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MARK SHELTON'S WIFE.

One cold morning in December, Mark Shelton, Esq., and his wife sat down to breakfast in one of the coziest of dining-rooms; Mark with a cloud on his usually pleasant face, and his wife's placid countenance wearing a puzzled and sorrowful look, for when had he been angry with her before?

He had scarcely spoken to her the previous evening, and he looked sullen and gloomy still. What had she done? She had pondered the thought over and over, yet she had not dared to ask him.

The morning sunlight streamed into the room as they silently drank their coffee and abstractedly nibbled their muffins; and broad stripes of yellow gold lay on the sea-green ground of the carpet, mingling softly with the bright tints of the autumn leaves that sprinkled it; and lighting up the pictures on the varnished walls, until they stood out vivified into life-like perfection in the mellow light. The fire burned cheerfully in the polished grate; the canary chirruped blithely in his gilded cage, while the trailing vines that festooned the recesses of every window turned each delicate tendril to the warm sunlight, as if thankful for the warmth and comfort and hallowed glow that filled that pleasant room.

Mr. Shelton finished his breakfast and took up his morning paper. Mrs. Shelton, a pale little woman, whose chief beauty lay in her eyes, which were so blue and trustful one could not help loving their owner, watched his moody face uneasily. Her smooth, purplish black hair was coiled up in a loose, double twist, with here and there a tiny curl peeping out, giving her a girlish look that Mark had often admired. Her morning dress was navy blue cashmere, with snowy lace at the throat and wrists, and simply elegance itself; and, better than all, was the work of the slim fingers that were nervously twirling the silver teaspoon in her dainty coffee cup.

But Mark was too much engrossed in his own moody thoughts to find any interest in wife or paper, for, after a vain attempt at reading, he laid the latter down, and sat silently staring into the fire.

"Mark," burst out his wife, who felt as if she were under the influence of a night-mare, "what on earth is the matter with you?"

And Mark answered her with that sensible masculine evasion, "Nothing."

"I know there is something wrong somewhere," went on Mrs. Shelton, desperately. "Are you angry with me, Mark?"

"No, Alice, I'm not angry with you."

"Then tell me your trouble. I never saw you so depressed before, and we are married five years to-day, Mark."

"Bless me! So we are! I had entirely forgotten it." Mr. Shelton looked up for the first time, and glanced across the table at the little woman in blue, whose cheeks had lost the peachy bloom they had worn that day five years ago. But the dear face was as fresh as ever in his partial eyes, and his heart ached more for her than himself, for he knew she would suffer keenly in the crisis he was dreading so much. "If the children had been spared to us," he said, mentally, thinking of the two little graves in Greenwood, "they would have been a comfort to her." But he kept his thoughts to himself, and said, instead:

"Will you attend Mrs. Austin's party, Alice?"

"On the 20th? Yes." The uneasy light left Alice Shelton's loving eyes, for, since he was not angry with her, she did not care to pry into his secrets. And yet if he only would confide in her, she would feel so relieved. "Will you go, Mark?"

"I think not." A curious smile parted his lips.

"Why?" in a tone of surprise.

"I shall be otherwise engaged."

"Nonsense, Mark. You must not be such a slave to business. Few men are as prosperous in the world."

"I have been prosperous," dreamily, "but"——he never finished the sentence.

"And the panic never affected you in the least," innocently remarked Mrs. Shelton, who knew as much about the subtle workings of the financial world as she did about the mythical inhabitants of the moon.

Mr. Shelton jumped up, slightly flushed in the face.

"What idiots women are!" was the complimentary exclamation that met his wife's ears, as he went hurriedly from the room, heedless of her excited "Mark——"

But Mark was out in the cold, sunlit street, before the little woman had recovered from her astonishment; his white, even teeth clenched tightly together, as he hurried down to the dim, musty office, where so many arduous duties demanded his attention.

Many of his business friends who met or passed him on the streets looked curiously at his down cast face; for his mind was too much preoccupied to take any interest in passing occurrences. He heard nothing, saw nothing but the blue, numb hands of the street beggars, who seemed to beset his path every few rods, for his characteristic charity was well known, and few were the palms that did not close on the coveted penny.

For Mark was a good man, humane, charitable, and generous in all things, and until a year back the world had gone well with him. But the panic swamped dozens of his debtors; his business was dead in a financial sense; and his creditors were clamorous for bills he could not meet. He had never been careless, unwise or extravgant in filling or discharging contracts, and his business difficulties had come upon him so swiftly and imperceptibly that the blow fell heavier than if he had been expecting some such catastrophe.

But Alice Shelton knew nothing of all this. The mental turmoil going on in her husband's breast never found vent in a dissatisfied word or look, and until the previous day he had kept his face and manner free from all traces of anxiety. But the constant excitement and worry had been too hard for him, and the dunning of a creditor, who demanded the punctual payment of a note of $4,000 that fell due on the 21st of December, together with other unforeseen debts, had so upset him that he could not cover his mental distress with the mask of carelessness he had worn for weeks past.

His greatest trouble was for Alice. Never very strong—and he had often underrated her strength—he had endeavored to surround her with every comfort and had carefully kept all harrassing business details or cares from her ears. He had given her money without stint, and he supposed she spent it like other women, for she was always well dressed, and his home was a model of order and good taste. Be that as it may, he never thought of tracing the cause of his failure to home extravagance. For no woman was more thoroughly economical, without being miserly, than Mrs. Shelton. Her party toilets were always in exceptional taste, and her dress for Mrs. Austin's party was not designed for any unusual display of elegance, although the gathering was to be one of unusual brilliancy.

The night of the 20th came—a dark, stormy December night, the air filled with snowflakes and the sky gray and overcast with heavy clouds.

"It is going to be a terrible night, Mark," Mrs. Shelton said to her husband, who sat before the library fire, evidently absorbed in the contents of the evening paper. "I have thought once or twice since I commenced dressing that I would not go out to-night."

"Go, by all means, Alice; the carriage is close," her husband replied, glancing up at the trim little figure arrayed in a dark silk, retrimmed, with a pale blush rose in her purplish-black hair, and at the white throat, half-veiled with a flimsy lace. He smiled bitterly as he saw her going out in her happy, child-like innocence, as she might never go again, among people who had no sympathy for failing merchants, and who would not give his wife a thought if she were not rich in the world's goods.

"I wish you would go," she said, beseechingly, lingering at the door to adjust her cloak; "Mr. Austin will be expecting you."

Mr. Shelton smiled, thinking, perhaps, of the forbidding face of a man of whom he had begged a loan that afternoon, whose curt "cannot spare a dollar, sir," rang in his ears yet. He arose from his seat by the fire, and going over to his wife's side, fastened the warm wraps closer about her throat.

"Be careful of yourself, little woman," he said with a forced attempt at gayety, "and enjoy yourself, for it is utterly impossible for me to go."

He accompanied her to the carriage, and as he closed the door on the placid little face he inwardly anathematized the weakness that prompted him to withhold the story of his difficulties from her, when she daily ran the risk of hearing it from lips less liable to soften its details. Yet he still hoped that the morrow would bring some chance of redeeming his lost credit; although his efforts to raise the $4,000 due on the 21st were still unsuccessful. He was almost worn out with physical and mental labor, yet he put on his hat and overcoat, and dragged wearily down town through the fast-falling snow and murky darkness, to spend the dreary hours of his wife's absence, poring over ledgers in his counting-room.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mark Shelton, not quite satisfied with Mark's "strange freak," as she called her husband's refusal to attend the party, was zealously trying to feel at ease among Mrs. Austin's stylish guests. For, somehow, she felt depressed and ill at ease among the fashionables who had hitherto welcomed her as the wife of a prominent young merchant who was steadily rising to eminence in the commercial world. There was an undercurrent of coldness in their greeting that her sensitive nature detected instantly, and an angry flush rose to her cheek when she overheard a remark relating to "Mrs. Shelton's old silk."

"I suppose my dress is not up to their standard in point of elegance," she muttered, bitterly; "but I'll never ruin Mark with my extravagance in dress—never!"

She slipped out of the gay, overcrowded parlors into the library, where she found refuge behind the heavy hangings of a bay window. She dropped into a low seat, and sat watching the streams of gas-light flickering across the street, now ankle deep with snow, wishing that Mark would remember her orders and send the carriage early. The heavy sensuous odors of tropical plants filled the room with a fragrance that almost took her breath away, and in the distance the music of a popular waltz rose and fell, the soft, voluptuous cadences soothing her disturbed mind into a calmness that was soon broken by the entrance of two ladies, whose first words chained Mrs. Shelton to her seat, and held her in the questionable light of an eaves-dropper.

"I was astonished to see Mrs. Mark Shelton out to-night," exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, whose diamonds flashed in the gas-light.

"Why?"

"Have you not heard? Why, Mrs. Lamer! Shelton is on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Mark Shelton? Impossible! Why, he is considered one of the staunchest merchants in the city."

"He was. But he has lost credit somehow. He has been on the streets for days trying to raise money to cancel most of his urgent debts; and I wouldn't be surprised if his wife did have to give up her stylish home before the winter is over."

"She is a nobody anyway. Her father was only a soap chandler and I have often wondered at Mark Shelton's taste in choosing her for a wife," remarked Mrs. Lamer, who had once a decided fancy for Mark, herself.

"Soap chandlers are as good as other men, provided they are sober, and respectable," returned the lady with the diamonds, whose father had once been a peanut vender, while Mrs. Lamer's ancestors were famous for blue blood and reckless dissipation.

"I don't pity Mrs. Shelton, though," went on Mrs. Lamer, politely ignoring the elder lady's home thrust; "for I expect she is just like other women in the same situation; Mark made oceans of money, and she spent it."

"Doubtless. Just give any woman that never had anything some money to splurge on, and see how fast she'll go through it," laughed the elder lady, as she glided out of the library, her rich silks sweeping after her like purple billows, while Mrs. Lamer followed her like a shadow, in her pale tarletan robes.

Poor Alice Shelton had heard every word, and sat perfectly still, with her slim, white fingers clasped tightly together. Every faculty of her nature seemed paralyzed by the intensity of her emotions. Her honest, conscientious heart was shocked at the hypocrisy of two of her most intimate society friends, and with the bitterness was mingled a feeling of intense pity for Mark, who had kept all this from her ears that she might hear it from so uncharitable lips. Verily, she thought, the world is a vain show, and those who love it but moths, fluttering about its dazzling pleasures, only to have their wings singed by the cruel tongues of flame that leap up from envy, malice and deceit.

"Mark shall *not* fail," she said, rising up, with a white, determined face. "I will show them his wife is worthy of him."

Heedless of the gayety and warmth around her, of the blinding snow-storm that was raging without, or the long, snow-bound walk that lay between the Austin mansion and her husband's warehouse, she hurried up to the dressing-room, and, wrapping herself up in cloak and furs, went out into the storm and bravely faced the blinding sheets of snow that the wind dashed into her face—a face almost as ghastly as the snow that fell so swiftly and silently on the half-deserted pavements. The gas flared out through murky gas lamps with a dull, sickly glare; hacks and carriages went whirling by like sheeted ghosts, and once in a while some belated pedestrian almost walked over her; but still Mrs. Shelton walked on, her heart too hard and anxious to think of fear or fatigue.

When she reached the warehouse the clock on a distant steeple was just chiming 11, and Mark was standing in the dimly-lit office, putting on his overcoat. The porter dozed in a chair before the stove in the outer room, and Alice stole softly past him and stood before her husband.

"Alice!"

His eyes dilated in astonishment. Alice dropped into a seat and looked up at him with a glitter in her blue eyes that held him spellbound.

"Mark, do you think I'm a fool?"

Her voice had a raspy ring that startled Mark. He glanced at her snow-covered wraps, and then made a dash for the soaked boots peeping out from under the edge of her bedraggled silken skirts.

"Alice?"—one boot came off with a jerk—"what insane whim drove you out on the streets such a night as this?"—he flung its mate to the furthest end of the room.

"O Mark," Mrs. Shelton's temporary strength and courage was swiftly vanishing, "are you going to fail?"

Mark instantly comprehended the situation. She had heard the story of his financial troubles, probably in some distorted form, and the knowledge had almost crazed her. He blamed himself severely for keeping her in ignorance of the truth. He always had a repugnance to womanly interference in business matters, but felt, in justice to his wife's general worthiness, he should have trusted her in this emergency.

"Hush, Alice!"—for she was beginning to sob hysterically—"you must not be alarmed. If I can raise the money to pay off a note that falls due to-morrow, I may weather the panic yet."

"How much will you need?"

Her little face was uplifted eagerly.

"Four thousand dollars."

"Is that all?" with a little hysterical laugh. "Then you won't fail; for I have five thousand, all my own, saved out of the money you gave me to spend on the house and myself. Ah, Mark, you thought I spent it!"

"Alice!"—Mark took the little shivering form in his arms—"you are worth your weight in gold!"

"I know it," slyly retorted Alice; "but it has taken you five years to find it out. And, Mark, if you cannot cancel the rest of your debt, we'll sell the house and furniture and live in a room or two until the panic is over; for you shall not fail."

Mark sent for a carriage, and they went home through the white, noiseless streets, Alice recounting, as she went, the story she heard in Mr. Austin's perfumed library. At its conclusion she said:

"It was cruel of you to keep me in the dark so long, Mark. And never, never treat me like a fool or a child again. For if I am a soap-chandler's daughter, I have sense, and feeling, and judgment, and discretion enough to save something for 'rainy days.'"

It is needless to say that Mark redeemed his note, to the chagrin of some of his business rivals, who had secretly gloated over his difficulties; and, although his affection for his wife was never demonstrative, the care he took of her was wonderful, for he found that the price of a good wife is "above rubies."

Cold Sleeping Rooms.

Hall's Journal of Health says that cold bed-chambers always imperil health and invite fatal diseases. Robust persons may safely sleep in a temperature of forty or under, but the old, the infant, and the frail, should never sleep in a room where the atmosphere is much under fifty degrees Fahrenheit. All know the danger of going directly into the cold from a very warm room. Very few rooms, churches, theaters and the like, are ever warmer than seventy degrees. If it is freezing out of doors it is thirty degrees—the difference being forty degrees more. Persons will be chilled by such a change in ten minutes, although they may be actively walking. But to lie still in bed, nothing to promote circulation, and breathe for hours an atmosphere of forty and even fifty degrees when the lungs are always at ninety eight, is too great a change. Many persons wake up in the morning with inflammation of the lungs who went to bed well, and are surprised that this should be the case. The cause may often be found in sleeping in a room the window of which has been foolishly hoisted for ventilation. The water-cure journals of the country have done an incalculable injury by the blind and indiscriminate advice of hoisting the windows at night.

How a Maine Printer Was Made a Man of.

Several years ago, a slab-sided, awkward printer boy, from Maine, found his way to Washington in search of an "easy place." Tom Ewing was then Secretary of the Interior. He was also uncle of our gawky place-hunter. To him the youngster naturally applied for assistance in getting the desired situation.

This was the encouraging answer he received from Ewing.

"I will not get you a place in any of the departments. Moreover, if you find a place and go to work, I will use all my influence to have you dismissed. I am not going to have you made into a limp and helpless nonentity, if I can help it. I want you to get out of Washington. Go anywhere; go to the devil, if you like, you shan't stay in Washington."

This inspiriting counsel drove the printer youth back to Maine again.

Had Ewing found him the desired place, he would to-day be tying tape around bundled documents, or sticking official stamps on somebody else's letters, in one of the departments, an inert human routine machine. But the uncle's sensible brusqueness was the nephew's salvation. The name of that discouraged young applicant was James G. Blaine, present Speaker of the House of Representatives.—*Wash. Cor. Chicago Times.*

Terrible to Contemplate.

Dr. Wilkes, in his recent work on physiology, remarks that "it is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months." It will be perceived, therefore, that in the course of ten years each of us eats three or four mantel pieces and a few sets of front-door steps. And in a long life I suppose it is fair to estimate that a healthy American could devour the Capitol at Washington, and perhaps two or three medium-sized marble quarries besides. It is awful to think of the consequences if a man should be shut off from his supply of lime for a while and then should get loose in a cemetery. An ordinary tombstone would hardly be enough for a lunch for him.—*Max Adeler.*

A Lost Cause.

E. A. Howe, an attorney of the San Francisco police court, blushes and hangs his head to think himself a man. He was going to a religious revival at night and his attention was attracted by a man making rapid tracks, and another following crying: "Stop thief." The race was taking place on his side of the street, and directly in his path. It was coming toward him with a rush. Howe had a splendid opportunity to distinguish himself before he went to meeting, besides doing something neat to benefit his business—as a police lawyer. He let the chance go by. The man who was ahead in the race drew something large and round from his pocket and threatened to blow the roof off Howe's brains if he dared lay hands on him or impede his progress. Howe stepped aside and carried off his brains in triumph. And the cry of "stop thief" ran along the street from a hundred fellows who joined in the chase. Howe went to meeting and told how he had been mercifully preserved from a violent death. His story was that a desperado had presented a big pistol close to his head, and that an overruling Providence had prevented it from going off. Farther down the street the course of the fugitive was stopped by a man who had a strong arm and Providence on his side. He knocked down the thief, grappled with and arrested him. The fellow was armed only with a big bologna sausage, and the mercifully-preserved Mr. Howe does not tell his story of miraculous escape from death any more, either at meeting or in the precincts of the police court. He lost a clear case of arresting and then defending his own thief.

A Lesson in Pronunciation.

How many can pronounce the words in the following "test" correctly? It was first published by the teachers of Toledo:

1. A courier from St. Louis, an Italian with italics, began an address or recitation as to the mischievous national finances.

2. His dolorous progress was demonstrated by a demonstration, and the preface to his sacerdotal profile gave his opponents an irreparable and lamentable wound.

3. He was deaf and isolated, and the envelope on the furniture at the depot was a covert for leisure and the reticence from the first grasp of the dancing Legislature of France.

4. The dilation of the chasm or trough made the servile satyr and virile optimist vehemently panegyrise the lenien God.

5. He was an aspirant after the vagaries of the exorcists, and an inexorable coadjutor of the irrefragible yet exquisite Farrago, on the subsidence of the despicable finale and the recognition of the recognizance.

Notable Events.

Under the rule of Ismail Pacha in Egypt, the Suez Canal has been opened, and £17,000,000 of Egyptian debt absorbed by it, 1,000 miles of railroad opened, effective postal and telegraphic communications organized; large cotton and sugar mills put in operation; ports, harbors and lighthouses constructed, and the breakwater and jetties at Alexandria—costing £1,500,000—completed; paper works, gas works and water works erected; engines and machinery for improved irrigation scattered over the country; expeditions for annexation and for the suppression of slavery organized; large schools, for instructing young Arabs in European languages, opened both in Alexandria and Cairo, and Cairo itself has been almost transformed by new streets—well-paved, lighted and watered—handsome houses in well-planned boulevards; new roads and bridges, with opera-house, theater and a hippodrome opened, though not successful. Throughout the whole country there is order and security. What one other ruler can show so good a record?—*New York Express.*

Little Johnny's Composition.

THE OYSTER.

Some fokes that has wrote about animels fore have been one able to see any differents between a owster and a ostrich, and said they was the same, but thots coe they had never et any, but I have, so I kno. If it wassent for the eatin Ide like to be a oyster, cos I eude jus shet myself up in my shel and sass the lobsters, and they cuddent help their selfs. If I had a shel Ide go and lick Sammy Doppy before I git up out of this chair, and then I wude shet up like a book, and say wot wus he goin to do about it, for I bleeve that boy is a coward, thats wot *I* think!

My sisters young man has give me some poetry wich he has been a makin wile Missy was a gittin ready to come down to the dron room to tel him if she ever saw a fline fish perchin on a spray, wich he says is wot he cum to ask her I don't under stan the poetry, cos it wos rote so quick, for Missy wassent only a little wile comin down to tel him a bout the fline fish, but they went into the garden for her to tel it. The poetry is call the oyster, but its all about a book, and if the spellin is bad, wy, it aint mine but hisn.

A Magnificent College Edifice.

The grandest and most beautiful of all collegiate buildings in America will be the new Trinity College building in Hartford, Conn. The general plan of the building, of which Mr. W. Burges, of London, is the architect, is a quadrangle, 1,050 feet long by 376 feet wide, divided into four court-yards of nearly equal size, containing altogether about four acres of ground. The style of architecture is early English gothic, and the tower (240 feet in height) which rises in the center of the building, closely resembles the Victoria Tower of the new Houses of Parliament. This vast pile is to contain dormitories for 300 students; a chapel, a library, a museum, a dining hall, a theater, and an astronomical observatory for the Faculty, besides recitation-rooms.

Some New French Aphorisms.

It is right to despise fools; it is wrong not to fear them.

Love descends to friendship; friendship never soars to love.

People who injure us always say they do so for our good.

Women do not like to remember; men do not like to foresee.

Nothing shows happiness more than tears. Tears are the extreme smile.

An honest man never abandons a woman, but he knows how to make himself forsaken.

By their fickleness women escape much misery. Birds save themselves only with their wings.

A women never is deceived by the love she inspires, but she deceives herself through that which she experiences.

BIG GUNS.—It is thought by nautical men that small vessels mounting heavy guns are the most effective in naval warfare, and that these gigantic pieces, properly served, will hereafter decide the fate of naval battles. A single shot from a monster gun with a long range may cripple the largest and finest line-of-battle-ship that was ever launched.

The Wills of Eminent Lawyers.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The fact that the wills of two Lord Chancellors within as many years should have occasioned grave difficulty is not a little remarkable. Lord Westbury's will, carefully prepared by himself, was said to be exceedingly hard to construe by the Master of the Rolls. In the case of Lord St. Leonards the difficulty is still more grave. His will, written in his own handwriting, on five or six sheets of old quarto white letter-paper, has been lost, and the advertisement declares that it has been 'lost since August, 1873.' Unless the document is forthcoming, the presumption of law may possibly be in such a case that the testator destroyed this will *animo revocandi*, and serious results to his family may be the consequence. It is curious how often the wills of eminent lawyers have occasioned litigation. Lord Chief-Justice Saunders appears to have made a speculative devise, upon the validity of which his executors—Maynard, Holt, and Pollexfen, all great lawyers—were divided in opinion. The wills of Lord Chief-Justice Holt and Mr. Sergeant Maynard were the subject of Chancery proceedings. So was the will of Chief Baron Thomson. Mr. Sergeant Hill's will was 'so singularly confused that, but for the respect due to the very learned sergeant, it might, not unreasonably, have been void for uncertainty.' The will of Sir Samuel Romilly was inartificially drawn. The will of Mr. Bradley, the celebrated conveyancer, was set aside by Lord Thurlow for uncertainty; 'and a late learned Master in Chancery directed the proceeds of his estate to be invested in consols in his own name.'"

The Senses of Bees.

The lenses of the bees' eyes are not adjustable; and, though they can see accurately at great distances, they, like some men, seem blind to objects close by. They dart down to the door of their hives with unerring precision; but, if from any cause they miss the opening, they are obliged to rise in the air and take another look. A bee's sense of taste is also imperfect, foul ditch-water and ill-smelling plants being often preferred. Bees haven't any ears to speak of, but their sense of smell—which, by the way, according to Huber, is in the mouth—is very keen. Honey-bees often, in scarce seasons, attack the bumble-bees on their return from the fields laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Its presence in the honey-bag must have been detected by the sense of smell. The sense, however, which is the most perfect is the touch, and that seems to be wholly in their antennæ. When one bee meets another, greetings are made by crossing their antennæ. Huber says it constructs its comb in darkness; it pours its honey into the magazines, feeds its young, judges of their age and necessities, recognizes its queen, all by aid of its antennæ, which are much less adapted for becoming acquainted with objects than our hands. Therefore, shall we not grant to this sense modifications and perfections unknown to the touch of man?

Dying Words.

"It is well."—*Washington.*
"I must sleep now."—*Byron.*
"Kiss me, Hardy."—*Nelson.*
"Head of the army."—*Napoleon.*
"Don't give up the ship."—*Lawrence.*
"Let the light enter."—*Goethe.*
"Into Thy hands, O Lord."—*Tasso.*
"Independence forever."—*Adams.*
"The artery ceased to beat."—*Haller.*
"Is this your fidelity?"—*Nero.*
"God preserve the Emperor."—*Haydn.*
"It is the last of earth."—*J. Q. Adams.*
"Give Dayroles a chair."—*Lord Chesterfield.*
"A dying man does nothing well."—*Franklin.*
"Let not poor Nelly starve."—*Charles II.*
"What! is there no bribing death?"—*Cardinal Beaufort.*
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—*Queen Elizabeth.*
"It matters little how the head lieth."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*
"Clasp my hand, my dear friend. I die."—*Alfieri.*
"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—*Sir Walter Scott.*
"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—*Mirabeau.*

A Funny Ice Adventure

Last Saturday a man residing near Cohoes was trying to move a large cake of ice which was on the point of being cast out on the road by the current in the river. He stepped upon the ice with the intention of breaking it, when it began to move off, taking him with it. The ice moved out into the center of the river and rapidly toward the dam. The man was in a fever of excitement, expecting his last moment to appear when he would reach the dam. The water being very high, the fall at the dam was unusually low, and the ice with the man on it passed over in safety, and drifted in the direction of the gas house. When nearing the gas house the ice landed on top of a little shanty which was nearly covered with water. The man got off the ice and stood on top of the house, but immediately fell through a skylight in the roof, falling on some girls who had gone to the top floor to escape the water. A scene immediately ensused, the girls roaring "Burglar!" and "Murder!" Their father appeared from the next room and an explanation followed.—*Troy Press.*

A Man Without a Single Hair.

In the County House, at the present time, is a man who bears the name of George Greenwood, born in Malden, Mass., in 1826, where he resided for several years. He subsequently emigrated to Texas, where he followed the occupation of a herder, and afterward was a large stock-raiser. Greenwood is entirely hairless, not having a single hair about his head and body. He is even void of eyebrows and eyelashes. While in Texas he acquired a great fancy for athletics, and on leaving that State, traveled with Barnum, and afterward with Rice's circus. He at one time earned about $5,000 per annum. He was never married, but has lived a fast life. He failed in health some time ago, and was placed in the hospital at Albany, from which place he was removed to this city by a stranger and left at one of the Congress street hotels, and, owing to his being without friends, he was sent to the County House. No reason has been assigned by the medical fraternity as to the cause of his being entirely without hair.—*Troy Budget.*

ANOTHER death, in consequence of the culpable manner in which narcotics are administered to children, occurred recently at Holloway in England. The child having been restless, the mother bought some sirup of poppies and gave it a spoonful. On the following morning the child was found to be unconscious and died shortly after. The doctor who made the post mortem examination pronounces the cause of death to be opium poisoning, and, in answer to a question, stated that laudanum was sometimes mixed with treacle as a substitute for spirit of poppies.