

A Successful Career.

For several weeks past the public has known of the serious illness of one of Louisville's most prosperous merchants, as well as one of the most popular gentlemen of that city.

During the past few days Mr. Fitch had been perceptibly sinking lower and lower, and the fever was fast consuming what little vitality his body contained.

Benjamin Franklin Fitch was born in 1842, at Olmstead Falls, Ohio, where he received his rudimentary education in the public schools.

In 1868 Mr. Fitch began business in a small way with scarcely any capital, occupying one side of a store in the Singer sewing machine office in Masonic Temple.

Mr. Fitch employed about 150 persons in his establishment, many of whom are engaged in the manufacture of ladies suits.

The merit of Mr. Fitch's success was that he worked hard and always tried to please his customers.

In eleven years, Mr. Fitch had risen, by dint of industry, business tact and enterprise, from a clerk in an obscure Fourth-street store to the proprietorship of one of the largest and most successful establishments in the West.

Mr. Fitch was only thirty-seven years of age, and was called away in the prime of his life, and just as he had reached the climax of a remarkably successful business career.

An Irishman, a widower, with two children, sued for breach of promise at Limerick, gave an excuse for not keeping his promise that he could not marry without the consent of his father-in-law.

Frederick Richard Lee, a landscape painter of some note, and one of the oldest members of the Royal Academy, died recently at the Cape Colony, at the age of 51.

Europe's Next War.

The continued concentration of large bodies of troops in the north of Italy, and especially toward the Austrian frontier, is beginning to be viewed with some suspicion in Austria, and to be much commented upon by the Austrian newspapers.

In the Wrong Car.

[Cleveland Herald.]

A genteel appearing farmer was Monday morning sitting comfortably in the second last car of a west bound train from Cleveland, when one of the prettiest young men imaginable took a seat beside him in the greatest apparent distress.

"What's the matter?" queried the kind hearted farmer.

"Oh dear, I'm in such a fix, but don't mention it, really I'm almost distracted."

"But let me know what it is that troubles you, unless it seems impertinent in me to question you?"

"Not at all, my dear sir; the fact is I have nothing but \$100 in my pocketbook, and I can't get change. May it be possible that you could change one for me?"

"My pocketbook only contains \$8 in change, and that won't do."

"But say, we can fix it in this way; let us exchange pocketbooks until I settle with the conductor, and I'll come right back and we'll square up at the next station."

A few minutes after the nice young man got off the train at a street crossing, only to be gobbled up by an officer there, who took him to the Central. His name was discovered to be Edward Nesbitt. He remarked when placed in duress vile that he had got into the wrong car, and was just leaving when he was nabbed.

The new appointments to the French Council of State make it Republican, and are consequently criticised by the reactionary forces.

As usual after a great battle the victorious side are loud in shouting that the "war is at an end."

The members of the Jewish Order of B'nai B'rith are grumbling and growling over the fact that the debt line on the...

A Mixed Family.

J. L. Holcomb, a gentleman of Kentucky, but who has been in Crittenden county, this State, for several months, tells us of a rather remarkable, though hardly unprecedented, matrimonial affair which occurred in that county recently.

The Charm of True Marriage.

[Sunday Afternoon.]

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love, making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others.

It was the Tartar yoke that made Russia what she is now. She had been a civilized, self-governed, European country; she came out of the Tartar's hands barbaric, despotic and Asiatic.

The Boston girl who visited her aunt in San Francisco, and soon after eloped with a waiter, left a note behind in which she said: "Don't worry; we shall be married before you get this, and as I am from a nice family as I, if he has been a waiter, it will come out all right."

Mme. Machetta, an "American artist," was engaged by M. Brasseur, of the Paris Nouveaux, for the part of Lydia, in "Fatiniza," at a salary of 1200 francs a month, with a forfeit of 25,000 francs for breach of engagement by either party.

The Paris Globe publishes the following telegram from Odessa: "The transport ship which left this port recently for Saghalien with a convoy of 700 Nihilists, out 200 of them on the way from disease, occasioned by overloading and the absence of all sanitary precautions."

Sara Bernhardt in London.

"Hello, Sara!" remarked the Duke of Edinburgh to Mlle. Bernhardt, in the free and easy manner for which he is distinguished, "what have you done with the hair belonging to the first half your name?"

"Sara," replied the actress, a shade of annoyance crossing her classic countenance, "I have dropped them. I have observe, sare, zat your countrymen have great need of heem. Ze apply sof zat leetle lettare is vance leemited in zis coontry. I geev heem oop to you, zare?"

"Oh! very well," said the Duke, blushing with surprise; "but you needn't make such a deuced fuss about it. I don't care much about it anyhow."

"The Prince of Wales was equally unfortunate in a recent passage of words with the great actress. 'Well, my dear, he said familiarly, 'and how are you now?'"

"Not at all, not at all," said the Prince, warmly. "You're just as good as I am, you know. Don't lower yourself, I beg of you. It's all right."

"But, sare," replied the radiant creature, snapping her eyes, "you meekate. I zink you ezavite contempt for yourself, too. I allude to zat familiarite which breed soch zings."

"Oh," said the Prince, whistling softly to himself. "By Jove! I must go and see somebody!"

"I rejoice to see you here," he said, patronizingly. "The English people are always glad to recognize genius, no matter in what shape or from what quarter it may come. Accept their homage, my dear Madame—accept their homage."

"Russia's Deliverance." In June of the next year Russia will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of her deliverance from the Tartar yoke.

The immense height of the towers for the support of the North bridge has created some surprise, and no wonder, when it is taken into account that when completed they will be the highest buildings of any kind in this world.

It seems that by natural laws there is a limit to everything on this earth—that is, that man can go a certain length and no farther, as, for instance, in telescopes nothing larger than Lord Ross's is ever been perfected in many years.

The Niagara suspension bridge has one large span of 821 feet; the railway track above the water is 245 feet, or 95 feet higher than the Fort bridge; the towers are only 60 feet high, being built on either side of the shore.

The purchase of the famous Castle of Johannisberg, on the Rhine, has been effected by Baron Rothschild, the Viennese banker. The celebrated estate, presented to Prince Metternich by his generous sovereign during the Congress of 1815, has not remained long in the hands of his son. It was sold for 2,000,000 marks.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The Methodist, discussing the uncertain character of circumstantial evidence, says: "In the Hull case, the detectives had forged a chain in this way: 1. Matches burned in the room of the murdered woman were like those burned in Dr. Hull's room. 2. The doctor was out of bed at an hour near that of the murder. 2. The knots in the fastenings by which the victim was bound had some resemblance or analogies to a practice the doctor had of knotting his bedclothes. There were other circumstances, but they were all like these. Each was capable of an innocent explanation; but the detectives are said to have believed that though neither was a link, yet they altogether made a chain."

"Even when the link seems perfect, and, more, when there are several of them, great danger arises from setting aside the rule that any other possible explanation of the circumstances must be accepted. A British officer, dining in the company of strangers, had a narrow escape in the following way: A gentleman took out a coin and declared that no one present had seen one like it. The coin passed around the table, and came last to the British officer. All the rest declared that they had never seen such a coin. When it reached this officer, he was busy with a conversation, and taking the coin in his hand and looking at it carelessly, remarked: 'I have never seen one like it, and, laying it down, resumed his conversation. At the end of the dinner, the coin could not be found. To discover the thief all were searched until they came last to this officer. He refused to be searched, and said he would die first. Just as they were about to proceed to examine him, a servant rushed forward with the lost coin, which he had just found in a napkin. All apologized to the officer for the suspicion, very strong a moment before, that he had secreted the coin. He replied: 'Gentlemen, permit me to explain why I refused to be searched, and he drew from his pocket an exact facsimile of the rare coin. 'With this in his pocket, a stranger, as I am, would have been judged guilty by you all; therefore I resolved to defend my honor with my life.'"

"Here were several circumstances. 1. The coin was last seen in the officer's hands. 2. All agreed that they had never seen such a coin; it was, therefore, very rare. 3. He had refused to be searched. But all the facts were explained by his having a like coin in his possession. If, however, probability or cumulation had been admitted in the case (the lost coin not having been found), the officer would have been judged guilty. The case shows how unsafe it is to allow either probability or cumulation to exclude the possible innocent explanation. If every circumstance may be innocently explained, there is no rational force in any one of them, or in the whole of them."

"We cheerfully admit the circumstances may expose persons to just suspicion, and that the suspected persons must furnish the explanations that show them innocent persons to do this; and the safety of society justifies the detention and imprisonment of persons who may be innocent. But hanging people who may be innocent is so horrible a thing that any other possible explanation of the accusing circumstances should be preferred before the theory of guilt."

Bridges.

The support of the North bridge has created some surprise, and no wonder, when it is taken into account that when completed they will be the highest buildings of any kind in this world.

Science will, therefore, wait with some anxiety their completion. The height of the towers on the Inch Garvie, midway between South and North Queensferry, will be 560 feet to support a bridge 150 feet above high water mark, but the reason for this great altitude is that in the generality of suspension bridges the towers are built on the land on either side of the span, and were this the case in the Fort bridge towers of 150 feet less height, or 430 feet, would be sufficient; but this is impossible, from the great length of the bridge.

It seems that by natural laws there is a limit to everything on this earth—that is, that man can go a certain length and no farther, as, for instance, in telescopes nothing larger than Lord Ross's is ever been perfected in many years.

The Niagara suspension bridge has one large span of 821 feet; the railway track above the water is 245 feet, or 95 feet higher than the Fort bridge; the towers are only 60 feet high, being built on either side of the shore.

The purchase of the famous Castle of Johannisberg, on the Rhine, has been effected by Baron Rothschild, the Viennese banker. The celebrated estate, presented to Prince Metternich by his generous sovereign during the Congress of 1815, has not remained long in the hands of his son. It was sold for 2,000,000 marks.

Men Who Are Down.

No man's lot is fully known till he is dead; change of fortune is the lot of life. He who rides in the carriage may yet have to clean it. Sawyers change places, and he who is up aloft may have to take his turn in the pit. In less than a thousand years we shall all be bold and poor too, and who knows what he may come to before that? The thought that we may one day be under the window should make us careful when we are throwing out our dirty water. With what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again, and therefore let us look to our dealings with the unfortunate.

Nothing makes me more sick of human nature than to see the way in which men treat others when they fall down the ladder of fortune. "Down with him," they cry, "he always was good for nothing."

Dog won't eat dog, but men will eat each other up like cannibals, and boast of it too. There are thousands in this world who fly like vultures to feed on a tradesman or a merchant as soon as ever he gets into trouble. Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together. Instead of a little help, they give the sinking man a great deal of cruelty, and cry, "Serves him right."

All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets. If providence smites him, all men's whips begin to crack. The dog is drowning, and therefore all his friends empty their buckets over him. The tree has fallen, and everybody runs for his hatchet. The house is on fire, and all the neighbors warm themselves. The man has ill luck, therefore his friends give him ill usage; he has tumbled into the road, and they drive their carts over him; he is down, and selfishness cries, "Let him be kept down, then there will be the more room for those who are up."

How aggravating it is when those who knocked you down, kick you for standing up! It is not very pleasant to hear that you have been a great fool, and there were fifty ways at least of keeping out of your difficulty, only you had not the sense to see them. You ought not to have lost the game, even Tom Fool can see where you made a bad move. "He ought to have locked the stable door;" everybody can see that, but nobody offers to buy the loser a new nag. "What a pity he went so far on the ice!" That's very true, but that won't save the poor fellow from drowning. When a man's coat is threadbare, it is an easy thing to pick a hole in it. Good advice is poor food for a hungry family.

"A man of words is not of deeds, Is like a garden full of weeds, Lend me a bit of string to tie up the traces and find fault with my old harness when I get home. Help my old horse to a few oats, and tell him to mend his pace. Feel for me, and I shall be much obliged to you, but mind you feel in your pocket, or else a fig for your feelings."

Most men who go down hill meet with Judas before they get to the bottom. Those whom they helped in their better days generally forget the debt, or repay with unkindness. The young sucker runs away with the scrap from the old tree. The fool drains its mother, and then kicks her. The old saying is, "I taught you to swim, and now you would drown me," and many a time it comes true. The dog wags his tail till he gets the bone, and then he snaps and bites at the man who fed him. Eaten bread is forgotten, and the hand that gave it is despised. The candle lights others and is burnt away itself. For the most part, nothing is more blotted out than a good turn. Everyone for himself is the world's golden rule, and we all know who takes the hindmost. The fox looks after his own skin and has no idea of gratitude to a friend.

When the wind serves, all aid. While the pot boils, friendship blooms. But flatterers haunt not cottages, and the faded rose no suitor knows. All the neighbors are consins to the rich man, but the poor man's brother does not know him. "Welcome, Peter!" The squire can be heard for half a mile, if he only whispers, but Widow Needy is not heard across the park railings, let her call as she may. Men willingly pour water into full tubs, and give feasts to those who are not hungry, because they look to have as good or better in return. Have a goose and get a goose. It is safe to lend barley where the barn is full of wheat, but who lends or gives where there's none? Who, indeed, unless it be some antiquated old soul who believes in his Bible, and loves his Lord, and therefore gives, "hoping for nothing again?"

Down men, however, must not despair, for God is yet alive, and he is the friend of the friendless. If there be no one else found to hold out a hand to him who has fallen, the Lord's hand shall not fail to bring deliverance to those who trust him. A good man may be put in the fire, but he cannot be burned. His hope may be drenched but not drowned. He plucks up courage and sets a stout heart to a stiff hill and gets over a rough ground where others lie down and die. While there's life there's hope. Therefore, my friend, if you've tumbled off the back of prosperity, John Plougman bids you not to lie in the ditch, but up with you and try again. Jonas went to the bottom of the sea, but he got to shore again all the better for his watery journey.

"Though the bird's in the net, It may get away yet; Though I'm down in the dust, In my God I will trust. I will hope in him still, And leave all to his will; For he'll surely appear, And will banish my fear."

LOCOMOTIVE LONGEVITY.—The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bone. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers and fire-boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles and other parts thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop, while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is worth only the flesh, fat and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this concourse of sovereign during the Congress of 1815, has not remained long in the hands of his son. It was sold for 2,000,000 marks.