Fair buds the beech-Too fair for speech Of mine to show its changing mien. How soft and slow !-First a green glow, And then a mist, a cloud of green.

Soft covering they, The tassels gray
That hang the willow branches all, And soft the blush That pink doth flush The apple-trees above the wall.

Not so, not so, My love did grow As these do sprout-invisibly; Scarce can one tell, Nor reckon well, The day, the hour, their birth did see.

But mark the way That long ere May
The fans do clothe the chestnut-trees; On each curved twig The buds grow big, And shineth brouze-like in the breeze.

To-day it's sheathed. To-morrow breathed Upon by ever wind of morn, And the tree stands With thousand hands Of young green, since the midnight born

And so,—yes, so—
My love did grow,
Fed by the breezes and the sun,
Till, bathed in the dew, My spirit knew Its fragant summer-time begun.

In thy sweet eyes My sun did rise; Thy voice made April wind-puffs rude. And at its call My longings all Full-budded into lovings stood.

One day, one hour, All in the power Of love I'd sought not mastered me, And all my mind No thought could find Not green with new-born hopes of the e.

-M. G. Van Rensselaer, in Harper's Magazine

A Little Child Led Her.

It surely is true, that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to per-

Listen to the facts of the following case, then see if you will not agree:

A tall, handsome, stylish woman is sitting in a private parlor of the Temple House. She and her escort had fast. Her companion was a very quiet, dignified, gentlemanly sort of a party, and had registered simply as Dr. Lesfrom the hotel save at the noon hour. Then "Dr. Lester and lady" had dined together in the private parlor.

They had seemed on the best of terms, very friendly, but just a little reserved, or "on guard" in their manner. After a slow, cosy, loitering dinner the Doctor rose to depart. "I dislike leaving you so alone, Myra, but it is best doubt-less, and you will, I believe. You will pardon me then?" And he gave her a kind, calm smile.

"Certainly, Doctor! Don't think of me as lonesome, and I understand, of course, that your business cannot be delayed," which latter was wholly to blind the waitress. They shook hands and parted blandly.

How should any maid or servant suspect them to be a runaway couple? Who should scent an elopment in the calm conduct of this reserved couple? of observers; for this mild-mannered man was guilty of the blackest treachery toward the man he had loved as a brother. God help us! How love of a woman can mar and unmake us! This woman, this graceful, queenly Myra, was one of the chilliest, most virtuous of women, yet this terrible love had "gone to her head," and she, too, was undone.

At this Lester's bidding, she had concluded to ignore the ties that had her fetters and be free! This silly short-sighted sister of ours lost sight of the fact that, though she ignore the truth, yet it was not quenched, and that broken links make more they were-now the resemblance was dangerous wounds than a whole chain worn with patient grace!

So all was going wrong. Madam Myra sitting alone by her parlor window leant her golden head on one shapely hand and let her mind roam at

Where was Lester? Doubtless roaming about town, thinking of her, with head bent and hands clasped behind him as was his fashion. Suppose-ah! suppose Arthur should encounter him! but she sighed with relief. That was impossible, for only two days ago he had started for a city directly in the opposite direction from this one. Poor Arthur! Yes, after all, poor Arthur? How would his wonderful pride be | ian girl! one not ashamed to be a senshattered to return and find his wife sible working Christian, and I am had run away!

Yes, whether he loved her or not as he used to, yet he had much pride in her beauty, her integrity, her social station. Social station? What would father's hands yet, held there before be her position hereafter? And her Baby Belle, like some spirit's warning, cheeks grew warm. What was she now? Who would have believed she, the virtuous Christian lady, could have omen! Strange thought! A runaway come to this? She who had ever been | wife still cherishing her wedding ring. so free and proud, and self-possessed!

She struck her two palms together and locked her hands in her lap. Oh, why, why had she done this?

True, her husband, this cool, calm, superior Arthur, neglected her in a way, but how much worse he might little angel, whom she could reward have been to her! And he had always with love and care. Heaven had sent trusted her, and had never dreamed the orphan across her path, and her she could prove wicked and vile like childish prattle had saved her, for many other women; and if other wom- Myra's uneasy mind was settled, her en who ran away from their husbands path was plain to seewith men they liked better were vile, | turn to her husband! so in common justice, she, too, must be vile! And yet in common justice also, she must say it was no vulgar passion love and guard her.

that had led to this step. Arthur, absorbed in business, seemed as earnestly as any lover might in fucool and careless toward her, and her ture years. Yet when they had parted two days be- simple answer.

fore, there had seemed a flash of the old-time tenderness. Ah well! for years he had been careless, he had coolly thrown her upon society for friendship, amusement, entertainment; what affect on or companionship could she find there? Had she but been blessed with children, surely it would have been different. She could have been absorbed by them as he by business. Business was a mouster that had chilled and darkened all their home

and flame of love. And Lester Howard was so sensible, tender, so devoted, yet with no trace of imbecility. He understood as by intuition her every thought and want. Had she but met and married him first,

all had been well. But this she had consented to was not well. How could it be well for her when it damned other women?

Probably Arthur did not love her, neither did she feel as interested in him as once. Might not she and Lester weary of each other similarly?

now she had done wrong in leaving stern-faced duty for pleasant, smiling love. Already she missed respectability. And she had been so pure, so proud, so far beyond temptation!

The door swung softly open and a little child, perhaps six or seven years old, slid softly into the room.

Myra took scant note, but being by nature kind and courteous, extended an idle hand toward the timid intruder. Slowly the child crossed the room and her baby hand slipped within the white palm awaiting her. Myra was gazing on the street, or sky, anything or nothing without the window, and the baby stood quietly watching her brown eyes. her shining hair, and amused herself playing with the lady's fingers and

The child's presence was comforting, her silence a real charm, so, shortly, Myra lifted her to her lap, where

she too might view the scene outside. Thought growing bitter and memory a sting, Myra turned her attention to the little one.

"Who are you, dear; what is your name ?" "Isabel."

"Have you run away from mama?" "No; mama has gone away from me; she is dead."

Myra pressed the child to her heart. Poor little motherless one; why had not fate given her the child? Then she had been spared the folly into which she was now falling. While her mind would run upon her own affairs, as if to keep those clear blue baby eyes come into the town just after break- from reading all her soul, she continued to question the child at random. Thus she learned that while the mother had been some time dead, the father had died only a few weeks beter and lady." The west-bound train fore, here in the hotel; and it became they waited for was due at 7 p. m. plain to Myra the child had no home, Evidently the gentleman was occupied | no people, and only through pity was, with business, as he had been absent for the present, sheltered by the Temple House! Then a slence fell, and thought flew on the faster, while the baby sat still on Myra's knee.

Who can follow the thoughts that flashed and flamed through Myra's mind? Slowly the big tears welled up to her brown eyes and dripped over her fair, round cheek.

Was she already regretting her wrong step, her voluntary fall from the high places of principle, honor, and respectability? Aye!

And the little one's soft voice broke in upon her tearful reverie. "Did your papa think you had pretty

hands, too? and did he pat and kiss them too, like my papa did mine?" Her father! At mention of him he seemed to stand before her, and he had

been in the spirit land for years! A gentle, honorable man, with soft and silver hair, with kind eyes that beamed with tenderness and pride and fatherly love as they turned upon her! Thus did they throw dust in the eyes Oh Lord of earth and heaven, what must be his feelings toward her now! And she had been his pride and joy,

his darling only daughter! Why had no thought or memory of her father reached her sooner and saved her from this sinful step? Was this strange, silent child an angel he had sent to save her, even at this last late, dreadful moment?

"What did you say?" cried Myra, with startling vigor. But Baby Belle was not frightened by her vehemence, become chains and bonds, and to snap only bewildered, and she slowly repeated her inquiry.

Myra held forth her hands and looked at them. Never before had she realized how very like her father's startling indeed!

Yes, snrely, her hands were fair things to look upon, and their beauty had been a pride to her loving father. How he had enjoyed giving her pretty jewels, valuable rings, and dainty gloves, yet always wisely teaching that a woman's hands, to be fair in sight of men and angels, must be ever adorned with charity, gentleness, and kindenss. And once-how vividly it flashed to memory now-some graceful, kind act of devotion to an old,

homeless, sick stranger, coming to his knowledge, he had patted her hands proudly, saying: "Now I know these dear hands belong to a good and Christproud, my child, to say these hands are mine!" Which last was in playful reference to the strong resemblence to to his own. And now see them! Her and behold! she had forgotten to remove her wedding ring! Strange

Perpaps it was the flash of that gold band that saved and strengthened her. A mighty revolution of thought and feeling had swept her being this lonely afternoon. Her father had sent s blue-eyed angel to rescue her, a lovely

Whether he would pardon her or not, she should adopt the child and live to

"Isabel, do you like me?" she asked.

soul longed for a perfect friendship. "Very much," was the sweet and

"Enough, my baby, to give your sweet small self to me, to come and be my little girl, as I have none?"

"And have a home, and you be my mamma, you mean?" asked Isabel. with sparkling eyes. "That is it, my Baby Belle! Will

And poor Myra waited with bated breath. Heaven had been unkind, if we dare say so, when she loved child-

Baby looked straight into the loving brown eyes, then with a subdued sigh, put down her golden head upon the lady's breast and said: "How good God was to send you

"How good God was to send me here to-day!" Slowly Myra repeated the words, and with white lips, as if per chance a sudden death lurked in the sylables. Then she kissed away the child's tears of joy and relief. Possibly after all, her strange temptation and all was all a part of her Creator's plan, to teach her a lesson, and to ben-

ing to send me to the Orphans Home!"

Admit they would not, yet she knew efit the Baby Isabel, and kissing the child, she prayed with pallid lips: 'Father in heaven, permit me this to serve as expiation for the foul sin I have harbored in this weak and wretched heart!"

> Then she sent for the landlord. From him she learned there was no one known to have any claim upon the waif, and that truly enough she was in a few days to have been consigned to the asylum. She then explained her wish to take the child, and also her position in the world, and demonstrated how much she could benefit the little one. After all, Baby Belle herself was sole mistress of her future and could decide for herself. So she ran to gather her little belongings and bid adieu to the maids who had befriended the little orphan. In half an hour the return train would leave. Myra called for pen and paper and essayed to write a line for Lester. When leaving home and husband she had written nothing! There had been no effort to soften the blow for Arthur! She held the pen in her white hand and stared hard at the street, the sky, the distant sea. How could she tell it all to that gentle lover? But time was flying, she must be gone, she must never see him again!

> Lester. Lester! I know your heart will break,-mine may also. I can not say forgive me, for God will not if I fail in this last resolution. I dare not think of your grief. As for myself, I am dead. Remember me as dead, Lester, and God pity us both. I shall go back. We were in great error, I see it now. I shall go back, but do you go on to Europe, even as you would grant a prayer to a dying woman, -go! And God grant we may never meet on earth Wretchedly,

ed delivered to Dr. Lester as soon as he returned. Then, as though legions from Hades were at her heels, she grasped the child and hurried aboard as death.

But one thought seemed to possess her. She could indulge, poor thing, in respite to her sorrow, for all the time and all the same the train was sweeping great miles of distance between them. between her beaten heart and her sore

temptation, It was night, late night, when she again reached home. As the hired carriage swept up the old familiar drives that she had thought never to see again, she leaned forward in the moonlight while her tears fell fast. Truly, she seemed a dead woman, revisiting the scenes of home and happiness.

When was it she had left this place,yesterday, last week, or years ago? She could not decide. Providence was kind-Arthur had not returned. Of course not; he had not expected to for days. Once again in her own room, alone. Baby Belle sleeping in her bed, she felt her courage come again. It

had been a close call, but she was safe! Said she to her maid: "I am sorry to disturb you at this hour, Anna, but I do want my dresses removed at once from the trunks and put again in their proper places. I will reward you well, don't fear. The lady I went to visit had gone away, so I surprised myself instead of her. And I have decided to a hundred miles from the Connecticut. adopt this little girl, Anna; she was an orphan and about to be sent to an asy-

lum, so I took her myself." Poor Myra! she wanted no signs of disturbance to meet even her own eyes in the morning; she wanted to waken in the morning and begin life just as before, not even a misplaced dress or ribbon to remind her of that hasty

flight to and fro. All the bustle and stir was quieted, the house once more in peace and darkness; Myra had fallen into an uneasy slumber, from which she was awakened by her husband's kiss, so unexpectedly and quietly had he returned. After a little cry of fright

Myra said nothing. "Nay, sweetheart, never turn so white and stare at me," he said, laughing lightly. "Do you think I am a

burglar? When he turned on the gas and noted the beautiful child held so close to her heart, he whistled with amazement. "Why, what's this?" And he stoop-

ed to inspect the little stranger. His wife leaned on her elbow with frightened, wide eyes and pale face. She seemed choking and unable to do other than gasp at his name. How

little he could guess the cause! "Why, my little women," he exclaimed, "I did not think you were such a coward! I came in quietly; I have the latch key, you surely know, you little goose. I believe you mean

to faint!" So he took her in his arms; still she stared at him with widened eyes.

ly whispered.

you." reach you to be of any help. It seems to the other .- Boston Budget.

now a doubt with me if you were dying or lost. Anyway you were in great

distress, and I was in even greater agony, so that I wakened. And still I was so worried about you I could not give my mind to business. Try as I might, I could not shake off the notion you needed me here at home, and now I am glad I yielded and came, for sure ly you are ill, or you would not be so nervous! Stop crying, Myra, and tell

me what is the matter?" Tell him! and turn to adamant and ice this strange flood of tenderness?

Never! "I have had bad dreams too! All here to-day! Next week they were gowent! If my bad dreams had come true, Arthur, and I had done very evil. pented and came back, dving, to crave your pardon?"

eyed she had grown! She must be soothed and quieted at once, so he kissed all the fervor of a lover.

"There! let that satisfy you. I did not think a short separation would so disturb us, Myra! Now tell me, who is this?" nodding to the Baby Belle.

So she made a mighty effort-how heart hungered for the child, and then would refuse to take the little one.

Said he with a sigh: "All right, you can get it. She is a pretty child, and I suppose a prattler would be pretty about the house.'

So all was calm. A child was given home and love, a woman's soul was saved, the husband's honor and hap- garb he will find that many of his assopiness preserved.

With another sigh this man who had had such a narrow escape, turned to his wife, saying: "Yes, I am glad you brought her, Myra; she seems a charming child," but Mrya had fainted away! The sin, the sorrow, the escape, the danger, and the reaction had proven too much for the overstrained nerves. She too fully realized that for all concerned it had been a very close call,-Ralph Douglas, in Chicago Ledger.

Be Sure You Are Right.

If I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things. A boy of tifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than is a man This she sealed, addressed, and order- of fifty. You ask the boy a question, and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wis the train. She was white as milk, and dom the same question, and he will sat four hours holding hard to the sav: "Well, there is much to be said child's hand, with head thrown back about it. I am inclined, on the whole and eyes tightly closed, her lips as pale to think so and so; but other intelligent

men think otherw se.' When I was eighty years old, I traveled from central Massachusetts to western New York, crossing the river at Albany, and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On the canal-boat a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I mentioned the fact that I it was the Connect cut River I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then; but in some unmistakable at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson River,' "Oh, no. sir!" I replied politely, but firmly. "You're mistaken. That is the

Connecticut River." The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders; but I was right, and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was look ng over my route on the map, and, lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson River, gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told any body that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times, and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things but, unless he is a fool, he learnes it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him. - Washington Gladden, in St. Nicholas.

How Marbles are Made.

An old man living in the Charlestown District, who for many years was engaged in the marble-making industry, gave the following information to a Budget representative, which may be of some interest: All marbles with which the boys, everywhere, amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on pavements and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in pro- Wellsboro banks, for which offenses he stone are thrown by the shovelful into on his return, was arrested for the the "hopper" of a small mill, formed of a bed stone, having its surface twenty years' imprisonment.-Philagrooved with concentrated furrows; delphia Press. "I thought you hated me!" she faint- above these is the "runner," which is made of hard wood, having a level face "Myra! surely that was not a pretty on its lower surface. The upper block thought to entertain; but (kissing her) is made to revolve rapidly, water being I forgive you, for I believe you are delivered upon the grooves of the bed dreaming yet! By the way, it was a stone, where the marbles are being bad dream that brought me home so rounded. It takes about fifteen min- self as he jogged against the lamp-posts soon! So you see I am as silly as utes to finish a bushel of good marbles, ou." ready for "snapping." One mill will turn out 170,000 marbles per week. was softly crying, while he stroked her | The very hardest "crackers," as the ger. shining head and talked. "I dreamed, boys call them, are made by a slower dear, I saw you dying, but I could not process, somewhat analogous, however,

A DARING BANK-ROBBER.

The Career of Isaac Marsh, Who Has Served Twelve years in the Peniten-

"Isaac Marsh, bank-robbery, sentence seventeen years," methodically called out the warden of the Eastern penitentiary as the sheriff of Tioga county handed him an official document. The name, offense, and length of sentence were duly recorded in the big criminal docket. Thousands of other names had been enrolled theresorts of evil things, Arthur! I sinned, I some for short periods and others for died, I saw angels and the dead-oh, life. Many had satisfied the law's maneverything has happened since you date, others had had their sentences commuted by death. Ike Marsh sat in a dazed condition when the austere would you have forgiven me if I re- judge had pronounced the words: "You will undergo an imprisonment of seventeen years." The noted train-robber Heavens! was she in delirium, in and bank-breaker had a reputation secfever? How pale and wan and wide- ond to that of no other criminal for nerve and daring, but he winced under the severity of that sentence. Friends her as he perhaps had not in years, with interceded in his behalf, but an outraged community demanded a rigid en-

forcement of the law. The hand of time has recorded twelve years since the massive gates closed behind the well-built form of a man in the prime of life. It will not be long mighty who of you can appreciate?--and until the creaking hinges of the same told a simple tale of going to Farnham gates announce the departure of a to shop and "kill time," and finding this gray-haired convict. Recent illness has wee one so forlorn; she told how her wrought a great change in the appearance of Marsh. It is doubtful if the she anxiously watched to see if he prisoner could outlive the sentence of the court were it not that the commutation laws relieve him of the ordeal by Myra; have the moon if you like-and cutting off four years and five months.

His life has been prolonged only by assigning him work in the open air. It has been his task of late to push a broom around the big yard and keep things in order. When he casts aside his striped ciates of by-gone years, including the most notorious rogues in the criminal history of the country, have been called to a final account.

Marsh's career has been a romantic one, running a course on two continents. His record extends back th rty years. Included among his associates were such dangerous outlaws as "Dave" Cummins, who not long since completed a three years' sentence in Illinois; Walter Sheridan, who recently tell in the west; James Dunlap and Robert Scott, who are serving a twenty vears' sentence for the Northampton bank robbery, James Brady, in Sing Sing prison for seventeen years for bank-robbery, Samnel Perris, alias 'Wooster Sam," charged with the murder of a bank cashier in Dexter, Me., George Leslie, alias Howard, who was murdered by his pals for treachery; "Billy" Forrester, in prison in the east; Max Shinburne, who, after accumulating a fortune of between \$2,-000,000 and \$3,000,000 by breaking into banks, purchased a castle in Wurtemberg, Germany, where he was last heard of as Baron von Shinburne; Charles Bullard, "Tom Biglow, and Adam Worth, whose aggregate thefts

amounted to many millions of dollars. Marsh first came into prominence in 1867, when he and his companions plundered the Ocean bank, New York, of \$500,000. In the following year the same gang robbed an express messenger on the New York Central railroad of \$1 0,000. Then came in rapid succession the raids on the Quincy, Ill., had crossed the Connecticut River at bank, netting over \$500,000; the Falls Albany. How I got it in my head that City bank, of Louisville, Ky., \$400,000; the White Plains, N. Y., bank, of over \$200,000; a bank at Keene, N. H., of several thousand dollars, and in 1870 way I fixed it in my mind that the river the Boylston bank, of Boston, of \$450,-000. Only once during these bold raids did Marsh fall into the clutches of the law, and that was after the White Plains bank robbery. He did not long remain a prisoner, for a gang led by Forrester rescued him by tunneling | deed or other, held its first annual banquet under the jail walls.

Worth and Bullard went abroad for their health and reasons best known to cences in which the New Haven police force in this matter I was perfectly sure that | themselves and the detectives who were | largely figured. seeking an intervew with them. Worth traveled extensively, while France. They played the part of Amer- meat on the floor and connected them by so liberal in the distribution of their ill- found by the hundreds the next morning. gotten gains they even hoodwinked the They nibbled at the meat and were instantly Then I did not feel half so sorry for the famous Scotland yard detectives, who killed by the electric current. considered themselves especially honored by invitations to dine with the

opened an American bar-room. Bul- elephants.

her way to this country. time he organ zed a gang and visited out of the way. this state, raiding the Athens and viding the small stone balls for experts is now in the penitentiary. Since his to "knuckle" with. The mode of man- retention in that institution he has light hammer. These small blocks of ted by the watchful warden. Bullard,

The Way to Fix Him.

the street in a palpably tired and worn- \$5; three tickets to Wilkesbarre, \$1; marri out state. He was mumbling to himand upset the people he met.

was observing the career of the stag-

"What'll yer do, de feller, eh?" "Well, I'll put the saloons so far apart that you can't stagger into 'em." -Hartford Post.

HERE AND THERE.

New York city has 30,000 landfords, who collect \$40,000,000 rent.

The carrying trade on the great lakes is howing extraordinary activity.

The production of anthracite coal for 1859 is now expected to equal 34,000,000 tons. There have been 6,406 strikes reported throughout the United States since March 1. Seventy-four of the paintings in the A. T.

Stewart collection brought at auction 10,-The Indian population of Canada numbers 124,748. There are 5, 595 pupils in the Indian

The United States imported from Canala during 1886 \$2,587,000 worth of fish, against

\$3,560,000 in 1885. The Delaware peach-growers expect to hindle over 8,000,000 baskets the coming season, and New Jersey over 6,000,000 baskets.

The foreign exports of the United States for January were valued at \$70,719,424, a gain of \$14,015,200 over the same month in 1886. In round numbers, there are in circulation to-day ten millions of one-dollar silver centifi-

cates, six millions of twos and three millions of fives. The total sum deposited in savings banks in the United States is stated at \$1,095,172,14, of which New York and Massachusetts fumish

over \$700,000,000, or more than two-thirds, while of the 3,000,000 depositors these two states supply nearly a like proportion. During the past winter, which was an unusually severe one at sea, the fish commission succeeded in hatching 35,000,000 cod eggs, bringing the young up by hand till able to

feed themselves, and turning them loose into the ocean. This "crop" will be up four or five years hence. The exports of wheat and corn fron all American points and Montreal from Sept. 1 to March 5, 1886-7, were 75,591,000 bushels wheat and 22,425,000 bushels corn; in 1885-86 38,-002,000 bushels wheat and 32,096,000 bushels

corn, and in 1878 9, 83,614,000 bushels wheat and 33,790,000 bushels corn. In February there were 74,794 packages of butter received at New York, against 10,263 same month last year. Of cheese there were 32,132 boxes received, as against 56,861 in 1886. The receipts of eggs were 26,394 barrels and

52,026 cases, against 11,854 barrels and 18,169 cases last February a year ago. Arthur Rose, a colored citizen of Cincinnati, O., has begun a \$10,000 damage suit against variety actress for singing the song, "There's a New Coon in Town" and pointing her finger at him while he was occupying a front seat in the gailery. He thinks his reputation was

damaged by so much disagreeable publicity. Capt. Louis Vogelsang, while dredging with his oyster schooner on Bodkin bar, at the mouth of Patapsco river, Maryland, brought up a common stone china plate on which were three oysters as if ready to be eaten. The oysters had attached themselves to the plate,

as had also an unwholesome quantity of mud. In a recent address Norman J. Colman, commissioner of agriculture, states that \$100,000,-000 a year is expended abroad by this country for sugar which ought to be produced at home. With our population doubling every twentylive years, he estimated that 100 years from now our sugar bill will amount to \$1,000,000,-

000 yearly. A colored girl fresh from the sunny south was given some ice cream by her employer in New York the other day. She ate it slowly and with a relish, and refused to take any supper. Her mistress expressed surprise when the reply came, "Golly, missus, couldn't put no supper 'board dat puddin.' Want de

taste to stay dar." A young lady at Brantford saw some boys perform the difficult feat of placing their beels around their neck. A day or so later the young lady was missed, and on search being made she was found in her chamber, prostrate on the floor, with both heels around her neck, and utterly unable to get them loose. She was so upset that she would have died be-

fore calling. The "Criminal club," of Yale college, an organization composed of students who have been arrested during their term for some mison Monday night, covers being laid for twen-After the Boylston affair, Marsh, ty-four. The menu was most elaborate, and the speeches sparkled with humorous reminis-

A novel rat-exterminator was used with good effect by the man who runs the dynamos Marsh and Bullard devoted most of in an electric light works at Birmingham, their time to England, Scotland and Conn., a few days ago. He scattered pieces of ican tourists to such perfection and were | wires with the dynamos, and dead rats were

Mrs. Kretscher, a German lady of Bridgeport, Conn., gave birth recently to a male infant which has an elephant's head and in In London they posed as American place of a nose a short trunk. The month land speculators, and shone for a while and lips protrude line those of an elephant. in British soc ety circles, even having The child weighs about nine pounds and can the entree to the levees of the American be fed only with a spoon. The mother visited that were not really so. It is hard for minister. Subsequently they went to the circus winter quarters during the past a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; Paris, and during the French exposition winter and was terribly frightened by the

lard's wife, who accompanied her hus- | John C. Eno is under two indictments for band abroad, was a charming and vi- misapplying funds of his bank to the amount vacious woman, whose presence added of nearly \$4,000,000, but the sums which he greatly to the attractiveness of the stole have been made up to the last cent by place, which became a resort for fast his aged father, whose record has been one of Americans. It was not long before the the most honorable and successful in the hispol ce discovered that the showy bar- tory of New York commerce. Young Eno room was merely a blind for a gambling longs for the society of his old comrades, but den, and made a descent on the place. the father cannot buy off indictments, espe-Marsh made his escape, but Bullard cially when they are in the United States was sent to prison for a year. The wife courts. An appeal is therefore being made to of the latter realized what she could President Cleveland for his interference in from the property, but was robbed on favor of the exile, and it is claimed that there are reasons to suppose that the appeal will Marsh lost no time in returning. He not be unheeded. With the case in the was financially embarrassed, and began United States Court once dropped, it will be plotting for another stake. In a short an easy matter to get the state indictments

At Nanticoke, Pa., for some time past a pretty Polish maiden has been playing havoc with the hearts of several young men. Among them was a drug clerk and a miner, who strove ufacture is as follows: The stone is joined several convict conspiracies to with all their power to secure her heart and broken into small cubes by blows of a escape, but all the plans were frustrapresents. After a while she tired of both of them and became engaged to another young Boylston bank job, and sentenced to Pole, When Michael Anton, one of the lovers, heard of the engagement, he became enraged and sued for the recovery of his presents or their equivalent. His bill of particulars was as follows: Dress goods for wedding dress, A Big Drunk came staggering down \$16; wrap to get married in, \$11; to clergyma license, 50 cents; refreshments while in to bustle, corsets, necktie, gloves, etc., \$10.40; wounded affection, loss of time, etc., \$7.20 "I'll fix vou," said High License, who, This last item, however, being objected to cessful lover refused to pay the bill, but on the girl declaring that she would not marry man who was unwilling to pay \$42 to keep her out of jail he forked over the money.