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8-tf PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Condensed from Telegrams of Accompanying Dates.

MONDAY, July 6.—On the 3d Count de Chambord issued a manifesto to the French people demanding a truce to the divisions which distract that nation. His address concludes as follows: "I am now, as before, ready. * * * Is it not time to restore prosperity and grandeur to France with the venerable royalty?" The French and English press consider that his manifesto renders it impossible that he should ever be King of France. On the 5th the political situation was considered serious. An attempt was making to force the resignation of the Ministry....In consequence of the withdrawal of the troops to reinforce the army of the North, the Carlists have reoccupied the forts in the environs of Bilboa....One of the colored members of the Legislature of the District of Columbia has been arrested for forgery ....Hon. Marshall Jewell, United States Minister to St. Petersburg, has accepted the appointment of Postmaster-General....The Coroner's jury on the Mill River disaster has rendered a verdict censuring the Legislature, the mill-owners, the engineers, the contractors and the County Commissioners....Allegheny City, Pa., was seriously crippled by fire on the 4th. One hundred houses were burned, involving a loss of $250,000....Pontiac, Ill., was visited by a destructive conflagration on 4th, which burned up a large portion of the business part of the town. Loss $175,000.... The United States Circuit Court in session at Madison, Wis., has decided the Potter Railway law to be valid and denied the application of bondholders of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway for an injunction restraining its enforcement....The bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis was opened to public traffic on the 4th....A half-dozen boys celebrated the Fourth in Chicago by filling a bottle with powder and setting fire to it. The result was the killing of Gilbert McKeon and the serious and probably fatal wounding of Willie and Werner Schafer. The day was very generally celebrated all over the country.

TUESDAY, July 7.—All the operatives in the Belfast (Ireland) linen mills have struck for higher wages....The Carlists were defeated on the 4th in an attack upon a post at Ternel, sustaining considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners....The Postoffice Department furnished Postmasters, during 1873, 632,733,420 adhesive stamps, worth over $24,000,000....On the 5th a party of Sioux Indians attacked the settlement of St. Joseph, in Pembina, killing four persons and carrying into captivity a number of children.....Custer's expedition to the Black Hills started on the morning of the 4th....A spark from a rocket fell into a pile of fireworks in Washington Square, New York city, on the evening of the 6th, causing a premature explosion. A terrible panic among the spectators ensued, and a large number of persons were more or less injured....A train ran off the bridge across Stony Creek, Conn., on the morning of the 6th. The entire train with the exception of the engine was precipitated to the bottom. Superintendent Wilcox was killed and over 100 passengers injured, some of them very seriously....The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company has determined, under protest, to comply with the provisions of the Iowa Railway law.

WEDNESDAY, July 8.—On the 7th the French Assembly passed the Municipal Electoral bill. The Moderate and Extreme Left and 120 Legitimist Deputies have formed a coalition to unseat the Ministry....Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, has announced his determination not to be a candidate for re-election to Congress, in consequence of failing health....According to Washington dispatches of the 7th $9,000,000 of the 5 per cent. reserves required to be deposited in the Treasury by national banks under the new Currency bill had been received. Applications for new bank charters reached $3,000,000, and $2,000,000 of circulation had been surrendered....The Lincoln (Neb.) Land Office has been removed to Bloomington, in the same State....The new Commissioners of the District of Columbia have agreed upon a general system of retrenchment....Bishop Whelan, Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Wheeling, West Va., died in Baltimore on the 7th....An order was issued by the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners on the 7th, reducing the rate of grain inspection 25 per cent. and directing the insertion of the word "new" in all certificates of inspection of a newly-harvested crop of wheat, rye and barley until the 1st of September; of oats until the 1st of August, and of corn until the 20th of April of each year....A serious outbreak has occurred among the Indians in the Indian Territory. The Cheyennes, Comanches and Kiowas to the number of 2,000 have gone upon the war-path, and are clearing the country in the vicinity of the Canadian River of ranches and white men. A large number of depredations, attended by unusual barbarities, are reported. An urgent demand is made for troops, and this demand has been indorsed by the War Department.

THURSDAY, July 9.—England has demanded $8,000,000 from Spain as indemnity for the massacre of British subjects captured on the Virginius....A crisis occurred in the French Government on the 8th in consequence of a legislative defeat upon a resolution to uphold the septennial powers conferred upon President MacMahon. The Ministers tendered their resignations, but the President refused to receive them....A bill has been filed in the Wisconsin Supreme Court, and a petition for an injunction against the Chicago & Northwestern and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroads, directing obedience to the Potter law as far as it had been declared valid by the United States Circuit Court....Information was received at Cheyenne on the 8th that a battle had been fought a few days before with the Northern Sioux, about seventy-five miles from Fort Brown, which resulted in the killing and wounding of fifty Indians and the capture of 100 horses. Three soldiers were killed and three wounded....The *Golden Age* of the 9th contained an editorial taunting Plymouth Church upon the studied silence maintained in regard to the Tilton-Beecher scandal.... Ex-Gov. Shepherd on the 8th appeared before the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia to secure the indictment of Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, for libel, and his arrest under the provisions of the Poland law....The Board of Aldermen of New York on the 8th adopted resolutions requesting Gov. Dix to remove Mayor Havermeyer, of that city, from office....The Democratic Congressional Convention of the Fourteenth Ohio Congressional District, on the 8th, after 250 ballots, nominated John Cowan of Ashland, for Congress....The great single-scull race between Brown of Halifax and Scharff of Pittsburgh, Pa., was rowed at Springfield, Mass., on the 8th. The Canadian won the race.

FRIDAY, July 10.—In the French Assembly a message from President MacMahon was read on the 9th, informing that body that he was still President, and that he proposed to control affairs until the expiration of his seven-years' term. A motion to dissolve the Assembly was referred to a committee....On the 5th of June the iron clipper-ship British Admiral went ashore on King's Island, near Australia, and of the eighty-eight persons on board all but nine were drowned ....Treasury gold sold in New York on the 9th at 109.81@109.89....An attempt was made on the 9th to bribe Chief-Justice Ryan, of Wisconsin, by sending him a letter with $100 inclosed....An earthquake shock was felt in Cairo, Ill., on the 9th. No serious damage was caused....A mail and express car was burned on the Atlantic, Mississippi & Ohio Railway on the afternoon of the 9th. The mail, which was an unusually heavy one, was entirely consumed....Gov. Davis, of Minnesota, on the 9th appealed to the Government for aid for the starving people of Southwestern Minnesota, whose crops for the last two years had been destroyed by grasshoppers.

SATURDAY, July 11.—The French Minister of the Interior met with the Committee of Thirty on the 10th, and gave in the adhesion of the Government to the bill prepared by them. He suggested certain additions to be made the subject of debate by the Assembly. It was said on the 10th that the Legitimists, irritated at the President's recent message, would oppose the septennat....A London dispatch of the 10th announces the death of an aeronautic professor who proposed to fly from a balloon to the earth in a newly-contrived flying-machine. The contrivance would not work, and the professor was killed....The Carlist Gen. Dorregary has issued a manifesto justifying the recent shooting of Republican prisoners.... Miss Shortwell, who recently complained that she lost $50,000 in railway bonds at Chicago, has been indicted in New York for perjury and larceny....A daughter of George Fulton, of Huntington, Ind., was burned to death on the evening of the 10th, in consequence of attempting to kindle a fire with kerosene.... A pleasure yacht was capsized off Atlantic City, N. J., on the afternoon of the 10th, and six persons drowned....A crisis has occurred in Manitoba, the Ministry having been defeated upon a direct vote of want of confidence....According to a dispatch from West Hampton, L. I., Gov. Dix had decided to remove Mayor Havemeyer, of New York, from his office....A Brooklyn dispatch of the 10th says that Mr. Beecher had demanded an investigation into the charges preferred by Mr. Tilton and that it had been pending before a committee of Plymouth Church since the 29th ult....A flash of lightning set fire to an oil tank on the oil docks of the Erie Railroad at Hoboken, N. J., on the evening of the 10th. Up to two a. m. of the morning of the 11th the flames were unsubdued and property valued at $100,000 had been destroyed.

THE MARKETS.

JULY 11, 1874.

NEW YORK.

COTTON.—Middling upland, 17¼@17¾c.

LIVE STOCK.—Beef Cattle—$11.50@12.50. Hogs—Dressed, $7.87½@8.00. Sheep—Live, $4.25@6.00.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Good to choice, $6.15@6.55; white wheat extra, $6.55@6.75. Wheat—No. 2 Chicago, $1.29@1.31; Iowa spring, $1.30@1.32; No. 2 Milwaukee spring, $1.35@1.36. Rye—Western and State, $1.06@1.08. Barley—....@.... Corn—Mixed Western afloat, 75@76½c. Oats—New Western, 60@61½c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—New Mess, $18.75@19.00. Lard—11½@11¾c.

WOOL.—Common to extra, 45@68c.

CHICAGO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Choice, $5.75@6.00; good, $5.40@5.60; medium, $4.75@5.25; butchers' stock, $3.75@4.50; stock cattle, $3.25@4.50. Hogs—Live, $5.75@6.10. Sheep—Good to choice, $4.00@5.00.

PROVISIONS.—Butter—Choice, 22@25c. Eggs—Fresh, 12½@13½c. Pork—New Mess, $18.80@18.90. Lard—$11.20@11.25.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—White Winter Extra, $5.75@7.75; spring extra, $5.00@5.50. Wheat—Spring, No. 2, $1.14@1.14¼. Corn—No. 2, 60@60¼c. Oats—No. 2, 46@46½c. Rye—No. 2, 86@87½c. Barley—No. 2, ...@....

WOOL.—Tub-washed, 45@52c.; fleece, washed, 40@44c.; fleece, unwashed, 30@33c.; pulled 37@39c.

LUMBER.—First clear, $50.00@55.00; second clear, $47.00@49.00; Common Boards, $11.00@12.00; Fencing, $11.00@12.00; "A" Shingles, $3.25@3.50; Lath, $2.25@2.37½.

CINCINNATI.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—$5.50@5.75. Wheat—$1.16. Corn—63@66c. Rye—95c. Oats—47@56c. Barley—.....

PROVISIONS.—Pork—$19.50@19.75. Lard—10⅞@12c.

ST. LOUIS.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Fair to choice, $4.50@6.00. Hogs—Live, $5.00@6.00.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour, XX Fall, $5.00@5.50. Wheat—No. 2 Red Fall, $1.12@1.15. Corn—No. 2, 60½@61c. Oats—No. 2, 54½@55c. Rye—No. 2, 70@73c. Barley—.....

PROVISIONS.—Pork—Mess, $19.75@20.00. Lard—10¾@11¾c.

MILWAUKEE.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Spring XX, $5.70@5.90. Wheat—Spring, No. 1, $1.19@1.19½; No. 2, $1.17@1.17½. Corn—No. 2, 59@59¾c. Oats—No. 2, 45@45¾c. Rye, No. 1, 88@89c. Barley—No. 2, ...

DETROIT.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—Extra, $1.47@1.48. Corn—60@67c. Oats—50@52½c.

TOLEDO.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—Amber Mich., $1.22@1.22½; No. 2 Red, $1.19@1.20. Corn—Mixed, 63@64c. Oats—52@53½c.

CLEVELAND.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—No. 1 Red, $1.24@1.25; No. 2 Red, $1.16@1.17. Corn—70@71c. Oats—52@54c.

BUFFALO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—$5.00@6.25. Hogs—Live, $5.75@6.50. Sheep—Live, $4.00@5.00.

EAST LIBERTY.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Best, $6.00@6.50; medium, $5.75@5.90. Hogs—Yorkers, $5.80@6.10; Philadelphia, $6.40@6.70. Sheep—Best, $5.00@5.50; good, $4.50@4.95.

How They Kill Cattle in Texas.

THE ordinary plan of drawing the steer down to the block and striking him on the head with an ax is too slow for the wholesale butchery carried on here. About one dozen head are driven into a small pen, just sufficiently large to hold that many closely packed, and a gate forced to behind them. This pen has an open slat platform across the top of it upon which two men are stationed with poles and sharp-pointed knives fixed on the end of them. With a rapidity acquired by long practice they plunge their spears into the necks of the affrighted and struggling animals, cutting the jugular vein, and each successively falls as if struck with an ax. The blood spirts out in in streams as if from a dozen fountains, and in less than a minute the whole penful are down, quivering in the throes of death and covered with blood. The door of the pen leading into the rendering room is then thrown open, the animals drawn out successively, and a knife rapidly slits the skin around the neck and down the stomach. A rope is attached to the upper part of the hide by a clamp, to the other end of which is a mule which leisurely walks off down the yard carrying the skin of the animal with him, and leaving the carcass still quivering with animal life. A tackle hoists the body up to a level with one of the immense caldrons, and in less time than we have taken to describe the process it is in the seething and boiling mass. There are four or five of these caldrons, each large enough to hold a dozen beeves, and they are kept constantly going during the killing season. The tallow is drawn off into large hogsheads and the remains of these great soup-kettles are carried out on what is called the "hash-pile," consisting of bones, horns and the animal matter from which the fatty substance has been extracted.—*Baltimore American.*

—"I would marry you, Jacob," said a lady to an importunate lover, "were it not for three reasons." "Oh, tell me," said he imploringly, "what they are, that I may remove them?" "The first is," said she, "I don't love you; the second is, I don't want to love you; and the third is, I couldn't love you if I wanted to."

THE LITTLE GOOSE-GIRL.

I.

Five geese—a landscape damp and wild,
A stunted, not too pretty child.
Beneath a battered gingham;
Such things, to say the least, require
A more than average Muse of Fire
To adequately sing 'em.

II.

But yet—Why should they? Souls of mark
Have sprung from such; e'en Joan of Arc
Had scarce more graceful duty;
Not always (this a maxim trite)
From righteous things proceeds the right—
From beautiful the beauty.

III.

Who shall decide where seed is sown?
For aught we know the germ was blown
In this unwholesome marish;
And what must grow will still increase
Though cackled round by half the geese
And ganders in the parish.

IV.

The still, still years the term will keep,
Although the issue seem to sleep
As sound as Barbarossa;
Long since, may be, the scheme was laid
By which this little maid was made
A Maid of Saragossa.

V.

May be this small, plain face may hide
The mannish intellectual pride
Of some prospective Necker;
Perchance (his audience answering
May hiss (O trembling muse of mine!)
May hiss—a Lydia Becker!

VI.

Or say the gingham shadows o'er
An undeveloped Hannah More—
A later Mrs. Trimmer;
Who shall affirm it, who deny?
Since of the truth nor you nor I
Discern the faintest glimmer?

VII.

So then—caps off, my Masters all;
Reserve your final word—recall
Your all-too-hasty strictures;
Caps off, I say, for Wisdom sees
Potential possibilities
In this unhopeful picture.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"411."

"411?"
"That's me, sir."
"Let me see your arm."
"It's all right, sir."
"All right, is it? In my humble opinion, it's about as wrong as wrong can be."

411 looked down at the bruised flesh and broken bones he had affirmed to be "all right" with a half-contemptuous smile, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, laid quietly watching the white hands of the young doctor as he prepared splints, bandages, etc., and commenced the work of setting the bone, now rendered doubly difficult by the swelling of the bruised flesh.

The light of the setting sun stole into the room, illuminating with a sudden glory the bare walls and comfortless surroundings, and throwing into strong relief the two figures which gave life to the picture. The doctor's frank, good-humored face, slight, easy figure, and air of careless good-breeding could not have been out of place under any circumstances; but the other seemed strangely in unison with and yet in contradiction to his surroundings. His muscular frame might have served as a model for strength and beauty—a Hercules in a prison dress! His hands, roughened and hardened by toil, had been as slender and well-shaped as the doctor's own. His face, bronzed by exposure to all weathers, was still high-bred and refined—aquiline features; clear, brave eyes; and, above all, the close-cropped hair of a convict. He had that air of reserve totally distinct from rudeness which only well-bred people possess, and which impresses even the most vulgar and obtuse.

Though the sensitive mouth betrayed his delicate, nervous organization, nothing could be more stoical than the composure with which he bore the torture he was suffering.

"Why on earth, man, don't you say something, or cry out?" exclaimed the doctor, half impatiently.

Noticing the gathering whiteness round his patient's lips the doctor hastily poured something in a glass, and, bidding him drink it, went quickly on with his work. After a few minutes' silence he looked up suddenly.

"What's that?" pointing to a small blue figure on the brawny wrist.

"That? Oh! my crest. I did it when I was a boy," said the man, indifferently.

"Your crest?"

"Did I say that?" and a flush crept over his face. "I must have been dreaming; people do dream, sometimes, don't they?"

The doctor did not answer, but looked keenly at him as he turned away his head with a short, embarrassed laugh.

"What is your name?"

"No. 411."

"I don't mean that; I mean your *name*," persisted the doctor.

"Jim Brown."

Dr. Harris laughed. "Jim Brown! Why don't you say Bill Scroggins? One name would suit about as well as the other."

411 frowned slightly. "Why should I tell you my name?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer; "unless because I want you to. That crest on your arm is very like my own. I thought perhaps we were related."

"And if we were? You wouldn't own me."

"Why not? I'm not a bad fellow in my way, neither do I think you are. Why shouldn't I own you?"

The man raised himself on his arm and looked searchingly in the doctor's face.

"A *convict?*" he said, slowly.

"Well," said the doctor, dryly, "I don't see much society except convicts, at present, and I can't say but what I like them as well as I do those who think themselves a good deal better. I've found out it isn't always the worst that are caught, by any means. I'm a 'radical,' you must know," he added, quaintly, "and very much disapproved of by the family."

411 looked out into the gathering darkness for some minutes, and then said, quietly:

"Well, sir, if you care to hear a convict's story, sit down awhile. I've never told it to any one, and I don't know why I should tell it to you; but the mood's on me, and I might as well talk as think, maybe; and then you've guessed my secret partly—at least, you know I'm not Jim Brown"—and a smile flashed across his face. "How old do you think I am?" he continued.

Dr. Harris looked at the powerful frame of the man—at the strong, hard lines in his face.

"Between forty and fifty, I should say?"

"Thirty-six yesterday. I was twenty-four the day I was sentenced; a pleasant way of celebrating one's birthday, wasn't it? There was a lot of stuff in the papers about my 'youth,' and my being so 'hardened.' Did they think I was going to beg for mercy?—not I! I've been out here twelve years now, and escaped twice and been caught again; but I'll try once more, some time."

"You ought not to tell me that," said the doctor, smiling.

"Why not? They watch me all the time, anyway. Just give me some water, will you? Thanks. Well, I ought to commence with my name, I suppose. It is Edward Tracy. I was the second son of a Northumberland squire, who had just enough money to keep up the place for my brother, and no more. A fine old place it was, and the only happy days I can look back to were spent there. That was when I was a boy—home for the holidays, eager about cricket and foot-ball, and to whom a gun and the range of the rabbit-warren were perfect happiness. After awhile it was unpleasant enough. My brother—a lazy, good-looking fellow, who knew how to ride and to shoot, and only that—was the idol of my mother and sisters. All deferred to him except little Mary, my pet, who used to follow me round like a kitten. Poor little girl! I wonder if she ever thinks of me now. Younger sons in a poor family have a hard time of it. I only wonder more don't go to the bad than do. Brought up as gentlemen, they are then thrown on their own resources, to live on their wits, either in some beggarly profession, or as hangers-on where there are any rich relations. They must put up with being snubbed and thrown over whenever they come in the way—made use of and then cast aside; at least, such was my experience. I was proud and passionate, and so felt these things more than others, I dare say. I wanted to go in'o the army, but my father said he couldn't afford it—I 'would be always getting into debt,' etc.—and so I was apprenticed to a London barrister—a great, pompous man, whom I cordially detested before a month was out. He had a way of aggravating me whenever we came in contact that used to make me long for an excuse to pitch him down stairs. I believe in presentiments. I knew that man would injure me some day. I saw more trickery and underhand dealing while in that office than I had ever seen in my life before. Mr. Pierson was a man of *tact*, not talent. He had gained several good cases, which made his reputation, and he had a way of making people believe that if black was not just white it was certainly gray, which proved very useful to him.

"I was about twenty-two when I went into Kent for a few weeks, partly on business for Mr. Pierson, and partly to visit an uncle of mine. Am I tiring you, sir, with this long story?"

"Not at all, Tracy; go on."

411 started at the unfamiliar name, which the doctor slightly emphasized. His breath came quickly, and his voice was husky when he spoke again:

"Would you think, now, that a man could hear his own name so seldom that when it was spoken as you spoke mine it could make the past come back like a great wave, almost blotting out the present? I haven't heard my name for more than ten years," he went on, musingly. "I don't wonder it sounds strange to me. It was in the summer when I went to Kent; the time for 'falling in love,' as it is called, and, of course, I did it. I don't wonder at myself, even now, when I remember all that has passed. We were thrown very much together. Lucy was an orphan, living with a rich maiden aunt, whose place adjoined my uncle's. I had always a fondness for playing the part of protector; and she was a clinging, dependent little thing, with long golden curls and a delicate pink-and-white daisy face. I had never cared for any girl before, and from the first I loved her madly. It's the 'old, old story,' and I needn't make a fool of myself again by telling it to you. Before I went back to town we had exchanged rings, and she had promised to love me through eternity. A lengthy eternity it proved!

"Our engagement was to remain a secret until I should become a great lawyer, and then I was to claim her. This was Lucy's idea. I wanted to speak to her aunt, but she begged me not, giving a dozen different reasons for my silence. I believe, even then, she thought it best not to bind herself too closely; but, of course, I never suspected this, for, with all my faults, I had always been perfectly honest and truthful. In the winter Mr. Pierson told me that the business I had been attending to had now to be completed, and that he was going down himself. I was, of course, very anxious to go, but he did not give me the chance. Lucy met him at a couple of dinners, and, from what she said, I knew he had been very attentive to her. He was a good-looking man, about forty, and could make himself very agreeable when he chose to do so. I wrote to Lucy immediately, telling her what I thought of him. She replied, accusing me of being jealous, and saying she was sure I was prejudiced against Mr. Pierson, who had spoken very highly of me, and to whom I found she had confided the whole story of our engagement. I was very angry, and wrote rather harshly to her, I fancy, for I remember she told me I 'did not love her as I once did.' That was our first quarrel and was soon made up, and for a few weeks we corresponded as usual. Mr. Pierson returned to London, but went back again in Kent a week or two. He said he was collecting evidence for an important case.

"Soon I noticed that Lucy's letters grew shorter and shorter, and finally one came saying that she 'had been thinking over our foolish engagement, and, as there was no prospect of my being able to support her, she had come to the conclusion that for the sake of us both it had better be broken.'

"I know every word of that cool, heartless letter now. One remembers such things. Very soon after I heard of her engagement to Mr. Pierson. I was a gentleman and he was a snob; but he had money and I hadn't."

"What's a gentleman born? Is it shillin's an' pence?" quoted the doctor, softly.

"Eh!—what's that?"

"Only a quotation from the *Yorkshire Farmer*; go on."

"Well, of course I was furious; but what good did that do me? I thought if I only had money I would find some means of revenge; but money was just what I hadn't got. About that time I met a man calling himself St. John. He was clever and well educated, and seemed to read all my wild, restless longings at a glance. He led me on from bad to worse till it ended in forgery; then he turned King's evidence and I was locked up. I was always very strong, and finding one of the bars loose I wrenched it out and dropped from my window one dark night and escaped. On my way to the sea I met this man—St. John. I might have got off if I could have let him alone, but I couldn't; I stopped him; he taunted me with my disgrace; told me that Mr. Pierson had known of the plan laid to ruin me. 'The young lady throwing you over was a prime trump in our hand,' he added, with a leer. I warned him to be silent; but he, as if blinded to his danger, exasperated me in every way possible. I grappled with him, and, remembering a trick I had learned at school, soon threw him. My hands were on his throat. A half minute more and the earth would have been rid of one sordid wretch; but his cries had been heard by some men in a neighboring field, and I was overpowered. This man—a ruined gamester, once a gentleman—had changed me from an honest, honorable lad to a felon, and then, disregarding the 'honor' which is said to exist even 'among thieves,' threw me over to save himself. I would be content to give five years of my life—nay, more, I would be content to *add* five years to my life—could it purchase that one-half minute of which I was robbed.

"My family disowned me and made no attempt even to procure counsel for me. All forsook me except little Mary, from whom I got a tear-stained letter inclosing a five-pound note, her quarterly allowance, and telling me that she would never forget me. My father had forbidden any of them to write to me or even mention my name; but Mary had disobeyed him. 'It can't be wrong to write to you, dear,' she said, 'for you are my own brother always.'

"There was a flaw in the evidence which my counsel took advantage of, but Mr. Pierson worked against him privately, collecting evidence for the crown, and I was convicted. Heaven grant there may not be many poor wretches who leave old England with the feelings with which I left it. If I had had the opportunity I would have put an end to my miserable existence. I was taken in a cab, strongly guarded, from the jail to the wharf. We passed one of the parks on our way. I had been in prison some time, and the fresh, green grass, the trees and flowers had never looked so beautiful as now, when I knew I was looking at them for the last time. I thought of the hedge-rows white with blossoms in Northumberland; the larks singing overhead; Mary perhaps in our favorite nook in the orchard, weeping bitter tears as a last good-by to 'her handsome Teddy,' as she fondly called me. No wonder my heart swelled when I thought of those who in the sight of God were guilty of my crime.

"As we went down the dock a child passed us with a bunch of cowslips. Just two years before I had gathered them for Lucy in the Kentish lanes! The child looked up wistfully as I passed; presently she ran after us and put her cowslips in my hand. That was the drop too much in the cup already full; to save my life I could not have kept back the tears which rolled over my cheeks. I was handcuffed, but one of my guards thrust a handkerchief into my hand with a few cheering words gruffly said. That touch of sympathy and the child's gift saved me from utter despair. That was the last I saw of England. My life here has been the same, day after day, except the few nights I spent in the bush the two times I got off. They mostly let me alone now. I keep by myself, and I've never told a word of this before. I had almost forgotten I wasn't 'Jim Brown' until to-day. Did you hear how I hurt my arm?"

"One of the men told me you were helping to raise a heavy stone, and that you let the lever slip in some way and so got your arm crushed."

"That's true, as far as it goes; a gang of us were working on the road when a carriage passed. I looked up as I stepped out of the way, and who do you think I saw?—Lucy and her husband! She was looking just the same as ever, only prouder. I was so near I could have touched her dress. She looked calmly at me—I was only a convict, covered with the dust from her carriage wheels. If she had recognized me the color would have faded a little from her pink cheeks, I think. I wonder if she remembers the letter I wrote her before I was transported? I told her some truths then. She knows who is to blame for my wasted—worse than wasted—life.

"Twelve years didn't seem much to me. I looked after the carriage like one stunned. The lever slipped from my hand—you saw my arm. I didn't think of it until I found I couldn't lift it. Mr. Pierson has got some high appointment here, some one said. Of course his wife will be feted and flattered. I wonder how she would like to be reminded of that summer in Kent. How would she look if I should stop her carriage and remind her of the time she swore to love me forever, or how often her bright head has rested on my shoulder? I can feel the thrill of her soft lips yet on my cheek. There, that's all. Do you believe in justice? I don't. The cause of evil should be attacked; now it is only the victim. That woman is more guilty to-day than I. She drove me mad—and yet she rides by in her carriage, respected and admired, while I, in my prison dress, can never be anything but what I am—411."—*Overland Monthly for July.*

An Aerial Journey from Buffalo to the Ocean.

THE aerial voyage of the balloon "Buffalo" with which Capt. King ascended from Buffalo, N. Y., on the 4th of July, was one of the most exciting, as it was one of the longest, ever achieved on this continent. The correspondent of the Buffalo *Express*, who participated in the trip, says: After leaving Buffalo the balloon passed directly over the little village of Water Valley, left East Hamburgh a little to the left, and, sailing low, afforded its occupants a great deal of sport in conversation with people on the earth, and by the scampering of frightened cattle. The town of North Collins was reached at five minutes past seven. A quarter of an hour later we sailed above the lower stratum of clouds and a barometrical observation showed an altitude of about 3,000 feet. Cataraugus creek was crossed, the balloon passing into the town of East Otto at thirty-eight minutes past seven. Thus far the course was almost identical with that taken by the same party on July 4, 1869, in the famous trip of the "Hyperion." We shortly rose to a greater altitude and for a time the earth was obscured from view by the clouds below. Mr. Holden continued to take observations of barometer and thermometer until twenty minutes to nine o'clock. At twenty-four minutes past eight o'clock we heard the report of a cannon, followed by several others, which we attributed to a celebration at Ellicottville. It became rather dark and the "Buffalo" sailed on for about two hours between the upper and lower strata of clouds without much of the earth being visible, though many sounds arose to the ears of the balloon occupants. The moon rose a little after eleven o'clock and was hailed with hearty welcome, as her rays not only illuminated the clouds and the landscape, but she served as a mark in informing us of our course, which continued in the same general direction, a little east of south. For a long time in the evening frequent flashes of lightning were seen, both below and above and around us, but we were fortunate in not encountering any storm. About midnight ranges of lofty mountains began to appear before us, which Prof. King correctly decided to be the Allegheny range. The balloon had little or no difficulty in surmounting any of them, and the cultivated valleys showed us that we were traveling over a civilized country. Our location was guessed with considerable accuracy, though not with entire confidence, during the remainder of the night. In the early morning the "Buffalo" found itself taking a more easterly course than before, and flying over scenes of unexampled beauty; the richly cultivated fields of York County, Pa., and the northern corner of Maryland. The views over this garden spot of the North beggar description. Our course became more easterly, and it was soon evident that we would approach the Atlantic coast. We crossed the Susquehanna River about four miles above Havre de Grace at twenty minutes past five, then sailing at a height of nearly two miles, and the splendid panorama of this sinuous river visible for a hundred miles of its length. The Potomac River to the south and Chesapeake and Delaware Bays in front, with the Atlantic in the distance, were rolled out before the delighted eyes of the voyagers. We crossed Delaware Bay at 6:30 directly over Delaware City, sailed on nearly east, though a little south, passed directly over Salem City, and at five minutes past seven Prof. King made a successful though rather exciting landing among a lot of scrub oaks about ten miles beyond this point. The balloon must have traveled about four hundred miles in thirteen hours, and the voyage is one of the longest and most interesting on record.

—There are fifty-seven lodges of Odd Fellows in California, with a total membership of 3,015.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

NEW YORK thinks it can muster 24,000 prohibition votes next fall.

FRANCE has rejected the match tax, and Italy refuses to tax pianos.

IT is no longer emotional insanity even. Morbid impulse is the euphemism.

THE residence of the late Sir Edward Landseer was sold recently for £34,250.

BISMARCK'S daughter carefully collects all caricatures of him, and the Prince enjoys them hugely.

HE who thinks too much of himself will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.

IT is said that Henri Rochefort has received from England an offer of £8,000 to establish a journal there.

THE trowsers of a Columbus (Ohio) policeman were stolen from him while he was on duty a few nights ago.

WESTERN birds are getting into the habit of late rising, as the worms are to be had in abundance at all hours.

"POLO" just now seems to be the popular game in England. Princes of the blood play it, as well as commoners.

COLORADO is laughing in her sleeve because three or four new-comers think they are going to run the Territorial politics.

A BOSTON thief went all through a house and stole nothing but a towel. It was a sad "wipe" on the family—a crashing blow.

NATURE is wonderfully provident to all her creatures. It is now discovered that bald heads are the natural skating-parks and croquet-grounds of flies and mosquitoes.

THE people of Toulouse must be a hard set. A writer, speaking of the city, says: "It is a large town, containing 60,000 inhabitants built entirely of brick."

THE item that blacksmiths get eleven dollars per day and board in Arizona hasn't had the effect to start any Philadelphia editors westward.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Vienna Choral Association of Male Singers (Mannergesangverein) have been invited by the Mayor to visit Venice next August, and have accepted the invitation.

AN Oregon journal describes a recently-elected member of Congress from that region as a jolly, social man of some ability, "but hitherto too lazy to become known."

THE people of Barton, Vt., are happy in the possession of a toad which stands under a leaky beer barrel and catches the drops as they fall, thus getting amusingly drunk.

A MAINE man now sojourning in Odessa has exhumed a Roman Emperor and his legions, including several rusted stirrups, a splendidly-caparisoned mule, and a case of razors.

THERE are two words which are intolerable to a Frenchman. If you do not want a scene you must not call a man of the upper classes "un miserable," or one of the lower orders "cochon."

THE Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, has lately received two fine specimens of the orang-outang. The strangers come from the island of Java. They are male and female, and about three years old.

WASHINGTON flies are bold and hungry fellows. It was only the other day that one of them disputed possession of a strawberry with a man and kept up the discussion until he swallowed both of them.

"APPROXIMATE HOMICIDE" is what the Brooklyn *Eagle* cal