Well, there she stood with her mouth full And a yummy-yum look in her eyes.

With a longue that went on like a planingmill's hum.

Or a photograph in for a prize;

But I thought as I heard them exchanging

their vow. And indulging in Love's happy d'ram, would sooner hire out to keep files off the Than provide that young girl with ice cream

NEITHER WISELY NOR WELL.

BY ETHELIND RAY.

From the Portland Eveniug Telegram, "No," said Clifford Fernwood, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, and dreamily watched the blue wreaths of smoke curling above his handsome head, "I have no intentions of getting married, Guy. You see Ruby West is not the kind of a girl I would like to marry. There, my dear fellow, don't look so shocked and horrified!—I know I have flirted outrageously with her, this are very few girls who can charm and fascinate me in the way she does! Somehow she makes me feel that if I could hold her in my arms always, and never be denied the privilege of pressing my lips to hers when I wished, I would be content to dream on in this idle fashion forever; but, you see, Randolph, the summer is coming to an end, and I must leave her, for I am not ready to get married yet, and if I was, Ruby would not suit me-God bless her!" he added

The two young men were sitting on the piazza of the Seaview Hotel, smoking their after-dinner cigar, and listening to the waves dashing continuously against the rocks below, for the hotel was situated on a cliff.

softly, under his moustache.

Guy Randolph looked at his friend in silent contempt.

"I am ashamed of you, Clifford," he said, reproachfully. "How can you talk so lightly of a girl like Ruby West? "How can you She is one to be reverenced and honored, and not held cheaply. My God! what would I not give to hold your place in her affections.'

'What!" said Clifford, looking at his friend in surprise, "is it possible that you care for Ruby? Well, I'm sorry, old fellow, for you can easily see that she has eyes for no one but me. I believe," he added, reflectively, that I could almost love her if shedidn't let me see so plainly that I am all the world to her. Did you ever notice how saucily she tries to hide her blushes when

"Blushes!" echoed a clear, merry voice just behind them. "Who-why, Clifford, what do you know about blushes?

"Why, Ruby," cried Clifford, catching both her hands and drawing her to his side, with a little flush on his own face, "where did you come from? Little eavesdropper, we might have been talking about you-what then?"

"Ah?" she answered, archly, "you would not have said anything that you what is t would have cared for me to hear—would a sheet!" he, Mr. Randolph?" But Guy had walked to the other end of the piazza, and was listening to the waves.

She was still standing with her hands closely clasped in Clifford's, looking down at him, with a world of tenderness in the clear, sweet depths of her dark blue eyes; a soft, warm color had come into her cheeks, and her lips were red as the heart of a pomegranate. She was only eighteen-shy, trusting, clinging,

Because Cliff. Fernwood had made love to her in a tender, indolent sort of way this summer, she had given him all the priceless wealth of her affection, be-lieving, of course, that sometime he would ask her to be his wife. She had not yet lived long enough in this selfish, deceitful world, to know that no matter what tender words a man may say to a woman, he never really means them, un-less he asks her, then and there, to marry him, or gives a good reason for not doing so. Girls should be taught this, from childhood, and there would be less blighted hearts-less horrible endings to beautiful lives! Ruby was only one of the many who "live to learn."

"I am going down on the rocks, Cliff," she said coaxingly. "Won't you come with me?"

"Of course, sweet!" said Clifford, with an unconscious tenderness in his voice, "You walk on and wait for me, and I will join you as soon as I finish my

The black mustache swept across the soft hands, and then he released her, and with a raciant happiness lighting her whole face, Ruby sprang down the steps and bastened away in the twilight towards the wave-washed rocks. That hour was, perhaps, the happiest of her life; yet "who knows what a day may bring forth?"

Clifford Fernwood?" exclaimed Guy Turning fiercely. "You are a villain!
If it were anyone else I should curse you! Do you call yourself a man? Do you with such a black sin on your con-

"O, for heaven's sake, my good fellow, give us a rest!" interrupted Clifford indolently, though his face grew a trifle white. "I declare I am feeling rather bad about this, myself!-I don't exactly see how to get out of it, you know. She -the fact is, old fellow, she expects a declaration, and to tell the truth, I have gone a little farther with Ruby than I ever went with anyone else. confound it; Randolph, she is actually the succeed little thing I ever knew, and sometimes I fancied I was in carnest.

'Clifford," said Guy eagerly, laying his hand on his friend's arm. "my dear Clifford, try to fancy so still. Go down on the rocks, and ask her to marry you!"

Do this one, unselfish act, and God will reward you. I love her myself, Clifford, and if I thought I could make her happy I would not ask this of you; but I would gladly give her up for the sake of seeing that happiness in her eyes always. Oh, Clifford, will you not ask

Clifford arose, and threw away his Guy for standing between them.

picking up his cane. "She is a ittle thing, but—I don't love her!" "She is a sweet He went away in the gathering darkness, and in a few moments had thrown

himself on the rocks beside Ruby. "Did I keep you waiting long, little one?" he asked, softly, taking her un resisting form in his arms as calmly as though he had the right. "Were you frightened here in the dusk?"

She clung to him with a little sob. "I was not frightened, Cliff., onlyave been thinking-'

"That I should die if you ceased to are for me Oh, Cliff., if you-" But Clifford hushed the warm lips with tender kisses.

"Of what, darling?"

"Darling," he began, tenderly smooth ing the waving, brown tresses, "I must tell you something that grieves me inexpressibly. I am going away; I am-going to—leave you! I am poor—I cannot marry for many years—perhaps, never! I will not bind you with any promise, for you can do better! Nay, sweet; it cannot be-such bliss is denied me! To-night, we must part forever. Will you try, darling, to think of me once in a while? O, Ruby, I wish I could keep you forever! Beloved, I must go! Will you kiss me once-for the last time?"

Crushed and stunned as she was by the cruel and upexpected termination of summer, but confound it! how could I her happiness, poor Ruby had not the help it? She is what I call sweet! There strength to refuse him. Mutely, like one in a horrible dream, she put her arms around his neck, and pressed her cold lips to his-once-twice-and then, shrinking away, whispered hoarsely, "Now, for God's sake, go!" And with a last caress, Clifford released her and strode away in the darkness; and she was left alone with her anguish, and the ceaseless dashing of the waves

An hour later, she crept back into the house by the side-entrance, and, gaining her room, which was over the piazza, she leaned out the window. under the stars, to hear, once more, the voice of the man she had loved and

trusted so blindly.
"It is all over, Randolph," he was saying complacently, "I let her down as gently as possible; and now, confound me, if I don't let 'summer flirtations' alone, hereafter. If such a thing were possible, I should say I had been a little bit burnt, myself; but-

"Clifford," said Guy, rising haughtily, 'you are an unprincipled villain, and we can be friends no longer; I have done

with you!" And then Ruby crept, shivering, away from the window.

"Good heavens! Hampton, who is that beautiful woman? There—the one with bronze hair, standing under the chandelier!"

The speaker was Clifford Fernwoodthe place, a brilliant ball-room at a fashionable resort—the time, five years after the night we last saw Clifford. "What!" exclaimed his companion,

laughing, "is it possible you don't know her? But I forgot -you have just arrived. Why, my dear fellow, that is Ruby West-or, at least, it used to be, but she was married about six months ago to Guy Randolph. She don't care anything for him, though—married him for his money, you know. Shall I introduce-why, good heavens! Fenrwood, what is the matter? You are as white as

strong effort at self-control. "The name nerves of many a woman. Men often startled me for a moment. I should like

to be presented." And the two young men made their way to the tall, beautiful woman, laughing and jesting with a dozen admirers. She looked up carelessly to acknowledge the introduction, but at the sound of well-remembered voice the hot blood rushed to her cheeks, and then died out, leaving it deadly white. Five years!-

and she had not forgotten yet! Like one in a dream, she gave him her hand, and he clasped it with a pressure that at any other moment she would have resented; but just then she was so stunned and bewildered, she scarcely noticed it; and Clifford, taking her silence as an acceptance of his mute

caress, secretly congratulated himself. He had never quite forgotten shy, sweet, Ruby West, and now, that she had developed into such a royally, bril-liantly, beautiful woman, she possessed a more powerful and irresistable fascination for him than ever before. Looking into her intense, dark blue, almost black eves, he felt the old, wild longing to take her in his arms and hold her against his heart-to strain her to him, and press passionate kisses on the lips that had once been his alone. Ah! what a fool he had been to relinquish that sweet privilege! Alas! for Ciifford's "might have been!"

Ruby was now a wife-the wife of Guy Randolph.

"I do not love you, Guy," she had said, when he asked her, "Neither do I love any one else! If, knowing this, you still wish me, and think I can make you happy, I will marry you, and be a true and faithful wife!"

And as Guy did wish her, and did think she could make him happy, she had married him.

And now, when she was just beginning to think herself happy, her old love, "like a ghost from the tomb," stood before her, and she felt that "the work of years was shattered by that one glance of his eve.

She regained her brilliant spirits; laughed, danced, and flirted-but all with that horrible uncertainty in her heart; the uncertainty as to whether she cared most for her husband, or for Clifford Fernwood!

Guy had returned to the city, leaving his wife with some friends at the hotel, and she did not expect his return for a month! Was it any wonder that her heart grew sick within heras she thought of a month's dangerous companionship with the man who had once been so dear to her?

She hated herself for such thoughts, but they would come forcing themselves upon her, and she could not help it.

The days slipped by, and people began to talk of Clifford Fernwood sinfatuation for Guy Randolph's beautiful wife: he was her constant attendant, and to do her slightest wish seemed his greatest manage to drive two horses, while we pleasure.

Clifford felt sure that she still loved

"I can't do it, Guy," he said, gravely, her room, reading, when a servant

rushed in, exclaiming:
"O, ma'am, there has been an awful accident, and Mr. Randolph was on the train. They are bringing him home dead!"

Speechless with horror, Ruby stag gered down stairs and entered the parlor; Clifford was there alone. With a glad cry he sprang forward, and caught her in his arms. "Oh Ruby, my darling!" he cried, "you are free at last, at last!" With a cry of horror, she hurled him from her. "My God!" she gasped, "I did not know till this moment how I de-

test you!-how I loathe you!" And then, even as she spoke, she saw her husband's face in the doorway-pale and sad, but oh! so tender and forgiving -and with a joyful cry she flung her-

self into his arms.
"O, Guy," she sobbed, I "I love yon!
—I love you! I did not know how dearly, until I thought I had lost you!"

"It was all a mistake, my darling-I came on the other train!" was all Guy said, for he was thanking God that, at last, his wife was all his own.

Nervous Depression.

The chief part of the cure lies with the patient. Change, exercise, fresh air, diet, tonic-all these together will not cure any one who gives up and gives way. The aim of the patient must be to disregard and even defy his sensations, impressions, languor or whatever form his sufferings may take, and just go on as usual, doing all he can to forget self. Nervous people often rally wonderfully under pleasant excitement, sometimes even under trial. They surprise their friends by their activity and endurance. and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Let us illustrate our meaning in one or two particulars. Suppose a patient so severely depressed that that he can hardly be persuaded to move; he must begin-he must try.

No brooding over troubles and watching for symptoms. Giving up is fatal; resolution and hope gain the victory, with the help of Providence. And even as to fears, forebodings, and so forth, the same direction, in substance, will apply. A lady told the writer that, after a period of acute suffering from various apprehensions, she one day said to herself: "Now I have long been fearing all sorts of things, and they do not come; I have had all manner of distress, and dreaded what has never yet happened. Nothing that I have been so alarmed about has really occurred. I will allow these tormenting fears no longer." And she resolutely dismissed her apprehensions. She strove against and in time overcame, her gloomy and groundless forebodings, and now lives to encourage others, to preach hope and cheerfulness and trust.

Not a few of the habits of modern life strain the system considerably; hurry and excitement are far too prevalent. Taking things coolly" should be at least endeavored by those who may have much in their work calculated to stimulate the mind or feelings. Excess of any kind is constantly the parent of nervous depression. So, too, are exciting amusements, such as gambling. Too much novel-reading is an an unsuspected, but often very powerful contributing cause. Overwork, alas! is one which it is not so easy to remedy as to denounce.

Little to earn, and many to keep. Often strains the nerves and brain too rowed the thirty-foot boat a great disme; but I replied calmly: heavily. A good hobby is often a won-derful relief to the overtaxed mind. Too "Look at the big fish!" as something "It is nothing," said Clifford, with a little exercise and too much tea ruin the try theirs by indulging too freely in the use of tobacco. Young men, and above all, growing lads are very unwise if they employ tobacco at all. Their elders have more excuse; but the vigor of youth cannot require it, and certainly will not profit by it. The diabolical cruelty of frightening young children is almost certain to sow the seeds of pervous weakness; so does harsh treatment in later childhood. And over-driving and harrassing young ladies and girls, whether at books or work, all tend in the same direction. Competitive examinations have to answer for some cases of enfeebled nerves.

Simple habits, moderation in all things, cheerful amusements or pastimes, and reasonable care, will go far to prevent nervousness. But when, through ignorance, indiscretion, hereditary tendency, or affliction, it has been developed, the sufferer will do well to give heed to the foregoing hints, and take for his motto, "Hope on, hope ever."

BUILDING OF FAST LOCOMOTIVES. - An engine built to make the ninety miles between New York city and Philadelphia specimen of American handiwork. But hear of its capture. It might be menshops. Thus, at the Grant works they are constructing an engine with two sets hence a serpent would have the shores of driving wheels, one vertically over the other, the upper set being intended to act on the lower as they act upon the track. In Concord, N. H., a locomotive with a flat boiler two feet, by seven by twelve, with the fire-box in the middle, is now nearly completed. The idea is to bring a larger portion of the boiler over the fire-box and thus increase the steam. The little tank engines of the elevated railroads have given such satisfactory performances that plans have been pripared for building others of the same type with four, six, eight and even twelve driving wheels, calculated for the heaviest work. The advantage claimed for them is that, in proportion to their weight, they show large adhesive powers. In general there is a noticeable tendency to increase the size not only of engines but cars as well .- Chicago Tribune.

A ONE-HORSE MINISTER.—A Metholist parson, the Rev. Stanley, "got away" with Bishop Tuttle, as they say out West, during his recent trip in the Missoula vailey. It seems that the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Missoula, was driving the elerical party (consisting of Bishop Tuttle, the Rev. Tillotson and himself) in route met the Rev. Stanley driving two horses. The bishop, who is always ready for a joke, sang out: "I say, Stanley, how is it that you Methodist preachers Episcopalians have to put up with one? "Perhaps you are one-horse preschers,"

The Duchesne Lake Serpent.

Additional proof of the presence of a large serpent in Duchesne lake, as previously reported, comes to hand, and there is little doubt but the day is not far distant when the marine monster will be caught "dead or alive," as warrants sometimes read. Andrew Moore is a farmer living in Eardley township, nearly opposite the Quio, which is not a great distance from the Casts falls. In his employ is a boy tamed McNeit, whose parents live on the Ontario or south side of the river. On Tuesday evening of last week the boy started to paddle across the river, which is about half a mile wide at that point, in a canoe. He had got a little more than a third of the way across when, Mr. Moore, who had taken a stroll down the shore, saw something in the water making after the canoe. It was the serpent; so he yelled with all his might to the boy, whose attention was at once attracted. The lad knew that something was wrong, for he saw Mr. Moore gesticulating wildly on the shore, while his shouts were plainly heard. The boy quickly caught sight of a dark object in the water, making toward him, but still some fifty yards away. He did not wait to have an interview with the marine monster, but started for dear life. Mr. Moore stood on the shore breathlessly watching the result. The boy made the canoe speed through the water at a rapid rate, but the serpent was also making admirable time. It was a question during the first minute or so whether the boy would escape, and Mr. Moore the only spectator to the exciting chase, was greatly relieved when he saw that the serpent was not gaining any upon the boy, and he shouted words of encour agement over the water. The lad although frightened, did not lose his presence of mind, but kept to his work with the energy of despair almost, feeling that it was a race for life, although it is doubtful whether the serpent would have attacked him even if it had got close enough. The race continued for several hundred yards, when the serpent gave up the chase and disappeared under the water. The boy kept rowing with all his might until he reached the shore, when he sprang out of the canoe and sank exhausted on the sands. It is useless to tell Mr. Moore or the

boy McNeil that never they saw the large

lake serpent, while their affidavits would

be indorsed by five of the men employed in working the phosphate mine of McLean & Co., in the same township, who interviewed the monster while returning from a fishing expedition a few weeks ago. After tea on the day stated Mr. Williams, the foreman, who was one of those who saw the serpent on a fermer occasion, and four of the men went over to Little island (known as twelve-mile island, because, it is about that distance from Alymer) to fish. They were returning about 7:30, when one of serpent," pointing toward the east, where what appeared to be a crooked limb was bobbing in the slightly ruffled water. Look at the big fish!" as something came to the surface of the water just a foot or two from the end of his oar, which he raised with the intention of striking at it, when, to his horror, as well as that of the other parties in the boat, he saw that it was the monster serpent. This man's name is Derwin. The men could do nothing for a moment or two but look as the serpent arose to the surface and swam rapidly away. The men had nothing in the boat that they could have assailed the monster with except the heavy oars, so they wisely Jones's orchard. He stole his apallowed it to depart in peace, rowing ashore after watching it go westward, in the direction of the Chats falls. The men though taken by surprise and naturally somewhat frightened, saw the serpent clearly. Mr. Williams stated to Mr. H. McLean, warden of the county of Ottawa, in whose employ he is, and who is our informant of what is now told, that the serpent was dark in color with body about the size of an ordinary telegraph pole, the head being somewhat smaller. It made considerable commotion in the water while swimming. He judges that it was twelve feet or more in length, although only some four or five feet of the back part of the body was visible. The number who have seen the in ninety minutes did its work easily and Duchesne lake serpent, steadily increases, has now been sent across the water as a and some of these fine days we hope to the New York Times observes that it is tioned that the shores on either side of not so great a novelty as several other the broadening river or lake between engines now building in American work- Little Island and the Quio for about seven miles has virtually no settlers,

miles this side of the Quio .- Ottawa Free Press. EXPENSIVE SHOES .- Beautiful feet require fine adorning. There are boots in New York City for \$125 a pair. They are imported from Paris, and the cloth is a mixture of gold or silver thread or silk. They are lined with the finest kid, and the buttons are gems. They are usually purchased by those who "toil not, neither do they spin, and silk stockings at \$75 a pair are worn with them. A pair of boots made for Annic Louise Carey to wear in opera are of light blue satin, soft and thick, with blue silk lacings, tied with lovely tassels, lined with brilliant cardinal kid, and horizontally with inch-wide ribbons of gold braid. The feet may well be handsome now, for there is everything to make them so. Innumerable shops, filled with the finest goods, fancy silk and satin boots and slippers, opera ties, patent leather and kid shoes; lemon-colored, old gold, lavhis own one horse shay, and while en ender and oriental satins, heels four inches high, and insteps that form a royal arch, and faithful pedicure, who steps to the front with his salves and instruments when nature becomes obstreperous.

mostly to itself. Trails of what is sup-

posed to be the the big serpent of the

lake have recently been seen on the

sandy shores of Moore's Island, five

Young man, don't try to forget your him, and in his heart, he cursed poor said the ready-witted Stanley, and the Guy for standing between them.

One lovely morning, she was sitting in of laughter, in which the bishop joined. An Oyster Yarn.

I never found anything but once here in excess of my expectations, or even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had just then come York oysters. I had just then come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eaten a hundred at a time, and had always felt as if I could eat more if I had them. So, when I arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel I ordered my dinner to be brought to my room, and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a my dinner a strong cup of a single farm or adding one to their number, by merely bringing our product up to the average standard of the reasonably good agriculture; and the quantity we now send abroad, to feet the hungry in foreign lands. No longs divided by the curse of slavery, the my dinner and the m my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a interest and of common speech, tied by hundred raw oysters. He looked at me the iron band of eighty-five thousand the iron band of eighty-five thousand interest and of eighty-five thousand in the iron band of eighty-five thousand in the iron ba

' Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes;" I answered "raw, on the half shell, with vinegar; no lemons; and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry. "Ahem! Miss, did you want a hun-

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting

for? Must I pay for them in advance? want nice, large ones."

tinued my writing and forgot all about my dinner till he knocked and came in fertile land. Only twenty-five years ago with my dinner on a tray, but no oys-"How is this?" said I. "There are

no oysters."

"Dey's comin', miss, dey's comin', and the door opened and in filed three more sons of Africa's burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell. I was staggered, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to clace one tray on a chair, one on a washstand, and one on the bed, and I said:

"They are very small, aren't they?" "Oh! no, miss, de bery largest we'se

"Very well," said I; "you can go. want you any more I'll ring.' When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

" Fore God, Jo, if she eats all them oysters, she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. drank my coffee and look at the oysters, every one of them as big as my hand, and they all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They leered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. Our California oysters are small, and with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dared not swallow one for fear of the disturbance he might raise in my interior, so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the keyhole after I locked the door, and just outside my window found a tin waterspout that had a small hole in it. I carethem jokingly remarked, "Look at that | fully enlarged it, and then slid every one of those beastly creatures down one by one,-102 of them,-they all the time eying me with that cold, pasty look of They only saw it for an instant, when it was gone. The men resumed their row- of sight I stopped trembling and finished ing, none of them thinking for a moment my dinner in peace, and then rang for that it was really the serpant they had the waiters. You should have seen their seen in the gathering twilight. The faces! One of the waiters asked if I object was about two hundred yards would have some more. May he never away when seen, and they had not know the internal pang he inflicted upon

"Not now. I think too many at once might be hurtful."—Philadelphia Press.

The Good and Bad Boy.

Come, boys, I will tell you a story. How your eyes dance! You love to hear me talk. You are good boys. Well, I will tell you about George and James. They both wanted an apple. So James got up one dark night. He left his nice, warm bed. He went to Farmer ples. James was a very bad boy. I see by your bright faces that you think so too. James did not fall and break his neck when he slid down the spout; a great stone wall did not fall on him when he climbed over Farmer Jones's wall; Farmer Jones's great dog did not seize James in his cruel jaws and hold him till the farmer came out; and the farmer did not come out and talk to James of the sin of stealing apples, while the dog chewed James's leg and then horsewhip him afterward; and the apples did not make James sick, and he did not pine away on a sick bed, and he was not laid away in the cold ground the next Sunday; and he did not give the minister a chance to preach on the sin of stealing apples. No; James was a bad boy. He slid down the spout without so subsequently committed suicide. Abe much as blistering his bands; he jumped over old Jones's wall (that was the way the bad boy spoke of suicide, and was sent back to Jefferthe good man) and when the dog son, Texas, for trial, where he now came he rocked him into the stable. lies in jail, every influence being He filled himself full of apples; he used to delay the trial. filled his pocket and his hat, also. Then he went down and slept like a log. The good boy would not do such a thing. Oh, no; he asked his papa for some apples, and his dear papa bought him a cent's worth of wormy ones; the good George only eat one. That night he dreamed he was a crook neck squash; he thought the circus procession, with all the el ephants, was walking over his abdomen. He lay in bed one week, and read nice little books about nice parte family to the engagement conlittle boys who never could have lived, and little girls that nobody wants to see. The moral of this principal heiress to the enormous forstory, boys, is this: Once in a great while a bad boy has an unaccount-

THE FROG TRADE IN ILLINOIS. - A citizen of Elgin, in this State, is in his third year of frog farming, and his first repair at the conclusion of their honeycrop is now being marketed. He has an acre and a quarter devoted to the frog industry. The kind grown is the "Gos lin frog," much larger than the common sort. He intends to furnish Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati with frogs, and is confident of success in his business. Wealthiest scion of the house of Bona--[Illinois Special.

able run of good luck, and a good

boy vice versa .- Boston Transcript.

Happy America.

We number now nearly or quite fin

million people. A hundred million could be sustained, without increase

the area of a single farm or adding or

miles of railway, and is yet only beginning to feel the vital power and grand eur of a truly national existence. What may be the future of this land few can yet conceive. Texas alone comprises a much territory as the German empire England, and Wales combined. Texas has now about two million people with has now about two minion people with in her boundaries; the empire of Germany, England and Wales about 67,000,000. The good land is equal in area to the good land in Germany of Great Britain. Kanesa V. "No, no, miss. All right; you shall many and Great Britain. Kansas, Nehave them," and he went out: I con-braska and Iowa combined more than equal France in area and possess more John Brown and his companions redeemed Kansas from slavery; Nebraska was then indicated on our maps as a part of "the Great American Desert" and Iowa had scarcely become a State Their population may now be 2,500,000. France 37,000,009. The great middle section of eastern Tennessee, northen Georgia, western Carolina and southern Virginia has been hemmed in by the curse of Slavery, and is yet almost a terra incognita, but it is replete with wealth in minerals, in timber and in fertile valleys of almost unequalled climate for health and vigor. This section is almost equal to the Austrian empire in its area, and more than equal in resources. It has a sparse population of only one or two millions. The Austrian empire has over 37,000,000. The healthy upland country of Georgia, Alabams and the Carolinas vast areas of fertile woodland, which can be bought by the hundred thousand acres at a half dollar, or two shillings, an acre, on which sheep and cotton thrive equally well. These sections are being slowly occupied by white farmers, and wait for immigrants who can bring them to use. In a few short years sheep, fed mainly upon the kernel of the cotton seed and upon the grasses that follow the cotton, will send to market from the same fields, alternately occupied, as much wool as cotton. This warm section is more than equal to Italy in area; it has perhaps 2,000,000 people. Italy contains 27,000, 000. The fertile lands of the Shenandoah valley in Virginia, and along the Potomac in Maryland, more than equal Belgium. They may contain half a million of people. Belgium has more than 5,000,000. In the consideration of this problem of productive capacity, there are other factors of the greatest importance. What are the burdens to be borne by our people compared to others? What is the mortgage on this land that we possess?-Fortnightly Review.

A Trunk of Evil Omen.

At a store on Baronne street, just adjoining Grunewald Hall, is a lady's sole leather Saratoga trunk, of the largest size, which, although entirely inoffensive in itself, and perhaps as negative a combination of sole leather, steel springs and linen linings as the average receptacle for feminine raiment, is nevertheless, by association, not without its history.

This trunk was made upon the order of a very handsome young woman, who called at the store and gave specific directions as to its interior arrangements. She appeared to be in affluent circumstances, and did not object to the price charged, which was \$100. The money was paid and the trunk sent home, its owner proving to be Miss Bessie Moore, a young woman of pronounced beauty.

It appears that Miss Bessie Moore found that the trunk was not entirely to her satisfaction, and sold it back to the store at a liberal discount. She subsequently left the city for Jefferson, Texas, in company with a miscreant named Abe Rothschild, from Cincinnati. He used ber money, and with placid deviltry put a pistol to her forehead and blew out her brains. The body lay for two weeks undiscovered, and was identified by a gentleman of this city who happened to be in Jefferson at the time.

Singularly enough, this gentleman Rothschild was arrested in Cincinnati when in the act of committing

The trunk was sold to a gentleman who had it thoroughly repaired. Before this gentleman had paid for the trunk he also committed suicide. It is now for sale, and, of course, is considered a prize, inasmuch as no one who has had anything to do with it, excepting the maker, has not died by violence. -New Orleans Times.

A BONAPARTE MARRIAGE. - The vehement opposition offered by the Bonatracted some months ago by Prince Roland Bonaparte and Mile. Blanc, tune amassed by the late high priest of rouge-et-noir at Monaco, has proved fruitless, and the wedding day of the happy pair is fixed for the 1st of October The mother of the future Princess has caused a splendid villa to be erected for the young couple in the Casino of Florence, whether they will moon. Prince Roland holds a commission in the Republican army as Sub-Lieutenant of Artillery, and, being totally destitute of private means, has hitherto contrived to live upon his pay.