

Little New Jersey has a population of 1,278,033—males 635,186; females 642,847.

Senator Edmunds said, the other day, in Vermont: "That he was now the patriarch of the Senate. Only one member, Mr. Sherman, preceded him in entering the body, and that member has not served continuously. 'I have seen,' said Mr. Edmunds, 'every member from the other thirty-seven States of the Union come into the Senate and go out of it.'"

The adulteration of food seems to be carried on as actively as ever. The latest crime in this line is noted by The Caterer and relates to the commonest grades of coffee, which, the authority quoted says, are now so manipulated by poisonous coloring ingredients as to resemble Government Java so closely as to render it impossible for experts to detect the imposition.

A peculiar feature of the small-pox epidemic in Montreal is that the deaths are largely confined to children and infants. Only about eight per cent. of the dead thus far are adults. During the month of September 697 deaths from small-pox occurred in the city. Of these 600 were children under ten years of age. The French-Canadians will not permit their children to be vaccinated and the health authorities cannot get at them.

Denmark is almost in the throes of revolution, from the attitude of the King towards the popular branch of the legislature. There are signs of an open rupture between the King and the people. Herr Berg, President of the Danish Folkething, and two other members of the Liberal majority, have been sentenced to six months imprisonment for interfering with the police at a political meeting. Herr Berg is not only President of the Folkething, or popular branch of the national Parliament, but is one of the two great leaders of the dominion party. The Folkething may be depended upon to push its fight against the Crown with even greater virulence, and may very easily precipitate the anarchy which has long seemed to be overhanging Denmark. The fight is the fight of the people against autocracy, the common citizen against a land-owning nobility; and in the long run the people must win, as they have already won in Norway.

The London "Iron" has an article on American hardware abroad which is gratifying for our national pride. The "Iron" says: "Our American contemporaries have every cause to be surprised at the astonishing fact that thousands of tons of scrap iron are every year taken to the United States and there converted into the simplest of American manufactures, the sad or laundry iron, and then exported back to Europe at no small profit. There is not a corner of Europe where American small cast hardware is not on sale. The toolmakers and machinists of Europe—such as Krupp of Germany, Whitworth and Armstrong of England, and Hotchkiss of France, with their vast resources—are unable to produce a Monkey or screw-bar wrench equal to the American wrenches, and consequently they have to import these tools from the States. It is stated that there are no less than 80,000 dozen of them exported to Europe alone every year. In the matter of the common pocket boxwood rules, also, the American manufacturers so far excel all others that, if not all European nations, certainly all nations outside of Europe, are supplied from America."

When the yacht Genesta sailed for England from New York three of her crew—her steward, carpenter and one seaman—refused to run the risk of crossing the ocean in her, and took passage by steamer. They were so strong in their fear of the passage that threats by Capt. Carter to have them arrested for desertion when they arrived at England, and that they would forfeit their prize-money—about \$100 each—could not induce them to remain on the yacht. Sir Richard Sutton and all the gentlemen of the yacht also returned by steamer. All her sailors positively refused, earlier, to go with her in racing rig, thereby forcing her owners and captain to take out her racing mast and smaller sails. The men say that she cannot safely scud in a gale, and is compelled to lie to and take it; that she buries, and is liable to go under and never rise again some time in a heavy sea; and that, in short, the British type of racing yacht is not seaworthy in the sense of being either dry, safe or comfortable in heavy weather.

ONE YEAR AGO.

From Every Other Saturday. Last year, under the chestnut trees, Under the chestnuts white, Two of us walked, two of us talked— Would it were so to-night. Two were the voices, tremulous, sweet; Two were the heads bent low; Two were the hands, together clasped, One white as the flower-snow. One year! But a year, when all is told, Twelve months and a day! No more; Yet my footsteps flag, and my youth seems old, And my seared life feels fourscore. Two were the hearts that together beat, Two were the hearts, yet one; Two were the figures that, interlaced, Stroled, 'neath those trees, in the sun. Those trees, those leaf-laden, bloom-strewing trees, That glorious sun of June! Now they strike the golden chords of my soul Sound sweet on its love's own tune. Ah, leaves, ye fall, and grow green again, Nor mourn for the spring-time fled; Ah, trees, ye bloom in another June, But the life of my life is dead!

THE MESSAGE.

It was midnight, and two women awaited different messengers under one roof. To the elder, the slow-paced hours were bringing death; to the younger a bridegroom. The faded mistress of the rich parvenu's home had lain down to die, facing the doom of all with the stoicism of the neglected and unloved. Ready to take her place, impatient to clutch at the gauzes of the other despoiled, and to parade a triumph which should have been her dishonor, was her rival.

She was a young woman of course. Subtler feminine charms than bright eyes, rosy lips always parting in smile, a slender figure, and audacious, girlish ways, were hardly likely to fascinate a man of John Harden's character—a man who had risen from the meanest ranks of life, spent his years in money-getting, and shunned rather than sought good company in the true sense of the word. To be put out of countenance by no one, had been a leading maxim of the money-maker's career; whilst therefore surrounding himself with all the glitter of opulence, he remained the blunt, plainspoken, homely John Harden of early days. He was just sixty, and the girl busied with such affectation of demureness on some foolish boarding-school beadwork, could hardly be twenty. The pair sat opposite to each other by the fire, only interchanging a word from time to time, betraying nothing of their secret thoughts to chance eavesdroppers at the door. Yet despite such guarded speech, a quick observer must have seen at a glance how it stood with both; the girl's flushed cheek and sparkling eyes, the man's look of suppressed satisfaction, told their own story. The dread messenger, whose name is Death, as he passed through this hushed house, made way for a joyous successor whom, under various guises, men call Love.

The hand of the costly time-piece on the mantel-shelf pointed to twelve, and the mere sign seemed to chill the air. Mr. Harden rose to make up the fire, as he did so, letting one hand fall on his companion's. "It is growing late and cold. Better go to bed, Constance," he said in a voice of tender concern.

The girl, allowing herself for a moment to be carried away by impulse, leaned forward, her bright brown curls just touched his scant gray locks, her softly rounded cheek just came in contact with his own, lined and corrugated with care. "Should I leave you alone at such a time?" she whispered.

He said nothing, but kneeling before the fire, making it up after methodical fashion, contrived at the same time to transfer from his waistcoat pocket to her not unwilling fingers, a minute box of crimson leather lined with velvet. Within gleamed a wedding-ring, and as Constance Emery gazed upon it furtively, her lover's face showed exultation equal to her own.

To this shallow girl, the first glimpse of her wedding ring meant everything that life itself could mean. She was nothing, possessed nothing; the ring would give her all she set store by, and render her exactly what she wished to become. It would throw the responsibility of her own existence upon another's shoulder, relieve her from the odious burden of bread-winning, afford ease, luxury, social power, and the kind of sway over an ordinary nature that by such women is made to do duty for affection. The ring, in short, was to open wide the portals of a career after her own heart, without it, unattainable as a crown. To the man also the ring symbolized the aspect of life most agreeable to him. In one respect, money-making had not rendered him callous. To his mind, a certain feminine type ever remained irresistible. Of ideal loveliness, of spiritual or intellectual beauty, it was not at all likely that he should have the remotest conception; but he owned the sway of frolicsome girlhood, the easy assurance of young, handsome, reckless women. To surface charms of look or manner, he was ever ready to do homage. But the ring had other and graver meaning for him. His first marriage had been childless. The enormous wealth amassed so laboriously lacked an heir. Might not a young wife make him the proud father of blooming children?

The tiny box consigned to its hiding-place, Mr. Harden fetched from the lobby close by, a carriage clock lined with rare fur, and bestowed it carefully about the girl's shoulders. He next went to the sideboard, and half-filling a glass with wine, "Do not let

yourself get chill or faint then" he said softly, standing over her, glass in hand.

She just sipped the wine, and put back the glass, smiling gratefully. He returned to the sideboard, swallowed the remainder of the wine, then sat down in his old place by the fire. Just then the door was tapped lightly and an elderly, homely woman-servant made her appearance. "If you please, sir," she said, without looking at the girl, "mistress is herself again, and asks for you."

Such a summons unwelcome although it might be, was imperative. With a lingering look at the vision of life, youth and jollity left behind, Mr. Harden followed his hushed conductor into the chamber of death.

It was a strikingly luxurious room, hung with rich arras of crimson silk, and carpets to match, in which the feet sank noiselessly. On each side of the venetian looking-glass were handsome French candelabras supported by little Loves in tinted porcelain. On the dressing-table glittered silver-topped scent-bottles and a woman's small watch set with diamonds. The fire had been allowed to burn low, and only one small lamp lit up the silent room and its solitary occupant—a woman, white-haired woman whose life was wearing its old age.

It was easy to see that, like her husband Mrs. Harden had not been born to such luxury as this; her physiognomy as well as his own indicated a homely origin. Her thin hands still showed evidence of laborious toil. The heavy silk curtains of warm red, and downy quilt covered with satin, were in strange contrast with the look of the mistress. Twenty years of opulence had never familiarized her with it. To the last, she looked, as indeed she felt, a stranger in her own home.

"Go away, Anna," she said gently to the faithful peasant woman who had grown old in her service. "Leave us alone." The husband realized at a glance what had happened. She had remembered something, been reminded of something she wanted to say to him at the last, and as will often happen in the case of the dying a brief return of consciousness was accompanied by a momentary recovery of physical strength—last, bright, evanescent flicker of the flame of life.

The servant withdrew, and Mrs. Harden now beckoned the shrinking, conscience-stricken man to her bedside.

They had hitherto been no leaving-taking between him and the faithful partner of well nigh forty years. From the beginning of her illness, greatly to his relief, she had avoided anything approaching to close, confidential, talk, any allusion to the past or the future as they more immediately concerned themselves. He had taken care that everything money could do was done for her. A London physician had been summoned in consultation; all the concern that decorum exacted under the circumstances had been testified by him; he was constantly in the sick-room. But the solemn confidence, the final understanding, the supreme valediction that might be looked for from two human beings who had passed almost a lifetime together, had never been uttered.

Now it became clear to him that they were not to be separated thus. The opportunity for a last word had come, and she clutched it with almost frenzied eagerness. The expression on her face he could not misread—she was determined to say what she had to say. She felt confident that death would find her this grace—consent to hold aloof a little while.

"John," she began, gathering fire and force with every word, all the pent-up indignation of years poured forth at the last, "I have had something to say to you for years past. Now I must speak or not at all."

"You ought not to agitate yourself, Bessie," he said nervously; "It will do you harm."

"Harm!" she reiterated with a gesture of contempt. "You speak of harm to a dying woman! But do not interrupt me. My time is short."

"John, I am not afraid to die. I have never been what is called a religious woman. I was never so tender-hearted to the poor and afflicted as I see now that I ought to have been. But I have done my duty. As a wife, as a woman, I have acted uprightly. When the same moment comes to you, when the door stands open before you, as it does to me, between life and death, and you know you must go the dark way, can you say even so much for yourself?"

She leaned forward, not looking exactly at him, he could have borne that better, but peering as it into eternity, seeing, so he seemed to think, what lay behind the grave and was veiled from his own and from all mortal's gaze. The meanness, the homeliness of the woman vanished indeed then.

Something more than personal feeling, an indignation born of silently endured wrong, almost flashed from her dying eyes and white, almost spectral features. It was not the injured wife, the outraged woman so much that spoke now to John Harden's guilty soul, as the voice of conscience itself, of awful justice, of awarding doom.

There was a time, when life was a

hard struggle to us, and you behaved kindly to me, I would have laid down my life to make you happy. And I was ever a true wife to you, John, you cannot deny that. Do you remember when we kept our little shop, how I used to sit up till past midnight ironing your shirts and mending your clothes? And the first time you were summoned to sit on a jury, I was so proud to have you go. I never told you that I sold my father's watch, the very watch he left me, to buy your black coat, and turn you out like a gentleman. And now—"

Yet one tremor more as she got out the rest of the sentence. "And now, had you treated me with consideration due to a wife, had you cared for me at all, I should be the first to say to you on my dying bed—'Do not fret, my dear; marry some good woman; try to be happy for my sake.'"

Then she did indeed look at him, penetratingly and with a startling fixedness that seemed to search his very soul. Clenching her hand as if between himself and her stood her deadliest foe, she added: "Do I not know what will happen as soon as I am put in my grave? In spite of your caution, I see well enough who is waiting to ebbke my place. Marry that ungrateful girl who has picked out of the gutter. Ring the joy bells a year hence at the birth of a son and heir. No good will come of it. Conscience will crush you, unclean heart, perjured tongue! You will tremble when Death stands near you, beckoning as he now beckons me, and tremble in vain—"

White as the dying woman, the husband leaned forward with a word of exculpation, an entreaty for pardon on his trembling lips. "But it was too late. The force of ebbing life had settled her, that Constance Emery felt ready to drose. But her brain was too busy with the future to indulge in sleep. She must, would keep awake, in order to think out the future as it opened itself to her enlarging gaze. Perhaps the girl was not deserving of wholesome condemnation after all. Vulgarity may indeed be a piece of ill-fortune, as much as a wry nose or misshapen foot; only to the rarely endowed ones it is possible to burst the chains of custom, bringing up and heredity.

In the midst of foolishly bewildering dreams of silks and trinkets, carriages and lacqueys, bouloirs and fashionable receptions, she was aroused by the abrupt intrusion. Rising to her feet, for she well knew who the intruder must be, she was fain to clasp his hand, to whisper an endearing word, to greet him fondly as she had done surreptitiously scores of times before. But at a glance toward her patron, her heart stood still. Clever she was not, feminine tact she possessed in a moderate degree, yet she realized in a moment, without knowing the cause, the nature of the transformation that had come over him. She stood aghast, not venturing a step forward, lacking courage even so much as to utter his name.

He came close up to the table by which she stood, holding in his hand a strip of paper barred with pink. "Constance," he said in that brief, hard, unanswerable voice she knew so well, though now used for the first time to her—"Constance I cannot marry you. I shall never marry again. Here is compensation for a broken promise."

He turned up the lamp in order that she might see what he had given her. There, it was plain enough, nothing could be plainer, a check for five thousand pounds.

The astounded girl was dumb, and he hardly knew whether as yet she fully understood the meaning of the words. Something else he had to say, however, unmistakably clear to the purpose also.

"It will be better for you not to stay here longer. I have ordered coffee to be ready by six o'clock, and the brougham at half-past in time to catch the early express. William will drive you to the station, and give you a first class ticket. Mind and be ready."

Still not a word from the scarlet-cheeked, mortified, trembling girl. Had any one half an hour before assured Constance Emery that she should thus stand silent and abashed in the presence of this man, she would have laughed the prognostication to scorn.

But with that quick, unerring instinct of the dull, the instinct born of fear and self-preservation, she now recognized the fact for herself. There was nothing she could say to soften him even were she mistress of herself, blandishments, exhortation, tears, would all prove ineffectual as children's dams to keep out the tides.

Something had happened—she vaguely guessed the truth—to shut him from her, to harden him toward her forever.

Whilst she stood thus, shrinking, irresolute, unable to get out a syllable, yet feeling that she ought to say something on her own behalf, another significant act told her clearly enough, were proofs still wanting, what was in Mr. Harden's mind. The rich furlined cloak in which he had so tenderly enveloped her just an hour ago, lay on the ground. In her startled surprise, it had fallen from her shoulders. She now saw him pick it up, and, with a gesture not to be mistaken, lay it carefully folded, on his wife's favorite chair at the extreme end of the room. That cloak she was not to touch again. Then he left her, in a moment more to return.

Constance Emery looked up, and once more her heart stood still. He had repented of this cruel abruptness, this unreserved coldness, and was come to whisper a tender word in her ear, to console her for what he had perhaps been forced into by a death scene. He came back to the table, leaving the door ajar.

"Take good care of that piece of

paper," was all he said as he pointed to the check.

Again the door closed, and this time he was indeed gone. She heard him go to his closet on the same floor and lock himself in; that was a sign also she had learned to understand. Nothing remained but to do as she was bid. After all he was master in his own house. She might weep, remonstrate, implore, she could not stay against his will.

Humiliation, mortified vanity and dismay were succeeded by other feelings. On the whole, perhaps, her sudden departure would not create much talk in the neighborhood and in the kitchen. She was young and no relation. Would it not be quite natural for Mr. Harden, in the eyes of the world her benefactor only, to send her away? And certainly, as far as her own feelings and inclinations were concerned, she would rather be anywhere than in a house with the blinds down, and the hush of death reigning over it. In her heart of hearts, but for the errand, she was really glad to go.

And, lastly that check, when she grew calm enough to think about it, altogether altered the aspect of things. She had no idea of Mr. Harden's real wealth, but the sum he had just given her in lieu of a wedding-ring seemed to her simple eyes enormous. Whatever happened, she was a great personage now. It was characteristic of her, as she deposited the check at the bottom of her trunk, and sullenly made her preparations for departure, that she never for a single moment regretted the affection of this man or what had passed muster for his affection. She only thought of his rough flatteries, his unfigurative compliments, his homely admiration. But all these, and much more surely, awaited her in the triumphant future. Why should she shed a tear for one who could part from her without a handclasp, a smile, a fond look? She almost felt that in time she would learn to hate him.

True enough, punctual to the moment, William waited in the porch with the brougham; a moment later and a woman's trunk was placed on the top, a slender, girlish figure wearing a small crimson hat with white feather, and tight-fitting crimson mantle bordered with fur, stepped in, the door was shut, and as if divining his master's wishes, the old manservant drove the carriage swiftly, toward the lodge gate.

IV. What the rich man did with his inner life from that time, none knew. Outwardly it was clear for all to see, a model of austere rectitude and rigid adherence to duty. Mr. Harden made no affection of piety, of conversion, as the phrase goes. He did not take to reading his Bible, or excessive church-going. The exactions of conscience and custom in this latter respect had ever been fulfilled by him.

But in his lonely, remorse-stricken widowhood he took to good company. Alike in look, dress and manner, he affected the air of a gentleman. As if to challenge the world, moreover to say a syllable against his character, he generally had to reside with him some needy clergyman, or young man preparing for Holy Orders, with whom he took his meals and spent his evenings over chess and back-gammon. He gave clerical dinner-parties, too, delighting to assemble round his luxurious board all the clergy of the neighborhood, well pleased also, in turn, to accept invitations to their houses and be initiated into what is called good society generally. The world of course welcomed the millionaire into their ranks. He might have married half a dozen times, to his social and moral advancement, had he pleased. From the first, however, it was evident to all that, whatever John Harden might do for the Church and society, he would never marry again. Clerical ladies might get money out of him. No woman would ever persuade him to purchase a wedding-ring. These distractions relieved the tedium of solitude, and if he did not look cheerful, at least he invariably wore an expression of satisfaction. He might, well look satisfied! He was satisfying himself, in other words, as he thought, balancing his moral affairs, and putting himself on the right side of the banking book.

Nor was the widower forsaken in moments of sickness or when infirmities overtook him. The devoted Anna, whose heart had once turned wholly against him, whose feminine instincts had revolted against the slighted put upon her mistress, now testified even affectionate solicitude for the changed repentant man. And if there was one person in the world to whom he ever opened his lips on the subject of the past, it was to his wife's faithful servant and only friend—Temple Bar.

A Georgia Samson.

Perhaps the strongest man in the State is Mr. Beusse, the blacksmith at Mr. T. E. Birchmore's shop, Maxeys. He is about six feet ten inches high, stands erect, and his muscles prominent. He stands and with one hand raises a hundred and twenty pound anvil out straight for a minute, and takes a large cart wheel in one hand by one spoke and holds it out horizontally at arm's length. On hearing of his wonderful muscular power we went over to witness some of this modern Samson's strength, and when we asked him about it—"Yes," says he, "I think I am as strong as any man in this country. I can take this anvil and throw it from here to that wagon (a distance of fifty yards) I use the hammer with my right hand, but I believe I am stronger in my left. Here, feel of this arm and the muscles; measure it if you want to. When I used to shoe horses I never encountered one that I could not manage. I could hold them even if they were wild. I have never found a man that was as stout in the arms as I am."—Lexington Echo.

The crown prince of Germany, fearing expert burglars, put all the family jewels and valuables in the vaults of the Imperial bank in Berlin, before he went to Switzerland.

A General Insane Through Drink.

B New York Letter:—"You have indeed fallen low," was the remark of Justice Solon B. Smith at the Tombs to an aged man, who showed every indication of a tramp.

"For God's sake forgive me, Sol," pleaded the man. "Liquor has been my curse. For ten years I have been its slave; but from this day forth I will be a changed man. I will quit drinking and make a solemn vow that not another drop of that poison will pass my lips again."

"It has now such a strong hold upon you that you couldn't stop it if you tried ever so hard," remarked the Judge; "and, besides, where could you go? You have no home; your wife won't recognize you any more, and your friends pass by with horror and disgust. Drinking has somewhat unbalanced your mind, and I'll change the complaint against you into insanity. You will be better treated in an asylum than in the workhouse. Officer, remove him."

"Please, judge, will you let another officer take him?" said Court Officer Finn, whose eyes were filled with tears.

"Why can't you?" said the justice. "He was my general in the war, your honor," said Finn, "and he was so kind to me that I don't like to repay him in this way, although I know it is done for his good. He treated the men who fought under him as he would his brothers. I and others will see that he is properly cared for at the asylum." The man was none other than Brig.-Gen. Thomas W. Egan, one of the heroes in the battle of Gettysburg under Gen. Meade. He was a participant in almost every battle at that time. At the close of the war he was made an internal revenue officer.

Eccentric People.

Half the people who are called eccentric deserve to have a much worse epithet applied to them. Here and there a man or woman is found whose oddities of opinion and erratic conduct are genuine, and the outcome of some real inborn twist in their mental and moral disposition. Such persons are generally tolerable, and sometimes very likable, their idiosyncrasies serving as a gentle entertainment rather than as an annoyance to us. We feel that they are quite unaware of their own queerness, which is the result of a native incapacity to comprehend the ordinary conventions of society. But there are other people whose eccentricities are not, or ought not, to be endured. They are not innocently ignorant, but willfully disregarding of a reign of law in the social world. The world's judgment are no doubt superficial, and therefore very commonly defective or false; but the world's conventions—that is, its rules tacitly agreed on for the preservation of the order and decency of social intercourse—are, on the whole, respectable and to be observed. But the unendurable "eccentric" prides himself upon being a law to himself in these matters. He likes to know that his acquaintances are saying of him, "Oh, that is Mr. B's way, you know. He is not like other people; he always does and says just what he pleases." And the notable fact is that so many persons are imposed on by this absurd affection that they will let certain behavior pass for independence and originality which is nothing but simple rudeness, the expression of egotism and ill-breeding.

Bismarck's Children.

Moritz Busch in Harper's for July. The Prince has three children—a daughter, the Countess Mary, who was born in 1848 and married about four years ago to Count Rantzau, and two sons, Counts Helldorf and William, both of whom are younger than their sister and unmarried. The former is in the diplomatic service and has in his official capacity been attached to several embassies and recently to that in London. The latter, who bears a strong personal resemblance to his father, has devoted himself to the legal profession and has been a member of the German parliament. Both served at first as privates in the Dragon Guards in the last war, during which the Prince evinced much anxiety on their behalf, riding out after them as often as circumstances permitted. Both of them work from time to time in the immediate neighborhood of the Prince, in whose bureau his son-in-law has also found employment. I may mention, too, that the Prince is the happy possessor of grandchildren, fine, sturdy little fellows, the eldest of whom occasionally pays a visit at the grandfather's palace, with the cap of the Yellow Cuirassiers on his fair young head.

An Elaborate Piano.

Toronto Mail. One of the most elaborate pianos ever made has just been completed at New York for Mr. George Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. It was designed by the Canadian architect who planned Mr. Stephen's house at Montreal. The piano is built of the satinwood of South America, finished in different styles, to produce contrasting effects. The case proper is made of nine pieces of satinwood veneering, glued together, to form one continuous body, which reaches from corner to corner.

This is laid off in panels, which are inlaid with rare and costly woods of South America, and bright metal. One panel contains a lyre, the frame of which is of tulip wood, and the strings of metal. The vine that leads away from it on either side has stems of amaranth, its leaves of cocobola, and its leaf skeletons of glittering metal, while the whole has a snake wood border. A sprig of oak has its acorn cups of amaranth and its bulbs of metal, producing the effect of nature. The legs of the instrument are like arched doorways of a palace. Each consists of two columns of satin wood exquisitely carved and inlaid, which come together at the top to form an arch. The value of the instrument is \$4,000.