d when all are gay; If to be and when all are gay;
To think all gone with one away;
To start to thrill, then back to stuk
From expectation's joyous brink;
If a few pen-strokes oring a heaven
All the June sunshine had not given;
If all expression proved too weak
Till heart to heart and cheek to cheek
Alone sufficed that word to speak
Which set the pent-up passion free,
Brought back the abul's tranquility,
And laid the struggling heart at rest,
Dropped like a bird into it's nest;
If this be love, as lover's say,
Dear, I have loved thee many a day. this be love, as lover's say, ar, I have loved thee many a day.

If to oppose when suffering most
The pain the opposition cost,
To listen with averted face,
Yet yearn to close with an embrace;
To watch, to tend, to smile, to grieve,
Reproof to bear, advice receive;
To work, to wait, to pray, to live,
And to give sil, and still to give;—
If this be love, believe me, dear,
That I have loved thee many a year.

And if, amid the vap'rous whirling
Of men and things that, upward curling
In cloud and mist, come floating by
From the deep gulf of memory,
One face shines out, one form, one power,
One influence quickening every hour,
A speaking profile opward turned,
Or a deep look that through me burned;If this be love, love came to me,
And stays, methicks, eternally,
—Lippincott's Magazine.

### BORDER ROMANCE.

[Denver Correspondence Boston Herald.] I read in the Denver Tribune the oth er morning the announcement of the killing of Yardmaster Jack Finehart of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Finehart had held his appointment only three days, having received it from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, on the occasion of the transfer of the Denver and Rio Grande in accordance with the order of the Federal Court. The paragraph startled me exceedingly. Jack Finehart's was a figure familiar in certain circles of society all over the western country. In most of the States and Territories his deeds have made him almost an outlaw. Jim Currie, who shot Porter, the actor, in Texas. drew his first pistol under the tutorship of Jack Finehart. Jack Finehart has left a trail easy to follow him by wherever he has been. He was no vulgar ruffian. He was as nearly the ideal of a frontier "character" as I have ever heard of one man's becoming. Imagine a man six feet tall or over, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, possessed of a hand-some, determined face, stern as the countenance of justice, a man whose strength is hidden in the finish of his proportions. He walked with graceful military erectness, and saluted his acquaintances with great courtesy. His large moustache and broad white hat set

him off to peculiar advantage. As any one who might have seen Buf-falo Bill in his wild days would have set him down as an uncommon man, so any one meeting Jack Finehart would have wondered what sort of a record the man had. Jack was a Texan by birth and bringing up; a Texan in his manners; a typical Texan in his instincts; a Texan in his method of carrying a revolver (fully cocked and hanging from a belt behind); a Texan in his record; a thorough Texan "son-of-a-gun." The earliest days of the man's life were probably the most exciting. Blood was spilled as freely as water twenty years ago all over the West. Deeds that history shudders to relate were on the town annals of every hamlet. The frightful moral abandon of border life in Texas is scarcely worthy of notice now in comparison with the life of a score of years ago, when Jack Finehart was a lad. He had a fine field to study in, and he was bred well. A man who started his cemetery before crossing the threshold of manhood, and before the down had left his cheek murder was no novelty to him. Finehart was often a leader of desperate people, and death came to him a hundred times, hovered about him, flirted with him, all but took him, and then departed. I am telling you the story of this man's life, to show you an inside picture of a border man, a little redeemed from the desperado in all his moods. He did not rob railway trains, coaches, horsemen, foot travelers, nor anybody else with his hands, but he quarreled, and drank, and killed, and loved along the frontier towns. Finally the war broke out. He had by this time acquired that perfect fearlessness and indifference to death that in some men accustomed to facing it becomes an absolute passion, urging them madly on to wherever a prospect of there were to be had. He ran powder trains, made journeys exploration to see if the railroad had been torn up, at the rate of 70 miles an hour; he entered the Union camps at all points, led forlorn hopes, was always front in a skirmish, scouted and spied until the business palled on him, and he mixed himself up in railroad affairs until no undertaking was too hazardous. Once he started to cross a river over which the bridge tottered and appeared about to fall, having been burned by the Union troops. Everybody left the engine, and Jack plunged over the bridge alone. The bridge went down, but Finehart sun was making countless beautiful jumped and swam ashore. They were and were under pursuit. Finehart's companions were captured. On one occasion there was a great bully in the army, and his powers was not limited in any direction. He had frequently killed his man; in fact, he enjoyed killing his man; it was an appetizing thing to do. In those days in Texas (he was a Texan) you could serve your time at this trade without any annoyance from the Justice of the Peace. Yes, he had a beautiful cemetery in Texas, and was going back presently to continue the work of populating it. One day Jack Finehart, who watched his colleague in the graveyard business a good deal, happened to be in a saloon with him. The stranger had hardly ceased relating some wonderful adventures, when Jack drew an enormous revolver, cocked it, and laid it on the bar beside the man. The latter and an express stared at the pistol and then at Jack.

Finehart filled a glass with whisky, and,

"I am ready glance at his

said, facing the stranger: "They call this good whisky. Smell of it, and give me your opinion." And he dashed the tumblerful into the stran-

retiring a few steps, tasted it. Then he

There lay the revolver at the man's

The stranger did not move, but in astronished silence wiped the whisky from the river and wheeled about. Jack adhis face. Then Jack stepped up, took vanced in anger.

the pistol, and, pointing it between his "Now, apologize for your lies and

The man did all this very abjectly. Jack and a friend were sleeping in a log cabin on the prairies in Texas, keeping dark for some very good reason. They suddenly, in the middle of the night, heard noises outside. Says Jack, with his habitual drawl:

"Let's see who they are?"
His friend was already looking out.
"Jack," he remarked, "they've got a

Jack paused, thoughtfully, felt of his neck, and drawled, "Don't be scared;

He knocked out the cartridges of both his revolvers and replaced them with others. He then felt of his bowie-knife, and made a number of rapid and exhausting movements to ascertain if he was stiff or not in condition. Mean-

while he could hear voices in different keys crying, "Jack!" "Jack Finehart!" "Come out, you — Texan." "Come in, boys," he drawled, getting his tools ready. Just as he stepped out, a cocked revolver in each hand, and a bowie-knife across his mouth, there was a roar of laughter from the crowd.

It was moonlight, and Jack was arrested in the act of opening fire. The leader then assured him that they simply wanted his assistance to run in Stub Hawkins, a noted horse thief, off to Cottonwood. Jack put up his pistols in

great dudgeon and disappointment.

On another occasion Jack was in a New Mexico bar-room. A young New Yorker was talking a good deal, and Jack, in his drawling Texan humor or indifference (the quality resembles either) offended and insulted him without intent. Finally the New Yorker drew a seven-chambered pea-shooter, and discharged every barrel at Jack Finehart. The desperado received the shots without moving a muscle, until only the simple inscription, "Jack Finethey were nearly exhausted. Then, drawing quickly a pistol a foot long, he shivered the pea-shooter out of the youngster's hand, and said:

"Stranger, buy a gun that won't disgrace this country.

He deliberately put his "gun" back and did not even look to see where the

New Yorker's shots struck. A young gentleman befriended Jack and won his everlasting devotion. Finehart was one of the most delicatelyorganized men I ever met. He was like a woman; only less ashamed of natural emotion. Jack heard of some danger impending over his friend. For three months he dogged him day and night, ever hovering around him with two revolvers buckled about him. At last the night of the consummation of the scheme of revenge was at hand. Two men sprang upon the young man with the intention of letting out his life-blood with

"That's what Jack Finehart has been waiting two months to do," cried the owner of the name, as soon as the smoke from the shots had cleared off.

Drawing and firing both revolvers at once, he had pinked both assassins. Finehart had a powerful name in Texas, in Arizona, in Kansas, in New Mexico; not a gambler from Texas to the Black Hills but respected the name. An expert gambler, an unerring shot, unequaled as a companion on a spree, he was, nevertheless, scrupulously honest, tender-hearted, sensitive and easy provoked to tears. He had had one love affair, and it was the romance in his life. I don't know the history of it. Nobody did but Jack, and he was not communicative about it. It seems that his brother was equally involved about the girl, and, after much bitter feeling and exchanges had been indulged in between them respecting the lady, they came to an understanding thoroughly typical of the hard, uncompromising nature of Western quarrels. The understanding was to the effect that the men pledged themselves never again to speak to the girl, the penalty for an infraction of this rule being that one brother should kill the other. This was the compact. To anyone familiar with the history of the West there is nothing strange, unnatural or startling about it. The brothers separated, and each went his way. This was some years ago. This summer Jack sought out his brother, and found him death exists. Finehart selected for his in Denver. He told him briefly that he posts in the war the most fool-hardy dangerous and death-tempt-compact kept. There was nothing about compact kept. There was nothing about Jack's demeanor that indicated fear. He was melancholy and quiet. This was indeed his habitual manner. He was firm in his determination to die by his brother's hand. The witness to the compact was in Denver. He was found by Jack, and the fact was narrated to him. He offered remoustrances, of course; Jack was as firm as iron. His influence over the witness, and the desire of the latter to see it out and put in as many obstacles as possible induced him to accompany his friend. The brother shapes and colors over the mountains. escaping from a Union neighborhood The air was cool and dry, and the earth looked very fresh and green. It was a singularly inviting aspect, and the world never appeared more tempting as a place of residence. The men spoke not a word but strode steadily along, Jack in front The witness was alarmed and horrifled He knew not what to do. It was impossible to influence the men; but he could

"I am ready," he said, casting a single glance at his brother, with whom he had previously shaken hands, and then turned his gaze toward the river. The brother leveled the pistol, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack flung a quick glance at it, and, seeing his brother elbow; there stood Finehart waiting to about to try again, once more gazed at the river. After another long aim the

not back out. They at last reached a

quiet spot in a shady valley. The Platte

ran beside them, and would carry the

body of Jack Finehart along with it in a

few minutes. They paused. Jack drew

a derringer and examined it carefully.

Apparently satisfied with his inspection.

he cocked it and handed it to his brother.

Then walking a few yards, he turned a

two-third profile toward him, presenting

his heart as the mark to shoot at. There

the Texan stood, with his arms folded

and an expression of quiet melancholy

"You're a perjurer," he said; "I would have killed you."

The brother did not reply, but turned

and walked toward home Jack followed with the greatly-relieved vitness. He did not utter a word until they parted in Denver. He made re-peated efforts to in luce his brother to carry out the compact, and seemed more anxious to die the more he reflected upon his escape. He appeared to court death with moody anxiety, and long after this affair had ceased to torment him, this strange, restless desire to meet death by violence haunted him. At three o'clock on the morning of his death (he remained up because he was filled with a suffocating sense that death was coming) he walked down Sixteenth street with a friend, and said :

"It's coming, coming, I feel it in the air; but I don't know how, and I'd like to know. I've got the 'sand' to die game, and I'll die in my boots, but I'd

like to know how it's coming.
"You ought to go somewhere, Jack," said his friend.

"There is not a spot in this western country where Jack Finehart is not in

danger," he replied.

At 10 o'clock he was attending to his duties as yard-master. A switch-engine was going down the yard behind a pas-senger train, and Jack, knowing the engineer to be a Denver and Rio Grande man, and being distrustful of him, jumped on the step and rode along with him. The ricketty engine was going very fast. It went off the rails and fell over, and yardmaster Finehart was crushed to death and badly mutilated. The engineer was also killed.

To think that a man who was covered from head to foot with knife and pistol scars; a man whose death was many times due, perhaps, from the hands of other men, should meet it at last by a railroad accident! His funeral was attended by great numbers, and, as he lies in the cemetery, one sees over his grave

## How the Country Seems to a New York Tenement-House Child.

In this country one would not expect to

find any city so environed that the aspect of the fields and woods is unfamiliar to the most poverty-stricken of its inhabitants. Every city has its parks and "I know you; you will not fail me."
sources with foliage and flowers: the A light came into the young fellow squares with foliage and flowers; the people are migratory, and those who are stay-at-homes have innumerable excur-sions within their reach. But the life of the very poor falls in a groove out of which their feet do not often stray. Unless the parks are in their own neighborhood, they do not visit them, the least costly of excursions, provided by managers in search of profit, are too costly for them, and in all large cities there is an increasing class imprisoned in alleys and tenements, to whom there is an unknown region dimly characterized as "the country." The ideas of what the country is, possessed by the children taken to it through the beneficence of the fund previously referred to, would be amusing were it not for their pathos. "I've been to 'the country' before. My pa once took me to Jersey City," said a little girl, as she was on the point of leav-ing New York. "So have I," said another with a burst of pride; and when she was asked what country, she answered "Ireland," probably from the fact "Ireland," probably from the fact that she had heard it spoken of by her parents as "the old country, Once beyond the city, and among the fields and bills, their interest and wonderment were unbounded. "How nicely the hills go up!" said one boy. wetting the grass?" asked another, as he felt the morning dew. "Is it real?" said a third, as he felt the lawn; and when he was convinced of its genuineness, he threw himself upon it and rolled over it and over it again. Every object had freshness and interest to them. Occasionally an incident became laughable, despite the pitiable ignorance that led to Several children at a village in New York asked for permission to play with the chicken-coops, and although the attraction of chicken-coops could not be understood by the farmer the desired consent was given. The playfellows came back in a little while, and it was evident that chicken-coops as a source of pleasure had fallen vastly in their estimation. When a reason was sought, one of the children explained that the flies "bit too hard," and on a further investigation it was discovered that the chicken-coops

September. LIVERPOOL DOCKS.—The Liverpool docks as they stand at the present day are among the wonders of the world. Since the formation of the first wet dock in 1719 the extension of these inland basins has been continuous. Fifteen years ago they covered an area of water space to the extent of two hundred and seventy-seven acres, and the quays were nineteen miles in length. Since then there has been no cessation of dock extension. To enumerate or describe them all would fill many pages. There are the Salthouse, Albert and Canning Docks, the Clarence Half-tide Dock, the Prince's Half-tide Dock, the Manchester Basin, the Wapping Basin, the Coburg, Bruns wick Union, Toxteth, and dozen of other docks, with the Goree Piazzas at the bottom of St. James street, a short distance from the Town Hall. Every convenience and facility for the dispatch of business surrounds them. A broad open thoroughfare, tapping at right angles many of the prin-cipal streets, runs along their whole length; in this doorway is a double line of rails, which branch off also and surround several of the basins and docks; omnibuses and tramears traverse it perpetually during the day from end to end. The scene is a busy one always. A hurrying polyglot multitude, constantly on he move in and about and around the sheds; great vans and wains laden with produce, cotton bales, ores, Manchester piece goods, cases of every size and de-scription containing cochineal, indigo, flax, guano, mahogany, pressed hides and untanned, molasses, raw silk, and the thousand and one things of home, colonial and foreign produce needed to carry on the manufacturing processes of the world; the engines snorting and puffing impatiently as they rattle along with their long line of attendant wagons, en route for the great terminus higher up in the town.-Our Own Country for

were the bee-hives, the inmates of which

had severely opposed the experiments

made upon them.-Sunday Afternoon for

One triumphs over adumny only in scorning it .- Madame de Maintenon.

August.

#### The Young Corporal.

There was a young Corporal in the garrison of Nates, in the year 1794. He was a spirited young fellow, barely twenty, out, young though he was, he has already learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day. Brave and excitable, wine was a bad

naster for him; and one day, in a mo ment of intoxication, he was tempted to strike an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment of such an offense, and to death the lad was condemned. The Colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition-that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated.

The Colonel at once proceeded to the military prison, and summoned Cambronne. You are in trouble, Corporal, he

"True, Colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the Corporal.
"It may be so," quoth the Colonel

shortly.
"May be?" demanded Cambronne. tial law, Colonel; I expect no pardon; l have only to die

"But suppose I bring a pardon, on one condition?" The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, Colonel ; I would do much

to save my life and honor." "You must never again get drunk." "Colonel, that is impossible!"
"Impossible, boy! with death as an alternative? You will be shot to-morrow,

otherwise; think of that!"
"I do think of it. But never to get drunk again! I must never let one drop Cambronne and the bottle love one an-

of wine touch my lips! You see, Colonel other so well that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no dare not promise never to get drunk. "But, unhapy boy! could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, Colonel?"
"Not a drop."
"Ah! that is a weighty matter, Colonel. Let me reflect. Never touch wine !-not a single drop in all my life?" The young soldier paused; then looked up. "But, Colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

'Your word of honor," said the officer,

"Then I promise," he said solemnly, "God hears me. I, Cambronne, swear that never to my dying day shall a drop of wine touch these lips,'

The next day the Corporal Cambronne esumed his place in his regiment.

Twenty-five years afterward he was General Cambronne, a man of note, re-spected and beloved. Dining one day in Paris with his old Colonel, many brothers-in-arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew

"My word of honor, Colonel; have you forgotten that?" he asked excitedly. "And Nantes—the prison—my vow?" he continued, striking the table. "Never sir, from that day to this, has a drop of wine passed my lips; I swore it, and I kept my word; and shall keept it, God helping me, to the end."

### Story of a California Artist, Instances of American pluck in Europe

of a case more remarkable in all its de- and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is tails than that of the young man from a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by the Pacific Coast, who has been studying necessity into the paths that lead to art here for a long time. One day, while wandering about on his father's estate in his native commonwealth, he saw, for the first time in his life, an artist sketching, and inquired "what that was." The mysterious matter having been duly explained to him, he remarked that he thought he would like to do that sort of thing himself, a course from which he was strongly dissuaded by the artist, on the ground that he had never shown any special talent for it. The young American did not take this advice, but inquired what was the best way to study art, to which the artist answered carelessly, that it might be well to go to Europe. As our hero's father was at that time abundantly supplied with funds, the young man forth with set off for Europe, and when he reached London was told by a casual ac-quaintance that he had better keep on until he got to Paris, where the art feeling was more prominent than in the English capital. So he came to Paris, and went to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where, he had never drawn a line, nor discovered any capacity for doing so, he had a hard time. But presently he began to draw, and made such prodigious progress that a prominent French artist who had several hmes refused him permission to draw in is studio at last relented, and finished by becoming a thorough believer in the talent which he was so rapidly developing. About this time the father on the Pacific Coast descended with dazzling suddenness from the heights of fortune and our young friends were left without a penny which he could call his own. Here his native pluck and determination came to the rescue and he resolved to pursue his studies, no matter what circumstance might endeavor to do toward preventing him. He lived for two months on thirty-five francs, and managed to do good work all the time, While he was going through the crucical period, which proved to be long and exceedingly disagreeable, his struggles attracted the at-tention of some of his compatriots, who were able and willing to order from him work which was entirely creditable to his master and himself; and he has been able to go on without sacrificing his in dependence, and after discouragements which would have floored many weaker

people.-Paris Corr. Boston Journal. PLOWING BY ELECTRICITY,-At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Tresca gave an account of some experiments in plowing by electricity which he witnessed at Sermaise, in the Marine. A Gramme machine, making 1200 revolutions per minute, and driven by a steam engine, was connected to a second Gramme at a distance of 440 yards, and caused the latter to revolve at the rate of 1140 revolutions to the minute, the electricity produced by the first machine being thus converted into work. The second machine was connected to a third at a distance of 219 yards, and these two worked cables attached to a double brabant plough. According to M. Tresca, the experiment was very successful, the work accomplished represent-ing the equivalent of three horsepower, while one-half of the motive power obtained from the steam-engine was really transferred to a distance of more than-1000 yards from the furnace.

# Extraordinary Versatility of Western

A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman of 45 entered a Woodward avenue store having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a sales-man she said :

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son vesterday."
"Yes, ma'am, I sold it myself," replied

the clerk, as he looked at the garment. "Did you tell my son that this duster could be worn to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?"
"I did madam, and so it can."

"Did you tell him it made a good flyblanket when not otherwise needed?

"That it could be used as a sail boat, a stretcher, a straw bed and a bed-spread?"

"Yes, ma'am I did." "And many people used them as table-

"I did." "And that they would last for years and then make excellent stuff for a rag carpet?

"I did." "And you only charged a dollar?"

"Only a dollar, ma'am."

"Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a leetle afraid he stole the garment. I am

glad it's all right."
"It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have dis-covered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventative of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of the heart dis-

"Land save us!" she gasped, as she reached for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix 'em so 'fore long that they'll raise a mortgage off the farm? Detroit Free Press.

#### Not If It Were My Boy.

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he re-marked that if one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallled Mr. Mann upon his statement and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little when you said that all expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one

boy?"
"Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing answer.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they will in curiosity, the friend replied: is so near at hand-but 'my boy'-it is worth the toil of a lifetime, and the lavish wealth of a world around to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help and welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called 'my boy.' Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter in the days of her childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outare common enough, but one rarely hears | cast, pressed to the very verge of crime death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall us is the salvation of a soul?

save the just.

HOW GERMANY HAS SPENT THE FRENCH WAR INDEMNITY .- An account has been lately published of the way in which the indemnity paid by France to Germany on the conclusion of the war of 1870-71 has been spent. Altogether, including the war contributions imposed upon upon Paris and the departments occupied by the German troops, Germany received from France the sum of 5,254,000,000 francs, or about £210,160,000. Of this sum £91,-748,543 were in the first instance set aside for Imperial purposes, and the remainder was divided among the several States forming the Empire, the old North German Confederation receiving £70,114,235; Bavaria, £13,468,819; Wurtemberg, £4,248,304; Baden, \$3,050,593, and Hesse, \$1,436,509. Of the £91,548,543 set aside for Imperial purposes, £28,033,849 have been appropriated to form a pension fund; £10,800,000 to strengthen, and add to the number of the fortified places of the empire; £8,580,000 for the purchase and construction of railways in Alsace and Lorraine, and the two annexed provinces; £6,000,000 have been placed in the Imperial war treasury; £600,000 have been awarded in grants for eminent services: £242,740 have been spent in providing a range on which to carry on artiliery experiments ; £300,000 have been allotted to German subjects expelled from France, while smaller sums have companies for the damage done to their rolling stock; to improve the military, telegraphic and postal services; to compensate German ship owners for losses sustained during the war; to extend the military topographical department; to enlarge the military workshops at Straeburg; to provide commemorative medals, and to construct a building for the Reichstag .-Pall Mall Gazette.

How MONUMENTS WEAR OUT IN LONpon.-This morning the Albert Monnment, in Kensington Gardens, was inspected by several scientific gentlemen. Their attention was drawn to the fact that the marble was sensibly affeeted by the atmosphere, and that the statues forming the fresco had the appearance of being sculptured from chalk rather than marble. The cause of this was stated to be that the soot, under the influence of rain, yields an acid capable of acting on the marble, and the rough washing it is occasionally subjected to perforates and destroys the smooth surace. Another agent consists of the carbonic acid evolved from the lungs of animals. They were of opinion that if something was not speedily done, this splendid monument will rapidly fall into decay. It was suggested that it should undergo a cleansing process similar to Cleopatra's Needle, and then be in-durated with a colorless solution which will not only preserve it from further decay, but restore the marble to its original condition.-London Echo.

### SHORT BITS.

A wildcat recently broke up an Ar-

Pluck and luck are twins, and were one is found there is another also.

You cannot always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew is paid

A Justice is called "Old Perfumery" by the boys because he has scent 'em up so often.

There is grave apprehension in England as to the potato as well as the other crops failing.

Up to July 1st forty-eight officers had fallen in Zululand; thirty-six by disease and exposure.

Was anybody ever caught crawling un-der the canvas of a gospel tent.

The silver vase presented to Henry Clay by Whigs is offered for sale in Boston by his grandson.

West Point has a Flirtation-walk, where the cadets learn the tactics used in engagements.

How it is that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Be-cause they leave out their clothing.

Edison's last invention enables a man to tell which dog will bark, and which bite. It is called the dogrophone. An inventor calls his new engine

'Mexico," because it makes so many revolutions. The idea that apple cores are good for consumption is gaining ground in Ohio, It was first started by the father of a large

family. Turkey can lick the stuffing out o isn't required to mediate between the two

countries. . A soft answer may sometimes turn away wrath, but we should place more reliance on a reputation for being a bad

man in a fight. A pitiable old tramp was entertained at Battle creek, Mich., by a negro whom he had once owned in the South. Times had changed for both.

The best temperance movement, the Buffalo Express thinks, would be a reduction of the price of temperance drinks to a reasonable figure.

Lydia Thompton has viewed Sara Bernhardt, and says she would not draw in the legitimate drama of the Thompsonian type. We have a shrewd suspicion that half

the planets recently discovered are merely old fellows who have been off on a starring tour.

"I make it a rule," said a wiseacre to his friend, "to tell my wife everything that happens. In this way we avoid any Not to be outdone ever repay; or other boys may be left to sir, you are not so open and frank as I drift uncared for to their ruin, which am, for I tell my wife agreat many things that never happen."

A country woman stopped some ten minutes in front of a store in Springfield to gaze at a patent fly-trap in operation, which was pretty well filled, and after studying the placard, \$2, intently moved on, after piping out, to the great amusement of the by-standers: "Tew dollars! I wouldn't give tew cents for all the flies in Springfield."

### An Interesting Story.

An interesting story in connection with the new silver dollar has just come to light into Philadelphia. The secret has come out, through the Record newspaper, as to who the young lady was that sat to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall Mr. Morgan, the designer, as a wodel for we hesitate at cost when the work before the head which appears on the coin. The lady who has thus been raised to the Not if it is 'my boy,' not if we have fame, and whose name will be chronicled the love of Him who gave His life to in history, is Miss Anna W. Williams, residing with her widowed mother at 1023, Spring Garden street,in this city. In 1876, when Mr. Morgan was making designs for the coin, he was introduced to the lady by Mr. Thomas Eakins, a friend of the family. He desired to have a true representative of American beauty emblazoned upon the coin, and the profile of Miss Williams appeared to him as the best approach to it he had seen. The lady, who is of a very modest and retir-ing disposition, was induced to sit, and after four or five interviews, sufficient sketches had been secured to proceed with the work. The artist wrought up the face afterward to its present appearance, as it is shown upon the coin. It would be impossible to recognize in it any resemblance to Miss Williams. The Grecian nose and the delicate lips had their foundation in her features, but the full, rounded chin resembles more that of the wife of Mr. Morgan. Miss Williams is a blonde and considered quite pretty. She is a teacher in the girl's department in for the House of Refuge, and about eighteen years of age. This sets at rest the numerous stories which have been in circulation as to whom the face on the coin belongs to.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE IN A CHURCH YARD.—A horrible occurrence is reported from a churchyard near Guildford, one too, which throws a lurid light on the causes of fever and plague. It appears that in digging a grave in the adjacent parish been appropriated to recompense railway of Shere, a human body was exhumed in a semi-decomposed state lying only four feet from the surface. The brains and ligaments were still remaining, in an advanced state of decomposition, and giving off a most horrid smell. A second corpse was partially to be seen within three feet of the surface. It was left in this state for twenty-four hours, and was within thirty feet of the house in the church-yard. The smell in the rooms facing the graveyard was so strong that it was quite unbearable. In the meantime a large hound got access to the graveyard, and was discovered devouring the flesh from the portion of the corpse that remained The medical officer states that the corpse was buried within nine feet of the churchyard house last year, and soon after there was a case of typhoid fever; and the same in 1877, after a corpse had been buried close by. The churchyard is above the well that supplies the house, and these bodies have been buried in a direct line with it, and the water at the present time is used by several families in the village. The sanitary authority, it seems, has forwarded the report to the Home Secretary and to the Loca! Govern-ment Board.—London Echo.

The Principal of Vassar College stepped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said: "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord toward the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid beneath her tongue and said: "Leally, guls, I'm suppriseld!"