

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:	
One year.	\$3.00
Six months.	1.75
Three months.	1.00

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on Reasonable Terms.

Mount Shasta.

A POEM WRITTEN BY JOHN ROLLIN RIDGE IN 1852.

Behold the dread Mt. Shasta, where it stands
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like
Some mighty, untampered mind, companion-
less.
And cold. The storms of Heaven may beat in
wrath
Against it, but it stands in unpolished
Grandeur still; and from the rolling mists up-
heaves
Its tower of white even purer than before.
The wintry showers and white-winged tempests
leave
Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it
both make of them an everlasting crown.
Thus doth it, day by day and age by age,
Doth each stroke of time: still rising higher
Into Heaven!

Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,
No human foot hath dared its snowy side;
Nor human breath hath dimmed the icy mir-
ror which
It holds upon the moon and stars and sov-
erign sun.

We may not grow familiar with the secrets
Of its lonely top, where the Genius
Of that mount builds his glorious throne!
Far lifted in the boundless blue, he doth
Enclave, with his gaze abroad, the broad
Dominions of the West, which lie beneath
His feet, in pictures of sublime repose
No artist ever drew. He sees the tall
Gigante hills rise in silence
And peer, and in the long review of distance
Range themselves in order grand. He sees the
sunlight

Play upon the golden streams that through
the valleys
Glide. He hears the music of the great and
solitary sea.

And overlooks the huge old western wall
To view the birth-place of undying melody!

Just at light, save when some loftiest cloud
Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding
Form, that monarch mountain casts its mighty
Shadow down upon the countless peaks below,
That, like inferior minds to some great
Spirit, stand in strong contrasted loneliness
All through the long and summery months of
our
Most tranquil year, it points its icy shaft
On high, to catch the dazzling beams that fall
In shadows of splendor round that crystal
cone.

And glint in floods of rare magnificence
Away from that lone, vast, refectory
The dome of Heaven.

Still watchful of the fertile
Vale and undulating plains below, the grass
Grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom
The flowers, strong perfume! From its snowy
Side the breezes cool are wafted to the "peace-
ful
man."

Homes of men who shelter at its foot, and
love
To gaze upon its honored form; age, standing
There the guarantee of health and happiness.
Well might it win communion with a God!
To suffer feelings and to suffer thoughts—
The great material symbol of eternal
Things! And well I ween in after years how
In the middle of his furrowed track the plow-
man.

In some solitary hour will pause, and wiping
From his brow the dusty sweat, with reverence
Gaze upon that hoary peak. The herdsmen
Will rein their charger in the plain, and drink
In its remotest spot the calm soluninity;

And little children, playing on the green, shall
Cease their sport, and turning to that mountain
Old, shall of their mother ask: "Who made
it?"

And she shall answer: "God!"

And well this Golden State shall thrive, if like
its own Mt. Shasta, Sovereign Law shall lift
Itself in pure atmosphere—so high
That human feeling, human passion, at its
base

Shall lie subdued; even pity's tears shall not
light
Of sympathy shall fall;
Its pure instruction shall be like
The snow immediate upon the mountain's
loam.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the heroine of our narrative had
become a member of the fashionable
world, her hours of quiet chat with par-
ticular friends were liable to constant
interruption.

Before the mystery surrounding Ed-
gar Worth had become sufficiently un-
raveled to satisfy her intense desire
to hear more, a discourse of other com-
pany appeared upon the scene, and her
dark-eyed visitor took his leave, prom-
ising to return on the following after-
noon.

It seemed to Ellen that her feet had
found themselves wings. Never before
had birds sang so sweetly or the fine
face of Nature looked so serenely bright.
She flitted about among her guests like
one inspired. Her children wondered
at her animation, and had good reason
to appreciate the bounteous love be-
stowed upon them.

Another day folded its dead hours out
of sight and crept back forever into the
shades of the Departed; and again Ellen
found herself at her favorite window.
Her invalid charge glided into the room
and silently sat down beside her.

"My poor child," she said feelingly,
"may the God of all justice grant that
your last days may be better than your
first, and that the darkness which
clouded your bright young life may
only be remembered in the days to
come as a disordered dream."

"But I cannot comprehend the mys-
tery that surrounds you. The more I
think of it the deeper grows my strange
bewilderment."

"Edgar shall help you to unfold the
story. I know my mind is injured.
Sometimes, as now, I am sane enough,
but often my ideas wander. Dear-
ness! It's little wonder, though, tapping
her foot nervously upon the velvet floor.

The appointed hour for Edgar's sec-
ond visit had come, and he was punc-
tual to the moment. Little by little as
the trio talked was unfolded the life of
each.

During the years that Edgar's parents

were leading their strange existence on
the D'Arcy estate, he had been away at
school. His mother, bearing her maiden
name of Brandon, for his sake, and
aided by an ungenerous aversion to the
old man, her husband, suffering the
constant fear that she, though married,
was not a wife, and that her idolized
son, though born in wedlock, was ille-
gitimate, had yielded to the intense
strain upon her reason, and for years
had been a lunatic. But now old man
Worth, alias Killingsworth, was dead.
The valuable D'Arcy homestead, which
his cunning wiles had wrested from the
possession of the weak grandfather whom
political associates had ruined, had long
before been sold, that he might glut his
growing avarice upon the sight and
sound of gold. He had immured his
wife within the walls of a private asy-
lum during one of her attacks of lunacy,
and through all his remaining life gave
her no opportunity for escape.

The son, long grown to man's estate,
saw his mother but seldom, and never,
while his father lived, except in the
presence of the matron of the asylum or
her aids. Edgar Worth was unhappy.
Some dark mystery surrounded his fam-
ily. Of that he felt certain, but he could
get no real clue to it; so, partly to quiet
his constant apprehensions of evil, and
partly to gratify his love for adventure,
he had betaken himself to the busy
West as soon as his college days were
over, where he first met Ellen Dowd,
and where he had acted as her juror in
a most revolting case of legal inhuman-
ity. He had studied for the ministry,
and had been for years an active, zealous
worker in the Church.

During Ellen's stay in her Mississippi
Valley home, after her awful trial had
awakened her to a knowledge of herself,
she had not met him except upon an
occasion she longed to forget—a dismal
day when he, as clergyman, had joined
in legal marriage the author and abet-
ter of so many of her woes with one
who, though an unfortunate sufferer
from the base deceptions of man, was in
her relations to Peter Dowd as guilty as
himself. The ceremony being over, the
dark-eyed stranger clergyman had gone,
and Ellen had almost ceased to think of
him. Life, she said, had found it, had
had too many hard and practical real-
ities to allow her time for romantic re-
veries, and if, in times past, the earnest
eyes that now thrilled her as they gazed
into her own had possessed a hidden
charm, she had as suddenly dispelled it.

The mother of Edgar Worth, of whom
as her governess she had in early life
been excessively fond, possessed that
peculiar sagacity so common with the
partially deranged. After having told
her story, during the recital of which
Ellen had stood dumb and bewildered,
her wrinkled features broke into a
meaning smile, and rising from her
chair she said significantly:

"Life is before you, children. It is
behind me. You do not need my pres-
ence; neither do you desire it. I will
go."

"But where will you go, my mother
dear?" said Ellen quickly, while a
bright blush mantled her beaming face.

"You surely do not mean to leave my
roof. Remember that my own mother
died when I was born. I have never
known a mother's love. Will you let
me love you, and will you love me in
return?"

"Slaking her thin finger at her host-
ess, the woman answered:

"Don't talk of love to me. 'Tis a
sweet word, but I've lived three score
years without it. You may love Edgar.
Then I shall be satisfied. I see how
things are going. Don't detain me. I
will go!"

"But I entreat you not to go," said
Ellen earnestly. "There is room in my
home and room in my heart. Abide
with me and I will make your life a
grand perpetual joy if act of mine can
do it."

"Who said that I would leave your
house, you silly, adieu-brained child? I
am only going to my room to give my
son and daughter an opportunity to set-
tle their private affairs. Do you think
I have lost my senses?" and laughing
immoderately, she left the two alone.

Gaining her chamber she threw herself
upon the bed, and relapsing into silent
reverie, lay quiet till the shades of even-
ing settled over the house; then sinking
into a peaceful slumber, in which Ellen
many hours after found her serenely
locked, she dreamed away the moments,
while happy smiles played over her fea-
tures and settled themselves in radiance
around her firmly-closed mouth. Did
seraphs hover near?

For a few moments after his mother
had left them, Edgar paced the room
abstractedly, while Ellen sat in silence
at the open window, gazing out upon
the open lawn. The gorgeous clouds
that had been hanging over the city,
and dipping their dripping fringes into
the shipping and the bay, had rolled
themselves back and away into great
mountains of sapphire, alabaster and
pearl. The balmy sunshine had dried
the rain drops from the shrubbery and
lawn, and glistened now upon acacia
blossoms, and now again upon the foun-
tain's silvery spray, around which sing-
ing birds flitted, and at whose base
bright gold fish flashed in beauty.

"Oh!" said Ellen, and her sudden ex-
clamation arrested the abstracted walk
of her companion, who turned, and seat-
ing himself beside her, said simply:

"A penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking, sir, that everything
is happy except humanity. Look at
that glorious landscape—how it rolls
away into the dim distance, a thing of
joy and beauty. Cooling streams flow
from the hill sides; green trees flourish
at their base; the cattle upon a thous-
and distant hills luxuriate in bounty
and blessings; birds sing, flowers bloom,
grasses grow, fruit trees yield their
riches in their season, and amid all Na-
ture's works man, only man is misera-
ble. Do you think it was the design of
the great Architect of all things to thus
mar the happiness of sentient beings
like ourselves?"

"You ask leading questions, but I
will try to answer them. That there is
much more of misery than joy upon the
earth among men and women I know
to my own sorrow. But I am satisfied
that this condition is not normal or nec-
essary. Humanity chains itself to the
dead customs of the past, foolishly pre-
suming that those who lived before
were wiser than the children of the
present. Society sets itself up as a cen-
sor over everybody. Individual freedom
is lost sight of. Everybody attends to
the business affairs of everybody else.
There is no such thing in practice as
personal sovereignty."

"But do you think the world is ready
for the idea that each should be a law
unto himself? I, for one, can testify,
and I believe you can bear me witness,
that in more than one instance men,
who have acted thus were wholly un-
worthy of their power."

"The trouble is, my dear Ellen," tak-
ing her hand in the most natural way
imaginable, "the trouble is, that, as our
laws and customs now are, none but
bad, unscrupulous men and women will
do exactly as they desire. The censor-
ship of society, or the wish—often too
intense—to avoid what a morbid, self-
righteous, sin-steeped world calls the
'appearance of evil,' leads thousands
yearly in the track which they feel was
never made for them, and while they
seemly made to work out ways for them-
selves, dare not do so because they have
not moral courage sufficient to run the
gauntlet of public misrepresentation."

"You are right," said Ellen heartily.
"I knew years and years before I left
the roof which my own lot had helped
to rear to shelter Peter Dowd that God
had never joined us; that our life was a
mockery of the holy institution of mar-
riage, and that the numerous children
of our unholy union were naturally re-
bellious and inharmonious, when they
should have been happy-hearted, physi-
cally strong and mentally gifted; but I
was driven to desperation before I could
gain the moral courage to resolve to be
just to myself, that I might thus have
power to be just to others."

"Oh, Edgar, I have so little faith!
God is a long way off! The Crucified
is with us daily, but he so often comes
in form of crosses that our blighted feet
bear up steep and jagged Calvaries that
I cannot contemplate him with any
great emotion of pleasure."

"Come unto me all ye that are weary
and heavy laden, and I will give you
rest," says Jesus. Ellen, you make great
mistakes when you rely too much upon
your own strength."

"I never relied upon anything else
that helped me any!" was the decided
response.

Edgar Worth arose, and throwing
open the window, stepped through with
Ellen upon the balcony. Twilight had
yielded to the glowing glory of the
queen of night, as she moved amid her
fleecy drapery attended by hosts of stars.

The city, with its rows of lighted
streets, lay below them, and beyond the
white-capped, billowy bay, bearing its
self its burden of a thousand barks,
was rising and falling in the balmy air.
Away, away, rolled long, long mountain
ranges, and in the moonlight at the feet
of wild, loud breakers guarded the great
Golden Gate. Lone Mountain sent its
spires heavenward and looked out on
the sea.

"Ellen," the voice of her suitor was
strangely deep and tender now, "in the
midst of such beauty and grandeur as
this can you doubt the loving kindness
of the great Author of all?"

"I do not doubt when I am happy, as
now, Edgar; but oh, I am so often mis-
erable! Why did God give me a heart
to love with and a deep, constant yearn-
ing for the companionship of the good,
and then cast me among those who
crushed my choicest joys and robbed
my life of its highest ideals?"

"True gold is all the better after be-
ing tested in the crucible, my dear.
Your past life has been a stormy one.
Will you let me try to make your future
brighter?"

"I was thinking, sir, that everything
is happy except humanity. Look at
that glorious landscape—how it rolls
away into the dim distance, a thing of
joy and beauty. Cooling streams flow
from the hill sides; green trees flourish
at their base; the cattle upon a thous-
and distant hills luxuriate in bounty
and blessings; birds sing, flowers bloom,
grasses grow, fruit trees yield their
riches in their season, and amid all Na-
ture's works man, only man is misera-
ble. Do you think it was the design of
the great Architect of all things to thus
mar the happiness of sentient beings
like ourselves?"

"You ask leading questions, but I
will try to answer them. That there is
much more of misery than joy upon the
earth among men and women I know
to my own sorrow. But I am satisfied
that this condition is not normal or nec-
essary. Humanity chains itself to the
dead customs of the past, foolishly pre-
suming that those who lived before
were wiser than the children of the
present. Society sets itself up as a cen-
sor over everybody. Individual freedom
is lost sight of. Everybody attends to
the business affairs of everybody else.
There is no such thing in practice as
personal sovereignty."

"But do you think the world is ready
for the idea that each should be a law
unto himself? I, for one, can testify,
and I believe you can bear me witness,
that in more than one instance men,
who have acted thus were wholly un-
worthy of their power."

"The trouble is, my dear Ellen," tak-
ing her hand in the most natural way
imaginable, "the trouble is, that, as our
laws and customs now are, none but
bad, unscrupulous men and women will
do exactly as they desire. The censor-
ship of society, or the wish—often too
intense—to avoid what a morbid, self-
righteous, sin-steeped world calls the
'appearance of evil,' leads thousands
yearly in the track which they feel was
never made for them, and while they
seemly made to work out ways for them-
selves, dare not do so because they have
not moral courage sufficient to run the
gauntlet of public misrepresentation."

"You are right," said Ellen heartily.
"I knew years and years before I left
the roof which my own lot had helped
to rear to shelter Peter Dowd that God
had never joined us; that our life was a
mockery of the holy institution of mar-
riage, and that the numerous children
of our unholy union were naturally re-
bellious and inharmonious, when they
should have been happy-hearted, physi-
cally strong and mentally gifted; but I
was driven to desperation before I could
gain the moral courage to resolve to be
just to myself, that I might thus have
power to be just to others."

"Oh, Edgar, I have so little faith!
God is a long way off! The Crucified
is with us daily, but he so often comes
in form of crosses that our blighted feet
bear up steep and jagged Calvaries that
I cannot contemplate him with any
great emotion of pleasure."

"Come unto me all ye that are weary
and heavy laden, and I will give you
rest," says Jesus. Ellen, you make great
mistakes when you rely too much upon
your own strength."

"I never relied upon anything else
that helped me any!" was the decided
response.

Edgar Worth arose, and throwing
open the window, stepped through with
Ellen upon the balcony. Twilight had
yielded to the glowing glory of the
queen of night, as she moved amid her
fleecy drapery attended by hosts of stars.

The city, with its rows of lighted
streets, lay below them, and beyond the
white-capped, billowy bay, bearing its
self its burden of a thousand barks,
was rising and falling in the balmy air.
Away, away, rolled long, long mountain
ranges, and in the moonlight at the feet
of wild, loud breakers guarded the great
Golden Gate. Lone Mountain sent its
spires heavenward and looked out on
the sea.

"Ellen," the voice of her suitor was
strangely deep and tender now, "in the
midst of such beauty and grandeur as
this can you doubt the loving kindness
of the great Author of all?"

"I do not doubt when I am happy, as
now, Edgar; but oh, I am so often mis-
erable! Why did God give me a heart
to love with and a deep, constant yearn-
ing for the companionship of the good,
and then cast me among those who
crushed my choicest joys and robbed
my life of its highest ideals?"

"True gold is all the better after be-
ing tested in the crucible, my dear.
Your past life has been a stormy one.
Will you let me try to make your future
brighter?"

The moon quietly veiled her face, and
stars winked slyly at each other as
standing there, under the blue canopy
of God, Edgar Worth and Ellen Dowd
exchanged the pure kiss of betrothal.

(To be continued.)

"Teach the Women to Save."

BY KATE TRUE.

"Probably not one woman in ten knows how
much are the expenditures of herself and fam-
ily."—[Exchange.]

Good business, isn't it, but who'll do
the teaching? As a woman who under-
stands the entire process of saving, with
all its manifold twistings, turnings and
worries, I protest in behalf of my sisters
against this ever recurring text with its
endless sermons. Who ever said,
"Teach a man to save?" Who ever
questioned a son of Adam about "that
five dollar bill in his pocket book," and
added "how in the world do you get rid
of money so soon?"

Mary proposed our going to call upon
an old friend, and just as we were part-
ing on our way, James came in.
"Do you mean to say you have not seen
my improvements?" he said to me after
our first greeting.

"Come up stairs at once."

We obeyed, and soon looked upon a
suite of rooms fit for a king. A luxu-
rious study, a sleeping room opening
on a large, airy dressing room, and
most complete bath-room beyond. All
the modern appliances were there, from
the costly lounge chair and cabinet to
the latest dentifrice and perfumery.

Mirrors of all shapes and sizes, coats of
many colors; an array of neckties large
enough for a first class bow window;
boots and slippers in wonderful order;
fishing tackle, guns and ammunition on
the wall; looking sporting table brushes
of all sorts, and gloves enough for a
lifetime. I think I never saw so odd
an expression on a man's face as my
friend's when I asked him a simple
question after our survey. He had
just shown me his private sideboard and
an elegant liquor case, also some boxes
of cigars and sundry other knick-knacks
and as he stood leaning carelessly on
his mantel with a satisfied expression
upon his face, he said with his old-time
confidence:

"And now, what think you these
rooms have cost me?"

"Just five thousand dollars," he said,
and the fitting up has been the best
part of it."

"These rooms are all for you," I said;
"where, pray, is Mary's five thousand
dollars' worth of creature comforts?"

"You can shut yourself up here away from
care or noise, but where is the quiet
resting-place for the wife and mother?"

After a pause, he gave the usual man-
ish reply, "All I have is hers, you
know."

"The cigars, brandy, smoking coats
and the change of raiment fine and
fair?" I asked with a smile.

"And now what think you 'truthful
Ellen' did? He walked across the
elegant room, and put his arm tenderly
about his wife. "Noble, dear," said he
"if you have not everything in the
world you want, say the word; all the
traps on earth would be useless without
you."

"Of course she smiled and thanked him,
and would cut out her tongue
sooner than tell him she would be com-
pelled to use some self-denial in order
to make the five thousand dollars come
out."

She only smiled and re-trimmed her
velvet cloak, and decided suddenly not
to go again to Europe when her boy
went out to school. Some trifling ex-
planation about the children satisfied him,
as well as the little world around them,
and the rich woman saved. Who taught
her?

Well, Mary and I called on our friend
and on our way there she said to me
"You see how it is, he worships me, and
I, although fully conscious that it is
not quite right or just for one partner
in the matrimonial firm to use so much
wealth for individual pleasure, do not
like to disturb the harmony of home by
my fear or fancies. I do have some
scruples about the equality where my
boy is concerned, and I sometimes
fear I am letting present quiet stifle
duty. Here is Blake, our old friend,
Lucy's husband; he does the same thing
in a smaller way. Days in Boston—
days in London—four or five until
three, then home to a nice dinner of
preparing, although he has doubtless
dined with friends in the city, a short
drive with his family and don't sit up
for me, dear, and away he goes to the
Club and plays billiards. Why, my
dear, she twists and turns to keep up a
decent appearance, and he spends more
in one week on self in eating, drinking,
and dress, than she does in one entire
year. Now, my dear, what are such
women to do?"

"Save," said I.

"Save!" she exclaimed, with a toss of
her handsome head. "I grow vexed
when I hear it. Do you suppose a woman
with ordinary intelligence cannot
feel and see these things? With a
hint of her own, say, and three or four
pennies, can she go through life blind?"

"Love is blind," I said, "you know,
dear."

"Some more of their foolish non-
sense," she replied. "Do you believe
it? No, nor any other sensible woman.
There are revelations and revelations my
dear, in this life, and when Smith Jones
tells the men at the corner grocery that
his wife has died of grief, or that his
what is it but his sneaking inheritance
that leads him to tell it, and forget the
times without number when she has
drawn him quietly in, and removed his
clothing without help 'for fear the
neighbors might find out.' And how
long would Senator—live with his
wife, if she came home intoxicated five
nights out of seven as he has done, I
ask?"

"Yes, and who saved I wonder, when
you and I found Mrs. Senator Q—
hard at work upon her party dress one
fine morning in Washington, because
it cost so much to hire it done, and the
Senator felt obliged to give the money
for the wife's income as well as his
own? I have respected that woman
ever since, and as to him—here he
comes at Lucy's."

Good, patient, saving Mrs. Blake,
retired from business, and wed to
breed in a luxurious home, and wed to
suggestion, her money went into a
nice snug investment, so snug it never
came out and never will, so snug it
ruined his wife's friends do, who
live on the interest of their money,
while she saves everything but health
and strength in the struggle of "keeping
up of your 'real good fellows, jolly,
good-natured, fond of good dinners, and
just as ready to spend his wife's money
as his own." Mary and I have heard
of a word of kindness is seldom spoken in
vain. It is a seed which, even if sown
by chance, springs up into a flower.

A Common-Place Murder.

The murder in Broome street was one
of a kind too common to excite general
attention and sympathy. Francis
Gillen, steam-fitter and rowdy by trade,
murdered his wife, a milliner. The pris-
on, on the side-walk as she was going
home to her father's house. The man
was in a blind fury of passion, for he
stabbled the poor young woman six
times, and inflicted heart-breaking, four
mortal wounds. He had no cause of
quarrel with her, except that he had
treated her so badly that she could not
live with him, and so was earning her
own livelihood under her father's pro-
tection. The case affords no material
for public excitement or comment. It
will not be discussed at tea-tables, nor
in the columns of newspapers. It is
common-place and unheroic. The par-
ties are all mechanics; the poor victim
will be missed from her shop until her
place is filled; the murderer will be
missed from no place we can decently
mention, and the heartless father will
drive his cart as usual to gain his
daily bread, as he belongs to a class that
cannot afford the luxury of sentimental
sorrow. It is an item of police news of
no general interest.

Yet this case contains within itself
the whole question of domestic author-
ity. A pretty and willful girl, only 16,
with blue eyes and blonde hair, two
years ago attracted the attention of a
profligate young fellow, who found her
a pleasant relief from the worse women
he generally associated with, and won
her fancy. This is an easy thing for a
disolute youth to do. These flashy,
idle, rowdyish boys, whose vices give
them leisure, are creatures of romance
to a certain class of working girls. If
they know how worthless the boy is, it
makes no difference. The girl never
makes a mistake, even to herself,
the existence of the worst forms of
wickedness. "A little wild" is the
vague formula that covers the most
groveling infamies, and the prospect of
reforming the fascinating truant from
the paths of vice, presents an irresistible
allurement. Parental opposition only
adds fuel to the flame. No girl in love,
or what she calls by that name, is cap-
able of thinking that her father can tell
her anything worth knowing about the
object of her fancy. The father of this
unfortunate woman found out too
soon as he warned her against her dis-
olute admirer. After infinite trouble
and wrangling, he had her consigned to
the House of the Good Shepherd,
whence she was released, and immedi-
ately made a clandestine marriage
with Gillen. Her honeymoon turned
quickly to gall. She found she was not
one among the many indulgences. And
her position was worse than that of a
depraved companion, for she belonged
to him by law, and was the helpless
victim of his cruelties. After a few
weeks of this frightful punishment, she
went home to her father, who, with
his help obtained a respectable means of
earning her living.

But this brutal ruffian, though he
recognized no obligations resting upon
himself from the marriage, had con-
sidered himself grossly wronged that his
wife should renounce her allegiance to
him. He looked upon her as a run-
away slave, and meeting her the other
night upon the street, he ordered her
to go home with him, and when she re-
fused, he stabbed her to death in the
open thoroughfare. He probably had
no more sense of responsibility in this
than an angry teamster who beats his
horses.

He considered himself thor-
oughly in the right, and when he was
arrested, and the policeman asked him
why he committed the crime, he said:
"You would have done the same if your
wife refused to live with you." He evi-
dently saw no other course open to a
man of spirit. He might abuse, outrage
and trample upon her; he might make
no secret of the vices with which he
daily dishonored the marriage cov-
enant; he might spend all his earnings
and hers in his own debaucheries, and
yet the idea never seemed to occur to
him that she had any right to escape
from this torture. May not a man do
what he will with his own? was the
only shape in which any question of
city presented itself to him. This idea
of marital right is not confined to men
like Gillen alone. The policeman who
saw him just before the murder, is said
to have acknowledged that he feared
some trouble, but did not like to inter-
fere between man and wife. This man,
Gillen, it is reported, has long been
known to the police as a dangerous
character. Yet the law, which muzzles
harmless dogs under the supposition
that they may go mad, does nothing to
prevent this wild beast from stealing a
young girl from her father, marrying,
maltreating and killing her—not all at
once, but diffusing the crime over two
years. We need not draw a moral
which would be as common-place as the
murder, and would touch upon two
common-places and evident faults of the
time—the claim of children that their
parents have no right to interfere with
the bestowal of their affections, and the
claim of husbands that their wives are
their property.—N. Y. Tribune.

One afternoon during the late imple-
menting a long, grand, civilian, wear-
ing garments of rusty black and a stove-
pipe hat, walking up in the rear of
head-quarters, was accosted by a host-
ler.

Hostler—"Keep out of here!"

Visitor—"Isn't this General Grant's
tent?"

Hostler—"Yes."

Visitor—"Well, I reckon he will let
me inside."

Hostler—"You will soon find out."

As he entered the tent a guard mis-
took him for a member of the Sanitary
or Christian Commission.

Guard—"No Sanitary folks allowed
inside."

Visitor—"I guess General Grant will
see me."