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WHOLE NO. 375.

Original Poetry.

For the Chungking Post.
THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

BY JONATHAN.

On a lovely day when the earth was glad,
And Nature smiled at the kiss of flowers,
Two lovers, hand in hand, yet sad,
Were wandering in Elysian bowers.
At length their listless footsteps led
Them to the foot of a placid lake,
Where golden fishes brightly sped,
And where, when sunset tints were o'er,
The waves with sullen roarings break
On the golden strand, and warlike foam
With the snow-white lilies blooming fair.
On a tiny island lying there,
Like an emerald set in a silver shield,
The maiden spied the tempting bloom
Of a lovely flower, whose petals yield
To the waving air a fragrant perfume.
"My love," she said, "and then she swooned
And could not speak, so deep the glow
That o'er her soul its billows swept.
With drooping head her lover sighed,
And then in accents low replied:
"Sweet one, away with all thy fears;
Thou'lt now the morrow dawn appear,
Yet, when in dream thy spirit sees,
We'll mingle love's more joyous tears.
Thou'lt see the flowers on the turf
Of yonder island, where the surf
In creamy crescents e'er breaks,
And wondrous music makes.
The flowers are thine, for ever to be
Memories of the happy hours.
We've passed in these perfumed bowers,
And of my love to thee, I swear,
That I will love thee in the waters blue
And gaily the tale where the flowers grow.
From mossy bed he plucked the prize,
Watched ever by the maiden's eyes.
Then pressed in haste his forehead warm,
The lilies, eager his course to stay,
Around him flung their cruel arms.
And dragged him 'neath the cruel wave.
With all his strength the flowers he cast
To her who stood in fearful beauty's charm
Upon the bank, without the power to save
Her heart's own love from such untimely grave.
Then as he caught one glimpse, the last,
"Forget me not," he cried;
The breeze caught the words and sighed;
As on the waves the echoes died,
These words the fainting maiden caught,
"My love, my love, forget me not."

Such is thy legend, lovely flower;
Yes, tho' on earth we have the power
To blight our hopes, 'tis joy to think
Once more we'll meet beneath the river's
brink.
Mid life's joys, where heavenly day
Will shut us over on our peaceful way.

The Tragedy in Baltimore.

ONE BROTHER KILLS ANOTHER AND
FATAL WOUNDS HIMSELF.

BALTIMORE, September 11.—Last night in the western part of the city Henry Barriago shot his brother John through the heart, killing him almost instantly, and then shot himself in the left lung, and will certainly die from the wound in a very short while. John was thirty years of age and had a wife and three children. He was an industrious man and well esteemed by his neighbors. He patiently endured much bad behavior on the part of his younger brother Henry, who shot him. Their parents have kept a grocery store for many years not far from the scene of the tragedy. John, the elder brother, carried on a small dairy business in a long low wooden building at the corner of Lexington and Gilmore streets, and employed his brother Henry to assist him in his business. Recently Henry had been quarrelsome with his duties and given to drink, and his brother was obliged to discharge him. He left, uttering maledictions and threatening revenge. Henry hung around the neighborhood and told several persons that he had determined to kill his brother. He was armed with a pistol which he exhibited. John after a few days sought the angry brother and told him to come back, which he did, and they appeared to be on better terms than ever before, and everything went well until yesterday. John had a supper with his wife and children, and grew anxious about the long absence of his brother Henry at the polls. John's wife set out supper for Henry, expecting that he might come in at any moment. Her husband then said he was afraid that John might have fallen into trouble and started out to look for him. He had not been out of the door many minutes before his wife heard four pistol shots, and as she ran to the front door, her husband staggered into the room and fell into her arms. Henry, with the pistol in his hand, and blood dripping from his person, staggered in just behind his brother, and fell exhausted over a refrigerator. John was lying on his back, and struck him, falling him to the pavement. Henry then shot three shots at him, only one of which took effect. Then he shot himself. An inquest will be held to-day, but the other brother is already dead in the mean time. Henry, who had been in the neighborhood outside of the house was surrounded by a great crowd up to a hour.

John Bell, a gold hunter at Burn, Cal., recently discovered a golden quartz lode, from which, in three weeks, he extracted upward of \$40,000 in gold, by washing in pans, and then sold his mines for \$80,000, making a handsome fortune of \$40,000, which he said was all he wanted. He had previously been obliged to pawn his wife's gold ring to obtain food for his family.

Fun in a Court Room.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 17.—The dull monotony of our court proceedings was enlivened one day last week in the case of the Commonwealth against Dobson, in which the defendant was accused of assault upon a young lady named Heller, by kissing her against her will. The plaintiff complained that Dobson, "by force of arms, malice aforethought, and instigated by the devil, did then and there violently assault waylay," &c. She told her story in a plain, straight-forward kind of way, to the effect that she was enjoying the evening breeze while leaning over her father's fence, and that William Dobson came along, seized her by the hands, and forcibly pulling her over the palisade, committed the assault for which she claimed redress at the hands of the law. A sister of the complainant testified that she did not see the alleged impropriety, because of the darkness, and she being in another part of the yard, but she heard a kiss, or something that sounded like a kiss, and knew that something was going on. Dobson claimed the privilege of being his own witness, and he told the part of the story omitted by Miss Heller and her sister. He is a jolly specimen of an Englishman. His narrative of the occurrence in which he had become involved runs as follows:

Dobson—Yer see, yer 'onors, I was walking along, singing "What will the 'arvest be?"

Gen. McCartney (counsel for plaintiff, disposed to have some fun while confusing the witness)—You were singing "What will the 'arvest be?" (closely imitating the intonation of the song).

Dobson (very composedly)—Yes, air, "What will the 'arvest be?"

Gen. McCartney—"What will the 'arvest be?"

Dobson (unruffled)—"What will the 'arvest be?"

Gen. McCartney—Well, go on sir.

Dobson—Yer see, yer 'onors, I was going along, singing, "What will the 'arvest be?" when I heard Mary singing "What will the 'arvest be?"

Gen. McCartney—She was singing "What will the 'arvest be?" but so loud as I was, and I called out, "Hallo, Mary, are you?" and she said it. I went up to the fence, and she said she was half alone, has her father 'ad gone to 'class."

Gen. McCartney—Gone to class! What did she mean by that?

Dobson—Why, any fool knows what "class" means. Her father had gone to class meeting, and left 'er half alone. We chatted a little, and then—

Gen. McCartney—Well, you have heard her testimony. You seized her, pulled her over the fence and kissed her?

Dobson—No. That testimony is false. We talked a while, and she sort of leaned over the fence—like as if she wanted me to—just then I kissed her on the cheek, and I kissed 'er right on the mouth. I found out "What will the 'arvest be?" and I think she was a heavy prey.

A Business Exposure.—Barrington has a little sensation, so writes a correspondent. Norton was from the States, a professor, by his own story, and skilled in all arts from ledgerman to clock-mending, by which he chiefly subsisted till he gained the confidence of a widow Smith, who had two half-grown up sons for whom, besides her own means, she held some \$8,000. Norton proposed that with this money business on a large scale should be started with himself as manager. The project seemed a good one and the cash was accordingly handed over to him under the seal of secrecy. But the affair leaked out, and the authorities were about to look into it when Norton decamped, taking all the available cash and—more comely still, the widow and her two sons. It is said that they have gone to the States, but as Norton has a wife already there his domestic concerns will not be much improved by his business trip.

A new way to pay old debts comes from the town of Ingersoll, Ontario. A tailor sued a customer for the price of a suit of clothes. The defendant put in an appearance at the Division Court clad in the garments of the suit, and the judge was so impressed by their haggard, ill-fitting appearance, that he was not-quitted the plaintiff. This is a fearful warning to tailors, and a useful hint to purchasers.

A Brooklyn man holds his wife's hands on a hot stove until they were shockingly burned, and now takes a vacation in prison.

Stanley's African Explorations.

Thrilling Adventures in the Wilderness.

(Despatch to the N. Y. Herald.)

Stanley left Nyangwe on the 15th of November, 1876, and travelled overland through Uregha with his party. After an arduous march of many days through a country filled with difficulties, and being compelled to transport on the shoulders of his men every pound of provisions and other stores necessary for the transcontinental journey, and besides carrying in a similar manner the sections of the "Lady Alice" exploring boat, and the arms and ammunition of his party, Stanley found himself brought to a stand by immense tracts of dense forests through which all attempts at progress were futile. Finding that he could not advance along the line he had first intended to follow, Stanley crossed the Lualaba and continued his journey along the left bank of the river, passing through the district known as North-east Ukuana. On this route he endeavored to find an outlet westward, but the jungle was so dense and the fatigues of the march so harassing, that it seemed impossible for him to succeed in passing the tremendous barrier of the forest. To add to the horrors of his position in these central African wilds, Stanley found himself opposed at every step by the hostile cannibal natives. The savages flled the woods, and day and night poured flights of poisoned arrows on his party which killed and fatally wounded many of his men. From every tree and rock along the route the deadly missiles winged their fatal course, and the heavily-laden bearers fell dead under their loads in the dark forest. Only now and then could Stanley and his men reply to this silent fire with their rifles, for the savages kept under the densest cover, and rarely exposed themselves. Stanley's march through these cannibal regions soon became almost hopeless. There was no cessation in the fighting day or night. Attempts at camping merely concentrated the savages, and rendered their fire more deadly. The advance guard was killed in charges in rude skirmishing order by an advance guard whose duty it was to clear the road for the main body. A rear guard covered in like manner the retreat, for although advancing against an enemy, the movement was a retreat, and Stanley's efforts to appease the savages were unavailing. They would listen to no overtures, disregarded all signals of friendship and of mildness of intention, and refused to be pacified with gifts. The patient behavior of Stanley's men they regarded as cowardice, so that no course remained open to the explorer but to fight his way onward with as little loss as possible. To render the position still more deplorable, his escort of 140 natives, whom he had engaged for the service at Nyangwe, refused to proceed further on the journey, and deserted him. They were so overawed by the terrors of the forest and the continuous struggle that they believed destruction was certain to overtake the whole party, and presently resolved to desert and destroy. Finding that his ranks were thinned by the desertion of the Nyangwe men, the hostile natives concentrated for a grand attack on Stanley, with the object of completely crushing him. It was necessary, therefore, to organize a desperate resistance, which was successful, so far that it repulsed the savages for the time being, and gave the explorer a chance to reconsider his plans and make arrangements to adapt them to his trying situation. There was only one way to escape from the hapless position in which Stanley now found himself, unless he accepted the alternative of returning to Nyangwe, and abandoning the grand work he had undertaken. This was to make use of canoes. Stanley concluded that he could advance in that way with a better prospect of success than in any other. Although he had a decided advantage over the savages on the water, Stanley still found that each day's advance was but a repetition of the struggle of the day previous. It was desperate fighting all the time while pushing down the river with might and main. But it was still the rifle against the bow, though the bow was covered by the dense woods, while the rifle was exposed in the open canoe. In the midst of these progressive struggles Stanley's journey on the river was interrupted by a series of catastrophes not far apart from each other. To pass these obstacles he had to cut his way through over thirteen miles of dense forest, and drag his eighteen canoes and the exploring boat, Lady Alice, overland. This great labor, the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to abandon the axe and drag ropes for their rifles, to defend themselves against the continuous attack of the hostile natives. After passing the dangerous Stanley and his men had a long breathing pause from the toll of dragging their boats through the forest. They were also comparatively secure from attack, and they took measures to recruit their exhausted strength before again encountering the dangers of the journey westward. Although fighting his way continuously, Stanley did not neglect the object of his journey, and found opportunity to note all the interesting changes and physical characteristics of the route. At two degrees north latitude he found that the course of the great Lualaba swerved from its

What She Asked Tommy.

He was named Tommy and she was named Jane. They sat on a hotel balcony for three long hours and giving themselves dead away as being out-of-towners. As they sat down Thomas took one of Jane's hands. She allowed this sort of thing to go on without a word of protest, and presently resolved to desert and destroy. Finding that his ranks were thinned by the desertion of the Nyangwe men, the hostile natives concentrated for a grand attack on Stanley, with the object of completely crushing him. It was necessary, therefore, to organize a desperate resistance, which was successful, so far that it repulsed the savages for the time being, and gave the explorer a chance to reconsider his plans and make arrangements to adapt them to his trying situation. There was only one way to escape from the hapless position in which Stanley now found himself, unless he accepted the alternative of returning to Nyangwe, and abandoning the grand work he had undertaken. This was to make use of canoes. Stanley concluded that he could advance in that way with a better prospect of success than in any other. Although he had a decided advantage over the savages on the water, Stanley still found that each day's advance was but a repetition of the struggle of the day previous. It was desperate fighting all the time while pushing down the river with might and main. But it was still the rifle against the bow, though the bow was covered by the dense woods, while the rifle was exposed in the open canoe. In the midst of these progressive struggles Stanley's journey on the river was interrupted by a series of catastrophes not far apart from each other. To pass these obstacles he had to cut his way through over thirteen miles of dense forest, and drag his eighteen canoes and the exploring boat, Lady Alice, overland. This great labor, the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to abandon the axe and drag ropes for their rifles, to defend themselves against the continuous attack of the hostile natives. After passing the dangerous Stanley and his men had a long breathing pause from the toll of dragging their boats through the forest. They were also comparatively secure from attack, and they took measures to recruit their exhausted strength before again encountering the dangers of the journey westward. Although fighting his way continuously, Stanley did not neglect the object of his journey, and found opportunity to note all the interesting changes and physical characteristics of the route. At two degrees north latitude he found that the course of the great Lualaba swerved from its

"Tommy, dearest, I want to ask you something."

"Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed in reply.

"Well, Tommy, I've got an awful bad cold in my head," she continued, "and if I drop one of my hands away from you, my nose would run like a fountain. I've either got to do that, Tommy, or let my nose wipe itself. Just one wip, Tommy, and then you may have it back."

Tommy released her hand, though he hated to, and her nose was softly and duly wiped.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A rich miller of Hankow, near Eger, in Austria, aged sixty, lately married a girl of eighteen, who consented to the match on account of his wealth. The miller was a man of love with the miller's foreman, and consented to the murder of the old man in order to free herself and enjoy his wealth. The wedding supper was largely attended by the villagers, and the festivities lasted all night. At daybreak the miller, according to custom, visited the mill and was pushed into the stream by the assistant foreman, who had been drawn into the plot under a promise of money. The water not being deep, the miller regained his feet, and struggled violently with his assassin, who was soon assisted by the bride and her lover. The two men held him under the water and the girl immersed his head, until life became extinct. The miller's lover's arms and coolly rejoined the guests, with whom she joined in the dance.

Rev. THOMAS CULLEN once said: "Novel-reading, like horseradish and spices, should be used sparingly, and only to season sober food. But to thousands it is sheer poison, both from the quantity and quality of the romances devoured. With very rare exceptions fiction is the most ephemeral form of literature."

LEWIS GOVERNOR LINCOLN, of Missouri, says that when he came to this country, a boy of eighteen, he worked as a bootblack in the streets of New York.

Fighting for his Throne.

THE DYNASTY OF THE CAIR IN DANGER.
VICTORY OR RUIN AHEAD.

(From the London News.)

BUCHARA, Sept. 1.—As regards the Grand Duke Nicholas, it is acknowledged on all hands that he is every inch a soldier. He knows how to make himself beloved by officers and men alike. He has great tactical ability, has a coup d'œil for actual battle, would be a good commander on the battle field, a fighting general, but he is precluded from this role by his position of Commander-in-Chief, and he is not a strategist, or at least not sufficient confidence in his own ability to take the general direction of the campaign with a firm hand. This is left to Napokotachitsky and Levitsky. Napokotachitsky looks on and watches everything and does everything, but he says nothing. He offers no counsel and gives no advice. He keeps silent. The army begins to say that he says nothing because he thinks nothing. Levitsky does everything, and his way of doing things is only too evident. When told before the first battle of Plevna by an officer at the head of the Intelligence Department that 20,000 Turks were approaching with a firm hand, he replied contemptuously, "Where did they spring from?" When informed they were ready to seize Lovcha, he said, "You had better attend to your own business." Levitsky had preconceived notions as to the numbers and weaknesses of the Turks. He refused to accept information which conflicted with those notions. There is nothing to be hoped from this man. The campaign up to this time proves it.

The man to whom all eyes are now turned in Bessarabia, is a young man, a Russian, a foreigner, and a man with no military reputation. The reason given is of course that a reigning prince cannot be put under the command of a simple gentleman. This is a question of etiquette, but the men who expect to die to-morrow in the Turkish trenches do not understand the importance of these questions of etiquette. They are unreasonable enough to think that if the Prince wishes to fight he should fight in the place his age, experience and military worth assign to him. They know that if victorious the world will say the glory belongs to the foreigner. If beaten, they will blame Gen. Zoloff.

A second campaign is much feared by Russian diplomacy. It is feared that the powers, whose commerce and interests would be very much injured by a prolongation of the war, will endeavor to bring about peace, which can only be, until the Turks are completely crushed, a tame and unsatisfactory one, and they therefore very much dread the idea that the war may not be finished this year. The fact is better known to those who are in a position to feel the pulse of the Russian people and the Russian army, that no such peace is possible. This war has become a dynasty one for the Romanoffs as well as for the Russian people. The Emperor entered Moscow after concluding an unsatisfactory peace, it would have to be at the point of the bayonet. This is why no such peace is possible, and this fact should be as well known abroad as it is in Russia. This war must be fought through to a successful issue for Russia, even though it takes five years and the result should be bankruptcy and ruin.

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