stay till it was eleven, and not think it late. "But then I was not the governess," thought Dora.

Yes, that was it—her position was changed, and, with all his courtesy, Mr. Templemore could not treat his daugbter's governess as he had treated Miss Courtenay; he could not, in justice to her, spend a whole evening in the school-room, and indulge in her society, much as he liked it. The world and its laws and proprieties divided them not merely then and thus, but at every other time and in every other way. At the same time, if he left her thus early, it was to take an active interest in her welfare, which Dora would have scarcely appreciated had she known of it.

Mr. Templemore wanted to speak to Mrs. Luan about her son, and he had asked her to meet him in his study. She came, as stolid-looking as ever. Mr. Templemore declared his purpose at once.

"My dear madam," he said, kindly, "you must excuse my troubling you at so undue an hour, but I greatly wish to speak to you on a subject which interests us both. Is there not an attachment between your son and Miss Courtenay? If so, I shall only feel too happy to favor it by forwarding his views in life. Might I not, through my influence here with some of the companies in which I am a large shareholder, for instance, procure him some appointment which would enable him to marry?"

Mrs. Luan had listened to him thus far in mute consternation at this strange perversion of all her plans; but when she heard the ominous word "marry," all her suppressed anger and fear broke forth.

"No, no! she cried, aghast at the danger, "there is no attachment; and please, you must nor do that—you must not!"

"I hope I have not distressed you?" he said, gravely.

"No, no; but you must not!"

She was less excited, but still much moved. Mr. Templemore looked at her quietly, though keenly. "It is that sullen, stupid woman who opposes the marriage," he thought. But he felt silenced, and only renewed his apologies at his interference. Mrs. Luan heard him out. then rose to go. When she stood at the door she pausedand looked back.

"John must not come any more," she said. "You will not bring him, will you?"

"Certainly not," he replied; and he thought —"What an idiot!"

Alas! how often we fling on others that reproach of folly; and if we but knew the truth. and read the future, how often we should be mute.

He had spoken gravely and positively, yet Mrs. Luan was disturbed. She did not want John to marry her niece. No appointment could reconcile her to the fact of Dora's penniless condition. If John got a good appointment, why, he should also get a wife with money, and not take one without it. So there was a heavier cloud of sulkiness on her brow than usually sat there when she went up to the drawing-room. She found Mrs. Courtenay seated before a table, with cards spread before her. Patience, rather neglected of late, had resumed its attraction on Mr. Templemore's return. She nodded significantly to Mrs. Luan, and said, with a profound assumption of mystery,

"I did it three times—for a wish—and three times I succeeded!"

Mrs. Luan did not answer, perhaps she did not even hear her. She had a magic more certain than that of her credulous little sister-in-law and she could rely upon it.

There is many a happy lull in the affairs of men; days follow days in delicious monotony, and one is so like the other, that looking back upon them, they lose their separate existence, and blend in one calm image of the past. But of these serene intervals, history, public or private, can take no account, and it is a pity. For hence springs a strange look of unreality. Catastrophe comes quick on catastrophe. Empires seem to perish faster than we can read of their destruction, mighty revolutions are accomplished before we well know whence they sprang, and battle succeeds battle, till we grow callous, and read of thousands killed with happy equanimity.

In the history which deals with one human life we have the same effects and the same results. Existence there seems made up of keen sufferings or ecstatic joys; the medium would, in which even the most fortunate or the least happy must move now and then, vanishes from our view, lost in the dark shade or the strong light of the picture. It is so, and we cannot help it. The subtleness of daily life eludes us; its evanescent charm is one we never can secure in its fulness. Glimpses we may have; but glimpses are not the whole truth; that is beyond our reach, and ever remains thus, divine and unapproachable.

There came a great repose over Dora Courtenay's life about this time. It lasted one week—no more, but it was sweet, and she never forgot it. She saw little of Mr. Templemore. but that little sufficed her. His friendly and open manner, that said so plainly, "Friends we are—friends and no more," did her good. It made her feel brave and strong, and at the same time secure in her strength. His society, also broke on the dulness of her life. It gave food to thought, and yet it nursed up no fond and dangerous illusions.

"I know this will not last," she often thought. "I know some change must come; but whilst it lasts I feel happy—is not that much?"

It was much indeed, very much; but the change, however, came more quickly than Dora had expected.

Mr. Templemore had joined her one evening in the garden. He never did so, and though Eva was with him, Dora felt intuitively that he had something particular to say. If such was the case, he began very wide the mark.

"Miss Courtenay," he said very gravely, "has it ever occurred to you to regret not having been born in antediluvian times?"

"Never," replied Dora, smiling, and she thought "he has nothing to say, after all; he is only going to indulge in one of his usual flights of fancy."

"Then let me inform you that I bitterly regret belonging to these degenerate days," resumed Mr. Templemore. "Now, do consider, Miss Courtenay, what delightful creatures there were formerly: lizards thirty feet long or so. Every thing was on so grand a scale then! Think how entertaining it would be to see that light and graceful bird, the Epiornis, pick up a live crocodile and fly off with it! Such grand battles on land and sea there would have been, too. We have lost all that now."

"Thank Heaven!"

"No—no, I must convert you; Eva, run and get me the paper on the table in my study. I must show Miss Courtenay a drawing of the Epiornis."

"Now he is going to say it."

And she was right—he began at once.

"Dear Miss Courtenay, I have sent away Eva because I wish to say a few words to you out of her hearing. To begin at the very beginning: I am going to get married."

Dora felt stunned. She had suspected this she felt it coming on all along, and yet when it came it found her helpless. All her strength all her bravery, yielded to that blow, and there ran through her such a thrill of pain that it made her turn sick and cold.

"I have been engaged for the last year," continued Mr. Templemore, "and I am almost ashamed to say that Eva has delayed my marriage all that time. She was very, very delicate then, and she took so violent a dislike, founded on jealousy, to the lady I was going to marry, that her health was endangered. Since then I have tried to conquer her unreasonable aversion—I have always failed; but she is strong and well now. I neither can nor will sacrifice my happiness, and that of another dearer by far than my own, to the caprices of a child. I have for the last half year weaned myself from her society, and accustomed her to live without me, and be happy. I hope that she will learn to bear with what is inevitable, and I must now ask you to use your influence over her, which is great, in order to teach her submission, should she be inclined to rebellion."

"I shall do my best," replied Dora, in a low voice.

Alas! she too needed that lesson.

"As yet Eva knows nothing," he resumed; "she does not know, for instance, that I was to marry Mrs. Logan."

He went on, but Dora heard no more. Mrs. Logan!—it was Florence—Florence Gale, her brother's faithless love, who was to marry her brother's happy rival! It was she! Oh! she could have raised her hands appealingly to heaven, and asked if this was just. She could have done it in the dreary bitterness of that hour.

He did not perceive her emotion—the grayness of the evening concealed it from his view. He went on talking, and after awhile Dora heard him again. She returned to the sense of actual existence which had been suspended in her for a few moments. Again she saw the garden, and a starry sky, and again he stood by her, and his voice spoke and told her calmly what it was so hard to bear.

"Mrs. Logan and I are cousins—rather far removed, indeed, but cousins still. When I came home after my wife's death I found her at her father's house near Deenah. Her husband had just died, and she looked such a child in her weeds. But you know her, Miss Courtenay—I need not tell you what a delightful, ingenuous creature she is. Apart from the affection I feel for her, it does me good to be near her. She takes ten years away from me. But I must not trust myself with that subject. Suffice it to say that we met daily, that we became strongly attached, and that but for my perverse little Eva, we should now be married. Mrs. Logan has endured the child's caprices with the patience of an angel; but I cannot allow this strange state of things to go on any longer, and—we are to be married next month."

"And what am I to do Mr. Templemore?" asked Dora, after awhile.

"Will you kindly break the news to Eva tomorrow, and tell me how she has borne it? Not that it will make the least difference," he added, quickly: "but it will be a great relief to me if the child will only be reasonable and good."

Dora was silent. She felt too desolate and heart-sick to say a word.

"You have great influence over her," he resumed. "Will you kindly use it for this purpose, and also to prevent her, if this unfortunate dislike still exists, from displaying it to Mrs. Logan when she comes?"

"Here?" abruptly said Dora.

"Not here," he answered, "but near here. Her husband, poor fellow, died in a little villa down the road, which he bought two years ago. It was in coming to see Mrs. Logan that I was smitten with Les Roches, and took it on a long lease for Eva's sake. It is in order to give her temper one more trial that Mrs. Logan is kindly coming. She will stay a month in her villa, then return to Ireland, where we are to be married. I have been preparing Deenah the whole winter, and I trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing you there some day, Miss Courtenay; but I dare say that my little Eva will have to remain here for a long time yet."

*(To be continued.)*

## A NEW ZEALAND ITINERANT.

The following is a rich specimen of pulpit oratory, both in matter and style:—

MY BRI-THRAWN:

Hev inny o' ye seen a sthray bull-pep? 'Twas a purty bull-pep! I may remark it was a yeng bull-pep. It was a prisint, so 'twas; a token of esteem, my bri-thrawn! It had a black spot over one eye, and a white spot over th'other; or, I mane, a white spot over one eye, and—but I've said shifficient!

The bull-pep's ears and tail were cut short, end he had a very frocious aspect—very frocious, my bri-thrawn! His legs were somewhit baundy and they were brown and white, speckled, as 'tweer!

His muzzle was black end his teeth whoite, and when he bawrked, it sounded semthing loike the bawrk of a yeng bull-pep! Hem! His name was Towzer—a name of me oun invintion. The gintlemon that prisinted it to me as a token of esteem, had called it Captin Jinks, but I thought Towzer more potical, my bri-thrawn! He didn't like cats—I mane Towzer didn't. Enny toime the noight or dee, cats exasperated him, as they say in the Unoited Stets, he "bounced" all cats—did Towzer! He was a very foine bull-pep, end I was 'stremely 'tached t' 'im!

If anybody knows his whereabouts, let him come and inform me at oncet. Otherwise I'll put two detectives on his track, end thin, my brithrawn, woe! to the man, woman or choild that stole my little bull-pep Towzer! Remimber! his legs were baundy and his mizzle black! It's a pinetintiary offence—is dog stealing, so, let my bull-pup Towzer be brought back immediately! There, now!—*New Zealand Advocate.*

A VOICE OF LONG AGO.—"Just give me a chance to pour my voice into that machine, will you!" said a red-nosed man, stepping to the front at a phonograph matinee, the other day. "Certainly," said Mr. Gilliland. "Put your mouth down close without pressing, speak distinctly, and the instrument will repeat every word exactly as you say it." "Ain't you joking now! Will it really says the same thing I say, without any mixing up and changing around, to turn the joke!" "You will get back your own words—nothing more nor less," said the proprietor. "Hold my hat, then, and pull open all the valves," said the man, as he nervously brought his mouth to the proper position. "Steady now, I'm about to warble." "Come—up—boys—every—body—and—drink—with—the—landlord!" was what the man said, with an emphasis on every word, and the same was what the marvellous little wonder shrieked back. "That's the sweetest music I've heard for more than ten years," said the man, with a moist palate and a glowing eye; "and I reckon it's about that long since I've heard that good old tune ground out I don't s'pose I'll ever get another chance to hear it again, and if it ain,t too much trouble please run her back and shot it out once or twice more. It's good for the rheumatiz, that is. My! what a head that man has! If he could only get up a jug, now, that could never be emptied!" and the man walked out with a sad look and an unsteady step.

## IS THERE ANY ROMANCE ABOUT SHERIDAN'S RIDE?

SUMMIT, N. J., August 13, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

To-day's *Herald* copies an article from the Utica *Observer*, which, if true, would be a severe reflection on General Sheridan.

The writer of the article in question evidently understands the art of "damning the faint praise," but it will require many and much more forcible articles to convince the people of this country that the general who, in the Valley (which had previously been "a Valley of the Shadow of Death" to the reputation of every Union commander), won his chief success, who won the battle of Five Forks, and who headed off Lee at Appomattox, "was wanting in the qualities of a great general." The first Napoleon is credited with the saying that "Nothing succeeds like success," but of late years there has grown up a class of military detractors (whose talent unfortunately did not display itself when their services were really needed), whose only ambition is to pluck away well-earned laurels from the brows of able commanders, and who, if the facts do not confirm their conclusions, say, with the celebrated Irish orator, "So much, the worse for the facts." Apart from the innuendoes and insinuations of the article in question, the charges, if such they can be called, are given below, and I will repeat and answer them seriatim.

The first charge is that the battle of Opequan, more commonly called "The battle of Winchester," was "forced" on Sheridan by Early and would have been won by any other general, Banks or Butler excepted.

If Early did force this fight it is strange that Sheridan took the initiative, and that to prevent his getting in Early's rear and forcing the latter to fight at his back to the north Early was obliged to "double quick" a large portion of his command for a considerable distance. Early certainly handled his troops admirably in the field, and so ably that I doubt the assertion that "any other general" would have beaten him, but I think it will be news to him that on this occasion he "forced" the battle.

The second charge is that Sheridan's absence on the morning of the battle of Cedar Creek was "scandalously inexcusable." This is strong language. Do the facts warrant its use? Does the writer of this article know that Sheridan's absence was due to his having been called to Washington for a conference with Secretary Stanton? If he does know it his conduct in making absolutely false statement is scandalously inexcusable;" if he does not know it his stupendous ignorance is also "scandalously inexcusable." The writer proceeds:—"It is time the truth was told in relation to the battle of Cedar Creek." If there has been any truth untold or suppressed in relation to that battle it does not reflect on General Sheridan, but on some of his subordinates, presumably friends of this writer, and he and they can rest assured that if necessary this untold truth will be spoken (if not by General Sheridan, who so magnanimously declined to reflect on brother officers), by others who were in that action, and who, knowing the truth, will not hesitate to speak it. Ay, and prove it to the confusion of the ghouls who stab and tear in the dark at a great and well won military reputation.

I was in that battle from dawn until darkness ended the pursuit. I was personally and officially in contact with both the army and corps commanders, and I know whereof I speak when I assert that the winning of that field, so disastrously lost in the morning, was due, and due absolutely, to General Sheridan's presence, and that before his arrival the army was not only in no condition or position to take the initiative, but a large portion of it was then retreating, and that in the minds of most if not all the leading generals there was then no thought but how to save what was left of the army. If this be not the truth let some person assert to the contrary over his own signature, and any specific charges he may make will be promptly met.

The article concludes with an insinuation about the battle of Five Forks, but life is too short to meet insinuations; they are proverbially the weapon of those who cannot or will not make open charges and stand by them but when the verdict of history is given it will undoubtedly be that Sheridan on that occasion showed that he could meet treachery, insubordination or incompetency in his own army and crush it out as quickly and decisively as he could the open, and therefore honorable, opposition of Confederate commanders.

The limits of this hastily written communication do not permit any eulogy of General Sheridan, even if my ability in that direction were equal to my good will, but I venture my prediction that long after Sheridan's detractors have returned to the obscurity from which they sprung his name and fame will be dear to Americans, whether of Northern or Southern birth; and when his detractors are forgotten, those who fought with and the brave and generous among those who fought against him will recall with admiration the feats of the General who united the prudence and wariness of Lee, Meade and Hampton to the dash and clan of Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart.

The sooner the whole tribe of military detractors learn that they cannot obscure well won military reputations by saying that "others could have done as well or better if they had the opportunity" the better it will be for them. The Americans are not visionary schemers, but hard headed, practical people, who think much more of one battle won in *esse* than of a dozen won in *posse*, and who to all assertions of "what might have been done if so and so had commanded," respond, "we believe in the man who does, not in the man who thinks he can," and agree with Shakespeare. "There is much virtue in an if." I am, sir, yours faithfully.

ARCHER EVINS MARTIN.
Late Brevet Lieutenant Colonel United States Volunteers and Acting Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Sheridan.

A citizen entered a saloon and called for a cigar. The bar-keeper handed out the box, and a cigar was selected; but the customer did not appear to be very much pleased with it. "Where's the corned beef!" he inquired. "Corned beef!" the bar-keeper repeated. "Why, what do you want with that?" "Well," was the response, "corned beef and cabbage always goes together. I've got the cabbage here"—indicating the cigar—"and I ought to have the beef to match it!"

The French poacher is a fellow of considerable native humour, although that does not always save him from the consequences of his transgressions. A gentleman had prosecuted an offender who had been detected shooting hares by moonlight. The prisoner explained that he had no notion he was doing wrong. The *procureur* rejoined that poaching by night aggravated the offence. "I had no idea that such was the case, M. le President," said the poacher courteously. "Upon my honour, I thought that, as this gentlemen was shooting all day, I could not possibly interfere with his sport if I went at night." The ingenious defence was rejected, and the culprit was mulcted in fifty francs, and also had his gun confiscated.

## A GREAT WALK.

Daniel O'Leary, who so successfully and honorably upheld the United States in England by defeating the best English walkers, undertook the past week to walk 400 miles in 122 hours at Music Hall, Boston, Mass. This walk was not so severe, in many respects, as his late English walk, but it was not by any means an easy task, owing to the smallness of the track, twenty circuits of which made a mile. He completed his 400 miles Saturday night, August 17th, at 10.05, having twenty-five minutes to spare out of the 122 hours in which he agreed to complete the task. At eight o'clock a large crowd gathered in the hall, and as Mr O'Leary walked the last eight miles there was a great deal of enthusiasm, and he was frequently cheered, and presented with bouquets and baskets of flowers. On entering the 399th mile he made a fine burst of speed, and as he went round the circuit, the hall resounded with long-continued cheers, the audience being estimated at that time at about 3000. He completed the mile in 9 minutes and 10 seconds. When he completed the last mile the spectators were very demonstrative, and after he had retired to his room he was obliged to appear again and make a speech, in which he returned thanks for the kindness which had been shown him. His fastest mile was the 14th, which he made in 8 minutes and 10 seconds.

The following is the time for each mile walked after noon of Saturday:—

| Mile. | M. S. | Mile. | M. S. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 365 | 12.10 | 383 | 10.44 |
| 366 | 11.02 | 384 | 14.02 |
| 367 | 12.21 | 385 | 12.58 |
| 368 | 12.25 | 386 | 10.10 |
| 369 | 11.07 | 387 | 9.32 |
| 370 | 12.16 | 388 | 10.18 |
| 371 | 11.59 | 389 | 12.02 |
| 372 | 10.27 | 390 | 10.30 |
| 373 | 12.50 | 391 | 12.45 |
| 374 | 11.20 | 392 | 11.55 |
| 375 | 11.40 | 393 | 11.50 |
| 376 | 11.10 | 394 | 12.00 |
| 377 | 11.00 | 395 | 12.40 |
| 378 | 11.00 | 396 | 11.53 |
| 379 | 11.10 | 397 | 11.07 |
| 380 | 13.47 | 398 | 12.10 |
| 381 | 13.02 | 399 | 9.10 |
| 382 | 12.14 | 400 | 12.30 |

## A MELANCHOLY TRAGEDY.

A MARRIED MAN LOVES A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN—SHE MARRIES ANOTHER—HER OLD LOVER VISITS HER AND CUTS HER THROAT WITH A RAZOR.

TROY, N. Y., August 19.—Richard Shannon deliberately murdered Mrs. Theodore Bice, at three o'clock this afternoon, in the village of Waterford. Six years ago Mrs. Bice, whose maiden name was Ella Miller, kept house for Shannon somewhere out West. He became infatuated with her, and, although he afterwards married and became the father of three children, his adoration for his early love seems to have continued. Shannon and family reside at Cohoes. He drinks heavily, but not incessantly, and carries on a furniture establishment. He has followed the woman from place to place, and this afternoon inquired the way to her home. He was sober, and seemed to act perfectly rational. She invited him in and treated him courteously. Several women servants were around the house attending to their duties, and overheard the conversation. He urged her to go with him. She declined, stating that she was happy with her husband and home, and repelled his offers of money, with which he was provided.

SHE HUMS A TUNE.

She showed him the door and was lightly humming a tune when he suddenly drew a razor from his pocket and cut her throat from ear to ear. The gash was terrible, she staggered through two rooms, rested on a lounge and expired in fifteen minutes, vainly clutching at her throat to stop the blood. She was a beautiful woman of twenty-four years, and was only maried last Wednesday, having recently met with her husband for the first time at Lake George. After committing the terrible deed, Shannon started for the river, which was near by, with the apparent purpose of suicide. But a hostler heard the cry of murder and caught him.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

Then a frightful struggle ensued. The murderer, who seemed crazed, tried to cut his antagonist with the dangerous weapon, and made desperate attempts to slash him about the head and limbs, but the unfortunate man was finally subdued with the assistance of others and placed in jail. To-night he was taken to the Saratoga County Jail at Ballston On the way up he begged the bystanders to kill him. He said that he had been insane for years over the girl, and now he wanted to die. He tried to hang himself in the cell, but was prevented. Mrs. Bice's husband is almost demented.—*New York Herald, Aug.* 20.

## THE GREATES WONDER OF THE MODERN WORLD.

The printing office is truly the wonder of the world, and it deserves the reputation. A correspondent writes from London an account of his visit to the office of the *London Times*. He says: "There are a large dining-room and restaurant in the building, where all the men get their meals who wish, at cost, except a trifle above, which goes into a sick fund for the benefit of the employees. In the basement is a large machine shop, where I saw at least 20 hands at work, and where a large number of the Walter printing-machines have been built, besides those employed in the office. In the press-room are eight of these machines in daily use, each one printing 12,500 newspapers in an hour, in all 100,000 in every 60 minutes they are in motion. In the paper-room was a considerable store of paper in reels, weighing 800 pounds each, and 40 of these reels are used in every issue of the *Times*. They go to press about 1 a.m. and get off before 3, and I was told by Mr. MacDonald that within 20 minutes after the last form is locked up the matter has been stereotyped and six presses are running. I was shown into a room where there are wires connecting with all parts of the continent, and within arm's reach stands a type-setting machine, managed by two boys, to which the telegraph slips are passed. They can set up and correct in an evening as much as six columns of matter, which is sent down through a pneumatic tube, by which channel all the matter reaches the stone. In another room are two sets of wires running to Parliament, from which full despatches are received while the two houses are in session. In a room connected with the machine shop are two type-making machines, which are kept constantly at work, and Mr. MacDonald told me he had found it cheaper to make type than to distribute it. The business room is on the first floor, and then there is an 'enquiry room,' where information is furnished to those outside who have the right to ask it; several rooms that are devoted to the advertising department, and others for the editorial staff, which is large. The establishment is complete in all its parts, and the employees find beneath the *Times* roof every necessary comfort and convenience to be had in a good hotel. The new building is not quite complete."

The horse "Edwin Forest" was sold at Hartford for $16,000.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

A youthful inebriate appeared recently before a Cincinnati justice to swear off, but the magistrate declined to aid him in his reform, on the ground that he was too young to understand the meaning of an oath.

"Inasmuch as all methods are good by which the Republic may be saved, I order the immediate arrest of the Abbe Hogan." This was the remarkable warrant on which Raoul Rigault, during the Paris Commune, had a plucky Irish priest put into prison.

Mrs. Wm. Glassford lives during the winter with her second husband on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi, opposite Charleston, Ia. She spends the summer with her divorced husband, Mr. Wiley, at Charleston. Both men are aware of all the circumstances.

The late John Sasser, of Big Tree Creek, Ga., was a punctual man. He spent one evening last week with his sweetheart, Miss Johnson, with whom he made an appointment for 4 p.m. next day. "Be there on time or I will kill myself," he said, as they parted. She wasn't, and when she did go to the trysting-place found him lying dead, with a rifle bullet through his head.

AN INDIGESTIBLE TROCHE.—A doctor, while escorting a lady home one evening, offered her a troche to relieve her cough. He told her to let it dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a pantaloon button with a note, saying he must have given her the wrong kind of a troche, and must need this one.

It has been ascertained that a book agent can be won by kindness. One day last week a man tried it on one of them. He beat him with a bludgeon and broke his arm, poured kerosene over his clothes and set fire to it, shot him through the lungs, and finally locked him up in a room with a mad dog; and the agent, deeply affected, whispered through the keyhole that as soon as the dog got through with him he'd let him have a copy of "Moody's Anecdotes" for sixty-five cents, which was thirty per cent. off.

At an Odd Fellow's hall the other day; a young man in the medical student line of life came suddenly face to face with a dear, kind old, fatherly-looking gentleman with white hair, of highly respectable and almost Biblical appearance. They both stood transfixed. The same idea flashed across both of them. "Your face is familiar to me, very familiar; but I can't remember where we have met so often." However, the friendly impulse was carried out; they shook hands warmly, partook of a friendly glass, and departed still ignorant of each other's name and occupation. But the young man was determined to solve the problem, and he seized on the waiter and said to him: "Tell me, waiter, who is that distinguished stranger, with the white hair all about him?" And the waiter whispered slowly: "Please sir, that's the pawnbroker."

A SPECIE BASIS.—When one of the young bootblacks intimated to big Jack Sheppard that he desired to consult him on a very important business matter, Jack took him into the alley behind the post-office and remarked: "My son, free lunch is celebrated for its briefness. Take the hint, and submit your facts." "Mother says," began the boy, after fitting his back to the brick wall, "that if I'll be good from now to the Fourth she'll buy me a bunch of fire-crackers. Do you think it'll pay me?" "Well, reduced to a specie basis, it won't," bluntly replied Jack. "If she'd say five packs we might make it an object, but one pack—humph! Give her twenty-hours' notice that you shall cancel the agreement, and take your chances of raising fireworks by pealing to the patriotism of the generous public! That's all—fee, ten cents!"

In addition to mortally offending the London critics, Lord Beaconsfield would appear to have drawn down on his head the wrath of most of the pictorial artists. The hideous caricature, of him which appeared during the Congress are eclipsed by a fresh batch depicting his triumphal reception in England. On the occasion of the bestowal of the Garter he is portrayed as a thick-headed, bull-necked Hebrew of the most stalwart proportions; while at the Carlton Club banquet he is made to figure as a preternaturally thin and wizen-faced old man, hardly able to support the glittering star and the ribbon of his order. In the columns of another illustrated journal he appears as a tottering old Turveydrop, with a smile of bland and bewildering idiocy on his features. There have been but two passably truthful portraits of the British Premier published of late. One of them appeared in the London *Graphic* of July 27, and was reproduced in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. In his youth, Benjamin Disraeli was a strikingly handsome man, and although age and the cares of state have told heavily on him, he is still far from being the hideous and grimacing effigy which the pictorial artists would fain make him out.

POPULATION OF CHINA.—"An Old Resident of China" writes to the *London Times*:—The interior of China is almost as well known at present as the interior of Russia; and if strict accuracy cannot be attained in the absence of any reliable statistics, still a fair approximation is certainly possible in estimating the population of the country. Those who are best informed on such matters in China at the present day do not set the figures at much over 220 millions of people, or an average of between 12 and 13 millions for each of the 18 provinces. I have frequently heard 200 millions mentioned as a fair estimate for China proper; but the most generally received opinion would limit the population to about 250,000,000. Any material addition to this estimate requires a basis of facts and figures not at present obtainable, either from native or foreign sources in China. With the exception of Szechuen and Quang Tung, there are not many provinces the population of which can with confidence be calculated at 15 millions, while there are several, like Yunan, Queichow, Kansuh, Shensi, etc., which are considerably under 10 millions each. The populations of the outlying dependencies of the Chinese Empire are not very numerous, and would not add materially to the sum total of the figures here given.

The *Jewish Advance* of Chicago continues to warn its readers that the Jews will entirely disappear as a distinct race if the fatal and increasing tendency to intermarriage with Christians is not checked. A daughter of the late Isaac Friedlander of San Francisco, the colossal grain speculator, married a Christian with her father's consent, and two children of a prominent and orthodox Jewish minister of Berlin have recently married out of their ancestral faith. In the posthumous writings of Dr. Geiger, the famous rabbi of Bodin, is published a letter from Mr. Bichoffsheim, a distinguished Jewish scholar of Paris, written in 1872, in which he says: "The majority of the Parisian Israelites have cast aside ceremonial and ritualistic observances to such an extent that they continue Jews only in name. Many of the best and wealthiest families attend no synagogue, and, what is worse, marry their daughters to Christians. If the wives do not themselves embrace Christianity, the children, at least, are certain to be raised in that faith. The ultimate result of all this can only be the gradual transfer of the Jewish people to the prevailing religion."

FEEDING THE ANIMALS.—The feeding of the animals in a menagerie is always carefully done, because their lives depend upon the adaptability of their food. The Philadelphia *Times* says that the daintiest eaters in the Zoological Garden there are two chimpanzees. They breakfast on weak tea, with plenty of milk and sugar, and bread thickly spread with honey. They lunch at 10 o'clock on bananas and oranges, dine at 3 on rice or tapioca, served with sugar and sherry, and sup at 7 on rice and milk. The seals are less troublesome to feed, but more expensive, for five of them eat daily eighty pounds of fresh fish. Formerly the lions, tigers, and other carnivora were costly, but of late they have been fed on horse-meat, which is very cheap. The buffaloes, deer, and elephant live now on the grass in the grounds. The rhinoceros is the greediest of the lot; but it is quantity that he craves without much regard to quality. He will eat twenty-five pounds of hay every day, and a bushel of potatoes is to him like a plate of strawberries to a hungry man. His feed costs $10 a week, which is as much as that of an elephant. The giraffe has to be fed carefully, because he has no regard for his long, narrow throat, and starts one mouthful down before the one before it has reached his stomach, thus choking himself. Common monkeys eat nearly everything that is offered; so do the ostriches and cassowaries, but some of the insectivorous have to be patiently catered to. The moose is hardest to please, and misses the twigs of his native woods.

## ANOTHER GREAT IRISH-AMERICAN SINGER.

THE Philadelphia *Press* gives the following account of George A. Conly, the basso, who is a member of the new Strakosch opera company: "George A. Conly was born at Southwark, a suburb of Philadelphia, on the 17th of February, 1845. After gaining, at the Old Coach Factory grammar school on Fifth street, below Washington avenue, the usual amount of information which the common schols of twenty years ago were able to give, young Conly gained employment in the type foundry of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan. Here he remained two years, and then, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the twenty-ninth regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers under Colonel Murphy. The term of enlistment was for three years, and in these years the boy became a man. With Fighting Joe Hooker he was above the clouds at Lookout Mountain, and then at Chattanooga, his first term of service having expired, he re-enlisted 'for the war.' This made him one of Sherman's army of heroes who broke the rebellion's back-bone, and young Conly was among the first thousand men to enter Savannah, when the famous march to the sea had been successfully accomplished. The famous war Governor of Pennsylvania, John W. Geary, had long felt an interest in the bright young soldier whose voice had whiled away many a long hour for the boys in camp under the southern pines, and as a result Conly found himself one morning appointed chief clerk at division headquarters, and ever after Governor Geary lost no opportunity of showing his friendship for the young soldier, and Conly was always a welcome visitor at the Governor's mansion in Harrisburg. Returning from the army he resumed his old position in MacKellar Smiths & Jordan's establishment, where he remained for several years. It was here that he discovered, or rather was told, that he had a gold mine in his voice, and he accordingly went to work to cultivate it. Morning, noon and night, at every interval in his business hours, at home and abroad, Mr. Conly worked with one object—the realization of artistic fame Italian became a necessity, and the study of that language required time and money. He found the first—the second he dispensed with—'Italian Without a Master.' He began it, he finished it. He subsequently left the type foundry establishment and became connected with the *Printers' Circular*.

Professor Barili took great interest in the young vocalist, and eventually became his master. The rest was easy. An offer was made to him by Mr. Hess, the then manager of the Kellogg opera troupe, and this was accepted. A public appearance followed, and the printer's boy became recognized as one of the first bassos of the age. 'My ambition is to become first primo basso in the world,' said Mr Conly before leaving this country; he is now in Europe. This ambition is in a fair way of being realized. A recent letter gives some idea of his artistic elevation and some interesting points about manœuvering managers. He has been offered engagements by Mapleson *pere* at her Majesty's Opera House for Italian, and by Carl Rosa for English, opera. But he didn't accept either. He was engaged, and the 'game he did not understand' is an interesting one. Both Carl Rosa and Mapleson had sent cable despatches to this country offering him engagements, but those despatches arrived in this city after Conly had gone on the same steamer; in fact, one of his companions was Strakosch, and from the time they left the shores of America until they sighted the Green Isle the wily Strakosch had importuned Conly to sign an agreement for the coming year for the Kellogg company, and Miss Kellogg added her supplications. Conly consented, and the articles were signed and sealed on board the steamer. Then Strakosch, putting out his hand, said: 'Mine friend, you are all right. Mapleson and that fellow Rosa—they are all wrong.' 'Why?' asked the amazed Conly. 'Because, mine friend, they don't know enough to travel across the ocean with you and keep you quiet; I did'—and Strakosch chuckled. Then Conly learned that the wily manager knew that his rivals were after him, and had taken that method of outwitting them. When Mapleson made his offer in London, Strakosch stood by, and in his peculiar voice said: 'Conly, you can't do it! and he couldn't, and so there is the chapter. Fifteen years ago a printer's boy in Philadelphia; to-day pronounced by Carl Rosa as 'ze finest primo basso in ze world!'"

## UNITED STATES.

A Grenada special says, the negroes are falling like sheep, and the whites have no sympathy for them as they have shown none for whites.

Canton, Miss. is depopulated, only one hundred people are left out of a population of thirty five hundred.

All the quarantined towns are suffering for the common necessaries of life. The scare, however, is said to be over, and many people are returning to their homes to stay, and fight off the fever.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says no fever case has occurred in Georgia yet, although a few cases reached there from New Orleans, which have yielded to treatment.

A Vicksburg despatch says the fever is spreading there.

Kerosene will make your tin tea kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.