

AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

[What a pity it should ever be made desolate.]

There is an island home,
Fanned by the breeze;
There is a highland home
Up among the trees;

There is a lowland home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

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High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

There is a cottage home
High on the hill;
There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;

There is a fertile home
Down by the mill;
There is a cottage home
High on the hill;

for the heroine of his new story, 'Fair as a Star.'
'Very complimentary to me—so complimentary that I am sorry I cannot agree with you.'

'Why can you not?' The description tallies exactly—tall, fair golden hair, blue eyes, a complexion of pearl, a slender, graceful figure; that is you, is it not?'
'It is extremely kind of you to say so. Pray do not expect me to answer a question of that delicate nature.'

'Oh, nonsense! And the man is in love with you—that is as much as the consuming passion he cherishes for himself will allow him. It is patent to the dullest observer.'

'I must be a very dull observer then, for it is by no means patent to me. Mr. Ernest Vandervelde Van Cuyler—that is his distinguished name in full—is it not?—has certainly stooped from those heights of high-and-mighty-dom whereon genius dwells, to honor me with his notice on several festive occasions. Overpowering as the honor is, I have survived it, as you see, and though it should be repeated to-morrow night, still hope to do so.'

'Sydney, says Katie, with real solemnity, answer me this: If Ernest Van Cuyler—rich, aristocratic, talented, famous, handsome—asks you to marry him, will you say no?'
'Katie,' responds Sydney, taking an easier position in her easy-chair, 'when Mr. Ernest Van Cuyler asks me, I will—answer Ernest Van Cuyler. Now please spare my blushes.'

'I believe, after all, she is engaged to the baronet,' ruminates Kate Macgregor; 'she has refused Dick, and doesn't seem to care whether Lewis Nolan goes or stays. And unless she is engaged to Sir Harry, she never in her senses would reject Van Cuyler.'

For Ernest Vandervelde Van Cuyler was a great man in very many ways. The oldest of all Knickerbocker families was his, and if Mr. V. V. C. had a fault, it was that he was rather too fond of 'shinning up his genealogical tree.' The family homestead was as ancient as the first Dutch settlement of Manhattan, and that is rich blood surely in New York. He was blue-blooded indeed, the pure of a Fortunatus. He was clever—his novel of 'Hard Hit,' two years before, had hit the public fancy; the press called it an American 'Fellham,' and predicted great things for this rising genius, and the rest of the press chopped it in vinegar, and the more they chopped the better the book sold. In addition to all these virtues, he was most unnecessarily good-looking—a tall, blonde, melancholy Hamlet, with a cold, colorless eyes, and the general air of an exiled prince. A trifle self-conscious maybe, no end conceited, and looking out of those cold blue eyes of his upon all the delicate loveliness of New York belle-dom perfectly unmoved. They sharpened their toy bows and arrows, did those fair daughters of Gotham, and took aim often and well; but this gold-plumaged bird of paradise flew too high for their shooting. And it was Sydney Owsen who in her secret heart thought him a pig and a bore, at whose shrill Prince Charming seemed at last inclined to bow.

It was carnival time; next week Lent would begin, and the last ball of the season was to be a very grand one. Miss Owsen in white lace—an imported dress fit for a lady-in-waiting, and pearls and creamy white roses, looked like a vision, and so Mr. Van Cuyler seemed to think. In a dignified and uplifted way he paid court to her all night. He was harder hit than even sharp-sighted Katie suspected, and more than once—still uplifted—made an effort to obtain a private audience. But Sydney's intuitions were correct here, and she skillfully evaded it. Perhaps she thought one declaration in a week enough! Dick's dreary face made her miserable whenever she looked at it. Not that it would give her the same pain to refuse Mr. Van Cuyler, but refusing was tiresome and profligate work to one not brought up to the business. So, although the 'talented young author' did his best, made his attentions so pronounced that he who ran might read, Miss Owsen, with the calm generalship which comes naturally to women, outmaneuvered every move. Not once could Mr. Van Cuyler find himself alone with her.

But next day at luncheon time lay beside her plate a letter, in almost illegible chirography.
'Are you certain it is for me?' says Sydney, eyeing it dubiously, and trying to decipher her own name. 'If it were a doctor's, or a lawyer's bill, the writing could not be worse.'

'Or an author's autograph,' says Katie, maliciously. 'Hand it here. To be sure—Miss Sydney Owsen, anybody might read it—after studying it ten minutes. Monogram in scarlet and gold, 'E. V. C.' all quips and quirls—pale gray wax, with a coat of arms, and a motto in one of the dead languages.'

'Irish maybe,' suggests Dick. It is his last day home, and no one smiles at the ghostly attempt.
Sydney put it quietly in her pocket. Instinctively she felt what it contained, felt that it was a letter not to be read here. Luncheon ended, she went up stairs and opened Mr. Van Cuyler's elegant epistle:
'CLARENDOFF HOTEL, Feb. 6th, 18—
"MY DEAR MISS OWSEN:
That much Sydney could make out without much difficulty, but the rest—fortunately it was not long; authors as a rule, whatever their sins, are seldom guilty of long letters. This was three small pages, no more. Conscientiously Sydney set herself to the task, half-an-hour to each page, and by dint of skipping a word here, guessing a word there, reached the end at last. It is his writing was bad, his English was good; in the most courtly and grandiose manner Mr. Van Cuyler told the tale of his love and asked Miss Owsen to become his wife.

Sydney sighed a little as she laid it down. After all, to win the affections of such men as Sir Harry Leonard and Ernest Van Cuyler was an honor. Why was it she could feel no answering affection for either? Why was it that erratic heart of hers, untouched all these years, had gone at last, unasked, to a man whom the world would have called beneath her?—a man far less handsome, and no more talented than Van Cuyler, with neither name nor fortune to offer her? Why did she care for him? Why did his face haunt her so persistently, his voice sound ceaselessly in her ear, his most careless words linger in her memory? Why did she not forget him? What was there in him or about him, beyond other men, that he and he alone should have power to disturb her peace?

'Curious love be still!—
Is human love the growth of human will?'
Surely not, for Sydney Owsen had never willed to fall in love with Lewis Nolan. That very night Mr. Van Cuyler received his answer; next morning he departed from New York; a week later, and on a Havre steamer he was half-way across the Atlantic. Perhaps the author of 'Hard Hit' and 'Fair as a Star' was right—there can be no more effectual remedy for love-sickness than sea-sickness. It was a short answer, too, to send a man on so long a journey:

'DEAR MR. VAN CUYLER: Your letter has touched me deeply; believe me I feel all the honor your preference does me quite as much as if I accepted. But I cannot accept. I do not love you. I never can. Regretting that I should give you pain,
'I am, very sincerely your friend
'SYDNEY OWSEN.'

'P. S.—My decision is irrevocable. I trust you will not heedlessly pain me both by attempting to change it. S. O.'

CHAPTER VIII.
TWILIGHT IN LUCY'S ROOM.
AND now Miss Owsen is rid of all her lovers, Dick departs for the fighting ground of the South, and Ernest Van Cuyler disappears all at once, and is in Paris before he has been properly missed. He is a young man not used to the world No; and wounded pride, and hurt self-love, and mortified vanity, have perhaps as much to do with his chagrined delight as the tender passion. In the mysterious way these things get wind, it is whispered about in awe-struck undertones that Miss Owsen has rejected him, the part of the season.

'Is she insane, I wonder?' Mrs. Macgregor asks rather bitterly, 'to refuse Van Cuyler. For whom is she waiting—a prince of the royal blood?'
For Aunt Helen is fiercely angry and disappointed, not that she has rejected Van Cuyler, but that she has rejected Dick. More than even Katie suspects her mother has counted on this match. To keep the Owsen shekels in the family, to pay her debts, to provide herself with a home for life free of cost and worry—that has been her dream.

The dream is at an end. Sydney has refused him, and the way out of her difficulties seems as far off as ever. Her daughter is disappointing her even more bitterly than her son; the winter campaign is ended, and Mr. Vanderdonck has left town, his own lord and master still. In a few months another season of expense and water-logging-places will begin.

Katherine was five-and-twenty last birthday, and is not growing younger with every passing year. She was one of the innumerable 'Martha's' of the world, 'troubled and anxious about many things,' and daily that austere Roman nose grew more and more austere, the cold blue eyes harder and more baggard, and her manner to her cousin's daughter as frigid as her great respect for that young lady's fortune would allow.

'Sunday in the Macgregor mansion was at all times rather a dreary day—the Sunday following Dick's departure more than usually dreary. In the first place it rained, not a hearty down-pour, but a miserable, ceaseless, chilling February drizzle, that blotted out heaven above and earth beneath, in a wet blanket of fog and mist. Miss Owsen, who was somewhat of a devotee in the eyes of the family, arose early and went to church. Katie slept until noon, and came down, yawning and slumped, to luncheon. It was a dismal meal; Aunt Helen's face looked cold, and gray, and hard as stone.

'Poor Dick! I wonder if they are fighting down there in this rain,' says Katie. 'What a desolate day Sunday is, and only last week they told us in the sermon, that heaven would be one perpetual Sabbath! Sunday's rain is wetter, Sunday's cold colder, Sunday's heat hotter, and Sunday's blues bluer, than any other of the week.'

'Your mental thermometer has fallen since last night,' Sydney remarks. 'You were in wild, high spirits starting for Mrs. Holland's soiree musicale.'

'Natural reaction, my dear. I am like a bottle of champagne, all fiz and sparkle overnight, dead flat next morning. And my last state is worse than my first. After all, I am half-glad the wear and tear of the season is over, and Lent at hand, to give me a chance to recruit. Even perpetual parties become a bore, the theatre monotonous, the opera a dreary detestation. Daily church-going will be a diversion, and I don't mind fasting—sock-fish and oysters. Anyways of the opera will you go to hear 'Il Puritani' in the Academy to-morrow night?'

'Yes—no—I don't know, I will be better able to tell you when to-morrow night comes,' Sydney answers wearily.
The weather, the change in Mrs. Macgregor, or something, is producing its effect on Miss Owsen's splendid vitality and spirits. To-day she looks pale and fagged, listless and dreary, and the moment luncheon ends goes back to her own room.

'It's my opinion, madame moi,' says Katie, taking up a novel and glancing carelessly at her parent, 'that if that Spartan severity of manner of yours doesn't thaw out, Sydney Owsen will take wings one of these days and fly back to her English friends. You see she is not used to that sort of thing; she has lived in an atmosphere of petting all her life, and doesn't understand it. Miss Owsen was one of those weak characterless creatures who never cold and make everybody about them miserable for their good, and Sydney naturally doesn't take to it now. I merely throw out the suggestion, mamma; you will continue to act of course as your superior wisdom may suggest.'

Then, novel in hand, placidly ignoring her mother's irritated reply, Katherine saunters away to read until dinner.
Katherine was right; Sydney was half meditating a flight across the ocean. Low spirits rarely, almost never, attacked her; her nature was thoroughly strong, sunny, and inclined to 'serve the Lord with a cheerful heart'; but she was miserably out of sorts to-day. How unkind of Aunt Helen to visit it upon her that she could not marry Dick! In spite of her riches how poor she was after all, fatherless, motherless, homeless—alone. She closed her eyes, and leaned her head in a tired way against the back of her chair. If she could only have said 'Come to Sir Harry Leonard, and sailed away with him to the clear, romantic old Cornish house, where cold looks and icy speeches would never have embittered her life. And yet how could she go back now?

'If mamma had not sold Owsen Place I might return there, find some nice old lady to keep house for me, and have a home, a real home, a home of my own at last. Or if I could find Cynthia Hendrick—dear old Cy—I might start off to Italy and be free and happy in the egypt, rambling way poor mamma and I lived so long.'

The rain beat and pattered against the glass all day and Sydney sat home sick and lonesome. She had felt from the first that this house could never be home, her relatives never friends. She was convinced of it now. To be in Lucy Nolan's little white chamber, with Lucy's gentle face to soothe her sorrows, would have been comfort; but Sunday was his day home, and on Sunday she never went.
Sunday ended, and Monday morning's sunshine and bustle dissipated the vapors. After all, what was she that life should not bring all its dark days? She must take the bitter with the sweet, like the rest of the world, and make up her mind to live as she found it.
Monday morning brought a note from Lucy Nolan.
'To-morrow is Shrove Tuesday,' Lucy

wrote; 'and mother is famous for her Shrove Tuesday pancakes. Will you not come and try one? You have not been to see me in five days.'

'Poor little Lucy! Yes, I will go. Sydney thought half remorsefully, 'why should any foolish feelings of my own keep me away since my going gives her pleasure? She, poor child, who has so few.'

She sent a brief word of acceptance with the messenger. In the afternoon she went with Katherine to return calls; in the evening she went with her cousin's party to the Academy. It was a more than usually brilliant night—bows and smiles greeted them on every hand; Miss Owsen was a universal favorite in society.

'I said yesterday I had no friends,' she thought, with a half smile. 'It seems I was mistaken. I shall never lack friends while I remain an heiress.'

'Evil communications,' etc. Five months of Katherine Macgregor's society was making even Sydney cynical. She sat rather silent in the midst of her gay circle, lying listlessly back in her chair, her eyes fixed upon the stage and the singers. Presently Katie leaned forward, and spoke in a half whisper:

'Look, Sydney, there are the Graham family. That very stylish girl in the striped opera-cloak and with the scarlet camellias is Mrs. Graham's sister. And—positively, yes—Lewis Nolan is with them. I thought he had left this wicked world altogether of late.'

Sydney glanced across, and saw her large friend, Mrs. Graham, as usual, in loudly swearing colors, and by her side an extremely graceful and rather fragile-looking girl, in an opera wrap of distinguished hues. Leaning across Mrs. Graham's chair was Lewis Nolan, his eyes upon the prima donna of the night, evidently absorbed in the music. The young lady leaned back in her chair, and addressed him with a coquettish smile. He bent his tall head to catch her remark with an amused expression.

'What!' exclaimed a gentleman of Miss Macgregor's party, 'is Nolan going in for Nellie Lincoln? I never thought of it before, but the whole thing would arrange itself beautifully. She is Graham's sister-in-law; her family have both money and influence. With his talents all he wants is a push upward, and if he does not get the push, even his talent will find it up hill work, heavily weighted as he is in the race of life.'

'I understood Mr. Nolan was going to California to seek his fortune,' observed Katie.
'But if he finds the fortune ready made to his hand at home? Why go to California for what he can get in New York?'

'Why, indeed if he can get it, of which I am not at all sure. He is a friend of the Grahams, and has a passion for music, consequently Mrs. Graham makes him do escort duty for her husband. I do not believe there is anything between Miss Lincoln and Sydney, they are bowing.'

Mrs. Graham, sweeping the house with her double-barrel, espied the cousins, and bowed. Then she spoke to her escort, and Mr. Nolan, glancing across, bowed in his turn.
'What a very lovely face!' said Mrs. Graham's sister. 'Your description has not done Miss Owsen justice. Does she sit there, with all that golden hair and that scarlet drapery? I never saw a sweeter face.'

'Above Miss Owsen's beauty there can be no two opinions, is Mr. Nolan's answer. 'And as good as she is beautiful,' says enthusiastic Mrs. Graham—'it is a heart of gold. There is a fascination about her that won my heart at sight.'

'Ah! but Mrs. Graham's heart is so very easily won,' says Nolan.
'And so very often,' says Mrs. Graham's sister. 'I never pay any attention to Bella's rhapsodies; she is always infatuated about somebody; but really Miss Owsen justifies a little raving. They say she even captured the invincible Ernest Van Cuyler.'

'So it is said,' Nolan answers. 'Mr. Van Cuyler's taste is excellent.'
'I wonder if there is anything in that, Sydney? Katie remarks as they go home; 'I wonder if Lewis Nolan is really the epicure of Nellie Lincoln? As Major Lloyd said a little while ago, it is just the start in life he wants. He could not do better.'

forward and stands still. Lewis Nolan starts around, Lucy utters a cry; Miss Owsen, pale as ashes, trembling violently, comes forward.

'I beg your pardon,' she says, in a gasping voice, 'I did not mean to listen. But I caught my name and—'

She comes over to Lucy's side; and takes the two hands, imploringly held out, in hers, and clasps them hard.
'You have heard,' Mr. Nolan asks, quite white with the shock of his surprise.
'All. Oh! forgive me. Indeed I did not mean to listen.'

'Forgive you?' he repeats, mastering himself by an effort. 'But you will do me the justice, I am sure, to believe I would not willfully have pained you by this avowal.'

She stands silent, but her color is coming and going, her breath quick, her eyes intent upon the carpet pattern.
Lewis Nolan, in spite of the poverty of his antecedents, is an adept in the polite art of self-repression. He holds himself well in hand now.

'My sister has been trying to overthrow my resolution of going away next month,' he says, but the deadly pallor of his face betrays the calmness of voice and words, 'and in an uncontrollable moment I have told her the truth. That I have learned to love you is at once my loss and my gain but knowing its hopelessness I never meant to pain you by the knowledge. Now that by chance you have heard, if it does pain you, you will still forgive me, I am sure.'

She stands silent. 'Forgive him?' He only asks that.
'Have I indeed offended you?' he says coming nearer. 'Shall we not part friends, then, after all?'

'Part? She cannot bear that. She sinks down on her knees, and lays her face against her friend.
'Tell him, Lucy,—clinging to Lucy's hands—'you know.'

And Lucy laughs softly at the little comedy of errors, and holds her close, and looks triumphantly at her brother.
'Miss Owsen!' he cried—'Sydney, what does this mean?'

'Oh, stupid Lewis! Lucy laughs; 'how blind men are! It means you are not to go to Sacramento—that is all.'

CHAPTER IX.
'MY LIFE HAS FOUND WHAT SOME HAVE FOUND SO SWEET.'
It is half-an-hour later.
Twilight, pale and gray, has given place tonight; outside the frost February stars sparkle, and a new moon glimmers like a broken silver ring. Inside, the red glow of the fire still fitfully lights the room, and lingers on the two figures standing at the ivy-wreathed window, and on Lucy Nolan lying back, her eyes upon them, her hands clasped, praying, perhaps, but with a face of infinite content. For the two persons most interested, they just stand here and say very little. They have said very little in the past half hour, but Sydney knows that the desire of her heart is here. And Lewis Nolan knows, that what in his wildest moments of hope he never dared hope for, what Ernest Van Cuyler has vainly sought, is his. And among all the elect of Mammon, whom the new will probably shock and amaze, not one will be more honestly surprised than is at this moment the happy man himself. He has spoken little either of love, or rapture, or gratitude, as they linger here. Long ago he is thinking of it as he stands by Sydney Owsen's side and gazes out at the starry darkness—the strong passions nature has given him slipped their leash, and the memory of that time has darkened his whole after-life. The power of self-repression, his life-study since, has become second nature now, and he stands beside the beautiful woman he has never hoped to win, and keeps those turbulent emotions of joy and love well reined in. But Sydney is content, the silence is eloquent, and his few broken words, his face, his eyes have told her all she asks to know.

'Sydney,' he says, and the name comes as naturally to his lips as though they had spoken it for years, 'Mrs. Macgregor will never consent.'

Sydney, leaning lightly against the window frame, her eyes fixed on that broken, little yellow moon, smiles dreamily, and glances shyly up in her tall lover's face.
'Will she not? Very likely. But it doesn't matter, does it? A second cousin is—well, a second cousin; I am not sure that her consent or approbation signifies.'

He smiles at the easy air and tone of utter indifference.
'But I am afraid it does, my little princess. You are making a very shocking mistake, stooping very low in stooping to me. Do you not know that?'

hood. And all Madison Avenue will be scandalized, and the best metropolitan society will cry out that one of their order princess, think of it in time. Oh! little too late to draw back, to repent of your sin against society.'

'That is a very eloquent outburst, Mr. Nolan,' replies Miss Owsen, coolly; 'but as a rule eloquent outbursts are thrown away on telling me you—your care for me a little, and want to get out of it, please put it in plain words. If you tell me to give you up, I will do it; if not, the rest of the world though it cried out to me with one voice is as nothing.'

'My own! how can I ever prove any gratitude for this?'

'By never saying such hateful things more. All New York can neither make me mar my happiness, but you can with a word. All the wealth of the world, if I possessed it, would not weigh a feather-weight against my love.'

She speaks the last word in a sky whisper, as one not yet used to its sound. For two and twenty years she has gone on her way, her heart her own, to lay it down humbly here. She is sweetness, and nobleness, and generosity itself, but even yet this difficult Mr. Nolan is not at rest, for he knows she speaks of wealth and position with the grand disdain of one who has never known the lack of either.

And now Mamma Nolan puts in her best black Sunday cap, and calmly announces that the pancakes are ready, and will they please come down to tea, and all this (deceit from sublimated sentiment to flap-jack) all laugh.

'Dear me,' says Mrs. Nolan, 'what are you laughing at and what are you all doing in the dark? Lewis, I think you might have lit the lamp? It can't be pleasant for Miss Owsen to sit in darkness like an owl?'

'I don't mind being an owl for a little while, Mrs. Nolan,' resounds Sydney, demurely. 'Mr. Nolan and I have been discussing society and creeds, and forgot that it was lamplight time.'

'Well, come down to supper,' says Mamma Nolan, innocently, 'Lewis, be very careful in carrying Lucy on the stairs.'

For it is one of Lucy's best days, and she is to go down stairs. The warning is not needed, no woman could be more tender of touch than is Lewis with his frail sister.

He carries her down to the cozy parlor, where fire and lamp make warmest light, and where china tea cups glisten, and an old silver tea-pot, the one relic of affluent days, sparkles, and where there are cakes, and coffee, and omelets, and ruby jellies and snowy bread, cold ham and hot pancakes, all tempting and nice. It is a delightful meal, although Sydney finds her surprise that she has no appetite, and her effort in the eating way is only an effort to please her hostess. Lewis is rather silent, but he looks wonderfully happy, even his mother notices and her artless remarks on the subject make Miss Owsen blush. There is a ring in one of these pancakes, Mrs. Nolan grins in informs her company, whoever gets it is to be married before the year ends; and this blissful symbol, the propitious Fates will, shall fall to Miss Owsen.

(To be Continued.)

RAILWAY DISASTER.
A Coach Filled with Excursionists Telescoped by a Locomotive.
Two Persons Killed and Twenty-five Others Injured.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., August 11.—At half past six this evening, the second section of an excursion train which left Atlantic City at six o'clock, ran into the first section, telescoping the rear car, and killing two persons and injuring about twenty-five others. The passengers on the ill-fated train, who arrived on 5.30 express from Camden at midnight, give the following account of the disaster. The excursion train consisted of twenty-six cars, sixteen in the first and ten in the second section. The train was filled with St. Ann's Catholic excursionists from Kensington, Philadelphia. The first section left this city at six o'clock, and the second followed soon after. When the first section reached May's Landing the engineer slowed and started to run on the siding to allow the passage of the 5.30 express from Camden. All the cars had passed the switch except two, when the second section came thundering on behind. The engineer of the latter section whistled down brakes as he approached the switch, but when the brakes were applied they failed to work, owing to their being wet, and the rear locomotive crashed into the last car of the first section, telescoping it and causing a fearful wreck. As the locomotive forced its way into the car, the cylinder heads were forced open, and dense clouds of steam poured through the cars, scalding nearly every passenger in it. In an instant there was a scene of fearful excitement. The sound of hissing steam and the shrieks of the terrified passengers were blended and carried through the cars, striking terror to the hearts of all. The crowded cars were speedily emptied, and every effort made to aid the wounded. The express train arrived just as the accident occurred, and the passengers from it also hurried to render assistance. The work of removing the injured was immediately begun and medical aid summoned. The wounded were taken to neighboring houses. The best care of the express train were switched off and fitted up as hospitals, and attached to the excursion train. In these were placed the least injured, and the train went on to Philadelphia. Physicians from Camden, who came down on the wrecking train that was telegraphed for, forbid the removal of a number of the injured, who still remain at May's Landing.

Correspondence.
To the Editor of the True Witness.
DEAR SIR,—You will oblige me by inserting the following returns of our Society's semi-annual election:
Father Matthew's Total Abstinence Association of Altoona: Revd. Father Coffey, Revd. Director; John O'Reilly, President; M. McLaughlin, 1st Vice-President; P. J. Doherty, 2nd Vice-President; M. Nolan, Secretary; J. Stafford, Assistant Secretary; P. Daly, Treasurer. Committee of Management: Messrs. D. Malone, D. Maher, P. Delaney, P. Dowdall, R. O'Sullivan, J. E. Bouchell, E. Letang, I. Letang, A. Madden.
Yours truly,
JOHN O'REILLY.
Altoona, August 9th, 1890.
'No, Algernon, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose.'