NEW POEM BY LONGFELLOW.

Beautiful valley, through whose verdant in Unheard the Garigliano glides along, The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds, The river tactium of classic song!

The Land of Labor, and the Land of Rest, Where mediaval towns are white on all The hillsides, and where every mountain of Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall f

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface Was dragged with contumely from his throne Sciarra Colonna, was that day's diagrace The Pontiff's only, or in part thise own?

There in Ceprano, where a renegade Was each Apulian, as great Dasie saith, When Manfred, by his men-al-arms betrayed, Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

Where Juvenal was born, whose burid light Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown Of splender over cities seen at night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed, perhaps, the dream that he repe
In pondrous folios for scholastics made.

An ' there, uplifted like a passing cloud

That pauses on a mountain summit hi Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed The stony pathway leading to its gate; Above, the convent bells for vespers chimes Below, the darkening town grew desolate

The day was dying, and, with feeble hands, Careseed the mountain-tops; the vales betwee Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen. The silence of the place was like a sleep, So full of rost it seemed; each passing Was a reverberation from the deep Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For more than thirteen centuries ago
Benedict, fleeing from the gates of Bome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his rule Of prayer and work, and counted work as His pen became a clarion, and his school Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boocacain, in his reckless way Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores The illuminated manuscript that lay Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child Of fancy and of fiction at the best; This the urbane librarian said, and smiled Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these with one young friar I sat conversing late into the night. Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite. And then translated, in my convent cell, Myself yet not myself, in dreams i lay; And as a monk who hears the matin bell, Started from sleep;—already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene On which Saint Benedict so oft had gased; The mountains and the valley in the sheen Of the bright sun, and stood as one amassed

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing; The woodlands glistened with their jeweled Far off the mellow bells began to ring For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past, The ideal and the actual in our life, As on a field of battle held me fast,

For, as a valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toes to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke as one awaketh from a dream.

—Atlantic Monthly for February.

SERVING THE WRIT.

The small dapper figure of Squire Butterfield was seated in his office one cold winter morning, and the Squire was vainly trying to comprehend a pile of law books. These books had been left by opposing attorneys in some case tried before him, and from the cases therein cited he was expected to make up his decision. Had it been any other question—geography, astronomy, mechanics, or what not—the Squire would have settled it at cases. He had the most thereough. confidence in the ability of Squire But-terfield to settle anything, but now he was perplexed. The more he studied, evening, and at tea-time chuckles interthe more he became convinced that the plaintiff had all the law on his side; and so had the defendant; and that both sides had amply proved their case. In this bewildering state of mind he con-cluded to take a sort of middle course, at swallowed the last morsel, and laid down once satisfactory to himself if to no one else, and he had just written upon his docket, "Case dismissed for want of jurisdiction," when the tall, thin, sombre figure of Mr. Grimp appeared in the old we

Mov Mr. Grimp was an awfully solemn man. Arrayed in the blackest of broad-cloths, the stiffest of neckties, the whitest of shirt fronts and standing collars, with features cold, austere, and severely serious, Mr. Grimp somehow ever sugserious, Mr. Grimp somehow ever suggested unpleasant thoughts of funerals, grave clothes and coffins. He was a very religious man, too—very. In prayer meeting, class meeting, and on other occasions, his monotonous, sepulchral, metallic voice was frequently heard speaking of the "shortness of life," the "certainty of death," and about "becoming food for the worms," and such other cheerful subjects. Cold and passionless himself, he had no mercy for the weakness or frailty of his fellow, exacting the most frailty of his fellow, exacting the most formal religious observance in others, and the last penny due him by his debtors.

"I have called, Brother Butterfield, began Mr. Grimp in slow measured tones—"I have called to see you about a tones—"I have called to see you about a little matter that has been on my mind for some time; a matter I hesitated bringing before the courts, as I think the Scriptural rule should be generally followed about 'going to law before the

answered the Squire, altogether misir terpreting Mr. Grimp's moralizing.

"Ahem! Ah, yes! I presume you allude to the foreclosing of a mortgage I held on his place. It was truly unpleasant for me to do it, but duty to my children, so lately deprived of a mother, impelled me. As the Scripture says, 'If any provide not for his own, especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel!"

"Better had some keer for other folks" ophans as well," muttered the Squire; but Mr. Grimp did not hear, and pro-

"Well, at the sale of Mr. Barney's "The long and short on't is she hain't

paid the rent and you want her put "Well-yes and no. I wish steps taken in that direction, but not to extremes. I would like process issued, but have final measures kept in abeyance, as I think the matter may be amicably arranged. "That is, you want some scarecrow to

hold over her to bring her to terms?" suggested the Squire, looking keenly at his visitor. Mr. Grimp nodded. "You will attend to it, Brother Butterfield?" he said.

"I'll 'tend to it," said the Squire. There Mr. Grimp bowed solemnly, said "Farewell, Brother Butterfield," and passed out into the sunshine—his figure almost too thin and dried up to cast a shadow in the bright sunlight, yet sufficient to cast moral shadow and unhappixess over homes and lives around and

For a moment following Mr. Grimp's departure the Squire's face was full of conflicting emotions. He arose from his chair, and his small boot-heels clattered on the office floor as he paced hurriedly to and fro.

"The old skinflint!" he muttered "Jest as if I didn't see through him like a book! He wants to convert the widow into Mrs. Grimp number two, an' if she ain't willin'-maybe she's refused him already—he wants me to make her think she'd better be. That's what he wants. Ha, ha! I reckon there's a widower that Widow Barney er any other woman would jest be proud to git; he's net a thousand miles off neither"—and the Squire paused smilingly before a small mirror, adjusted his collar, and smoothed the few hairs carefully over the bald spot on his head. "Not so old after all; and a sight better looking than old Grimp Guess he didn't know who he was comi to, did he? An' he wants me to sarve a writ on Widow Barney. George! I'll sarve it myself an' git in ahead of him Big joke it'll be on Grimp! Ha, ha!" In the main the Squire was correct in his cogitations. To secure the lively, pretty, sensible young widow as a help meet in the place of the "late lamented" was precisely what Mr. Grimp desired. He had at different times made advances in that direction, but receiving only neg ative replies he concluded to try a mild coercion, and "bring her to her senses," as he inwardly called it. Now, singularly enough, the Squire also was a wid ower, and he too, was matrimonially in-clined toward the Widow Barney. He He had never made any proposition to that lady, thinking, in his conceit, he had only to offer himself to be accepted at once, and she be glad of the oppor-

action. There was a chance—it might happen—that the widow, being ignorant of the Squire's intentions, might possi-bly throw herself away on Mr. Grimp? spersed themselves throughout the meal, much to the wonderment of the old housekeeper. Indeed her looks betokened so much curiosity that the his knife and fork, he said : "Mrs. Crandal, I'm goin' to git mar-

"Well, now, railly!" exclaimed the old woman, almost dropping the tea-cups in surprise. "May I be so proud as to ask who she may be?"

"Widow Barney."
"What! Widder Barney? Sakes, now When ye goin' to be married?"
"I don't know yet; haven't asked her. Goin' to do it, though, to-night."

"Mebbe she won't have ye," observed
Mrs. Crandal rather doubtfully.
"Won't have me? Me!—Squire Butterfield?" exclaimed the Squire, surprised out of all measure at so extraordinary a suggestion. "I'd like to see the woman that wouldn't jest jump at the chance." chance—jest jump at the chance."
"I dunno," said the old woman, shaking her head with mournful credulity;

'these 'ere widders are very onsartain-'specially the young ones—an' there's no tellin' what they'll do. 'Sides, there's that young lawyer, Tom Hardwood, seein' her about a good deal." "Oh, that amounts to nothin'," said

the Squire complacently. "He boards at her house, an takes her to meetin' an' singin' school just out of politeness."
Mrs. Crandal made no further remark.

for some time; a matter I hesitated bringing before the courts, as I think the Scriptural rule should be generally followed about 'going to law before the unjust,' and—"

"Humph!" And the Squire straightened himself on his chair and ran his hand through his thin looks until each individual hair stood out a bristling protest. "I reckon I ain't a bit more unjust than any on 'em. If you're hintin' that way, why in Sam Hill didn't ye take your case afore some spiritooal court, and done with it?"

Mrs. Crandal made no further remark, but proceeded to gather up the dishes, and the Squire went to his room to gather himself into his Sunday clothes.

He decided not to call too early upon the widow, lest she might not be ready for visitors, and therefore he delayed until the clock struck the hour of nine; then a tall hat, drab trowsers, a blue, brass-buttoned "swallow-tail," an overcost—and Squire Butterfield contained somewhere within—passed out to the road. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night; no one was out on the street, and

way, why in Sam Hill didn'ty etake your case sfore some spiritooal court, and done with it?"

Mr. Grimp colored alightly. "I think you misunderstand me, Brother Butter-hold in the bright home lights from various windows as same and sense, without alhasion to you, whom I know to be a man with clear ideas of justice, or else the community had not placed you in so responsible a position."

The Squire's testiness at once disappeared, the smile came back, and he bowed in complacent sequirescence.

"But to return to my business," continued Mr. Grimp. "You doubtless know Mrs. Barney?"

"What, Widow Barney?" and the complacent look immediately gave place to an unusual flush on the questioner's face.

"Yes; I believe she is a widow. Her insband—poor man—brame, somewhat involved before he died; but may we hope in a better world he has discovered the things of earth to be but vanity and exation of spirit. I like us all, Brother. Butterfield, he brought nothing into the widow as a sitting-passed over the crisp, well-trodden to the business of some distinction. The widow's appeared, the smile of the widow as a sitting-passed over the crisp, well-trodden to wind the hast of the widow as a sitting to the complacent look immediately gave place to an unusual flush on the questioner's face.

"Yes; I believe she is a widow. Her insband—poor man—brame, somewhat involved before he died; but may we hope in a better world he has discovered the things of earth to be but vanity and exation of spirit. I like us all, Brother. Butterfield, he brought nothing into the widow as a sitting-room, He saw it was involved before he died; but may well lighted, the window curtains not yet down, and he was about turning toward the door, when some one—a man—came to the window and looked out. For the world, and it is certain he carried nothing out."

"I s'pose not, as you got the hull on't," answered the Squire, altogether missing out."

"I s'pose not, as you got the hull on't," answered the Squire, altogether missing out."

"It is hand the expression had he got the start of him after all? He didn't wish to see Mr. Grimp—at least not then and there. He stepped back a little to get a better view, and waited for the face to appear again. But it did not. Then he moved round to the end of the house and looked up at the window on that side, but with no better result, If he only knew who the man was; knew certainly it was not Mr. Grimp, he would be eatisfied. His eye rested on the low back kitchen, directly below the end window. If he was only on that he could look into the room unobserved by any one. It

could do no harm, either; and he did so wish to know who that man was!

The more the Squire thought about it the more convinced was he that it was Mr. Grimp - but then may be it wasn't. place I bought it in, and since then I He would find out! He became more have let Mrs. Barney have it at a nomisure you Brother Butterfield. And it is search, he found in a small ladder, which resolute then, and looked about for some he placed against the kitchen and began to ascend. He got up the ladder without trouble, but found the roof so coated with ice that he had to move with extreme cantion. However, the window was reached at last, and, looking in, he saw only the widow and Tom Harwood sitting

by the fire.
"There!" muttered the Squire in dis-Hill didn't I remember he was here, and saved all this trouble? Nearly spiled my best clothes, too!"

He turned about and was preparing to go back, when a movement down in the a glimpse of the stern and frozen face, shrubbery arrested his attention and which is all she can see, of her husband. shrubbery arrested his attention and downward progress at the same time. For a minute or two he remained per-fectly still; then he peered carefully over the roof's edge. He saw a man standing below among the trees, but who he was the Squire couldn't make out. Howbeit, whoever he might be, he seemed to be scanning the upper front window very closely. Indeed, this view did not seem to satisfy him, and like his "illustrious predecessor" he, too, passed round back of the little kitchen. The Squire became alarmed. He would be discovered now learned. He would be discovered now learned. He would be discovered now learned to be the court-room, the old man said, with tears in his eyes, that he had come all the way from Elizabeth, N. J., to see in that and get one look at H. W. of the little kitchen. The Squire became in thar an alarmed. He would be discovered now certainly! What should he do? He dreadfully. dreadfully."

glanced about hopelessly until he caught sight of the chim*ey—a large, old-fashioned one, running up from the kitcken close against and on the outside of the main building. With a quick movement he scrambled to his feet into the shadow of its deep corner and stood true, it is infamous; if false, it is dis-

go 'way pretty soon, confound him!" But the stranger seemed in no hurry was in a profuse sweat from head to foot. to get up courage to face the people He gritted his teeth, clenched his hands, bit his lips until the blood came, but nevertheless the intruder made his way silent laugh. Slowly but surely up the slippery incline. "Goodness gracious! What in Sam Hill shall I do?" murmured the Squire he thanked methanked in the same of the same in his desperate fear. "I'd give anything, yes, anything, if I was safe at
home. I wish all the widows were in Guinea. I wish-"

But the sentence never was completed The ice-alas the treacherous ice on the roof! Unexpectedly, suddenly, without premeditation or malice aforethought, the Squire's feet shot forward from him, and with accuracy of aim and swiftness of motion seldom surpassed, he bore down upon the stranger. That individual's hold was very weak and uncertain at best, and he was illy prepared for such an onslaught. Therefore then the Squire struck him, he, too, ssumed an unexpected momentum, and both passed over the roof together, the stranger descending feet foremost into duct through the whole affair has been the rain barrel and the Squire making admirable. On the first day of the meetsad havoe with the widow's grapevines

and arbor. For a moment the stranger remained very wet and dripping. And thus and there, face to face, they met. "Brother Butterfield!"

"Mr. Grimp!" There was a momentary silence after these exclamations of astonished recognition. Mr. Grimp was the first to

relieved to find some excuse.

" Ah !" "Yes: an' I'd like to know what business you had up there, Mr. Grimp?" "I came to see you serve it," said Mr. Grimp, with a perceptible tightening of his thin lips.
"Well," said the Squire, rapidly recovering his composure, "if your writ don't stick better'n you did on that

late. The widow recognized them at priest of revenge. "Why, Mr. Grimp! and Squire But-terfield, too!" she exclaimed with the most charming of smiles. "Why, I thought it was burglars, or horse-thi or something, and I was so frightened. And, why, Mr. Grimp! you are real wet,

aren't you? Is it raining or snowing?"
And she held out her little hand to catch the falling drops.
"No, marm, 'taint snowin', or rainin either. either. Ye see, Mr. Grimp was jest showin' me the water privileges about the place, an' tryin' to see how much a rain bar'l would hold," responded the

Squire sarcastically, pointing aforemid barrel.

"There!" muttered the Squire in disgust after making this discovery; "I never thought of him! Why in Sam Hill didn't I remember he was here, and saved all this trouble? Nearly spiled my lessly at her fan, stealing now and then

> No Respect for Gray Mairs. [Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.] One old man, over three-score-and ten, was very much depressed in spirit be-cause unable to obtain admisson. Taking

close against the wall.

"Maybe," he thought, "the man will sufficient answer, I don't choose to give

any other. A new bit of testimony, which created to leave; on the contrary he moved about much merriment, came out here. Moula few minutes, and then, to the consterton said: "Beecher came to my house nation of our friend on the roof, he began to ascend the ladder. If ever Squire without hope. He said to me more than butterfield perspired in his life, he did then. Although it was a cold night, he came to me for strength; that he wanted

Beecher here appeared overcome at the testimony, as too absurd, and he gave a Witness-I told him what I said when parties asked me about the scandal, and he thanked me, and said the only way to

Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton

[Jennie June.] Mrs. Beecher's fine face and dignified bearing sometimes takes on a disdainful expression at the adroit attacks of Mr. Morris. Mrs. Tilton wears an anxious look, but her brown eyes are clear, and she directed them steadily at her husband for full fifteen minutes the other day, when his counsel was lauding him at her; not once, it was observed, did he return her gaze. Mrs. Beecher's conadmirable. On the first day of the meeting she met Mrs. Tilton's glance with a kind smile, and after the proceedings went up and shook hands with her. Since

[Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

"Will you allow me to inquire, Brother Butterfield, what you were doing on the roof of my house at this late hour?"

"Sartainly you may, Mr. Grimp. I came—because—that is—I came to sarve that writ of yourn," answered the Squire, relieved to find some excess.

"Mill you allow me to inquire, He is as clear as crystal. All common emotions, all human senses, seem to have been purged out of him as if by a flame. After the primeval age of his ruin has come a glacial period. He is a that seduction by his adulterous allows like a match at mud-throwing, with fouler ammunition, however, than the cheap ordure of the streets.

All manner of beastly confidences are to be torn from their graves, and shown it, is his terrible and unspeakable hate. mass of ice, and, frozen in the heart of it, is his terrible and unspeakable hate. The man's face looks like a stage dressed for a tragedy—bare and almost empty, but with a hundred frightful intentions waiting for the bell to clang and the sword-play to legin. You catch yourself wondering whether he eats, whether he drinks, whether he sleeps as other men do. Something, written in no language, marks him in the forehead as one whose life has for some time been arrested, and life has for some time been arrested, and tions, other bestial incidents in the un-

A Breeze of Excitement.

A protracted dispute took place between counsel as to the introduction of Miss Proctor's name. Mr. Evarts said that it was in evidence, and Mr. Tracy said that he assumed the responsibility of mentioning it Judge Neilson, with considerable warmth and marked impersativeness, told Mr. Tracy there was a higher responsibility than his, informed Mr. Evarts that the matter was not in evidence and never would be with his consent, and directed the stenographer to strike out Miss Proctor's name wherever it occurred. Mr. Evarts excepted to the direction of the court, and the brush between counsel created some excitement in the room. Moulton was then examined as to expressions of hostility made to other persons by him against [From the Sun.] citement in the room. Moulton was then examined as to expressions of hostility made to other persons by him against Beecher. He was asked whether, in his house, he had told Mr. Wallace Caldwell, the Plymouth usher, that Beecher was a liar and a libertine, and that he would cut him down if necessary. Moulton indignantly denied this, and in a tone of voice which recalled his visit to the meeting in Plymouth Church, said, "I knew he was a snoak when he came to my house." A scene followed, Mr. Evarta protesting exchemently, and demanding that the answer must be stricken out, and Judge Fullerton regretting that Moulton had not struck Caldwell out of his house. Order was restored by Judge Neilson's

A paper printed in Richmond, Ind., publishes a letter from Henry Ward Beecher, lately received by the Rev. I. Hughes, of that city, in which the pastor of Plymouth Church gives his views on certain doctrinal points at considerable length. Among other things he says: length. Among other things he says:

"I believe that all men are born into imperfection, and that as soon as intelligent action begins they fall into sin, and that no man ever kept the law of God with all his heart and mind, nor even with any single faculty. I believe that all men need a moral revolution, a change of heart, and that such change, while it involves man's own will, is also, and effectually, the result of God's Spirit. I believe that the Holy Spirit blesses parental example and teaching.

poor he sadly gave a torn piece of currency his grocer had refused the day before.—Hearth and Home.

TILTON—BEECHER.

Scenes and Incidents of the Great Trial.

Bad for Beecher.

[From the New York Star.]

Mr. Beecher labors under a tremendous influenza, and his lip is covered with well developed cold-sores.

Elizabeth.

I sit almost next to Mrs. Tilton every day, writes another correspondent, with plenty of time to watch her wan and faded face. She is very weary and twey miserable. The strain of exposure is more than she can bear. Most of her time she bites her fingers or gnaws list-lessly at her fan, stealing now and then in Conversion.'

A Tough Cuss. [Fom the New York Times.]

Moulton's testimony was given by him in his usual style. His coolness never deserted him. When Gen. Tracy asked him when he heard the "true story" read, Moulton said that he did not exactly remember, but that Gen. Tracy was in his house at the time and fell as while it was being read. This roused Mr. Everts, who protested against the answer. Moulton, with the utmost coolness, craved pardon for his inadvertence, and said he only wished to fix the date. Counsel laughed heartily, and Mr. Evarts looked very glum. Moulton kept on worrying the cross-examining counse in this way through the entire day. He was asked about taking down a portrait of Beecher hanging on the wall of his parlor. Moulton first managed to state to the jury that the picture had been given him by Tilton, and that his own and Tilton's portraits were also hung in his parlor. When the examination verged on a letter Moulton said he wrote while parlor. as at once added "my wife brought me the paper." Gen. Tracy, angry at being again baffled, said "We don't care about your wife, sir,"and Moulton smiled that pleasant and deceptive smile for which is noted. Gen. Tracy then asked Moulton if it was not a fact that, by reason of his late hour of rising on Sunday, his wife had been prevented from attending Plymouth church service. Moulton did not get angry, but smiled as usual and said, "Well, really, General, I do not know." Again, when Mr. Evarts got in a passion, and said, "We don't want to know what your wife did," hemus, Ind." Moulton, remembering Mr. Evarts' pre vious injunction as to telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth, said, "Mr. Evarts, your instructions as to telling the truth are so peculiar, I find difficulty in observing them."

A Forthcoming Stream of Filth-A Tragic

Conclusion Feared. [From Dr. Syntax's Letter in Chicago Tribune.]
I feel, sometimes, that a tragic conclusion will abruptly and terribly end this and pitifully describing his desolate home. He looked down, however, or around the desolate room, every way but mantle of heroism drops off, fold by fold, from its shoulders, and presently all will be wholly undraped, a lewd and hideous transfiguration of Priapus. To be the laureate of such reeking annals might gratify the hot ambition of Swinburne; but, to impartial nostrils, the whiffs and stenches of a wide-spread licentiousness are nothing else than sickening. Its fense, on the moral question at issue, not between Beecher and Tilton, but between from the heart at all. The vow that was Tilton has eternally lost, I fear, the Beecher and the world, is no loftier than a lie, when, instead of saying I take this promise with the happiness of his youth. a grinning "tu quoque." If Beecher He seems to me nothing more than the be a libertine, Tilton is a free-lover; and, incarnation of one enormous and perfect if Beecher seduced Elizabeth Tilton, purpose—vengeance. The fires which have burnt in him have vitrified him. ated that seduction by his adulterous aldoubt. G

don't stick better'n you did on that 'ere roof, it won't amount to nothin', that's all."

What reply Mr. Grimp would have made to this request is not known, for just then the door opened, and Tom Harwood and the widow, alarmed by the noise, came out. Both the Squire and Mr. Grimp would gladly have avoided an interview; indeed they turned to hasten away, but were too late. The widow recognized them at the store of the puzzled jurors and the stupefied world. At least two dead women are to anticipate the Last Judgment by confessing, through the mouths of their own kindred, that to be burnet in the unwritten history of Plymouth, are to be paraded before the puzzled jurors and the stupefied world. At least two dead women are to anticipate the Last Judgment by confessing, through the mouths of their own kindred, that to be burnet in the unwritten history of Plymouth, are to be paraded before the puzzled jurors and the stupefied world. At least two dead women are to anticipate the Last Judgment by confessing, through the mouths of their own kindred, that to be burnet in the unwritten history of Plymouth, are to be paraded before the puzzled jurors and the stupefied world. At least two dead women are to anticipate the Last Judgment by confessing, through the colorless, passionless, lifeless highdragged from under the protective shadow of Mr. Beecher's church, and stripped bare and putrid for the consid-eration of these Christian States. If

house." A scene followed, Mr. Evarts protesting evenemently, and demanding that the answer must be stricken out, and Judge Fullerton regretting that Moulton had not struck Caldwell out of his house. Order was restored by Judge Neilson's vigorous use of the gavel. A series of similar questions followed, when the court was adjourned.

Beecher's Creed.

A paper printed in Richmond, Ind.,

LENT.—Lent will begin this year on the 10th of February, much earlier than it has done since 1869. This will bring the high festival of Easter this year on the 28th of March, which is within six days of the earliest period upon which it Some years there are as many as nine Sundays between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, but this year there will be only five Sundays intervening between the jubilee of Epiphany and the solmne

Snooksey's Revenge. Mr. J. Melancthon Snooksey, scissors

editor of the Polhemus Evening Clarion,

never suffered a wrong that he did not

some day avenge. One day Snooksey went to the bank to get a check for ten dollars cashed. Mr. Goldcopper, of the First National Bank of Polhemus, was a cautious man, and he imagined that Snooksey's voice trembled a little, between good to be some sort. "Is this Snooksey's voice trembled a little, be-traying guilt of some sort. "Is this your name on this check?" asked Gold-copper. "Yes," said Snooksey. "Well," said Goldcopper, "you'll have to bring some one here who knows you; I can't pay anything on this until you identify yourself." Snooksey walked out, and in about half an hour had drummed up three or four of his friends, who accomthree or four of his friends, who accompanied him to the bank, and assured Goldcopper that Snooksey was no other than Snooksey. But alas! Goldcopper didn't know either of Snooksey's friends from Adam, and he shook his little head. "Can't pay this till I know who I'm paying it to," he said, gruffly. "All right," returned Snooksey, disgusted. "I'll make you a present of the check; keep it, by all means;" and he and his keep it, by all means;" and he and his friends passed out. Seventeen weeks after this occurrence, as Snooksey was hard at work on his exchanges in the office of the Clarion, who should step in upon him but Mr. Goldcopper, of the First National." He had forgotten Snooksey, but Snooksey had not forgot-ten him. "Ah," said Goldcopper, blandly, "I am anxious to get hold of a copy of the San Francisco Morning Bedouin; you exchange with it, of course?" "Certainly," said the smiling Snooksey, yanking the Bedouin from a pile of papers and holding it up temptingly; "but whom have I the honor of addressing?" "W. H. Goldcopper, sir; Goldcopper, of the First National An exchange remarks that it is re-Bank, sir." "Oh, yes, Mr. Goldcopper; yes, I've heard the name. But, see here, Mr. Goldcopper, how do I know that you are Goldcopper? Your in bed, Gen. Tracy assumed an air of know that you are Goldcopper? Your incredulity which Moulton noticed, and name might be Rodifer, or Jinks, or Jean Valjean, for what I know. Bring somebody here who knows you, sir; who can identify you, sir; then, sir, if the proof is satisfactory, sir, you shall have a copy of the *Bedouin*, sir. We have to be very careful here, sir, you can see for yourself." The astonished Goldcopper, without a word in reply, passed rapidly out. When he reached his bank he set down and heatily wrote. "Prohe sat down and hastily wrote: "Pro-

"He Married Her for Her Money."

Married her for her money, did he? Why did he not kill her outright, and take it Indeed, that is what a man who makes a match with such motives would really like to do. He wants the hard dollars, not the soft woman who owns them; and he hates her because he has had to take her also.

Poor little heiresses, with such delightful fortunes—poor little widows, with a snug sum settled on you by the husband who had your comfort at heart, how much better that you should be penniless women sewing for your living at ten cents a shirt! Then, some strong, loving hand might gather you up to a tender heart, and you might be sure it was all for yourself—all, every bit of it.

much cold "courting," and did not come

She understood that long ago, no doubt. God help her! Married for money—and yet she was as foreign and domestic tob sweet and pretty then as many a girl who paid, 1,780,961,000 cigars. is married for pure love-a rosebud that might have been plucked to wear over a true heart. What did the fortune-hunter him with her "worldly goods." It is contrary to the prayer-book, and contrary to nature.—M. K. D., in New York

Ledger.

The Egyptian Ruler's Royal Gift to Gen. Sherman's Daughter.

The wedding gift from the Khedive of Egypt to the daughter of Gen. Sherman reached New York by steamer on Tuesday, and was on private exhibition in the Collector's parlor of the Custom-House yesterday afternoon.

The present is a parure of diamonds, necklace and eardrops, said to be the most magnificent and valuable in this country. The necklace is composed of four strans of diamonds, each of which is a brilliant. Not one of them is worth

The population of New York fifty years ago was about 130,000—hardly more than quarter of the present population of Chicago, which then had no existence except as an Indian outpost. Brooklyn was a straggling village of 7,000 inhabitants, and there was but one steam ferry-boat on the East river. People who wanted to cross the river then after 8 o'clock in the evening had to pay twenty-five cents to a boat man to row them over. The largest ship then sailing from the port did not exceed 500 tons burden. Postage on a single letter-sheet by mail to Boston was eighteen add three-quarter cents, and for a double sheet double that sum. There were no envelopes in those good old days, for those aids to corsisting laws no use is made of it. It often cents, and for a double sheet double that sum. There were no envelopes in those good old days, for those sids to correspondence had not been invented. Mucilage was unknown, and it was considered disrespectful not to seal a letter with a great lump of red wax. There were then no omnibuses nor street railways nor any other public cenveyance, except two-horse hackney coaches, which cost a small fortune to ride in.

HUMOROUS

Do they miss me at home?—do they miss me :
"I would be an assurance most dear.
To know that my name was forgotten,
As though I had never been there.

To know that the tailor and landlord, And the banks where my paper is due, And hosts whom I now cannot mention, Had banished me quite from their view

Do they miss me at home?—do they miss me? When the market for money is tight, And collectors in haste are pursuing Their debtors by day and by night?

Do the friends who once loaned me a "fifty," And the others who loaned me a "ten," Heave a sigh of regret as they miss me, And wish they could see me again ? Do they miss me at home?—do they miss me? Where no longer I'm seen upon 'Change?' And do those who were wont to assist me Say, "His conduct's infernally strange?"

Does the Shylock who loaned me his money

Do they miss me at home?—do they miss me? Twould be an assurance most dear To know that my name was forgotten, As though I had never been there. But I know that my memory lingers Around the dear place as I roam; And while I've my wits and my creepers They'll miss me—they'll miss me at hor

Wit and Humor.

WHEN is a literary work like smoke; When it rises in volumes,

TROUBLES are like dogs; the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

An Ohio man has been converted to temperance ninety-eight times, and says he'll go up to a hundred or die.

A CLARKSVILLE man has written a life

An exchange remarks that it is re-markable with what exactness the lines

between adjacent lots can be marked out "Do you like novels?" asked Miss

Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I can't say," he replied; "I never eat any. But I tell you, I'm death on possum!"

A COFFIN-MAKER was asked whom he was making a coffin for, and mentioned the intended. "Why, he is not dead, man!" said the querist. "Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other-"Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and

I guess he knows what he gave him A country youth came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand," "I'll keep one of them."

The Tobacco Trade---Interesting Statistics.

From the advance sheets of the yearly official report of the tobacco trade, the following interesting statistics have been gathered. The report is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1874, and will be completed about March 1. There was exported from the United States, of native leaf tobacco, 318,097,804 pounds, fore him, and from the cases therein for he with an above intainated, he resolved to serve for a moment the stranger remained with the same time and the foreign for him, and from the cases therein for he within the same time and the foreign for he within the same time and confidence, he had the most fore him, and from the cases therein for he within the same time and the foreign for he within the same time and the foreign for he within the same time and the foreign for he within the same time and the foreign for he within the same time and the same time there was imported to same time and the foreign for he within the same time and confidence, he had the most form the cases therein for he within the same time and the foreign for he within the same t amounting in value to \$30,389,181. Dur

value to \$5,332,548.41. During the same time there was im ported into the United States and en-tered for consumption 845,774 pounds woman for better or for worse, he should of cigars, or, at an average of eleven have said, "I take this woman for her pounds to the thousand, 76,888,000 cigars, amounting in value to \$3,030,628.-79. In the same period there were manufactured in the United States, of foreign and domestic tobacco, and tax

Allowing thirty pounds of tobacco for every 1,000 cigars manufactured, there was used 25,728,830 pounds foreign and care for that? A man who woos a woman for mercenary motives is rather apt to hate her the more for being worthy of a better fate. And in any case, a man hates a woman who reverses the proper state of things, and "endows" him with her "worldle worldle world for every citar that was interesting the united States.

> fact that the average number of cigars smoked in the United States during each twenty-four hours is 5,168,000. The following are the amounts of duty and taxes on tobacco and cigars for the fiscal taxes on tobacco and cigars for the fiscal year ending as above: Import duty on lenf tobacco for cigars, gold, \$3,524,787.-82; import duty on all other kinds of tobacco and snuff, gold, \$53,181.12; import duty on cigars, cigarettes, etc., gold, \$2,872,691.27; tax on cigars, cheroots, etc., currency, \$9,333,591.24; tax on manufactured tobacco, currency, \$2,960,509.57; tax on snuff, currency, \$2,068,-445.92; tax received from all other 445.92; tax received from all other sources from tobacco, currency, \$1,970, 327.79; total amount of import duties paid in gold, \$6,150,060.41; total amount of taxes paid in currency, \$33,242,875.-62; grand total, \$39,292,935.03.

four strans of diamonds, each of which is a brilliant. Not one of them is worth less than \$1,000. The chain is studded with the gems, and they are set so closely together as to hide the gold. There are so many of them that Deputy Collector Lydecker tired in the count. He counted 350, which is only about half of the whole number. The strands are joined by ten immense stones, each of which is encircled by smaller gems. The one in front is the size of a hickory nut, and is worth \$20,000. Pendant from the front is a festoon of brilliants with five big pear-shaped stones of finest water luster hanging from it. The ornaments for the ear are single stones equally as large as the rest. The entire set is appraised at from \$260,000 to \$300,000.

The case for the jewels is plain moroco, without inscription. As soon as the Secretary of the Trassury orders a free permit for them under the special act of Congress they are to be delivered to the Turkish Kimister, and by him presented to the fair bride on behalf of the Egyptian potentate.—New York Sun.

New York is 1825.

The population of New York fifty years ago was about 130,000—hardly more than quarter of the present population of Chicago, which then had no existence except as an Indian outpost. Brooklyn was a straggling village of 7,000 inhabitants, and there was but one steam ferryboat on the East river. People who wanted to cross the river then after 8

ever of this information, and under existing laws no use is made of it. It often happens that dead letters contain counterfeit money, and information which would lead to the immediate arrest of guilty parties. As the law now stands, if a clerk in the Dead-Letter Office should discover a plot to assassinate his personal friend, he would have no power to give warning of the danger.