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Golden Rod.

Like the nodding crest of a golden helm,
When the autumn west wind bloweth,
Among the thickets of birch and elm
On the steep hillside it groweth.
There, when summer was young and fair,
And wild-wood roses scented the air,
I sat with hazel-eyed maiden Clare—
Alack! who knoweth
How love goeth?
The hazel-eyed one was fickle as gay,
The wild-wood roses have faded away,
And the golden rod blooms on their graves to day

Well! let a golden peace uprise
On the grave where my passion lieth!
Let me forget the hazel eyes!
As the bee, that southward hieth,
Forgetteth the wild-wood roses fair,
When the golden rod climbeth upon the air,
So let me forget the maiden Clare!
Alack! who knoweth
How love goeth?
Why should I sign for Clare alway?
Genevieve's eyes have a gentle sway!
And she smiled—ah, sweetly!—on me to day!

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A New Tulip.

A new species of tulip has been discovered in Central Asia, which is said to be the most beautiful yet known. The flower is larger than that of the common tulip, and is of a bright orange, spotted with black. It is named *Tulipa Griegii*.

English Arctic Expedition.

The latest advices from the English Arctic Expedition state that an unusually easy passage has been effected to within 100 miles of the entrance to Smith Sound; and it is hoped that, if circumstances continue equally favorable, the pole may be reached this year. The expedition is not expected to return, however, until the close of 1877. July 23, the Alert met with a slight accident, getting around on a small island off Kingatok; but the vessel floated off without injury, with the rise of the tide.

Egyptian Dogs.

Dr. S. Birch, of the British Museum, author of the late condensed history of "Egypt from the Monuments," has contributed to the Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology a paper in which he describes, with numerous illustrations, the different breeds of domestic dogs kept by the ancient Egyptians. The materials for the paper have been derived mainly from the frescoes on ancient tombs; and these show that the varieties of the dog known to the Egyptians were quite as well marked as those existing at the present day.

Journey Round the World.

It is stated in *Nature* that a French expedition is being fitted out to make a journey round the world in ten months. The excursionists will visit India, Japan, the Interior Sea of Japan, Chinese ports, Australia, etc. A special library, with instruments will accompany the travelers. The party will consist exclusively of gentlement. And the fare for the round trip is put at $4,000, everything included. The Geographical Society superintends the management of the enterprise, although it is supported by private funds, and is wholly a private speculation.

Egyptian Geographical Society.

The statutes of the Khedive Geographical Society, recently established at Cairo, declare that the President and Secretary are appointed by the Khedive, and the remaining officers by the Society. The Khedive pays the salary of the President—Dr. G. Schweinfurth—besides giving the Society an annual subsidy of $2,000, and the use of an elegant suite of rooms. The members pay a subscription of 300 piastres yearly. All honorary and active members must have advanced the geography of Africa, of Arabia, or of Syria, in order to be eligible to the privileges of the Society. It is understood that the Marquis de Compeigne has accepted the office of Secretary.

Culture of Timber in Mauritius.

The managers of the Royal Gardens, Kew, England, have tried the experiment of introducing different species of valuable timber-trees into Mauritius. The effort has thus far been encouraging. Mahogany (*Sevietenia Mahagoni*) has made a very rapid growth, forming, in three or four years after the sowing of the seed, trees about twenty feet high, and with stems from 3 to 6 inches in diameter. Logwood also grows well, and has been found to make excellent hedges, superior to hawthorn. It has become naturalized on the hills and waste lands near Port Louis, and annually produces large quantities of seed. To show the profit of cultivating mahogany, it may be remarked that a tree blown down in the Botanical Gardens of Calcutta, by the great cyclone, realized over $500.

Ornithological.

We find the announcement in *Nature* that two members of the British Ornithologists' Union have recently returned from a very successful expedition into Northern Siberia. Among the most important acquisitions gained in the expedition are about 1,000 skins, the young in down and the eggs of the little stint and the gray plover, the eggs (for the first time obtained) of Bewick's swan, the eggs of Middendorff's and *S. borealis*, the eggs of *Motacilla citreola*, the eggs of the smew, and a new species of pipit. The collectors left England early in the Spring, and, traveling overland from Archangel, reached Ust Zylma, on the Petschora River, in the middle of April. At the breaking up of the ice in June they left this point, and taking a boat to Alexievska, made this their headquarters for some time.

Bamboo for Paper-Making.

The gradual exhaustion of the various substances used for paper-making causes an earnest inquiry for supplies of new material. It is known that the Chinese and Japanese, who excel in the manufacture of paper, produce a fine quality, known as India proof-paper, from young bamboos. They also manufacture, from the bark of the paper-mulberry, many styles of paper, some of which imitate leather, and others muslin and crape so closely that much care is required to detect the real nature of the article. The bamboo has been introduced into various countries as a paper-material, and there is no reason why it should not be imported in unlimited quantities. In most tropical regions, some species of bamboo flourish luxuriantly, and their growth is so rapid that the supply need never be drained. As to the rate of growth, it is said that at Genzireh—the gardens of the Khedive of Egypt—the bamboo has been known to grow 9 inches in a night. At Lion House, the mansion of the Duke of Northumberland, stems of *Bambusa gigantea* have attained the height of 60 feet in twelve weeks. At Kew, the *Bambusa vulgaris* has grown in favorable seasons at the rate of 18 inches per day; and, at Chatsworth, the same species has reached the height of 40 feet in forty days.

The Gardens of Morocco.

The groves of rose trees and the flower farms of Morocco are said by a recent traveler to exceed in extent and value those of Damascus, or even those of the valley of Mexico. The general climate of the country is very favorable to this kind of culture. Swept alternately by the breezes of the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and tempered by the snows of the Atlas ranges, the degree of heat in Morocco is much lower than in Algeria, while the soil is exceedingly fertile. To the date, palm, orange and lemon trees the climate appears to be especially suited, the dates of Talifat having been famous even from Roman times. The orange plantations are of great extent in various parts of the country, while olives and almonds are also staples exported in large quantities. Seeing that this fertile land, within five days' steam of London, produces so much vegetable wealth under the most barbarous cultivation, it appears very strange that commercial enterprise does not, in such a climate, seek the profitable employment for its ever abundant capital in its application to develop such vast resources.

The English Walnut.

The home of the English walnut (*Juglans regia*) is Persia and the Himalayas. It was introduced into Europe, at a very early age, by the Greeks, who planted it in all their colonies. It found its way into Italy many centuries prior to the Christian era, and was greatly prized by the Romans, who gave it the name Juglans, said by Varro to be a contraction of the words *Jovis glans*,—Jupiter's nut. The Romans diffused the tree through their provinces, planting it even in England, where it was called by the Saxons Wealh nut, or foreign nut, whence comes the modern name walnut. In Russia, the tree is called Greek nut, probably because it was carried from Greece into that country.

The finest walnut trees in the world grow, it is said, in Asia Minor and along the Black Sea. In Circassia and Persia, thousands of families subsist upon the produce of a few roods of ground devoted to walnut trees. The *Building News*, giving statistics regarding the tree, says:

"Near Balaklava, in the Crimea, there is an enormous walnut, which belongs to five Tartar families, and which produces annually from 80,000 to 100,000 nuts. This tree is said to be nearly 3,000 years old. At the village of Parthenit, in Greece, there is a walnut tree whose trunk is 20 feet in circumference. This tree is worth £27 annually. There are several very ancient walnut trees in England, the most remarkable of which is in Norfalk. The trunk of this tree is said to be 80 feet high, and 11 feet in diameter. In 1627, a walnut tree was cut down at Melwyn, in Hertfordshire, which, when standing, occupied a space of 2,299 square yards."

The timber of the English walnut is light, hard, fine grained and susceptible of a high polish. It is consequently greatly valued for vaaious purposes. It is, with the black walnut, almost the only wood used in the construction of gunstocks, and $3,000 has been paid for a single tree to be worked up in this manufacture. England annually consumes 20,000 full grown walnut trees, which are imported mainly from Italy and the ports of the Black Sea.

An Abandoned Wife of Forty Years Ago Comes to Claim Her Dower.

The death of George Stacey, of Covington, his leaving an immense estate, a wife and ten children and his two former wives, the discovery by the public of the existence of the first wife, never divorced and still alive in England, the circumstance that Mr. Stacey had once, after marrying his third wife, sued for a divorce from the first, the bringing of a suit by the executors to settle complications arising out of the sure coming of Mrs. Stacey number one to claim her own against them all, are matters fresh in the memory of many of our readers, especially of those on the other side of the river. This wife number one has come. After probably thirty years of abandonment by her husband, who left her for a strange land, he to amass a big fortune, while she, unaided, struggled along, her own stay and maintenance. All this makes a strange, romantic story indeed. A cotemporary understands that the first wife of the late George Stacey has reached Covington. It is a fact that Margaret Stacey has arrived from England, and is now sojourning in that city at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Sutton. She is there for the purpose of asserting her dower interest in the rich estate of her late husband; not only the estate left by him at his death, but all the estate ever held by him since their marriage, more than forty years ago. The former, as we have heretofore stated, amounts to about $125,000, and is all covered by the will of Geo. Stacey, which devises it to the testator's children by his three wives respectively and to the last wife, Elizabeth Stacey, who still survives him, the last named lady getting the bulk of it. The estate disposed of by Stacey, before his death is not yet all ascertained, but is being looked up by Mrs. Margaret Stacey's lawyers, and, when the complete list is made up, suits will be entered immediately. Among this list of property is the fine Stacey homestead, No. 728 Madison street, Covington, deeded to Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey some years ago, and now occupied by her as her own, besides several other pieces of property in Covington and several acres of lots in West Covington. A rough guess at the figures representing the value of all this property added to the $125,000 of devised estate, coupled with the fact that Mrs. Margaret Stacey is only about sixty-five years old, well preserved, and probably good for twenty years more of life of this terrestrial sphere, enables us to venture the statement that her claim is of such magnitude as to make it intensely interesting and well worth looking after. We are quite sure that the present title holders of property derived through George Stacey will agree with us that Margaret Stacey's existence and forthcoming assertion of her rights are matters of serious consequence. Her claim against the devised estate will be set up in the suit already pending of the executors against the devisees for a construction of the will, instructions to the executors, etc. Messers. J. F. & C. H. Fisk, of Covington, and Wm. H. Pugh, of Cincinnati, are the attorneys representing Margaret Stacey.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Scene in Cairo.

As we sit in our hotel windows awaiting the moment of departure, we enjoy a last tableau of Cairo. A long train of camels files by, each one attached to the tail of the one preceding. They march on erect beneath the large building stones with which they are laden. They look innocent, even sad; yet they are said to bristle with rage if provoked beyond measure. These have hardly passed when there follows a wedding procession. At the head pipes a piper upon a reed, which squeaks mightily; then two drummers supply with great volume what the reed lacks in sweetness. Now follow long lines of Arabs arm in arm across the highway; then the bridegroom, bestraddling a donkey. Throngs kiss his hands, and prophesy happiness. Now follow women; thickly veiled walks the bride between two bridemaids, who support her, and seem to address her with much gesticulation, as if to tease her; but perhaps they are giving her lessons in matrimonial matters. Four gayly decked boys bear a canopy over her head, and she moves with an air of a stage queen. Behind these, with much talking and shouting, come the rabble; and the vile little donkey boys, congregating in numbers before the hotel, when not besieging some easy going excursionist, take part in the merry procession by pushing the bright little donkey among them. The beasts take the brunt of the beating with gentleness, but appear not to relish the fun.—*C. S. Welles; Scribner for Dec.*

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blamable in confining them to his own private use than the mean spirited miser that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them.—[Shenstone.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PORK CUTLETS.—Fry to a nice brown: beat three eggs with three teaspoonfuls of flour, dip each slice in the batter, and fry again, until the batter is cooked. This is very nice.

COCOANUT PIE.—Half a cup of butter, one cup of powdered white sugar, four well beaten eggs (beat whites and yolks together), one cup of grated cocoanut, one quart of sweet milk. Mix butter and sugar together, then add the eggs and cocoanut, and lastly the milk.

MINCE MEAT FOR PIES.—One quart bowl of meat chopped fine, two bowls of chopped apples, one bowl of sugar, one of raisins, one tablespoonful of allspice, one of cinnamon, one half tablespoonful of clove, one nutmeg, two thirds teacupful of molasses. Moisten with sweet cider and a little of the liquid in which the meat was boiled. A few slices of citron improves them.

PLAIN SUET PUDDING WITHOUT SODA.—One pint of milk, one half pound of suet, chopped fine; three eggs well beaten; one half teaspoonful of salt; add flour gradually until you have made a thick batter. Tie in a cloth which has been dipped in boiling water, and well sprinkled with flour; let the water boil before putting in the pudding, and boil two hours. To be eaten with canned or preserved fruit.

HAM CAKE.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; boil a large slice of bread in a half pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg well beaten up. Put the whole into a mold, and bake a rich brown.

PAN DOWDY.—Put apples pared and sliced into a large pan, and put in an abundance of molasses or sugar, and some spice if the apples have little flavor; not otherwise. Cover with bread dough, rolled thin, or a potato pie crust. Bake a long time, and then break the crust into the fruit in small pieces. Children are very fond of this, especially if well sweetened and baked long.

SNOW PUDDING.—To one half box of gelatine add one pint of boiling water, two cups white sugar, and the juice of two lemons. When cool, beat the whites of three eggs very light and spread over the top. This is an excellent pudding, especially for the hot summer weather, and should be made the day before using and placed on ice or in the ice chest. When brought to the table, dish out in saucers, and turn over it a sauce or custard made in the following manner: Boil a pint of milk in a tin pail set into a kettle of hot water; as soon as it boils add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, with sugar to taste; let it boil until it thickens, then remove; when nearly cold add a little salt, and flavor with vanilla.

How $50 Was Lost and Won.

Our friend, the Colonel, is continually making investments on a small scale, which disappoint him in their results. He has a spendthrift of a young nephew, who wrote to him from St. Louis the other day, saying:

"Dear Uncle: There is a fellow down here who offers to bet me a $100 greenback that no one will lend me that amount of money. Now, I have taken the bet, and if you will write me a letter enclosing a draft for $100, saying you will lend it to me, I will devide with you equally the $100 that I will win from the fellow. I will send the $50 by the very first mail—sure."

He sent the young scapegrace the $100. We happened in his office when he opened the return letter, a day or two afterwards, inclosing $50. The Colonel shook his fat sides as he read the nephew's missive, which ran thusly:

"Hurrah! We've won the fool's money, dear uncle. Here's your $50. Much obliged. Yours, TOM."

"He's a reckless rogue, the boy is," remarked the Colonel, "but you see he is honest. He does as he agrees—all our family always do that."

"But, Colonel," we remarked, "you say you sent the boy $100."

"Yes—a draft for $100, and here, you see he sends me my half as prompt as the clock."

"And you say that nephew is honest, and has done the fair thing?"

"Certainly—don't you see?—here's the $50."

"Yes, but where is the $100 you sent him?"

The Colonel's smiling face suddenly became grave—he scratched his head—then pulled his mustache—then looked at us for a moment with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Sure enough," he muttered, "I hadn't thought of that. He ought to have sent me $150. The young rascal has done me out of $50 clean as a whistle! Well, well! I am an old fool, that's a fact."

And the old Colonel pocketed his $50, tore the nephew's letter into little bits, threw them upon the floor, and stamped his right foot upon them with a savage disgust.—*Chicago Journal*

Ideal Courtship at One-Horse Gulch.

BY BRET HARTE.

In Mr. Harte's new Serial story in *Scribner's Monthly* for December, the hero, Gabriel Conroy, gives his little sister the following mendacious account of his visit to the widow Markle on business matrimonial:

Olly had drawn a small box, her favorite seat, between her brother's legs, and rested the back of her head comfortably against his wastcoat. When Gabriel had lighted his pape at the solitary candle, he gave one or two preliminary puffs, and then, taking his pipe from his mouth, he said gently:

"Olly, it can't be done."

"What can't be done, Gabe?" queried the artful Olly, with a swfit preconception of the answer, expanding her little mouth into a thoughtful smile.

"That thing."

"What thing, Gabe?"

"This yer marryin' o' Mrs. Markle," said Gabriel, with an assumption of easy, business like indifference.

"Why?" asked Olly,

"She wouldn't hev me."

"What?" said Olly, facing swiftly around.

Gabriel evaded his sister's eyes, and, looking in the fire, repeated slowly, but with great firmness:

"No: not fur—fur—fur a gift!"

"She's a mean, stuck-up, horrid old thing!" said Olly fiercely. "I'd jest like to—why, thar sin't a man az kin compare with you, Gabe! Like her impudence!"

Gabriel waved his pipe in the air deprecatingly, yet with such an evident air of cheerful resignation, that Olly faced upon him again suspiciously, and asked:

"What did she say?"

"She said," replied Gabe slowly, "thet her heart—was—given—to another. I think she struck into poetry, and said:

"My heart it is another's,
And it never can be thine."

Thet is, I think so. I disremember her special remark, Olly, but you know women allers spout poetry at sech times. Ennyhow, that's about the way the thing panned out."

"Who was it?" said Olly suddenly.

"She didn't let on who," said Gabriel uneasily. "I didn't think it the square thing to inquire."

"Well," said Olly.

Gabriel looked down still more embarrassed, and shifted his position. "Well," he repeated.

"What did you say?" said Olly.

"Then?"

"No, afore. How did you do it, Gabe?" said Olly, comfortably fixing her chin in her hands, and looking up in her brother's face.

"Oh, the usual way!" said Gabriel, with a motion of his pipe, to indicate vague and glittering generalities of courtship.

"But how? Gabe, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Gabriel, looking up at the roof, "wimen is bashful ez a general thing, and thar's about only one way ez a man can get at 'em, and that ez, by being kinder keerless and bold. Ye see, Olly, when I kam inter the house, I sorter jest chuckled Sal under the chin—thet way, you know—and then went up and put my arm around the widder's waist, and kissed her two or three times, you know, jest to be sociable and familiar like."

"And to think, Gabe, thet, after all that she wouldn't hev ye," said Olly.

"Not at any price," said Gabriel positively.

"The disgustin' beast!" said Olly. "I'd jest like to ketch that Manty hangin' round yer after that!" she continued, savagely, with a vicious shake of her little fist. "And just to think, only today we gave her her pick o' them pups!"

"Hush, Olly, ye mustn't do anythin' o' the sort" said Gabriel hastily. "Ye must never let on to any one anything. It's confidence, Olly—confidence, ez these sort o' things allus is—atween you and me. Besides," he went on reassuringly, that's nothin'. Lord, afore a man's married, he hez to go through this kind o' thing a dozen times. It's expected. There was a man as I once knowed," continued Gabriel, with shameless mendacity, "hez went through it fifty times, and he was a better man nor me, and could shake a thousand dollars in the face of any woman. Why, bless your eyes, Olly, some men jest likes it—it's excitement—like perspectin'."

Two sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press, when one called out to the other, "Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squaze the devil out o' ye." "Would ye, indade, my boy!" was the answer. "Squaze the devil out o' ye and there'd be nothing left!"

A darkey who was stopping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactly; but 'peared as ef de shore kinder h'isted and frowed me."

The Flamingo.

The red flamingo flew up from the South,
From the land all withered and parched with drouth,
He gleamed on the sky like a flaming brand,
Blown from a burning prairie land.
He waded deep through the dark morass,
In the samphire beds, and the cool dank grass
When the wind blew east, to the sea he went,
Red as the sun in the firmament,
And turned aside, with a look aslant
At the deadly eye of the cormorant,
And the eagle, old with a hundred years,
From the height of his vaulted eyrie peers,
When the wind blew west, to the fields he sped,
Where the blue-eyed gentian lifts its head;
And the dew flushed red to a scarlet dye
On the lily's breast, as he floated by;
And here and there in the silent dell,
From his wing a scarlet feather fell.
He sailed on his way as the mariner sails,
With stout heart fearing no wind nor gales,
On and on through the land he went,
Like a fleet and royal messenger sent,
Till he came at last to an ancient town
Never on map or chart laid down.
His wearied wings beat soft and low,
For the dreary streets were of muffled snow,
The houses were counted by two and two,
And the footsteps numbered were faint and few.
The ships that had sailed to that silent shore
Were bound, snow locked, without mast or oar.
The shrouds had vanished—a dreary wreck,
With the tropic bird, on the lonely deck.
His eye grew dim in the cold, wan light,
And his royal plumage blanched snow-white.
He strained his gaze to the farthest north,
And again on fluttering wings went forth,
And sailed away, with his plumage pale
Forever hid by a snowy veil.
Whether he drifted east or west,
And gazed on a mighty mountain crest,
Or a glorious sea with turrets high,
Reaching far up in the polar sky,
Or drooped in death on a waste of snow,
His secret none shall ever know.
He lived his life on his errand sent,
And tracked the path of a continent.
Whoever has crossed to that silent strand
Has passed beyond to an unknown land.
Buried in snow, and under the gates,
Frozen and stark the sentinel waits
Till the snow shall be lifted from off his breast,
And the pathway cleared to the great Northwest!

—SARAH D. CLARK, *in December Atlantic.*

Valuable Discovery of Emery-Stone Near Sedalia.

If some energetic gentleman, with more money than he knows what to do with, desires to double that money in a legitimate enterprise, he will come to Sedalia and work the quarry of emery stone which was discovered in the northwestern part of Pettis county about one year ago. Probably you do not know what emery stone is, or the valuable practical uses that it can be put to. As to value, an emery wheel one foot in diameter and two inches thick, costs about $20. Emery is a mineral or stone of amazing hardness. The atoms or crystals which form the stone are regular in shape and have sharp and cutting edges. Emery is almost as hard as a diamond. Grind stones or wheels made of it, and turned by steam, are used in manufacturing establishments for polishing or grinding all kinds of metals, hard stone and glass. A small emery stone, revolving rapidly, will in a few moments grind the hardest bar of steel, or lump of flint stone or glass, into dust. For polishing rough castings of steel, brass, or iron or other metals, it is very valuable, and in a few moments an emery will do an amount of work that a man could not do in a day with a file. Hence its value. Dozens of emery wheels are used for polishing or grinding purposes in the large machine shops of this city.

Deposits of this stone or grains of it are rare. Emery deposits are rarer than gold.—*Sedalia Democrat.*

New Mexico's Cattle King.

A letter from Santa Fe tells about a "cattle king" of New Mexico:—To the southeast of Santa Fe, near Fort Stanton, is the famous Chisum cattle ranche, containing about sixteen hundred sections of land, on which Mr. Chisum has at this time eighty thousand head of cattle. He claims that he can fill an order for forty thousand beeves, sent him by telegraph from New York, on ten days notice. Be this as it may, he is the "cow king" of Mexico, to use a provincial phrase. He employs in all about one hundred "cow boys" and "cow punchers"—and in other words he employs mounted men to picket the ranch day and night, winter and summer, to see that the cattle do not stray off the pasture selected by him for his own use. And like a sentinel walking his beat, the cattle guards ride up and down the lines and are relieved with due regularity. In the fall about this time, they have the "cattle drives," which means taking these vast herds from the distant ranches to market. They find a shipping point at Wichita, or Great Bend, Kansas, or at Granada or Las Animas, in Colorado. And whenever it is known at which point the important "drives" will strike there is where the vultures are found. The cattle men are rough, generous, and often intemperate, and the gamblers and prostitutes of the entire land look forward to fall trade with great anticipations. Very often the officers of the law are set at defiance, the cattle men and licentious women run the town, and the entire proceeds of ten thousand beeves squandered in a single night.—*Denver News.*

The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet and eat a mess of rice together.—[Shenstone.

A Charming Romance.

A Singular Matrimonial Alliance and What Came of It.

It is a popular saying that "all the world loves a lover," and it may hold true that all the world loves to read of lovers. Some years ago there appeared in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* a sketch of a singular marriage. It was related that the bride sailed for Italy and the bridegroom started for Arizona, within two hours after the wedding ceremony was concluded. The sketch, widely copied at the time, was true in substance and detail, but the romantic coloring of the marriage, so to speak, was in its first blush. The lapse of time and the changes of fortune having brought one of the parties of the singular wedding to California, and placed the other well on the road to histrionic fame in Italy, it is now in good time to give the continuation of the romance. Briefly told, it is this: About four years ago a young army officer, Lieutenant Philip Reade, who, by the way, is a nephew of the immortal Ben Butler, attended church in Topeka, Kansas. There are living witnesses to this assertion, however singular it may appear that an officer of the army a nephew of Old Ben's found his way to the sanctuary of grace. He did go, and while there one voice of the choir impressed him as sweetly sympathetic. The music touched his soul, and his heart went out to the rustic vocalist. He sought her acquaintance, obtained an introduction, and for months whiled away the hours unconsciously in the cheerful sunshine of her presence. He learned of her ambitions, and listened with all the fervor of a youthful enthusiast to a recital of her aspirations. She longed for fame in the great world of the opera, but there stood poverty, that twin companion of obscurity and enemy of genius, interposing obstacles in every path promising to lead to the goal of her ambition. Yet she did not despair, and had planned a girlish way of her own to reach Italy and study under the inspiration of great masters in the land of poetry and song. She had already begun to give music lessons, and even had saved a few dollars, as the beginning of the fund. The young army officer admired the heroism and applauded the daring pluck of the noble little woman. He had faith likewise in her future, believing that her talents would some day engage the attention of the song loving world. Richer in purse than most army officers, and generous withal, he proffered her the money to complete her musical education, which she in proper pride declined. However, she obtained means by singing in local concerts to pursue her studies in Boston, and little was heard of her until the Eastern papers, as already intimated, announced the wedding of Lieut. Philip Reade, U. S. A., and Miss Minnie Beals, of Topeka. It may be inferred that the marriage was the condition of her accepting money to pursue her studies in Italy, and it is true that more than three years' time has elapsed since the matrimonial event, and neither one of the pair has seen the other. In the mean time she applied herself with all the patience and diligence of feminine nature to constant study under renowned teachers, finally making her *debut* and winning words of praise from the most eminent critics.

In a recent letter from Italy to her husband, who is now in San Diego, in charge of the military telegraph lines, the lady herself tells the rest of the story in the charming candor of girlish simplicity.

Although permission is granted to give the exuberant epistle in *extenso*, for the edification of our readers, the substance thereof will suffice for the purpose. The letter is dated at Milan, Italy, June 12, and after the customary and very appropriate greetings of Mrs. Lieutenant Philip Reade to her husband, opens with the announcement that she has just signed an engagement, for four years, at a splendid and increasing rate of salary, with Scalalerini, a celebrated Italian impressario. The *debutante* opens at the Poglieno Theater, Florence, in Auber's new opera of the Prodigal Son, produced for the first time in Italy. After this season she is to appear successively in in all the leading theatres of Italy, and will thence extend her triumphant travels to other parts of Europe, probably visiting the United States before the expiration of the present engagement. Other evidences are given of the marked success of this deserving lady, and a brilliant future is before her. Her finishing instructions were received from Signor Gilli, a famous Italian teacher. Such are the ultimate results of the pious turn that incidentally befel a nephew of old Ben Butler one Sunday morning, and led him to intrude into a quiet sanctuary of worship in a Kansas town.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The other day when a Detroit grocer spelled sugar "s-h-u-g-e-r," a friend pointed out the word and remarked, "That word isn't spelled quite right." "Ha! I see," laughed the grocer, "one would think I had no education." And he crossed it out and wrote, s-h-u-g-o-r.