A DAY.

anrise fresh, and the daisies small Silver the lawn with their stariets fair: int the biosecus of noos shall be stately and tall, Tropical, luscions, of odors are: Ab well! Noos shall be gorgeous beyond compare.

Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare; The flowers have fainted while we have strayed; We wandered too far to tend them there, And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade; Ah well!

Evening shall right the mistake we made.

Evening: 'lis shilly in meadow and glads, The last pale rose has died in the west; The happy hour is long delayed, Our wandering is but a long unrest; Ah well! We will home to the fireside. Home is best.

Nothing but asbes gray? No blest Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall? A weary search was this day long quest, And on empty hands the shadows fall;

Ab well! Let ne creep to bed and forget it all. - From the Athenaum

## TOM HALIFAX, M. D.

She had been resting her head upon her hand, full of thought, when suddenly she heard a sound of horse's hoofs clattering down the street. She looked up wondering who the rider could be, and looking up half startled. It was Dr. Halifax himself, and as he reached the gate he slackened his speed, and dismounting, walked up the garden walk with a hurried step. She did not wait for the servants, but stepping into the hall, flung open the shade blinds in re-sponse to his summons and stood before him.

He certainly had not expected to see her, but he did not wince, merely bowing, and coloring slightly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ashby," he said; "but I have come to solicit charity on the behalf of one of my patients. am not a rich man myself," with the calm, handsome eyes on her face, "and your father told me I might rely upon him in this terrible trouble."

"I am very glad to be of service," said "What is most needed, Dr. Rossio. Halifax?"

He made a few suggestions as he thought proper, and under his directions, she filled a large basket with food and wine. It seemed as though he was ten years older, and Bessie's heart grew very full at the sight of his pale, grave face as she completed her task.

"Can I do nothing more?" she asked, as she gave him the basket. "O Dr. Halifar, if I only could!" And in spite of herself, the thick, gathering tears

filled her eyes. He looked surprised, and then his face softened. "Thank you!" he re-plied. "I will remember what you have said .

When Tom Halifax mounted his horse again, it was with a thrill of pleasurable pain and a backward glance at the slen-der figure on the piazza. Hehad looked down upon the pretty face beneath its veiling curls, the wet lashes and tremulous month, thinking a little sadly of the days when her eyes would have met his with a warmer glow. Yes, it all came to the same thing in the end. The old wound was not completely healed, and a soft glance from the girlish eyes had set my children for me."

rival in the street. "I prophecied rightly, old fellow,

said the gentleman, quietly. "The affirmative proves to be a negative after all.' "Mademoiselle is changeable," said

Tom. "I hope I am not going to have you for a patient, Housted. You are as pale as a ghost.'

"Broken heart," laughed the captain. "No, I don't think you will. The warmth gives me a slight headache; that is all." But there was something more. As the day grew, the slight headache be-came a severe one, throbbing and puls-ing, the pale face flushed, and the strong limbs trembled and failed as they had never done before.

At about 6 o'clock, as Tom sat in his office writing out some prescriptions, Captain Housted entered the room and

"I am afraid you are going to have a patient, Halifax,"he said, smiling feebly. "I feel rather faint." And as he said it he dropped his deathly face upon the table, and lay there without moving. He had braved it a long time, but the dreadful pest had come upon him at last. Tom sent for Colonel Ashby, and the sick man was carried home. At the door Bessie met them with a pale face, but steady eyes.

"She ought to have been sent away," anid Tom.

"But I am not afraid," she answered. firmly. "Please let me stay?" I dare say you will decide that Dr. Halifax was shockingly unstable when I

tell you that from that time his mind began to waver as regarded Bessie Ashby. Meeting her every day in her cousin's sick room it was not easy to feel cold and stern. She was so sweet and girlish in her new humility, now the old capricious coquetry was thrown aside, and in all

her appealing obedience to his orders he could not fail to see a little sensitive fear which sometimes troubled, but always pretty face must be inquired into. He was not going to fall in love again, of course; he was merely doing his duty, as a medical man. Still, it was rather interesting.

Captain Housted was the last serious case of sickness, but it was a very severe one. For months the poor fellow's life lay trembling in the balance-one day fevered and delirious, the next seem-ingly sinking into death. But in time he began to struggle through it, and thanks to Tom's skill and patience, the shadowy face began to light with a faint glimmar of returning strength.

Gradually the fearful scourge weakened its power, and little by little seemed passing away. There were still patients to be visited, and work to be done, but the awful rage of the pesti-lence had swept by. Then it was that Tom Halifax began to reap his reward. People who had never heard his name six months before, sent for him in all critical cases. Men of wealth and high ance as the brave young doctor who did obbing again almost as flercely as mother died he was the last man she seats in the rear coming up and gather-That night he came upon Captain knew." "When we were in trouble he ing near him so as not to lose a word. worked for us day and night. God bless apart from this, reality came to him. There was no lack of practice now, and the name and fortune that had seemed so far away a year ago, became a promise His voice had stopped a tone or so, and of truth. Of course as yet they were not quite perfected, but still each day brought them nearer, and showed something of solid advancement in life and prospect. The Chateaux en Espagne foundation. Perhaps this might have scientific M. D., he could not feel quite restful. The truest of all truths is, that what ever we love, we can forgive, and whatever we forgive, it is not difficult to love. Bessie Ashby had refused Capt. Housted. Why had she done ic? Could it be that her foolish little heart was subdued at last? It is easy to be magnanimous when one has been injured, and it is hard not of the razor: to be magnanimous when the injurer is a pretty girl whom one has loved. If this an oscillating tonsorial artist." were more than a simple record, I should forgive my heroine under any circumstances, and consequently should doom them both to misery and despair. But as it is, I am compelled to say that Tom Halifax, M. D., forgave Bessie Ashby, for the simple reason that, in spite of her faults, he loved her. And Bessie? During her cousin's sickess she had learned the extent of the ruling power of her life, and his example taught her the true nobility of generous sacrifices. Still, in spite of the change in the hearts of both, they had not advanced much outwardly from the old coldness. But in the second month of Capt. Housted's illness the denouement came, as a denouement always comes. ferent customers for different days." unexpectedly. One evening there had been a slight return of the fever, and after a heavy waudering. Bessie was standing at one side of the bed, and Dr. Halifax at the other, holding the captain's hand as he opened his eyes. "It was you she loved after all, Hali-The blood rushed into Bessie's face. The handsome eyes told her they under-The handsome eyes told her they under-stood-told her with one glance that prefer this." burnt her cheek and set her heart beat ing wildly. The next moment she had brushed by him and left the room. Half an hour after Dr. Halifax came down stairs and walked straight into the down statrs and waized straight into the parlor as though with some object in view. A very pretty figure stood re-vealed in the danky light by the window —a pretty head, with long, shining curls, resting upon an equally pretty hand. I wonder if Miss Ashby knew what was coming? Certainly her pulse

The next morning Dr. Halifax met his fluttered very fast, and she looked out into the garden quite resolutely. "Bessie!"

She did not move. "Bessie!"

He certainly was a determined gentle man, this Dr. Halifax, for he drew the pretty hands away and turned Miss Ashby to the light.

"Was it true?" be whispered, bending very low over her.

The long curls drooped a little nearer. It really looked as if Miss Ashby was

going over to the enemy. "I-I think it was," she said, ver, softly. I think it has been true for long time, Dr. Halifax." It was dreadfully undignified, but

Miss Ashby had positively made an un-conditional surrender, and the curls lay in a shining heap against Dr. Halifax' broad shoulder.

"My dear little girl," he said, tenderly kissing the pretty, tremulous face. "My dear little girl, how happy you have made me."

What more have I to say? I have ended my record, bringing both hero and heroine throagh their adventures, and leaving them in a properly dramatic position. I have only to tell you that Captain Housted has proved my theory of the elasticity of hearts, and recovering from his sickness, recovered from his disappointment in a very sensible man-ner. In all probability he forgot his penchant for brown eyes and married a blonde. If he did, could there be a better proof that love is a lottery, and "variety the spice of life?"

### Little Alex.

Alexander H. Stephens appeared on the floor of the House recently, says a Washington paper, for the first time since he sprained his ankle on the capitol steps. Members crowded around bis wheel-chair and congratulated him upon stirred his heart. He must take care of his recovery from an accident which her, too; every shadow that crossed the might easily have proved fatal. He seems to be in better health even than before the mishap, and he has not lost a whit of his interest in public affairs. It is always an interesting sight to see the veteran statesman when he visits the House. He generally wheels his chair up directly in front of the speaker's desk, on the Democratic side of the Chamber, and if nothing of interest is transpiring, he spends most of his time in shaking hands and talking with the other members.

Unless the room is quite warm, he keeps his soft felt hat on his head as a protection against draughts. On the arm of his chair is fixed a sort of writing table which he very frequently uses, for while in the house he is rarely idle. When he has occasion to address the house on any subject he first faces the Speaker of the house, and then that part of the house where most of the members are seated. He remains not stationary, however, but propels his chair backward and forward with his hands while speakstanding in society courted his acquaint- ing, and in fact shows nearly as much activity as the youngest and strongest his work so nobly throughout the sick- representative before him. His voice is distinct and somewhat shrill, as is apt to ness at Dorning." Men and women pointed him out to each other on the to be the case with men of his advanced street, saying: "But for him I should have been laid in my grave." "He saved my children for me." "When my old what he has to say, members occupying The opportunities for hearing him him!" Had there been nothing else, the make a speech are not numerous, for warm, loyal young heart would have he does not often indulge in oratorical thrilled with tender thankfulness at the effects. When he does he is vigorous, simple gratitude of the humble sufferers animated and pointed in his remarks, to whom he seemed almost a Savior, but never wearying the House with protracted commonplaces, after the fashion of so many of his fellow-Congressmen. His visits to the House are generally of brief duration, not extending over three or four hours at the most. During the early part of the winter he went to the capitol almost every day, but now he does not often leave his room, owing to his feebleness. He canwere beginning to stand on a substantial not personally attend to the wants of all his constituents, beyond introducing a made him very happy. Naturally he felt thankful, but being a very warm-hearted and (in some things) a very un-Congressmen do for theirs. That he can, if he so desires, remain in Congress as long as his life lasts, is an undisputed fact, but his determination not to accept

# An Odd Ocean Steamer.

A dome-covered and mastless vessel is being built at Nyack at the yard of has the following account of Whittier, the James E. Smith, for the American Quick poet: Transit Steamship Company. It is the invention of Captain Moreland, for forty years connected with the Cunard line. She will be launched about the middle of July, but, as it will take at least a month to put in her boilers and machinery, she will not be ready for her trial trip before the latter part of August. If she realizes the expectations of her inventor, she will be put in the West India fruit trade, and other vessels will be made for the freight and passenger trans-Atlantic service. All of her timbers are in posi-

tion, her planking is about completed, and a large force of men are hurrying forward the work. The best materials are used, and she will be stronger than the ordinary vessel to sustain the strain of her engines, which will be double the usual power.

The vessel is 150 feet long, 21 beam and 16 extreme width. She is sharp for-ward, and has a long, clean run aft. The speed promised is about twenty-five miles an hour, so that the voyage across the Atlantic may be made in six days. The model is different in every important respect from the ocean steamers now in First, she is about 33 per cent. use. more beam, and instead of the straight sides going deep down into the water, there will be a graceful rise from the keel to the load line. It is claimed that the hull will be more staple without ballast than the present type of vessels. The "turtle back," or dome deck, is a distinguished feature, as it will afford enlarged space on passenger ves-sels for saloon accommodations, and on freight vessels for the comfortable housing of cattle. It can be used as a promenade deck in fair weather. The whole

upper deck will thus be covered in, and the space usually exposed to the weather will be entirely utilized. It will thus be light, airy and well ventilated. Abaft will be the main saloon, a spacious apartment furnished in mahogany and black walnut. Large staterooms will open from the main saloon. Directly forward of the main saloon will be the engineroom, then the mess-room and officers' staterooms. Still further forward will be the quarters for the crew. Greater safety is claimed for the turtle-back; it will tie the vessel's sides together, thus making her stronger; no sea, no matter how large, can strike at right angles, and the conclusive force from boarding seas is avoided by the perfect shedding of them on the curved surface. The wheelhouse, smoke-stacks, ventilators and flag and signal staffs will be the only things rising above the upper decks. There will be no spars or masts. Among the advantages claimed are the absence of

all top weight, which strains the ship in heavy weather, the avoiding of a great outlay for sails and rigging, and the dispensing with a large crew of practical sailors. Another claim is that in a straight course on the ocean, taking the wind as it blows, the atmospheric resistance against the spars, masts and rigging of a vessel driven by steam power is so great that the gain by their removal will more than compensate for the loss of the advantage of sails in a favoring breeze. To meet the emergency of derangement to the main shaft, screw, or machinery at sea, a pair of auxiliary screws are placed one above the other in the dead wood just forward of the rudder post, and entirely independent of the main shaft and screw. When not in use they will be inclosed by large shutters flush with the wood. If the ordinary steering apparatus should become disabled, the arrangement of the shutters is such that they can be used as a sort of

# Whittler at Home.

The Syracuse, New York, Journal,

The house is a fair, well-built residence, with a wide piazza on three sides of it, close to the railway, but overlooking an extensive and very charming lawn. The reception-room is essentially an author's home-bright, cheerful, and full of pretty things that have, doubtless, been made by pretty hands. A piano stands in one corner by an open fire-place, and I could imagine Mr. Whittier pensively listening to the good music which somebody plays for him, as there is a quantity of it lying at hand near to the fine instrument, by the best composers. Mr. Whittier is tall, erect and somewhat diffident, as bachelors of his age are apt to be. His greeting is cordial and his fine brown eyes say 'Welcome" before his lips utter the gracious words. Our conversation drifted into a topic common, to the time-the deaths of Mr. Longfellow and Emerson; both friends of the Quaker poet, and both of whom he eulogized in his peculiar way. Naturally our talk passed on to the mention of the other world and the nearness many persons exper-ience of their dear ones who have entered in rest. "I have never felt the influence you describe," said Mr. Whittier; "no one who has passed away seems near to me now. Life is such a mystery that I do not ask to penetrate the secrets of eternity-but I can imagine that you and others are conscious of the unseen presence of those whom you have loved and

lost." "And who are eternally happy," I added.

"Well, I am not certain about that,' he continued with an expression of ab-straction—"I believe we may have troubles there, as well as here—if not, the contrast would not be so sweet. The difference will be that we shall be better enabled to bear them. Heaven is a place of harmony-everything will be harmonized there."

"Then you do not admire a state of complete bliss?"

'No; why should I any more than I like clam , at high tide"-and after joining me in a moment of merriment, he said:

"Well, all have times of exquisite en-joyment, the more beautiful because so reflecting, and it is for the contrasts in life, of pain and pleasure, that such ex-Turning sudperiences are prized." denly, he asked:

"When are you the happiest?" "You will laugh, Mr. Whittier, but it is when I hear the first note of a robin in the early springtime. "No, I shall not laugh, for I under

stand that pleasure, too." Then I described the meadows of Cen-

tral Park-which he said was all new to him-and he had not supposed anyone would go there to hear a robin's song. A merry twinkle came into his eyes as he added:

"I like Boston Common because they hung some Quakers there once upon a

time He remarked that he is seventy five years of age, and "poetical effusions could not be expected from such an old

man." But he seems in very tolerable health and his poetic temperament is still en-

#### SHORT BITS.

Epitaph for an actor-Played out. They've been having gale-ah days in the Western States.

The Wells comet--but thereby hangs no tail, to speak of.

Never strike a feather bolster when it is down.-N. O. Pic.

Weddings in July are summerties, and there are no new styles.

Doctors and mackerel have this in common: they seldom are caught out of their own schools.

How very fortunate it is that every one is able to believe that he has more than his share of brains.

The pig has sometimes been compared to a musical instrument. The corn-et seems to hit his case.

We saw a man yesterday who had no advice to give an editor regarding the tone of his paper. He was dead.

Miss Hancock and Mr. Logan were married in Chicago last week. No; there is no political significance in this. The freshman's occupation is gone. A

kind of glass has been invented for street lamps from which a stone bounds harmlessly.

Sarah Bernhardt's theatrical exclamation welcoming on her husband was, 'To arms he comes; the Greek-the Greek.

Sitting Bull draws a pint of whisky per day as a government ration, and he has acquired a regular army crook to his right elbow.

"Does poultry pay?" asked a stranger a city dealer. "Of course it does," of a city dealer. "Of course it does," was the reply; "even the little chickens shell out.

Says the Philadelphia News, "Frank James is undecided whether to return to the West and rob express trains or to go to Niagara and buy a hack."

It has been remarked that a large nose is a sign of character. So is a red nose, but it is a more brilliant sign and of a different character .- [N. O. Picayune,

He was so mad to find his wife not at home that he took the soap and wrote across the looking-glass: "Betsey Jane is a big fool." She amended it with "'a vife.

The attention of borrowers of umbrellas is called to the fact recorded in Trath. London, that a man has recently been sentenced in England to eighteen months' hard labor for stealing an umbrella.

Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb, of New York, has contributed \$20,000 to the library building fund of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Her late husband, Warren Newcomb, a few years ago gave \$10,000 for the same object.

"Well, what do you think of X.'s new five act tragedy?" "Hum! There were five of us in our box, not bad judges of a play as judges go, and we all agreed that one act should have been omitted." "In-deed! Which act?" "Well, no two of us agreed on that point."

"I can't get up early," said the poor victim to his doctor. "Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will follow my advice. What is your hour of ris-ing?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning." A little girl who ran home from school, all out of breath, said: "Oh, please, ma, may I get married and have a husband?" 'My child!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "don't let me hear such words from you again!" "Well, then, may I have a piece of bread and butter and go out to play in the back yard?"

ever. That night he came upon Captain Housted.

"Can not I help you, Halifax?" said the kind hearted fellow. "You are killing yourself. Let me do something, if it's only to grind powders." "Yon must not run the risk of infec-

tion," said Tom. "You have something at home to take care of."

'Yes," said Captain Fred, "but I don't think the little somebody cares much."

though musingly. "Ask her," suggested Tom, with short laugh that almost choked him. "I am going to ask her to-night,"

said the captain, raising his head sud-denly, with a half smile. "It's all a lottery, you know. It remains to be proven whether my prize is a blank or

Three hours after Bessie stood with her cousin in the garden.

"It's no use," she said, with impetu-ous tremor. "I don't love you, Cousin Fred-at least, not as I must love the man I marry, I thought I did, but lately"-She stopped, dropping her face, and then added, almost in a wnisper: "I have been very wicked and foolish. Please forgive me!"

The cabtain looked down a little gravely. "When did you change your Bossie?"

"A few weeks ago, since this dreadful It made me think, and I saw that-I had not been doing rightly.

It was fully three mivutes before Fred Housted spoke again. "See here, Bessie!" he said, at last, "I

am learning something too. I never believed the gossip before now"-a mo-ment's pause, and his smothered doubt burst forth: "Bessie, why did you quarrel with Tom Halifax?"

'Oh, Fred, don't!' she said.

"Don't cry," said Fred. "I want to know the truth."

I have said Bessie Ashby never did anything by halves. In her grief and excitement she forgot she had flirted with her cousin; forgot about the "position;" forgot everything, but she was frightened, and miserable, and tired of

acting. "I have been so horribly selfish," she sobbed. "I didn't think I cared so much, and—and he was so poor, and then we quarreled, and I thought I could like you well enough. I don't think I should have been so wicked, but he was so proud, and things got worse overy day; but lately it has all come back, and I can't help it."

"You have not treated me well, Bessie," said the honest young captain after a short silence. "Men don't want women to marry them because 'they think they can like them well enough; but I think you see how you have wronged me. It is all over now, so we will say no more about it."

I have said before that hearts do not break. They may stretch and perhaps suffer a little in the rebound, but really breaking is ont of the question; and warm and true though our brave cap-tain's might be, it was not likely to disgrace the general india rubber reputation by snapping, even in this painful strain; so pray do not blame poor, peni tent Bessie for any misfortunes which may hareafter befall him. a re-nomination seems to be fixed.

#### An Itinerant Barber.

The Philadelphia Times relates the following incident of a traveling knight

"I suppose I'm what would be called

The speaker was a well dressed man of certainly decide that my hero could not thirty, carrying in his hand a little leather bag.

"Haven't you any shop?" asked the reporter.

"No; this is my shop," said the man holding up his little valise. Then he opened it and showed its contents, which consisted of a dozen razors, a number of brushes and other paraphernalia, be-longing to his trade. "Most of my cus longing to his trade. M. D.'s power. She had found out that tomers live on Walnut, Spruce and she could look up to him and rely on his Chestnut streets," said the man, "and strength, that she could trust him im- the majority of them have retired plicitly. She began to discover that he from active business. Many of had a higher object in view than the re-them in their younger days shaved gard of self, which had been the one themselves, but are now too infirm. I get all the way from a quarter to seventyfive cents for a shave. I start out every morning about eight o'clock and wind up about one or two. I have a regular route to go over." and the barber showed a little book in which were the names and addresses of his customers. "I have dif-

"How much can you make a week?" asked the reporter.

"In winter I make \$50 a week, but in sleep the patient awakened, restless and summer I don't make so much, as many of my customers go out of town."

"Are there any barbers in your branch in any of the large cities ?"

"No, I think not. I am the only man in this particular branch. I cater to the fax," he said, smiling faintly. "I am aristocratic class, and I'm saving money at it. It's my own idea: and as a first class artist can't make more than \$20 a

> A man of good address presents him self at a house, desiring employment. The gentleman to whom he applies, after asking a few questions, says: "Well, my good fellow, I like your looks, and

kindled sometimes In vivid contrast to this gentle,

sweet-tempered, genial old man is the vivacious, handsome and gifted author, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, whose "Vaga-bonds" has been the delight of so many public and private recitations. Mr. Trowbridge resides at Arlington, also about twenty miles from Boston, in a pretty, cheerful cottage, surrounded by a lawn that slopes down to a little

lake. He is a brilliant conversationalist, keen at repartee, and full of anecdote. His story of Mr. Horace Greeley's absent-mindedness at a tea party is too good to be lost. A cake basket being passed to that gentleman on such a convivial occasion, he took it on one of his forefingers and consumed its entire contents. Colonel Higginson, one of Bostou's brightest "lights," resides at Cam-Fowers" and "Malbone House." He is wealthy, but a great worker. He is also very handsome, having remarkably fine curling gray hair, which rounds and softens his florid face. He went to New York at the time of Dr. Hollands funeral and sat close to the coffin of his dear

friend and brother, paying this most commendable respect to his memory and genius.

## Ven lation.

With respect to veptilation, it is the thing the natural man abhors. In reference to it we feel inclined to paraphrase that which has been said about charity, namely, that it is an emotion of the mind in which A never sees B without desiring to relieve him, not with the goods of A but with the goods of C. Similarly, it may be said that when A feels the atmosphere of a room stuffy he desired it to be changed, not at the risk of himself, A, catching cold, but at the risk of B, or any person other than A. If a proof of this were wanted, it may be found in any assembly where there is some big man whose orders are taken-a judge on the bench or the chairman of a meeting. What is the direction to the attendant when the judge or chairman feels there is need of ventilation? feel the air of this court or room very close; open two of those windows there;' not "open two of those windows near me." The big man with natural fear of ventilation lets somebody else bear the burden, while himself gets the benefit. young lady who was sitting next the It is very rarely, indeed, that the man "down there" has either the readiness or the courage to protest. The only in stance that occurs to us of the kind is

of Sidney Smith, when, as a curate, sitting at a dinner attended by a higher order of the clergy, he said to a waiter, who was about to open a window close by, "Don't give me my death of a cold; open one behind a bishop."-Manufactur er and Builder.

"Sometimes," remarked Fogg, removing his cigar, "I wish that I had never ronto car-a young lady enters and been born, or that I had died in child-makes a rush for the topmost seat. The hood." He puffed away for a moment car stops suddenly, the young lady lands or two, and then added, with something on the old gentleman's knees, blushing like his customary cheerfulness: "Well, or two, and then added, with something I have not lived altogether in vain. J Old G .- Dinns mention it, lassie; I'd have made a fairly good husband for rather has yo sittin' on my knee than Mrs. F., a woman who could never have got anybody else to marry her."

# VESY OLD PROPLE.

S. B. Ludlow died lately in Oswego, aged 92.

Wm. B. Gould, of Hillsborough, Me., is 92 years of age.

Joseph McClees, of Wagonton, Pannvlvania, aged 91, was killed in trying to board a train.

Mrs. Clarissa Raymond of Wilton, Conn., has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

Wm. Wrenn, of Spottsylvania county, Virgininia, has just died at the age of one hundred.

Mrs. Mary Boynton has just died at Pepperell, Mass., after rounding a century of life.

Joshua Webb died recently in Madison county, Kentucky, at the age of He was a soldier in the war with Mexico.

Ephriam S. Durfee, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, died recently aged ninety-six He was a soldier in the war of venrs. 1812.

After living a bachelor's life of ninetysix years, Henry Jewett of Coffee county, Georgia, has just married a girl of sixteen.

Mrs. Lilley, the nurse who attended Queen Victoria at the birth of each of her nine children, died recently at the age of 92.

Mrs. Lucy Pickett, who died recently at Saugatuck, Mich., is believed to have been 115 years old. She was born in Plattsburg.

Mrs. Abbie Graham, a widow of Nova Scotia, is 105 years of age. She retains all her faculties almost unimpaired, opins, knits, and reads without spectacles.

Jesse Delong, who died recently in Dennison, Ohio, was born May 5, 1776. He purchased the land on which he died from the Government in 1826. He leaves a daughter seventy-two and a son seventy years of age.

The first brick house built in St. Louis was occupied by Mrs. Nancy Van Bergen, who died recently, aged 85 years. Her grandfather was one of the men who helped to damp the tea into Boston harbor.

Joseph Greno and his wife, of Swanton, New Hampshire, are aged 101 and 90 years respectively. They have celebrated their diamond wedding, have twelve children, and have had eightyfour grandchildren.

Sally Simvall, of Shelby, Ky., has just died at the age of 91. She and her daughter were slaves. The daughter became the property of a southerner, who educated and married her. The daughter is living in St. Louis. The mother may her only once after the daughter's marriage.

able inhabitants fled in terror during the pillage and assassination. The fury of the mob appears to have been first directed against the European quarter, but the flames spread beyond it, and the total destruction of the city is not improbable. Every available man has been landed from the British ships, and de-tachments have been sent ashore from the neutral vessels to co-operate in restoring order and checking the spread of the fire. Two thousand people are said to have been massacred during the sack of the city. As the Europeans remaining did not number nearly so many, according to official statements before the bombardment, it is presumable that wealthy Egyptians were lik wise butchered. Fort Said is safe; but there is a doubt regarding Cairo, unless the populace should refuse admittance to Arabi Pashi and his army .- [S. F. Post.

He happened to press the foct of a door, in getting out of a street car. The damsel, compressing her brows in an awe-inspiring frown, ejaculated "You clumsy wretch!" Most men would have looked foolish and apologized, but our hero was equal to the occasion. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon." Her brow relaxed, her eyes spar

kled, her lips smiled, and the injury was forgotten. Old Scotch gentleman stting in a To-

and exclaiming, "Oh! beg your pardon."

stannin' on ceremony."

double rudder, on fore port and one for starboard.-[New York Sun. Fack of Alexandria. The sack of Alexandria appears to have been complete. Arabi Pasha, according to General Stone's statement, ordered it before he withdrew with his troops, and also sent a military com-

mand to murder the Khedive. This crime was not consummated, the soldiers having been bought over. Tewfilk and his household and Deverisch Pasha, the Turkish commissioner, are now safe under British protection. All the Egyptian ministers except Arabi have reported themselves to the Khedive. The position of the rebel leader and the number of his followers are unknown. Sir Garnet Wolseley has been appointed to the Egyptian command, and he will doubt less have a sufficient land force to establish order. The Porte has at last been aroused to a sense of his responsibility, and it is probable that a Turkish contin gent will be sent to Egypt. Alexandria has been burned and pillaged by Bedouins and the criminal classes. The peace-