Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English Commissioner at the up-country station at Huttee-Bagh, in Northern India, had gone up on the ve-randah with his wife and his two guests, he Colonel and Major of the -th Light Infantry, to enjoy the cool of the even-

On three sides the house was surrounded by its compound, a large en-closed space serving for the purpose of a courtyard, but the fourth was only separated by a small patch of garden from the public road, along which a number of native women were passing with their little pitchers upon their

The sight of them naturally turned the conversation upon a favorite subject with all Anglo-Indians, viz., the characer of the natives and the best method of dealing with them.

"There's only one way," said the Colonel, emphatically. "Tell 'em what they are to do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well if they don't. That's my way."
"Well, I venture to differ from you

there, Colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietor twice, I own, but most of my native servants seem to get along very well without it, and they serve me excellently, I assure you."

"I wish you had been in my place, then, retorted the Colonel; "you'd have changed your opinion, I warrant you. Why, the year before last, when I had charge of two battalions of the rascals down at Sutteepoor, because there was not another Queen's officer within reach -just like my confounded luck!-there was no getting anything done unless I did it myself. By Jove, sir, I had to do everthing at once-my own quartermaster, my own sergeant major, my own

'And your own trumpeter, Col. Anpesley?" asked Mrs. Currie, with an arch

The Colonel's broad face reddened eminously, and an explosion seemed iminent, when a sudden clamor of an angry voice from the road below drew them all to the front of the verandah.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at a glance. Two half-drunken English soldiers, swaggering along the road, had come into violent contact with a native who was running past; and one of them, enraged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground, and was un-clasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully. "Serve the young whelp right," shout-ed the Colonel, rubbin; his hands;

'that's just what they all want." The other officer, Major Armstrong— popularly known as Major Strongarm was a huge, brawny, silent man, whose forte lay in acting rather than in talk-

During the whole discussion he had sat like a great bronze statue, never uttering a word; but at the sight of this man ill using this child, he woke up rather startlingly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault across the high stockade beyond, was but the work of a moment for the athletic major; and in another instant he had lifted the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost soldier, in the low, compressed tone of a man who generally m

says: "Be off with you!" "And who the deuce are you, shovin' yer nose in where you ain't wanted?" roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose eyes the Major's plain evening dress bore no token of his being an officer; "jist

you-" The sentence was never finished. At the sound of that insolent defiance, Armstrong's sorely tried patience gave way altogether, and the powerful right hand which had hewed its way through a whole squadron of Shik cavalry, fell like a sledge-hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground as if he had been blown from the mouth

of a gun.
"Well done, Major Armstrong!"
shouted Mr. Currie from above. "You deserve your name, and no mistake." At that formidable name the soldier took to his heels at once; and Arm-

strong, without even looking at his prostrate antagonist, proceeded to examine the hurts of the boy. The latter was sorely bruised in many

places, and the blood was trickling freely over his swarthy face; but the little hero still did his best to stand erect, and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.
"You're a brave lad, and you'll make

a soldier some day," said the major to kim in Hindostanee. "Come with me, and I will see that no one molests you

The lad seized the huge brown hand and the two then walked away together.

Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a mean to accomplish this purpose? very different spectacle. The pretty garden is tramped into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are further strategem in preparation? No lying thick among the fragments of the half-destroyed stockade.

All the windows of the house are

blocked up, and through the loop-holed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles, show how readily the besieged garrison stands at bay against the countless encmies, whose dark, flerce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the halfruined building and matted thickets all around.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 is blazing sky high over Northern India, and Col. Annealey is blockaded in Huttee-Ragh, with a certainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help comes

Day was just breaking when two men held a whispered counsel in one of the "No fear of the water running short,"

said Major Armstrong; "but, even upon half rations, the food will be out in four

"And then we'll just go right at them and cut our way through, or die for it!"
growled the old Colonel, with a grim
smile on his iron face, for, with all his
harshness and injustice, Col. Annesley
was "grit" to the backbone. "We must not say anything to them about it, though," he added, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who was standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from be low startled them both, and the next mo-ment Ismail (the "Major's boy," as every one now called him) burst into the room with a glow of unwonted ex-

citement on his dark face. Sahib," cried he, "there is hope for us yet! A detachment of Ingleez (English) are coming up the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass, we are saved ! "How do you know?" asked the Major.

was lying hid among the bushes you der," answered the lad.

"Among the bushes yonder?" roared the Colonel, facing around. "Have you actually been in the midst of those cutthroat villains, listening to what they said! Whatever did you do that for?' VI did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake, replied the boy, proudly; "because he

was good to me. The Colonel turned hastily away to hide the flush of not unmanly shame that overspread his hard face; and Arm-strong smiled slightly, as he heard him

"By Jove! these chaps are'nt black as they're painted, after all."
"But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had arisen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we

word "Fear nothing for that, mem-sahib, (madam,) answered the Hindoo boy, quietly. "I will carry them word myquietly.

have no possible means of sending them

"But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mrs. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardiest veteran might well have shrunk.

"Listen, Sahib," answered Ismail. "I will alip out of the house and make a

dash into the enemy's lines, as if I were deserting from you to them, and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with blank cartridge as I go. Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I will tell that you are all dying of thirst, and that they need only wait one day more to be sure of you, so that they won toare to make another attack. Then when they have no suspicion, and think I'm quite one of them, I'll steal away, and slip across the river."

"But are you quite sure the Sepoys will believe you?" asked Maj. Armstrong, doubtfully.

"They'll believe this, anyhow," re-plied the boy, deliberately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder and staining his white frock with the blood as he glided from the room, followed by Armstrong.

The plan was soon explained to the nen below and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building, followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loopholes. The sound of the firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet

In another instant he was in the midst of them.

"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said Col. Annesley; "but he seems to be glittering bayonets and ruddy English showing them the wound on his shoulder, and telling them it was all our doing.

At that moment an exulting yell from the enemy came pealing through the mir.

"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the Major; "it tween himself and the Sepoys, that they was a very good thought of his. If it might think him drowned. "He's the was a very good thought of his. If it only delays their attack two days longer there may be time for help to arrive yet.'

Slowly and wearily the long hours of that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were also helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked them, all would have been over at one blow; but hour passed after hour, and there was no sign of an assault.

At length, as after noon gave place to evening, a movement began to show itself in the enemy's lines. Thin curls, of smoke rising above the trees showed that the evening's meal was in preparation; that several figures with pitchers in their hands were seen going toward the river, among whom the Colonel's keen eye detected Ismail.

"By George!" cried the old soldier, slapping his knee exultingly, "that lad's marry another as often as he pleased, worth his weight in gold! There's his This was not what he wanted; so he adway down to the river right open to him without the least chance of suspicion. Why, he's a born gentleman-nothing

Every eye within the walls was now which had defended him so bravely, and turned anxiously upon the distant group time of the Phophet. The exposition kissed it with the deepest reverence; fearing to see at any moment some movement which would show that the Six months have come and gone, and trick was detected. How did Ismail one could say.

Suddenly, as Ismail stooped to plunge his light wooden dipper into the water, it slipped from his hands and went floating away down stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantic-ally along the bank and trying in vain to catch the vessel as it floated past.

"What on earth is he up to?" grunted the Colonel, completly mystified. "I see!" cried Major Armstrong, triumphantly; "there's a boat yonder among the reeds, and he's making for it.

Well done, my brave boy!"

But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered.

Luckily those on the bank had left soon have been disposed of; but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant little

"Let us fire a volley and make a show of sallying out," said the Colonel; "It'll take their attention from him."

But in this he was mistaken. The first rattle of musketry from be hind the house did indeed recall most of Ismail's assailants, but at least a dozen were left, who kept up an incessant fir-ing, striking the boat again and again. All at once the Colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a frightful oath.

Between the two guests of smole be ad seen the boat turn suddenly over, and go whirling down the river, keel up

"There's an end of the poor lad," muttered the veteran brokenly. "God bless him for a brave little fellow. And now, old friend, we must just die hard, for there's no hope left."

The first few hours of the night passed

quietly, and the exhausted defen utterly worn out, slept as if drugged by pium. But a little after midnight the quick ears of the two veteran officersthe only watchers in the whole garrison. except the sentries themselves -caught a faint stirring in the surrounding thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the part of the enemy.

Listening intently for a few moments,

they felt certain that they were right, and lost no time in arousing their men. The scanty store of food were opened nce more, and, crouching together in

the darkness, the doomed men took what they fully believed to be their last meal on earth. "They're coming," said Maj. Arm-

strong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loop-hole. "I hear them ereeping forward, though I can't see "What the deuce was that?" claimed the Colonel, suddenly.

looked like a firey arrow flying past."
"It's worse than that," said the Major. in a low voice. "The rascals are shooting lighted chips of bamboo on to the roof to set it on fire. Send the women up with buckets to flood the thatch; there's not a moment to lose.

"I'll go and see to it myself?" cried Mrs. Currie, hastening out of the room. But the power of this new weapon had already become fatally manifest. house was an old one, and dry as tinder from the prolonged heat, and as fast as the flames were quenched in one place they broke out in another.

When day dawned the fire had already got a firm hold of one corner of the building, and a crushing discharge was poured upon all who attempted to extinguish it, while the triumphant yell of the human tigers below told them that they felt sure of their prey. "It's all over with us, old fellow," said

the Colonel, grasping the old comrade's hand; "but at least we shall have done our duty.' "Give me one of your pistols," whis-pered Mrs. Currie to her husband, in a

voice that was not her own. "I must not fall into their hands alive. At that moment Maj. Armstrong was seen to start and bend forward, as if listening intently; for he thought-al-though he could scarcely believe his

ears—that he had suddenly caught a

faint sound of distant firing. In another instant he heard it again and this time there could be no more doubt, for several of the others had caught it likewise, and a gleam of hope once more lighted up their haggard faces and bloodshot eyes.

Louder and nearer came the welcome sound, while the sudden terror and confusion visible among the enemy showed that they, too, were at no loss to guess its meaning.

Then high above all the din rose the well-known "hurrah!" and through the smoke-clouds broke a charging line of derers as the sun chases the morning mist.

"That boy's worth his weight in gold, said Col. Annesley, as a few hours later, he listened to Ismail's account of how he had dived under the boat and kept it beplackiest little fellow I've seen, and although he belongs to the Major, I'm going to take my share of helping him, by Jove!"

TEMPORARY MOHAMMEDAN MARRIAGES. In a new book on Mohammedan law Mr. Rumsey asserts that a temporary marriage, whether for a short or a long time, is void. But the Saturday Reriese reminds him that a verse of the Koran has been interpreted as warranting such a marriage, and that a curious instance of it is on record. A certain King of Bidor in the fifteenth century is described as being very orthodox and a great admirer of the fair sex. He complained to his Sunni lawyers of being limited to four wives, and desired to know how he might marry more. They could only help him by pointing out that although he could only have four at a time, he might divorce one wife and marry another as often as he pleased. dressed himself to a learned Shia who was present at his court. From him obtained the opinion that a mutah, or temporary marriage, was legal, and had been practiced in the was contested by the Sunni lawyers, and

a long discussion ensued with a foreign conclusion on the King's part. He was satisfied that temporary marriages were recognized in the days of the Prophet, and so he married 800 women in one day. This Solomon of India had not only wives from every country in India, but Chinese and Afghans, Turks, Europeans, and it was his boast that he was able to speak to each one in her own language. He must have exceeded his own prototype in tact and wisdom, for he treated them all so kindly that each wife is said to have thought herself the best beloved. Each wife had distinct apartments, and was attended by servants of her own country.

"When I was abroad," remarked Mc-Squint, "I--" "You what?" exclaimed Robb, "when you were abroad? Why, hang it, I've known you all your life, and to my certain knowledge you've never been out of Arkansas. I wouldn't Luckily those on the bank had left bet that you were never fifty miles their pieces behind, or poor Ismail would from Little Rock." "You will please excuse me," continued McSquint, Ill bet you \$25 that I went out of the United States some time ago." "I'll take you. Put up." The money was given to a stakeholder. "Now," said Robb, "can you prove your assertions?"
"I said that I had been out of the United States, didn's I?" "Yes."
"Well, I have." "When?" "In 1861. when Arkansas went out of the Union."
The bet was decided in McSquint's favor. - Little Rock Gazette.

Smith's pure flavoring extracts are the "bose" goods, and don't you forget it.
No. 30 Madison street.

A LITTLE WISE WOMAN.

Louis Clare had gone out for a walk quite early in the morning, and as it was Saturday, she had lingered over her enjoyment of the beautiful day, the fresh, sweet air, and the cool breeze from the sea. Louisa was a school teacher, and I am quite sure not one of the noisy, wild creatures whom she sought to guide in the paths of knowledge, enjoyed the weekly holiday as she did,

But even Saturday was not all holiday she had brought home exercises to correct, and copy-books to look over; and she began to reflect that she could not afford to stay out much longer, even on holiday morning. She had sat down to rest for her long walk had tired her—on a seat formed by an old tree-trunk that had lain long enough to be all green and moss-covered, and only a little way in front of her the sea washed up against the rough, shingly beach. Louisa still lingered, and flung little, loose stones into the water, and as each skimmed the surface and disappeared she thougt. "I must really go—this will be the last."

Then, with an effort, she rose, and turned resolutely toward home; and as she did so she became sware of the figure of a man at a little distance. He was walking rapidly toward her, and though she scarcely recognized him, she was con-scious of a familiar look about his appearance his figure, his walk-alto-gether he looked like some one she ought to remember, yet could not. As he came quite close, she uttered an exclamaand surprise; and she stood still staring at him and wondering.

It was Mr. Glover-Glover the millionaire, as some people called him; but he was scarcely worth a million, although he was past all doubt, the great man and others." the rich man of the place. Among other things, he was a power in the school where Louisa taught; and in that way she had seen him occasionally, and had exchanged words with him now and then. But never in all her experience had Louisa seen Mr. Glover-or any one elselook as that gentleman now looked. His face wore the pallor of the dead; his eyes were wild and haggard; his dress disordered and his movements uncertain and shaky like a drunken man's. He would have passed her by, unconscious of her presence, without a look; but Louisa stepped forward, laid her hand on his arm and called him sharply by his name. In long years after she often said that

something told her she must do so. Mr. Glover stopped and looked at her stupidly, as though the sound of his own name was strange to him, and he was trying to think what it had to do with him, or why it was spoken to him.

Louisa was frightened at herself, as well as at him, and began to tremble; and then her eyes filled up with tears that presently rolled down over her cheeks. "O. Mr. Glover," she sobbed, "what

is is the matter-what is the matter? And then Mr. Glover-who was a good deal of a gentleman by nature-seeing a woman in tears, forgot his own trouble and looked at her attentively.
"Why, it is Miss Clare—little Mis

Clare, the school ma'am!" he said, as he recognized her. "And what is the matter with you, my dear? Why do you cry, and who has been annoying you?"

was afraid." "And that's why you are afraid—you cry for me?" asked Mr. Glover; "can it be possible?"

He sat down on the moss covered treetrunk where Louisa had been resting, and motioned to her to also, he said: "Sit down, Miss Clare, sit down."

Louisa obeyed instantly. "Are you very unhappy, Miss Clare?" asked Mr. Glover.

"Unhappy, sir-about what?" "Oh! nothing in particular. I mean merely in a general way."

"I am not unhappy at all sir." "Is it possible? And yet, your salary -let me think. I believe it is something about three hundred dollars a year that they give you?"
"Just three hundred dollars a year,

"And yet, you are not unhappy-are

"Very seldom. I am very happy on the contrary. Ah! sir, it is not alone the possession of money that makes people And then, fearing she had said some-thing so personal it might be rude—for Mr. Glover was so rich and so evidently

not happy—Louisa felt the color mount to her cheeks, and her eyes drooped before the intent gaze of her compan-"Do you think a man might ever be happy, and yet quite poor?" asked Mr. Glover-"so poor that, compared with what he had been, his position would be

one almost of poverty?"
"Oh! yes, sir," said Louisa, with a
gentle confidence in her own words; "I am quite sure of that; for what does the most extravagant wealth give more than one can enjoy by simply having enough? One can only eat, or drink, or sleep enough—at least one ought not to do so any more than enough," she added with a smile, "and those who do are not hap-

pier for it." Mr. Glover looked at her as though she had solved the great problem of ex-

istence. "What a wise little woman!" he said; and then drawing a pistol from his pocket, he rose took a few steps forward, and flung the weapon far from him with such force that it went singing through the air, and fell into the water beyond. Louisa had started up with a scarcely repressed a cry of fright; but as Mr. Glover returned and reseated himself,

she sat down beside him.

"Miss Clare," he said, earnestly and gratefully, "you have saved me from committing a great crime. I came out here to kill myself with that pistol that you have seen me throw away; and but for the intervention, the tears in your gentle eyes, and the hopeful courage in know to-morrow-I am a ruined man. But I will not die like a coward; I will live and face the music, as they say. Good-bye, you wise little woman. You have saved a life—more, perhaps—you have saved an immmortal soul this morning simply by being the brave, contented, hopeful being that you are. Goodbye! goodbye."

He wrung her hand hard enough to and making room. One started from bring the tears in her eyes, and turned and making room. One started from one side of the house to the other, swingaway, while Louisa went home rather her heart in a whirl, and altogether too much amazed by the scene just ended to think much about her own

share of it.

When the state of Mr. Glover's money affairs became public there was the usual nine dsys wonder. He yielded everything to his creditors, and found that they were more nearly satisfied than he had hoped for; they even left him a little house which was once rented at a songs the congregation kept time with low rate to Louisa Clare's mother, and their feet, and as the songs are sung which Louisa, in her wildest dreams of future grandeur, had once or twice wished some day might become hers. Beyond that he had absolutely nothing; but he was still an able man. He had failed honorably, and people were willing to trust him. And after it was all over he went one day to see Louisa and told her that he found she was right; his state of mind was far from desperate. In fact, he was almost happy.

After that he went to see the little school teacher quite often-indeed so often that he seriously interfered with her duties; and when she came to know him quite well she used to tell him so, with the sauciest toss of her head, and a

faint blush in her pink cheeks. "I can't help it, dear," said Mr. Glo-ver-he often called her so, for he was many years older than Louisa-she was such a child-like little creature. "You are my counselor-my comforter-my all in the world. More than wealth, or houses, or lands-and though it looks as tion which signified at once recognition if I was going to be a rich man some time again, Louisa, it will be nothing to me without the wisest little woman in the world to show me what to do with

> So it came to pass that Louisa said Yes," being much entreated; and she went to live in the house she had vaguely dreamed of years before.

A DOWN-SOUTH "JUBILEE."

Our correspondent, "Mt. Hood," sends us the following article from away down South in North Carolina.

I presume you have heard of the "boy evangelist," who created such a furore at a negro campmeeting in Arkansas. was a good joke, and stirred within me the feeling of visiting such a meeting at the first opportunity that presented itself. I had just arrived at a certain town in N. C., when I was informed that a negro campmeeting was to be held at about a mile from town. I was deprograms a negro campmeeting was in progress. lighted-at last my curiosity could be satisfied. I sprang at the opportunity, and caught it just at that moment when it was in its zenith. It had been rumored for some time, so I was informed. that a campmeeting was to be held. Consequently on the opening day the roads leading to the church were thronged with the traditional rusty umbrellas and

ANCIENT CARPET SACKS,

All traveling to one common point, where all men are equal. At the time of our arrival the church and its vicinity was crowded to its utmost by the weary worshipers. It was decided to hold the service outside beneath the trees. Two sermons were preached, one at eleven and one at three. The congregation was "No one—oh, no indeed—and there's a perfect study. It would require Hoff-nothing the matter except that you seem man's rare and fantastic genius to deto be in such deep trouble sir, and-I scribe worthily the countenances of some of those present. There sat an old willing to board a gentleman connected gray-headed fellow, with large rolling eyes, and lips like a huge oyster-shell. There sat a youthful Cloud, whose coat had evidently been worn by his forefathers, and cut and made after the style of that worn by Joseph. There, again, a dusky maiden, dressed in purple and fine linen; there a youth whose mouth would make a fortune on a minstrel stage. There were young nigs and old nigs, big and small nigs; light darkies, and darkies upon whose countenance charcoal would leave a white mark. It had been understood that the evening meeting would be quite interesting, so we decided to remain.

AT EARLY CANDLE LIGHT

The church was opened. The "church was a log hut, about twenty by fifteen feet. At one end was a hugh fire-place; at the other was a window sash minus the glass. The pews were simply constructed by a piece of plank, without any back, and supported by four shakey legs. The whole edifice was lighted by four tallow candles. And now for the sermon: The preliminary remarks of the preacher were in "refience" to a collection for the missionary fund. During this brilliant discourse, two stray dogs, unbelievers, began growling near his stand, when suddenly stopping in the midst of his remarks, he changed his tone and cried, "Git out ob dat." It had the desired effect. The collection proved that the brethern ever in Africa would be entitled to draw sixty-four cents from the funds on hand. The minister was delighted with his success. He then commenced his sermon proper, by saying that he would not

MAINTAIN THE PEOPLE Long, but he wished that they would "insist" him as much as possible. He inday in his life, which remark was totally uncalled for, as any one present was easily convinced of that. His sermon firm remained and the partners began at formed us that he never went to school a was a lengthy description of St. Paul's journey to "Demascase." Once he was interrupted by some members of the congregation moving about; stopping abruptly he told them to be quiet, saying "it is annoyifying me, body and soul." When in his remarks he "waxed warm," a low, singing sound came up from among the women. This was the forerunner of the storm which was soon to break. During a stirring appeal, there was a shriek and a shout; and a darky girl jumped from her seat, clapping her hands and making more noise than a volunteer fire department. By this exhibition, we knew she was happy, for we had been informed that

THESE WERE THE SYMPTOMS. The sister took her stand in the center of your voice, I would have done it. I will the floor and stamped, shouted and tell you now—what all the world will cried until one of the pillars of the church started the lively hymn, "Hab you got a ticket to de promised land?" This proved quite reviving. Soon another sister got the power. She bounced up, and shouted and then struck the floor. Here she rolled and yelled like a people deem a bumiliation, when wild tiger. About this time the fun became general. Most all the women were happy, and those that were not, anjoyed Chicago.

He wrung her hand hard enough to themselves by taking out the benches ing her arms like a wind-mill. With one blow she sent a candle flying across the house. This did not stop her. She continued on until a bench seriously objected, and then she landed all in a heap on the other side. About this time the evangelist was singing in

> HIS LOUDEST VOICE: "When de good ole Moses come out ob

de wilderness!" In this and all other rather rapidly, the accompaniment cre-ates considerable stir. During the noisiest part of the exercises we counted a dozen women down on the hard, bare floor, rolling about. When they would come in contact with each other, it seemed to give them a fresh start, and they would dive around and cause the congregation to beat a hasty retreat. One old woman, in particular, we noticed, who could not keep quiet while the brethren were singing "Dar will be camp meetings in de promised land," was keeping time to the music by jumping up and down, swinging back and forth, with the regularity and precision of a pendulum. Imagine, if you can, twelve or fifteen persons rolling around, engaged in

GRAND AND LOFTY TUMBLING. All shouting and singing at the same

time. The spectacle was something, when once seen, can never be forgotten. While one young woman was doing the grand walk around to the tune of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," she accidentally struck the only remaining candle and extinguished it. We were then where Moses was "when de light went out," and consequently held our breath for fear that some floating, broken cloud would take us for unconverted brethren, and submit us to the embracing process. But fortunately a fight was brought, and we relieved from our suspense and fear, The floor presented a strange spectacle. All were rolling about and enjoying themselves in an extraordinary pugilistic manner. We left the scene of action at eleven o'clock. At that time there was no sign of abatement. The performance was then at its highest. In our youthful days we thought the negro characters delineated by Joe Murphy, Emerson, Casseli and others of histrionic fame, to be perfect, but we can now see wherein we were mistaken. The wandering minstrel would stand an excellent chance of starving to death here. They certainly would should they play in a community

A Widow Circumvented.

There was a Detroiter among the trio of officials who passed over the route of the Butler road to secure the right of way. In some cases farmers signed off cheerfully; in others money had to be used, but in one case the committee found a most determined opposition, The road would divide a widow's farm, and she was independent, obstinate and defiant. She knew that her hay-stacks and barns would be destroyed by sparks, her live stock rnn ove by trains, and her slumbers dis-

turbed by the rattle of trains, and she wouldn't listen to argument. In this emergency one of the committee said: this neighborhood who would be with the construction of our road? He

is a widower, and prefers to board with a widow. "No, I don't know as I do. Is he a

nice man? "Splendid man, and has money in the bank, We want him to locate permanently at this point, and are in hopes he will take a wife. It is very unfortunate

"I never did take the borders," she mused, "but---

"If you only could, now I'm sure you would not regret it. He is extremely fond of children, and would be like a father to your little ones." "Perhaps I might to accomodate you."

"Ah thanks. He would be here next week if this right of way matter was decided, but as it is he may not-"Do you agree to pay damages if you burn my barn?" "Of course we do."

"And I'll probably get used to the "Oh, of course, in a week you won't mind tit. Fact is, you'll sit up every night till midnight, anyhow, after the

gentleman arrives.' "Oh, no, I shan't; I shall never lov again; but if he is a nice man, and loves children, why, I don't know as I ought to stop your road. I guess I'll sign!

Free Press.

THE BIG PORK DEAL.—The Chicago Times places the profits of Armour & Co.'s pork deal, now just closed, at \$7, 000,000. Newspapers are not usually let into the inner secrets of speculation, but the story runs that Philip Armour and his partner, John Plankington began the purchase of pork in August, 1879, buy-ing 60,000,000 pounds of ribs and 60, 000,000 barrels of pork. The price went up, their paper profits reached \$2,000, to the amount of 500,000 barrels wer skillfully made in order to prevent the price from going up with a jump, an the steady market tempted in hundred of speculators. A "flyer" in pork during the last few months appears to have taken the place in the West of a flyer is grain last year-and when the net w drawn at last Armour & Co. had reco ered their loss with \$4,000,000 more Their mail shows, it is said, that the losses come from every class in the con munity.

THE third census of St. Louis h been completed, and still her popul tion falls short of Chicago, white has a fraction over 500,000. Louis has 350,915. However, this a small gain over the last enumer gion, and although St. Louis is t people deem a humiliation, who they refer to their commercial riva