

LATE NEWS

The tobacco factory of John J. Nicks, at Elmira, N. Y., burned March 23. Loss, \$25,000.

The American Knife Company's works, at Waterbury, Conn., burned March 23. Loss, \$40,000.

The Republican State Convention of Rhode Island nominated the present State officers for re-election.

A great fire occurred in Philadelphia, on the night of March 23. The damage is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

Joseph H. Marks, St. Louis, a south sea commission merchant, has expended, with liabilities amounting to \$110,000.

The Danville, Hanlon & Wilkesbarre railroad has been sold under foreclosure, and was bought by the bondholders for \$400,000.

The Tarrytown Bank, at Tarrytown, N. Y., has suspended, having received deposits up to its close. Liabilities, \$120,000; assets, \$70,000.

The House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, have agreed to report Hatch's bill patching defects of gold and silver coins.

James Ross Snowden, formerly State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, and Director of the United States Mints, died at Halmintia, Pa., March 23.

On the 20th of March, J. J. English, the proprietor of the Ocean House, at Chincoteague Island, Va., shot Stephen Pollett dead. Pollett owed some money to English and failed to pay it.

Joseph Bavy, the defaulting ex-State Treasurer of New Jersey, who has now spent nearly three years in the State prison, has been pardoned out. His term would have expired in May next.

The Bank of Chemung, Elmira, N. Y., has suspended. The amount of deposits is stated at \$200,000, and the discounts and overdrafts at \$300,000. A serious loss to depositors is anticipated.

Mrs. Lucy L. Day, aged 80, was murdered at Clero, N. Y., March 24th, by her daughter, a married woman, aged 47, who stabbed her at the dinner table with a knife. The quarrel resulted from an old feud.

A meeting of the National Committee of the Dairy Fair was held at Utica, N. Y., on March 23th. Col. R. H. Littlejohn, of Iowa, was elected Secretary. It was decided to hold the next fair at New York City, next autumn.

At Foster, R. I., on the night of March 20th, William Ide returned home drunk and badly beat his wife, who had also been drinking. After her husband fell asleep the wife took a double-barreled shot-gun and killed him.

The Brewers' and Grocers' Bank, of New York, will wind up their affairs and go out of business. Cause—loss of confidence by customers, and \$23,000 impairment of capital, owing in part to the defalcation of a former cashier.

The steamer Jas. W. Goff sunk in the Ohio river, four miles above Connellton, Ky., March 23d. She was valued at \$200,000 and was insured for \$200,000. She had ninety passengers and a large amount of freight. No lives lost.

The Farmers' Tobacco Warehouse and several factories burned at Danville, Va., March 23d. Half a million pounds of leaf tobacco and 80,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco were lost. Total loss, \$40,000; insurance, \$50,000.

Minnie Walton, who has several aliases, and who is reported to be a notorious thief, has been arrested in Boston. She robbed the Palmer House, in Chicago, of \$19,000 in diamonds, jewelry, etc., and has been in many other heavy jobs.

The domestic of Judge Gideon D. Campbell, of Clarkburg, West Va., attempted to poison the whole family, a few days ago, by a liberal supply of arsenic in the tea. The large amount administered caused them to vomit, and saved their lives. Motive unknown. The girl was arrested.

On the afternoon of March 25th, in New York city, J. Moore was assaulted on 26th St., by George Maney and robbed of \$25,000 in Missouri and Pacific railroad bonds. The thief was subsequently arrested in a street car, and sent to the Tombs in default of \$4,000 bail. The bonds were recovered.

A dispatch from Wheeling, West Virginia, announces the hanging of John Wallace, near Littleton, the scene of the murder committed by Wallace on the 19th of March. The lynching was done at an early hour on the morning of March 24th, by 35 masked men, who took him from the officers and hung him to a tree.

At Columbus, O., March 25th, Geo. M. Werman, patentee of Werman's patent pump, and proprietor of the Columbus steam pump works, was shot and instantly killed by his father, George Werman, while on his way from his works. The father committed suicide a few moments later. Business complications led to the murder.

A dispatch from Baltimore, the capital of the northwest territory, and from Cypress Hill, says there is great excitement over a reported combination by Sitting Bull, the Blackfoot, Sioux and other Indians, to attack the settlements at Spring Camp. It is said to consist of 700 lodges, and is daily growing more formidable; and Cypress Hill is supposed to be the objective point. The settlers are moving away.

Captain Williams, of the 7th Infantry, stationed at Ft. Belknap, learns that the forces under Sitting Bull aggregate, with what he has assurances of receiving in the way of reinforcements, nearly 7,000 fighting men. The talk among them is that they will fight nobody, but if anyone crosses their path they will get it just the same. The Indians are well supplied with ammunition and the situation is regarded as critical, and decisive measures are urged.

On the night of March 19th, in Chicago, Special Government Detective Agrell was successful in arresting an expert gang of counterfeiters who have been engaged in sending base coins out into the northwest. Their whole apparatus and some of the coinage were captured. The gang are all notorious experts. Their names are: Elwood J. Lee, alias Edward Wright; George Hooper, formerly a policeman in Chicago; George Quigg, the talented leader

of the gang; and Eugene Hartman, brother of Constable Hartman, of Chicago. A dispatch from Littleton, West Va., says that an inquest was held there over the dead bodies of the wife and infant of George Wallace, alias George Baker, and Mary Church, a niece (fourteen years old) of John Wallace, George's brother. They found the bodies of Mrs. Wallace and her child in a fence corner one mile from the residence, near Littleton. Both were horribly mutilated, their skulls being crushed by some blunt instrument. They then went to the brother's house and found the body of Mary Church lying upon the floor, with three gashes in her forehead. The girl had been outraged before her death. Strong circumstantial evidence points to John Wallace as the murderer and George Wallace as an accessory.

James Graham, aged twenty-seven, unmarried, has been arrested on the charge of murdering John W. Armstrong, at Camden, N. J., on the 23d of January, last, and he confesses the crime. He was an apprentice under Ben. Hunter, now in prison on the charge. There is great excitement in Camden and vicinity. The startling part of Graham's testimony is where he details how Hunter visited the house of the wounded man when he was at the point of death, and going to the bedside of Armstrong, during the absence of the lady members of the family, pressed the victim's head, and made the wounds bleed fresh again. Graham says that the plot to murder Armstrong was carefully matured, and that he agreed to do the job for \$300.

Dispatches from Texas say the commission appointed by President Hayes and Gov. Hibbard, to investigate the San Eliza, Rio Grande and El Paso difficulties of a short time ago, have adjourned. They advise stationing 200 Federal soldiers at El Paso. The result of the commission produced great dissatisfaction in Texas. Major Jones, who represented Texas in the commission, will make a minority report which, it is expected, will set forth the aggressions of most Americans, and recommend the punishment of Mexican Indians. It is said that the two military officers of the commission appointed by the President have been feasted and feted by the citizens of El Paso county, who are not only inimical to the people of Texas, but also to American interests; and the fact has caused a great deal of comment.

A dispatch of March 21st, from the town of Bloomsburg, Pa., says McHugh, Tully and Heister—Mollie Maguire sentenced to be hanged—have been informed of the adverse decision of the Court of Pardons. Mrs. Heister, a young woman of very prepossessing appearance, when the decision was given publicly, fled to the prison, wringing her hands and pulling her hair and shrieking in a most frantic manner. When the sheriff admitted her she fung herself upon the neck of her husband and fainted. Tully and McHugh, when informed of the nature of the decision, sunk back into the darkness of their cells. After a few moments pause, Tully remarked: "What is, must be." McHugh finally aroused himself and said: "Well, they have fixed it up at last, have they? I wish to God they had fixed it up a year ago." He then paced his cell like a caged tiger in anger, and would not listen to the comforting words of his friends.

Foreign. ENGLAND. Dispatches from London of March 23d say: The iron trade in South Yorkshire is in a most stagnant condition, and large numbers of men are thus thrown out of work. Within the last few days two of the leading works in Rotherham have stopped, owing to the scarcity of orders; and another force of 1,000 men are thus made idle at the establishment of the Midland Iron Company, which had during the last ten years paid a dividend averaging 30 per cent per annum. It is feared that the colliers will strike against a reduction of wages, and in that event 30,000 men will be unemployed.

A London dispatch of March 23d says: The landing of a force on the Asiatic side of the Sea of Marmora has unquestionably been considered by the government. Railway material to be laid on a parallel line with the Bosphorus, has been purchased. The English Government has purchased of Sir William Armstrong four one hundred ton guns, costing \$60,000 each, and is negotiating for a number of smaller weapons, such as are already in the service. Large contracts have been made for gun carriages and army stores. An order for torpedo vessels has been distributed among the ship builders on the Thames and elsewhere.

A London dispatch of March 14th says: In reply to a question the Chancellor said the Government had agreed to take part in the Congress. The Government is now communicating with various Powers regarding the terms upon which we shall enter the Congress. The Chancellor said he could not enter into details, but he might say that in the Congress each Power would maintain liberty of action. It was not intended that a majority would bind the minority. England will maintain her views in the Congress, and will require, before entering it, that every article of the treaty of peace shall be placed before the Congress in such a manner that the Congress can judge whether the articles are to be accepted or not. In the House of Commons Sir Robert Peel objected to Lord Lyons representing England in the Congress, because his opinions were opposed to those of Layard, and Sir Stafford Northcote replied that the Government and not Lord Lyons, was responsible for England's course at the Congress.

Russia. The official Journal of St. Petersburg publishes the full text of the treaty, which fully confirms the versions previously cable. The London Times, commenting on the text of the treaty, says there is much to criticize and resist, but nothing absolutely beyond the pale of discussion.

It is announced, semi-officially, from St. Petersburg, that Prince Baitenberg, the Czar's nephew, has been definitely proposed for the throne of Bulgaria. The London Post states in an official dispatch that Russia has neither received nor rejected the proposition for the admission of Greece to the congress. She was disposed to agree to the admission of the Greek delegate with merely a consultative voice.

A St. Petersburg dispatch of March 23d says: The Agency Russe says that England has not yet replied in regard to the Congress. She still insists upon her demands that all conditions of peace be submitted, notwithstanding the text of the treaty has been communicated to the cabinets and Russia has agreed to a complete freedom of discussion at the Congress. The chances of a Congress meeting have diminished.

TURKEY. The visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Sultan has been postponed till after the treaty of peace is ratified. At the request of Layard the Sultan has approved the charter for the Protestants of Turkey, similar to that possessed by the Greek Armenia Church.

A Constantinople dispatch of March 23d says: Fifty thousand Turkish troops are encamped on the plain of Buyukdere, and there are fifty battalions on the lines defending Constantinople. The Sanitary Commission have arrived at Erzerum from Tiflis. They found 30,000 corpses buried two feet under the ground frozen, but not decomposed. The Commission were deliberating whether to cremate the corpses or use quick lime. The mortality among the Russians in Bulgaria is very great, principally from fever. In Constantinople the typhus is increasing.

A dispatch from Volo says: The villages of Olympus, Repava, Cairo and Lita-chort have been sacked and burned by the Turks. Women, children and old men were massacred, except some who escaped to the mountains, which are still covered with snow. Unless a party is sent to relieve them they will probably perish from cold and hunger. The instruction progresses slowly. A Constantinople dispatch says: The police organized in Adrianople have committed various crimes, and pillaged last week the houses containing the property of the Turks and Frenchmen which had been confided to the care of the French consulate.

A Constantinople special says: It is asserted that Northern Syria has revolted and proclaimed itself separate from the Sultan. It is reported that the Kurds, in the province of Diarbekir, have revolted. It is true that the Porte has given orders to prevent any more outbreaks of war from passing the Dardanelles. Layard has recently obtained a firman permitting the passage of the Hotspur and Concord, which vessels are expected in the Gulf of Amud shortly. A Ragusa dispatch says: The Turks have strengthened the garrison in Herzegovina, and are working day and night in the entrenchments.

According to the treaty of San Stefano the evacuation of European Turkey, except Bulgaria, must be completed within three months after the definitive peace, and a portion of the Russian troops may embark on the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. Russia has thus insured herself the right, or at any rate the possibility of having a portion of her troops always around Constantinople until the final settlement is signed. The Porte, through the embassy at Berlin, has given notice of its acceptance of the invitation to the Congress. A Turkish camp has been formed at Buyukdere. Gen. Melikoff informed the Porte that this was unnecessary, as Russia, after the Porte's written refusal to permit the embarkation there, would not have thought of persisting in her intention.

When Bismarck's bill, separating the Railway Department from the Prussian Board of Trade and appointing a Special Imperial Minister for Railways, is introduced into the Reichstag, some members intend to take the opportunity of the debate, on its first reading, to question its ministers regarding the existing cabinet crisis. There is some talk of a dissolution of the Reichstag, and an attempt to carry the new election on Bismarck's personal strength.

Austria. Post papers report that Count Andrassy has definitely refused an alliance with England, and that Sir H. G. Elliott thereupon declared that England would not enter the Congress. A special from Pesth says the people there are convinced that a Russo-Austrian alliance has been formed.

Italy. A dispatch from Rome of March 22d, says: It is understood the foreign policy of the new government will be that of strict neutrality on the Eastern question. Italy will, however, exert to the utmost her influence in the Congress to oppose Russian predominance in Europe by seeking to extend the Hellenic kingdom and constituting other Christian nationalities.

Diffidence of Great Men. It may comfort some of our readers, troubled with an excess of modesty, to know that great men have been diffident in company and have broken down in attempting to speak.

The eloquent Robert Hall made an utter failure the first time he attempted to speak.

The great Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men. Lord Camden was on terms of the greatest intimacy with him, and one day remarked, as Pitt was at the house: "My children have heard so much about you that they are very anxious to have a glimpse of the great man. They are now at dinner. Will you oblige me by going in with me a moment?"

"O, pray don't!" said the orator in great alarm. "What on earth would I say to them?"

"Give them the pleasure of seeing you, at least," said his lordship, laughing, as he half led, half pushed him in to the room.

The Prime Minister of England approached the little group. There he stood, looking alternately at the father and the children, and twirling his hat for a few minutes, without being able to utter a sentence.

A TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK. Loss of the British Naval Ship Eurydice—Nearly 400 Persons Perish.

London dispatches of March 24th, give the particulars of the wreck of the British naval training ship Eurydice, with 400 men on board, on the south coast of the Isle of Wight. A violent gale with snow prevailed, and extended throughout England, particularly severe at Portsmouth. The admiral commanding at Portsmouth telegraphed the following particulars, received from the coast guard at Ventnor: "The Eurydice captained off Dunroese head at half past 4 o'clock this afternoon in a sudden squall. One boy and a seaman saved."

Other advices indicate that between 300 and 400 lives were lost. The admiral, on receiving the news of the disaster, immediately dispatched a steamer to the scene of the wreck. The Eurydice was a training ship for ordinary seamen, under command of Captain Marcus A. I. Hare. She was sixth rate, 921 tons, and carried four guns. A survivor of the Eurydice disaster gives the number on board as over 300. Five were picked up by a passing schooner after being in the water over an hour, but three died. It is not probable that any others were saved, as a strong ebb tide was running. The Eurydice was under full sail when overtaken by a sharp squall and heavy squalls. The sun shone again brilliantly shortly afterwards, but nothing was then visible but a few boxes floating down the channel.

The following is the statement of a seaman named Giddford: "The ship captured in a squall and snow storm about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when five hundred persons on board, all of whom, except Fletcher and myself, were, I believe, lost. I was one of the last on the ship. Capt. Hare was near me when she went down, after capturing, and she carried with her a large number of men clinging to her, or were drawn down in the vortex. A man near me said, 'A vessel was close by when the squall came on, and therefore we will be sure to be picked up.' I was more than an hour in the water, being a first-rate swimmer, and very many of my comrades cried to me for help. I tried to assist two or three, but at last there were four clinging to me, and I was obliged to tack them off. Our ship left Bermuda three weeks ago. We passed the Lizard, county of Cornwall, and the most southern part of Great Britain yesterday, and expected to answer at Spithead about five in the afternoon."

A London dispatch of March 25th, says: The official list, issued by the admiralty shows the Eurydice's officers and crew numbered 298 men. Seven, however, were probably left at Barbadoes in prison. All accounts agree that there were also from twenty to thirty passengers, officers, invalids, and men whose time had expired on board.

The Trapper's Enemy. A Winnipeg (Man) correspondent writes as follows: "I must not be imagined as the fur hunter has it all his own way. There are animals that beat him in his own game, his greatest enemy being the wolverine, or North American glutton. This curious animal is rather larger than a fox, with a long body, stoutly and compactly made, mounted on exceedingly short legs of great strength. His broad legs are armed with powerful claws, and his track in the snow is as large as a man's fist. The shape of his head and his hairy coat give him much the appearance of a shaggy brown dog. During the winter he obtains a livelihood by availing himself of the labors of the trapper; and such serious injuries does he inflict that he has received from the Indians the name of kekwaharkess, 'the evil one.' With untiring perseverance he hunts day and night for the trail of man, and when it is found follows it unerringly. Arriving at one of the wooden traps, or dead-falls, he avoids the door, but speedily tears open an entrance in the back, and seizes the bait or animal with impunity. In this way he demolishes the whole series of traps, and when once a wolverine has established himself in a trapping wack, the hunter's only chance of success is to change ground, and build a fresh lot of traps, trusting to secure a few furs before the new path is found out by his industrious little enemy."

A River Intensely Salt. It was long supposed that the brackishness of Salt River, Arizona, was caused by the stream running over a bed of salt somewhere along its course. Its waters are pure and fresh from the place where it heads up in the White Mountains, to within fifty miles of the place where it empties into the Gila. Fifty miles from its junction with the Gila there comes into it a stream of water that is intensely salt. This stream pours out of the side of a large mountain, and is from twenty to thirty feet deep. It is very rapid, and pours into the Salt River a great volume of water. Here could easily be manufactured sufficient salt to supply the markets of the world. All that would be necessary would be to dig ditches and lead the brine to basins in the nearest deserts. The heat of the sun would make the salt. Were there a railroad near the stream the waters would doubtless soon be turned and let to immense evaporating ponds. It is supposed that the interior of the mountain out of which the stream flows is largely composed of rock salt.—Nevada Enterprise.

Maud Muller. Maud Muller, as Whittier drew her, was a comely young woman in a bright dress and ragged hat, innocent as to shoes and stockings, who helped her father during the busy hay-making time, her hair being curled and high. This was certainly commendable in Maud; though as she passed in her work, and leaning on the rake handle, glanced to the fact of town, she couldn't help wishing that Fate had cast her lot different from a meadow lot, and that she was a clerk in a ninety-nine cent store, or something like that. She asked herself whether the life of a female book-canner was so very hard, and wondered if any lady clerks were wanted in the postoffice.

While she is thus reflecting, the judge comes riding slowly down the lane. Whittier doesn't tell us what he is judge of, though we conclude he is a tolerable good judge of rustic beauty, for he drew his bride (at some church fair) and asked the maid to bring him a draught

of water from a convenient spring, although it was far into the summer at the time. This she did, and blushing deeply as she recollected that her shoes and stockings were "up to the house," handed the cup to the judge, who gallantly remarked that "A sweeter draught."

Maud curtsied and said that her father considered her a pretty fair "hand in the hay-field."

The judge lingered as long as he could, talking about the weather, the silver bill, the eastern question, chances of his re-election to the bench, etc., etc., to all of which she simply replied, "Yes, sir," "te-he," or something like that, and when he couldn't make any more excuses for lingering, he rode away.

Maud looked after him and sighed as she thought, "The judge is just the kind of a man I'd like to be. Dress? I reckon not; I'd have a new gown every day, and two on Sunday. And dad should wear store clothes, and brother Sam should have a helmet hat." How about the judge as he rode away? Was he filled with a "vague unrest?" Certainly he was. He wanted to adjourn court sine die, and although a little past the hey-day of his youth, go a having with Maud from that time out. But his feelings Maud-erated when he thought of his sisters, who were society ladies, and what they and the fashionable world generally would have to say about it. So he kept on his way, and he opened court that afternoon same as usual, only the lawyers smiled as they caught him humming an old love song: "Swinging in the lane."

The judge got elected to the bench again, and then he was elected for life in another way—he married a wealthy but cold-hearted lady who moved (every spring) in the first circles, and who only accepted him because she thought it would sound well to be spoken of in the society column of the newspapers as "Mrs. Judge So-and-So." And sometimes when the judge was taking a drink of old rye, all by himself in his study, he wished that Maud could step in with a little of that meadow spring water to mix with it.

Maud got married, too. She married the hired man in a check shirt whom the judge saw mowing in another part of the field. True, she loved the judge more than she could any mow she ever saw, and would continue to until time should be no mow, but as she couldn't have him and was fearful that there would be no mowers offers, why she clinched on to the hired man.

But Maud wasn't happy either, for she couldn't help thinking how different her life would have been as Mrs. Judge. She thought so much on the subject that she came finally to believe that the judge had really proposed to her, and she had refused him. And when she got into a row with her husband she would throw it up to him, saying: "If I hadn't married you and got stuck in this pen, I'd have much better off, for I might have had him."

Little Boys. My grave, earnest boy stood beside my chair, his large dreamful eyes following the course of my rapidly moving pencil, and said softly, "Mama have you written the letter for little boys yet?" "Not yet, my son," I said; "I will soon, though." "O, in a day or two." The blue eyes filled with a vague, wistful light, and a sigh fluttered up from his little heart—perhaps at the memory of his oft-tried patience—his own little disappointments, and he said, low and softly, "Mamma, I'm afraid the little boys will get tired of waiting."

The reproval was so gently given, the reproach so unintentional, and yet so efficient, that I drew the fair face up to mine, and kissing him, said, "I will write it to-night," and the little satisfied heart had no thought that the mother would not keep her word.

I wonder if the little boys ever realized what a blessing they are to their mothers in the house, as well to their fathers out of it. I know mothers often fret because of their irrefragable spirits and many wild pranks; but I know equally well that no mother among them all, would willingly miss the sound of their happy voices, the sparkle of their bright eyes, the clatter of their little muddy boots, or the litter of their busy hands. In one corner of my sitting room—the coziest in the whole house—stands a little square box; covered with chalk marks and scratches and scars; the fastenings long ago gone, and one hinge broken, and in that box—I could never tell you what it contains! Such a treasury it is, though, to the little black-headed boy with blue-gray eyes, whose quaint, old-looking little face bends over it so lovingly; whose little brown hands add daily to its store, and who often empties it on the carpet, spreading carefully about, covering a very large space with such endless numbers of empty spoons, nails, screws, masses of tangled string, marbles, tops, letter blocks, bits of bright paper, pieces of rusty iron, bits of shell and broken crockery—things which seem to have been through the wars, and O, most precious of all! an asthmatic mouth organ, which long since lost the power of uttering any sound save the most spasmodic gasps and phthisic wails. There are wonderful things among its contents, after the little busy brow has safely laid away upon its pillow, and I gather up the scattered garments, the little wrinkled boots, the mud-stained pants with plethoric pockets, the torn and buttonless jacket, the gaily striped stockings, still rounded out with the impress of the tireless little limbs. I glance tenderly at the little disabled box and brushed and battered rocking chair, which all day long has seemed possessed with a desire to trip, and wonder how I could find so much fault with our little noisy boy. And so, in my heart there is a warm spot always for the bright little fellows whom nobody appreciates rightly, except their mothers. What household in all the land could do without them! Mothers often say they don't know what to do with their boys; what could they do without them?

And yet, whatever they do seems sure to be wrong. The doors won't shut easy with their hands on the knob. The boots will clatter and squeak, no matter how easy he walks. His shout will wake the neighborhood, repress it

as he may, and there seems to be a spring of steel in the little legs that almost must run, he must jump, he must hop. In short he must be a boy. And if not, pray? Who is it that is always ready and willing to run errands, to bring the wood, feed the pigs and chickens, to get the eggs, pick up chips, etc.? Who is it that always knows everything and where it is to be found when wanted, and how often those same heavy little boots save our thin, papery shoes from a wetting on stormy days? Ah, who indeed, but the brave manly little fellow, who has to bear all the burdens and gets little thanks, because he is "only a boy."

Who is it has to sleep in the back attic, on the broken bedstead, wash his shiny little face and rusty little hands in a crooked basin, comb his curly locks with a broken comb before a shabby looking glass, and look on bare walls and curtainless windows, just because he is only a boy, and is expected to be neat and orderly, and quiet through it all? Why, he has nothing to make him so. He is too wild to be in the kitchen, too disorderly for the dining-room, too noisy for the parlor, and so he is sent out into the streets, and God help him! he learns it all there. And mothers and sisters wonder why "Tom" will behave so badly, and "where he picked up such language," and "how he ever learned to smoke and chew and swear." They "are sure he never learned it at home," and so blind mothers and sisters, am I sure of that. There are places—O, frightful places!—where all that, and more, is taught; where the boy, who is out of place in the sanctuary of home, finds companionship and teachers, where the lessons you shrink from are eagerly coaxed, and the little wondering, eager-eyed boy, who might have been your pride and your protection, if tided over those perilous years by the hand of love, becomes—what you turn from in disgust and heartache—the bold graduate of crime, the apt scholar of profligacy, and a being to be shunned, pitied and feared.

O, mothers, guard tenderly your little boys. They are yours now. They need your prayers, your watchful love. Make their homes happy. Give them pretty, tasteful rooms hung with pictures and adorned with little emblems of your love. Let the chance guest of night occupy the back attic rather than your boy. Let him feel that you love him. Have him at the table with your guests; bring him into your parlors, and treat him as you would one of your own. Be solicitous for his comfort, and let him see that he is of some consequence to you, and he will soon learn to love the refinement of home and home pastimes, and will not sigh for the halls of ribaldry and revel, the excitement of the gambling palace, or the fascinations of the cup of intemperance. Let the home circle be the cradle of the future man, and mark my words, you will never regret the care taken to throw about his restless heart a cord of love and tenderness from which he will never attempt to escape, even though he is—God bless him—"only a boy."

Twenty Impolite Things. 1. Loud and boisterous laughing. 2. Reading while others are talking. 3. Talking while others are reading. 4. Cutting finger nails in company. 5. Joking others in company. 6. Gazing rudely at strangers. 7. Leaving a stranger without a seat. 8. Making yourself hero of your own story. 9. Reading aloud in company without being asked. 10. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing. 11. Leaving church before worship is closed. 12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God. 13. A want of respect and reverence for seniors. 14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents. 15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude. 16. Not listening to what one is saying in company. 17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. 18. Answering questions that have been put to others. 19. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking. 20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

What Toys Teach. A child who gives away his toys and loses them, is likely to fall in after life. A child who holds a good grip upon his own toys and breaks those of his neighbor is likely to be an eminently successful man. Toys bring out the rudiments of character, which are all through a lifetime the same, underlie all change, and can never be eradicated, although they may be modified. The stoic compares unhappy men to children who cry "We will not play;" and children who are of that humor will continue in it, and choose sorrow beyond their share. As we begin the game with gay, tinselled counters, we end it with counters that are heavier and more hard to hold, but perhaps of little more worth. It is success, however, to clutch our toys tightly, to value them above our toys tightly, to play with cheerfulness, and not to be too curious.—Saturday Review.

Thus looked Emerson the other day, as he gave his lecture in the Old South: A tall, slender figure, now a little bent with years, his gray hair straggling over a crown partially bald, his features more sharply cut than ever, his manner as coy and bashful as that of a maiden entering society for the first time, his eyes as sharp on his audience as ever, and hardly dimmed. His voice is now so broken, it is said, that he cannot be heard with distinctness by more than 200 people. It was pleasant to hear his daughter, sitting by Mr. Alcott's side, occasionally prompt her father to speak loudly, and to feel the sympathy of the great audience with her effort.

Honey Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of honey, four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as can well be stirred bake at once in a quick oven.

There is hardly any circumstance that may not have been worse.