NEBRASKA

Gone to get a sherry cobler. Who shtands der streets und gorners round Mit sefrel agzes to be ground,

Und shmiled und bowed, und nefor frowned Der Gandidate. Who hold your hand ven you would start, Und told you you was mighty smart, Und how he luved you mit his hart? Der Gandidate.

He took a sudden seat, he did, In all his gorgeous foppery; Such mournful spectacles we see, When sidewalks are so sloppery. And she, poor girl, went down with him, In all her pull-back flippery; Such tragic incidents take place When sidewalks are so slippery.

Down where the wake-robin springs from it slumbers, Opening its cardinal eve to the sun.

Come the dull echoes of far-away thunders, Heavy and fast as the shots of a gun. Up on the hill where the wild flowers nestle, Like new-fallen stars on the green mossy strand,

There come the dead notes of the house-clean ing pestle-

The sound of the carpet is heard in the land

## HE HAD A HEART.

BY W. A. TAYLOR. "As heartless as a Jew," is an expression that long since passed into a proverb, but why as "heartless as a Jew" would probably puzzle the inventor of the expression were he now living.

Its survival only shows that we have not, even in the nineteenth century out- equipages. grown the blind and unreasonable prejudices of the Middle Ages.

The story of Abraham Levi, dealer in second-hand clothing and purveyor brought handsome dividends. of cast off trifles, is a notable example is in a tumble-down old house on Webdwelling reminds one of the tenements of their selfish grasp. of the Five Points, while its interior presents a veritable curiosity shop fillarticle, as though a whole colony of enthusiastic Mrs. Toodleses had consolidated their auction treasures for the purpose of giving a grand exhibition.

Overcoats and dress coats in various stages of dilapidation, broken-winded pianos and melodeons, torn music and broken-backed books, door-plates and boot-jacks and every imaginable odd and end of domestic or personal appolatment are to be found piled up on boxes, shelves and in dusty corners.

Every day Mr. Levi sallies forth with a dirty black and green piano cover under his arm and comes back laden with a miscellaneous collection of books. broken crockery, dilapidated hats, old boots, and all manner of castoff articles to add to his collection, and meet the wants of his customers who live on the "hill."

Mr. James Harbison was one of the iron kings of the Smokey City, a widower with one son and two daughters. and a million in solid cash.

Emma Harbison was not a favorite with her brother Arthur and her sister Samantha. She had been her mother's favorite, but her father never exhibited much partiality for her. She was reserved and shy as her brother and sister were forward and boisterous.

Mr. Harbison had removed to Pittsburgh from the interior of the State upon the death of his wife while his children where yet small, and Emma, as she grew up, still kept the rural ways of offense to her fashionable brother and sister. Fashionable life and flash society had no charms, for her, and she was soon ignored in the household, even her father lavishing all of his attentions and paternal regards upon his two old-

At length Mr. Harbison died, and was buried, and the will, which he had taken good care to make, was admitted to probate. It was short and to the point:

"To Emma Harbison, I bequeath the workbox that belonged to my dear wife, with the trinkets it contains. To my dear children, Arthur and Samantha Harbison, I bequeath all the remainder of my estate, bonds, stocks, lands, tenements, and property of whatever kind.

"It is also my wish that my two children, Arthur and Samantha, give Emma a home until she marries.

(Signed) JAMES HARBISON." The friends of the family were as tounded at the provisions of the will. and were still more astonished when Arthur and Samantha openly proclaimed that Emma was not their sister at all, but a pauper that their father had adopted out of charity.

And as such they treated her and made her the household drudge. For months she acted the part of a servant almost uncomplainingly, and then she was discharged from service and turned out upon the world, her only earthly possessions being a little bundle of clothes, her mother's work-box, and ten dollars, het earnings during six months of slavery.

She went forth fully resolved to maintain herself by her labor, but misfor- dollar bond, and to-day Abraham Levi tune still followed her. Being frail and is one of the happiest of men. although delicate she found it impossible to keep he still keeps up his endless variety of her place as a house servant, and she could get no other employment.

At length her last penny was gone. and starvation stared her in the face. Hunger at last drove her to the shop of Abraham Levi. She must part with her mother's work-box for bread!

Mr. Levi, she said, I am in great need, and am compelled to part with this box for a little ready money.'

Mr. Levi looked at it critically, and inquired. What you ask for him?

I could put no valuation on it, as

is priceless to me. Let me have five dollars on it, and I will redeem it in the

future." 'Oh! Mein Gott! Miss, fife dollar? Vv. it would bankrupt me if I gif you a dollar. I do not care to take him at

In vain did Emma Harbison plead the sacredness of the keepsake. Mr. Levi was inflexible, and at last she parted with her mestimable treasure, receiving a single dollar in exchange. But this pittance only kept off starva tion for a day or two, and at last she was picked up one night by the police, wandering the streets, and taken before an alderman.

She told her pitiful story to the magistrate, and her brother and sister were age, in the twilight, I observed a sent for. They came and disowned her, neat, sailor-like little fellow, with a and declared her an impostor, and she was consigned to the House of Refuge, which was under the management of one of the worst tyrants that ever dis- all his laurels thick upon him), caregraced a reformatory institution.

A legislative committee, a year ago brought to light the horribie practices that had been carried on for years. How delicate girls were horsewhipped. and tied up by the thumbs, and subjected to every conceivable torture at the caprice of the officials. Poor Emma, so gentle and uncomplaining, came in for a share of the punishment, and her recitals before the committee made strong men weep in very indignation. A wealthy lady, hearing the story of the poor girl's wrongs, adopted her and and her young life became joyous once

But how fared it with her unnatural brother and sister? For awhile they led the fashionable portion of society. and lived magnificently. They outrivalled all in the magnificence of their entertainments and the splendor of their now greeted him with as much com-

Arthur prided himself on his financial sagacity, and invested his and his sister's fortune in paying stocks that I experienced a pang of disappointment

showing that the much abused Israe- them ruin. The collapse of the Nalite has a heart. His place of business | tional Trust Company, Brady & Co.'s | put upon a pleasant footing at once, and banking house, and other banks where he soon asked me if I would promenade ster avenue, in the smoky city of Pitts- Arthur had invested, beggared them. burgh. The exterior of his shop and and swept almost a million dollars out the decorations. I readily accepted so

ed with every imaginable second-hand | been, and lived solely on the charity of | on the previous evening in Boston. A a few of their wealthy friends, a little | conspicuous feature of the occasion had less heartless than the most who had once fawned upon them but knew them no more. \* \*

> Abraham Levi valued Emma's workbox at ten dollars, but found no purchaser. After vainly trying to sell it one day, he shook it indignantly at the customer as she was leaving the shop, an affair which so closely concerned and was surprised to hear something himself. He said, 'I shall make a poor move inside of it. Taking the key to figure relating my own praises. O. I it open he again shook it, and again heard something moving. Examining the interior still more closely he observed a minute spring, against which he pushed, and a false bottom was

> And such a sight as met the astonished eyes of the Jew! Spread out on the bottom of the box was a new United States seven-thirty bond with ten years coupens unclipped. picked it up and another precisely like it met his gaze. Grasping the second the third appeared, and so on until they simply followed a habit which I have numbered thirty-five. Here was a greater fortune than Abraham Levi had ever dreamed of. He seized a pencil and calculated the interest. The bonds and coupons were worth more than six hundred thousand dollars in the money market. They were his. He was wealthy at last. He replaced them in the box, put down the false bottom

and locked it up in the safe. But Abraham Levi's peace of mind story. But, as it had been made of sufher early childhood which gave mortal | was gone. He no longer took any interest in his business and began to lose his taken the pains to reaffirm it from the customers. Several times he had taken the box and started to New York to get the bonds exchanged, but his heart always failed him. He knew that he ran no risk, and yet he had not the courage to realize his fortune.

> One day, after musing for an hour. strange smile crossed his face and he said:

> 'Dot' shust vat I vill do!' He opened his safe, took out the box and placed it under his arm. Just as he reached the street a carriage stopped in front of his store and Miss Emma

'O! Mr. Levi," she exclaimed, I am just in time. I see you are going to sell my box. I have come to redeem it.' 'No Miss,' replied Levi, I not go out to sell him; I go to take him to you. But coom in, young lady, I vish to ex- star promises me a long life." "Never

straight-forward way, and then showed | be fulfilled. her the fortune he guarded so carefully A certain Arab General, whom the and ignorantly for so many years, and | French chronicler calls Heggiage, was of ten dollars.

gif me a hoondred dollars.'

of these at least.'

a sufficient reward. Finally Emma induced him to accept a ten thousand odds and ends and goes from house to house in search of 'old clo's.'

Emma Harbison was too sensible to her fortune with her ungrateful brother | mendable readiness of wit. Tibering | time-pieces were of unique construction. and sister. She did nothing of the kind, so the Roman historian informs us. One clock was made to run 400 days clerk in a rolling mill for Arthur, and er he had been banished by the Emper- the dash-board of his carriage, and he tertainments will remember, the Calipb The news received from Prague afthe position of music teaching for or Augustus, loved to while away the used to regulate his drivers to an exact | Harounal Raschid, who was cotempo- fords a disturbed picture of plunder and sisterly manner, but insists that they view usually took place on a lofty em- utilized his clocks to maintain his repu- addressed. The flag of the Prophet appears that at this period men and and on that coign of 'vantage an obeliak shall earn a living for themselves, and inence overlooking the sea; and if the tation for minute punctuality.-Pub-

Farragut in Mobile.

Mrs. Frances M. Bartlett contributes to the Portsmouth (N. H.), Weekly an account of a conversation she held with Admiral Farragut in the summer of 1865, at a ball given in his honor at what was then called the Atlantic House, at Rye Beach, N. H., and is now known as the Farragut House. She savs: "Every preparation had been made to give brilliancy to the ball. The house was decked in bunting, bands of music lent their power to the general gayety. and ladies vied with each other in richness of attire. The officers of the army and navy were in attendance, and a few invited guests from Portsmouth assisted.' As I alighted from an open carriround cap, standing at the steps. But I, bent on the business in hand, (that of seeing the distinguished Admiral, with lessly took the proffered hand of the sailor, (Master's Mate I thought him), entered the dressing-room, and soon took a gentleman's arm and mingled with the throng. Presently a lady, whom I then resembled, accosted me. saying: 'Have you seen the Admiral this evening? 'No,' I replied, 'but I am all impatient to meet him.' 'Well.' she said, 'I'll bring him to you at once, for I think you are at the bottom of a contretemps. He accuses me of treating him with cold disdain, and we will see if we can't clear it up.' Very soon the gave her a home full of every comfort, lady, wife of an officer of high rank. appeared on the Admiral's arm, and presented him to me. To my surprise and consternation I beheld the supposed Master's Mate, whom I had met at my carriage door. The Admiral, mistaking me for a friend, had come out on the piazza to welcome her. I posure as I could, considering my awkward blunder. The Admiral observed. 'We have met before this evening, and at your seeming coldness, as I mistook But the financial crash of 1873 brought | you for this lady, who has long been my friend.' Thus introduced, we were with him through the halls and view distinguished an honor, and, as we They were in as great straits for the | walked, I begged him to tell me about the banquet that had been given him been the reading, by Oliver Wendell Homles, of his exquisite poem, in which occurs the line about Farragut's being

lashed to the rigging during the Mobile fight. The hero's bravery was equaled only by bis modesty, and he shrank from giving me a complete account of aside and relate it to me as though you were only a spectator and not a party to it.' 'Well,' said he, 'I'll try to sink my personality.' Then, in a pleasant and unaffected manner, he described the banquet, repeating the verse of Dr. Holmes' poem in which was the allusion to his being lashed to the mast. Suddenly breaking off, he laughingly said: 'They are making a great deal of fuss about my being lashed to the mast, when, in fact, it amounts to nothing at all. There was no bravery in it: I always practiced, that of taking a strap and lashing myself to the mast when I go aloft, lest I might become dizzy. I little thought it would be turned to only a matter of caution.' His being lashed to the mast was a mere incident -neither adding to nor detracting from the great Admiral's services—simply making a pretty thing in picture and ficient importance to be denied, I have hero's own lips."

Astrologers' Perils in Ancient Times. Formerly they had rough and ready modes of testing claims to supernatural powers. "Dost thou know where thou wilt pass Christmas?" asked Henry VII of an astrologer. He could not tell. Whereupon the King's grace, which did still love a merry jest, ma de answer, "Then am I wiser than thou. for I know that thou wilt spend Christmas in prison."

John Galleazzo, Duke of Milan, is said to have made even merrier at the expense of a gentleman who foretold him that he would die earily. "And how long do you expect to live?" he inquired of the prophet. "My lord, my trust in your star, man; you are to be Emma entered the dingy place, and hanged this moment." And the Duke Mr. Levi told her the whole story in a took care that his own prediction should

displeasure. The General was sick. 'And how can I ever reward you. Mr. | when an astrologer, by way of comfort-Levi? asked Emma, grasping his hands, ing him, assured his Excellency that 'Vell,' said he, 'I dink ash you might the illness from which he was suffering would terminate fatally. "Since No! no! said Emma, and seizing one you have said it," replied the General. of the bonds, said, 'you shall take one "it must be so, and I have so great a confidence in your skill that I should But Levi hesitated for a long time | be glad to have the benefit of your adinsisting that one hundred dollars was | vice in the next world. You will therefore be so kind as to go there first and await my orders." The astrologer was immediately decapitated.

Indeed, if one may express an opinion in homely English, the wonder is that astrologers should so often have been such fools. Few seem to have had the presence of mind of Trasullus, were placed on chairs, tables shelves, or She secured the position of shipping when living in exile at Rhodes, whith- after one winding; another was set in Samantha. She treats them in the most time by consulting diviners. The inter- period by it. In fact, he seems to have rary with Charlemague, was always murder in the streets of the city. It the highest point of North Germany, to this, all who know the trio say amen. diviner, by some foolish answer, con- lisher's Monthly.

some slaves were in attendance to pitch him head-foremost over the cliff into

the waves below. It chanced on a certain day that Trasullus had been invited to one of these charming segnoes. "Tell me," said Tiberius, with a curious look, "how long | Pilgrims, our Heroic Period." The orado you think you have to live?" Trasullus, who was no foo l, appeared to be absorbed in mysterious calculations; then suddenly, with an expression of alarm that was not altogether feigned. Mr. Webster and other puble men were he exclaimed "that he was menaced at that very hour by a great danger." Satisfied with the answer, Tiberius embraced him, and from henceforth Trasullus became of the number of his rich clive, his eyes large, liquid, glow- dag which Mohammed had made out of friends.

The Pruth.

Pruth. This river is the Pyrelus of the ancients. It takes its source on the northeast of the Carpathian Mountains and empties into the Danube on the east of Galatz, after separating Moldaone end of the Principalities of the Danube to the other, an inherent prejudice is apparent, which places the origin of all species of calamities on the other side of the Pruth. The national baltads teem with it, and the peasants of Reumania will inform you that the appearance of the Russians on the borders of the Pruth augurs most sinister disasters. This is the cursed river, the Cocyte or the Phlegethon of the Infernal Regions, which separates them from the "Paradise of Roumania," as they call their native land. The song of the Pruth now rings forth like a malediction throughout Roumania:

Upheaving in thy anger Like the waters of the Deluge, When shore cannot see shore And voice greets voice no more; When no rays of sunlight glance Across the vast expanse, When enemies pass o'er And darken our shore, Thou Pruth, may bear them on, Farther, still farther on. On to the Danube, to the sea, On to the gates infernal.

Pruth, thou cursed river,

Beyond the Pruth, however, th Roumanians have blood-relations From the mountains that bound the horizon, to the heart of Hungary, as well as between the Danube and Dniester, there are 8,000,000 inhabitants who speak their language, have the same proudly, when questioned, "I am a Roumanian!"-Translated for The Chicago Tribune, from a French journal, by Emma Stanley.

Napoleon and the Newspapers. In the ninth volume of the "Napo- dead. leon Correspondence," recently published, there is a curious letter addressed by the Emperor to Gen. Savary. Duke of Rovigo, then Minister of Police. It is dated "Chateau de Surville. unlock it, but it was empty. Holding replied, 'put your share of the thing 19 Fev., 1814." "The newspapers," his Majesty is pleased to say, "are edited without intelligence. Is it rational, in the present state of affairs, to say that I had very few men, that I conquered because I surprised the enemy, and that we were one against three? You must, indeed, have lost your heads in Paris to say such things, when I am saying everywhere that I have 300,000 men when the enemy believes it, and when it must be repeated again and again. I had formed a bureau for the direction of journals; does it never see these articles? That is the way in which, with a few strokes of the pen, you destroy the good which results from victory! You could very well read those things yourself; you can understand that this such fine account in poetry. It was is no question of vainglory, and that one of the first principles of the art of war is to exaggerate and not to diminish them. But how am I to make this clear to poets who seek to flatter me, as well as to flatter the national self-love, instead of seeking to do good? Itseems to me that these matters are not be neath your notice; and that if you were to pay some attention to them, such articles, which are not merely nonsense, but pernicious nonsense, would never be printed."

The Holy Shrine. It is announced in the cable-dis patches that the Scherif of Mecca has placed at the Turkish Sultan's disposal the treasures of the holy shrine, amounting to 200,000.000 piastres. The Boston Globe has the following in reference to these treasures: "A deputation has been sent to the Scherif of Mecca, who professes to be the direct descendant of Mahomet, with a view of securing some funds to aid in the war against Russia. The number of pilgrims every year to the tomb of the Prophet is about 100,000, and their offerings amount to \$3,000,000. Three sacred sepultures serve as coffers or safes to receive the funds contributed by the pilgrims from year to year, and these are opened only in cases of the greatest necessity. One of these sepultures was opened in 1828, and then closed to be replenished, and opened again in 1854. But it seems that there is one that has not been opened since 1415. If the deputation is wise, it wil! go for that one. Unless there have been some irreglarities among the holy bankers, that sacred sepulture is worth

having." A Mania for Clocks. One of those odd geniuses who spend their lives and means in collecting curious and rare articles, lately died. His name was Sylvester Bonaffon, a retired merchant of Philadelphia. His chief mania was for Clocks, which literally covered every portion of available space in his apartments, where they

land Society.

In December, 1843, the New Englanders in New York celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, Rufus Choste being the orator, and choosing as his theme, "The Age of the tion was delivered in the old Broadway Tabernacle, then the largest auditorium in the city. The great building was crowded to hear the famous speaker. on the platform. Mr. Choate was then in his prime, and his presence was hardly less striking than that of the great expounder. Tall, thin, his complexion a served, is not the same as the identical ing; the face Oriental, rather than that of an American, and generally rather sad than eager and passionate. His The Russian army has passed the voice was a rich baritone; sonorous, Mokanna's famous declaration, that majestic, finely modulated and inimitable in expression of pathos. He philosophically developed the rise of Puritanism, and the causes of the Pilgrim emigration, and came down to the Mayvia from Russia. In traveling from flower, to Myles and Rose Standish, to the landing at Plymouth, the severity of the winter, the famine and the sickness, and the many deaths-fifty out of a hundred, including the beautiful Rose Standish.

Pausing with a sad, far-off look in his eyes, as the vision had suddenly risen upon his memory, and with a voice inexpressibly sweet and pathetic, and nearly choked with emotion, he said: "In a late visit to Plymouth, I sought the spot where these earlier dead were buried. It was on a bank somewhat elevated, near, fronting and looking upon the waves-symbol of what life had been to them-ascending inland behind and above the rock-symbol also of that Rock of Ages on which the dying had rested in that final hour." have never seen an audience so moved. passage, and then, with a voice surcharged with emotion, symbolized the stormy and tumultuous life, the sudden and sad end, and the heroic faith with which, resting upon the Rock of Ages, they had laid down upon the shore of the eternal sea. As Choate approached the climax, Webster's emotion became tears and a handkerchief at every face, and sighs and sobs soughed through the red us to the spot, and we saw the rocky shore, and with him mourned the early

So on the tip of his subduing tongue All kinds of arguments and questions deep. All replications prompt and reason strong. For his advantage still did wake and sleep; To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep He had the dislect and different skill.

Swearing in Cromwell's Time.

Laws against swearing were strictly enforced during the times of the Commonwealth, and with the largest possible interpretation against the accused. We are reminded of the reproof that Sir Walter Scott put into the mouth of Cromwell: "What can it avail thee to practice a profanity so horrible to the ears of others, and which brings no emolument to him who uses it?" Every oath was counted. For a single oath the fine was 6s. 8., but the charge was reduced to 3s. 4d. each "on taking a quantity." Humfrey Trevett, for swearing ten oaths, was committed till he pay 33s. 41. to the poor of Harford. John Huishe, of Cheriton, was convicted for swearing twenty-two oaths and two curses at one time, and four oaths and one curse at another time. Of course the greater number of these cases were disposed of at Petty Sessions without being sent for trial. One Justice returned the names of ten persons whom he had convicted of swearing since the previous sessions. We are not left without examples of what was considered swearing in those days. William Heard ing, of Chittlehampton, for saying two several times in court, "Upon my life," was adjudged to be within the act of swearing, for which he paid 6s. 8d. Thomas Butland was fined for swearing "On my troth." Gilbert Northcott had to pay 3s. 4d. for saying "upon my life." Thomas Courtis was fined for swearing in court "God is my witness," and "I speak in the presence of God." Christopher Gill, being reproved by Mr. Nathaniel Durant, clerk, "for having used the oath, God's Life, in discourse," went and informed against the minister himself for swearing! - Fraser's

Magazine.

The Flag of the Prophet. ful," are called upon to rally? The best her was so strong that he was wont to left blank. say that she would be the first of his the readers of the "Arabian Nights' En- are before our eyes." passed from the followers of Omar at women were daily seized by bandits, has been raised in honor of Prince von Damascus into the hands of the con- robbed, strangled, and thrown into the Bismarck.

where, covered with forty-two wrap. Prague."-London Academy. pings of silk, it was deposited in chapel in the interior of the seraglio. where it is perpetually guarded by several emirs with constant prayers. It is known, however, that the banner unfolded by the Moslems at the beginning of a war, and likewise carefully prethe white turban of the Koreish. The Moslems believe that it is and will fight bravely under it, thus verifying "Paith, frantie Paith, sace wedded fast

To one dear fairehood, huge it to the last."

Motley, the Historian.

the historian (who died at London May 30) illustrates the potency of enthusiasm and earnestness as important elements among those that most contribute to success. Mr. Motley's first ventures in literary work were romances. He traveled abroad and became interested in the history of Holland. He remoived to write the history of the Dutch, and commenced work in this country. As he worked he became interested, and then enthusiastic. He went abroad again that he might thoroughly study the subject. The historical records and Berlin, were placed at his disposal, and throwing aside what he had written he began the work anew. This was in 1851. In 1856 he published "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," a work so wonderful as a composition and so picturesque and vivid as a history that placed The orator had skillfully led up to this the author at once among the most successful historians of the day. The story of the rise of the republic was told as ham the Silent as hero. The dramatic groupings and dramatic intensity of the story made it popular with all classes of readers, and revived interest in the history of an enterprising class of peoin his hat, and I almost seemed to hear history was published in English, Dutch, Mr. Motley had from the Dutch not four and wounded five. house like wind through the tree-tops, only highest praise, but every testi-The genius of the orator had transfer- mony of the people's gratitude. He,an American, had told the story of the struggles of the Dutch for freedom as no author of their own had ever told it. He had allowed his hero and his cause to take possession of him, and he had, without distorting any event, made all occurrences autordinate to the intensely dramatic presentation of a heroic struggle. The next two volumes, "The History of the Netherlands," were looked for with eager interest, and created almost as much excitement in 186, as the "Dutch Republic" did in of two volumes in 1867. In 1874 he published "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a view of the Primary Causes of the Thirty Years' War." And since that

> history of the thirty years' war. Mr. Motley was United States Minister to Austria from 1861 to 1867, and was appointed Minister to England in 1860 by President Grant, but was recalled in 1870.

to the effect that he was engaged on a

As a historian. Mr. Motley had the rare faculty of interesting the reader at once in his subject, and of holding his attention close to the line he had marked out. The first page of "The Dutch Republic" was given to a sweep of rhetoric that inflamed the imagination of the young and excited and incaught up what seemed the prosiest of al. subjects and threw about it the glamour and the charm of romance. And he left with the reader such ad miration for William of Orange and such hatred of Phillip II. and Alva as before that time only the Dutch had felt.-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Curious Old Newspaper. There has lately been discovered, in the library of the University of Heidelberg, a copy of a newspaper which proves to be the oldest periodical of which there is now any certain knowlthe date 1609, and is supposed to have been printed by John Carlous, of Strasburg. The paper was issued weeklyeach number consisting of two sheets. What is this flag of the Prophet, It was mainly occupied with letters around which the turbaned, "the faith- from correspondents in adjoining

Intelligence of every sort found a would be open! The Sanjak-Sherif is interesting occurrences noted was the him.-Quincy (III.) Whig. regarded by the Mohammedans as their | manufac ture of the telescope by Galileo. most sacred relic. It first came into The correspondent from Florence possession of the followers of Omar, the | writes, on September 4, to the effect second Caliph of the Moslems, and gen- "that the Government of Venice made erally regarded as founder of the Mos- a considerable present to Signor Galileo. lem power, as from a mere sect he raised of Florence, Professor of Mathematics it to the rank of a conquering nation, at Padus, and increased his annual and left to his successors an empire stipend by 100 crowns, because with dilgreater than that which Alexander of igent study he found out a rule and Macedon had made and ruled in olden | measure by which it is possible to see act like the girl in the story and divide who once saved his neck with a com- hung against the wall. Some of these time. It was this Omar who assumed places 30 miles distant as if they were the title of "Commander of the Faith- near, and, on the other hand, near obful" (Emir-al-mumenia), by which, as jects to appear much larger than they

victed himself of ignorance or trickery. | Cheatle Address Before the New Eng. | quering Abbasides, in the middle of the Moidean. Seven bodies were taken eighth century; next into those of the from the water in one day; and Caliphs of Bagdad and Kahira. It was another time seven malefactors were brought into Europe toward the close apprehended, "who confessed that, on of the sixteenth century by Sultan the 18th of this month they threw about Amurath III, with whom Queen Eliza- fourteen persons into the water, and beth made a treaty of commerce in 1579, that their band numbered about 60 It was deposited in Constantinople, who were, for the most part, natives of

An Extraordinary Tragely.

Spalatro, in the Austrian province of

Dalmatia, was a few weeks ago, the

scene of a most extraordinary and ter-

rible tragedy. Opposite the parish church lived a householder named Tomic, who, becoming suddenly a propto mad rage, killed his wife and then. his father, who had attempted to restrain him. When the police came they found that Tomic had everywhere of feetually barred an entry, and taken up a commanding position with a musket and plenty of ammunition. They were, therefore, compelled to turn be and meanwhile Tomic put a bush The career of John Lothrop Motley through a young man who crossed the street, and severely wounded a woman The police then drew a cordon around the house, but Tomic's musket commanded the space between his house the church, and the top of the adjacent streets, and no one dared cross the street or approach the body of the young man. At length a clergyman who had great influence over Tomic bravely went forward and implored him at least to give up to his care his little child. The father's answer to this appeal was by throwing out her limbs one by one! Then he resumed his and State documents at The Hague and fusilade. The authorities would not allow the police to fire, inasmuch as they deemed the man bereft of reason. So the only course was to continue the blockade. All sorts of devices were suggested. Some were for firing on Tomic with stupefying cartridges, others for concentrating the fire engine force on the house, and all this time the unhappy sexton of the parish was send ing up from the bell tower a wail for though it were a romance, with Wil- food, he having gone to ring the bell just before the tragedy began, and his only mode of egress being in front of the maniac's window. After the block ade had lasted two days and Tomic showed no signs of giving in, it was reuncontrollable; the great eyes were ple. It not only revived interest, but it solved to keep up a perfect hailstorm filled with tears, the great frame shook; threw about Holland a charm that peo- of stones at all the windows of the he bowed his head to conceal his face ple had never seen there before. The house while the door was forced. The his sob. The audience was flooded with German, French, and Russian, and was no easy matter to disarm without kilreceived everywhere with enthusiasm. ling him. Altogether, he had killed

The Typical Boy.

In the matter of personal adornment, the boy twelve or fourteen has the taste of a mule Not that he actually feels in clined to bray, on occasions, but his asinine taste crops out in another way. Given his way, and a little money, and he gets himself up in a red neck-til checkered standing collar, boiled shirt, with ruffled bosom, corduroy breeches, stuffed in red-top boots, hair combed well down over the forehead, and parted behind, and a scent of peppermint rising from his red-fringed handker-1856. This was completed by the issue chief like the smell of a drug-store. Then his room; you should see that! We got a peep into the room of our "de vil" yesterday, and it will answer the description of all other rooms of boys of twelve or fourteen. The irredate frequent mention has been made pressible dimenove; was on the table, the leaf turned down to mark the spot in the book where "Tim Tangletop" went out before breakfast and killed a tribe of Indians. Then there was a bottle of hair oil on the table; coarse. comb, with twelve teeth gone; then over the bed a wood cut of a fight between a man and a bear, and at anoth, r place on the wall a picture taken from an illustrated paper of a boy and a dog chasing a rabbit, with a wild deer in the back-ground. The room, viewed from the "devil's" stand-point is highly artistic, and we learn that he will soon increase the ornamentation with a jewstensified the interest of the mature. He harp.-From the Lincoln (Neb.) Journ-

A New Confidence-Game.

The worst confidence-game of the season was practiced on a minister a few days since by unknown parties. couple-apparently a gentleman and lady - went to the house of a Quincy divine, armed with a marriage-license, and requested the minister to marry them. The ceremony was accordingly performed, according to the latest fashion; when the bridegroom asked the clergyman how much he charged. Three dollars. A \$20 bill was handed edge. It is a quarto volume, bearing out, and the groom received \$17 to change. A few moments' conversation and congriulation followed, when the happy couple prepared to depart; but the bride who was evidently a little awkward at the business of handling a train, displayed a pair of heavy boots! States, which were contributed regu- This naturally arroused some suspen authorities state that it was originally larly. It is interesting to note that let- ions of a trick. Accordingly some of of a white color, and was composed of ters from Vienna were about eight days the household watched the pair as they the turban of the Koreish, captured by on the route, from Venice, fourteen to left the parsonage, and had the satisfac-Mohammed. A black flag was, how- seventeen days, and from Rome Even- of seeing the woman disrobe in an alever, soon substituted in its place, con- ty-one days. When the matter con- ley, and come forth as fine-looking a sisting of the curtain that hung before tained in the letters, together with the young man as one would wish to see the door of the Ayeshah, the favorite news, retailed at second-hand, failed to The Reverend gentleman who had made wife of the Prophet, whose affection for fill the sheet, the remaining space was them man and wife examined his \$20 bank-note, and discovered that it was counterfeit. But he has not yet found wives to whom the gates of Paradise place in the journal. Among the most the confidence-men who peased it on

Her often, oh, how often we find man who will pay eleven dollars for a box of eigars without a question or a moment's hesitation, who will contract his brows and start back in speechless horror and stare for ten straight minutes at the item, "to one piece of dress braid, ten centa," in a dry goods bill that his trembling wife hands him.

A fine coat is but a livery when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a footman .- [Ad-

The crown of the Hartz Mountain