

witnessed the fight, and the excitement ran high all day. There were many broken noses and heads cracked.

About 150 coopers, employed at the Hall & Dann Barrel Works at Minneapolis, Minn., quit work last Friday morning on account of a cut of one cent a barrel in their wages. Other shops in the city had made the cut, and it was expected that the workmen would quit, but they have accepted the reduction.

The Hudson River is frozen over at Albany, and navigation entirely suspended. The ice men have staked out their fields for harvest.

E. A. Sopherles, a distinguished Greek scholar and professor of Harvard College, is dead.

Harris' mill at Lowell, Mass., was burned last week. Loss, \$50,000. Ten firemen were injured, some severely.

Last Saturday a fire destroyed much property at Winona, Minn. The same day a sugar-house was burned at Franklin, La. Loss, \$75,000.

The American House at Dubuque, Pa., was burned on Sunday. Loss, \$75,000.

At Girardville, Pa., smallpox has again broken out. Three young girls are sick.

There were five robberies in St. Louis at the point of a pistol on one night last week. The citizens threaten to organize a vigilance committee.

At New York the Ferry Boat Garden City was burned on the 14th inst. The passengers escaped but some horses were burned. Loss, \$100,000. Redman's livery stable was burned the same day. Eleven horses perished.

Two vessels have been lost in Lake Superior. The schooner Mary Ann Hurlburt, which went down on the 12 inst. with twenty men, and the North Cape wrecked on Tuesday, her crew of eight men perishing.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Mr. W. Forster is in favor of an extended franchise for Ireland.

A quantity of arms and ammunition has been seized in a house in Dublin.

The Chetque presented to Mr. Parnell at the banquet in his honor was for £38,000.

Mr. West (Liberal) has been elected to Parliament for Ipswich, to succeed Mr. Cobbold (Conservative), deceased.

Fifty-two Magistrates of the County of Armagh, headed by the Duke of Manchester, have forwarded to Dublin Castle a strong protest against the suspension of Lord Rossmore's commission as a magistrate.

Lord Lorne was presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow. In a speech he said that Canada was independent in form and reality, but if she should be threatened by any great Power her position would be a dangerous one without England to back her.

O'Donnell, the murderer of the informer Carey, and Joseph Pool, the murderer of John Kenny, have been hanged.

A despatch from Madrid states that a hurricane did much damage in Alicante last week. At Deria the sea was driven over the town and fourteen vessels were wrecked.

Two steamers were wrecked in Holland in the recent gales, one off Texel and the other off Helvoetsluys. The life-boat found three dead bodies aboard the latter steamer.

A strong shock of earthquake has been felt at Korea, in Asiatic Turkey.

A great storm has caused much damage in Abadia. Six large ships and fifteen coasting vessels have been lost and the crews drowned.

The quarrel between France and China is still unsettled. The French forces have been increased, and money voted for the war. The Chinese have taken the Black Flags into their paid service.

Tales and Sketches.

BUILDING A HOUSE WITH A TEA-CUP.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Let it alone, Lucy!" exclaimed Granny Grey to her young visitor. "Why did you remove the shade?"

"Well, dear Granny, only because I really wanted to see it."

"See it!" said the very handsome woman, with whom the aspect of youth lingered. "Why, darling, surely your eyes are not in the tips of your fingers? You could see it without removing the shade. You mean, I suppose, you wanted to feel it?"

Lucy laughed. In common with all the girls in Woolen Reach—the name of the village in which Mrs. Grey resided—she called her "Granny"; "Granny" was the pet name, the name of love, by which all the young people, boys and girls, recognized Mrs. Grey. Lucy Lynne was one of the good woman's especial favorites. There were steadier and wiser girls in Woolen Reach; but there was not one gifted with a gentler heart of a kinder nature than Lucy Lynne.

"I do not know what I wanted," laughed Lucy; "but you all make such a wonderful fuss about that cup that I thought I should like to know why; and just now, when you had done reading, and closed the Book, leav-

ing Mr. Grey's spectacle-case in it for a mark, I am sure you sat for quite five minutes looking at that cup—at least your eyes were fixed on it—and yet—" The girl paused.

"And yet what?" questioned Mrs. Grey.

"Why, though your eyes were fixed on the cup, it seemed as if they were somehow looking beyond it; and then—indeed, your eyes grew red, and your eyes had tears in them, and I thought, without intending it, you clasped your hands; and you got up and looked at the sheet almanac, and I thought you said to yourself, 'Thank God!'"

"Why, Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, "what an observant puss you are! I little thought you were watching me as a cat would a mouse."

"That won't do, dear Granny," laughed Lucy. "The cat watches the mouse because she wants to catch and eat it. Now you do not believe I want to eat you?"

"No, dear child, I never thought you wanted to eat me," answered Mrs. Grey, laughing in her turn, "but I did not think you were so observant."

"I am sure," said Lucy, "there are a dozen tea-cups in the house much prettier than that old thing you lay such store by. Some one said here the other day that the 'willow pattern' was considered very old-fashioned, and in 'bad taste'; and you said it was, and that you hated the sight of it, and would have a new dinner service as soon as your ship came home, but," added Lucy, with a little pout, "that ship is a long time on the seas. As long as I can remember I have heard you talk of what was to be done when the ship came home; perhaps, when it does, Granny, it may bring you a pretty cup to put under the shade, instead of that 'willow pattern.'"

"No," said Mrs. Grey; "not all the cups that ever came from China, even if they were filled with gold, would be half as valuable in my eyes as that discolored old tea-cup of the 'willow pattern,' which I have cared for and cherished for thirty years; and Mr. Grey values it as highly as I do."

"Granny, will you not tell me why," inquired Lucy, "that I also may value it? I know you think a great deal of it, for you always dust the shade with your own hands."

"If you can sit still, Lucy, and listen attentively, it will be a pleasure to me to tell you why I value that tea-cup. There! bring your favorite stool to my side and sit down, and you shall hear not an imaginary but a true story, which I hope you will remember all the days of your life."

"You know my husband was a carpenter—indeed, I may say is; though he does not work as hard as he used with his hands, I think he does with his head, and I hear that his power of calculation is clear and rapid."

"Oh yes," said Lucy; "I have heard Mr. Grey say that temper kept his brain clear."

"I married him when I was very young," continued Mrs. Grey—"some said too young to take the cares of the world upon me; but I thought my husband, who was a very well educated man, would teach me how to bear them—at least that was what I thought and believed; but the real truth was, I loved him very dearly, and if there are faults, we are not inclined to see them in those we love."

"Then," said that saucy Lucy, looking archly up into Mrs. Grey's face, "I do not think, Granny, you love me very much, for I think you see all my faults, ever so big!"

"My dear one!" replied her old friend, "I hope I see them all, because I am anxious my Lucy should be very perfect; and if her faults were not known, how could they be corrected? And she has just displayed one."

"A fault!" repeated Lucy, opening her great gray eyes.

"Yes; you interrupted me at the commencement of a story you said you wished to hear, and I now feel indisposed to tell it."

"Oh," exclaimed the repentant Lucy, "indeed I will not do so again; I will be as silent as ever you could wish, and as attentive; I did not mean to be rude, dear Granny!"

"Where did I leave off?" questioned Mrs. Grey.

"You said we were not inclined to see faults in those we love," replied Lucy.

"Oh, I remember. Well, dear, we had everything very tidy and comfortable, and my husband had plenty of work. I did not think it then, but I had cause to mourn it afterward, that though I loved my husband, I was not as careful in my early married life as I should have been of his little home comforts. His dinner was not always ready to the moment, as it is a wife's duty to see that it is when her husband comes home from his day's work. The hour or two of evening, when the toil of the day is ended, should be the happiest of the four-and-twenty, and can not fail to be so if a household, however small, is properly cared for. During the early days of our married life we never omitted reading a portion of the Testament, and sometimes singing the verse of a hymn, before we retired for the night. Mr. Grey had a beautiful voice," said the old lady, with very pardonable pride, "and, as you know, he leads in the church still. After we had been married about a year, it pleased God to make an addition to our family. That should have increased my dexterity, so that my attention to my child should not have been taken from, but added to, the comforts and pleasures of our home; but, instead of that, my new duties rendered me heedless, and often sloppish. My husband liked to see me trim and neat in my person."

"Katie," he used to say, 'I only ask to see your hair brushed and shining, and your apron and cotton gown—as they used to be—clean.' He would often take the broom and sweep the hearth, and make up the fire,