THE HERALD.

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THE HERALD.

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CLEAN SHAVE.
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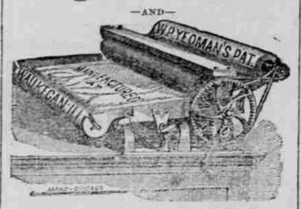

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In connection with the Grocery is a
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Highest Price Paid for Country Produce.
A full stock at all times, and will not be undersold.
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I invite everybody in want of anything in my line to call at my store,
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I also keep on hand a large and well-selected stock of
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EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Condensed from Telegrams of Accompanying Dates.

MONDAY, June 7.—All attempts to negotiate with the Indians for the transfer of the Black Hills country to the Government have failed, and the Indian delegations have left Washington for their homes. Before they left Red Cloud demanded compensation in the way of presents, etc., for the interpreters and other Indians who had accompanied the regular delegates, which was with one or two exceptions refused by the Commissioner. A demand was also made for horses, equipments and guns, to which Commissioner Smith replied that he would not give them guns if he could, and as to horses and saddles he would give them had he the power to do so, but he had not. An Associated Press dispatch of the 6th says as the Indians left Washington much dissatisfied difficulties are apprehended between then and whites who may enter their country for the purpose of seeking for gold. It is estimated by the agents that the Sioux can muster from 3,000 to 5,000 warriors, about half armed with rifles and the remainder with bows and arrows. The Government, meantime, will endeavor to prevent adventurers from going to that country, still having some hope through the medium of commissions to effect a treaty with the Sioux ....A Pottsville (Pa.) dispatch says the military have made preparations to secure protection to all working miners in the collieries at Mahanoy City and vicinity, and to insure a continuance of work....The Wisconsin Democratic State Convention is to be held at Milwaukee on the 8th of September.

TUESDAY, June 8.—M. Staempfli has been elected President of Switzerland....Information has been received in Washington that the Mexican Government has sent two regiments to watch the Rio Grande border and prevent raids....Gen. Henry W. Barry, Congressman from Mississippi, died suddenly in Washington on the 7th....Secretary Delano has notified the Indian Bureau that a commission will be sent out to the Sioux Nation to negotiate with the Indians for the relinquishment of their hunting-grounds in Nebraska....Judge Williams of the Cook County (Ill.) Circuit Court, has sentenced the twenty-two Chicago Aldermen who canvassed the votes of the recent city incorporation election, in defiance of an injunction issued by the court, to pay a fine of 100 each for contempt of court. The six lawyers who advised the disregarding of the injunction by the Aldermen were fined $300 each. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court....President Grant has directed that all lands lying contiguous to the Mississippi River, within twelve miles of its mouth, be reserved for military purposes, under the act authorizing Capt. Eads to construct jetties for deepening the channel.... Henry Greenwall, manager of an opera-house in Galveston, Tex., who refused two colored women seats in the parquet of the opera-house, has been found guilty by a jury of violating the Civil-Rights law and fined $500.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.—A Paris telegram to the London *Times* says there are rumors of a republican movement in Madrid in consequence of recent military events, which have proved that the national troops have been unable to gain any advantage over the Carlists ....A banquet was given at Berlin on the evening of the 8th in honor of ex-Senator Schurz ....The town of Morshansk, containing 20,000 inhabitants, on the right bank of the river Tsna, in Russia, has been entirely destroyed by fire....The Supreme Court of New Hampshire declined to pass an opinion upon the action of the Governor and Council in the matter of the contested Senatorial election cases, holding that such an opinion could have no further weight than the criticism of one branch of the Government upon the action of a coordinate branch. The court expresses the opinion, however, that when the State Senate adjudged Priest and Proctor duly elected Senators such action was final and conclusive as to their rights The seceding Republican Senators returned to their seats on the 8th and the Senate concurred with the House in notifying the Governor that both branches were organized and ready for business....A Philadelphia dispatch announces that in a few days several different organizations, aggregating 15,000 in number, will leave that city for the Black Hills by different routes....Judge Nelson, of the United States District Court in session at Winona, Minn., has rendered a decision affirming the constitutionality of the Civil-Rights law.

THURSDAY, June 10.—It is reported that Gen. Saballs has defeated the Alphonsists at Blanes, after two days' fighting, capturing their guns, stores, and 140 prisoners....A violent storm passed over Paris on the 9th, causing immense damage. There were many accidents, and traffic was wholly suspended in the streets. The damage done in Paris alone is estimated at 11,000,000 francs .....A Washington dispatch says the officials of the Interior Department do not regard the late visit of the Indians to Washington as a failure. The object was to discuss the subject with them and prepare them for some arrangement after a return of the expedition which had been sent out to determine whether there is gold there or not.... Mr. Evarts concluded his argument for the defense in the Tilton-Beecher trial on the 8th, and Mr. Beach began his plea in behalf of the prosecution on the 9th. Mr. Evarts' address extended through eight days....The New Hampshire Legislature, in joint session on the 9th, elected Person O. Cheney (Rep.) Governor and Charles H. Powers (Rep.) Railroad Commissioner....The Minnesota Republican State Convention is to be held at St. Paul on the 28th of July.... The Rev. J. S. Shipman, of Kentucky, has been elected Episcopal Bishop of Northern Wisconsin....Gen. Sheridan has given notice that all parties who contemplate entering the Big Horn country will be prevented from doing so by the military authorities until the orders under which the latter are acting are revoked.

FRIDAY, June 11.—The steamship Vicksburg, from Quebec for Liverpool, when in latitude 46:34 north, longitude 47:58 west, encountered heavy ice and was crushed and sunk on the 1st, carrying down with her not less than forty souls, including the Captain. ....A box containing a number of Protestant books consigned to an American resident of Spain has been confiscated by the Spanish Custom-House and the attention of Minister Cushing has been called to the act....The Prince Bishop of Breslau has been sentenced to a fine of 2,000 marks or 133 days' imprisonment for illegally excommunicating a priest ....The delegates to the National Christian Association recently in session at Pittsburgh held a political convention at which they adopted an anti-secret society platform and nominated Hon. J. B. Walker, of Illinois, for President and Donald Kirkpatrick, Esq., of New York, for Vice-President of the United States.... A national convention of the productive and other industrial classes has been called to meet at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 18th of August. The convention is to be composed of one delegate from each Congressional district, to be chosen on the 15th of July....It is stated that the Illinois Central and the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroads had decided to pool their earnings between competing points....Prof. Jenney, of the Government exploring expedition in the Black Hills region, has telegraphed to Washington from "In camp on Beaver Creek, June 9," as follows: "The greater area of the Black Hills is in Dakota. The formations in the vicinity are of a recent geological age and not auriferous. We will cross through the hills and examine the gold field reported to exist near Harney's Creek" ....The Indiana State Temperance Convention was recently held at Indianapolis, and a long platform of resolutions was adopted—recognizing the temperance work as the work of God; recommending that drinking habits be made a disqualification in the election or appointment to offices of trust and profit; agreeing not to vote for anyone known to use liquor as a beverage; arguing that it is the duty of the Government to protect the people from the traffic and denying the right to license dram-shops, etc., etc.

THE MARKETS.

JUNE 12, 1875.

NEW YORK.

LIVE STOCK.—Beef Cattle—$11.50@13.50. Hogs—Live, $7.37½@7.50. Sheep—Live, $5.00@6.37½.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Good to choice, $5.30@5.50; white wheat extra, $5.50@6.25. Wheat—No. 2 Chicago, $1.10@1.11; No. 2 Northwestern, $1.10@1.11; No. 2 Milwaukee spring, $1.13@1.13½. Rye—Western and State, 95c@$1.00. Barley—$1.36@1.30. Corn—Mixed Western, 78@82c. Oats—Mixed Western, 71@73c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—New Mess, $19.70@19.75. Lard—Prime Steam, 13¾@13⅞c. Cheese—6@11¾c.

WOOL.—Domestic fleece, 42@63c.

CHICAGO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Choice, $6.25@6.50; good, $5.85@6.15; medium, $5.50@5.75; butchers' stock, $4.00@5.25; stock cattle, $3.50@4.75. Hogs—Live, $6.75@7.60. Sheep—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50.

PROVISIONS.—Butter—Choice, 23@23c. Eggs—Fresh, 14@14½c. Pork—Mess, $19.30@19.35. Lard—$13.20@13.25.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—White Winter Extra, $6.00@8.00; spring extra, $4.60@5.15. Wheat—Spring, No. 2, 97@97¼c. Corn—No. 2, 67¾@68c. Oats—No. 2, 59½@60c. Rye—No. 2, 97@98c. Barley—No. 2, $1.26@1.28.

LUMBER.—First Clear, $48.00@50.00; Second Clear, $43.00@47.00; Common Boards, $10 00@11.00; Fencing, $11.00; "A" Shingles, $2.75@3.00; Lath, $1.75@2.00.

CINCINNATI.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—$5.30@5.40. Wheat—Red, $1.18@1.20. Corn—71@73c. Rye—$1.08@1.10. Oats—66@69c. Barley—No. 2, $1.20@1.25.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—$19 90@20.00. Lard—12¾@13c.

ST. LOUIS.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Good to choice, $5.75@6.50. Hogs—Live, $6.25@7.35.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—XX Fall, $5.50@5.75. Wheat—No. 2 Red Fall, $1.30@1.31. Corn—No. 2, 67½@68c. Oats—No. 2, 60@61c. Rye—No. 2, $1.08@1.12. Barley—No. 2, $1.20@1.22.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—Mess, $20.00@20.25. Lard—12½@13c.

MILWAUKEE.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Spring XX, $4.75@5.00. Wheat—Spring, No. 1, $1.04½@1.04¾; No. 2, 99½c@$1.00. Corn—No. 2, 65½@66c. Oats—No. 2, 59½@60c. Rye—No. 1, 94@95c. Barley—No. 2, $1.14@1.15.

DETROIT.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—Extra, $1.23@1.25½. Corn—No. 1, 69@73c. Oats—No. 1, 61@61½c.

TOLEDO.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—Amber Michigan, $1.22@1.22½; No. 2 Red, $1.21@1.21½. Corn—High Mixed, 72½@73c. Oats—No. 2, 62@62½c.

CLEVELAND.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—No. 1 Red, $1.23½@1.24; No. 2 Red, $1.18½@1.19. Corn—High Mixed, 74@75c. Oats—No. 1, 66½@67c.

WRECKED IN THE ICE.

Loss of the Steamship Vicksburg—Forty Lives Perish.

NEW YORK, June 10.

The steamship State of Germania, which arrived this morning, brought five seamen of the Dominion Line steamship Vicksburg, from Montreal for Liverpool, which was sunk by ice on Tuesday, June 1. The men were picked up June 5 nearly dead from exposure, but since then have been rapidly improving. They tell a fearful tale of distress. Other boats were launched with a large number of persons, but the greater number were seen to perish without getting in the boats. The Vicksburg went down in the midst of ice, and the boat was surrounded by icebergs and a field of ice when picked up. The other boats have not yet been heard from.

The five men rescued had their feet and legs very much swollen, so much so that their boots had to be cut from their feet. They are still suffering from their great exposure to the wet and cold, but are recovering as fast as could be expected.

The statement of James Crowley, one of the survivors, is to the effect that there were on board a crew of sixty men, eight saloon passengers—five men and three ladies—and about twenty steerage passengers, of whom four were females. On Sunday evening, May 30, they encountered large fields of ice, but succeeded in avoiding any serious accident until about noon on the next day, when the ship struck heavily aft on the port quarter, carrying away the fans of the propeller, and a hole was knocked through the plates on that quarter, through which the ship made a great deal of water. The hole was stopped up with sails, so that but little water came in, and then all hands were employed in throwing the cargo overboard. On the morning of June 1 an examination showed the after-steerage to be filled with water, and six feet and a half of water in the main hold wells. The fires in the engine-room were soon drowned out, and the Captain gave orders to launch the boats with their respective crews and told them to mind that the distance from St. Johns was 120 miles northwest. Crowley says: "I proceeded to launch No. 1, and it was capsized in lowering. She was full of water. O'Brien and I baled her partly out, when Grogan, Wilkinson and Williams jumped in. We could not hang on to the ship owing to the sea on and the ice about. O'Brien saw the Captain on the bridge beckoning the boat back, we having drifted about 150 yards from the ship. The ship sunk about ten o'clock, floating boat No. 2 from her chocks with the chief officer and about thirty people in her. She got clear and pulled to the windward. O'Brien, after the ship went down, saw the Captain and some persons floating on a bale of hay among the wreckage. We tried all we could to pick them up, but, owing to the boat being half full of water and the ice about, were not able to do so. We slipped our mast, kept company with the other boat for about two hours, and then lost sight of them to westward. We decided then to steer south to get clear of the ice. We hove the boat to, with an oar and a bucket as a drag, till daylight on Wednesday morning. We had in the boat about three gallons of water, forty pounds of raw beef, fourteen pounds of bread wet with salt water, and a compass, which did not fall out when the boat capsized. Again we put sail on the boat and steered south, the wind blowing from the northward and westward all throughout the scene, and bitterly cold. About four o'clock in the afternoon we hauled the boat's head to the northeast till Thursday morning, then tacked to the westward till about three o'clock in the afternoon, and again lay to with the drag till nine o'clock in the evening, when we took in the drag and made sail, and stood to the northeast till Friday morning at daylight. We then tacked to the southwest till mid-day; tacked again to northeast till morning, when about half-past ten o'clock we sighted your ship. We got out the oars and pulled away dead to windward till you picked us up. I think that forty-odd people, with the Captain, went down with the ship. We had blankets on our boat for the three ladies and stewardess, which were lost when the boat capsized. We saw no ladies in the chief or second officer's boat."

MY OLD LOVE.

A BRIDAL SOLILOQUY.

SO THIS is Janet's wedding-day!
Strange that my heart should feel so gay
And free from sorrow!
For 'twas through her, a year ago,
I cast me down in bitter woe,
And prayed that I might never know
Another morrow.
Ah, well! each day fresh knowledge brings
And hearts are very changeful things.

I loved her wildly once, I trow,
And, foolish, thought I ne'er could go
Through life without her!
And now, although she's just as fair—
The same bright eye and winning air—
Yet really I don't seem to care
A bit about her!
"Ah, truly, hearts are changeful things!"
A little voice within me sings.

So here's my old love once again,
Surrounded by her bridal train—
Bright, blushing roses!
And as I watch the dimples play
On *one* soft cheek in that array
No sadd'ning thought this joyous day
In me reposes.
Ah! every day new beauty brings;
Most truly, hearts are changeful things!

So, Janet, I can wish you well;
For you may each glad wedding-bell
Ring gayly ever!
And as for me—to win *that* face
That's glowing there with sunny grace
To fill a bride's—not bride-maid's—place
Is my endeavor.
"How well it is," a soft voice sings,
"That hearts are made such changeful things!"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE GRASS WIDOW.

BY MARGARET BLONT.

IT was a pleasant-looking old kitchen, that of the red farm-house on the hill—the house just shaded by the encircling arms of four great maple trees.

A pleasant kitchen, clean and orderly and neat, as a kitchen should always be in the house where a mistress and not a servant-maid is the presiding genius of the scene. The floor was painted yellow and was clean enough to "eat off of," as the country people say. The walls were papered with a pretty pattern, crimson roses on a deep buff ground, that gave a home-like, cosy look to the room, a *warm* look, moreover, that was decidedly agreeable, now that the cold nights of November were just about drawing in.

A great cooking-stove stood in one corner of the room, opposite a cupboard, whose glass doors displayed a goodly store of delf and china, one set of which appeared to be very valuable, for it was evidently of foreign manufacture. It was a curiosity in its way. Red rosebuds on a translucently white ground, with the initials "T. & M." flourished all over each cup and plate and saucer in twining tendrils of a true lover's knot. It had been the gift of the handsome young sailor, Tom Parke, to his wife Mary on their wedding day; and he had brought it over from Canton, where it was made, through many an ocean storm, to place it on the tea-table of their farm-house home upon that wedding-night. Each piece of porcelain had its own particular story to tell, its own peculiar remembrance to evoke. And therefore Mrs. Parke never used it now and turned her eyes toward the glass cupboard that held it as seldom as she could. The pleasant kitchen was her own favorite sitting-room, and she would have moved the Canton china out of that cupboard into another in the "square room" if she had only dared. But some strange feeling, of which she was more than half ashamed, seemed to stay her hand. It was Tom who had first placed the cups and saucers there; Tom who had spent an hour or more on the morning after their wedding in deciding where each particular dish should stand. They had been taken down and used now and then, and washed and wiped and put carefully back in the same places during the ten years of her married life. For five years she had been what her neighbors called a "grass widow," and the cups and saucers stood there yet. If ever she thought seriously of moving them a handsome, grave face seemed to rise up suddenly before her, and a pair of deep blue eyes looked into her very soul—the eyes, the face of Tom Parke as her lover-husband twenty years ago! Was it any wonder that the Canton china remained there still untouched?

On the night of which I write Mrs Parke sat alone in her kitchen, listening to the sighing and "soughing" of the rising wind among the maple-trees and the orchard on the garden side. There was no fire in the great cooking stove, but on the broad brick hearth a bright blaze snapped and crackled, much to the content and pleasure of the old tabby cat curled up in a heap before it, with her kitten for a pillow. The firelight danced and flickered in every nook and corner of the room, showing the china behind the glass doors of the cupboard; the six Windsor chairs and the oaken dining-table, with its cloth and tray neatly folded on the top; it sparkled on the open work-box that stood on the little sewing-stand by the widow's side, and gilded the red peppers hanging in strings above the chimney-piece.

More than all, it shone fairly and broadly on the widow herself as she sat looking thoughtfully into the blaze, and showed a woman of thirty-five, fair, buxom and comely, with deep gray eyes and soft brown hair, a beaming, good-tempered look, and yet a mouth that closed somewhat firmly in spite of the ripe red lips and their fresh color. Not a bad-looking dame, by any means, was Mrs. Parke; and when you remember that the farm of seventy acres was all her own, together with the comfortable house and all its plenishing, you will not be surprised to hear that if Tom Parke had but been taken to the spirit world suitors without end would have applied to take the land and all things else of value "at the halves," provided the good-looking mistress of the house was included in the bargain.

Everyone said and thought that it was a great pity Tom Parke could not "step out" and give his wife a chance to try her luck again. Did Mrs. Parke think so too? No one knew. No one had ever heard her say.

Tom Parke had been a handsome, careless sailor when he married her, and he grew more handsome and more careless as the days and years went by. Whose fault it was none but the married pair could really say, but the new home was not long a happy one, and, as no children came to bind them nearer together, husband and wife fell farther and farther apart, and at last separated by mutual consent. Tom Parke went to sea once more, and cruised here, there and everywhere, as his fancy led him. Mrs. Parke stayed quietly on at the farm, and with the help of her uncle, who lived in the house with her, managed things so admirably that she grew quite rich. And five years went by without a word or line from Tom. No one knew certainly that he was alive. No one could swear that he was dead. Two more years and his wife, or widow, might legally suppose him gone to "Davy Jones' locker," and marry again if she chose to do so."

Would this be her choice? Even her old uncle could not tell. Her husband's name was never mentioned by her. No allusion to him was ever made in any way in that house, which had once been his happy home.

And yet, on this night, as the widow sat alone, her face was grave and sad, and her soft, gray eyes had an absent, far-away look in them as they gazed into the depths of the fire. Tom Parke had never liked to sit beside a cooking stove, and to please him the fire-boards had always been taken down in the fall of the year, and the fire lighted on the hearth in the good, old-fashioned way. And this had been done again to-night for the first time that year. Where was he while the blaze flashed so cheerily? Tossing high on the angry waves as his good ship rolled and staggered round Cape Horn? or down, far down, beneath those waves, silent and still forever?

"Poor, dear Tom!" said Mrs. Parke, with a quivering sigh. And tears began to fill the soft, gray eyes at the thought.

A knock came at the outer door.

Her uncle was up stairs asleep in his own bed. It was nearly ten o'clock—a late hour for any neighbor to be dropping in to borrow the newspaper or hold a friendly chat over the blazing fire. But Mrs. Parke was not one of those silly women who are afraid of a shadow, and so she went at once and opened the door.

A tall, stalwart man stood there in a sailor's dress.

Her heart gave a great bound, but grew quiet again when she heard the tones of the rough, coarse voice.

"Does Mrs. Parke live here?"

"She does."

"Can I see her?"

"I am Mrs. Parke."

"Then I have a message to give you, ma'am—from my Captain."

"Captain who?"

"Capt. Parke, ma'am—him as was your husband," was the gruff reply.

Was!

She asked him in as civilly as she could, and gave him a chair before the blazing fire. His face was nearly covered by a forest of red hair and whiskers, but in her agitation she scarcely looked at him.

"*Was*, did you say?" she gasped. "Has anything happened? Is—my husband—"

"Now, don't you take on like that, ma'am," said the gruff voice, with a touch of kindness in its tone. "I can't a-bear to see a woman cry. It just about kills me."

"Is he dead? Tell me that!" she cried.

"No."

She drew a long, deep breath and sank back into her chair, the color coming back into her lips and cheeks by faint degrees.

"Dashed if I can make it out, anyway," said the sailor, with a wondering look. "The Captain he says to me: 'You go and find her out, Jack, and tell her so and so from me. But if you hear as how she's married, or likely to be, along of my not heaving in sight through all these years, why then just keep your tongue in your head and sheer off as fast as you can before you make any mischief for her.' Then was the Captain's very words, ma'am, and I more than half expected to have to go back and leave my errand as it was. But you look as if you liked the Captain yet—upon my soul you do!"

"Like him!" said Mrs. Parke, with an indignant glance. "Why shouldn't I? What do you mean? Isn't he my own husband? Who has a better right to like him, as you call it, than I?"

"Right you are, ma'am!" said the sailor, exultantly. "And glad enough am I to have such good news to take back to the Captain. You see, ma'am, he knew just how handsome and pretty you are, and he was afraid that you might have a grudge against him, on account of your quarreling, when you were both too young to know any better. And so he says to me, 'Jack,' says he, 'If you find she has a kind look or word for me still, tell her I behaved like a brute to her in the old days, but if she'll only forgive me for it, and take me back again, I'll make it all up to her, on my soul I will,' and I do believe he will, ma'am, I really do believe he will. For he would just give his eyes to see you as I am seeing you now, would the Captain—I know he would! What am I to tell him?"

"Tell him! Why did he send you at all? Why didn't he come himself?" cried Mrs. Parke, springing to her feet. "How can I tell you? No one ought to hear what I have to say except him, and no one shall! Where is he? Take me to him."

"Will you go with me, ma'am? Will you really?" said the sailor, springing to his feet in his turn.

"Of course I will."

"When?"

"Now."

"It is late, ma'am, you know, and I'm a stranger."

"I don't care if it is midnight. And he is your Captain! I'm not afraid to go with you. Let me get my bonnet and shawl."

"Wait one moment, ma'am," said the man, hesitating. "He told me to tell you all."

"Tell it, then."

"He has been very sick. His health is poor and he has lost all his strength."

"He shall be well cared for here. Let us go."

"And—an—an accident, ma'am, on board ship—he lost his arm——"

"Oh, my poor Tom!"

"And a leg, ma'am."

The soft, gray eyes were full of tears.

"And—and—an eye; and he has to wear a black patch all over the side of his face where the gunpowder blew him up," the man went on.

"Tom! Tom! Tom! Oh, how you have suffered, poor dear!" she was crying.

"And he said I was to tell you all, ma'am, before you came anigh him. The ship is lost; he hasn't a penny in the world and he isn't strong enough to work now."

"Oh, why do you keep me waiting here?" she cried. "Let me go to him! Poor, sick, blind, maimed—and I not to know! Poor Tom! Dear Tom! Take me to him at once, if you have any mercy in your heart! Come, I am ready now!"

She ran into the other room and came out again wearing her bonnet and shawl.

Where was the sailor?

A red wig and whiskers lay on the floor, in company with a slouched hat and an old pea-jacket. And on the hearth stood a handsome, stalwart man, in a naval uniform, his limbs sound, his face clear and fair, his blue eyes bright and beautiful as ever.

"Mary!" cried the old, musical voice that she remembered so well. "Forgive me for trying you so—forgive me all! Oh, my darling wife, the future shall atone for the past, if love and truth can make you happy!"

"Tom—dear Tom!" was all her answer. And then he had her in his arms and their lips met in a kiss that sealed the pardon of both!

Mrs. Parke's uncle was somewhat astonished when he got up the next morning and saw the new inmate of the household. And three old bachelors and four widowers could look forward hopefully no longer to the "seven years," for Mrs. Parke was a "grass widow" no longer, and seemed most provokingly well satisfied to find these things "thus," as poor Artemus Ward used to say.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

—An unlucky mouse got into a beehive not long since, and was not only stung to death, but, on becoming odoriferously unpleasant, was hermetically sealed in wax by the high-toned hymenopterans.

THE city of Providence, R. I., having looked the matter up finds that by lighting its 1,950 street-lamps with electricity it can save $25,210 in lamp-lighters' services per annum.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

A BOSTON tailor advertises "diagonal boys' suits."

SEVEN female clerks have been appointed in the Postoffice in New Orleans.

A LOT of 5,000 pineapples was received recently by the Oneida (N. Y.) Community for canning

EVERY man who can knock a grasshopper's head off and doesn't do so is neglecting a plain duty.

THE Legislature of British Columbia has disfranchised the Indian and Chinese inhabitants of the colony.

MARK TWAIN denies that his "Gilded Age" was a failure. He says it gave a poor, worthy bookbinder a job.

SLEEPLESSNESS would be just as disagreeable by any other name. Calling it "insomnia" does not help the matter one iota.

WHEN a Tennessee dog bites a man the man can recover one dollar damages from the owner. Six bites per day would be fair wages.

THE Paris *Moniteur* made the strange discovery that the Schiller was wrecked on the seventieth anniversary of the death of the poet.

REV. DR. MINER, of Boston, denies that ministers' boys are the worst in creation, and cites instances where they have not gone to the bad.

EVERY druggist's clerk should live as though his next moment would be his last. Especially if there is a soda fountain in one end of the store.

A CURRENT item says there are 700,000 women Patrons of Husbandry, but, if that is all, the sex has undergone a rapid shrinkage in a few hours.

"IT'S generally the case with bad boys," philosophically remarks Miss Anthony, "that they look like their mother and act like their father."

A KANSAS constable who couldn't deadhead into a circus arrested the whole concern for laboring on the Sabbath, and it cost the manager $600.

JUST now all the institutes for the feeble-minded are overcrowded, and a little croquet here and there must be tolerated. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AN exchange says: "We'll ride two miles to see two brothers under twelve years of age go to bed together without having a dispute about something."

THE grasshoppers evidently read the papers. A patch of land in Kansas reported to be worthless last year has been entirely shunned by them so far this season.

THE St. Louis *Republican*, which also called a lawyer a "shyster," has had to pay for it. The assessed damages, as set by the jury of twelve, was one (1) cent!

THE compositor who substituted an "m" for a "w," in speaking of a lady troubled with "swelling of the feet," accomplished the worst typographical feat on record.

KANSAS teacher—"Where does all of our grain product go to?" Boy—"It goes into the hopper." "Hopper! What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouts the lad.

THE Austrian Government expresses its willingness to send representatives to the Philadelphia Centennial, if President Grant will guarantee them protection against the Indians.

HYDROPHOBIA is reported to be raging terribly in Texas among wolves and all animals that they bite. Farmers are having to kill their stock. The report comes from Castroville.

ALL life is sacred and therefore not to be lightly taken, is a reflection which occurs to many humane persons who carefully extricate the bugs from their strawberries before eating them.

THE East is complaining to the Postoffice Department that a great many boxes of grasshoppers are being sent through the mails from the Western cities. They don't want any down there.

THE heaviest snorer we have heard of is the man whose wife woke him up the other night during a tempest, saying she did wish he would stop snoring for she wanted to hear the thunder.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.*

A CINCINNATI woman tried to reach the bottom of the stairs ahead of a cask of vinegar and the surgeon who fixed up her broken bones said that she might try for a thousand years and yet get beaten every time.

THE grocers and fruit-dealers of Boston have agreed to co-operate with the importers of Malaga raisins in a refusal to purchase these goods any longer by the box, and insist upon their being sold by actual net weight.

ON Lake Champlain, in Essex County, N. Y., large quantities of fish are captured by exploding torpedoes in the water, stunning the fish so that they rise to the surface. Four hundred fish were taken at one blast recently.

ROME, N. Y., has for forty years carefully guarded a tree under which it was said that Gen. Washington ate dinner. It has recently come to light that Washington was never in Rome and the boys are giving the old tree a bad tussle.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune proposes to effect the removal to England at his own expense of the fallen obelisk at Alexandria, fellow to the so-called Cleopatra's Needle. The cost of removal will be about £10,000, and the method of transport recommended is a huge raft.

BASE-BALL has demoralized Hartford. The careful Clemens has bought a seat in the grand stand; the clergy have season tickets; and, worse than all, one enthusiastic family has removed the cushions from its church pews and applied them to alleviating the agony of a ten-inning game.

THE Rev. J. G. Holland has been maligning reporters. If this becomes generally known he might as well leave the platform, for, in the language of Hamlet, "they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Newark, N. J., recently built an elegant hall, thereby incurring a debt which they are unable to liquidate. Foreclosure of the mortgages on the building is threatened, to avert which the business community of Newark are appealed to for aid to save the hall for the association.

GEORGE LAMONT STEVENS, an honest farmer of Kennebunk, is in Boston in search of his wife—a "purty good looking woman, with a nose not eggsactly a snub, but sort o' wide, and real plump, with the purtiest arm thar is out." Mrs. Stevens got tired of living on a farm, and is supposed to have plunged into the gayeties of the Hub.

THE Connecticut Fish Commissioners report the introduction of black bass in Connecticut waters successful. Over 1,350,000 young salmon were placed in the river during the year. Their experiments in hatching shad show that the eggs of the shad will not hatch in brackish or salt water; also that such waters are fatal to the young fry. The catch of shad last season was unusually large.

THE total receipts of Yale College last year were $331,384.38, the term