

AT THE SAW-MILL.
You, 'neath the mill, I at one day,
In peaceful, every-sunk profound,
And wished the waters rush away,
And waked the cumbrous wheel to round.
The saws sprang flashing on my view—
It all appeared a dreamy maze—
They darsely tore long channels through
A fit trunk prone upon the ways.
The trees seemed conscious of its pain;
And, as the ending steel progressed,
Thus moaned to me its mournful strain,
White quivering throats convulsed its breast.
"At fitting hour thro' those inclined,
O wanderer hither to repair;
Thou art the fated one he said
For whom these teeth my bosom tear.
"Thou art, O hopes on, for whom
A shiver from the man's hand shall make,
Wherein, dark-chambered in thy tomb,
Thy lasting slumber thou shalt take."
Then dropped four planks! I saw and heard;
My heart with sudden fear grew chill;
I sought to frame an answering word,
That instant, lo! the wheel stood still!

LITTLE GIRL.

Pretty as a picture was Little Girl.
"Silly, faint golden hair; eyes 'deeply, beautifully blue;" lashes long and dark; lips delicately curved and red as strawberries, and the most angelic expression of countenance—an expression that artists often seek in vain when endeavoring to portray infantile saints or cherubim.
Ethel was the name that her sponsors in baptism unto her did give; but being the only girl among ten children, as well as the youngest of them all, "Little Girl" she had been dubbed by her nine brothers immediately on making her appearance in the family circle. "Little Girl," with various fond adjectives prefixed, she had remained ever since. Never, I verily believe, in all the world was child so adored by father and mother—so worshipped by her brothers—so petted and caressed by her uncles, her cousins and her aunts—of whom she had a great number—as Little Girl. She had actually gone through the first four years of her life without ever hearing an impatient word, much less receiving an impatient blow. But in the beginning of the fifth year Little Girl came very near learning the crisp old English word "spank," and feeling the definition of it. And the way it happened was this:
Aunt Delia Steele, who lived in New York, came to visit Mrs. Raymond, Little Girl's mamma, last summer. She was a tall, fine-looking woman—girl, she called herself—with heavy braids of jet black hair, arched eyebrows to correspond, rosy cheeks and chin, and dazzlingly white teeth. She owned five and twenty, played and sang tolerably well, danced not badly, and talked upon so many subjects with so much animation and so many shrugs of her sloping shoulders and flashes of her black eyes that you wondered why it was that you could never remember a single thing she said.
Shortly after her arrival at Raymond House—Mrs. Raymond, by-the-by, was only a half sister, and as different as possible, being fair, short and rather stout—the following conversation took place between the two ladies one bright morning when they sat sewing together in the cozy sitting room:
Mrs. Raymond—Delia, my dear, it is really true you were settled.
Miss Steele—As if I didn't know it, Minnie! And you've no idea how stungy pa is getting—raised an awful row about my last dressmaking bill. I do wish I had accepted Will Hazleton.
Minnie—Why didn't you?
Delia—I thought Harvey Young, who had a thousand a year more, was coming forward. I'm sure he gave me every reason to believe he was—but he didn't.
Minnie (sententiously)—If girls would only wait till the men they want did come forward before jilting the men who want them—
Delia—Yes, yes; I know all that you would say. I've heard it a hundred times before. And there hasn't a soul proposed to me since Will; that's two years ago—except Mr. Bears, and I couldn't marry him, you know—how could I? He has a dreadful squint and six children.
Minnie (dropping her work and clapping her hands)—I have it! Elam Bean!
Delia—What a name! Who is he?
Minnie—A young farmer who lives a couple of miles from here. His mother died a few months ago, and I know he wants a wife. He has horses, lands, cattle, and money. Is decently well educated, tall, good-looking and generous.
Delia (with a grimace)—A farmer! I am afraid I never could bring myself to love chickens and pigs.
Minnie—You'd have nothing to do with chickens and pigs. You'd have a splendid home and be near me and Little Girl (dwelling with fondness on the pet name). You had better make up your mind to marry him, Delia. I am sure you can if you choose to. There is no one in this place to rival you. He wants an accomplished wife. He has told me so. He's a few years younger than you—
Delia—But he needn't know that.
Minnie—Of course not. That is, he needn't know how many. It may be your last chance, Delia, and it's almost good enough to be your first one. Nice house, fruit orchard, pony phaeton—
Delia (interrupting)—Enough. Ring up the curtain. Enter Elam Bean.
Minnie—I'll invite him here to-morrow evening.
She did, and he came and was smitten at once with dark hair and brows, the rosy cheeks and chin, the wonderfully fine teeth and brilliant conversation of the city lady.
He, himself, as Mrs. Raymond had said, was a tall, good-looking fellow, with broad shoulders, blue eyes, chestnut hair, a loud, honest voice and a hearty, laugh-provoking laugh.
Somebody in the village thought him very handsome—poor little Libbie Green, the dressmaker, who lived at Trumpet-vine cottage, the first small house after you passed the Bean farm, and who had been a great favorite with Elam's mother, and, in consequence, Elam having no sisters, had inherited the old lady's few old-fashioned trinkets.
Elam, too, had always been very kind to Libbie, and once, before he went to boarding school, used to call her his little wife. But alas! she had been able to go to school but a very short time during her life, having always had a blind father to look after; and her reading was queer, and her writing peculiar, and she often said "them" when she should have said "those," and just as often said

"went" in the place of "gone," and it was the hardest work for her to remember that "two negatives are equal to an affirmative;" and she knew nothing of music or singing, save a few old Methodist hymns which she was wont to sing, as she sewed, in a sweet, bird-like voice; and she had never waltzed nor galloped in her life, and she wasn't a bit "stylish" in her simple calicoes and muslins.
Truth to tell, she was scarcely pretty, but she had a winsome face, and made you think of dandelions and daisies, friends of the grass and the clover.
A month had passed since the fair match-maker had brought the young farmer and her not-as-young sister together, and all sorts of gayeties and pleasures had been crowded into that month. Picnics, drives, singing parties, dancing parties and reading parties, at each and all of which Miss Steele had queened it with her elegant costumes, her regal manner and her many (for a country village) accomplishments.
"I wish she were a little younger," said Elam to himself one lovely August morning as he passed out of his gate on his way to call on his lady-lover; "for to confess the truth, I would like to have my wife my junior; but she is so handsome—I never saw such hair and teeth—and so dignified and so clever. I'm sure I couldn't do better, and I'll propose to her very day. Ah! Libbie, good morning!" and with a little twinge at his heart, for which he could not account, he strode past Trumpet-vine cottage, where poor pale Libbie (her cheeks used to be as red as roses, he suddenly remembered) was standing, ostensibly tying a fallen vine-branch to one of the pillars of the porch, in reality waiting to see him pass.
As he entered the front door of Raymond House (which stood hospitably open) Little Girl—nurse was in the kitchen having a chat with the cook, and the brothers had all gone fishing—with whom he was a great favorite, came joyfully running to meet him.
"Vere's out," she said in her sweet, baby way, "few minutes to Mrs. Mills." (Mrs. Mills was the next neighbor, about a quarter of a mile away). "She's goin' to show vem her new dress. I've come to go, but mamma said a sick dirl yore vare; so me stayed home. Tell a story."—
"Elam lifted the pretty little thing upon his knee, and gave her a kiss. 'I'll tell you a story directly,' he said. 'How is Aunt Delia?'"
"Nacky Aunt Delia—don't love her any more," tossing the shining head.
"Don't love pretty Aunt Delia?"
"Ain't pretty. He's a witch."
"A witch? Why, what do you mean Little Girl?"
"You'll never tell," said Little Girl, standing up on his knee and grasping his head in her dimpled arms.
"Never!" promised he, shaking him self free.
"Vare vos comp'ny last night—lots—six, four, two. An' vey put two strange chilluns in my bed—hollid chilluns—one had holes in her stockin's, an' mamma said I must seeep wif Aunt Delia. An' I woked up when Aunt Delia comed up, an' I looked at her, an' her's a witch—a hollid old witch. Vore's one in my fairy book Santa Claus gib me Christmas."
"But why do you think she's a witch?" asked Elam laughing, as the child broke off in her story to kiss him on the top of his nose.
"Cause, she is," said Little Girl, with decision. "She tooked off all her hair, an' ven she washed her face she had no red cheeks, an' only one eye-brow; an' all her teef dropped out, an' I vos so 'fraid I frowed myself out veed an' ratted to my mamma. Wouldn't—"
But Elam hastily placed her upon the floor, and telling her he had forgotten something, and must go home again, fled from the house, taking a path that did not lead to Mrs. Mills.
And the Raymond family, much to their astonishment, saw no more of him. "He had been called away unexpectedly," his old servant told the messenger they sent with a note of inquiry.
But, two weeks after, the milk-boy brought the news that Elam Bean had returned to Bean farm, and was married.
"Married!" almost screamed May Raymond.
"Yes, mam'am, to Libbie Green the dressmaker."
"What ever could have possessed him?" she said a few moments after to Miss Steele who was packing her trunk preparatory to starting for New York.
"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied that dark-haired lady, with a scornful curl of the lip.
If she could have imagined father, mother, grandmamma, nine brothers and all the uncles, cousins, and other aunts would have been unable to restrain her avenging hand, and Little Girl would have certainly added "spank" to her rather limited vocabulary, with a painfully realizing sense of the meaning of the word.

OWNERSHIP OF THE ROMAN PANtheon.
—Liberal and church papers at Rome are engaged in an animated discussion of the ownership of the Pantheon—whether it belongs to the church or to the nation. The organs of the Pope hold, of course, that the building is the property of the church, and never having been taken from it, any questions about its restitution to the Pope is wanting in common sense. The organs of the Liberal party affirm that the right rests with the State on aristocratic and archaeological grounds, if no other, the Pantheon being an ancient monument. More moderate secular papers maintain that all uncertainty as to the ownership of the building in which lie the remains of Victor Emanuel should at once be removed. Victor Emanuel is not the only man whose remains lie within these famous walls. Raphael also is buried there. Some doubt early in this century was raised in certain minds whether the dust of the artist was really there, and examination disclosed the fact that it lay precisely where history had recorded that it lay—near that of Maria di Bibbiena, niece of Cardinal Bibbiena, to whom he had been betrothed. The Pantheon is the best preserved ancient monument in Rome. It probably owes its preservation to its having become, as early as the seventeenth century, a Christian church, just as the splendid bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the hill of the Capitol owes to a belief long prevalent in the dark and middle ages, that it was a statue of Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor.

French Hotels.

Several of the French newspapers have taken up the subject of hotel extortions. Hotel charges are indeed reaching a ridiculous pitch. Still the public is to blame. Our fathers used to travel in stage coach or diligence and put up at an inn or anberge. What the cheer, what the welcome and what the comfort of the old-fashioned inn was has been said and sung over and over again. Now, however, things have changed. The modern man defines a competency, in his own mind, as the having a little more than his neighbor. So the porter is to-day called a concierge, the cobbler is a shoe manufacturer, the inns have become hotels and the innkeepers or anbergests have been transformed into hotel keepers or hoteliers. The European hotel is a palace as far as the dining room is concerned, and a barrack as far as the sleeping rooms go. The dining room is covered with gold and crystal; costly paintings adorn the walls, marble statues adorn the niches; and plush-clad servants move noiselessly or noisily, as the case may be, behind the visitor's chair. The bed room is a bare, cold-looking place, small, uncomfortable, with a clock that does not go and a chimney that does not draw. On the other hand it is provided with an electric bell and a copy of the rules and regulations of the hotel in a gold frame. To these regulations you must conform under pain of expulsion. The modern traveler exists for the benefit of the hotels, and not vice versa, as should be the case. The traveler is the victim of an organized corporation of industrialists, who agree among themselves and form syndicates to exploit him. The inns or hotels are no longer kept and served by the people of the country; the stewards and waiters who attend upon you at Trouville during the summer will attend you at Monte Carlo during the winter; the charges will be exactly the same in both places, and in both places you will be obliged to pay for candles that you have never burned and for attendance that you have never received, to say nothing of food that you have never eaten and omnibuses that you have never even heard of. In Normandy you will find it impossible in the grand hotels to have cider, and in Burgundy you will find no Burgundy wine. In the one place the hotel keepers will force you to drink champagne, and in the other Bordeaux, and you will drink it and pay for it and try to persuade yourself that you are happy. You would likewise pay ten or twelve francs for a long and mediocre table d'hotel dinner served up in great style, with massive silverware and abundance of flowers on the table. The fish will be cold and the meat flabby, but you will eat it and pay for it, although at home you would grumble if your fish were not hot, and you never had any epergnes or center pieces with which to decorate your humble board. The fact is that you are paying not so much for your dinner, or your paltry bed-room, or for the indifferent attendance, as for the architectural beauties of the palatial hotel, its statues, and the gilding and paintings of its dining-room. There are people, I suppose, who have arrived at the melancholy state of having more money than they need or more vanity than brains, who need to dwell in palatial hotels and to dine in gilded saloons, but there is absolutely no reason why the prices of these so-called Grand Hotels should be extended to all hotels that think proper to imitate the Grand Hotel system merely in its superficial aspects. The majority of people want hotels at twelve francs a day, instead of twenty-five or thirty francs, and the public, aided by the press, has only to demand these prices, and hotels and inns will spring up to meet the want. The same remarks apply to many of the restaurants of Paris, where the charges are becoming both ridiculous and arbitrary. One way of repressing the evil would be to oblige all restaurateurs to mark the price of each dish on the carte. Then at least the victim would rush knowingly to his fate. America has had not a little to do with the demoralization of the European hotel-keeper. The millionaires of the New World have come over to Paris, to Vienna, to Rome, to Naples, a thirst for luxury and craving after the refinements of an old civilization. They had unlimited confidence in the power of money, and so, money in hand, they asked for the biggest pearls that were ever seen, the biggest mountains, the biggest picture galleries, the biggest singers, the biggest churches, and the biggest stage plays; and, perhaps, of all the big things that were given them, that which most completely came up to, and even surpassed their idea of bigness, was the hotel bill.—The Parisian.

LOVE-SICK MAIDENS DETERMINED TO DIE.—Many months ago, in that part of the city of Bordeaux which is known as the Quartier de la Comedie a scene was enacted, which, if it had been allowed to take its course, would have warranted the change of the name of the district into that of tragedy. Two young sisters, dressed in white garments, were discovered half asphyxiated in a room, from the middle of which a brazen sent forth the deadly fumes of burning charcoal. The windows were immediately opened, and after two or three days care in the hospital the girls recovered. They had been crossed in love, it appeared, and deeming life not worth keeping, they did their best to abandon it quietly and painlessly. So closed the first act of the drama. One day, by the side of an avenue of poplar trees leading to the residence of a gentleman of Bordeaux were found the bodies of two young women. Blood was trickling from their corpses, and lay in a pool around them. Two revolvers were close to their hands, and the people who quickly collected around the spot recognized in the dead before them the sisters who had previously attempted to commit suicide, as mentioned above. A letter addressed by one of them to a local paper throws a faint light on the history of these poor maidens. "We shall die," so ran the letter, "close to his abode,"—the name of the owner of the avenue of poplars was here mentioned—"to relieve him, his family and his friends of the trouble of repeating what they have said—namely, that I had played a fearful comedy in order to become his bride."
The best natured man will get a trifle mad, when his wife tells him that she made "ulsters for the boys" out of his last winter's ear-muffs.

The Stimpson Tunnel.

The engineering enterprise of the present age is so great that there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that even before the St. Gothard tunnel is completed it is contemplated commencing a third gigantic tunnel through the Simplon. A company for the construction of this tunnel and the railways in connection with it was formed in 1874, and it has already laid down the line from Lausanne through the valley of the Rhone to Brig, at the foot of the Simplon. The French ministers, together with M. Gambetta and also President Grevy, are very anxious that this colossal undertaking should be proceeded with without delay, and it is affirmed that the French Government intends to apply to the chambers for a grant of 48,000,000 francs for this purpose. It is asserted that the Italian Government is disposed to undertake the construction of a line from Isli, at the foot of the Simplon, which will bring the tunnel into connection with the Italian railway. This line, it is estimated, will cost some 28,000,000 francs. Concerning the tunnel itself the following details are taken from the records of the posts and telegraphs. Though the Simplon will be longer than either the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard tunnel, it is thought that the construction will not be more difficult. The entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel is situated at an altitude of 1152 metres above the level of the sea, and the Mont Cenis tunnel at 1500 metres. The entrance to the Simplon tunnel will be situated comparatively low, and the railway leading to it from Lausanne is quite straight, with an incline in no case greater than one in 100. On the northern slope, however, the incline will be greater—13 in 1000. In consequence of the low position of the tunnel the work will not be subject to such constant interruption by the snow as has been the case with the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels. The Rhone on the Swiss and the Rivera on the Italian side will furnish the necessary water power for the boring, and, thanks to the warmth of the climate of the canton of Wallis, it will not be necessary to suspend operations even in the most rigorous season. The tunnel will be even longer than the St. Gothard, as this latter is but 15 kilometers in length, whereas the Simplon will be 17½ kilometers long. Geologists are of the opinion that the stone of the Simplon is less hard than that of either Mont Cenis or St. Gothard, and it is calculated that the boring can be proceeded with at the rate of from nine to ten meters per day, so that the tunnel will probably be completed in six, or at most seven years from the date of its announcement. The estimated cost of the enterprise is 80,000,000 francs—74,000,000 francs for the tunnel itself, making 4,000,000 francs per kilometer. This estimate may be considered a little high in comparison with the St. Gothard Tunnel, which is being constructed for 2,500,000 francs per kilometer; but 1,000,000 francs will be expended on the completion of the tunnel, and 5,000,000 of the building of a large international station at Brig. Only a small portion of 80,000,000 francs which will be necessary to carry out this enterprise will be raised by public subscription—that is to say, only 13,500,000 francs. The remaining 66,500,000 francs will be granted to the company as follows: The Swiss Government will subscribe 3,500,000 francs; the Canton of Waadt, 1,000,000 francs; the Cantons of Bern, Friburg and Geneva, 2,000,000 francs; the Swiss Western Railway Company, 5,000,000 francs, and France 48,000,000 francs.

OLD MUSICAL SCALES.—The important part played by music in the worship of Jehovah, and the development of the Jewish choral service, is sufficiently proved by the Old Testament; and there is an abundance of treatises, both ancient and modern, on Greek scales or modes. But all this is of comparatively little importance to the musician and the student of modern music. It is true that some of the Greek scales—the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian and the Mixolydian—are said to be identical with the four authentic modes attributed to St. Ambrose, and to be still surviving in the Gregorian chant, and on rare occasions modern musicians have made use of them. Beethoven, for instance, heads a movement in his great quartet in A minor, "canzona di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla principina da un guarito," and Liszt and Rubenstein have borrowed the augmented intervals of the old Eastern scales, which have survived in the music of the gypsies and of some Slavonic nations. The gypsy heroine of Bizet's *Carmen* also is well characterized by a theme containing the superfluous second. But these few survivals, introduced with the distinct purpose of gaining local color, do not constitute a real organic connection between the ancient and modern systems.—London Quarterly Review.

A NOTORIOUS DECEIT.—In most countries where the practice of the *duello* still prevails, there are a few persons who individually illustrate the absurdity of this mode of settling disputes. They pass their leisure time in shooting galleries and fencing saloons, and when any one calls them out they pink him or shoot him for a certainty, thus proving, according to the test of the trial by battle, that they must be always right, though, as it happens, they are generally not. France abounds in such individuals, and Spain possesses at least one in the person of the Marquis de Gil d'Olivares. This *hidalgoo* is master of all possible weapons, and has the mania of fighting for his friends. It is no doubt, an amiable feature in a man's character to defend the absent; but when he carries the principal to the length of slaying the backbiters one is compelled to admit that virtue in the superlative degree has a strong semblance to the opposite. The Marquis has just fought a duel at Ostend with a French gentleman who ventured to steal the good name of Marshal Martinez Campos. As always happens when the adversary got the worst of it, receiving a fearful saber-cut, which renders his recovery extremely doubtful. If M. de Bouvie dies, he will be the third victim offered up by the Marquis on the shrine, not of friendship merely, but of his friendship for Spanish Marshals. In 1858 he killed his man for backbiting Marshal Narvaez, and in 1862 he avenged an insult to Marshal O'Donnel in similar deadly fashion.

A Colonial Governor's Wedding.

A recent visitor to the mansion at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, of Governor Benning Wentworth, who ruled New Hampshire in colonial days, writes as follows: "We stand before the fireplace and see that it is covered by a fire-board and screen, and then are reminded of a story which we will relate: There was a boarding house on the ancient Pitt street, and one day the matron of it saw a careless, laughing, barefooted girl passing before her door, carrying a bucket of water, and wearing a dress that but scantily covered her form. She knew her and cried out to her, 'You Pat! you Pat! Why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street.' 'No matter how I look,' was the pert reply; 'where these rags are I shall wear lace and ride in my chariot yet.' Years had rolled on meanwhile. The Governor had lost his first wife and his three sons and was left widowed and childless. After having vainly striven to deprive another husband of his wife, he turns his glance to a young maiden who is doing the work in his kitchen and keeping his house in satisfactory order. On a certain day, therefore, the Governor invites a party to dinner at his mansion, and among the rest of the guests comes, wearing a cocked hat, Rev. Arthur Brown of the Episcopal Church. Dinner is served with the profusion and variety that befit a Governor's table. The guests have been satisfied with their repast, the Governor quietly whispers to a messenger, and soon from the door in which we entered Martha Hilton, the independent Miss, whose scanty garb had provoked the criticism above mentioned, comes blushing and takes her stand in front of the fireplace; she seems regardless of fire; does not appear to have any particular business there; she waits, and no guest has divined for what object she has come. She is 20 years of age, while the Governor's hairs begun to be whiten by the snows of 60 winters. He rises from the table and says to the rector, 'Mr. Brown, I wish you to marry me.' 'To whom?' asked the startled pastor. 'To this lady,' was the answer. The rector stands confounded, but the bridegroom rises him from his bewilderment by the imperious mandate: 'As the Governor of New Hampshire I command you to marry me.' There is no delay now, and from this hour Martha Hilton becomes Lady Wentworth. Tradition declares that she made an excellent wife, and retained the affection and esteem of her husband. On his decease in 1770 he left her his entire estate. In her grief after his departure, friends came to this parlor to proffer sympathy, and special consolation she found in the society of a retired Colonel of the British army, who bore the name of Michael Wentworth, and who, ere long became her husband."

THE WIFE'S SECRET.—"I will tell you the secret of our happy married life," said a gentleman of three score and ten. "We have been married forty years; my bride was the belle of New York when I married her, and though I loved her for herself, still a lovely flower is all the lovelier poised in an exquisite vase. My wife knew this, and true to her genuine refinement, has never, in all these forty years, appeared at the table or allowed me to see her less carefully dressed than during the days of our honeymoon. Some might call this foolish vanity, I call it real womanliness. I presume I should not have ceased to love her had she followed the example of many others, and, considering the everyday life of home necessarily devoid of beauty, allowed herself to be careless of such small measures as that of dressing for her husband's eyes; but love is increased when we are proud of the object loved, and to-day I am more proud of my beautiful wife with her silvery hair and gentle face than of the young bride whose loveliness was the theme of my tongue. Any young lady can win a lover, but how few can keep them such after years of married life." In all the little courtesies of life, in all that makes one attractive and charming, in thoughtfulness of others and forgetfulness of self, every house should be begun and continued. Men should be more careful to sympathize with and protect the wife than the bride, more willing to pick up her scissors, hand her the paper or carry packages than if she were a young lady; and as no young woman would for a moment think of controlling the engagements and movements of a young gentleman, neither should she do so when he is her husband. If by making herself bright and attractive she fails to hold him, compulsion will only drive him farther from her. I do not believe it possible to retain the friendship of anyone demanding it. I do not believe it possible to lose it by being lovable.

A DAY WITH WAGNER.—Dutton Cook contributes to *Belgravia* an interesting chapter on the music of Wagner, with special reference to the work of the librettist. An extract is given from Roche's account of a day passed with the musician of the future, the former hammering out the words, the latter the music, which is worth reproducing: "He came," says Roche, "at seven in the morning; we were at work without rest or respite until midday. I was bent over my desk, writing, crasing; he was erect, pacing to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, striking the piano, shouting, singing, forever bidding me 'Go on! go on!' An hour, or even two hours after noon, Ludwig; and exhausted, I let fall my pen. I was in a faint state."
"What's the matter?" he asked. "I am hungry." "True; I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack and go on again." Night came, and we found us still at work. I was shattered, stupefied; my head burned, my temples throbbled. I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music. He was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our task, walking up and down, striking his infernal piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever, "Go on! go on!"
Miss Linda Deitz is winning golden opinions in London. She has been transferred from the Haymarket to the Prince of Wales Theatre, where the play "Mother and Son," has been produced under the title "Duty." Miss Deitz playing her original role of Marcella.

Forty-Eight Hours Under Ground.

A recent issue of the *Nasenville, Wisconsin, Republican* tells the following story of a brave and successful attempt to rescue a man buried alive in a deep well: Last Friday, at noon, a well being dug at the Fair Grounds caved in the bottom after it had reached a depth of 116 feet, burying William Selves, workman, under about thirteen feet of sand, measuring from his head while he was in a nearly upright position.
This well had reached the depth of 100 feet when a stratum of loose, white sand was reached, which made curbing necessary. An upright curbing in sections four feet long was used. While putting in the fourth section the caving of the well took place, first crushing in the lower section not yet finished, and pinning Selves in solid sand and nearly by the three sections above, which were crushed into the center, leaving a vacuum there. On seeing it start, Selves had instinctively raised a section of the curbing over his head, bending backwards, face up, with the arm supporting the place of curbing stretched over his head. In this position the sand settled about him, completely binding him, except his head and one arm, which he could move at that time. The section of curbing which he had raised above his head created a vacuum, which for a short time communicated with the vacuum through the center of the well made by the coming together of the barrel-like curbing.
As soon as possible a gas pipe, for the purpose of pumping air to him, was inserted through the opening—Selves, who had one arm at liberty, placing it as near his mouth as the boards over him would permit. Soon after this was accomplished the sand settled solidly above him, leaving only the vacuum under the board which soon filled so close as to imprison the arm that had been at liberty, and also to render his head immovable. In this situation, plainly depicted by himself in sepulchral tones through the air tube and perfectly audible at the top of the well, William Selves, ten six hours without food, and scamped and chilled by the cold sand, said he would hold on to life if there were brave hearts enough above him to undertake his rescue, knowing full well the danger of those who might undertake it in a hurry. The task was to remove from thirteen to eighteen feet of sand from the bottom of a well 110 feet deep, by putting in new curbing while taking out the sand and debris of the old curbing, and to do it all so carefully as not to fill the little vacuum above his face. Coupled with this task was the appalling danger to the workmen of a fresh caving of the well, now more imminent than the first, for above the ominous vacuum made by the caving of the sand hung the hundred feet of clay wall, with no support but its own adhesion, its natural foundation of sand being gone. The bore through the clay being but 27 inches in diameter, could not, for the lack of both time and space, be curbed. In the face of these discouragements, there were brave hearts enough found to work night and day, never slackening, except for a short time on Saturday morning, when for a time further attempts seemed suicide, by reason of the caving in of a small portion of the clay wall. But soon new precautions were devised, and the almost hopeless work went on to its practical conclusion at 1 o'clock this (Sunday) morning, when a friendly hand raised the plank and brushed the sand from the now nearly unconscious face. He had retained his mind perfectly up to a few moments before, when the tenderly cautious hands above him, in spite of their care, had so disturbed the sand as to cover his face, and to interrupt the supply of air from the tube. He returned to perfect consciousness in a few moments, and, his hands released, the work went bravely on, he himself helping materially after his hands were released.
At 3:30 o'clock, nearly forty hours after his incarceration, William Selves stepped firmly from the mouth of his living grave, and was received in the arms of his young wife amid the glad shouts of those who had so long shared his suspense. His operations in assisting to free himself had given him the use of his limbs again, and, when he reached the surface, about all he seemed to need was nourishment, which he had not had since the Friday morning before, nearly two days.

VETERANS OF 1812.—It was a sad and sorrowful meeting, that which was held recently in the Merchants' Exchange building for the purpose of dissolving the association known as the Veterans of the War of 1812. Charles Hudson, of Lexington, presided. There were seventeen aged warriors present, and the most intense interest in the proceedings was manifested. In opening the meeting Mr. Hudson congratulated his comrades on the large attendance and good health of the members. He said that all probably saw, as he did, the wisdom of carrying out the suggestion made at the last meeting to dissolve the organization. The members, as was to be expected, were fast passing away, one having died but a few days since. He himself had not been out of his house for two weeks except on this occasion. There was no property, and the question to be decided was, "What should be done with the records?" He suggested depositing them for safe keeping in some public institution. At Lexington, he said, they were gathering many historical records and mementoes, and have lately added the pistols which Major Pictain discharged at Lexington, and which were actually the first shots fired in the Revolution. These weapons have come down through the family of General Putnam, whose descendants have preserved them. On motion made by Alvan Raymond, of East Weymouth, and seconded by William A. Parker, of Boston, the records were unanimously ordered to be placed in the care of President Hudson, who is to deposit them with other records in the town of Lexington. The records of the previous meeting, held one year ago in the rooms of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, were read. An address prepared by Charles Hudson for the occasion was then read by Elmore A. Pierce, whose voluntary services, in view of the venerable age of the members and their difficulty in hearing one of their own number, were accepted.

Engene Hale did not suffer from hemorrhage of the lungs, but from malarial fever.