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The Old Oak Door.

The old oak door is silent; but, then, it has more fancies than most of men; The roses hang over, the meads are in clover, And the world goes on, from dawn to dawn, Giving some joy and giving some pain; My cot is kissed by the tearful rain, And the oak door, swinging to and fro, Seem's life's frail shuttle, weaving slow.

The old oak door is groaning; the light On my heart within burns ruddy and bright; Yet friends have departed, one came broken hearted, To die in the shade this old door made; And some have wandered so far away They never shall stand where the shadows play.

Of the old oak door, that, to and fro, Weaves, as life's shuttle, slow and slow. The old oak door has opened to greet Full many a bride, with music sweet; Father and mother, sister and brother Have entered there; and children fair Have raised its latch, in merry glee; And the flowers without oft smiled to see The old oak door that, to and fro, Watched life's frail shuttle, weaving slow.

The old oak door has opened, and those It loved passed through in a dreamlike repose; Father and mother, sister and brother Have, one by one, their journeys done; Within the fire burns warm and bright, No childish form, nor bride in white, Comes to the door; ah! to and fro, Death stilled their voices long ago.

The old oak door is mourning; I speak, And it answers back in a solemn cry; Oh, treasure holy, however lowly, To some you seem as a bygone dream, You are to me, for childhood's kin; Have passed by you and died within; So, dear old door, swing to and fro, As some worn shuttle, tired and slow.

TRIED BY FIRE.

"The man is ruined—hopelessly ruined!" The words startled me. "So bad as that?" said the individual to whom the remark was made. "Even so bad."

"Of whom are you speaking?" I ventured to ask. "Of Jacob Atwood." "I started to my feet. He was one of my old, intimate and long tried friends."

"How long ago was it since Mrs. Beecher had made his appearance, the occasion being his compulsory resignation of a suit brought by Solomon S. Skinner, a dentist, to recover payment for two sets of false teeth alleged to have been furnished by the plaintiff to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and one set to Dr. Lyman Beecher, some twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Beecher was also present in court. Ex-Judge Busted appeared for Mr. Skinner and Mr. John S. Hill for Mr. Beecher. Judge Busted made one of his characteristic openings, which kept the court convulsed, and then called the plaintiff, who told his side of the story."

Henry Ward Beecher was then called by Judge Busted. He lifted the right hand, indicating that he would be sworn as he was on the scandal trial. He was very cool and good humored, and got up several good laughs, while the counsel spoke at the top of his voice, gesticulated, and fixed terrible looks upon the witness.

Q. How long ago was it since Mrs. Beecher had made his appearance? A. I couldn't locate it; but I know that very early she was obliged to rely on an auxiliary set. (Laughter.) Q. How many false sets had she? A. I don't know; I never counted them (laughter); I don't know what they were made of.

Q. They might be lead or turf? A. They might for all I know—(laughter)—I did not pay Skinner that I know of; I know of nothing about teeth for my father, except Skinner's demand; I don't know what I said to him; I got rid of him as quick as I could, because he was drunk. (Laughter.) Q. Oh, you say he was drunk? A. He had all the appearance of it.

Q. (Furiously)—Oh, he had the appearance? Now, he was drunk, or was it only the appearance? A. (Without a smile)—Well, if I was in that state I should have been drunk. (Roars of laughter.) Q. Were you ever in that state. A. Never.

Judge Westbrook promptly dismissed the case, as, on the plaintiff's own showing, the goods were furnished twenty years ago. It was amusing, while the counsel was reading denunciations of statute of limitation defenses, to see the witness coolly occupied reading a book, and, apparently, taking no notice of all the terrible things shouted into his ear.

What a Weak Woman Can Do. She can sit at the open window of a railway carriage with a stiff northeast wind blowing in that chills everybody in the vicinity to the marrow, for two hours in a thin muslin dress without flinching.

She can dance or waltz down the captain of a marching regiment, and at the eleven o'clock supper put away lobster salad, ice cream, champagne, cake and coffee, without flinching, sufficient for a week's nightmare to a strong man.

She can comb her hair all back so as to leave the roots of it to the full play of a December breeze, and wear a bonnet on top of a chignon, leaving ear and head exposed with impunity, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero.

She can pull over \$1,000 worth of dry goods for the investment of fifty cents. She can study music for ten years scientifically to enable her to perform excellently when not in the presence of those who desire to hear her.

me to stand up securely among the rushing waters. The best of all is, my property, which has been apporportioned to my creditors, will pay every debt. That gives my heart its lightest pulsations."

"I heard that you were ruined," said I, as we sat talking together; "but I find that the man is whole. Not a principle invaded by the enemy—not a moral sentiment lost—not a jewel in the crown of honor missing."

He took my hand, and grasping it hard, looked into my face steadily for some moments. Then, in a subdued voice, he made answer: "I trust that is even so, my friend. But there were seasons in the worse than Egyptian night through which I have passed when the tempter's power seemed about to crush me. For myself I cared little; for my wife and children everything. The thought of seeing them go out from the pleasant home I had provided for them and step down, far down, to a lower level in the social grade, half distracted me for a time. For them I would have braved everything but dishonor. I could not stoop to that. And so I have passed a fiery ordeal and come out, I verily believe, a better man. No, my friend, I am not ruined. I have lost my fortune, but not my integrity."

And so the man stood firm. It was not in the power of any commercial disaster to ruin him. The storm raged furiously; the waves beat madly against him; but he stood immovable, for his feet were upon the solid rock of honor.

Mrs. Beecher's Teeth.

In supreme court, circuit, New York city, Henry Ward Beecher made his appearance, the occasion being his compulsory resignation of a suit brought by Solomon S. Skinner, a dentist, to recover payment for two sets of false teeth alleged to have been furnished by the plaintiff to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and one set to Dr. Lyman Beecher, some twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Beecher was also present in court. Ex-Judge Busted appeared for Mr. Skinner and Mr. John S. Hill for Mr. Beecher. Judge Busted made one of his characteristic openings, which kept the court convulsed, and then called the plaintiff, who told his side of the story."

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She can pull over \$1,000 worth of dry goods for the investment of fifty cents. She can study music for ten years scientifically to enable her to perform excellently when not in the presence of those who desire to hear her.

She can balance herself on the ball of her great toe and shoe heel the size of a dime all day in the public streets without falling.

She can occupy three seats in a horse car and be utterly oblivious that any of her own sex are standing up. She shows unusual strength and firmness in the holding of real estate, solitaire diamonds, and other valuable property which her husband places in her hands previous to his compromising with his creditors for twenty cents on a dollar.

A Parole. The parole of Lord Cornwallace, a venerable document, is now on file in the Richmond (Va.) library. It reads as follows: "Charles Earl Cornwallace, Lieut. General commanding Her Majesties forces, "Do acknowledge myself a prisoner of war in the States of America, and having permission from his Excellency General Washington, agreeably to capitulation, to proceed to New York and Charleston, or either, and to Europe. Do pledge my faith and word of Honor that I will not do or say anything injurious to the said U. S., or armies, &c." Given under my hand at Yorktown, 28 day Oct., 1781. CORNWALLACE."

TURNED SHAKER.

Developments of a Repletive Nut-An Abnahan Becomes a Shaker and Abandons his Wife.

A suit which was disposed of in Albany, N. Y., brought to light a strange and interesting story, the facts of which, as related by the father, are summarized by the *Argus* as follows: Two years ago one Henry George, a former resident of Albany, wooed and won Harriet, daughter of Mr. William Clapham. They being united in marriage, took up their residence in that city, and for nearly a year their lives passed happily enough. A child was the fruit of the union, and it is its possession, and as he supposed the possession of her husband's heart, the poor wife never dreamed of the cloud that was to throw its shadow over her future path in life.

Then a change came. The husband professed to have scruples about living in the marriage state, and after a while avowed himself a convert to the principles which govern the Shaker community in Watervliet. He claimed that on these grounds a separation must take place between himself and wife. His wife, who felt the utmost affection for him, reasoned in vain, and at length, acting under advice of friends, consented to a separation, and on April 1, 1875, the necessary deed was executed for a separation from bed and board, he paying her \$150 and allowing her to retain possession of one-half of the furniture, and the custody of their only child, then an infant. The separation executed, the wife returned to her parents, while George affiliated himself with the Shaker family in Watervliet.

This state of affairs continued until last fall, when the injured woman was waited upon by her husband. He professed to have changed his views, was sorry for what he had done, and begged her forgiveness, which was accorded. He paid her frequent visits, and also urged her to go with him to the community, representing that he had hired out to work for the community only, and that they had leased to him a house in which he and his wife and child could live. His entreaties at last prevailed, and she consented to remove to the village and did so. She found that no house was ready, that her husband kept separate from her, and that she was compelled to occupy a room in common with the sisters of the community.

One day, meeting her husband and upbraiding him for his neglect and falsity, he threw off the mask, and owned he was a Shaker as ever, that he never wished to live with her, and that she must stay with the community or go to the poorhouse. Mrs. George then communicated with her father, Mr. Clapham, who took her away, and on her behalf demanded the furniture she had taken with her, claiming that the original deed of separation had not been vitiated by the resuming of cohabitation, for the reason that it had been procured through fraudulent representations on the part of George. The latter refused to deliver, and, on being threatened with proceedings, coolly advised Mr. Clapham to go on, as he would deliver nothing unless compelled to do so by law. Mr. Clapham and his daughter then commenced an action in replevin to recover possession of the furniture, which is said to be very valuable. A writ was procured, and no appearance being made by the husband, the wife was awarded possession.

How the Oyster Grows. As anything pertaining to oysters is of interest we quote the following explanation of their growth, given by Mr. Frank Beckland. How near correct he is we will not attempt to say. The body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all. Yet what a marvelous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame. It is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always finds himself on his round shell, never by his flat shell, and being once fixed he begins to grow, but he only grows in summer. Inspect an oyster shell closely and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of the tree denote years of growth, so do the marking on an oyster shell tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea.

Suppose the oyster under inspection was born June 15, 1870, he will go on growing to the first line we see well marked; he will then stop for the winter. In summer, 1871, he would more than double his size. If he would again go on building, till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875, so that he is plainly five and a half years old. The way an oyster grows in his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—that is, his lungs—but also his breeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with his four lips.

When the warm, calm days of June come the oyster opens his shell, and, by means of his beard, begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing their shell they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on the finger from an oyster shell is often very dangerous.

Good Advice. Ladies who are planning to visit the Exhibition at Philadelphia will do well to dress simply and sensibly. Plain, neat garments are the most appropriate, nice ones are almost certain to be injured. In some parts of the Exhibition grounds the dust is very penetrating, and the asphaltum walks become sticky under the hot sun. In the Main building the passages are necessarily sprinkled with the dust. And those long dresses trailing through the water is not only disgusting, but such obstacles seriously interfere with the comfortable locomotion of the crowd. A short walking skirt is indispensable to comfort and neatness.

Inside a Fighting Turret Ship.

I once heard an old sailor who fought in a monitor, describe the sound of the shots beating against the vessel's plates.

You know what it is to be in a long railway tunnel,—how intensely dark it is, far darker than a starless night, and how yellow and feeble the lights look. Well, it is much the same in the bowels of a turret ship, when all the hatchways are closed. Oil lamps swing from the beams, but they give no luster, and each flame seems like a little bit of yellow floating in the air. The men grope about and knock against each other, some bearing ammunition to the elevator connecting with the turrets, others carrying coal from the bunkers to the furnaces underneath the boilers. The engines groan and rattle, and at times the captain's bell rings a sharp order to slacken or increase the speed.

Meanwhile, if there has been a lull in the firing, the men move about feeling like a timid boy who is alone in a countery lane after dark—not that they are afraid. The boy looks at every shadow, and thinks there is a robber or a kidnapper behind it. The men anxiously await each until they know what deadly surprise it may bring forth.

And as the battle goes on, it is not long before there is a ringing sound that is calculated to fill the bravest and strongest of nerve with a momentary terror. It is as though the inner deck and walls were falling in upon them, and for a little while they are unable to realize what has happened—uncertain that they are not on their way to the bottom. Every ear is stung with the awful sound, and every nerve is thrilled.

The great mass of iron seems to tumble over on one side and moan with pain before the vessel rights herself again, and steadies herself for fresh exertions. Then she returns the compliments paid her with vengeance, and her bull dogs in the turret bark and spit fire at the enemy until you pity that unfortunate, and wish she would retire from the field.

The turrets are ranged along the deck. They are about ten feet in diameter, fifteen feet high, and each one is fastened to a massive upright pillar of iron passing through the center and working in a socket on the lower deck. The pillar is connected by a series of cogwheels with a steam engine, which causes it to turn the turret in the direction the captain requires.

Two small portholes are cut in the plates of the turret, and furnished with solid iron doors. When the guns are to be fired, they are worked on slides to the portholes, which remind us of the mouth of a dog's kennel, and their enemy until you pity that unfortunate, and wish she would retire from the field.

Shortly after, about the time that the other forged notes were supposed to be approaching maturity, one night a shot was fired into the window of the old man's house, by some one evidently intent on killing him, and he escaped death by the narrowest chance. The occurrence was a nine days' wonder, as the old man hadn't an enemy in the world, it was supposed. It is now asserted that on that day Isaac procured a revolver in a hardware store in Ada, saying he was going on a journey, and would need such an instrument. That night he was absent from home, and the next day he returned the weapon, declaring that he had changed his mind.

About this time Isaac again visited his father to talk over the affair of the note, and they repaired to a barn together. Shortly after he returned and reported that his father had been killed by a horse.

The old gentleman was found lying in the barn stable, with an ugly wound in the back of his head. He lived a few days, but never recovered sufficient consciousness to tell how he was hurt. Strange to say, the old lady was taken suddenly and violently ill, with grief, it was said, and she rapidly declined and died, and was buried with her husband. These events excited no comments at the time, Isaac's story of the death of his aged parents being accredited as true by his brothers and the community at large.

But a more startling episode was yet in store for this tormented family, Isaac had a son, a household young girl, some sixteen or seventeen years old, and of a sudden she was sent away to Columbus. For what reason does not appear; but it is now said in order that an abortion might be performed.

During her absence Isaac's wife and child were suddenly taken ill, and after a very brief sickness they went down into the grave to join the aged couple who so shortly before had departed this life so suddenly. Within six months of the time Isaac married his servant girl, still the community was not aroused.

In the meantime Isaac had sought and obtained from the probate court of Allen county the appointment of himself as the administrator of his father's estate, and proceeded to settle up his affairs. The old gentleman had but few personal debts, and the only paper he had standing out was a note given for money with which the Methodists in his neighborhood had built a church, and which was secured by a mortgage "administering" the estate to his own advantage. None of the taxes were paid, and it was ascertained that he had been pledging the assets of the estate for his personal debts. Six months ago, on petition of his brother, Isaac was removed from the office and Mr. Isaac Thompson, of Ada, appointed administrator. He found that his predecessor had not only squandered his own portion of the estate, but the taxes were unpaid, and all the assets had disappeared. All of the desperate crookedness of Isaac's affairs then became known to his relatives and a bitter quarrel was the result.

The brothers and nephew, Thomas Charles, agreed to meet at Elijah Charles' for the purpose of settling all their difficulties, and to determine "Thomas' share in the estate. Elijah went to Ada after Isaac, and on his way home stopped at a mill for a quart of flour which he took home. His wife, in anticipation of the large company on the following day, set about mixing a batch of bread to be baked on the morrow, and while so doing Isaac went in and visited with the success that he had in lawfully the success of his plan. He had mistook lion for line, which had a similar pronunciation in the language of the Norse.

Taking Out a Lien. A Norwegian farmer named Knude Knudsen sold a quantity of wood to his countryman, Ole Olson, of Green Bay, Wis., recently. Olson was slow in speaking of the payment of the cord-wood, and Knudsen thought it best to get a lawyer and get his money. The disciple of Blackstone told him he could put a lien upon it. Knudsen appeared satisfied with the answer, and as the lawyer thought the poor fellow had but little money to spare, let him go. Knudsen went to a grocery store at once, and purchased a quantity of clothing, returned and put the line around and over the wood, telling Mrs. Olson that she dare not touch a single stick, as it was protected by the laws of Wisconsin. The woman knew as much of law as Knudsen, and was really frightened into making her husband pay the money. Knudsen was so well satisfied with the success of his plan, he had mistook lion for line, which had a similar pronunciation in the language of the Norse.

The Man who was Scalped. A seedy individual stood at the corner of a St. Louis street. It was midnight, and the moon glimmered among the floating clouds. A well dressed citizen approached. The seedy one, who was here in the center of the sidewalk, "See here, mister, can't you lend me a quarter to rent a bed for the night? 'Pon my soul I haven't slept under a roof for six long months."

"Where did you come from?" "Black Hills. I'm the man what was scalped. You heard about me, I s'pose?" "Yes. I read something in the papers about a man being scalped by the Indians; but you can't be the individual, because you have not lost your hair."

"Oh, it grew on; just feel them lumps on top. It's a dreadful thing to be scalped by Indians, and I don't want it to happen again. I tell you. Feel how tight my hair sticks to my head. It's glued on." The citizen put his hand on the man's head, and declared he could see no difference between his hair and that of other men. He told the fellow that he was an impostor, and passed on. When he had proceeded about two blocks he put his hand to his vest pocket to draw out his watch, but the ticker had disappeared. Then he was mad.

A BROTHER'S CRIME.

The Ohio Herald—A Brother Poisons his Brother's Family—Thirteen Persons Eat Arsenic.

One of the most terrible tragedies that have made conspicuous the criminal annals of northern Ohio for the last few years took place in Orange township, Hancock county. This tragedy was the poisoning of thirteen persons, members of the families of two brothers and a nephew, by Isaac B. Charles, a resident of Ada, and late city treasurer of Ada, a man who has up to a short period borne an excellent reputation, and known as an honorable man and valued citizen. But developments which have made since the tragedy make him out to be a fiend incarnate, with a heart so black and whose deeds are so damnable as to make other fiends and their deeds as driven snow in his presence.

In order to observe a proper sequence of events it will be necessary, says the *Toledo Commercial*, in writing of the affair, to go back several years in the narrative. Isaac Charles, Sr., was one of the old settlers of Allen county, and in the course of a lifetime of frugality, hard labor and energy amassed property valued in the aggregate at \$40,000. He had four sons, Isaac K., Elijah, John, and another older than all three, who died a good many years ago, leaving a boy, Thomas Charles, who was reared by his grandparents. The boys, as they grew to manhood, married, and leaving the paternal roof, and settling—Elijah and John in Hancock county and Isaac in Hardin county—within a short distance of the homestead—in the same manner as had their father, acquired each a moderate amount of property. The old folks were consistent church members, and the children likewise became members of religious organizations. Isaac, so far as is known to the outside world, was an upright man until some two or three years ago. He was not so steady in his habits of business as his brothers, and was possessed of a Jesire for speculation, which he indulged to some extent, and to his detriment financially. At the time mentioned he became inextricably involved in debt, and in his desperation gave his notes for various amounts, aggregating, it is said, \$4,500, and forged his father's name as an indorsement. This became known in the course of time to the holder of a note for \$1,500, and he, it is supposed, informed the father of his son's rascality. At any rate, the two had a meeting, and a stormy scene ensued; and the forged note was replaced with one bearing a genuine signature.

Shortly after, about the time that the other forged notes were supposed to be approaching maturity, one night a shot was fired into the window of the old man's house, by some one evidently intent on killing him, and he escaped death by the narrowest chance. The occurrence was a nine days' wonder, as the old man hadn't an enemy in the world, it was supposed. It is now asserted that on that day Isaac procured a revolver in a hardware store in Ada, saying he was going on a journey, and would need such an instrument. That night he was absent from home, and the next day he returned the weapon, declaring that he had changed his mind.

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The Man who was Scalped. A seedy individual stood at the corner of a St. Louis street. It was midnight, and the moon glimmered among the floating clouds. A well dressed citizen approached. The seedy one, who was here in the center of the sidewalk, "See here, mister, can't you lend me a quarter to rent a bed for the night? 'Pon my soul I haven't slept under a roof for six long months."

"Where did you come from?" "Black Hills. I'm the man what was scalped. You heard about me, I s'pose?" "Yes. I read something in the papers about a man being scalped by the Indians; but you can't be the individual, because you have not lost your hair."

"Oh, it grew on; just feel them lumps on top. It's a dreadful thing to be scalped by Indians, and I don't want it to happen again. I tell you. Feel how tight my hair sticks to my head. It's glued on." The citizen put his hand on the man's head, and declared he could see no difference between his hair and that of other men. He told the fellow that he was an impostor, and passed on. When he had proceeded about two blocks he put his hand to his vest pocket to draw out his watch, but the ticker had disappeared. Then he was mad.

Items of Interest.

When you see a man trying to clean a paper collar with a piece of rubber, you can make up your mind that he has been hit by the hard times.

"Does this razor take hold well?" asked the smiling barber. "Yes," replied the unhappy victim; "it takes hold well, but it don't let go worth a cent."

The *Scientific American* says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left in a room at night, not a mosquito will be found there in the morning. It is not in the morning that they trouble us.

A man in Chicago with no hair, and a bullet hole in the calf of his left leg, says he is satisfied that there is gold in the Black Hills. He also is satisfied that there are Indians in the Black Hills.

In a recent trial in New Orleans for carrying concealed weapons, the proof being positive, everybody was astonished at a verdict of "not guilty," until it leaked out that every member of the jury was armed in the same way.

Pouring boiling water on the back and compressing the shins are still resorted to in China to draw confessions from suspected persons. The boiling water generally brings the accused to an acknowledgment, whether he is guilty or not.

Nothing can be more injurious to your peace of mind than to have too many confidants. You live in abject slavery every day, as you are constantly fearing that some of your numerous confidants will reveal a secret you would not have anybody know for all the world.

A new pest, the nature of which has not yet been learned, has lately been injuring the orange and lemon trees in southern California, attacking the roots near the surface, and causing the decay of the trees. Whether the pest is an insect or a disease is not known.

A young lady in Bethel, Pa., during the year 1874, kept a strict account of all the expenditures for food, etc., for all the birds, and, at the regular market price for eggs and chickens, she cleared above all expenses \$960 besides having more stock on hand than she started with.

An Omaha journal says that an old man fell asleep in a Council Bluffs church the other Sunday, and his nose got wedged into the book rack so tightly that he could not get it out. After he had thrashed about and snored a good deal the sexton released him by splitting open the rack.

There is a town in Kansas called Woman's Waste, from an Indian legend, to the effect that an Indian once killed his wife there for having wasted some buffalo meat. There is very little bustle about the place, the business portion of the town consisting of two saloons and a grocery store.

The latest story of a brave though in childlike form, faithful at the post of duty, comes from Ohio. He was the son of a village editor; and having discovered a broken rail just outside of town, sat for five hours on a fence near by, waiting for the train, so that he might be the first to carry the particulars of the accident to his father. Such devotion to the paternal interest is very affecting.

Egyptian Losses in Abyssinia. The correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Alexandria, says: The fate of the Egyptian army in Abyssinia is exciting a great amount of comment, and various unfavorable rumors are afloat. There can be no doubt the war is over, but perhaps it will never be known at what expenditure of men and money. About 6,000 soldiers have arrived at Suez, and three steamers are now due with more, and these, making about 15,000, who have returned, are said to be all that may be expected. Several thousands of these were doubtless killed in the first and second battles; the remainder are unable to leave on account of their wounds and the rainy season having set in. The condition of these poor men can be easily imagined. The fierceness and cruelty of the Abyssinians are said to have been fearful. The battle of November last is described by an eye-witness as a total annihilation of the Egyptian forces, and in corroboration of this a strong of one regiment leaving Suez 600 strong represented by eight men adopted to turn. All sorts of means are adopted to prevent the truth being told, and the nakedness of the land being known. The soldiers as they arrive at Suez are conveyed to Cairo by train at night. Orders have been issued in the towns and villages prohibiting mourning for the dead. I give you all this as the common talk of the bazaars, and if some particulars are exaggerated the government has only to speak out and let the worst be known. One thing is certain, there will be no more Abyssinian wars, and the army has been so reduced that there will be a considerable saving in the war minister's budget. Several millions of money and several thousands of men have been sacrificed; but much as this is to be regretted *per se*, the lesson taught has perhaps not been clear at the price.