

# J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor.

# **VOLUME I.**

The Sea's Answer. The pale moon rushed along the stormy sky, Now hid, now seen, like some belated bark That drives among the breakers aimlessly, Their white crests gleaming silver through

the dark. Pale as the moon, beneath the lighthous cowered

The silent watcher on the great stone pier; She saw how black the gathering cloud wrack lowered.

She heard the gale's hoarse warning muttering near;

She felt the kindred tumult in her breast, With Nature's angry mood was prompt to blend:

Yet the sea answered, stilling her unrest

"The hardest hap comes ever to the end. Though the great waves roll thundering to the

And o'er the reef the cruel surf-clouds foam, Though flerce and high the crashing reakers roar,

that?

e passes.

he had yound the door unatche had wandered in looking for s The station-master permitted the come in and stand behind the warm himself, for he was nigh per with the cold, and then the conve

His presence had been a burden; he had happily taken himself off, and they paid

and heed to his departure. A moment after the door opened, and Samson Gilder entered. 'The special is in sight, boys.

We must be off.' The men reluctantly went out to their

train, and the lovers met to part at the door. Her eyes were bright with ill-

It seems so long to wait-and all for

Nearer and nearer came the great yel-

ow star that had sprung up on the hori-

suppressed tears.

more.

Between the weary fisherman and home; Calm to its depths the tide will ebb at night.

The waves creep whispering backward from the Scar.

And as the cottage hearth shows welcome light The laden coble leaps the harbor bar Ears that can hear, hearts that can understand

Know Ocean tells us, like a staunch old friend.

"God holds the future in His loving hand, The hardest hap comes ever to the end." The red-roofed houses piled beneath the Head

In silent separate lights began to shine, The struggling moon her tearful radiance sheet On the grand beauty of the ruined shrine; From the quay-side, laugh, snatch of song, and

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And, regular as pulse's rise and fall, Boomed the long echo of the breaking sea And still the watcher on the great stone pier Lingered above the eternal waves to bend, Taking their answer home to hush and chee

LOVE AND A LANTERN.

Barstow's Siding is a small station on the G. S. and Western railway, and located out on the prairie at the edge of a bit of scrubby woods. The little village of Barstow is about a mile from the station, and to reach it one has to take a rough road through the woods. The line at this point is perfectly straight, and reaches to the horizon in both di-rections. These facts are essential to a right understanding of the events that took place at the station one night about

a little money.' 'I know it, dear; yet, when the com-pany do pay up, we shall have all the a year ago. Old Sam Britton, station-master, sat by the stove in the middle of the switchhouse looking at

to Mary. She led him away to her little desk by the window, and there they sat down together. Presently Jack Cinder same time he had come back to and one or two of the train men came and sat down by the dull red store. The conversation among the men for the first few moments had a local flavor, and needs no mention. Then it branched to matter, and after a few words they stor-ped abruptly. Tears brimmed the girl's eyes, and she turned away and gazed out the window at the glowing head-light. Then one of the brakemen said: "And the president is racing round the country in a drawing-room car. He's coming the foat to -the ditch,' said a deep voice that startled in the is plain that he did not use it. All the evidence goes to show that the engineer "Oh, Samson, how could you say that?" "Because I'm med. Here we can'to-

answer a charge of willfully wrecking a railroad train. Mary Britton lived years in those few weeks. She could not believe Samson had committed so great a wrong. Yet everything was against him. Track-layers bars were abundant enough He or the same for the same the spikes that the ward over all this a hundred times in asarch of something to prove him innocent, daily sending and receiv-ing messages. One morning, as she sat that?' 'Because I'm mad. Here we can't-' He stopped, and the girl blushed carlet. 'The president can make excursions over the line, and disarrange II the time-tables, and yet we are two nontha waiting for our pay. I think-' He stopped and looked tower the door; a hidden creature, half make beast, stood unbidden before the dil. A tramp, foot-sore, homeless and hugry, he had found the door unlatche, and had wandered in looking for were.

him innocent, daily sending and record-ing messages. One morning, as she sat thinking bitterly of the sorrow that had invaded her life, her eyes fell on an old invaded her life, her eyes fell on an old invaded her life, her eyes fell on as old newspaper fallen under desk. She picked it up and opened it. The *Irons Trads Re-triew*. She eagerly turned to the second page. Ahl why had she forgotten these pictures? Strange black figures, etchings of iron, nature-printed. Given this slight clew, her mind leaped to a brave resolve. She would bring science to lowe's rescue. How, she could not tell. She had a vague idea of what might be done and, asking her father to attend to the tele-graph, she ran hastily out on the line and down the road toward the village. Stop-ping at a certain house, she found a young girl who was a good operator, and at once hired her to take her place at the station with the cold, and then the convertion lapsed into whispers. Suddenly there came the source of a distant whistle. The station matter looked at the switch bars to see the line was clear, and Samson Gile cose and said: 'That's William's tran. The go out and wave him a faiendly light as he passes.' The sound of the approaching the attrain came nearer, and the enginer took the lantern from the desk and went out. The others fell into silence as the ram-bling train crept past the door. The young girl stared at the great head-light in sorrowful silence, thinking, wishing at the station Before night she had taken every dol-

lar she had in the world from the sav-ings bank, and was on her way to the to slowly. Why had she lingered to drag too slowly. Why had she lingered so long idle, and Samson in danger? The day of the trial came on. At the trial all the testimony that we already know, and much more of less importance,

had been offered by the prosecution. The defence set up the previous good character of the prisoner, and that seem-

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.

obtained were exhibited. Samson Gilder sat with face averted. How could he deserve such love? It was too divine a gift. Why had he not known of her surpassing love for him, her mastery of mind and will that could accomplish such results, and all for him? He did not deserve so great a blessing. Some one else was testifying: A farmer living at Barstow and passed a man on the road, just before the accident, who muttered to himsen. The have my re-venge, whoever may suffer.

muttered to himser. TI have my re-venge, whoever may suffer.' A. Samuls testified that he had bought the old junk and refuse from the wreck, and had found a coat much torn, and probably belonging to a passenger. In the coat was part of a letter—a threat-ening letter addressed to "John Morley." "He was killed in the wreck," said Mary Britton, with sudden earnestness. "Silence! Let the witness proceed." This letter threatened John Morley with death for some past injury, and warned of some impending disaster. It was signed, "Fred Smythe." "There was a sudden movement at the rear of the court, and every one turned

rofusion.

to see what it meant. A man was push-ing roughly out of the seats, as if eager ressmakers. to escape. "By sixty!" cried the farmer from Barstow; "that's the feller I saw just afoore the smash." ndia muslin for head-dresses.

"It was a remarkable case," said the judge to his colleague, after the trial. "The woman must have been a person of extraordinary mind, to have planned the scheme, and to have won all those scientific people over to her side. I un-derstand she had not a cent in the world, and could not them nothing. Women

and could pay them nothing. Women will do anything for love."—Harper's Bazar.

"The Eastern Shore."

Separated in a manner from the rest of the world, yet in such juxtaposition as to render it within easy reach, that penin-sula bounded on the north and east by Delaware bay, on the south and east by the Atlantic, and on the west by Chesa-peake bay, containing the greater part

peake bay, containing the greater part of the State of Delaware, nine counties— about one-third—of Maryland, and two counties of Virginia, lies balmily lux-uriating in peace and plenty. The mys-terious flood of the Gulf stream flows close enough to this shore to soften the burnid climate to a mean temperature of the morning she had sat in the crowded court-room, watching the clock, and waiting and looking for some one, a strong and brave helper, to come to her assistance. At the last moment she spoke to the counsel, and asked for a spoke to the counsel, and asked for a

TIMELY TOPICS. For his latest poem, "The Defence of Lucknow," and its prelude, addressed to the memory of the Princess Alice, mak-ng altogether 127 lines, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate, received \$1,560, which is at the rate of nearly twelve dollars a line." Said the little boy, "I'll climb that tree,

The greatest activity prevails in car-rying of the preliminary measures for the construction of the submarine tunnel between Calars, France, and Dover, Eng-land. No less than 7,971 soundings have been taken, which have brought up 3,907 specimeas of different geological formations. The tunnel, which is to be 221 miles long, will be dug through a stratum of gray chalk.

Since the notable fire in Chicago many Since the notable fire in Chicago many places have tried to emulate that won-derfully successful cremation scene. Perhaps Boston deserves the second place in this hot competition. As far as destruction is concerned a city in Hayti has distanced both Boston and Chicago. The burning of the town, af Miragoane was the most successful thing of the kind on record. Of the 5,000 houses that composed Miragoane only two were left standing.

Silk nets are worn both in London and Gen. Fremont, Governor of Arizona Gen. Fremont, Governor of Arizona, has submitted to the government a plan for bringing the waters of the gulf of California back to the old basin in south-ern California, which he says would create an inland sea suitable for naviga-tion about 200 miles long, fifty miles broad and 300 feet deep. converting a desert region into a highway of com-merce. He thinks the climate of south-ern Arizona and southeastern California The patterns of Breton lace grow more Waistcoats are out of favor with French Black Breton lace is used to edge white Rosettes are used for cravat bows and ern Arizona and southeastern California would be tempered and improved by this

change. Persian lawn is a "new thin material Few people who see bananas hanging in fruit dealers' shops think of them as more than a tropical luxury. In Bonnets of narrow lace are made by fact, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as English dressmakers use handkerchiefs Ten-button silk gloves, in bright colors, Little straps to hold sashes in place are the last addition to children's dresses. twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that Single pleatings of illusion are placed under the brim of many of the new bon-

is the obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to get a living without work that no effort will be made and the men become lazy and intolerably shiftless. All that is needed. Brussels net, without dots, is the founlation of bonnets trimmed with Breton is to stick a cutting into the ground. It will ripen its fruits in twelve or thirteen

Tidies made of rosette of pink and months without further care, each plant blue silesia and bordered with lace are having from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five bananas; and when pretty. that dies down, after fruiting, new shoots spring up and take its place. In regions where frosts never reach, bananas

Arrows of humming birds' feathers are used on white straw bonnets trimmed with lace.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Mistake.

And bring down a nest I know!

Quoth the little girl, "I will not see

And their little hearts to break,

Leave them happy for my sake-

And their little eggs to steal . I . IT

(Nice brown back and orimson breast

"What a world," she cried; "ot blas, Full of birds and girls, were this? Blithe we'd answer to this and; But a great mistake it is

Fashion Notes

Caps are made of Algerian scarfs.

Toad-green velvet is worn in Paris.

Marabout feathers are to be used

Irish poplin is again worn in London.

Little birds defrauded so.

Cowardly their nests to take,

Snrely, little birds can feel."

All the conversation heard,

Boys were ever made at all."

aris.

nets.

niece.

aborate.

for children's dresses

ome French milliners.

o trim cashmere gowns.

are to be worn this summer.

Amber white is a new color.

Sitting trembling in her nest.

And the little robin-bird

are found in all stages of growth, ripen-ing their fruit every day and every month Neckties having medallions of Breton ace inserted in each end are very cheap n the year. and pretty.

The folded kerchief of transparent How Not to Get the Local News. linen lawn is to be worn this summer with gowns that open shawl-fashion. The other day an old and respected citi-zen came into our office, and, after paying Dresses for little girls are made up

The royal plate at Windsor is any longer; I have just subscribed for a Philadelphia paper which suits me pretty well, and it doesn't cost as much as the Ob-Here he handed us the paper for inspecprecious stones of every kind, of gold for his tongue.

"Good-Bye!" Falling leaf and fading tree, Lines of white in a sullen sea, Shadows rising on you and me The swallows are making them ready Good-bye, Summer ! Good-bye ! Good-bye! Hush ! A voice from the far-away !

1615

SUBSCRIPTION --- 82.50 per Annum, Payable in Advance.

" Listen and learn," it seems to say, "All the to-morrows shall be as to-day." The cord is frayed and the cruse is dry, The link must break and the lamp must die. Good-bye, Hope ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !

NUMBER 86.

What are me waiting for ? Oh ! my heart Kiss we straight on the brows and part ! Again ! Again ! My heart ! my heart ! What are we waiting for, you and I? A pleading look-a stifled cry. Good-bye, forever? Good-bye ! Good-bye Mar ..... -C. J. Whyte Melville.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A musical chap-Ban-jo. A wab race-Washerwomen. Always best when rare-Family broils. Peaceable Indians all stand in front of cigar stores.

"Bean bags" is the popular social game in England now. There are 610 locomtives owned by the Central-Hudson railroad.

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up.

One-sixteenth of all the milch cows in the country are owned by New York.

Eighty feet below the earth's surface at Sycamore. Ill., is an underground lake.

Is it not strange that a man can be on fire, and yet at the same time very much put out

Paris will celebrate her centennial November 18, 1884-Paris, Ky., by the way.

The horse is now to be met with in every country, except Lapland and Green-land, amid the region of eternal snows. Philadelphia, which eight years ago had only sixteen shoe factories, has now over 140. Their annual production is estimated at 48,000,000 pairs.

There was a young man in Oil City, Who considered himself very witty, He got off a pun To furnish the crowd fun, The way they lammed him was a pity. —Derrick.

The produce statistics of Nebraska for 1878 are given as follows by Professor Wilber: 26,000,000 bushels of wheat, 46,000,000 bushels of corn, 9,000,000 bushels of oats, 3,000,000 bushels of rye, 3,000,000 bushels of barley, 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes; 500,000 cattle, valued at \$7,000,000; 600,000 swine, valued at

\$5,000,000. to be worth £1,800,000. It includes a "I guess you needn't send me the paper which will dine 140 persons, and the which will dine 140 persons, and the same monarch added to the collection one of the finest wine coolers in the world, a shield formed of small boxes, worth £9,000, and thirty dozen plates, worth £10,000. There are also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and from India. The latter include a peacock of worth £30.000, and Tippoo's footstool, a tiger's head, with crystal teeth and a solid ingot

rear of the court, and every one turned

d about all that could be said. Mary Britton had given her testimony early in the trial, and that seemed the all that she could do. She had more to say, but was not yet ready to speak. All

Came fitful to the pier upon the breeze,

# "The hardest hap comes ever to an end." -All the Year Round.

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Lesson in Angel (5

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AKING.

low star that had sprung up on the hori-zon. From far came the long, wailing sound of the express whistle. The lov-ers heard it, and held each a tighter clasp. The tracks before the door began to 'sing.' The monster came on in frightful fury. Sparks shot up in foun-tains from its stack. The ground quiv-ered, the winds shook with its tread. Able a despairing scream from the ugly stove. His daughter Mary, aged nineteen, sat by the little telegraph ap-paratus near the window that looked out dcwn the line. By the aid of a lantern she was reading a stray newspaper, the Iron Trade Review—a strange paper for a girl to read, but it belonged to a dear friend, and some singular pictures had inter-ested her greatly. She was doing more. She read and listened. Not a thing Ah! a despairing scream from the whistle. stirred in the dull bare room save the restless sounder on her table. The in-cessant clatter of the machine fell on her An earthquake.

Some one rushed past the girl. She clasped the door for support, not know-ing what had happened. She looked out into the night, stunned and terrified. There was nothing—nothing, save a vast cloud of dust, white and ghostly in ear, and yet she heard it not. Elm City was talking to Centreville, forty miles through the night, and every word was spelled on her sounder. Yet she heard it not, for her mind was alert to catch the night. Ah! a gleam, a flare of light. another sound. Her father had let fall It shone through the curtain of dust as it drifted away before the wind. There the paper he was reading. He could not read, for a bitter disappointment kept his mind harrassed and troubled. How were hurrying footsteps, shouts, cries for help, and groans. The dust disappeared, and the end of an overturned car stood long was this default of payment to the employes of the railway company to continue? The last month's wages had not been paid, and another month had out in the bright light. The flames shot up higher. The wreck grew in horrid proportions. Ah! it was on fire. not been paid, and another month had nearly passed. The line needed repair-ing. There were two bad ties on this section, and one of the signals was broken. The trackmen had complained that very day that new and better tools were needed, and that more ballast was It is a peculiar feature of American life that new and unexpected circumstances are always met and controlled by a spirit of organization that creates out of the men and materials at hand the mastery of events. In half an hour after the first crash, as the train left the

wanting. the first crash, as the train left the metals, the frightened passengers were comfortably housed in the empty cars of the freight train. A car-load of lumber had been despoiled to make seats for the whole and beds for the injured. The freight engine on the siding was used to due the proved away from the up line Suddenly, far away on the edge of the sea-like horizon, arose a star. The young girl's eyes were on the paper, and yet she saw its rising. She looked out the curtainless window and watched the star grow bright. It did not seem to rise, but to grow big with brightness. It is not for love to sit and gaze. It drag the wreck away from the up line, and its tank water and steam had been used to put out the fire. In an hour the must act. She rose, and in silence went to one of the great iron switch-bars and stood with both hands clasped about freight engine, in charge of the express people, started away with its dreary load, the well in the forward cars, the the handle and gazing down the line, where the star had become a flame. njured, on beds of hay robbed from the

Then came a far-away sound through the night. Without hesitation she pulled eight, in the next cars, the dead bethe bar forward. Far down the track Darkness and silence fell on the lonely the switch moved in the dark, and a great green eye turned red. Up the line, in the opposite direction, another green star suddenly turned to a warning red. Samson Gilder sat on his high seat

Darkness and silence fell on the lonely way-station, and save where the black wreck lifted its mangled bones against the sky, there was nothing to mark the disaster except the pale faces of the men-who gathered round the stove in the switch-house. For a long time nothing was said. There are times when speak-ing second importionant. Events become with one hand on throttle-valve, gazing steadily ahead. A constellation of green and yellow stars had sprung up on his ing seems impertinent. Events become horizon. Jack Cinder, his freman, on the other side of the engine, had given voice to the monster as it panted along too big for words. Then one of the men spoke and said : 'They did say it were the president who were killed in the forward sleeper.' Mary Britton glanced at Samson Gilits iron way. Ah! one star had flashed red. The engineer blushed and smiled in the dark and pulled the throttle-valve. der. He was silent and self-absorbed, and his face gave no indication that he heeded this remark. At that moment Then came a push and jar as the heavy freight train rumbling behind pushed against the engine. The motive power

the door opened and Jack Cinder came in, bringing in his hand a new track-layer's bar. He brought it to the light had ceased. and the immense momentum of the train drove the idle engine swiftly forward. The whistle spoke to the men behind, and they glady pulled at the brakes, and the train entered the siding. and held it before them all. 'Do you see that, boys? I found it under the smashed sleeper. It's a new bar, and—' The men looked at the bar The head-light threw a lurid glare on the switch-house, and by the light Sam-son saw a young girl standing by the track. She was dressed for rough weath-er, and wore a red hood that was not lovely. Samson thought it was beauti-ful in the glow of the great lamp and argingt the winter pickt. It may have bar, and— The men hocket at the bar for a moment in apparent indifference, and said nothing. The keener feminine mind sprang to intuitive conclusions. Her thoughts leaped from a terror to a

defence. 'It was the tramp. He stole the bar against the winter night. It may have been the peculiar effect of the light. It and wrecked the train. 'Mebbe he did, and mebbe he didn't

may have been love, for love has finer This I do know: Samson Gilder was a wishing the president into the ditch. This is his bar, and he was out on the eyes than unloving mortals. They came into the switch-house to

she smiling and happy, he pleased line just before it happened.' and gratified, yet with a shade of care . . . . . . upon his face. In his hand he held a

The coroner's jury called to consider new track-layer's bar, a bar such as may be used to draw spikes from ties. He spoke to Sam Britton pleasantly the death of Thomas Starmore and oth-ers, killed at Barstow's Siding on the night of the 25th of February, met at the switch-house and heard the evidence of the persons who were known to have about the weather, and then said: There's a bar for the section-master. I bought it myself. The company seems

to be too poor to give its men proper 'To say nothing of our wages,' added

the old man, roughly. 'Oh, father, why do you harp on that?

The company has a great deal of property. It will surely pay as our dues.' The engineer placed the bar against the wall by the door, and then turned admitted having stolen the bar. He had | were exactly alike. by the door, and then turned

other witnesses. The talk against time, and a messenger was sent to hasten the lagging aid. The knight arrived. A pale, thin-

presented him to Samson's counsel.

There was a slight murmur of surprise at this demonstration, and then Samuel Mayer was duly sworn. He testified that he was an expert in metals. He had examined the bar found under the wrecked car, and was prepared to prove that Samson Gilder could not have used it in wrecking the train. With the permission of the court he would like to have the room darkened, that with the aid of a lantern he might project some nature-printed pictures of the iron used

in making the bar. The prosecution objected. What sei entific jugglery was this? The old lan-tern dodge familiar in cases of forgery. The court overruled the objection, and the yo cloth, young man produced some pieces of th, which his assistants quickly cloth, which his assistants quickly spread over the windows, till the room became quite dark. A gas jet was lighted, and in the dim light other men set up a screen and lime-light lantern as for lantern projections. In a wonder-fully short time there appeared on the

white screen a strange figure—a cloud or blotch of blackness. Samuel Mayer then testified that at the request of Miss Britton he had planed one side of each of the two bars till a smooth surface had been obtained. A portion of this surface on each bar had

then been etched with acid, and from this etching had been obtained nature-printed copies or prints in ink. This well-known method of etching gave prints showing the disposition of the particles of the metal, and serving to show its quality. These etchings and a vast number of others taken from other bars and rods made by the different iron makers of the country had been photo-graphed for lantern projection, and, with the permission of the court, some of these would be exhibited to the jury. The projection now on the screen was from the bar purchased by Gilder and stolen

the bar purchased by the tramp. Every eye was fixed on the singular picture on the screen, and a murmur of applause filled the room. Suddenly the picture was removed, and another took Maynard.

its place. It did not require much attention to show that this represented an entirely different kind of metal. 'This, gentlemen,' said the young man, is a nature-printed etching from the estless unhappy life To be angry is to revenge the faults of

iron bar found under the car. I have thers upon ourselves. compared these two etchings with a. great number of etchings obtained in the Discourage cunning in a child; cun-ning is the ape of wisdom. same way from bars made by all the iron men in the country, and I find this one corresponds-exactly with etchings of the It is the rugged highway that calls out one's strength, not the valleys of sensuous ease. My Moorlow Iron Company's metal. There are inscriptions on all human assistant will place a sample of the com-pany's iron beside this.' hearts, which are never to be seen, ex-cept at low, dead tide.

At once another picture sprang up be-side the one on the screen. The two were exactly alike.

Another witness took the stand-the oresident of the Moorlow Iron Company. from which every new wave washes out the old impression. He testified to the facts of the experiments and to the results that had been lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it too, like them, obtained.

r been present at the time of the disaster. Even the tramp had been captured. He was seen prowling in the woods near the line, and had been caught by the sec-tion-master and his men. Every one at once said, 'The tramp did it.' But the tramp had in his hand apother her just as its roots in the drift. star. Those are only beautiful which, like planets, have a steady lambent light, -are luminous, not sparkling. tramp had in his hand another bar just like the bar found under the train. He another appeared by its side. are never wholly forgotten-a little The two journey through seorching years.

defence began to ates flourish in the world, apples, pears, melons, berries, and, in short, all varieties of fruit grow-

faced young man in glasses appeared ing in temperate and semi-tropical re-and demanded to give his testimony. gions. Wheat, oats, corn and other Behind him came a marvelous array-men with strange tools, lanterns of singular construction, bars and rods of timber-pine, cedar, cypress and black timber—pine, cedar, cypress and black and white oak—abound. Not only does the lightest labor secure a speedy and abundant return from this generous soil, singular construction, bars and rods of iron, and a number of gentlemen who seemed to be prosperous merchants and manufacturers. There came also an old German and a farmer from Barstow's. The young man spoke to Mary Britton with the utmost deference, and she con-sulted with him for a moment, and then

the long stretches of marshy shore with wild fowl, and the inland fields, morasses, and swamps with partridges, gray snipe and woodcock. With such a land so near us, the busy hum of the world's teeming life beating against its shores like its own Atlantic surges, while it lies quiet and tranquil, with its Italian climate and the fruitfulness of Normandy, supplying as it does a large part of the berries, one-third of the oysters, and nearly all the peaches to the New York market, it is remarkable that so

little is really known of it.—Howard Pyle, in Harper's Magazine for May.

The Queer Turks. The climate of Constantinople resern bles pretty closely that of Washington, and life there is by no means disagreea-ble, although restricted socially. There is no society in our meaning of the term

is no society in our meaning of the term. With us society means the association of the sexes, but in Turkey you never see the wives of your friends, and it would be a grave breach of good manners to in-quire after their health. A Turk makes no reference to his family, no matter how intimate he may be with you. Turkish gentlemen visit the families of Chris-tians and know how to behave politely tians and know how to behave politely in ladies' company, but they never introduce gentlemen to their own house-holds. This is the rule in all Mohammedan countries. The Persian Minis medan countries. The retstan hints ter at Constantinople occasionally gives receptions at his house which are at-tended by Christian ladies. He shows his guests the arrangements of his harem, but its occupants are carefully secluded from their gaze. There is no court in the European series of the term. On the European sense of the term. On ceremonial occasions no women appear. The Turks with whom I come in con-tact in my official intercourse with the government are men of fine appearance ssed with scrupulous care, very neat their persons and exceedingly polit in their manners. They talk in low, pleasing tones. Many of them speak French and a few English. - Horace

Words of Wisdom.

To live without a purpose is to lead

degrees in winter. Figs and power with the same materials as those worn by ates flourish in the open air, with their mothers. The general effect of their mothers. The general effect of these costumes is that of a kilt and a track of these costumes is that of a kilt and a his last year's subscr remarked: coat, but in reality they are all in one

A Good Word for Women.

John Ledyard in his Siberian journal tion. We found it to be a neat-looking sheet, handsomely printed, with a large enpays the following tribute to the women of all nations: "I have observed among graved head, and containing about fortyall nations that women, wherever the eight columns of miscellaneous reading may be found, are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane and tender beings; that they are inclined to be gay and

matter. Fair looking paper," we remarked, as we handed it back to him; "but did you ever see anything in it concerning our county?" heerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industri-"Well, I don't know as I ever have." "Anything in regard to the State?" " Nothing."

olumns.

After Isandula.

ous, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in gene-"And yet you give up a paper that con-tains the local market reports, the state of the crops, the deaths and marriages, and the thousand and one happenings from week ral more virtuous, and performing more good actions than can he. I never adess myself in the language of decency to week which make up the history of the and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a region in which you are most interested, and which you can get from no other source, decent or friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over barren plains of inhospitable Den-mark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unand take instead a city paper, simply because it comes a little cheaper "Yes, and it contains more reading mat-

ter," he added. "Certainly," we remarked, "but what is the character of the matter? Nothing in principled Russia and the widespread regions of wandering Tartary, woman has regard to your own village --- your schools ever been friendly to me, and, to add to your churches, your local improvements and the thousand and one things that hapthis virtue, these actions have been per-formed in so free and so kindly a manner pen in your county. There is nothing in it that helps to build up your county and that I drank the draught and ate the coarse morsel with a double relish." support home institutions. It is as foreign to you as the city in which it is published.

# Lightning Benefits.

When I boarded the train at New York esterday morning, a man said to me: Big thing, this telegraph."

"But why can't you furnish your paper "Yes," I said, "it was big as a grape cheaper if they can afford a much larger one in the city at a low price?" he queried "No joking," he said. "I came here to "Labor is certainly cheaper here." "For the reason that a country paper has New York yesterday, one hundred miles out of my way, to see a man. When I got here, went to the St. Nicholas, and when I was paper, and the labor expended upon 1,000 went to the st. Intending, and when I was ready to go out and see my man, by jocks, stranger, I had lost his address, and by George, I couldn't think of his first name even. And his last name was only Johnson. a dollar per year is 'made up' of the type Easy name to hunt for, eh? I was left. You set for the daily." know what it is to find anybody in New York when you don't know their address. "That's enough," exclaimed the old gen-tleman, as he pulled out his wallet, "just is worse than finding an honest man. send me the Observer for another year! Well, this man was a new comer here; name wasn't in the directory. I asked As he bade us "good morning," and passed through the sanctum door, we heard him remark : "It's my belief that a man questions until I made a fool of myself. him remark : who stops or refuses to subscribe to his local paper simply because it doesn't contain as much reading matter as one 'made up' from "Then I said to the telegraph operator at the St. Nicholas:

"'It'll keep me here a week. I've got to a daily and published in the city, should be write clear to St. Louis and get that man's supplied with medical almanacs at the pubddress.' "Tele~raph," the operator said. ilc expense." -- Waterloo (N. Y.) Observer.

"Well, I never thought of that before.

wrote a dispatch right away : "'To Gettit & Keapit, brokers, St. Louis .What is our man Johnson's first name, battle in South Africa writes to the London Standard: Never did I think I should be und what's his address ?' "And in due course the answer came

back: "'James P., St. Nicholas Hotel.' "What do you think of that, stranger went to the clerk and said:

"'Is Mr. James P. Johnson in his room "'That is Mr. James P. Johnson,' said the clerk.

"The man stranger was standing beside me, waiting for me to move so that he could speak to the clerk. And I had just sent Some people never have a story to tell, because of their quicksand natures, one thousand and sixty-four miles to find the battle. All the white men, with their where he was. Funny, stranger, wasn't it?" ---Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that In every walk of life the present mania and its attendant ills have taking a deep horses and oxen all lying about, stabbed and ripped up. We saw the British sol-diers all lying formed up a square, where they had held their ground till all were slain where they stood. The gunners were -a dangerously deep-root. Some ladies on the south side have undertaken to make two thousand calls in two thousand I dislike an eye that twinkles like a quarter hours. A boy on the west side stabled to a man where they stood by their two guns, the captain himself being shot was rescued from the pantry where he was trying to eat three thousand quarter while in the act of spiking the last one. pies in three thousand quarter hours Stories first heard at a mother's knee His mother showed him no quarter, and

spring that is never quite dried up in our he got no sympathy from his sister , and

" Hey ?"

Up Woodward avenue a piece is one of those men who, even if he understands perfectly well an inquiry addressed to him, invariably replies: "Hey?" and the inquiry must be submitted again. The world has tens of thousands of these

"heys?" but until the other day this De-troiter was the worst of all. Along came a stranger the other evening who might and might not have known of this man's eccentricity. Entering the store he remarked :

"I want four pounds of sugar." "Hey?" replied the other. "I said I wanted a sausage-si continued the man.

"What-hey?" "I asked if you had pickles in vinegar," cooly remarked the stranger. "Hey?"

"I — want — a — gallon — of — turpen-tine," slowly replied the stranger. "Bless you! but I don't keep it!" sud-denly exclaimed the citizen. "I didn't suppose you did."

It may contain more reading matter but your neighborhood is not represented in its "I said I'd take some liver pills in

place of it. No doubt the dealer had heard every single word of the entire conversation, and he didn't like it very well either, but habit prevailed and again he called

out: "Hey?" "Calico! calico!" shouted the strange "I've asked you a dozen times over if you had any good, eight-cent calico!" "No, sir—no, sir—no, sir!" was the

indignant answer. "Hey?" called the stranger, his hand

to his ear. The citizen looked around for the fourpound weight, but when he found it there was nothing to throw it at.-Detroit Free Press.

## Mexico's Naional Lottery.

A correspondent writing from the city of Mexico says: It is a happy circumstance that a government that conducts national lotteries should also have a national pawnshop, where its people can raise money to buy lottery tickets. When the government desires to encourage a railroad or any corporation of public importance, and wishes One of the wounded at this now famous

to give it a subsidy, it does not give the company a grant of money, for reasons too obvious to need explanation, but gives it a the witness of such a terrible scene and "concession" for a lottery. Nobody can esslaughter. It was truly horrible. I myself tablish a lottery in Mexico without this was lying in a pool of blood, and a ghastly corpse was just beside me. What an awful but on account of the public pocketbook concession, not on account of public morals. corpse was just beside me. What an awful suspense every one shared---enough to turn one's hair gray; and how we prayed for daylight! I was up all the night before, a well as this; but the danger we were in kept me from sleep, as well as the anxiety about poor Louis. Morning at length came to our weary bodies, and we saw the scene of the heitic. All the white mere mith the source of the public pocketbook. Neither native nor stranger can walk block in any principal street in the City of Mexico without being be med by least half a dozen venders of ottery tickets, who make themsel es as our newsboys do, and make themsel es as our newsboys do and make themsel es as our previous to the public as possible. But every lottery-ticket seller make themselves as obnoxious to the public as possible. But every lottery-ticket seller is in some some a government officer, and however much pleasure it might give a stranger to pick one of them up and wring entrails, noses, ears, and other parts of their body cut off and thrust in their poor dead mouths; sides split up and arms thrust in; ber of people in the Mexican capital who make a living out of nothing is overpowering. There are a good many thousands of men who buy cheap articles at the pawn-shop auctions, and bone everybody they meet to buy them at an advanced price. The city is full of lottery-ticket sellers, the pawnshops are full of goods, and Belen, the city prison, is so full of prisoners that there are always a lot of swarthy arms and legs

A military officer is like butter, in nging out of the windows. that each is respected according to rank.