VOLUME I.

People Will Talk. You may get through the world, but 'twill be

very slow. If you listen to all that is said as you go; You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a

me tongues will have something For meddleso to do-

For people will talk.

It quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed That your humble position is only assumed; You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a tool-

But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool-For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,

You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean.

If upright, honest, and fair as the day They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sheaking way For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of

Or a slight inclination to take your own part They will call you an upstart, conceited and

But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-tashioned you Some one will surely take notice of that,

And hint rather strong that you can't pay your

But don't get excited whatever they say-For people will talk. It you dress in the fashion, don't think t

For they criticise then in a different shape: You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid-

But mind your own business, there's naught to be made--

For people will talk.

Now, the best thing to do is to do as you please For your mind, if you have one, will then be

Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse. But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use-For people will talk.

- Wallingford Forum.

AN APRIL FOOL.

"First of April!" said young Mr R'chard Booker, as he turned up the enresponding card in the office-register in its place above the mantel-piece. "Why, I declare I had forgotten all about it. Ain't it jolly? I say, Jenkins, we'll have some fun before the day's out. Lucky, ain't it, that the governor's

Better look sharp, or you'll get yourself into another scrape," responded the clerk, who, at the opposite desk, was preparing for the day's work. You haven't forgotten last April, when wrote that proposal of marriage to Miss Winterbottom from the old doctor? Why, the old lady glared at you only yesterday, as though she could have scratched your eyes out.'

"Oh, I'll not play off on the fair sex this time. I'll confine myself to the less sensitive and vindictive portion of humanity. Hello! There's the Oaklands phaeton stopping at the postoffice. Arthur Temple and that insufferable, exasperating prig, Colonel Barksdale. They'll be over here in a minute, and, by Jove! won't I play off on the colone!! He, he! Temple, too. He's a good fellow, and won't mind it. Now, Jenk, don't you say a word, or I'll let on to the governor about that lark last night." The promising young scion of the law looked preternaturally serious and pre-

occupied as the distinguished-looking colonel entered the office. Jenkins, as a simple matter of selfdefence in view of possible future con-tingencies, had slipped into the back

What passed between the colonel and Mr. Richard Booker in the few moments wherein the latter was delivering to the former some papers for which he had called, no one could tell; but it was observed by Miss Winterbottom, who lived opposite, that the colonel must certainly have been taken ill while in Mr. Booker's office, he looked so grave and altered

when he came out.

And then, on the other hand, there was Mr. Arthur Temple, who, on reading a note which was delivered him by the office-boy, as he sat in the phaeton, fairly brightened up into a different being. No doubt he had just gotten that appointment of college professor for which he had been applying; but what on earth had cast down the colonel so

suddenly? Everybody knew he was courting Miss Grace Courtenay, and that she would no doubt accept him; and he had looked so confident and self-satisfied until the moment when, issuing from the office-door, he had re-entered the phaeton, and, with Mr. Temple, driven straight back to Oaklands, where they both happened to

be together on a visit. About two hours later, on the same morning of the first of April, a lovely young girl stood with her clasped hands resting on the balustrade of a terrace which extended in front of a fine old

An extensive lawn sloped to the river. shaded by groups of stately trees, in whose branches birds were singing a whose branches birds were singing a perfect jubilee, while drops of dew glistened on every leaf and flower, as though during the night the earth had though during the night the earth had allers, where already the rich jonquils and the many-hued hyacinths burdened and the many-hued hyacinths and the many-hued hyacinths burdened and the many-hued hyacinths and the many-hued h monds. The fresh morning air was rich with the odorous breath of flowers, and with the odorous breath of flowers, and the deep blue sky, overarching all was pain at her heart. Where had all the flecked with light wisps of silvery joy and be clouds. Never had the sweet month of morning? April been ushered in by a more lovely

day.

The young girl stood drinking in the beauty of the scene with clear blue eyes, full of happiness, and dewy red lips apart. A stately and still handsome lady, standing at the low French window near, after watching her for a moment,

"Grace, dear, come in to breakfast." "Oh, mamma, I feel above eating just ow. Was ever such a lovely day? Surely Eden itself could scarcely have been fairer.

Mrs. Courtenay smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm. Though nearly twenty, Grace had still much of the freshness and sweetness of childhood about her mingled with the grace of early woman-

'Come, dear. Even in Eden, Adam and Eve were not above eating."

cluded the letter.

Regrets that he cannot accompany us to the Haroldson's to-morrow. He has received this morning a letter requiring last here. And what a lovely day it has his immediate presence at home. I suppose," she added, thoughtfully, "that he will return after a while; though he says nothing about it in the note." Grace's fair face, as she received her coffee from her mother's hand, betrayed

no great expression of interest.
"We can enjoy ourselves without him," she said, quietly.
"You forget that we have no escort,"

emarked the mother. "Why, mamma, is not Mrs. Somers going with us? and—" she bent her face rather lower than was necessary as she sipped her coffee—"in that case, I suppose that either Mr. Somers—or Mr.

Temple-will also go. "Mr. Somers will be away to-morrow, and Mr. Temple excused himself from accepting the Haroldson's invitation. He probably thought that the colonel's escort would be sufficient. But I observe that he is very much changed of late, and seems quite to have lost his former good spirits and taste for society. He has been here but once in two weeks, and, at Oakland's, seems now rather to

avoid than seek our company."

A faint blush tinged the young girl's cheek. She looked down and broke her light roll with white and jeweled fingers, while her mother furtively watched

"It is possible that he may be in love with that pretty Miss Neilson," Mrs. Courtenay continued, carelessly. "That would account for the change in him; as, of course, he must know how impossible it is that he could marry on the little property he possesses. Miss Neilson would not encourage him. Indeed it struck me that she at first rather fancied the colonel. Not surprising, for he is certainly an elegant man and a most un-exceptional match."

"He is so old, mamma!"
"Only thirty-four—just old enough to be settled and thoroughly reliable. Indeed, Grace, any woman might be proud of such a conquest; and let me assure you that he has paid you a great compliment in fancying a young girl such as you—as he openly shows that he does." Grace looked up suddenly with a half-startled glance, and her blue eyes became

suffused with tears. "Oh, mamma!" There was something so appealing and almost pathetic in the expression, that Mrs. Courtenay was touched, despite the rexation that betrayed itself as she cold

ly said:
"Understand, Grace, that I do not wish to force or control your inclinations. But, as I said, Colonel Barksdale is a brilliant match, and is, moreover, of unexceptional character, and calculated to make any woman happy. You know that he is paying you most special and marked attention, and I confess that I should be very happy in seeing my daughter so advantageously married and settled in

Grace attempted to speak, but her voice failed her. She pushed away her plate, played nervously with her spoon, and finally, looking up and meeting her mother's eyes, her self-control gave way. She arose, and, gliding behind her mother's chair, put her arm around her neck, laid her cheek against hers, and

said, falteringly: 'Dear mamma, I hope that I shall never make you unhappy; only, if you would not speak of this just now, and appear so anxious to get rid of your daughter, who does not wish to leave

"Very well, my dear. Only remember that it is entirely for your own good and happiness that I am concerned. So now go and practice your new song, and we will see what we can do about going to the Haroldson's to-morrow.'

Mrs. Courtenay had spoken the truth in saying that she chiefly desired her daughter's welfare and happiness. But just at this time that welfare depended, in her own opinion, very much upon her marrying so very unexceptional a man as Colonel Barksdale.

She was not scheming for money, for the colonel's means she knew to be moderate, and, besides, Grace had enough of her own to enable them to be independent of that consideration. Grace's father ad been the only child of a very wealthy and rather miserly old gentleman, who dying after his son, had bequeathed to his grandaughter the whole of his property, including this fine old place at which they resided.

Colonel Barksdale, steady, reliable, in-

fluential and devotedly attached to Grace, as he appeared, would secure her a brilliant position, and make her a and seek to undo it; but he shall never good husband, if only Grace could be marry my Grace." brought to love him; for Mrs. Courtenay, who had herself married for love, did not by any means ignore this first equisite to a woman-happiness in

The balmy April day wore to an end. The sun sank low, and as the golden joy and brightness of her life fled since

The sound of wheels on the graveled avenue caused her to look around, and through the blossoming lilac-boughs she saw a phaeton approaching, wherein sat her mother's friend and—her heart gave a sudden thrill—Mrs. Somers' nephew, Arthur Temple. She hoped that she would not be called into the house. Somehow she shrank from meeting him. He had been so changed of late, so different from what he appeared before Colonel Barksdale had singled her out for his attentions and on all occasions monopolized

If Mr. Temple had really cared for her, he would not have given her up so

The garden-gate opened and shut. Somebody was coming along the walk—the servant, doubtless, sent to summon her to the visitors.

But there was something in the stepout of doors in just such a delicious at | with bated breath and full, expectant | as she addressed them:

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

mosphere as this, instead of being shut up in houses, I hope, mamma, I am not irreverent," she added, as she stepped from the terrace into the breakfastroom.

Mrs. Courtenay did not reply. She had seated herself before the coffee-urn, and was now breaking the seal of a letter which the servant had just brought in, with the words:

"No answer, ma'am."

"Any bad news, mamma?" inquired Grace, observing the grave expression of her mother's countenance as she concluded the letter.

"Somers, as Grace seated herself at the piano—"almost afraid," whispered Mrs. Somers, as Grace seated herself at the piano—"almost afraid to let Arthur know that it was all only a silly April fool."

"He will not have cause to regret it," Mrs. Courtenay replied. "Indeed, I think we have all reason to be grateful to Dick Booker."

"Mrs. Courtenay has been kind enough to send me in search of you. Herself and Mrs. Somers wished to get rid of me, I suppose, even though at your expense. I hope I have not intrud-

er mother's countenance as she conuded the letter.

"Only a note from Colonel Barksdale.
egrets that he cannot accompany us to
egrets that he cannot accompany us to

"It was winter when I was last here: it is spring now, not only in nature, but, I hope, in our lives, Grace."

Something in his tone made her look up. Their eyes met, as they had often met before; but in them now was a light, as of joy and promise, which she had never before seen there, and she wondered what it could mean.

They sauntered up and down the alleys as the golden sunshine faded away into the far west. But little was spoken between them, and yet Grace felt that the shadow had passed away from her spirit, and that, somehow, the April day in dying was leaving for her a glory which it had not known in its dawning. Meanwhile, in the parlor opening out upon the terrace, Mrs. Courtenay and her friend, Mrs. Somers, were talking

earnestly.
"I could not rest until I had seen you," the latter said, with a strange tenderness in her voice and moisture in her eyes, almost as soon as Arthur Temple had left them. "I felt so grieved for you and Gracie. I hope that the dear child does not take it much to heart."

Mrs. Courtenay flushed.

"Really," said she, with dignity, "I am at a loss to understand why you should be grieved or troubled on our account. If you allude to Colonel Barksdale's abrupt departure"—
"To Colonel Barksdale? Certainly

not. I do not now consider Colonel Barksdale worthy of a moment's con-sideration from either you or Grace. My allusion was to the failure of the great bankers, Stokes."
"Yes, I read of it yesterday in the

papers, though how that can affect us I cannot imagine." "Why, Caroline, you surprise me.

"Why, Caroline, you surprise me.
Was not the whole, or the greater part,
of Grace's fortune in the hands of the
Messrs. Stokes? And if so, is it not an
almost total loss to her?"

"You are strangely mistaken. Gracie's
fortune is all safe with the trustees with
whom her grandfather left it until she
marries. Who could have given you
such false information?"

"Mrs. Somers drew a long sigh of relief

Mrs. Somers drew a long sigh of relief.

"Young Mr. Richard Booker told Colonel Barksdale this morning."

"That is strange, considering that his father is our lawyer here, and knows more about Gracie's affairs than any one else."

"I knew that, and it was for this very reason that we so readily credited young Booker's report. But what could have induced him to make such an unfounded sertion? He mentioned it to the colonel in confidence, desiring him not to repeat it; and it was almost by accident that we discovered it from him before he

"That, then," said Mrs. Courtenay. with a deep flush mounting to each cheek
—"that explains his sudden departure and his peculiar note.

She turned her head aside to hide the tears of mortification and indignant scorn. 'I am so exceedingly sorry!" began Mrs. Somers.
"And I am exceedingly glad!" returned her friend, with decision. "Not for the world would I have my child throw her-

self away upon so utterly selfish and mercenary a man. I thought he loved her," she added, in a softened voice, "and would make a good and devoted husband. Thank God that this discovery has come before it would have 'been too late. "I agree with you entirely," said her iend. "But," she added, "what puzfriend. zles me is that Richard Booker could have so imposed upon the colonel. And now that I think of it, I fear that he may also have deceived Arthur. I had not intended to mention it so soon, but this morning, at the same time that the colonel received this information concerning Gracie's loss of fortune, Arthur also received a note-an inclosure from Mr. John Booker now absent—stating that old Miss Temple had died and left her fortune to Arthur, and desiring that it should be kept a profound secret until his return. And Caroline," she added, with tears in her eyes, as she laid her hand upon that of her friend—"the poor boy was so happy—hearing of Gracie's loss and his own good fortune-that it will be the cruelest of fates should it turn out to be

a mere joke." The tears rushed also in Mrs. Courtenay's eyes,
"What a contrast between those two,

she said, softly. "The man who could weigh money against the purity and sweetness of my child is no fitting mate He may discover his mistake

marry my Grace. A portly gentleman, riding up the avenue dismounted in front of the house, and smilingly lifted his hat to the ladies

at the window.

"Why, there is Mr. Somers!" said his wife. "What could have brought him inst now too busy to here, when he was just now too busy to ccompany us? Evidently nothing serious was the

atter, for Mr. Somers came in laugh-"I feared that there would be some trouble about this matter of Gracie's fortune," he said; "so, after seeing Dick Booker, I have come straight to let you know that it was only a joke of his—an April fool, he calls it. He was very sorry in learning the trouble it had caused us, and begged that I would not let on about it to his father; 'because,' said he, 'I'll get such an awful wigging from the governor, you know.'"

""As he wighly decourse "Mrs. Somers."

he richly deserves," Mrs. Somers "Poor Arthur will be so disapsaid. pointed. "Oh, never mind Arthur-he wil make his own fortune in time, depend Where is he now, and where upon it.

my little Gracie? They are both in the garden. I will call them in, as it is getting late. And you will not refuse to spend the evening We have some early strawwith us? perries, and Gracie will give you some new music.'

As the young couple entered there was such a radiance about them—such a glory such as only beauty, youth and love can bestow—that the hearts of the "Unfortunately," said Grace, with a so quick, so light and firm, yet so eager, little sigh; "else we might be now living as it were—that she instinctively turned, voice melted into unwonted tenderness

Peter Finerty, Richard and Patrick Dillon are the names of three gentlemen who may be classed among the few who have made independent fortunes in Lead-ville, Col. The first named came to this country about ten years ago, penniless. The Dil-lon brothers were too poor, six years ago, to pay their passage across the Atlantic, so they shipped as deck hands.

After landing they started to work their

way across the continent, and finally pulled up at Leadville. They worked in the mines with varying success, but managed to remain as poor as when they left the old country. Their lot was in no way different from that of thousands of other miners about them. They were shrewd, however, and persisted in their laborious efforts to

They staked out their claims in proper form, and secured themselves against all

Finally, fortune smiled upon them.

They discovered one of the best paying mines in Leadville.

There were then four in partnership, but all too poor to work the mine to advantage. Finerty bought out the share of one of the partners, and he, with the Dillon brothers, centinued to work the

precious ore.

The Leadville excitement came on, and thousands flocked to the place either to work in the mines or to buy them for speculative purposes.

Many offers were made to the partners

to sell their claim, and finally they concluded to do so.

J. V. Farwell of this city, offered them \$300,000 for their most valuable mine, and they accepted his bid.

They came to Chicago to settle the transaction with Mr. Farwell, and after it was over dropped in at the Union National bank and invested about \$150,000 in government bonds.

One of the partners signed his name with an "A."

Finerty, as his share of the proceeds of the sale, received \$150,000, and the Dillon brothers \$75,000 each—enough to secure any reasonable person in comfortable circumstances for the rest of his

When they called at the bank they were dressed in the latest and most con-

spicious style from top to toe. They did not, however, tarry longer than necessa-ry in the city, but departed at once for Leadville on the evening train. It is said that they own a number of

April Fool's Day in New York. April Fool's Day! The gamin was in his glory. He was an early bird in the morning, looking for some miserable human worm upon whom he could prey. And he found him without much difficulty. Standing at street corners, he and his compatriots would curiously examine every passer-by. Woe betide the natty youth who, dressed up in flashing looked superciliously at the crowd Forthwith he was "taken down," he was only too glad to escape minus a

few feathers. The favorite dodge was for one of the boys to rush up to a man, with a hand-kerchief in his hand, and to jerk it as if he had just snatched it out of the vic-tim's pocket. Of course the man would run after the supposed thief, and be pursued in his turn by the brotherhood. Fortunate for him if he recollected the day and stopped short to laugh good-naturedly, for otherwise he might have raced for a long time yet, only to find himself a laughing-stock, in addition to a tired-out, breathless apology for hu-

A rich scene was witnessed in Park row. A man was slowly walking along, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly a bootblack ran past him, striking the gentleman's pocket, and then putting hand in his own pocket, as if he had stolen something and stowed it away. The man didn't stop to examine his pocket, but pursued the urchin. He had run but a few paces when a yell behind him caused him to stop. In a moment he was surrounded by a party of bootblacks, each of whom leveled a little toy placks, each of whom levered a little toy
pistol at him. The scene was so absurd that people stopped and laughed
till the tears rolled down their cheeks.
The stranger, instead of taking the joke
in good part, grew angry, but this only
spurred the boys on to further efforts.
In vain he tried to capture one of his tormentors. They were like eels. nally, as a climax, one of the bootblacks came up with a lordly air and offered him a pistol, saying that "the boys wanted to fight him fair."

Down town the frisky broker played innumerable jokes, and many bags of flour were scattered over their natty garments.-New York Express.

Willow Trees.

Of a willow tree cut down in a Troy cemetery recently, Mr. John S. Perry gives this history: "Col. Charles B. Pres-cott, who died in 1862, informed Mr. Perry many years ago that about 1799 he cut a willow cane in the locality where the county house now stands, and on returning to the village stuck the sprig into the ground on the spot where the large tree of St. John's afterward towered. subsequently he discovered the cane had taken root, and finally it developed into the magnificent shade tree which, until began to decay, was admired by every-ody." Willow trees are long-lived and body." Willow trees are long-lived and easy to root. The large one on Dominick street, a short distance west of the Wood creek bridge, which in summer spreads its foliage wonderfully, was set out similarly to the one in Troy. Isaac Van Arnam, of this city, cut a willow cane one summer day many years ago. During a stroll he stopped in front of the house where the tree now is, and, leaning over the fence, engaged in conversation with some of the inmates of the dwelling. While talking, he stuck the cane into the ground. It was allowed to remain as he left it, and it took root, flourished and grew to be the magnificent tree it now is. Willow trees are very hardy and rapid growing.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his paper is intolerably damp, says it is "because there is so much due on it.'

TIMELY TOPICS.

Little pigs in gold and silver are now worn by everybody in Vienna as jewelry. Pins, charms, bracelets, stick handles everything is for the moment porcine. The court began, and the rest of the world naturally followed the lead. The fashion has come from Germany, and was introduced to commemorate the happy escape of the Emperor William from all risks and dangers he has lately run, and his "Schweins' gluck," or pigs' luck—meaning splendid luck—as the German phrase goes, in coming out of it all so wall

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has just received a collection of ington has just received a collection of 134 species of Japanese fish, being very nearly a complete collection of all the known species in that empire. The specimens are beautifully arranged, and are correctly labeled both in Latin and English. They come under the exchange system so widely practiced among the scientific societies in the world. Not long ago the Smithsonian Institution sent to the Tokio museum, a collection of North American birds, equaled by only three similar collections in this country, and to the museum of the educational department a collection, also very complete, of South American birds.

The annual report of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb presents some notable instances of the affliction entailed upon children by their parents. One case is mentioned in which the parents were deaf and dumb, having five children similarly afflicted. Another case where the parents were related had three deaf-mute children, two other families with five children each, and another with two children, all deafmutes. The parents of a family of three deaf-mute children were each descendants of first cousins. A total of ninety-seven families are reported having one hundred and eighteen children thus afflicted, most of them evidently the result of imprudent

marriages. The Boston Journal says that a certain physician in that city, whose practice is almost entirely among the poorer people; has the reputation of driving hard bargains with his patients, and, it is said, always requires them to pay his fee before giving them a prescription. The story is told of him that a short time ago he was called to attend a sick child whose was called to attend a sick child whose parents live in a tenement house. On arriving at the house, not wishing to arriving at the house, not wishing to exert himself more than was necessary, he stopped at the foot of the stairs and called: "Whose child is sick up there?" "Mine," said the mother, coming to the head of the stairs. "Well, bring me down two dollars," said the doctor. The money was brought, and the doctor then inquired the symptoms, which being told, he said: "Oh, give it a dose of castor oil," and went his way.

papaw (cerica papaya), the juice of which is found to possess the curious property when boiled with tough meat of rendering it tender. If the unripe fruit be placed in the water in which the toughest meat is to be cooked, it is found to ly digestible; and the same results are observed if the meat be merely washed with the juice of the fruit. The thick, white, milky, or rather creamy juice, when extracted from the unripe papaw, n fact, contains properties similar to those of pepsine, and it is possible that it may be susceptible of chemical preparation and become a valuable medicine. Hard-boiled albumen, or white of egg, to which a few drops of dilute juice have been added has been found, after twentyfour hours, to be perfectly soft and easily broken up, having undergone, in fact, the same process as food digested in the natural way. If taken in too large doses, the substance is dangerous, having the effect of permeating and actually destroying the thin mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines. In Quito the use of the juice as a means of rendering meat tender is very general. To sailors and others whose dietary largely consists of hard "junk," this fact is of great interest, salt meat being affected in precise-ly the same manner as fresh meat. The papaw fruit, when fully ripe, is about seven or eight inches long, of a bright yellow color, somewhat resembling a citron or emon, of the flavor of which it partakes in a small degree; an unpleasant taste of petroleum, or, as described by some persons, of India-rubber or turpentine, however, pervades the fruit.

A Double Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. Field once kept a double Sabbath. In crossing the Pacific, it becomes necessary to alter the reckoning of the days to conform to that of the eastern and western hemisphere, according as a ship is sailing in one direction or the other. In going to Japan, when the 180th degree of longitude is reached (which is just half way around the world from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, from which longitude is reckoned), a day is dropped, and in returning one is added. The ship in which the doctor was sailing crossed the meridian on the 8th of June, and so two days were put down on the vessel's calendar as the 8th of June. Now, as it happened that this was Sunday, the crew and passengers had two Sabbaths succeeding each other—one of which was the Sabbath in Japan and in all Asia, and the other the Sabbath in America and in Europe. Some of the ship's company were puzzled to know which to keep; but the doctor did not think it would do him any harm to keep them both, and he says he shall always remember with pleasure his double Sab bath on the sea.

Weights and Measures. All families are not supplied with scales and weights, and therefore the measures given below will be found con-

venient: About sixty drops of any thin liquid will fill a common sized teaspoon.

Four tablespoonfuls, or half a gill, will fill a common sized wine-glass.

Four wine-glasses will fill a half pint

measure, a common tumbler, or a large

coffee-cup. Ten eggs usually weigh one pound be-fore they are broken. Eight large ones will weigh one pound. A tablespoonful of salt will weigh about one ounce.

One pint of molasses will weigh one and one-quarter pounds.

Three tablespoonfuls of baking powder should weigh one ounce. One quart of flour weighs one pound. One quart of Indian-meal weighs one

and a quarter pounds,

One pint of water or milk will weigh

Tragedy on a Steamboat.

A recent Cincinnati dispatch says: Another bloody killing occurred on the steamboat Vigo, at Gratz, on the Ken-tucky river. At Lockport, four miles

tucky river. At Lockport, four miles above, a young man named Newt Abrams took passage, intending to go to Carrollton, on the Ohio river. At Gratz, Ky., the boat was boarded by an old man named George Roberts, with his brother and nephew. An old feud existed between Roberts and Abrams, which had once caused a shocking affray. As soon once caused a shocking affray. As soon as Roberts, who was a stout, wiry man, able for any one, despite his sixty years, saw Abrams he announced his intention of whipping him forthwith. With this intention he caught Abrams, and attempted to throw him down. Abrams backed into a corner, placed his head carried Bohorte' breast and his head against Roberts' breast, and, pushing him back, attempted to draw a pistol from his hip pocket. Roberts divined his purpose and caught his arm, and the pair went around and around the cabin in their efforts to get the best of each other. When half way down the cabin Abrams succeeded in getting his pistol out of his pocket, and placing its muzzle under his adversary's left ear, he disunder his adversary's left ear, he discharged the contents of one of its chambers into his head. Roberts dropped, and as he was falling Abrams fired another chamber of his weapon, but the ball went wide of its mark, owing to Roberts rolling over on the floor. A moment later Abrams came forward to moment later Abrams came forward to where the terror-stricken passengers of the boat were huddled, smoke still curling from the muzzle of his pistol, and said, as he replaced the weapon in his pocket, "Gentlemen, I am sorry, but this is something that I had to do sooner or later." No attempt to arrest him was made, as he had acted in self-defence. A doctor was summoned from the town, who examined the wounded man's injuries, and pronounced them fatal. Abrams then consulted with the officers and passengers of the boat, asking their advice as to whether or not he should give himself up to the officers of the law. He was advised to return immediately to his home and await results. He took the advice and walked home. Roberts lived on a farm, a little way back from the river, about a mile below the town. When the boat arrived at his landing he was placed on a cot and sent to his house, where he died soon after. The doctor who attended the dying man remarked to some passengers, as he pointed to a knoll back of the town, "Over behind that hill lie

yni trace of bonanza kings has not yet yn itself out, and those of the Atlantic slope are likely to rival those of the Pacific. Four years ago H. A. W. Tabor was a merchant—one of the sort who were left in California Gulch after the Pike's Peak furore of 1859—and none. Leadville on the evening train.

It is said that they own a number of other very promising mines, each of which may be as valuable as the one Mr. Farwell bought.—Chicago Times.

A German naturalist, Herr Wittmach, has, says the Colonies and India newspaper, recently been making experiments whose 16,000 population is growing at a whose 16,000 population is growing at a refer of 400 delike treasurer of Lake countries. rate of 400 daily; treasurer of Lake county, postmaster, president of the bank of Leadville, Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, and last month he received from a single one of his numerous mines a net income of over \$1,500 a day. Even this only covered the actual dividend after a large surplus had been withheld for the purchase of new and heavy machinery. Largely interested in over two dozen mines, this latest and busiest of bohanza kings came to New York to buy more. If anything could add to the marvelous romance of the man and his life it would e the fact that all his wealth and that of thousands of others has been taken from the carburet earths, which can be shoveled as free as sand, handled almost without expense, and which were walked over and passed by as worthless by experienced miners for twenty years. When the ten thousand miners, who struggled after golden sand in California Gulch, drifted despondently away over fifteen years ago, and that name became a camp by-word, they left stranded, among others, a couple of German shoemakers and the merchant Tabor. These three became partners to carry out the small trader's carburet vision, and the Little Pittsburg was their first find, where there are now thirty paying and 160 prospective mines. German number one grasped gladly at the \$100,000 of-fered for his share, as soon as their discovery was known. A week later German number two went away with \$262,-500. The Yankee remained, and he and Senator Chaffee to-day own jointly 73-100 of this mine which, in its consolidated form, pays for itself. dated form, pays for itself over and over again every month, and which has over \$5,000,000 worth of ore in plain sight.— New York Graphic.

Destruction of Forest Trees.

A writer who has been making a study of forest trees, their rapid destruction in this country, and their effect on climate and health, says, that since 1835 the for-est area of the Western hemisphere has creased at the yearly average rate of 7,600,000 acres, or about 11,000 square miles, and that this rate in the United States alone has advanced from 1,600 square miles in 1835 to 7,000 in 1855, and ,400 in 1876, while the last two years have scarcely been less exhaustive. Statistics for eighty years previous to 1835 show that we have been wasting the supply of moisture to American soil at the average rate of seven per cent. for each quarter of a century during the last 125 years, and that we are now approachdecrease will materially influence the climate of the entire continent. Many with the disappearance of their native

perience that fertile lands have grown tematic planting. A certain proportion of well-wooded, as well as of arable and pasture lands, is essential to our material destruction incessantly going on. For 150 years we have been felling the forest; for the next 150 we should try to restore Enquirer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NUMBER 81.

Missing men-Bad marksmen. A home-stretch-Over a mother's knee. Lawyers are out in their new spring

Suicides are still buried in England at midnight.

Of all natural men, Audubon was the

Lake county, Oregon, is troubled with Indian beggars

The pansy has some pet name in near ly every country,

Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to hit anything. Appearances are sometimes deceitful.

So are disappearances. Chimney sweeping must be a good business; it soots everybody who tries

Was Boreas ever married? Shakes-peare writes of the merry wives of wind-

It is a singular thing that no railroad man has ever applied for a patent on the day-break.

A contemporary says: "For 'spring pests' in our issue of yesterday, read 'spring poets." Byron, the dramatist, says that the best way to make an army fly is to break

both its wings. When you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger— for there is a rock ahead.

People who fish for compliments do not need long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water. A correspondent wishes to know whether a circulating library ought to

be kept in a stationery store. A little boy, when reproved for breaking a new rocking-horse, said: "What's the good of a horse till its broke?"

The soldiers on the plains dig holes in the ground at their barracks, and sleep in these subterranean nests during cold weather. It is proposed to buy the site of the cottage at Sandgate, Kent, in which John B. Gough was born, and to erect

on it a coffee tavern. It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life, it is when the romance is past that

the practical usefulness begins

of the town, "Over behind that hill lie twelve men who died with their boots on in fights with the Roberts family."

The product of honey in California has grown from a single hive of bees, imported into that country thirty years ago, to 35,000,000 pounds a year. During the first three months of this

A Miner's Luck.

The race of bonanza kings has not yet

Year 8,498 emigrants arrived in New York—an increase of 2,360 over last year's returns for the same time.

interest they will manifest in you. Stillwater Lumberman. The sneezes fall on ears of all,

And handkerchiefs are kept a-going; Full many a head feels full of lead, Full many a nose is sore with blowing.
Blow, bugles, blow, and set the wild echoes flying, And answer, optics, answer, crying, crying

erying. One of the best investments ever made by a large sign-painting firm in this city by a large sign-painting firm in this city many years ago, was to pay a man! Jersey City \$600 for his secret preparation, by which he applied gold leaf in some kind of gilding. The man received the \$600, took up a piece of glass, licked it with his tongue, and the gold leaf adhered beautifully. "Saliva" was his secret, and it proved to be worth the sum to the others to know it.—American. sum to the others to know it. - American

Agriculturist. There are in New York city 6,561 salaried and fee officers employed by the municipal government, not including police officers, school teachers and officials, or firemen. The salaries, fees not included, they receive amount to \$3,122,-355 per annum. The votes polled in New York in 1878 amounted to 142,353, which sum, divided by the number of officeholders, shows that there is one city official to every twenty-one voters, leaving out the officers and teachers of

the board of education. In the spring the young eds.' fancies who the

from "Locksley Hall,"
Like to this somewhat in meter, on the strick en country fall. Mr. T. B. Read's portrait group of Mr. Longfellow's daughters, it will be re-membered, was so arranged that the arms

of one of the young girls were concealed by those of her sisters, and this gave rise to an absurd story that she had no arms at all. Mr. Longfellow relates that his friend Lowell, while riding past his house one day, heard a lady informing friends in the 'car that "Longfellow's second daughter had no arms." He at once daughter had no arms." He at the said, "I beg pardon, madam, but I am well acquainted with the family, and beauthat such is not the case." "Beg know that such is not the case." "Beg your pardon, sir," said the lady, loftily. "but I live in Boston, and have it on

Machinery.

the best authority."

Prof. Kennedy, of London, delivered a lecture on "The Babyhood of Machinery. He considered the fire drill, which ing the limit beyond which any further is still in use among savage races, as probably the oldest world. From this drill, used to produce Eastern regions, such as Afghanistan, Persia, India and Asia Minor, once possessed of a fine climate and abundant harvest, are now often scourged by pestilence and form the continent. Warny world. From this drift, used to produce fire by friction, the boring drift was a simple development, as strings had only to be added. Of course, when the properties of the metals were ascertained, harvest, are now often scourged by pestilence and famine, and it is altogether probable that their misfortunes began stituted for the wooden or bone bit. The bow-handle hand-lathe was a mere adaptation of the boring drill. As civili-It is quite likely that we shall suffer zation advanced, and the manufacture in climate, fertility and health before a of pottery passed from the hands of the great while if we continue to destroy our women to those of the men, mechanical trees as recklessly as we have done, and it behooves us to be warned in time. What has happened elsewhere may cerutensils, and the potter's wheel—the tainly happen here. Indeed, there is next oldest machine—would be brought great danger of it, for we know by existence. The lever was necessitated into existence. perience that fertile lands have grown sarily also a very ancient appliance, sterile by loss of trees, and that sterile

The lecturer held that the conversion of lands have in turn become fertile by sys- reciprocal, or-to-and-fro, motion into rotary or continuous circular motion, was well-wooded, as well as of arable and sture lands, is essential to our material osperity, and this proportion can never first countries to furnish examples of be kept up unless regular tree-planting be adopted as a set-off to the excessive a water-wheel was employed to turn a prayer-mill-a sort of drum having a prayer on its outer or convex side. But the Egyptians had, at a period equally what we have taken away .- Philadelphia | remote, turned the water-wheel to much better account in irrigating their fields.