BERT! TOI QUE J'AIME."

the a picture sanging in my room:

gure of a an with gracious air—
gure of a an with gracious air—
and face, we eyes of dusky gloom,
bear face, we have a fair and curling hair. face, beard, and fair and eurling hair.

The curling heard, and the curving lips

seem shaped to speak such words as lovers learn

fost easily—lips whence a loved word slips

Melodiously, but leaves them shut and stern.

h, Robert, Robert!—not one half the grace your great heart, shows in your pictured face.

- A pict gred face! It was a little thing
 To give away, but it is much to keep.
 What ghosts of hope, what memories round it cling,
 What bright thoughts, faded, like dreams lost in
- Ay, Rabert's face! I look at it until
 My heart fills up with sadness, doubt and fear,
 That it can keep, beneath my gaze, so still,
 Making no sign of joy that I am near.

Ah, Robert, Robert !- in the days of old Your look was not so passionless and cold.

A pictured face '—a silent, painted face
That never changes. Evermore the same
From day to day; for lighting up, no trace
Of passionate triumpa, no despair, no blame.
And this is all that's left—dust, ashes, tears—
Of love whose harvests were not gathered in;
A shadow, sterile as the coming years,
And comfortless as the past years have been. III.

Ah, Robert, Robert!—had we never met;
Or could I die, and so all griefs forget.

—Citizen and Round Table.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

An Incident of the Late War.

Mr. Owen, a pious farmer in Vermont, gave his eldest son, Benjamin, to the Federal cause in the late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived which fell like a thunder-bolt upon the anxious, yet hopeful family. The lad had been found asleep at his post, and was condemned to be shot.

The terrible news spread in the village, and the good minister, Mr. Allen, came at once to see if it were not possible to administer comfort to the broken-hearted

"Oh! sir," cried the sorrowing old man, "such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought, when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made such a precious gift-no, not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allen, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over duty. How prompt and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eye wandered over the green fields with a perplexed, wandering look.

"I know he only fell off one little second; he was so young and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I and only eighteen, and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing duty."

Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning. "Twenty-four hours—the telegraph said only twenty

four. Where is Bennie now?" "We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen soothingly.

"Yes, yes: let us hope. God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good-I do not mean holy," he said, corweeting himself, sharply-"there is none holy, no, not one; but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Allen, tell me

that. O, Bennie!-Bennie!" The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and turning, said with a smile, "Don't call so loud, father, Bennie is not far off, he will soon come."

"God has laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, without making any direct reply. "She has not been just herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me. She makes no

Mr. Allen looked in astonishment at the bowed man, and stood bofore him. These few hours | Ireland: had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering now, the eyes ware dimmed, and the sudden manly face. "God have mercy on you; he is trying a child of toil, a man of sorrow, and an inheritor of you in a furnace seven time heated." he exclaimed almost involuntarily.

The daughter, a fairy young girl-Blossom, they called her-sat near them listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear that day, and the terror in her checks had been so very still that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in household duties, which her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the door, opening it to receive a letter from a neighbor's hand. "It is from him," was all she said.

Twas like a message from the dead Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it lowards Mr. Allen with all the helplessness of a child The minister opened it, and obedient to a motion. from the father, he read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much that now it has no teryor. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field of my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it-to die for neglect of duty! Oh, Father I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can't now.

"You knew I promised Jemmy Carr's mother that I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was erdered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in a double quick, and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Everybody else was tired too, and as for Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when I went into camp, and then it was Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had had a gun at my head. But I didn't know until-well it was too late!"

"God be thanked !" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently, "I know Bennie was not the boy to sleep care lessly a

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve given to me by circumstances-time to write to you, our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father-he only does his duty. He would gladly save me if he could. And don't lay my death against Jemmy. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Com-Sort them, father. Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed for me as they must be now. God help me, it sery hard to bear. Goodbye, father. God seems mear and dear to me-not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor sinful shild, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour, in a better, better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart.

"Amen !" he said solemly, "Amen !" "To-night in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture—Daisy and Brindle, and Bett; old Billy, too, will neigh for his stall, and precious little Blossom stand waiting for me, but I shall mever, never come. God bless you all. Forgive your poor, poor Bennie."

Late that night the door opened softly, and a little agure glided out and down the foot-path that leads to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right or left, the state of the road by the state of the road of the r starting as the full moon skytched queer fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then to

heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face, that was upsurned toward the dim lantern held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his own child than he did for Blossom.

leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could re-

her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the
conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and
hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now
might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredible short time, Blossom reached
the capitol and was hurried at once to the White
House. The President had just seated himself to his

House. The Fresident had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes cast down and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheery tone, "what do you want so bright early in the morning."

ing ?"
"Ranufole life, please sie !! faltered out DioSous.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"
"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for speeping at his post."
"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of fatal danger.—Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable postigate."

negligence."
"So my father said," said Blossom, gravely, "but my poor brother Bennie was so tired sir, and Jemmy very weak. He did the work of two, and it was very weak. He did the work of two, and it was Jemmy's night, not his. But Jimmy was too tired; and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was also too tired."

"What is this you say say, my child? Come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of an offence. Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale serious face towards his. How tall he seemed; and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her story simply and straightforward, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang the bell.

Blossom heard this order given:

heard this order given:

Blossom heard this order given:

"SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the little girl and said:

"Go home my child and tell that father of yours who could approve his country's sentence ever when took the life of a cirild like that. Abrasan Limoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost? Go back, or wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need change after he has faced death. Wait and he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the said soldier came. Two days after this waith his sister. He was called in-

Two days after this title with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the sholder, when Mr. Lincoln said "that the soldier who could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act uncomplainingly deserved honor."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to the Green Mountain Home and a strap of the Mill.

die for the good act uncomplainingly deserved honor. Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to the Green Mountain Home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot, to welcome them back, and Farmer Owen's head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allen heard him say fervently, as the best blessing he could pronounce upon his child:

"Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints."

"That night Daisy and Brindle and Bet came bellowing home from pasture, for they heard a well-known voice calling them at the gate, and Bennie, as he pats his old pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice, as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words, "Fear not, for I am with thee I bring thy seed from the west; I will say to the North, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; eveu every, one that is called by my name; for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him, yea I have made him.

THE IRISH PEASANT'S CATECHISM.

The first arrest under the Peace Preservation (Ireland) act was made at Dundalk, county Louth, April 12, when a Mr. John Mathews, printer and newsdealer of that town, was taken into custody by three police constables on a charge of having on that day "sold a printed pamphlet entitled the Farmers' Catechism, containing divers seditious and treasonable words and sentences." Constable McKee deposed to having purchased a copy of the pamphlet in question at Mr. Mathews' shop. The prisoner declined to state whence he obtained the pamphlet, and was remanded, to enable the authorities to be consulted with, bail for his ap-

pearance being taken. The following is a complete copy of the publication referred to, which for some time past has been largely circulated in the different market towns of

What is your name? Oppression.

What gave you this name? My landlord and

What did your landlord and agent then do for you? They did promise and vow three things in my name-first, that I should renounce all the comforts of this life and all pleasures found therein; secondly, that I should be a hewer of wood and drawer of water; and thirdly, that I shall be a slave for them all the days of my life.

Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do as they imposed upon you? No; verily, and by God's help I will endeavor to shake off the chains by which I am bound, better my condition, and continue in the same until my life's | long years, while she went about with her withered

Rehearse the articles of thy belief. I believe that God is no respecter of persons, and that He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords; and that He created all things for the good of man, and that every man should enjoy the fruits of his labor, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. I also believe that I do not enjoy the fruits of my labor, for I am compelled to give it to men who reap where they do not sow, and gather where they have not strown-who are better known in the banqueting hall, the carcless club-house, or on the betting field, than in the school of industry, or among their honest, careworn tenantry, save when the corn is ripe. I also believe that I am not able to pay my rent from the produce of my farm, and that the pomp and vanity of those men, who, like birds of passage, leave when they get the last grain of corn-men who live in ease and indolence, rolling about in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day on the toil and sweat of their fellow-creatures, and reveling on the bread of idleness, have reached their highest climax, and that it is full time they should be brought to know and feel that the stalwart farmers are the bone and sinew of the land, and that they will no longer endure or submit to the burdens heaped on them by a class of extravagant landlords, who are the chief cause of the grievances of this country. I believe in the fall of rents and the lowering of taxes, the suppression of crime and the emancipation of all slaves.

What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief? First, I learn that justice demands such a state of things to cease, that rents must fall, and that tenant-right must be carried, to the satisfaction of the people, no matter what government rules or who wields the scepter; and secondly, that honest, independent men must be sent out to value the land, and a fair price laid on according to quality; and that no lands must exceed twenty-five shillings per acre, no matter what quality; for according to the terms of the Ulster plantation, landlords are not entitled to benefits arising from the improvements of the soil, as all is owing to the labor of the industrious farmer; and further, that proper security must be given to the tenant farmer that he or his heirs cannot be removed so long as they pay their rents and conduct themselves as becometh honest, peaceful members of society; and thirdly, that all classes will go hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder in this legal warfare, and never give up till they bring landlord and tenant on a closer equality, and, if needs be, stand their opponents to the face in the hour of battle, for he who would not fight for his bread would

not aght for his sovereign.
You said that your landlord and agent did bind you to keep all their laws and commandments. Tell me how many there be? Ten.
Which be they? The same which they spake in Which be they? their office when they brought me out of the land of peace into the land of bondage. First Commandment—Thou shalt have no tenant

right. Second-Thou shalt not make to thyself any changes on thy farm, nor buy nor sell, without our consent, nor complain against us for rearing game thereon for our own amusement on coursing days, nor keep dog, nor gun, nor cat, to disturb them in any way, no matter what damage thou mayest sus-tain thereby; thou shalt bow down and pay obeisance unto us, for we are thy landlords, and jealous ones, who shall visit thee and thy children with

give unto thee.

Sixth—Thou shalt not kill any of our game.

Seventh—Thou shalt not commit thyself by lating any of our rules, or by disoberatelying our imperative commands.

Eighth-fhou shalt not cut down or remove any of our trees or turbary, no matter what your wants may be, or how they inconvenience you; for all that grows thereon is ours, no matter who plant

Ninth—Thou shalt not murmur or complain against is, or expose our misgivings in courts of law or through the public press, but endure with all patience, forbearance and long suffering, so that thou mayest be called a profitable servant. Tenth—Thou shalt not covet thy landlord's house, nor anything that is his, though all is supported and procured by the toil and sweat of his tenantry.

SELF-BETRAYED.

A Tragedy of the Last Century. The well known opera of Fra Diavalo is traced on tragical events which occurred in France nearly one hundred and seventy years ago. The fact thus condensed from the court records by a Paris

At the beginning of the last century there was seen in the town Lillie a very quiet house. It was a large building, but it contained only a small family-a husband and wife and one servant. married couple were advanced in years, lived quietly on their income, saw very few visitors, and admitted none to the house except the people the furnished them with provisions, or otherwise maministered to their wants. One night this couple, man and wife, were both robbed and murdered in their bed.

The servant girl had heard nothing of all this and knew not what was going on. The night was hot, the air dense and oppressively sultry, so much so that she had taken refuge in her room, and for the sake of coolness, divested herself of her garments before a large mirror. While there, eatching sight of herself, she suddenly cried: "How hateful one looks when naked?"

Having said this, she retired and slept till morning, and arose as usual without suspecting what

had happened. She prepared breakfast as usual for her master and mistress, but they did not come down. She

was amazed and waited for some time. They did not appear. Tired of waiting she sought their room. A no rible sight met her eyes. Blood was smeared every. where, and on the bed lay the poor old couple, cruelly, horribly, vilely butchered-mangled only as a beast or fiend could find it in his heart to mu-

tilate victims after murdering them. The girl raised an alarm and the multitude came rushing in.

Of course justice came rushing after in the shape of a police, with a judicial investigation. The criminal was sought for, and as none other could be found suspicion fell on the unfortunate servant. In those days they had a horrible way of trying to get the truth. They called it questioning. The questions were put with racks and thumb-screws.

The Lillois servant maid was infamously tortured, soon as she was healed. Unfortunately the torture had made her a wretched cripple. She could only

hobble along, and her arms were terribly withered And being no longer able to sew or work, she dragged her helpless form through the streets of Lillie for sixteen years. This is historically truenay, more than historically, for history often lies, while these accounts are drawn from the dry and accurate records of a court. The worst part of her sufferings was that many people believed her guilty, and shunned her accordingly.

It appears from the record that during these arms and bent back, her whole frame suffering from the torture, begging a copper sou to buy her bread, that she was always resigned, mild, and exemplary in her conduct.

One day, after sixteen years of misery, she stopped at the door of a baker. She held out through her rags her naked and mutilated arm toward the baker, who stood on his door sill. As she did so, he exclaimed, in a mocking tone, while observing her garments:

Well, Marie Anne, how hateful one looks when naked-ha! ha!" Now, it is remarkable that in all the sixteen years which had passed, Marie Anne had not forgotten those words which she had spoken when alone on the night of the murder. It flashed upon her mind that the real murderer might have heard them, and that he stood before her. In brief, the journeyman baker, when arrested, confessed the truth. He had regularly supplied the old couple, and knew the ways of the house. He was hidden there on the night of the murder, and heard the girl when she made the remark on nakedness. And the criminal is often by the will of Providence his own accuser, so this man, following one of those eccentric and dangerous impulses, which man often experiences, to say the most dangerous things, had uttered to the girl the words of that fatal night. He was convicted of the crime for which Marie

THE WASHINGTON ELOPEMENT.

Love Pranks of a Girl of "Sweet Sixteen. [From the Washington Star, May 10.]

The quietude of East Washington has been, for the past few days, terribly disturbed, and in such a peculiar manner that the excitement is daily increasing. In fact, the whole Navy Yard is agog, and for some years the gossiping old maids and "Mark Meddles" in that vicinity have not had such a delicate morceau nor been treated to such a savory dish of scandal. The circumstances attending the present case, too, are so mystified as yet that surmise and conjecture even have failed to satisfy the anxiety of those interested or the cariosity of the public.

It appears that a young man named Louis C. Benner, well known on Capitol Hill, has been for some months visiting a Miss Berkley, who has been living with her uncle, John H. Peake, on Eighth judged by the neighbors, were appreciated by the lady. But, as the course of true love never runs smooth, it happened that there was another Richmond in the field, named Lewis, who about two months ago married Miss Berkley and took her on a bridal trip to Philadelphia. Young Benner was then the subject of consider-

landlord nor agent in vain, nor speak lightly of us, no matter what we do, for we will not hold them guiltless who taketh our name in vain.

| house, though at longer intervals than before. Fer the past two weeks Mrs. Lewis has supplied the guiltless who taketh our name in vain.

Fourth—Remember that thou art a tenant at will;
365 days shalt thou labor and do all that thou has to
de; but the 1st day of November in each year
our rent day, in which thou shalt do no manner
work till you reach our office and pay us to the ute
termost farthing.

Fifth—Honor thy landlord and his agent with
hat in hand, and be punctual in your payments, so
that thy days may be long in the farm which we
give unto thee.

the past two weeks Mrs. Lewis has supplied the
place of his visits by strolling up often (generally
about twilight) to Benner's residence, and in the
event of not meeting him on the street would boldly
pull the bell and inquire his whereabouts. Now for
the denouement, as far as can be ascertained at
present. On last Thursday evening Mrs. Lewis
remarked to her relatives that she was going remarked to her relatives that she was going over on Third street east to visit her married sister, and requested them to tell her husband when he came in to call there for her. That same evening, about seven o'clock, young Benner was standing on the corner of Second street east and Pennsylvania avenue, conversing with some friends, when Mrs. Lewis came up, and both moved off a little and engaged in conversation. She was heard to say something relating to trouble she had had, and was inquiring: "Well, will you have me now?" or words to that effect. The conversation lasted but a few moments when both started up towards the Capitol, and are supposed to have gone off on the 9 P. M. train northward, as they have not been seen nor heard of since. The father of the lady, as well as her aunt and uncle (with whom she was living), are very much worried about the matter, and, it is said, have brought the telegraph and detective skill fitto play to discover the whereabouts of the fugitives, but thus far without success. Mrs. Lewis is hardly over sixteen years of age, and rather pretty, while Mr. Benner, who is employed as a plate printer in the Treasury, is just twenty-one, and quite a favorite among his acquaintances.

Both were highly esteemed among their respect-

ive circle of friends, by some of whom it is believed that the parties in question were engaged to be married, and a day fixed (February 14th last,) and that before the match could be consummated, Mr. Lewis stepped in and carried off the prize.

ANNABEL GREEN.

In Herkimer county There never was seen A sweeter young creature Than Annabel Green. She was fair as the lilies And pure as the snow, And Ichabod Brown Was sweet Annabel's beau.

Fair Annabel Green Thus to Ichabod spoke:
"Should you ever prove false My poor heart would be broke."
Then he answered: "I hope
To be roisted and eat If my Annabel's love I shall ever forget."

But Ichabod Brown Proved faithless, and soon Poor Annabel Green Was deserted and lone; Then she wept and she mourned,
And she sobbed and she sighed,
Till her tender heart broke,
And she laid down and died.

Then Ichabod Brown Was never at ease; He roamed all the way To the far southern seas; And on going ashore Some savages met him, They built up a fire And roasted and ate him.

General de Goicouria. [From the New York World, May 9.]

The death, by the garrote, of this old and distinguished Cuban leader, was announced in vesterday's issue. He was a native of the island for which he has given up his best years and his life. As far back as the days of the Lopez expedition he was an active worker in the cause of Cuban independence, and he gave to General Lopez the benefit of his skill for organization, and what was quite as valuable, the even to extreme agony. Yet, notwithstanding her weakness and her sex, she endured the firm against Spain. After the failure and death of torture without confessing. This was most related to the firm and the firm and sequence kept much longer under the torment to make her confess. As there were no proofs of her having done anything, they finally let her go as abandoned. The General, whose restlessness abandoned. The General, whose restlessness larger part of the funds to carry on his designs abandoned. The General, whose restlessness had become morbid, joined himself with William Walker in the Nicaraguan enterprise; but the two chiefs could not agree, and sub sequently separated. For some years Golcouria devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, some of which were hazardous, and therefore the more congenial to his nature. He accumulated quite a fortune. When the Cubans arose in the present insurrection, Goicouria at once threw himself into the contest. He organized the Ryan expedition last summer, and was stopped by the authorities just as he was about to embark on the Catharine Whiting. He afterwards reached Cuba in a small schooner from Nassau. After a ojourn of a few weeks in the insurgent capital, President Cespedes commissioned him as Minster to Mexico, and it was while attempting to scape from the coast on his new diplo uatio mission that he was captured by the crew of a Spanish gunboat. On Friday last he was tried by drum-head court-martial, and on Saturday norning, in accordance with the barbarous cusom of murdering prisoners in cold blood now prevailing in the island of Cuba, the veteran filibuster of a quarter of a century was led out, and in the presence of an immense throng of people strangled by the garrote. The account of the execution says he was perfectly serene and firm to the last.

Magnetic Traveling Stones.

They have walking stones in Australia, and, as we are informed, they have traveling stones in Nevada. Here is a description: They were almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a valuut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface, Anne had been tortured and suffered a living death. within two or three feet of each other, they imnediately begin traveling toward a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a die ance of three and a half feet, upon being seleased, at once started off with wonderful and mewhat comical celerity to join its fellows: taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless. They are found in a region that, although comparalively level, is nothing but barren rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.

A Boston Experiment.

The N. Y. Tribune says: A novel method of reform is to be tried as an experiment upon a large scale in Boston. About 160 night-walkers were arrested in the streets on Saturday night. Their street east, near Virginia avenue, and was quite conditions of life have been investigated, and it is constant in his attentions, which, as far as could be found that more than 100 of them are poor girls. who would be glad of the opportunity of decent employment. It is intended to place them under some wholesome restraint, the Court imposing some sentence upon each, but suspending its execution until the result of the experiment in each case is ascertained. Homes will be found or provided for those that have none; those that have homes will able teasing on the part of his friends, as it was be sent to them. Work and means of support will known that the evening before the wedding he be supplied, and the entire police force will assist spent with the lady, and so pleasantly as to lead to | in their supervision. Two Catholic clergymen lend the belief that he was unconscious of what the their personal efforts to the undertaking, and it is morn would bring forth. The teasing he seemed to hoped that the report which is to be made in Court take good-naturedly, however, and, strange to say, in the latter part of June, will justify, in a majority shid than he did for Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President thou disobey us or neglect to pay thy rents.

Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away.

Third—Thou shalt not take the name of thy

THE CODE.

Letter from an Old Skoopendike Student -The "Code of Honor" fully Explained.

Editor Cincinnati Daily Times:

Siz: As there seems to be considerable difference of opinion in this community concerning the " Code of Honor," and the subject is exciting a good deal of comment and discussion, I have taken pains to obtain from the best authorities the following concise and every way-reliable statement of it. If any of your readers get shot according to these rules. their last moments will be soothed by the reflection that they fell according to the "code" in its strict est interpretation:

1. Any one "posting" an antagonist must recognize the "Code of Honor" when he meets it on the street.

2. "Posting" can in no case be done without a bill-poster's license.

3. When a man call his antagonist "another," without previously allowing him an opportunity to retort "so am I," he shall be compelled to pay for the support of the child. wise, the course under the code is, first to pay the express charges, then retire to some secluded spot

for reflection, and afterward ask the insulting party what he is going to do about it, anyhow. 5. If a man is knocked down on the street, and hasn't got his code with him, he is entitled to a reasonable length of time in which to hunt up his code and find out what course to take under the circumstances.

6. No man is obliged to notice an insult, unless he is insulted according to the code.

7. A coroner has no right to "post" a man while he is alive. When he is dead (if he dies according to the code) he can post mortem. 8. If a man runs away with another man's code his wife is entitled to a divorce.

9. When a person feels aggrieved at anything another person has said or written about him, if he don't like it he can lump it. 10. One man sending a challenge to another

must pay the postage.

11. No man shall pull another man's nose with out first reading to him the section of the code under which he does it. 12. When a man wants to insult another, he

should studiously abstain from using any insulting language. 13. It is not considered gentlemanly to "post yourself. You should employ a bill-poster.

14. In a duel no gentleman is allowed to shoot his antagonist twice in the same spot.

15. When a man finds that he has been killed contrary to the code, he is entitled to whip his an-

tagonist on sight.

16. If a man is knocked down in public he can demand an explanation before getting up, unless his assailant is an auctioneer or a railroad conductor. They can "knock down," code or no code.

17. One party to a duel failing to appear, the party on the ground is entitled to the gate money. 18. A man's record must be perfectly clear before he can be allowed to be shot in a duel. Let me rehe can be allowed to be shot in a duel. Let me re-late a case in point. In the fall of the sixteenth century Baron Von Muggins, one of the greatest soap-fat men of Cheviot, made disparaging re-marks about Epiphreditus Smith, who run a hand express. Epiph. sent him a challenge, but the haughty Baron Von Muggins, descendant of a long line of soap-fat, declined to meet him, because his record wasn't clear-his sister was cross-eyed. Che-

viot said the Baron was right.

"Posting" is rarely resorted to in the heart of Africa. If the party aggrieved can not obtain an explanation or satisfaction (recollecting that the greatest satisfaction consists in getting killed), then he is expected to put some affront upon his antagonist in public, such as inviting every one else in the crowd to drink but him, refusing him a "chaw," borrowing money of him and never paying it, &c. In the memorable year 1, Ike de Paperkollare, a noted duelist of Burr Oak, vainly tried to make the editor of the Burr Oak Stuff'd Club accept a challenge. He and his seconds tried all sorts of ways to make him take it. They pretended it was a medicine that would do him good; tried to dake him to sugar; mixed it with his dessert; urged him to accept it as an amendment, &c., but he wouldn't have it. Finally, having exhausted all means to get him into a duel, Ike de Paperkollare waited for the editor on the Rialto, and upon meeting him pulled off one of his socks and slapped him across the face with it, merely remarking "Shoo, Fly!" To be sure the editor booted Ike all over Burr Oak, sometimes raising him fourteen feet in the air, while the whole town laughed and hooted, yet we had the satisfaction of knowing that he had proceeded according to the "Code."

AN OLD STUDENT OF SKOOPENDIKE.

An Astonisher for the Medical World-A

Man with Soapstone Lungs. The New York Sun says: Coroner Butterworth held an inquest on Sunday over the body of Frederick Rufland, a butcher. Rufland worked at Cross and Market streets, Paterson, and was standing at the door of the shop, when his attention was called to two boys fighting on the sidewalk. While he was trying to part them one Kahoe stepped up and struck Rufland on the head. On Sunday Rufland died. In the belief that the blow on his head had led to his death, Drs. Warner and Blundell were directed to hold a post-mortem examination. The cause of his death was thereupon discovered to be the singular condition of the man's lungs, which had, to all appearances, been turned into scapetone. The lungs were hard as stone, and on touch felt like soapstone. How the man breathed is a mystery. Of course the coroner's jury exonerated Kahoe.

A Remarkable Case.

The following singular case of partial suffocation with coal gas occurred in Portland, Maine: A few evenings since the family of Mr. Charles Rolf, Jr., consisting of himself, wife, and one child, residing on Portland street, narrowly escaped suffer oy gas from a coal stove. The child had been playing about the room, and, unobserved. shut the damper to the stove, thus preventing the gas from escaping up the chimney. Just before retiring, Mr. Rolf filled the stove with new coal, but did not notice the condition of the damper. They retired, and the escaping gas soon completely stupified them. When they returned to consciousness Mr. and Mrs. Rolf both found themselves prostrate on the floor, and had been vomiting violently, and blood was oozing from their noses. The child was still sleeping on the bed. They found a window open which was closed when they went to bed, but neither remembered raising it. They thought they had slept the usual time, but on going to the store for his morning's milk he found they had slept until nearly six o'clock the next evening -about twenty-two hours. Fortunately, no serious effects have resulted.

The Right Key. Robert Harlan, a colored man, struck the

right key in his speech at the Fifteenth Amendment Jubilee in Cincinnati, recently, when he sald: "Knowledge is power; and those who know the most, and not those who have the most, will govern this country. Let us combine and associate and organize for this end. In the pulpit, in the press, in the street, everywhere, let our theme be education; education, until there cannot be found anywhere a child of us that is not at the school. With this endeavor carried out, who can measure the progress that may be made in a single generation of freedom by a poor, despised, and enslaved race? Then, indeed, would vanish prejudice; then would the noble martyrs to our cause not have died in vain, and human slavery would evermore be an

ABSENT, BELOVED, FROM THEE.

The golden sunshine, soft and fair, Touches the meadows cheerily; Wild violets scent the warm, still air; But ever through the bright spring hours,
The sunshine and the opening flowers,
My spirit hungers to be fed,
And faints for love's dear daily bread,
Yearning, beloved, for thee!

The day wears on, the evening lone Comes up across the misty lea; I watch the stars as one by one They glimmer out; my eyes are wet; My heart is filled with vague regret; Haunting it like a sad refrain; I cannot still this restless pain, Thinking, beloved, of thee!

The twilight deepens; brooding sleep Shadows the green earth tenderly; The house lies hushed in slumber deep; The peace of heaven seems strangely near; I kneel beneath the moonbeams clear, And soft upon my troubled breast Comes down a blessed sense of rest, Praying, beloved, for thee!

Georgia Albines.

The Dawson (Ga.) Journal of April 28, contains the following account of one of the strangest freaks of nature that has ever occurred in this country : We have in Dawson four Albinos, aged respectively from about 4 to 10 years. The parents of these children are very black, especially the father-the mother being a little the brightest of the two. If we have been correctly informed, the mother has given birth to seven children; the three first-born are as black as their parents; while the last four are unnaturally white, with long flaxen hair as soft as down. They do not converse very fluently -seem to be somewhat absent minded, and are ordinarily intelligent. They see better at night than in day time. We learn that when the first white child was born, the father was rather inclined to disown it, but satisfactory reasons having been given by physicians, he became reconciled, and now very proud of all his children, notwithstanding the contrast in their color, and has been offered large sums of money for the white ones for public exhibition.

Burning of a Railroad Train-An Exciting Scene.

Last Tuesday evening's eastward-bound passenger train on the West Wisconsin Railroad met with a terrible catastrophe while nearing Tomph. The woods in the vicinity had been on fire for some time, and a pile of about five hundred bard oak ties, seasoned two years, which were placed along the track, about twelve miles from Tomah were soon subject to the destructive element.

"The danger to the train," says the Milwaukee News, "was not apparent until the engine had turned a curve a short distance from the fire in the road, and was approaching on a down grade. The engineer immediately whistled 'down brakes, but seeing this would stop him in the fire, he whistled 'off brakes,' and putting on all steam possible determined to run the gauntlet. The rails had been so badly warped and the ties consumed that the engine was soon thrown from the track, bumping along on the ties until it was finally brought to a halt, with the engine and tender just through the fire, and a ladies' car at the other end of the train also free. The engine and tender were immediately uncoupled and run out to a place of safety, and the passenger car also disengaged and removed, although not before it was badly scorched and the glass broken from the windows. The rest of the train, consisting of one baggage car, one second-class and two freight cars, was entirely

consumed. "The express messenger saved all his money packages, amounting to two thousand dollars. The mail agent, Curtis Parker, was able to save nothing. There were five or six ladies on the train, besides twenty-five men, who are entitled to thanks wouldn't worked hard all night, and at times they were obliged to throw water on the backs of the keep their clothes from burning. The cars, however, were burned up in about fitteen minutes. The engine was a heavy one, of thirty tons, and luckily escaped the fate of the cars."

Burning of the Ship Sunbeam-Six Lives Lost.

On the 31st of March the American ship Sunbeam, Captain Chadwick, was entirely destroyed by fire seventy miles off the coast of Peru. The catastrophe was caused by the ignition of a can of varnish in the hold, and the flames communicating with some of the cargo (saitpetre), in an incredibly short space of time, the vessel was wrapped in fire from stem to stern. Immediately afterward an explosion followed, and the vessel went down, carrying six of the men with her. There not being time even to launch a boat, the unhappy crew precipitated themselves into the sea, clinging to a studdingsail boom, a plank and a hen coop.

After the survivors got into the water they clung to the floating spars until rescued. Capt. Chadwick, with his little son in his arms, inmped into the sea, and saved himself and child by holding on to the studding-sail boom, The fastenings of the quarter boat soon burne away, and the boat fell into the water right side up. One of the crew immediately secured it, and managed to save Captain Chadwick and son, the first mate, Marshal Johnson, boy; E, H. Roberts, ordinary seaman; the cook and six of the hands. The second mate, carpenter, steward and three seamen were lost. After being some hours in the boat, the party were picked up by the American whaling bark Charles W. Morgan, Captain Athern. The Captain had seen the fire, and bore down for the spot, took on board the shipwrecked party, and landed them at Talcahuano, Chili. The Sunbeam sunk out of signt in the sunbeam sunk out of sign in the sun

Gottschalk and "Robert Le Diable." In the course of an interesting biography of Gottachalk in the last number of the Musical Bulletin occurs

this statement : "Gottschalk's early childhood was passed in a poetic and wild retirement, far from the noise of cities or the realities of the world of men. On the romantic shores of Lake Pontchartrain he drew his first inspirations from the wisest and most beneficent of all teachersnature. At the age of four he sought an outlet for hi wonderful inspiration, for by no other name can it be called, on the piano; and not unfrequently at that tender, nay, baby age, his mother would be awakened in the long still nights by faint, sweet melodies from below, and descend to find the child fingering the "beautiful cold keys," with a marvellous rapt look on his little face. The first opera he ever heard was 'Robert le Diable," and upon his return from the theatre he sat down and played all the principal airs with a miraculous exactitude. Long years after, when the child had grown to a world-famous man, he says, speaking of the death of Meyerbeer: "I will not attempt to tell you of my grief; to understand it you must have been habituated, like myself, from infancy to something little short of worship, for this great genius, whose first chef d'œuvre, "Robert le diable," filled my early years with ineffable joy."

American Reading Rooms.

The fashion of having reading rooms for Americans has lately sprung up all over the continent To-day at Rome or Constantinople they can find at the leading papers of America on the tables of a prominent banker. Throughout Germany some of the soundest of German firms have engaged in American banking, and have the most elegant apartments. At Berlin and Dresden these firms publish daily market reports, and talk as much of State and railway loans as do those of London.