—They were having so much merriment at a Rochester wedding that a young man of the name of Link drew a revolver and began in fun to terrify the young women guests with threats to shoot them. Pretty soon the weapon did go off, and the bullet went through Miss Libby Grush's cheek, knocked out three of her teeth, and lodged in the root of her tongue. That stopped the fun, and half the wedding guests went off with Link to testify in the police court that it was all an accident.

From Acute to Chronic

Is an easy stage in cases of dyspepsia. A slight attack of indigestion, especially when there is a predisposition to digestive weakness of the stomach, must speedily culminate in the more obstinate form of the disease. It is well, therefore, to adopt preventive measures early. Although Hostetter's Stomach Bitters overcomes, if persisted in, cases of dyspepsia of long standing, it is obviously the part of wisdom to use it ere the malady assumes a chronic phase. This is particularly true, because as dyspepsia advances, it engenders other bodily evils, such as disorder of the liver, constipation or undue looseness of the bowels, nervous disorders, hypochondria, sleeplessness. These maladies are both prevented and remedied by the Bitters, but how much better to check them in their outset with the great alterative, than to wait until they established a firmer foothold in the system. Surely the advisability of this must be apparent.

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J 42

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET

The wholesale New York market quotations show:

Beans.—Prime 1.70a1.75 fair to good 1.60a1.65 per bushel.

Butter.—N. Y. sold at 24c. for choice in tubs, and 14a17c. common to good. Western sold at 26c., and the common Western at 19c.

Cheese.—Factory fancy 9¼c.; do. fair 8c.

Eggs.—Quotations ranged from 29c. for ordinary to 24c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Flour.—Superfine New York and Western, 5.75a6.75; extra New York $4.15a$5.75.

Hay.—Shipping 35a45c.; clover 30a40c. salt, 30a40c., straw 25a40c.

Hops.—New York 8a15c. Eastern 10a12c.; Pacifics 5a8c., olds 2a4c.

Petroleum.—Refined 10½c., crude 5¼c. in bulk, in barrels 8¼c. Naptha 8c. in shipping order and 13a14c. in cases and 10 in bulk.

Pork.—New mess $11.20a11.55. Family mess 12.00, extra prime 11.50. Dressed hogs 5a5¾c.

Wheat.—Spring No. 2, $1.00. Milwaukee No. 2, $1.15. Amber 1.06¼. White 1.10.

Rye.—State 61½c

Wool.—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia fine XX 40a42c, xx 36a38c., x34a37c. No. 1 36a38c. No. 2, 33a36c.; common 30a32. New York and Western xx 36a38c., x and fine 34a37, 35a34a37c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Flour.—State family $4.87, rye flour 3.25 Wheat. State 1.06. Amber 1.08. Corn, yellow, 52½c.; mixed State 52c.

Petroleum.—Refined 9¾c.; crude, 7¾c.

Wool.—State and Western xx 36a37c.; x 35a36c.; medium 35a37; coarse 30a33c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO.—Cattle, good quality, $4.95. Hogs, fair to good 3.45a4.65 best 4.90.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle 4.70; medium to good 4.50a4.75; common to fair 3.75a4.30. Hogs, Yorkers, 3 40a3.65; Philadelphias 3 90a4.20. Sheep, 3.25a4.25.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice 7.50a7.75; first quality 6.00a6.50; second quality 5.00a5.50. Hogs, first quality 4.00a4.75. Sheep and lambs—wool sheep 3.45a5.50; extra 3.00a5.00; sheared 3¼a5¼c.; spring lambs 3½a5c.; veal calves 3a5c.

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TO MY DEAD BIRD.

BY MARIE OLIVER.

'Tis only an empty bird-cage
Upon the marble stand,—
And a tiny, voiceless songstress
Within my outstretched hand.
The world moves on as ever,
Buds bloom and shrubs outleaf;—
Strive as I may my heart takes on
A deep and nameless grief.

A thousand arts and graces
Have ceased with this dead heart;
A thousand winsome beauties
Have played their little part.
I hold within my outstretched hand
A creature made by Him
Who gave us love, who gave it life,
Then took it back again.

Poor little silent songstress,
With ruffled plumage brown;
Thou art not like us, immortal
Heir to a golden crown.
And yet with truth it seems to me
A thought most passing strange,
That He who gave thee life below,
Should not there give it range.

My heart had wandered unchecked forth
To meet and cheer thine own;
And round our friendship warm, sincere,
Love's tendrils firm had grown.
I reach out after thee in death,
With longings hard to quell;
For round thee, creature as thou art,
There hung a magic spell.

And now, 'tis but an empty cage
Upon a marble stand;
Its inmate lying voiceless, still,
Close clasped within my hand.
And oh! how bitter 'tis to know
When love I here have given,
The object of my heart-pulse warm,
Will not be mine in heaven.

Ethel Trevoir's Pride.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"Carl Earlscourt, do you taunt me? Have I no self-respect, think you, no pride, simply because I am poor and owe you for a home during all these years of orphanage? Mock me no more with protestations of a love you cannot feel."

How proud she was; this girl, Ethel Trevoir; eyes, nose and lips all showed that; handsome, too, with warm, haughty Italian blood growing in her cheeks, red lips, curling scornfully, and the dark eyes of her race looking out from under a broad brow framed with glossy, jet-black braids. She was pacing the richly carpeted floor, and her lithe, queenly form never showed to greater advantage than it did now, as she walked to and fro. What grace and elasticity there were in her limbs! With all her beauty of feature and elegance of form, she had, perhaps, a right to be proud.

The man stood with folded arms confronting her. Most women would not have waited to be asked twice to marry Dr. Carl Earlscourt. Highly cultured and rich, and standing at the head of his profession, he was considered by manœuvering mammas the best catch by all odds in the market. His physical attractions were great. Tall and stately, with a face as regularly beautiful as a Greek statue, and a brown, healthy glow on his cheeks, he shamed all the pale, narrow-chested Adonises in the city. Very grave the noble face looked now, and the blue eyes rested with an expression of mingled sternness and sadness on the girl who had so wronged him.

"And this is my reward for all these years of care and anxiety!" he exclaimed. "I have spared no expense in your education, treating you as a father might a child, and you repay me by deliberately trampling upon my heart's purest feeling. Such generosity well becomes your sex, but I had hoped something better from you, Ethel Trevoir."

His calm, contemptuous tone, the imperious stateliness of his manner, irritated her beyond bounds. She stamped her pretty foot with anger, crying as she did so:

"Taunt me no more. Will you make me hate you? I know I owe you a debt I can never liquidate. You took me from the gutter, a naked, half-starved child. You reared and educated me as though I had been your own daughter. Why did you do all this if you expected I should requite the debt to the utmost farthing?"

A withering smile of scorn and bitterness distorted his Apollo like features.

"You reason like a woman," he said, coldly. "I compliment your logic. I must confess myself that I cannot imagine why I should have meted out such kindness to you. Of course I knew what the returns would be."

"Doctor Earlscourt, you make me repent the day I ever entered your house," cried Ethel, fiercely. "I would rather have died in the street than to have lived to be taunted thus with ingratitude. I will never eat another meal under your roof, no, never. I leave you from this hour. As I earn the money I will pay you for the expenses you have incurred on my account."

"What can you do, child? You cannot earn your bread. There are a thousand girls just like you that cannot find work enough to do to pay for their lodging."

"I had forgotten to tell you, sir, that I have already secured a situation as a teacher in the Academy. I never intended to remain here any longer after I could earn my own living."

"Ethel Trevoir, your pride will ruin you. Why will you not listen to me? I love you; stay here and be mistress of Earlscourt Hall."

His voice had lost its sternness, but the face was grave and passionless, only the eyes were full of shadowy splendor.

"No, no; you do not love me. It is only pity you feel for the orphan girl. I should scorn myself were I to accept a home by such a sacrifice. I will hear no more. To-morrow I leave here forever. I will no longer be a burden to you."

"Mark me, Ethel, you will regret the step. Have you not been happy here?"

His voice was low and musical, and vibrated with feeling. It touched a chord in her heart. Proud, passionate, as she was, the girl had a heart as tender as a child's. Tears started in her eyes, and she sprang forward and clasped his hands.

"My guardian, forgive me," she said, "let us not part in anger. All that I am I owe to you, and I have been very happy here. But do not urge me to remain, for I cannot receive any more favors from your hand."

"Proud girl, go," he said, putting away her hand. "You have no heart, or you would not wrong me thus. Leave me, I want you no longer here; but remember, when trials assail you in coming years and you wish a home, the doors of Earlscourt Hall are open to you."

He walked away, stern and haughty, and the good angel was stilled again in Ethel Trevoir's heart.

"He is as proud as I am," she thought, as she dashed the tears from her eyes, while a proud, defiant look flashed from that splendid face. "I will never come back here, no, never; and some day I may be as rich as he."

Ten years prior to this, Dr. Carl Earlscourt had found Ethel Trevoir a wanderer in the streets of New York. Struck with her beauty, and sympathizing with her loneliness, he had taken her home and adopted her as his own child. He was rich and witeless, and no expense was spared to give the girl a superior education. And she learned easily. She possessed rare intellectual powers, and sought truth with avidity. At the examination she had borne away the palm, and Carl Earlscourt, stern and grave, and twice her age, had felt, in that moment of her triumph, that the haughty, cultivated, self-poised girl of nineteen was the only woman he could ever love. The truth fell on him like a flash. And this was the end. Proud and sensitive, deeming that the rich, brilliant, cynical Dr. Earlscourt felt more of pity than of love, her haughty soul yet smarting with the sense of unrecompensed obligation, she refused him with all the scorn of an injured woman.

There were unshed tears in the eyes of Ethel when she left the grand house that had been her home so long, but she laid firm hold of her heart strings, and no one could have known that the stately, dignified woman felt aught of weakness at the hour of parting. Dr. Earlscourt did not present himself to bid her good-bye, and though it was easier to leave thus, the proud girl felt injured that he should not have recognized her position. And there was a regretful pang too in her heart at the thought that she had incensed the man to whom she was indebted for so much. Ah! and was there no other feeling working in that proud heart? Did she love or did she not love the grave, lonely man from whom she was estranged? Ethel hardly knew her own heart. She knew it better in the days to come.

Two years sped gently away. In that time Ethel Trevoir had advanced far on her chosen path. Brave, energetic, brilliant, she made herself a name. From an assistant teacher she had risen to be the head of the seminary in which she taught. But she was more than a salaried teacher. There was a rising star in the literary world. Yes, Ethel Trevoir had written books. The most cultivated thinkers were proud of her friendship. She was an honored guest in the most fashionable drawing rooms.

She was happy now you think. Look at her now, as she stands by her window, looking out upon the night. Do those restless, gloomy, searching eyes betoken peace of mind? Does that perplexed, frowning brow speak of a heart at rest? Ethel Trevoir has won fame, she is rich and courted, but she is not satisfied.

She has met her former guardian but seldom since the time of their estrangement. He was graver, sterner than ever, and Ethel's heart felt a touch of remorse as she saw the gray among the dark locks clustering upon the noble brow. But the old pride came to her aid, and she banished the thought, silencing the better part of her nature by fierce, unceasing activity. Her labors were brought to a sudden halt at last.

Yellow fever in its most malignant type was striding through the city. Various means were devised by the board of health to arrest the advancing evil, but the fatality increased in spite of all their labors. All ages and classes were assailed, and the colossal evil entered every precinct. Whole families were stricken down in a day. All who were able left the city, but the exodus was limited by impossibility.

Ethel stayed, lured by some malignant spell, and for a long time resisted the disease, but one sultry August day she felt the burning fever upon her. In a few hours she was delirious, and from that instant knew nothing till she awoke and saw Dr. Earlscourt bending over her.

"How long have I been ill?" she asked, after the first surprise.

"Ask no questions, child. You are safe, but you need sleep and rest."

She obeyed, and soon a drowsiness fell upon her and she slept. She was saved from that hour. In a few days she was convalescent, and the color came back to the pale cheek once more. She learned that she had been sick a fortnight, dangerously sick, and that Dr. Earlscourt's skill was the only thing that saved her. What did she not owe that man? Yet that pride, the bane of her life, rose up against him.

"He cares not for me," she thought, "he is in love with his profession. Why should I care for his attention? He would have done the same for the humblest maid in the poor house."

So Ethel steeled her heart and went about her labor as serenely apparently as if Carl Earlscourt had never existed.

He called to see her one evening as she was busy with her pen, coming in in his old way, stately, but with the grace of an Antinous. Ethel felt her heart give a wild leap as she heard his step, and she looked up with a slightly flushed face to meet his earnest gaze.

"Ah, Ethel," he said, and his voice was very fascinating though slightly tinged with reserve. "So you are at your labors again, but I must admonish you to be careful and not overwork yourself. I should not care to spend a week again to grasp you from the grave. You are not as strong as you should be."

"Dr. Earlscourt, why did you not let me die?" she cried, yielding at once to the feeling that possessed her. "I did not want to live. What right had you to step in between death and me?"

"Child, I saved you for myself, I saved you because you are not prepared to die. You have been leading an unhappy life. I have read your very soul, child, in your published pages. All its griefs and yearnings were disclosed therein as freely as though you had opened your heart to me. Ethel, you love me, deny it not."

"I do deny it, sir," she cried, coming to the battle shock with all her old spirit. "You are nothing to me. I know not as I have a heart. If I have it is ice, all ice."

"Ethel, it is your pride, your stubborn pride, that keeps you from acknowledging the truth. Listen to the dictates of your conscience. Your life, all that you are, you owe to me. Remember the debt is no small one, yet you can easily liquidate it."

His condescending air, the vaunting in his tone, incensed her more than she could have wished.

"Why are you so unjust? The last time we met you upbraided me with ingratitude, and you have not yet forgotten to taunt and sneer. All you have done was done voluntarily, and I have paid a fair remuneration for all services."

"Ethel, I ask more," and his whole face lighted up and the fine mouth trembled. "I have loved you for long dreary months. Child, why will you not give me your heart?

"Because I should be miserable as your wife. Our marriage would be a mockery. You know not what love is. You miss my presence and am lonely, but that is not love. You pity my helplessness and deem that I need a masculine arm for support. I thank you for your care, but I shall not marry for gratitude. I respect you as a protector. You are my dearest friend. I never can forget what you have done, but your wife I will never be."

A shadow crept upon his face. The lips curved with a smile of contempt.

"You are chasing a shadow, Ethel, I read your proud heart. You will not bend to me because you deem I think myself a greater. Your ambitious soul aspires to lottier heights. But I am done, Ethel, I see that you will never bow your heart to mine. I leave you and shall never trouble you more. I had hoped that you would forget the past, but I was mistaken. Pride and ambition are sorry victuals to a hungry soul you will find one of these days, but it will be too late. Even I cannot save you then."

"Oh, my guardian," she cried, when he was gone, "you have wronged me, bitterly wronged me. He knows not that I love him, that he is all I have, and now he has left me never to trouble me more. Ah! will he never come to see me again? I would give my life for that man's smile. Oh, what do I hear?"

There was a sharp cry, a loud tumult in the street, and Ethel, looking forth, saw a wrecked carriage and a horse frantically careering and struggling in the hands of half a dozen men. And that was not all she saw. Whose was that limp, senseless form, blood-stained and dirt-covered, that they were bearing into her very door? Where was the beauty, the stateliness that had once been the pride of Carl Earlscourt? Could it have ever been possessed by that mangled, death-like form?

Shrieking, "It is Carl! he is dead, he is dead!" Ethel darted madly down the stairs. She learned the story in a few words. His horse had been frightened by the crack of a torpedo, and dashing wildly down the street, crushed the carriage against a side post. The doctor was thrown out by the shock, and had been picked up for dead.

But Carl Earlscourt was not destined to die that time, though it was weeks before he walked the streets again. Ethel was his nurse through it all, and scarcely left his side. Her presence had been greeted by the doctor with a look of surprise, but he said nothing, and gladly submitted himself to her care. But one day, when he was able to hobble about with a crutch, he spoke.

"Ethel," he said, taking a sum of money from his purse and placing it in her hand, "here is your compensation for your care and toil during my confinement. I am under obligations to you for all your kindness, but I can dispense with your services now. I have sent a servant for a carriage, and I will leave your house as soon as it arrives."

Ethel gazed at him a moment, and then, with a low cry, sprung forward and grasped his hand.

"Forgive me, Carl! oh, forgive me and let me go with you if you must go, for I love you."

She could say no more, for her voice failed her, and the hot tears filled her eyes.

A great wave of happiness swept over Carl Earlscourt's face, and as he clasped her to his bosom, he said:

"Mine at last! Oh, Ethel, all this happiness might have been ours years ago if you had only willed it. Ethel, Ethel, my loved one, never let this pride come between us again."

"I never will, I never will," she sobbed, "for I love you well. And now you will forgive me, Carl?"

"Now and forever, dear one, and we will be happy at last. The joy of this hour shall banish all remembrance of the past."—*Messenger, Hillsboro, N. H.*,

The Coal Miners.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has been travelling in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and comes away with the impression that the miners are generally in comfortable circumstances. "One looks in vain in the Wyoming Valley," he says, "for any signs of crushing poverty. The houses of the miners are generally neat and comfortable cottages. They are surrounded by little plots of ground, and these are either already in or coming into a fair state of cultivation. Some of these cottages are bare enough; the common shanty, without sign of taste, and sometimes without cleanliness; but others of them are not only neat, but attractive." Abbott thinks that the miners, as a class, are law abiding, industrious, and sober, and are not led by demagogues to any great extent. Work on half or quarter time sometimes brings suffering; and he gives the following story of how cheaply a family can live: "A German, with five in his family, was thrown out of employment. He owned his cottage, so that he had no rent to pay. He had in his house a little provision, and in his garden $20. During six months he succeeded in earning $21.25. This was all the money that he received, and he had no other help. He supported his family on the $21.25 for that six months. I asked my informant on what he lived. He could not tell me; probably on corn meal at $1.25 a hundred, and milk, with a little fat bacon, but without tea, coffee, or sugar."

Novelties in Fashions.

The Beef-eater is a new English round hat of great size, with the broad brim rolled upward on the left side and trimmed with several plumes, some of which are short and nodding over the front, while others sweep backward around the crown. It is shown in black felt, with the brim ornamented with gold cord and with black ostrich plumes.

Feather bonnets without crowns are to take the place of the dressy flower bonnets lately in vogue. They are simply a band of closely curled and shaded feathers held by loops of satin ribbon; a piping of satin is in front, and the strings are of satin.

A new caprice is that of having a demi-long ostrich plume fastened by a bow just inside the brim of the bonnet a trifle toward the left, and curling it along the right side of the bonnet on the edge of the brim as a face trimming. Sometimes a cord of gold or a golden ribbon is used to hold the feather.

Among the novelties in ribbons is satin ribbon with polka dots of velvet. This is handsome in beige or in old gold shades for trimming black velvet bonnets. New watered ribbons are also shaded from the palest tint to the darkest of a single color; the wrong side of such ribbons is of satin.

To wear with linen collars are fine linen cravats edged with linen lace. The linen is pleated like a fan partly open, and the lace is new feathery patterns of torchon. New neck-ties are of satin, with mossy flowers raised from the surface like the pile of velvet.

A Sea Lawyer.

What we call a 'sea lawyer' says an old ship owner, is a sailor who has developed a morbid fancy for the building up of a system of personal rights as assured to him by law, and a wicked ingenuity in making opportunities for self-demonstration. He has studied it all, and knows to a nicety just how far he can go to tantalize and madden his officers without overstepping, by so much as a hair's breadth, the exact line of legal safety. Such a being is a terror on ship-board. He is eternally coming into collision with the officers and inciting other men to do so. It is no wonder if, sometimes, he has grounds for an action for damages when he gets into port. But it is hardly possible that he cannot find some excuse for a suit. Litigation is to him as the breath of his nostrils, and there is no need for his ally, the sailor's lawyer, to send runners to hunt him up when he gets on shore.

—The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones.

A Minister on Dancing.

The Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, in a sermon to his congregation in New York said there was not a single amusement on the face of the earth which had received the ban of all nations to so great an extent as dancing. To illustrate this he quoted from the Bible. "This girl, Herodias's daughter," said he "was a professional dancer. Dancing was consistent with riot, murder and immorality. The first chapter of the book of Esther relates how the king made a feast for his male friends. The wine-cup passed around, songs were sung, stories were told, and when all were drunk the King commanded that the Queen should be brought in. What for? Ordinary amusements would not suffice. Dancing was in order. The Queen refused to appear before such a company and the King divorced her from him because she refused to do what thousands of Christian women in New York to-day would do if they had a chance. From the time of Cain down to the present day dancing has always been a world's amusement. A boy cannot leave his Sunday-school to go to a dancing-school with any less danger than he would incur in frequenting a gambling-hell."

You would not want a Christian woman," continued the preacher, "dressed is ball costume to come to the bedside of your dying wife to speak words of good cheer. The wildest savage is not fit to murder the settler and take his scalp until he has danced the war dance. A particular dress is required for the dance. The lady who received her guests at a dancing party in ordinary attire would be ostracised. At the same time, her dancing costume would be scandalous on the street or at a dinner-table. The plea that you dance for exercise is absurd. You never lock yourself in your room and dance for an hour. Dancers must have the excitement of being in public. Any one who has passed the summer at Saratoga for the past five years can see how public dancing has fallen off since the public halls were built. There is comparatively little dancing because there is nobody now to look on except at great balls. When Mrs. Sherman entered her protest against round dancing she did not make it as a religious woman. She is a fashionable woman and a woman of the world. She made the protest in behalf of the morals of her children. Mrs. Polk banished dancing from the White House because it was an amusement unfit for the national halls. The most dreadful place in Paris to-day—and I am sorry to say every one goes there, even ministers and deacons—is a dancing hall, and scenes are enacted there that a Mohawk Indian would not tolerate in his kingdom, unless his braves were on the eve of going into battle. Dancing adds nothing to our enjoyment. A dancing hall is as mischievous as a dram shop would be in the vestibule of a church. I have seen men sit smiling in a dancing hall, looking at their wives in the embraces of other men in the round dance, who would shoot the couple if they assumed such attitudes in any other place. The world would sustain them in the shooting, too. It is disgraceful for Christian women to dance. Dancing is not only foolish, but it is sinful."

Dare Not Deny It.

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for, to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three;" then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering: "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private:"

"DEAR DOCTOR: You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit" (a ten-pound note), "and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what the matter was with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition.

—Louis Hopson killed himself, in Washington, because a girl whom he loved would not marry him; but he seems to have died with more revengefulness than love in his heart, for he left a note to her in which he said: "Before this reaches you I shall be a corpse. In one hour my soul shall be suffering the torments of the damned, and it was you who drowned me." This has had the desired effect, for the nearly demented girl accuses herself of murder.

—A workingwoman says if the sturdy, industrious girls should stop marrying and supporting the fellows who stand on the street corners and smoke fifteen cent cigars for a living, there would be ten tramps on the road where there is one now.

GENERAL ITEMS.

—A Russian ukase empowers the police to enter workshops at all hours for search and arrest.

—The appraisers fix the value of the estate of the late Wm. S. O'Brien of San Francisco, at $9,655,459,77.

—At a barbecue at Silver Creek, Ga., last week eighty-four sheep and thirty oxen and hogs were roasted.

—Salad-dressing, according to a Spanish proverb: "A spendthrift to put in the oil, a miser to put in the vinegar, a wise man to pepper and salt and a madman to stir."

—The Lincolnshire Rifle Volunteers were recently turned out for a parade and a sham fight, when the discovery was made that they had been served with ball cartridge.

—There are seventy-five vessels in port at Charleston, S. C., some fifty of which are square-rigged vessels employed in the foreign trade. Seven of them fly American colors.

—William Lloyd Garrison celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship in the Newburyport *Herald* office a few ago by putting in type one of his own poems from memory.

—A shipowner of Zaandam, Holland, is worth $80,000,000, but he lives in a house worth about $4,000, and he enjoys himself sitting in the little door-yard with his two daughters playing dominos.

—James Lee, formerly proprietor of a bleachery at Somerville, Mass., is charged by the Mystic Water Company with having surreptitiously tapped the company's pipes and during twelve years filched water to the value of $96,000.

—A Providence swindler coolly sold a house to which he had no claim, and received $2,700 for the forged title. The owner first learned of the sale when the supposed purchaser ordered him to