expectation-it	nuzzar officer, galloped along the boule-	"That is quite unnecessary. To tell
So swift she stept, so low she leant Her pretty head, on thought intent,	seemed that the air itself pricked up its	vard, and, forming a circle as big as an	the truth, what I did I have not done
She scarcely saw the way she went,	ears * * * then abruptly, shove	apple, with the fingers of his right hand, exclaimed : "With such bullets	for your sake; our people ordered it. Good-bye."
Nor saw the long, slim shadow fall	my very head, something hard cracked and shrieked, like quickly torn linen.	they fire on us !"	The old man left escorted by the gar-
Across the little, low stone wall, As some one rose up slim and tall-	* * It was the volley of the insur-	In the same house where I lodged,	con.
Rose up, and came to meet her there ;	gents bursting through the jalousies of	even on the same floor, lived the re- nowned German poet G. I was	That very day that insurrection was definitely crushed. As soon as a free
A youth, with something in his air That, at a grance , revealed his share	the windows of the upper story of	acquainted with him. I called on him	passage was made, G, guided by
In all this foolish, girlish pain,	Jouvin's factory, occupied by them. My comrade <i>flaneurs</i> and I immediately	for the purpose of unburdening my	the address, found the woman who had
This grief and anger and disdain, That rent the heart of little Jane,	hurried along the boulevard (I remem-	thoughts to him, of escaping from my- self, and the aching grief of idleness	given refuge to his little boy. Her hus-
	ber having had time to notice on the	and isolation.	band and one of her sons were prison- ers; another son was killed on the bar-
With hastier steps than hers he came, And in a moment called her name :	empty space in front, a creeping man, an ownerless cap with a scarlet pompon,	On the morning after the 26th of	ricade, a nephew was shot. She, too.
And in a moment, red as flame,	and a black-dappled dog, covered with	June I was sitting in his room-he had	refused to accept any money, but point-
she blushed, and blushed, and in her eyes A sudden, soft and shy surprise	dust), running we reached a small lane.	just finished his lunch, when suddenly the garcon entered with a disturbed	daughters of her dead son, she said :
Did suddenly and softly rise.	and entered it. Our company was soon enlarged by twenty others, among whom	countenance.	"If I am ever obliged to ask any-
"What, you ?" she cried, " I thought-they said "- Then stopped, and blushed a deepar red,	was a young man of about twenty, who	"What do you want ?"	thing for them, let your boy remember
And lifted up her drooping head,	had been wounded in the foot. On the	"A blouse wishes to see you, Mon- sieur G"	them." The fate of the old man who visited
Shook back her lovely falling hair,	boulevard behind us, the musketry	"A blouse? What blouse?"	G was unknown. It was impossi-
And arched her neck, and strove to wear A nonchalant and scornful air.	roared incessantly. We entered another street—if I mistake not Rue de l'Echi-	"A man in a blouse, a workingman :	ble not to admire his deed, the uncon-
A moment thus they held spart,	quier. At one end of it a low barricade	an old man inquires for citizen G Will you admit him ?"	scious and almost sublime simplicity with which he accomplished it. It was
With lovers' love and lovers' act : Then swift he caught her to his heart.	was erected, and a lad of about twelve	G- and I exchanged looks, "Show	evident that even the thought did not
and the second	years of age jumped on its top, making wry faces and brandishing a Turkish	him in," said he, after a pause.	cross his mind, that he had done any-
What pleasure then was born of pain, What sunshine after cloud and rain,	sabre ; a fat National Guardsman, whit	The garcon retired, repeating as if to	thing extraordinary; that he had sac-
As they forgave and kissed again !	as a sheet, ran by, stumbling and	himself: "A man-in a blouse !" He was horrified. And was it long since	sible not to admire those men who sent
"Twas April then; he talked of May, And planned therein a wedding day;	groaning at every step * * *	when, after the days of February, the	him; who in the very heat and fury of
Ghe blushed, but scarcely said him nay.	from the sleeve of his uniform dropped scarlet blood.	blouse was the most fashionable.	a desperate battie could find time to
What pleasure now is mixed with pain, As, looking down the little lane.	The tragedy had begun-its serious-	proper, and safe dress? But, other times-other morals; at the epoch of	think of the anguish of a perfect stran- ger, and a <i>bourgeoise</i> at that. Men like
A graybeard grown, I see again,	ness was not to be doubted, although	the insurrection of June, the blouse in	those, it is true, twenty-two years after-
Through twenty Aprils' rain and mist,	scarcely any one could foretell what di- mensions it might assume.		ward set Paris on fire and shot the hos-
The little sweetheart that I kissed, The little bride my folly missed I	I was not obliged to fight on either	and excited a feeling of horror and ani- mosity.	tages, but one who knows, at least a little, the human heart will not be per-
	side of the barricades : I returned home	The gargon roturned and citarily	plexed by these contradictions.
"OUR PEOPLE SENT ME."	The entire day passed in inspoakable anxiety. The weather was hot, suffo-	beckoned to a man, following his steps.	
An Episode from the History of the	cating. I spent all day on the Boule-	to enter the apartment; he was	
Days of June, 1848, at Paris,	vard des Italiens, which was crowded	indeed a blouse—a ragged, spotted blouse. His pantaloons and stockings	Money was so easily got, and its value
[Translated from the Russian of Ivan Turgeniff for Peterson's Journal.]	with all sorts of people. The most in-	were patched and covered with duct.	was so utterly uncertain, that we were never able to determine what was a fair
It came the fourth of the celebrated	credible rumors circulated, immediate- ly followed by others still more improb-	a red rag encased his neck-and his	price for anything. We fell into the
days of June, 1848, which are inscribed	able. Toward night one fact was	head was covered with a mass of gray- ish-black hair, matted and covering his	habit of paying whatever was asked.
in blood lines on the tables of French history.	indisputable; nearly one-half of Paris	very eyebrows. From under his hair	knowing that to morrow we should have to pay more. Speculation became the
I lived then in a house, long since	was in the hands of the insurgents. Barricades were erected everywhere-	projected a long, aquiline nose, and	easiest and surest thing imaginable
destroyed, on the corner of Rue de	particularly on the left side of the	peeped small, oldish and inflamed, dim eyes. Sunken cheeks, wrinkles on his	The speculator saw no risks of loss.
In Paix and Bouleyard des Italians	Seine; the army occupied the strategic	face as deep as scars, a large, crooked	Every article of merchandise rose in
From the beginning of June the air seemed to smell of powder, everybody	points ; a foriorn struggle was at hand.	mouth, unshaven beard, red, dirty	value every day, and to buy anything this week and sell it next was to make
leit the conflict inevitable : and after	Next day, from early morning, the aspect of the boulevard and the exter-	hands, and that peculiar bending of the	an enormous profit quite as a matter of
the interview between the delegates of	nal appearance of that part of Paris not	spine indicative of the pressure of prc- longed, overtaxing work.	course. So uncertain were prices, or

two well-known gentlemen of this city the army to 930,000 men. vesterday noon, a little way from Grand Bay, but in the State of Mississippi. The gentlemen were Mr. A. H. Tardy, the insurance agent, and Dr. Benjamin An Iowa father of seventy-five au-tumns is gladdened by a 12-pound SCION. D. Lay, the actuary of the Grangers' Life and Health Insurance Company. EMIGRANTS received at Castle Garden since January 1, 1874, 131,322. THE chandelier for the new operahouse in Paris will cost \$8,000. LONDON expects to have 250,000,000 people before she stops growing. THE law-abiding Bostonians have violated the building law 1,010 times this year. According to the military survey of the Russian empire, the monarchy ex-tends over 400,227 geographical miles, or one-sixth of the inhabited globe. JOHN ALLEN, of Pierpont Manor, Jefferson county, N. Y., has just been elected Justice of the Peace by the Republicans for the thirteenth term of four years each. Source Allen of the message was answered, granting four years each. Squire Allen is 82 years of age. AMERICAN cities pay roundly not to have their streets poorly cleaned. Paris receives \$130,000 a year for the privi-lege from contractors, who manufacture the refuse into compost and sell it for \$600,000-s clear profit of \$380,000. years of age. WILLIAM MORAN, of the Philadelphia Sunday Chronicle, was convicted a few days ago of a singular libel upon George The parties met, as by agreement, E. Hall, member of the Common Counand took carriages and drove until they were over the line and in Mississippi. As it was agreed upon for noon as the time, there was no choice for position. cil. He charged Hall with picking the pocket of a marble statue of George Washington. IT is stated as probable that one of The distance was measured off, the

jokingly asked the doctor whom he was 4,000 bales of this season's hops are going to shoot? Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "My God ! don't ask me anything about it."

GEORGE LABAR, whose death, in Pennsylvania, at the age of 107 years, we reported last week, lett 816 descendants. His father, when 95 years old, married a woman of 30, who thought she would worry him out, perhaps; but he proved to be like Joey Bag-stock, old and tough, and outlived her, dying at the green old age of 111 years.

"Which of you is citizen G—?" he without any expense whatever, merely by speculating upon an immediate ad-

"HOSTILE MEETING."

## An Affair of Honor Between Two Chival-rous Mobilians.

A Mobile telegram to an Atlanta Ex-QUEEN Isabella has been reduced paper gives the appended particulars of one of those pleasant little pistol affairs for which that locality has beto 184 nightgowns. A woman in Berlin, Germany, has forty-nine children. come famous : There was a hostile meeting between

THE new army bill in France increase

Current Paragraphs

Milton died.

Two CENTURIES ago, last month, since

York—comprising the counties of Her-kimer, Madison, Montgomery, Oneida, Otsego, and Schoharie—not more than now held. The price from first hands ranges from 36 to 45 cents. Brewers are now pretty well stocked up .- Rochester (N. Y.) Union.

Another fatal shooting affray occurred war this time. The following are the particulars, so far as can be ascertained st present, as related by friends of the deceased, who came to town this morning to telegraph to the police at Louis-ville, Frankfort and Lebanon to be on

La Pair and Boulevard des Italiens From the beginning of June the air seemed to smell of powder, everybody felt the conflict inevitable; and after the closed workshops with Marie, a member of the provisional government, lessly pronounced the word slave proach or offense—at once the question at issue was, not how, many days, but how many hours remained before the inevitable impending conflict? "Ext

Weary of Life. Washington, D.C. (Dec. 27), Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

The Rev. J. M. Cooms, pastor of the Western Presbyterian Church of this ity, committed suicide here this mornng under extraordinary circumstances. A Sunday paper contained the following paragraph : "For many months the store of a prominent bookseller has been

visited by a man well on in years, and neatly dressed, after the fashion of a ministor of the gospel. He would walk around the store, examining books, reading passages, but never making a purchase. Lately our stationer has missed books, and all attempts to find Life and Health Insurance Company. The origin, as we understand, arose from a letter from this city to a promi-nent Northern Insurance journal, over the signature of "X. Y. Z.," making some comments upon the new company with which Dr. Lay is connected. On Monday Dr. Lay met Mr. Tardy and asked him if he was the author of a communication signed "X. Y. Z.," in the Spectator. Mr. Tardy said he was. The message was answered, granting morning his congregation at the fash-any satisfaction demanded, and refer-ionable West End assembled at the Mr. Tardy and his friends left on Tues-day night, and repaired to Grand Bay, and Dr. Lay and his friends left on Wednesday morning for the same place. Nounced the fact to the congregation. Subsequent inquiry discloses the fol-lowing facts : Cooms has been an hon-ored and successful clergymen for a quarter of a century, at first in the Methodist, and lately in the Presby-terian denomination. Cooms' wife for It is stated as probable that one of the Paris theatres will adopt the rule of closing the doors as soon as the curtain rises and keeping them rigorously closed while the curtain is up, so that late comers may not interfere with the comfort of all who are scated betimes. In the great "hop district" of New York—comprising the counties of Her-kimer, Madison, Montgomery, Oneida, Otsego, and Schoharie—not more than day papers purchased and brought to him before church. The papers were found in his room carefully examined, the one containing the above paragraph had last been read, and lay on top as if this paragraph had been carefully read. The suicide, according to the account of time, must have speedily followed the reading These was so work in this county yesterday, in which two men were killed and one mortally wounded. Cornishville was the sent of method, however, in the madness that a considerable quantity of government bonds were found carefully arranged upon the table near the fatal newspaper. The clergyman was a man of property. The throat was cut with two razors, and

> the alert and proceed to arrest Herring A Man Who Wasn't Elated Over Becoming a Millionaire.

the work was thoroughly done.

coming a Millionaire. We stated yesterday, on the authority of a street rumor, that an uncle of Michael Hogan, of West Troy, died re-cently in Pennsylvania, leaving coal lands valued at \$5,000,000, to a portion of which Michael is heir. The rumor was correct. Forty years ago Michael Hogan, then 21 years of age and ap In the forenoon Isaiah Gabhert and a man by the name of Daniels had some a man by the hame of Daniels had some controversy about a dog. Gabhert shot Daniels through the leg. Joe Davenport, a constable, caucht Gab-hert and that difficulty ended there. In the afternoon, Joe Davenport went to arrest Gabhert. Upon the appreach how many hours remained before the inevitable impending conflict? "Est inevitable impending conflict? "Est inevitable impending conflict? "Est ine regular army, Garde Mobile, were ordered to be kept wide open sujourdhui?" (Will it be to-people greeted one another each morn-ing. "I am G—," answered the German poet, but not without a certain continues to drive on the battle-field; foreigners, women, insin uncle, the only survivors of a once on difficulty, as soon as the sale was proved in their houses; all the windows ing. "Yea indeed L am Brt how did to take his bargain off his hands, ing. "Yea indeed L am Brt how did to take his bargain off his hands, ing."

"I a commence !" (It has began !) my laundress told, Friday morning, the 23d of June.

According to her words, a great barricade was erected across the boulevard, not, far from the gates of St. Denis. I went there immediately.

At first nothing particular could be noticed. The same crowds of people in front of the open cafes and stores, the same endless procession of carriages and omnibuses-the faces seemed somewhat more animated, the conversation londer and, strange to say merrier \* \* \* this was all. But the further

I proceeded, the more changed the physiognomy of the boulevard. Fewer carriages were to be met, the omnibuses disappeared entirely; the stores and even the cafes were being locked hureven the cates were being locked hur-riedly, or were already closed. The crowd on the streets became less. But the windows in the kouses were opened from the basement to the top; and near these windows and on the thresholds of

the doors were crowds of people, mostly women, children, servants and nurses; this multitude chattered, laughed, called over to one another, turned their heads, waved their hands, as if in readiness for different colors, fichus, caps, white, pink and blue dresses intermingled and appeared variegated in the bright sun, and rustled in the summer breeze—like the leaves on the numerous poplarstrees of freedom. "Impossible that in five or ten

"Impossible that in five or ten minutes there will be riot, a shedding of blood !" thought I. "No place to imagine a tragedy—as yet." But suddenly, in the foreground, crossing the entire boulevard in a zig-zag manner—projected the uneven line of a barricade—three yards in height. In the very midst of it, surrounded by tricolared, gold embroidered banners, a little red flag flaunted its sharp, ominous tongue. Some bloucers were ominous tongue. Some blousers were seen from behind the ridge of heapedap gray stones. I approached nearer. The front of the barrisade was quite The front of the barrisede was quite deserted; about fifty men, not more, paced back and forward on the pave-ment. (At that time the boulevards were not macadamized.) The blousers joked with the arriving spectators; one belted with a soldier's white sword-hanger offered an uncorked bottle and a half filled glass of wine, as if inviting them to come and drink of it; another, by his side, with a double sarreled gun on his shoulder, cried out, in a drawl-ing voice. "Vive the national work-shops! Vive the republic, democratic and social!"

and social !" Near him stood a tall, dark-haired woman, in a striped dress, equipped also with a sword-belt, a pistol placed therein. She did not laugh, but in a thoughtful manner fixed her large, dark eyes upon the scene. I crossed the street, turned to the left, and, with five or six flaneurs like myself, took refuge near the wall of the house from which the straight line of the boulevard began near the wall of the house from which the straight line of the boulevard began to curve, where was, and is still, located Jouvin's glove factory. The jalousies of the windows of that house were closed. I was still in doubt, notwith-standing the expectations and presenti-ments of the preceding days, whether the affair would take a serious turn or not.

diers marched, adjutant or ordinary gal-loped. It was a dreadfal, anxious time; none but those who outlived it can fully comprehend it. It was certainly painful for the Frenchmen; to imagine their native land, society, being de-stroyed; but the anguish of a foreigner, sentenced to involuntary inactivity, was, if not more terrible, at least more harassing.

Sultry heat; no possibility of going out; through the open windows unim-peded pours the burning stream; the sun blinds you; all occupation, reading, writing, are out of the question. Five tixes, ten times in a minute, re-sound the cannon shots; from time to time is heard the burst of rifles, the confused buzz of the battle.

The streets are empty as a ballground, the burning pavement-stones become yellow, the dusty, red-hot air streams in the sunbeams. Along the sidewalks stand the immovable figures a spectacle; a mindless, holiday curi-osity seemed to seize all. Bibbons of of the National Guard—there is not one of the National Guard—there is not one solitary, vital sound. Deserted—but one feels oppressed, as if in the grave or a prison. Noon beholds a new spec-tacle; litters with wounded and killed appear. Here is carried by a gray haired man, with face white as the pil low on which rests his head ; this is a

mortally wounded deputy - Charbon-nelle. Heads are silently bared before him—but he does not see these tokens of hearfelt esteem; his eyes are shut. There goes a crowd of prisoners, es-corted by the Garde Mobile; the latter are all young men, almost boys; very little was expected from them, but they fought like lions. Some bear on their bayonets the bloody caps of their de-ceased comrades—or flowers thrown to ceased comrades—or flowers thrown to them by women, out of the windows. "Vive la Republique!" exclaim on both sides of the boulevard the National Guard, laying a somewhat wild and gloomy stress on the last syllable— "Vive la Mobi-i-ile!" The prisoners walk with downcast eyes, and as close together as a flock of sheep; a very together as a nock of sheep; a very discordant crowd, gloomy faces, many men in rags, bareheaded; some having their hands tied. The cannonade does not stop. A uniform roar seems to per-vade the air; it hevers over the city together with the smoke and heat.

\* Toward evening I could hear from my room, on the fourth floor, something new; added to the former uproar could be detected other sharp and nearer lood.' G-sounds—short, crashing volleys. The people said that the prisoners were be-ing executed in the mairies.

And so for hours and hours. \* \* Impossible to sleep even at night. If you venture on the boulevard to reach the first street with the purpose of ob-Gtaining news, or even to breathe the fresh air—you are stopped at once and questioned; who are you, from whence, your residence, and the reason you are not in uniform? On being told that you are a foreigner, they eye you with sus-picion and imperiously order you home. Once a National Guardsman from the province (who seem the most zealous) wished to arrest me at all hazards, on

Nearer and nearer were heard the drums. From morning the streets had recount of my wearing a morning beat-le rappel by which the National Gnard was assembled. And, at once, slowly swaying and stretching out like a long black worm, appeared, about 2000 steps from the left side of the barff-

"Yes, indeed, I am. But how did giving him the cloth he wanted as a

were ordered to be kept wide open to prevent ambuscade. The streets were deserted. From time to time the mail omnibus rolled along, or the carriage of a physician, constantly stopped by sentinels to show his pass; or, with rumbling noise, batteries hurried to the place of conflict. Detachments of sol-diers marched, adjutant or ordinary gal-loped. It was a dreadfal anxions time: our women-on this paper is written her address-and I was deputed by our her address—and I was deputed by our regiment to come here and tell you about the matter, so that you would not worry. His nurse is with him—the lodging is good—they both will have sufficient food, and are out of danger.

tain him-this paper contains the di-rections. Good-bye, citizen." The old man turned to the door. "Wait, wait !" exclaimed G-

don't go away." The old man stopped, but did not

turn his face to us. "Is it possible," continued G., "that you came here merely to satisfy me concerning my son-me, a person entirely unknown to you?" The old

man raised his head. "Yes. Our people sent me." "For this purpose alone ?" "Yes,"

G- threw up his hands. "But for way of a trade."

G- was paralyzed with astonish-ment; the garcon also opened his eyes

widely. "C'est trop fort!" unconsciously murmured his lips, growing pale. "Good bye, citizen," said the mes-senger, distinctly, as if resolved to leave t once. G - rushed to prevent him. "Don't go-wait-give me an opportunity to thank you-He commenced to examine his pock-

ets. The old man warded him off with his large, stiff hand. "Don't trouble yourself, citizen; I will not receive

"Then, at least, allow me to invite you to lunch-if not, to a glass of wine

-to something-" "I will not refuse," ejaculated the old man after a short silence. "It is almost two days since I have tasted

- ordered the garcon to prepare lunch immediately, and meanwhile in-vited his guest to take a seat. The latter sat heavily down upon the chair, placed both palms on his knees, and cast his eyes down.

- began to question him, but the man answered unwillingly and in a sulky tone. It was obvious that he was very much fatigued, and besides, the society of a bourgeoise was not pleasant to him. At lunch, however,

prices attained their highest point in the Confederacy, and 1 find that mem-ory fails to answer the question satisfactorily. They were about as high as they could be in the fall of 1863, and I should be disposed to fix upon that as the time when the climax was reached, but for my consciousness that the law When the trouble is over you can ob- of constant appreciation was a fixed one

throughout the war. The financial conthroughout the war. The financial con-dition got steadily worse to the end. I believe the highest price, relatively, I ever saw paid, was for a pair of boots. A cavalry officer, entering a little country store, found there one pair of boots which fitted him. He inquired the price. "Two hundred dollars," said the merchant. A five hundred dollar bill was offered, but the merchant, hav-

ing no smaller bills, could not change it. "Never mind," said the cavalier, "I'll take the boots anyhow. Keep the change; I never let a little matter of three hundred dollars stand in the

with it gladly whenever it would pur-chase anything at all desirable. I cheer-fully paid five dollars for a little salt, "Tes. "They asked you where you were going, and for what purpose?" "Yes. They examined my hands to

see if they did not bear traces of gun- ing thirsty drank my last two dollars in powder. One of the officers, whom I a half pint of cider. —A Rebel's Recol-met, threatened to shoot me."

## Scurrilous Postal-Cards.

Did Mr. Moses Chamberlain, of New York, receive the full penalty provided by law for his offense, he would con-template imprisonment for 140 years, and pay a fire of \$70,000. There are one or two trifling natural reasons why the penalty should be mitigated, and it probably will, but in order that young men of Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar views of decency and fitness may be warned in time to avoid similar consequences, perhaps his offense deserves a passing notice. Mr. Chamberlain, being in want of money, wrote a scurrilous letter to Mr. Van Valkenburg on a postal e letter to Mr. Van Valkenburg on a postal card. The recipient, being of a hard, unsympathetic disposition, placed the officers of the government on Mr. Cham-berlain's track, and secured his arrest and indictment. The case was tried in the United States Circuit Court, and, despite the defense that enly the post-office clerks saw the contents of the cards, and were bound to secrecy, Mr. Chamberlain was convicted of sending fourteen of these agreeable effusions

ward commenced to talk. "In February," s.id he, "we prom-ised the provisional government to wait three months; that time has elapsed, and the need is still as great, even more

when he stops for the day, and usually takes a ride on horseback, followed by a "constitutional" walk of two or three miles. The evenings he devotes to social enjoyment.

COINER BABCOCE, of the United States Mint, San Francisco, Dec. 12, delivered to Superintendent La Grange the sum of \$860,000 in double eagles. This is the largest day's work ever performed by any mint in the United States. In

drafts founded upon the incidents of her chequered life. Joaquin is a character in the play; so is Mrs. Jo; so are many living "Oregon characters," of note. Climax of Act I.: "My marriage with Joaquin ;" Do. of Act II.: "His departure, and Myself standing on that lonely rock, watching the receding ship

'A LIBEL suit in Lowell involves the question of how much publicity is given, in the eyes of the law, to matter given, in the eyes of the law, to matter written on a postal card and sent through the mail. The defendant wrote a letter to the plaintiff on a pos-tal card, accusing him of forgery, and his defense is that, as the postoffice clerks are enjoined to secrecy, there was no more of a publication than if the writter bud here post in carded the matter had been sent in a sealed letter.

acquired in printing, circulation, etc. In this manner the United States bonds An illustration of the poor-debtor laws of Massachusetts is found in the and spoiled note sheets have been treated for some time past, and a large amount of valuable material has thus been saved. The destruction of circu-lating national bank notes by fire has imprisonment of a man for debt in one of the jails near Boston. He placed of the jails near Boston. He placed all his property at the disposal of his creditors, but for some reason was not allowed to take the poor debtor's oath, and is now denied almost all communi-cation with his friends, is forbidden the use of newspapers, and is obliged to march daily with the prisoners who have committed great arimes. lating national bank notes by fire has been so large that it was deemed advis-able to try the same system with them, and it is expected to realize a large profit. The pulp thus saved will again be made over into new bank notes, etc. The Comptroller of the Carrency has

ANGORA, generally celebrated for cats, is a town of Asiatic Turkey, 215 miles from Constantinople. It contains the ruins of ancient Byzantian architecture and Greek and Roman relics, and is also celebrated for the long-haired camel-goat. Just at present Angora is n great distress, being upon the point of starvation. The Sultan of Turkey, a monarch not generally credited with charity to his subjects, has contributed \$100,000 for the relief of its inhabitants an act which greatly redounds to his aredit.

A Reformed Prize-Fighter.

Tribune.

after spending ins time alternately in police cells, the prize ring and the public house, he was converted as if by a miracle. Ever since he had been the happiest man alive, and he should be happier still if he could only read the Bible for himself."

finally took up his residence in West Troy. The uncle went to Pottsville, Pa., or that vicinity, and, after laborport, the brother of the constable, caught Gabhert's pistol, when the con-stable struck Gabhert with a large iron ing a number of years, purchased with his earnings a large tract of land. Michael also saved money, and in the course of time laid by enough to start shovel, almost knocking the top of his head off. Herring immediately shot the constable through the body, killing him instantly. The younger Daven-port caught Herring, and in the scuffle himself in the grocery business, in which it can be truthfully said he has Herring shot him almost in the same identical place where his brother, the prospered. The venture of his uncle turned out to be a most profitable one. The lands purchased by him were found to contain abundance of coal, and by judicious management he gradually inidentical place where his brother, the constable, was shot, only on the op-posite side of his body. Both of the Davenports are dead, and Herring field the country. Gabhert is living at home, and is thought to be in a very critical condition. Devials' wound is only a creased his earthly store until at the time of his death, which occurred a few condition. Daniels' wound is only a days ago, he was worth about \$5,000-000. Last week Michael received inflesh-wound, and is not thought to be dangerous. Much excitement prevails in that viformation from an attorney that his uncle, with whom he had not communicated for sixteen years, had died, and that he was his only surviving her. Michael was not at all elated at this an-

Kentucky Diversion.

on sight :

cinity, but no arrests have been made as yet.-Harrodsburg (Ky.) Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal. A New System of Destroying Bank

nouncement, and appeared rather sorry in fact that such good fortune had come Notes. to him. He was getting old, he said, and would not want so much money; besides he had enough for himself, wife and daughter, and the possession of the A new system has been adopted for the destruction of the national bank notes redeemed by the Comptroller of the Currency. Heretofore it has been the custom at Washington to destroy immense amount mentioned above would only bring trouble and disgrace upon the notes by fire, thus wasting a large

his family eventually, as young people nowadays did not know how to spend money.—Troy (N. Y.) Times. quantity of material from which the bank notes are made. Workmen are now engaged at the national capital in erecting machinery for the purpose of reducing the notes to pulp, and by a Little Girl Kindles a Fire With \$1,100 in Greenbacks. chemical process extracting from the pulp all impurities that it may have

\$1,100 in Greenbacks. H. Grote keeps a saloon and boarding honse at 193 Second street, and, to all appearance, is doing a good and pros-perous business. He is a thrifty indi-vidual, and is given to operating some-what in stock-horses. He doesn't keep. as a usual thing, any vast amount of money about the house. Day before yesterday, having a note against him that was rapidly approaching maturity. that was rapidly approaching maturity, he obtained something over \$1,100 with which to satisfy it. Wrapping up this comfortable sum in an old newspaper, he stowed the bundle away in a burcau drawer, and where he intended to let it remain until it was wanted to liquidate The Comptroller of the Correcey has also adopted a plan of numbering every note of issue with the designation num-ber of the specific national bank by which it was issued, in order to expe-dite the sorting of such notes when re-deemed by the Comptroller. The clerks in the Comptroller's office at Washington here a constituent to the sort of the section of the se the claim against him.

In his family is a young girl, a sister of his wife, named 'Melia Merclink, a bright little lass about 9 years of age. A part of 'Melia's duties is the kindling of the matutinal fire, and yesterday morning, as usual, she was the first one Washington have no occasion now to read the name of the bank from the without the possibility of charging the notes of one bank to the account of anstirring in the house. Not having enough inflammable material handy, she remembered the roll of paper in the and remembered the foll of paper in the drawer, and, getting it out, put it in the stove, where she seen had a beautiful fire in full blast. When the master of the establishment arose he missed his money, and a little inquiry demon-strated the fact that that \$1,100 had other. It is expected that a large sav-ing will be effected by this system, as well as preventing errors through a similarity of the notes .- New York

the of wife of Sir Charles Dilke was lately consumed. No clergyman could be found to peform the burial cere-mony, and a brief and impressive speech was delivered by a layman. The cremation was perfectly successful, with nothing to offend the senses. The impregnable logic of the arguments of the cremationists is strengthening the movement in favor of this mode of dis-posing of the dead. posing of the dead.

## MRS. JOAQUIN MILLER has written a