rest mother, in a minute's span, Death parts thee and my love of thee, set love, that yet art living man, Come back, true love to comfort me, Back, at/come back; ah! wellaway! But thy love comes not any day.

As roses when the warm west blows
Break to full flower and sweeten apring.
My soul would break to a glorious rose,
In soul wise at his whispering.
In vain I listen; wellaway!
My love says nothing any day.

You that will weep for pity of love
On the low piaces where I am lain,
I gray you, having wept enough,
Tell him for whom I bore such pain,
That he was yet, ab! wellaway!
My true love to my dying day.
A. G. SWINEURNE.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"We ought to tell her," said Mrs. Mar-"It's our bounden duty," said Mrs.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Bright, "I can't

see why we should bother ourselves, attention. People never get any thanks for interfering between man and wife." "I don't want thanks," said Mrs. Glenn.

Glenn; "I think for myself. If Mr. Glenn could conduct himself so while I was away, I should think any one my very best friend who let me know of it. To have a creature like that stealing one's husband's affections and other women keeping their mouths shut, why its awful -perfectly awful!"
"It would be winking at sin, my dear,

said Mrs. Martin.

"Assuredly," said Mrs. Glenn.

"I've often thought all that show of

ffection didn't amount to anything." said Mrs. Martin. "Mr. Martin never kisses me when he comes home to tea. I've seen Mr. Willis do it right on the front step, and then calling her 'dear' so thinks this,' and 'my husband's opinion is that,' and 'my husband likes me to wear pink,' and all that; as if she was the

see it has come

"And very glad you seem to be of it," said Mrs. Bright. "The poor soul has say been too happy. For my part, it always man pleased me to see domestic happiness; and my advice is, don't tell her. It may be some mistake, you know. If it isn't, you'll only make her suffer-

"Pride goes before a fall," said Mrs. Glenn. "I'm only an instrument. I'm obliged to do the work set before me, even if it humbles her.' "And you'll go with us, Mrs. Bright?"

said Mrs. Martin. "Not I," said Mrs. Bright. "Firstly, I think in face of all your evidence that Mr. Willis is too good a man and too fond of his wife to deceive her so; secondly, if it's all true, I wash my hands of helping to break that sweet little heart. And if I thought I could talk you out of going I would. Just wait a week or so; think about it awhile; do."

Mrs. Martin shook her head. Mrs. Glenn smiled sarcastically 'You always shirk anything disagreeable, my dear," she said. "You have a been absent your husband has devoted for God's sake man, take the stage!" He ernment. But here was a further delay, nature that impels you to take life easily. himself to another lady—a beautiful girl looked at me and laughed and then began as that Government disputed the claim, I have been forced to put my shoulder to the wheel too often, not to do it willingly.

"And I've often said," said Mrs. Martin, "that I revere Mrs. Glenn for that very thing. They walked out of the room. Mrs.

Bright shrugged her fat shoulders. 'A couple of old slander mongers, she said; "and now you must try to make little Eve Willis uncomfortable." Mrs. Bright, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Glenn boarded, with their husbands, at the fashionable boarding establishment of Mrs. Rogers Black. Mr. and Mrs. Willis lived next door, and all of them attended the same church. Either the latter pair were peculiarly fond of each other, or were more disposed to show their fondness than most people are; but most certainly they were known as a model He was a handsome, tall, black-whiskered man of forty. She was a petite blonde of twenty-two or three. Evidently, no man was so wise, so great,

so perfect in her eyes, as her husband. Evidently no woman was so charming to him as his wife. Now, there is a great many women to

whom this sort of thing is gall and wormwood. They cannot bear to see it, and they break it up if possible. All the flirts in the congregation had tried to do this and they had failed. All the sour matrons, whose married lives were spent in spats and squabbles, sneered at the happy pair, and declared that this wouldn't last long. But it lasted for five years, and not a flaw had been discovered in the conduct of either, until, one bright summer, when Mrs. Willis, having left home on a visit to her sister, a very pretty young lady arrived at a neighboring hotel, and Mr. Willis-yes, Mr. Willis-no other-was seen devoting himself to her in a way that was positively shocking. Yes, positively terri-ble. For Mrs, Glenn and Mrs. Martin,

who took to going about in waterproof cloaks and hoods after dark, had not only seen Mr. Willis take ice cream with this young lady, but were ready to swear remembrance of it that he kissed her at parting, and on turned toward them. more than one occasion, was seen to put his arm around her waist. This had gone on for three weeks, when Mrs. Willis returned home; and now, as that lady was unpacking her

trunks in her pretty rooms next door, the two watchers had determined to then inform her of her husband's infidelity, and no task could have been more pleas-Dressed in their best, and armed with arasols and fans, they watched Mr. Wil-

lis's departure from the house with eager eyes, and then hastened down stairs, nost ran up the steps of the house next loor, anxious to meet the happy face they hoped to change to one of misery.

Mrs. Willis came smiling down stairs

to greet them. Thank you for coming to see me se she said, "It does seem as though en away from home a whole year Ir. Willis says it seems five to himand yet I've been enjoying myself ever

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Mar-Yes, happiness is fleeting," said Mrs.

They spoke so solemnly that Mrs. Willis thought that something unpleas-ant must have happened to either one of

The Coast Mail. wieked as ever, but that is as old as

"Mrs. Black has been overcharging her for extras, or the chambermaid has let the milkman kiss her," thought Mrs.

"And what fine weather we are hav ing," she added loud.
"Yes," said Mrs. Martin with a little groan, "I often think of those lines in

the hymn:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

"How vile man is sometimes," said

Mrs. Willis.

pretty creatures "Thank you, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs Glenn, "but our hearts are full of serious thoughts just now. We are thinking too much of evil hearts to care about have come to tell you something, Mrs. Willis."

Tknew something was on her mind, said the unsuspicious wife to herself; but she merely gave a little bow and looked

'You are young, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Martin. 'Comparatively young," added Mrs.

"And you don't know yet how very wicked this world is," said Mrs. Martin.
"Ah! no," said Mrs. Glenn.

"Nor what men are," said Mrs. Martin "You don't often faint, do you?" asked Mrs. Glenn. "I-never," said Mrs. Willis. "That is well," said Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Willis began to look grave. "No accident has happened," she son and varies the occupation of caring faltered. "Mr. Willis—I saw him leave for his ample grounds and of reading by the house ten minutes ago-nothing has

fear we shall agitate you very much."

"As far as we know, Mr. Willis is per-fectly safe and well," said Mrs. Glenn, severely.

"Mrs. Willis, I feel it my duty, as a member, to warn you that we should often. All hypocrisy. And to see her not have earthly idols. Your one thought set up by it! And 'my dear husband appears to be your husband. There are appears to be your husband. There are that he will, it is likely that he will apother people to whom terrible things pear at the Walnut Street Theater the could happen."

'We all meet with misfortunes sooner say you think too much of one sinful

"I am not aware that I have requested love so good a husband too well, or honor him too much.

"Good!" said Mrs. Martin. do you know he is better than any other knew; of his faults I cannot speak. No man-that he is not even untrue to you?"

come to speak, and will speak. It is our to his Othello, and he came dancing upduty to unmask a hypocrite mained standing.

Mrs. Martin began to look very happy. Mrs. Glenn even smiled.

dreadfully deceived. While you have -who arrived at the hotel almost im- to dance and sing: mediately after your departure. We have seen him kiss and embrace her have we not, Mrs. Martin?

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Martin, "she is perhaps sixteen years old—a dark beauty. It is quite absurd to think dark men admire dark ladies most. She is as dark as he is, and very beautiful."

'Oh! yes," said Mrs. Glenn. "Lovely outwardly. I think she must be French. It is quite terrible. We feel it to be so; but we found it necessary to do our duty and inform you at once.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Willis in a choked voice, as she covered her face with her handkerchief. "I hope, said, after a moment's silence, "that you will not hesitate to repeat this in the presence of Mr. Willis. Of course you are not afraid to speak the truth before any one. If you will wait, I will send for him. I will not be long."
She still kept her face hidden, but her

agitation was evidently great. 'I must insist on your presence "and if I sepsaid in faltering accents; arate from Mr. Willis, I shall need you for witnesses. Wait one moment. I

will send a servant for him." This was rather more than the ladies had bargained for, but retreat was impossible; Mrs. Willis left the room, and returned with her face still hidden in her handkerchief. There was silence in the room, and as time passed on, Mrs. Mar-tin began to wish herself safely at home, but Mrs. Glenn was of sterner stuff and braved the matter much better.

Half an hour passed; then a latch key was heard in the hall door. It opened. Mrs. Willis still concealed her face. A step—nay the steps of two persons crossed the hall. The parlor door opened, and Mr. Willis strode in, followed by a young lady—the very young lady who had been the subject of their communication-a pretty girl, and very like Mr.

And now Mrs. Willis arose with a face as bright as it had ever been in all their remembrance of its brightness, and

'Ladies," said she, "allow me to introduce my step-daughter, Adele Willis. She has been with her grandmother in France until lately. You know, or do not know, that Mr. Willis' first wife was a French lady, and she has just come to us. As I was absent, the hotel was pleasanter for her than this empty home, and she has stayed there until to-day. She is just fourteen, the ladies thought you quite sixteen, you are so tall, Adele; and I am very, very glad to have you with

Mrs Glenn arose So did Mrs. Martin.
"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs Martin;
"delightful, of course," and hurried out

of the room. "A good motive should atone for mistake," said the brave Mrs. Glenn. "I hope you'll bear no enmity."
"None at all," said Mrs. Willis.

have been very much amused."
But Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Martin were not amused, I fear; and that very night they quarreled so violently about the matter, each blaming the other as the instigator, that neither ever spoke to the

CURRANT JELLY.—A pound of white sugar to a dint of juice. Pound and sift with anything new? said Mrs. Glenn, "people are as "No," said Mrs. Gle sugar and treat as hot as possible

Fifty Years Back.

Just fifty years ago Edmon S. Connor,

who was a pall-bearer at Fechter's funeral, made his first appearance on any stage, acting Young Norval in Humes's play of "Douglas," at the Walnut-street Theater. Six years later he became the Favorite actor of Philadelphia, and "Our "Where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile."
"How vile man is sometimes," said Mrs. Glenn.
"Ah!" said Mrs. Martin.
"I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Glenn has been flirting with some one," thought Mrs. Willia. Ned" was the favorite of the theatervariably the occasion of houses thronged "I have photographs of all sister to overflowing. Over half a century of Sarah's children," said Mrs. Willis, "I'll show them to you if you like. They're first year, an experience that only a few actors possess, and his fund of anecdote and rich store of reminiscence would make a book full of the most delightful reading. He delights in telling them. looking at innocent children's faces. We looking at innocent children's faces. We have come to tell you something, Mrs. member "Our Ned" well, both as an actor and a manager. At one time he had the Arch Street Theater, and presented among other stars, no less a light than Charlette Cushman, at that time she was gleaning her first laurels. Conner married in early life the daughter of John Barnes, a New York City actor of repute. The lady became an actress, too, and for many years supported "Our Ned" in his starring tours. As a writer of sketches and stories she was well known as Charlette Barnes. About twenty years ago she died after a brief illness, and her husband has since then relinquished his profession and sought in retirement a solace for his grief, the edge of which he has scarcely succeeded in dulling. He lives in a fine old house just on the outskirts of Patterson and varies the occupation of caring an occasional visit to the city to meet with and talk to old friends. He is in Philadelphia now and also with a view of arranging to appear once more in the city of his birth and to take the last farewell to the stage in the city where he reaped his first laurels. Should he do this, and there is every reason to believe "And idols of clay may easily be shat-"And I've often said to myself, there will be a waking up for you, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Willis. "I am sure that I shall be distressed to hear that sult of such an engagement yery long any one has met with a misfortune." versary of his appearance on the stage in sult of such an engagement very hopefully. "But, bless me, it can care for itself, and I expect I shall step on that on a charge of piracy, notwithstanding or later," said Mrs. Glenn; "and again I | stage with more trepidation than I did on | the night of March 22, 1829, over fifty years ago, sir, when I appeared as Young Norval, my first appearance on any stage. advice on the subject," said Mrs. Willis. I was a young man then, but I had been and I scarcely think a woman could an actor in the cellars long before that, Mr. Conner's recollections of the

ounger Booth are of the warmest nature. He was the kindliest character, the best

ha!" he laughed, "great big white man and for Captain Pellatier to live on, who you, poor damn little nigger me." He by this time was in straitened circumha!" he laughed, "great big white man you, poor damn little nigger me." He then went on with the business of the play. Presently I missed him from my side, and seeing him up the stage called: "Come down, Mr. Booth, come down; for God's sake man, take the stage!" He is and for Captain Pellatier to live on, who by this time was in straitened circumselves of this opportunity to eology the grant scives of the losses of the losses of the scives of the losses of the losses of the losses of the scives of this opportunity to eology the grant sc "My dear friend," she said, "we be- play. Presently I missed him from my States authorities to recognize the claim. lieve you ought to know that you are side, and seeing him up the stage called:

My name is Cuffee Brown,

I always play de banjo While I dance about de town." The effect was wonderful. Never have I seen an audience so excited. There were cheers and yells and mad laughter, There in the midst of which Mr. Booth came down to me, and as I gave him the cue, 'What ails them?' He then, when silence was had, went on with the play. I never saw the last act better done "I have heard you were the first Amer

"I is a sassy nigger,

can 'Claude Melnotte' in this country?' Yes, I was, and I remember playing it afterwards with a great caste in Laneaster, this State. Colonel Forney then edited the Intellinger there and James of \$220,000, by far the largest fee ever Buchanan was of the audience. C. A. Logan, the father of Olive and Eliza, was the manager. I was the 'Claude, Logan played 'Damas,' Charles Porter, De Chappelles, J. G. Porter Beausant, J. Thoman (now an inmate of the Forrest Home) 'Glavis,' Mrs. Logan 'Mme De Chappelles,' Susan Cushman 'Pauline, and Charlotte Cushman, the 'Widow Melnotte.' Wasn't that a bill? We did great business with that company-a

large business, indeed." 'As you were the first 'Claude Melnotte' in this country, of course your 'Pauline' must have been the first 'Paul-

Who was she?" Richardson. She died as a Mrs. Fisher in St. Louis, twenty-six years ago. had been previously known as Mrs. Chapman. I know right after we played 'The Lady of Lyons' I came to Philadelphia and, with my wife, played thirty nights with Barnum at his museum, on Chestnut street. We did 'The Stranger, my wife as 'Mrs. Haller.' They wouldn't have anything else. It was a remarkable run in those days, for a piece was rarely played more than one night. I was so licited by Barnum to sign a contract for five years, but I wouldn't play on afternoons, and that stopped our negotiations. But, dear me, what a change since then! I think, as I heard my old friend, John McDonough, say the other day, that the dramatic art has advanced, but that the actors are no better. Popular taste creates the kind of actors we have at all times. If we are to have society depicted on the stage-if the demand is for that sort of thing, there will quickly arise actors for such plays. The school of criticism is improved more wonderfully than anything else. It has made the greatest strides toward a higher plane. In my early days there was no newspaper to point out my faults, to call a halt on my mannerisms. Now, however, there are great numbers of scholarly, discerning nen, who watch with keen eye everything done upon the stage, and praise or con-demn with justice and discrimination. suppose I could go on talking to the end of my life's walk, but I am getting garrulous, I am afraid, in my old age." Philadelphia Times.

A SUMMER IDYL .- A bee flew out in the sunny air by a boy so blithe and young, who laughed and screamed without a care, and would not hold his tongue. The scene it changed; with sob and shrick the vault of heaven rung; and homeward flew the bee so meek, while the small boy held his stung.—Marathon Independent.

Milk Injections. As long ago as 1859, in a story entitled the "Lifted Veil," George Eliot tells of a wicken woman whose agency in a mysterious murder was exposed by transfusing blood into the heart of the just-deceased victim, who revives for a few minutes under the experiment and denounces the murderer. A simple way of effecting this purpose has been revealed by some recent experiments of Professor Thomas, of this city, whose observations on the intra-venous injection of milk have attracted the general attention of the medical profession. In one of Professor Thomas' cases, the patient was moribund when the first injection of warm milk into her veins was made, and the unanimous opinion of the assembled physicians was that death was inevitable. Life was prolonged six days by means of five injections, varying in quantity from 8 to 15 ounces. From this and other cases, Dr. Thomas concludes that the injection of milk into the circulation in place of blood is a perfectly safe and feasible operation, easier to perform than transfusion of blood, and of equal efficiency in cases of exhaustion from profuse and repeated hemorrhages. These experiments are in curious agreement with those of Dr. Wulfsberg performed on rabbits and dogs in the laboratory of Professor Marme at Gottingen. After bleeding the animals until all movement respiration and circulation

ceased. Dr. Wulfsberg injected milk into their veins. The operation was in-stantaneously followed by rythmical contractions of the heart, and finally by re-establishment of respiratory move ments, and, what is more singular still, upon their cessation, after the stimulant had spent its force, life movements were incited again by repeating the injection. Some of the moribund dogs even barked under the influence of the milk. The microscopic relations of this subject would be of no interest to the general reader, but the fact that life movements, whether by excitation of the nervous centres, or by direct irritation of the heart, can be restored after they have ceased, in a manner at once so simple and so readily applied, is of the utmost practical importance. N. Y. Times.

A Bio FEE .- During the first year of the war, Captain Pellatier, a Frenchman by birth, but a naturalized American, was sailing with his merchant vessel in Haytien waters, when he was siezed upon by a war vessel of that country. His on a charge of piracy, notwithstanding they clearly proved their innocence. All crew except him were executed why he was not also he never knew. He was kept a prisoner for two years in very unhealthy prison, during which his health was permanently ruined. Finally he escaped to the United States. He presented his case to the authorities at Washington, but owing to the excite-"Good!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn, "how to you know he is better than any other ann—that he is not even untrue to you?"

Mrs. Willis started to her feet in ingligation.

"Stop," said Mrs. Glenn. "We have ome to speak. It is our to this complete the speak. It is our to his Othello, and he came dancing upon to he stage to meet me in the third act and stopped just in front of me. "Ha! has meet to look your larger me."

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"He was the kindliest character, the best matured, the most winning man I ever knew; of his faults I cannot speak. No young actor ever received anything but encouragement at his hands. I do remember one think well that I don't think has ever been told. It happened, I become to speak, and will speak. It is our uty to namask a hypocrite."

"Stop," said Mrs. Glenn. "We have member one think well that I don't think has ever been told. It happened, I become to his Othello, and he came dancing upon the stage to meet me in the third act and stopped just in front of me. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, "great big white man and for Captain Pellatier to live on, who this firm was in straitened eigen. The stage will be anything to anything of the kind in the war, his case was neglected by the war, his case on the indian devertue and press of other business du

the Government having been changed by revolution since the time of the out-At last the United States, through her Minister, demanded a settlement at once, and the Haytiens went to work in carnest to examine the claim. Last week Judge Cason received a letter from Mr. Langston, United States Minister at Hayti, that that Government had agreed to settle the demand of Captain Pellatier at \$600,000 payable at \$200,000 in three, six and twelve months. Only a few weeks ago the Captain wrote Judge Cason that he was actually suffering for want of the necessaries of life. In a few days he

the amount recovered, giving him a fee paid an Indiana lawyer. CARDINAL NEWMAN AND JOHN WESLEY. -Cardinal Newman is an Englishman, and one of the most distinguished of a generation that is now fast passing away. He is eminent by an earlier right than that conferred by the recent favor of Leo XIII. The Catholics of the British Empire who approached him yesterday praised him in a five-fold capacity of theologian, philosopher, historian preacher and poet, and with art they magnified his power and influence before as well as since he submitted to the authority of the Roman Church. We "Let me see. It was in the old Park are told that before this great transfer of Theatre, in New York. It was Mrs. all allegiance he had, in the opinion of Englishmen, attained a personal influence over the minds of men such as had been wielded "by no minister of any rank in the Established Church during the three centuries of its existence.' may smile at the assumption that the English Church only dates from the period of the Reformation, and may

will be a wealthy man. By agreement, Judge Cason has a fee of 37 per cent. of

doubt whether, as a fact of history, the influence of Dr. Newman could be compared with that exercised by John Wesley. If men are to be ranked as men, if the energy of an individual personality throws into the furthest shade the circumstances of birth and fortune, then it must be admitted that the contempo rary influence of Wesley far exceeded any that of Cardinal Newman has ever exercised; and the far-spreading organiza-tions in the United Kingdom, in America and in Australasia that now derive their history from the originating impulse of Wesley's action outnumber aught that we can anticipate hereafter as the especial fruits of Cardinal Newman's mis-But we do not wish to dwell on sion. ungracious comparisons. Not even the pardonable exaggerations of his devoted

time. - London Times, August 16th. NEATNESS.-Neatness is a personal quality, and belongs to refinement of character. Cleanliness is something another can do for you; the laundress, the barber, the tailor, the bootblack, chambern aid and housemaid may keep you immaculately clean. But this is not a moral quality. Many children are kept clean by two, three or more suits a day, making a vast amount of work for others, but not educating the children to be neat in any sense—a life long disadvantage to every child so treated. Teach your children to keep their clothes, their hands and faces clean, to be neat in habit, to avoid making any unnecessary work, and you have given them a passport to the highest society, developed a quality that will insure refinement and delicacy, and the highest consideration for others; the ele-

ment of a true gentleman or lady.

friends can prevent our confessing that

Cardinal Newman has been and is one of

EARLY IRON MATING IN ENGLAND. - In the reign of Ec and III. iron was so scarce that the pots, spits and fryi: g pans of the royal kitchen were class. among the King's jewels. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, English iron was not only dearer but inferior to that manufactured on the continent. During the fifteenth century, the manufacture of iron began to be extensive in Sussex where the ore and timber for smelting i abounded, and iron mills soon becan e numerous in the country: The landed proprietors entered into the business eagerly, and not only were many ancient houses enriched thereby, but several new men acquired wealth and founded fami lies. In the forest of Dean also, where wood was plentiful, iron was largely smelted. The land, however, soon became denuded of trees in consequence of the exclusive use of charcoal for smelting; people were alarmed, and many edicts were fulminated restricting the manufacture of iron. Eventually the feeling became so strong that from the time of the restoration the iron manufacture of England rapidly declined. Coal was known, but there was a prejudice against its use on account of its supposed pestilential qualities. Coal, moreover, as then used, in juriously affected the quality of the iron, and it was not till the beginning of the 18th century that the first real steps for overcoming the difficulty was taken. THE SPRINGFIELD GAS MACHINE.

Messrs, Johnston & Holden, of this city, have been appointed agents for a machine for the manufacture of gas, which reduces the price of that article to about one-half of the present cost. This ma-chine is designed for lighting isolated buildings or those situated beyond the reach of the gas mains. It is very sim ple in its arrangement and requires but little skill to manage it. The machine is perfectly safe, as no fire is required in its manufacture, and the gas made is of a pure, white color that does not injure the eyes. Johnston & Holden have had twenty years' experience in California and Oregon in creeting gas machines and they state that the Springfield Gas Iachine is the most perfect of any they have ever had any knowledge of. These gentlemen are practical plumbers of Portland, and we can assure our readers that they would not give their sanction to anything that was not just what it was

"Guy Mannering" has followed in order succession at the Lyceum Theater, with our energetic country woman, Miss Genevieve Ward, in the character of Meg Merrilies. Miss Ward's acting is described as strong and picture que.

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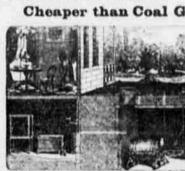
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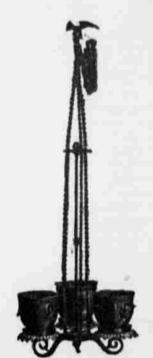
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