

THE BRIDE'S CHAMBER.

A SUMMER MORNING.

At length the yellowed cast grow barred with pink. The casement flushed and chattered to a breeze. The fresh outside were stirring in the trees.

She rose and opened the casement; round the gift. Like doves of sunshine bring each fair note. The dawn fell gliding from the jasmine tree.

Three years after. Beneath the levelled dream three coils a fear. Last night some one whose eyes are memories.

AN IDLE WORD.

"Very well, believe what you choose, I shall never tell you I love you again, if you go down on your knees and beg for it."

A pale, stern-faced, somewhat elderly man, with threads of silver gleaming in his brown curls, a doubtful, hesitant, half-mustache, and eyes, listless and wholly weary in their expression; and the world worn attitude of one who accepts all that comes, never surprised.

Andrew Carleton raised his eyes to the stormy flushed face opposite. They softened in that look as no other mortal woman could cause them to, but Lucie was too angry to notice it.

A round faced apple cheeked morsel of womanhood, with brown silken hair, tender, earnest eyes, and a ripe, glowing mouth, like a strawberry. For six months she had worn this misanthropic, gloomy man's betrothal ring, and given to his life a brighter tint than it had ever worn.

As directly opposite as the antipodes, the two in character and disposition, and yet together they were very happy. There was something so vivacious and hopeful, so sunny and affectionately frank about his face, that Andrew Carleton's saddened, suspicious heart, so deeply wounded years before, by an unworthy woman that he had truly loved, beat high with an ardor and joy that surprised him.

He was trying; he reasoned with himself despairingly as he went out, with a dejected, crushing air that cut Lucie to the innermost depths of her loving heart. First, only for a moment, he came and stood beside her.

"Bear with me," he said slowly, "I told you what I was in the beginning," and then he went out and closed the door.

Poor Lucie. Her tears fell fast. "I have tried," she sobbed, "am I to blame?" Her thoughts went fast over the past few weeks. True, she had grown up here where she was petted and beloved of many. Her merry chatter, her social outspoken courtesy to her old playmates was as natural as the breath she drew. For her life she could not help dimpling and smiling for all. There was Arnold Holmes, betrothed, it was true, to her dearest friend, who was lounging in a low chair, and chatting over a paper of caramels, when Andrew came in, with all the freedom of an old friend. There was brown-eyed Nick Hazelton, who had drawn her to school on his sled years since, and shared his apples and sleigh rides with her all her life. There was a host of college boys who always bowed, and laughed, and familiarly shouted from immediate nooks when she walked down to the dusty little postoffice in their diminutive village. There was handsome young Doctor Courtwright, who never failed to smile and say, "How are you, Lu?" when they met.

In vain Lucie had explained to Andrew just how it was. His brow would grow stormy and dark, his heart would sink, and he would repeat the doubtful, half-suspicious, wholly unjust words, "I don't believe, Lucie, that you love me."

Hot words rarely sprang to Lucie's lips at this; at least, they found no utterance, though a quick, stry, impatient temper, prone to flash out and vent itself in passionate sayings, was, as is common, the almost invariable accompanying trait of a rarely sweet and tender, loving and faithful heart, and a clinging, sensitive spirit.

How patient she was, had been, here of late, since she had grown to pity the dark spirit that held possession of her promised husband! At first she had tortured him with her merry capriciousness, but when at last she saw how he really suffered, tender womanhood triumphed. She sought by every loving whim to banish his gloom, to let the sunshine of her affection in upon his saddened soul.

She conquered. There were times when he would hold her passionately to his breast and rain tempestuous kisses upon her face. "Oh, my little love," he would cry, "my good angel, I love you so. Tell me again that, gloomy, old, morose and unworthy as I am, you do love me. Tell me, my precious, precious darling."

And Lucie would tell him. There were hours when he would come close to her side, and plead "Hold my head little one. Let me read your pure eyes. Kiss me of your own free-will. Oh, Lucie, you have made heaven in my heart, for you have given to me my lost faith in humanity—in woman."

had all her happy life been care free, heart whole, would look down into the shadowed eyes, only a great longing to comfort this world-tossed spirit possessing her. Every atom of shyness, all diffidence and tremor, every trace of desirability and bewilderment he forgot. Her hand would caress the fast whitening head, her light kiss would fall like a benediction upon his eyelids, reverently, and she would stand rosy and confused a moment later under his lavish caresses.

But these were moods. Transient but very bitter were the hours in which he believed no one; when every smile she bestowed or received was lashing his soul as the stings of a multitude of scorpions.

Poor Lucie, she tried to be patient, but she was so tired of suspicious, her quick temper flamed up this day when he said sadly, "I'm afraid I was wrong, Lucie." "Why?" she flashed; for a half hour she labored to know the cause of his gloom. "Because—I could no longer expect you to love me as I love you."

His doubtful, weary hesitating tone roused every atom of her hot, rebellious spirit; like a lightning's flash the opening words rose to her lips, exasperated, suspected, humiliated, stung to the quick—hurt at the injustice after such loyal tenderness on her part, her ready tears almost falling, as she spoke:

"I don't care," she sobbed, as face downward on the sofa she lay and wept till every fibre of her tender little body ached with sadness and fatigue. "I'll never try again," she resolved, "he ought to know—Oh! he wrongs me so. But he'll come soon, to-morrow, perhaps," she decided, as she braided her satin-smooth locks before the glass that night in her own room, and thought, with an unsatisfied ache in her heart, of the sad face that went away from her, the pale lips that took no farewell kiss from her own—a balm for their life loneliness, the dark, saddened eyes that even now seemed to look with reproachful wistfulness at her. "Dear fellow," she sighed, "I can't help but love him, though he is so trying. I was not patient enough; but—" A rosy flush dyed the fair face; the eyes softened marvelously, she was thinking—her soliloquy was too sacred even to be spoken—of how she would steal fond arms about his neck, and how her first kiss would disarm his brooding jealousy and bring that rare, half-sad smile to his lips.

Days passed, no signs of Andrew Carleton; like a shadow he had vanished. Two months, three, and winter, with its storms, with its merry round of pleasure, was once more with the young people of Marshalltown, and right royally they feasted and feted the wayward monarch.

Repentant, sorrowful Lucie, with at times a wounded, indignant sparkle in the soft eyes, and a surprise quiver to the white lips that hurt you, went her way one of the gay circle, ever incomplete without her bright face.

There was a discordant chord in the rippling laugh, a gravity over the hither to happy countenance and always the silent, secret feeling of injustice; of gratitude for purest kindness; barbed of all heart burdens to bear, and the haunting remembrance of the sad face as it looked at her for the last time, when sometimes, despite herself, her whole womanly heart cried out for the man who had seemingly so basely returned her kindness. When her tears rose unbidden and her soul clamored for the sheltering heart and arms that had so cherished her, so valued her every gift of love and loyalty, "for I do know he loved me, for the time," reasoned Lucie, choking back her tears and trying to forget, "but why—" then her eyes would wander to the costly ring that she had twice tried to remove, and her face would again resume its troubled look of wonder and saddened questioning.

"I will take it off now," Lucie was preparing for May Harrington's birthday party. Her evening dress was of pale man's veiling, white, rare, yellow lace, Roman pearls worn high about the slender white neck, the dainty feet in their pink silk stockings and white slippers, blush roses clustered in the low corsage and belt, and low in the Grecian knotted hair with its careless rings on the white forehead, and a pearl bandeau and comb on the small, graceful head. "I do look well," she sighed, turning away from the mirror. "Colonel Stratton will be proud. Oh, Andrew, if it were you, dear; how could you be so cruel?"

She picked up the long white kids as she spoke and passed down stairs. "I will wait below," she mused; button them—shall I? She laid her hand upon the diamond betrothal ring that had never left her finger, but a vision of a place transformed with its own joy rose before her. A remembrance swept over her of the passionate arms that drew her into a close embrace and a pair of eager lips seeking her own, a voice whispering, "Don't, darling, don't hide your sweet lips; I love them so, let me buy my soul's peace with kisses, my own promised." The memory was too tender; quick tears blinded her eyes. "I will not take it off," she decided. "He placed it there; false or true, let it remain."

"A gentleman, Miss Lucie, below to see you." The new servant brought up the message. "Colonel Stratton. I will go down. Bring my white rubber overshoes into the hall, Mary," directed Lucie, and went down the stairs with her society smile on her lips, a bitter ache in her heart.

A tall man, white as death could ever make him, rose from the depths of an easy chair and came forward. "Lucie," he said.

"Only a word, but with a wild sob, she sprang forward. "Andrew," she said. "Oh, Andrew!" "Beloved," he said, faintly, "forgive me who has no claim on your sweet favor, but his great love. I wronged you, love. I tried to punish myself by staying, but I could not; I came to you—to die."

Fainter and more feeble his voice grew, a crimson stain dyed his lips slightly; he staggered, and but for her, would have fallen. She guided his weak steps to a low lounge, and called her father and mother, who bent over him and administered restoratives while Lucie went in to receive Colonel Stratton.

"None can refuse, Miss Lucie," he said, bowing courteously over her explanation. "My regrets, my sympathy, and adieu, dear young lady," and the elderly soldier in epaulettes was shown out.

"Darling, my Lucie!" weak as he was Andrew Carleton would have risen, but Lucie came hurriedly forward and gently put him back on his pillows. "No, no," she said, with tearful, tender eyes, "I'm sure you will—what you said you never would," he explained to the questioning face on his breast.

"Then I love you, dear," she cried, passionately, flinging her arms about his neck. "It was an idle word. Oh, Andrew, more than my life, I love you—I love you!"

"Lucie, come here, darling." Lucie Carleton, five years a happy wife, looks in, steps in from the balcony, this bright June morning to answer a voice so joyous that you could not recognize Andrew Carleton's. His face, pallid, though it is, is happy and cheerful.

"I want you to recall your promise of five years ago to-day."

"Never to tell you I love you?" Lucie takes up the thin hand, looks at it and sighs, pats fond, caressing hands on the white cheeks, and with a bubbling laugh cries, "no sir—well—" with two or three capricious little caresses, as she is held fast by a detaining hand—"perhaps—a very little."

A Boat With a Wooden Boiler.

Some time ago it was announced that a machinist of an eastern city named Jos. Sutcliffe was engaged in the construction of a steamboat boiler from an ordinary ale cask. At the time it was mentioned the boiler was not quite completed, but since then it has been launched and tested, and has stood a considerable pressure of steam to the square inch. The wooden boiler was built to supply a two-horse power rotary engine and was to be placed on a sixteen-foot boat. The boiler was made from an ale cask, and very little change has taken place in its exterior. On the inside of the barrel has been placed a fire-box, which extends down into the cask; this has been fitted with tubes placed horizontally and vertically to hold the water. In other boilers the water is outside of the tubes. The fire box is supplied with fuel from the top draught being supplied through a tube from below. This unique boiler has been fairly tested, and is pronounced a success for the purpose for which it was constructed. The engine is a two-horse power rotary, and was also built by Mr. Sutcliffe.

This novel vessel is a twin screw propeller, the screw being ten inches in diameter. The vessel is not only propelled but is steered by these screws, which act like the tail of a fish. A trial was made a few days after it was launched with five persons, and the boat proceeded about a quarter of a mile up the river. It was then thought best not to proceed any further, as it was found the engine was not in a direct line with the propeller shaft, which caused considerable friction. This trouble has since been remedied and the engine and boiler are working very successfully, and trips are made with the boat up the river every afternoon. The wooden boiler boat, as it has become known and spoken of on the river, is the cynosure of all eyes, as it passes up and down the stream.

Mrs. Chase and Daughter.

The Sunday Herald says Mrs. Kate Chase, formerly Sprague, is at Carlsbad, Bohemia. She will winter in Germany, probably at Munich, and continue the art studies of her eldest daughter, Ethel, inherits her mother's beauty and the artistic talents of Mrs. Jesse Chase Hoyt, her aunt, who is one of the cleverest artists in America in her particular line, which is sketching for pictorial journals. There has been an impression abroad that Mrs. Chase was somewhat pecuniarily embarrassed. This is an error. While she has not the immense fortune it was expected she would receive from her husband's father's estate, she has \$100,000 which Mrs. Fannie Sprague, the governor's mother, gave her on her marriage. This sum was her's absolutely and carefully invested for her by Hon. Hiram Barney, who brought Miss Chase and Senator Sprague together and really made the match. Besides this she has some other money, amounting to perhaps \$40,000, when her father gave her \$100,000 more in United States bonds at his death, and the old Chase mansion in this city which is now a boarding house. So that while Mrs. Chase is not wealthy she is by no means poor, and being a clever woman at business, will eke out her income and make it go much farther than most people could.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The following is a very cheap and excellent paint for farm buildings, forming a hard surface, and, as its hardness increases by time, it is far more durable than paint: Take freshly unburned unslaked lime and reduce it to powder. To one peck or one bushel of this add the same quantity of fine white sand or fine coal ashes, and twice as much fresh wood ashes, all these being sifted through a fine sieve. They should then be thoroughly mixed together while dry. Afterward mix them with as much common linseed oil as will make the whole thin enough to work freely with a painter's brush. This will make a paint of light gray stone color nearly white. To make it fawn or drab add yellow ochre and Indian red; if drab is desired add burnt umber, Indian red and a little lamp black, or if brown stone, then add Spanish brown. All these colors should of course, be first mixed in oil and then added. This paint is very much cheaper than common oil paint. It is equally well suited to wood, brick or stone. It is better to apply it in two coats—the first thin, the second thick.

At the dedication of the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital at London recently, the Princess of Wales wore the plainest dress of any of the ladies present. It was white cambric, without trimming, and she wore no jewelry. Singular as it may seem, nobody showed a disposition to turn up her nose at her, though

The Vigilantes in the Early History of Nevada.

The early history of California and Nevada was filled with tragic deeds. From the spring of 1850 until long after the Washoe excitement the entire Pacific coast north of Lower California was filled with wild and adventurous spirits, all searching after gold. Every mining camp of any note had its roughs, all well armed, well drilled in the use of weapons and as reckless of life as any bandit who ever cut a throat. These dare devils were often employed by mining companies to drive off miners and hold mining property, in order to save the trouble of appealing to the courts to adjust their difficulties.

The writer arrived in the wild mining town of Aurora, Nev., in the spring of 1852, when the Wide West and Real del Monte mines were at war over supposed valuable mining ground. Each company, acting upon the claim that might be right imported from Washoe a lot of the most villainous and reckless roughs to be found in Nevada. After a number of fights between the two factions employed by the Wide West owners on the one side and the Real del Monte on the other, the adjustment of the disputed ground was finally left to the courts, and the roughs being thrown out of employment in their legitimate business of throat-cutting, went to work at a trade which, one of them said, would pay better—highway robbery. After robbing a number of persons, four of the worst villains murdered and robbed, in the public streets of Aurora, a kind hearted old man by the name of Johnson, who had fed them in his hotel without receiving any pay. The names of the four murderers were Masterson, Daily, Buckley, and Three Fingers Jack. The four assassins, after doing their work, left town, each heavily armed. The sheriff, Mr. Francis, with about ten picked men, well armed, started in hot pursuit. The cut-throats were overtaken the second day out, about twenty miles south of Mono lake, Inyo county, in the lava beds of that volcanic country. They were surrounded and captured without a shot being fired. Sheriff Francis, one of the bravest and coolest men in Nevada, was asked the next day, when he brought his prisoners in town heavily ironed:

"How did you do it?" "He answered in his quiet way: "We had the drop on them. They knew we were there; and when we covered 'em with ten Sharp's rifles, I said: "Boys, throw up your hands," and they did it quick as lightning. When I was putting the hand cuffs on Three-fingered Jack, he laughed and said: "Francis, old man, ye did it d-d quick." The following day a vigilance committee of about seven hundred men was organized, well armed and ready for work. A large, solid scaffold was hastily erected on the hill side above the jail where the murderers were confined. Promptly at twelve o'clock on the fourth day after the murder, a little band of about thirty picked men from the vigilantes, all armed with repeating rifles, headed by Captain Palmer, commander of the vigilante forces, with a twelve pounder loaded with grape and scrap-iron, marched down in front of the jail door. Sheriff Francis, cool and deliberate, with about half a dozen picked deputies each armed with a Sharp's rifle, stood in front of the jail door. Captain Palmer, as he drew up his little force in front, said, as he raised his hat:

"Sheriff Francis, I demand from you four murderers, whom you hold as prisoners." "By what authority do you claim these men?" asked Sheriff Francis. Captain Palmer, in a clear voice, which rang out loudly, answered: "In the name of the vigilantes."

"Then, by the authority in me vested as sheriff of this county, I refuse to give them up," quietly but firmly answered Sheriff Francis. Captain Palmer deliberately drew his watch from his pocket, and looking steadily at the minute hand, said: "Mr. Sheriff, I will give you just five minutes to retire from the front of that jail with your deputies; if you stand there one second over five minutes I will blow you, your deputies, and the front of the jail to destruction."

He held the watch steadily in one hand and with the other lighted a fuse and held it over the cannon. For about four minutes it was still as death—not a man on either side moved. Palmer and Francis stood facing each other about ten feet apart; their faces were white as marble but not a muscle moved. Both men were giants in stature, and brave as lions. But the sacrifice of one of those lives for the four cut-throats was too much, and Francis waved his hand and his deputies stood to one side, and he walked up to Captain Palmer and handed him his rifle. After the sheriff and his deputies were put under guard, the four murderers were taken from their cells and led upon the scaffold.

They were blindfolded, and a noose hastily placed around their necks. Masterson stood on the left, a large, powerful man, about forty years old; next to him, on the right, stood Daily, a man of medium size, about thirty years old—a miserable wretch, who stated in jail just before he was hanged that he had killed two persons besides Johnson, and one of them was a child. Three-fingered Jack stood on Daily's right; he was a man of small stature, about thirty-five years old, dark complexion, and black, piercing eyes. He looked truly the bandit that he was. Puckley stood on the extreme right; he was a small, slender youth of about twenty years. He asked to have the bandage taken from his eyes. It was done, and he wrote a few words to his mother, and, handing it to a friend, said, with a smile to the executioner:

"Now I am ready; you can cut the rope."

Masterson and Buckley died bravely; but Daily and Three-fingered Jack died like cowardly curs. Both attempted suicide on the scaffold. Daily swallowed arsenic, while Three-fingered Jack suddenly drew a derring-dagger pistol from his boot-leg, and, putting it to his head, drew the trigger. But it snapped. He threw it on the scaffold, and uttered a wild cry, saying:

"I must die like a dog!"

In less than an hour after the four men were taken from their cells, over six hundred men armed with repeating rifles surrounded the gallows in close order, to prevent any attempted rescue of the prisoners, as it was said a large force of roughs were coming from Washoe to save the culprits. Captain Palmer gave the signal to the four executioners by waving his sword. At that signal a gun was fired on the opposite hill, and the four murderers were launched into eternity.—A. C. M. in Argonaut.

School Suffrage.

The women of this city are getting thoroughly waked up on the question of school suffrage, in consequence of the action of the school committee compelling the closing of several schools to enable the proprietors of some liquor shops to carry on or continue their business in accordance with the legislative law of a year ago that provides that no saloon shall be licensed within 400 feet of a school house. There has been a sharp contest in regard to the matter, and the final outcome is that the schools have been removed and the rummellers tri-naph. And this sort of thing in Boston. Shades of the past! Where every public-schoolboy and girl are made to wear a temperance medal, and the licensing of the sale of liquor was deemed a crime! The legislature having graciously permitted that a wife may be buried—that is to say, that "a wife is entitled to a right of interment for her own body in any burial lot, a tomb of which her husband was seized at any time during coverture, and such right shall be exempt from the laws of conveyance, descent and devise"—a right accorded to women after she is dead, the women, with Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mary Livermore and other workers are now working for a registration of the women of the city for school election. Had a few more women been elected to the school committee at the late election, a school board would have been retained that would have declared that the rum shops instead of the schools must go. The women of the city now have the making of the next school board in their hands, and upon them rests the responsibility for the right training of the children, of whom some 60,000 now attend the public schools. But it is strange that the women of Boston, after clamoring so long and so loud upon the subject, should fail to co-operate in the matter now that they have the right to vote, after conforming with the law on the subject—the payment of a tax on real estate or a poll tax of fifty cents. Apropos, the women have entered the state campaign with a good deal of feeling. They find that Mr. Robinson, the republican candidate, is opposed to woman's suffrage, he having voted against it when a state senator, and that Governor Butler is in favor of the measure. Almy, the prohibitory candidate, is also in favor of the measure. At the present time more than half the people of the state are disfranchised. At least, the dominant party has turned its back upon the "royal women of Massachusetts."—Boston Cor. S. F. Call.

A Lost Sweetheart.

An interesting romance, to which his untimely death forms a tragic conclusion was connected with Robert G. Fly, who was shot and killed at Hundo city, Texas. He was a son of a wealthy mine owner, Major Fly. At San Antonio, Texas, young Fly fell in love with Miss Ord, the daughter of the late General Ord, and they became engaged to be married. But General Ord sent his daughter to enter the post graduate class at the Georgetown convent. When this season of probation drew to a close, as he imagined, young Fly came to this city, impatient to claim his bride. Upon his arrival every one was struck with his manly figure. He was tall and handsome and possessed a dashing air, which, though a little nonchalant from his southern and western training, rendered him immensely popular.

she had such a little time to be presentable in. She could not possibly acquire that pronounced favor the favorite cream-half skeptical and three-fourths merry in yards, furlongs and leagues of dazzling repartee. A quarter of a century ago the heroine did not talk much. She acted, and you longed to kiss her. Now, you are not so sure about that. Now, until the latest page, nobody knows whether the twenty fifth lover will get the rose. Next year she will be twenty-six. In five years more we shall have her thirty-one. She is thirty-three now, if she wears a wedding ring—not the heroine's—some other man's! Altogether it is amusing—for everybody but the sweet girl graduates. What a romantic age! They cannot all go to Europe. For this have we the higher education, perhaps? To fill up the time until the play begins. Let us turn resolutely aside from the suggestions that the writing women are growing older and put their own present set into their plots with the frankness of the tombstone. That will not hold. Two American men are furnishing the staple of serials, romance—and all the "Howells and James" young women are advancing in years, every day. Sir Walter was fifty-five when he set Alice Lee in Woodstock, and fifty-two when he created Isabella of Creys. He gave us Lucy Ashton when he was forty-eight and the immortal Rebecca; while Flora McIvor and Rose Bradwardine were his children at forty-four. Did not Shakespeare father Cordelia at forty-one and Desdemona at forty-five? But Thackeray painted her rosebuds. The latest exception proves the rule. In that good story of the "Broad Winners" in the Century, the heroine, both heroines, are fresh from school. Naturally there is a plot and movement, not the endless talking.

Women of the World.

Miss Kate C. Howe, of Cambridge, is said to be the most finished amateur actress in New England.

Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, the "American Baroness Burdett-Conte," is building a \$500,000 residence at Newport.

It is stated that certain gloves worn by Mme. Sara Bernhardt in "Fedon" measures no less than four and a half feet in length.

Miss Jane Cobden, a daughter of the hero of the corn law and free trade agitation, is an active member of liberal club in London.

Mrs. Cox, who is said to be a sister of George W. Cable, the novelist, is making a reputation for herself in New Orleans as a painter of animals.

Mrs. George Bancroft's health improved greatly while at Newport this summer. She had been ill for many weeks before leaving Washington.

Mrs. Isham Hornsby was lately at her residence in Washington for a few days, but has again gone to Brookline, her late father's country place, to visit her mother, Mrs. Jere Black.

The Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales is an accomplished painter, and has lately presented the village of Kiltmoller, in Jotland, with an altar piece entirely executed with her own hands.

Dr. Frank Hamilton says that at least once a day girls should have their halteres taken off and be turned loose like young colts. "Callisthenes may be very general, and romping very ungentle, but the former is the shadow while the latter is the substance of health-giving exercise."

A Bear Fight.

At an early hour one morning lately the little village of Pownal, Vt., was thrown into a panic by the appearance of a huge black bear upon the main street. Mothers clutched their innocent babes to their bosoms and sprang through the nearest doorway, pedestrians of all ages sought shelter in the same precipitate manner, and from second story windows all along the street brave men said "sic 'em" to every passing dog. The bear, meanwhile, had shown a placid countenance but as soon as he saw the dogs approaching he shook off his apathy, and likewise the dogs, in their great discomfort and demoralization. Then ambling slowly up the railroad track in the direction of North Pownal, he left behind him the din of the village street. But Porter E. Brown, with his trusty rifle, "faithful among the faithless found," was on his track, and bracing himself against telegraph pole, fired. The bullet found a vital point in the bear's anatomy and he dropped dead. Brown was the hero of the day, and the joyous populace were bearing him and the carcass of the bear in triumph through the streets, when suddenly the most awful impressions which ever reverberated through the Hoosac valley fell upon their ears, and two Italians appeared upon the scene. They were the owners of the bear, and he was their only means of support.

Relic of 1846.

Charles Humphrey has presented the Truckee Republican with a large sized grapeshot which was found at the brickyard on the Donner Lake road. It measured seven inches and a half in circumference and weighs about three pounds. It was found by Mr. Babh about two feet from the surface and is considerably eaten with rust. It is supposed to have been either shot or left there by General Fremont in 1846. Johnny Melouche also has a grapeshot which was lodged eight inches deep in a saw log at Glenbrook a few years ago. There are known to have been shot there by General Fremont in 1846. A party were out on the lake near what is now known as Rowland's station, and General Fremont to show the ladies how he could cut the limbs off the trees with grapeshot, fired a shot into the woods. Three large saws were ruined by them at the Glenbrook mill.

Persons with boys in the family should know that boys have a platform, and that they always stand on it. It reads, "Standing doesn't hurt, whipping doesn't last long, kill thy dar'nt."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A scandal monger is not simply the man who tells all he knows, but the man who tells more than he knows.