Left Behind.

We started in the morning—a morning full of glee,
All in the early morning, a goodly company,
And some were full of merriment, and all were kind and dear;
But the others have pursued their way, and left me sitting here.

My feet were not so fleet as theirs, my courage soon was gone,
And so I lagged and fell behind, although they cried, "Come on!"
They cheered me and they pitied me, but one by one went by,
For the stronger must outstrip the weak: there is no remedy.

Some never looked behind, but smiled, and swiftly, hand in hand,
Departed with a strange sweet joy I could not understand;
I know not by what silver streams their roses bud and blow,
But I am glad—oh! very glad—they should be happy so.

And some they went companionless, yet not alone, it seemed,
For there were sounds of rustling wings, and songs—or else we dreamed;
And a glow from lights invisible to us lit up the place,
And tinged as if with glory each dear and parting face.

So happy, happy, did they look, as one by one they went,
That we, who missed them sorely, were fain to be content;
And I, who sit the last of all, left far behind, alone,
Can not be sorry for their sakes, but only for my own.

My eyes seek out the different paths by which they went away,
And oft I wish to follow, but oftener wish to stay;
For fair as may the new things be, the farther things they know,
This is a pleasant resting-place, a pleasant place also.

There are flowers for the gathering which grow my path anear,
The skies are fair, and every where the sun is warm and clear;
I may have missed the wine of life, the strong wine and the new,
But I have my wells of water, my sips of honey-dew.

So when I turn my thoughts from those who shared my dawn of day,
My fresh and joyous morning prime, and now are passed away,
I can see just how sweet all is, how good, and be resigned
To sit thus in the afternoon, alone and left behind.

"OVER THE WIRES."

First, I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville Bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name was then Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not twelve years old, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand fight with poverty till I was sixteen, and then died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, widow, also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father, and two daughters. After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and, although I was earning a support as music teacher in the Baysville Academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's home.

They were all in good positions, but by no means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son, was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman of the Baysville Bank building, and grandpa—we all call him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner, and Dolly stayed at the office, sending and receiving messages.

Baysville Bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and the bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the second floor, and other private offices on the third floor. In the basement were post-office rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vault.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing, and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa, while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense at our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office, but if I were there I sent back jest for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself "Lion," and I, for nonsense, signed myself "Elephant," laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny fingers in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C——, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always open for the accommodation of travellers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank building, and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came by stage at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the post-office was vacated at six. The bank closed at three, and by six o'clock every office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from the house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the Academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase in salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism all day, and the ground is very wet, although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is but a step."

"But it is so dark; are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit; I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers, and draw the hood of my cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will, though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put down the basket and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door; he leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, and hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshhold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrible amazement.

Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There was a man in the vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened, some one said:

"There is a confounded draft here; did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind might have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew two heavy, noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, but I could only conjecture that it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not get out; I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C——, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

I could creep around the staircase! If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I crept softly on all fours, slowly, watchfully, and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my India rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All was dark there and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk and gave the signal for C——. I could hear my heart throb as I waited for the answer. It came! Still working in the dark, and sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound! Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the sound reached me:

"Will send help immediately."

I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault, but no one came up stairs. The windows of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safely and sat down to watch.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible in the long stretch of road leading to C——. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cozy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses feet.

No sister Anne, in Bluebeard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was then. Would the burglars take the alarm?

The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion; and I slipped down stairs and out of the now deserted main entrance and ran home.

Everybody was in bed, and I went to my room and had a good crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so slept late, but coming down, I found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning," said Tom, that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegraph to C——. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky, if you are little.

"I gave up when four of them pounced on me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in during the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights' promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message:

"What does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking of her great exploit."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and loud-voiced, a perfect Elephant."

"Was it really yourself, Elephant."

"Dear Lion, it was."

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years—nearly all my lifetime—in Cuba, came out to New York, found me out, and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me pet in his splendid house. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, handsome and well informed, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his, and my circle of acquaintance widened every day. I was entirely happy, for we loved each other well.

One day Uncle George brought home to dinner a stranger, who he introduced as:

"The son of my old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroines, Mr. Roberts, turning to Uncle George, said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and then I heard of a real heroine, of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but kept my face perfectly composed to listen. When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was the wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her, for although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Robert's face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought they would pop out of his dear, ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he remembered his manners, and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you be kind enough to introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must bear your name."

With a flourish, Uncle George arose and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Olive Hudson; Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be strangers, and Mr. Roberts came often to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good natured; but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, "Over the Wires."

A Dangerous Barge.

An exceedingly interesting barge went up the Red River of the North a short time since, and the settlers along the banks think that if such navigation is to continue they will move, in order to prevent moving more rapidly than comfort and safety requires. The barge had on board 12,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine, 1,000 pounds of dynamite, and 14,500 pounds of Volney powder, along with a large and valuable lot of batteries, wire, water-proof fuse, and rubber tubing for blasting purposes. The people, as this boat passed along, betrayed no vulgar curiosity about the matter, and did not interfere with the boat, or offer any suggestions as to its management. They merely retreated to the backwoods in a dignified manner, and respectfully waited until it passed. Happily the barge struck on no rocks during its voyage, and so Manitoba is still in its old position. The happiest residents along the Red River at that time were those who didn't know it was loaded.—*Free Press.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

It appears by a recent report that 88,000 children are employed in factories in Germany.

The English amateur athletes are much heavier than those of the last generation, a difference which is supposed to be caused by the increased consumption of meat.

The building of the Bartholdi statue for New York harbor is going on steadily in Paris. Nearly all the money required is in the treasurer's hands, and the figure will be completed long before 1881.

A boy in the Ohio house of refuge, cut short at dinner by the guard's command, "Attention," hastily tossed a chunk of beef into his mouth, and tried to swallow it; but it was too big to go down, and he choked to death.

Two tramps slept one night last winter in a lime kiln near Baltimore, and were stupefied by the fumes. One died, and the other was burned so badly that he lost an arm. The kiln was, however, so comfortable a lodging place that the survivor tried it again, on a recent night, and was found dead in the morning.

A Naples paper has the following paragraph: "Nicolo Corridi, of Corfu, furnishes in twenty-four hours a complete comedy; in forty-eight hours, a tragedy or the libretto of an opera; in seventy-two hours, an entire poem, in stanzas of six verses, with the exclusion of any particular letter or letters of the alphabet."

When distant objects appear to be unusually near rain may be looked for, because when the air has nearly reached saturation there is a cessation of those vapor movements by which the air is rendered in some degree obscure. Sir Isaac Newton observed that the stars seemed nearer and better adapted for observation in the clear intervals of rain, or between showers, than at any other time.

"Last year," says the *Iron*, "the output of coal in Great Britain and Ireland was 132,000,000 tons. A cubic mile is equal to 147,198,000,000 cubic feet, and allowing 29½ cubic feet of coal in the solid to weigh a ton, we have 5,000,000,000 tons of coal in a cubic mile, and this is a greater weight than has yet been raised in the British Islands. According to the most trustworthy statistics, the end of 1878 will just complete the first cubic mile of coal, exclusive of waste in muning.

Mr. Darwin has carried out a series of successful experiments to test the question whether carnivorous plants really benefit by the insects they capture and kill. About two hundred plants of *Drosera rotundifolia* were cultivated in plates during most of last summer. One-half of them were regularly fed with roast meat, and the other were left to care for themselves. At the end of the season it was found that the plants which had been supplied with meat weighed 21.5 per cent. more than the others, and that their flower-stems, seeds and capsules were 2½ times heavier, and the seeds weighed ½ times more than the unfed ones. This seems conclusive that the plants do assimilate the insects that they capture, and that this variety of vegetables can be regularly fattened for the market.

Fashion Notes.

Guipure sacques will be worn with black silks.

Chenille bourette grenadine is something new and stylish.

Children's dresses are being made longer by an inch or two.

The Iceland floss is much used for crocheting shawls and sacques.

Reticules are now carried on the arms of young ladies, as in the olden times.

For second mourning gloves are stitched across the back with lilac or gray.

"Modesty, rare, delicate and lasting" is the name and the claim of a new perfume.

Princesse dresses are shirred in the front, and trimmed with passementeries.

Basques are made with long tabs at the back. Some are tastefully trimmed with lace.

Old-fashioned French calico is again popular, the favorite pattern being the palm leaf.

Menu cards with colored bows of ribbon tied in the corner are among the novelties.

Short dresses are so much favored that train dresses are made only for house wear.

The favorite flowers for the hand-painted hats are bluells, forget-me-nots and poppies.

Home made trimmings are much used for ladies' lingerie. It is more durable than the Hamburg.

New combs for the back hair are no longer high and towering, but show merely a single row of jet, silver or pearl beads, that fit closely around the front of the coil or the puffs that are now worn far forward on the hair.

French ladies decorate black parasols with loops and ends of double-faced ribbon set around the edges in eight or ten different colors, and floating bows and ends on top and on the handle. Lace is not put on as a ruffle, but "applique" as a bordering, and embroidery on net and gauze is also used.

A Boy's History Composition.

Henry VI. died one day with great success. He left three children who did not care to go with him. Their names were Mary, Elizabeth and Edward. The last was the 'Ed of the family. He was a boy. His sisters were not. Their father also left a Will. His will was stronger than all his children. By will Earl Hertford was to boss the State while Edward was young. He was only ten years young. Hertford loved the glass so well he became a tumbler, and was called the Duke of Summerset. He wanted the King to take the Queen (of Scotland), but the trick was lost because the Scotch refused to assist. The Duke was called the Protector because he protected his own family and put everybody else away in the Tower. The border men of England and Scotland were those who boarded on the frontier and bored each other almost to death; so they had a fight about Edward marrying their queen. The English attacked them by water, which they couldn't stand. History say that the Scotch loss was ten thousand and the English two hundred. History lies, probably. The government told the people what to believe. If they did as they were told, they must pay taxes for their belief. If they didn't do so, they were roasted. Things were red hot. Somebody told stories about the Protector and so he was taken to the Tower and had his head chopped off. It was not much of a head, but he hated to part with it. Then there was a rising of the common people, but they did not know what for. Most of them got raised on to trees with ropes around their necks. Some very fat men were burned, thus making light of their complaints. Now I guess it is time for the little king to die. He was only sixteen when he gave up the crown and the ghost. England is not yet done, so I cannot finish the history yet.

Dead-Letter Office Facts.

There are 4,000,000 dead letters received annually at the dead letter office.

Three hundred thousand without stamps.

Fifty thousand partially addressed.

Six thousand, no address.

One and a-half million of money orders and drafts of money value.

Forty-five thousand packages containing property.

Forty thousand dollars in money, nine-tenths of which is returned,—the balance remaining in the treasury, subject to application for four years.

Fifteen thousand photographs.

One-quarter of a million European letters are returned unopened.

One-tenth of all letters received contain property.

Ten thousand applications for letters reported lost; the great proportion found and delivered.

TALLEST PAIR IN THE WORLD.

Captain and Mrs. Bates—How They Live, and Other Interesting Particulars.

In the St. Paul (Minn.) *Press* is found an interview with the two largest people in the world, which, for the peculiarity of the details and the vividness with which they are given, is quite interesting:

Captain Martin Van Buren Bates was born in Whitesburg, Letcher county, Ky., November 9, 1846. He is seven feet eleven and one-half inches in height and weighs 478 pounds. His father was about six feet tall and his mother was a lady of ordinary stature. He was the youngest of twelve children, seven boys and five girls, and the tallest of his family, except himself, was a brother who was killed at Vicksburg during the war, and who was six feet and two inches in height. No cases of extraordinary size have ever been known in any of his ancestors, and his extraordinary development must be viewed simply as a freak of nature, as it cannot be accounted for on any scientific grounds.

Nature, as usual, did not propose to do things by halves, and in 1849 Miss Anna H. Swan was born in Colchester county, Nova Scotia, and, as the sequel shows, she was intended as companion for the big boy. Her parents were rather small-sized people, her father being but five feet and four inches in height and weighing 145 pounds, while the mother was five feet and two inches and weighed 110 pounds when in robust health. She had three brothers and five sisters, all of ordinary size, and no other case of remarkable growth has ever been known among her progenitors. Mrs. Bates was as tall as her mother when six years of age, but she continued to shoot upward until to-day she is exactly the same height as her husband, seven feet and eleven and one-half inches, her weight being 413 pounds.

Both the lady and gentleman are perfectly proportioned, every member corresponding and aiding to produce a symmetrical but colossal figure. When the reporter called Mrs. Bates, who is an exceedingly fine-looking lady, was dressed in a handsome blue silk, cut in the most fashionable style, with bands of delicate white lace at the throat and wrists. She wore a quantity of very elegant jewelry and her hair was dressed high, thus making her appear taller than her stately lord.

Captain Bates is a perfect Apollo in figure and quite a Chesterfield in manners. He has a frank, pleasant face, giving clear indication of the massive heart within him. His garments are all of the latest style and fit perfectly. He affects only a neatly waxed mustache, his broad cheeks giving evidence of a close intimacy with a keen razor.

Captain and Mrs. Bates are people of more than ordinary intelligence, and show that they have improved the opportunities they have had for acquiring information of people and places during their extended travels.

"Do you think you have stopped growing, captain?" asked the reporter.

Captain—Well, I hope I have. I have reached the height of my ambition and have got things pretty well fixed to enjoy life as I am now.

Reporter—Were you brought up to any business?

Captain—I am a thorough granger. I was brought up on a farm and now I own one myself at Seville, Medina county, Ohio. I have 161 acres in fine shape and take great pride in it.

Reporter—You have a giant's castle on it?

Captain—Yes, we have a pretty good house; the lower story is twelve and one-half feet in height and the upper one twelve feet; our doorways are eight and one-half feet high, while ordinarily they are seldom over six and one-half.

Reporter—Of course your furniture compares with the building?

Captain—In every room we have chairs for my wife and myself, but of course we have ordinary furniture for our friends and servants. Our own furniture was made expressly for us by Herndon, of Cleveland. The bedstead is eight feet and four inches long and five feet six inches in width. The chairs, bureau, washstands, and in fact everything, corresponds. We experienced a good deal of inconvenience when traveling on account of the diminutive size of the ordinary furniture. I took a fancy to a spring bed, and had one made at Hartford. It is a big thing.

Reporter—Where you have been since you left the farm?

Captain—I served in the Fifth Kentucky infantry during the war. Confederate, you know; but I was in one of the bravest brigades the world ever saw. Since then I have been amusing myself mostly by traveling about looking at little men and women.

Reporter—The ready-made goods stores are of but little use to you, captain.

Captain—Not a bit. There is not a single garment or article I use but what has to be made especially for me. My boots are about No. 17, and are made for me by a man in Seville. My hats are nearly a nine, my collars twenty-five inches, and I guess if my gloves were gauged they would run up to at least fourteen. I have the most trouble with my clothes—my trousers, in fact. You see the cloth is made narrow, and while it is all right for men of ordinary size, a pair of pants for me consumes an immense quantity unless the nap runs both ways. My wife says it takes just about three times as much cloth for my clothes as for men of the usual size.

Reporter—Captain, does your strength correspond with your size?

Captain—I think it would if I developed it. I have raised 1,412 pounds, square lift, which looks small beside the 2,800 pounds lift of Winship, but you know he did that in harness. I have always feared training myself, and hence have never made any great efforts. In my present course of life of course I develop no muscle.

Reporter—Did you ever hear of any person so large as yourself?

Captain—No, sir. I am satisfied that I am the biggest man in the world, and probably as large as ever was born. I have devoted much time to studying the subject, and I am satisfied that there never existed a race of giants, as is claimed. There is actually nothing to corroborate the theory. They claim that men of gigantic stature are vouched for by the Bible. I claim that we know nothing of their base of measurement, and that the standard has increased since those times, so that a cubit might have been a very small measure of length.

Reporter—Mrs. Bates, I presume that your large family enjoys good health?

Mrs. Bates—Excellent; we are never sick, except perhaps, with slight colds, like the one I now have. Your spring seems cold to me, but I understand that this is exceptional weather, and I am determined to visit Minnesota some time in the summer and see all the beauties of the great country.

Reporter—I presume that you are the tallest lady in the world.

Mrs. Bates—While we were abroad the most eminent physicians and scientists assured me that there was never before a lady within eighteen inches of my height.

Reporter—Excuse my inquisitiveness, but how many yards of silk are there in the dress you wear?

Mrs. Bates—Well, this is rather scant—there are only sixty-five yards in it. My full evening reception dresses require eighty yards of material.

The reporter did not become too inquisitive, but he saw the tiny tip of a dress boot peepin from under her skirt, and mentally decided it was about a narrow "twelve."

Of their wedding and presentation to the queen, the gentleman and lady gave a very interesting account. The wedding took place on June 17 at St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar square, London. As a bridal tour they visited the Star and Garter Hotel, a few miles from the city, and passed two days in that fashionable and expensive retreat.

"It is a fine place," said the captain. "Our bill was over £17 and was as long as my arm, every incidental being put down. I have it framed at home."

On returning to London they found an order from the queen awaiting them, requiring them to present themselves at Buckingham Palace at one o'clock on the 21st. They had previously appeared before the Prince of Wales and the members of the Masonic Lodge, of which he is a member, and it is probable that he had aroused his mother's curiosity by his description of them.

At the appointed time they were graciously received, there being present the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and Princes Arthur and Leopold, besides lords and ladies. The queen was somewhat reserved, but asked them how they liked the country and government compared to those of America. She made them both bridal gifts, the captain receiving a massive gold striking watch, the case weighing nine ounces and the entire watch over a pound, while, with the immense neck chain, the whole weight is over three pounds. The bride was presented with a splendid diamond cluster ring, containing seven large white jewels.

Reporter—How did you enjoy the interview, captain?

Captain—I was thinking all of the time how I was to get out, as I had been told that I must back out bowing. But we were much relieved when the queen arose and passed out of a side door with a gracious nod. We were invited twice afterward, when the queen evidently desired to exhibit us to some of her relations, and she was then very cordial.

The reporter suggested that everything would have to move on a grander scale in the world if there was to be a race of giants such as they.

"Yes," responded the captain, "if! But—"

Horse Stealing in the West.

The Kansas City (Mo.) *Times* says During the past ten or twelve years horse stealing upon the Western border or along the State line of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas has been a lucrative business. Thousands of fine horses have been stolen and run out of reach, and comparatively few of the thieves have been arrested. Within the last eight months the number of horses reported stolen at police headquarters, in Kansas City, was 368. The thefts reported were divided among the four border States in the Mississippi Valley as follows: Horses reported stolen in Kansas, 157; in Missouri, 140; in Iowa, fifty; in Nebraska, twenty-one; total, 368. This number only includes those advertised by their owners, and whose cards reached the Kansas City police station. It is presumable that this estimate does not cover more than one-half of the number stolen during the last eight months in the Missouri Valley and the adjacent country. It is not unreasonable to estimate the losses of the owners at $80,000 in the four States bordering on the Missouri river. The favorite mode of running out horses is thus described: Two of the gang enter a settlement where there are good horses, and hire themselves out as farm hands. By this means they learn the habits of the owners, and the location of the coveted horses. Within a few days after they leave a place or a neighborhood a raid is made upon the stable, and the coveted horse disappears. The thieves run their stock over lines seldom traveled, and as the gang is very large the same men seldom go more than one or two stages before changing horses, and return to the neighborhood of the theft and take notes and spread false reports to mislead pursuit. One instance is related of a horse stolen in Fremont county, Iowa, passing through nineteen hands, all of them members of the gang, before it was sold in Sherman, Texas. In some places in Western Missouri, Arkansas and Iowa, and in Eastern Kansas, there are farms kept open for the especial benefit of the gang. These are generally in quiet, remote districts, far from the main road, where horses can be fed, doctored, and disguised for a safe sale. Notwithstanding the zeal with which Western farmers endeavor to suppress them, the number of horse thieves is constantly on the increase. Of the 157 horses stolen in Kansas more than 100 were stolen by boys under twenty-three years of age. Of the 140 horses stolen within the last eight months in Western Missouri, more than two-thirds of the number were stolen by young men. But older men do the concealing and trading. The records of the past year show that more than half of the horse thieves caught in this region were men of mature age. A liberal estimate of the number of stolen horses returned in this region is one out of two.

An Elegant Trousseau.

Miss Terry, who was married recently in New York, to Baron Blanc, the Italian minister to the United States, was abundantly supplied with clothes, as will be seen by the following list of linen:

There were four dozen sets of lingerie, covered with lace and embroidery. The wedding set is of fine batiste, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and puffs of batiste picked out, with bows of pale pink and blue ribbon. Included in the set are four skirts and a morning wrapper, finished with bows of white gros-grain ribbon. There are also six sets of foulard silk; in delicate shades of pink and blue, trimmed with Torchon and Valenciennes lace. One morning wrapper is of cream-colored *matelasse*, with a deep yoke in front and a Watteau plait behind. A jabot of Valenciennes lace and loops of cream-colored ribbon ornament it. The entire length of the front is closed with silver balls. Another is of pearl-gray cashmere, cut princesse style and with a trail of narrow knife plaitings of self-colored silk. The trail is finished with pearl-gray fringe. Two others are of muslin and Valciennes lace combined. There are two dozen lace handkerchiefs, one richly embroidered. There are six dozen plainer handkerchiefs, four dozen pairs of silk stockings, and a full set of household linen, including four dozen table-cloths, each with two dozen dinner napkins and six dozen fringed tea napkins to match; seven dozen embroidered face towels, any number of sheets, pillow-cases, shams, etc., six dozen aprons and caps for cooks, six dozen aprons for waiters, and six dozen each of kitchen table-cloths and towels, and cup and plate towels. Slippers of satin, embroidered with the baron's coronet and the baroness's monogram in gold, accompany each toilette. There is also a coverlet of cream-colored satin, heavily embroidered in wood colors and gold, with the baroness's monogram, embroidered in large letters in the centre, and above it the baronial coronet in colors to represent rubies, emeralds and pearls. There is a pillow cover to match, and both are lined with cream colored satin and finished with heavy fringe in colors to match the embroidery. On every piece is embroidered the same monogram and coronet.

Remarkable Self-Cremation.

Two novel kinds of incendiarism lately appeared in Rome. Two or three weeks ago the Royal Carbineers at Porta del Popolo were attracted by an unusual light which appeared on the road outside the walls leading from the Porta del Popolo in the direction of the ancient Porta Pinciana. On drawing toward the scene of the illumination they heard cries of "Vittoria! Evviva!" and found that both the light and the cries proceeded from a man who was enveloped in flames. Before they could extinguish the flames the man was reduced to carbon before their eyes. He had soaked his garments in petroleum and set fire to himself. A box of matches and an empty petroleum flask lay near him, and his hat, which had mourning crape round it, was hung on the adjoining hedge. His features were horribly disfigured. The gentleman who thus committed self-cremation was a vice-secretary in the office of the minister of war. He was a good intelligent public servant and was noted for his steadiness and diligence He was unmarried, and somewhat taciturn and gloomy at times, but gave no indications of insanity.

The other instance of incendiarism was the burning of the marriage notices which hung up in frames under the portico of the palace of the conservators, at the capitol. The motive for this burning was set down as jealousy. The burning had no effect in delaying the marriages, many of which have been celebrated between members of the aristocracy.

There are United States postage stamps of the denomination of $36 and $60.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The Greenback party of Maine met at Lewiston and organized by electing Solon Chase chairman. Joseph Smith was nominated the party's candidate for governor. The platform adopted favors the abolition of all bank issues, free and unlimited gold and silver coinage, full legal-tender paper money receivable for all debts, legislation to secure each man the full reward of his own labor, reduction of official salaries, abolishment of imprisonment for debts; denounces the "red flag of Communism" and the contraction policy.

The National Greenback party of New York met in convention at Auburn and effected a permanent organization, headed by C. J. Tucker, of Chenango county, as president. A series of resolutions was adopted declaring the greenback dollar must be a full legal tender for all debts, favoring the calling in of all United States bonds and their payment, principal and interest, by greenbacks, opposing further issue of bonds, demanding the repeal of the resumption act and the national banking act, favoring the establishment of national and State labor bureaus, and declaring that the Greenback party does not recognize or affiliate with any secret or questionable organization.

On the first day that the new elevated railroad in New York was thrown open to the public, thousands availed themselves of the convenience of rapid transit and the cars were crowded to their utmost capacity. Thus begins the new era of railroad traveling in New York.

The New Hampshire legislature has begun its annual session.

A fire in the large soap and candle factory of Colgate & Co., Jersey City, N. J., destroyed property to the amount of about $300,000; insured.

By the capsizing of a yacht off Duxbury Point, near Plymouth, Mass., Henry S. Holmes, his young son, Arthur, and David Brown, Jr., were drowned. Four others clung to the boat and were rescued.

The steam engine in the sawmill of H. Penney, Holland, Vermont, exploded, driving the engineer through the side of the building and seriously scalding a boy and man.

The Treat & Lang mill at Bath, Me., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $125,000; at Old Town, Me., the Veazie mills were burned down and a loss of $75,000 incurred, and at Lisbon, N. H., Bean & Atwood's steam mill succumbed to the flames, the loss being $10,000.

William A. and A. W. Andrews, brothers, left Boston for Havre, France, in the Nautilus, the smallest vessel that ever attempted to cross the ocean. The craft is nineteen feet two inches long.

A shoemaker named Seistlack, living in Philadelphia, sent a letter to a local minister, stating that he was out of work, could not obtain food for his family and was about to commit suicide. Upon breaking into the house Mrs. Geistlack and her two children, aged eleven and nine years, were found dead suffocated by chloroform. A note from the mother, found in the house, indicated that she had killed the children and then herself. The father could not be found.

While a social party was in progress at the house of Mrs. Kelly, at Newkirk and Merry streets, Philadelphia, the first floor gave way and precipitated thirty or forty children to the cellar. A few of the children were hurt, but none dangerously.

Western and Southern States.

Dispatches from Oregon indicate that the election in that State has resulted in a Democratic legislature. Whitaker (Democrat) is elected to Congress.

The Indiana Republicans held their convention at Indianapolis and nominated a ticket headed by Isaac B. Moore for secretary of State. The platform denounces the Democratic party, and says there can be no appeal from the decision of the Electoral commission except by revolution; opposes further financial agitation but favors currency of gold, silver and greenbacks, and declares that the paper money should be received for customs dues. Referring to President Hayes, the platform says: "We recognize in his personal integrity, as well as in the general course of his administration, the guarantee that he will conduct the government so as to preserve the honor and promote the happiness of the whole country."

The Michigan Greenbackers convened at Grand Rapids and nominated a ticket, with Henry S. Smith for governor at the head. The platform adopted is in conformity with the principles of the party.

A monument to Andrew Johnson was unveiled at Greenville, Tenn., in presence of a large assemblage and with appropriate ceremonies.

William Dixon was hanged at Vicksburg, Miss., for the murder of a peddler named Bachman.

The business center of Mount Sterling, Ky., has been destroyed by the flames. Estimated loss, $50,000.

At Bayou Sara, La., five colored men were arrested on the charge of attempting to assassinate Dr. William B. Archer. As they were on the way to the court house they were intercepted by a large party of armed men, who overpowered the guard, took away the five prisoners and hanged them.

The Illinois Prohibitionists have held a convention and nominated a State ticket.

The hostile attitude of the Bannock tribe of Indians in Idaho has resulted in the murder by them of several whites. A feeling of alarm prevails among the settlers, many of whom have fled to protected points for safety. At a meeting in Boise City the governor of the Territory was denounced for having furnished arms and ammunition to the Indians. The cause of the trouble seems to be the widespread dissatisfaction among the Indians because of alleged encroachments upon their reservations. Governor Brayman has been removed by the President.

General John C. Fremont has been nominated for governor of Arizona Territory, in place of John P. Hoyt, who has been transferred to the governorship of Idaho Territory.

Portions of Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia were visited by a terrible tornado which did great damage to houses, crops and other property. In the vicinity of Atlanta, Ga., two boys were killed at a Sunday school and others were more or less seriously injured by the buildings blowing down. In Columbia county, Ga., the hailstones weighed from one to three pounds, killing cattle and hogs and breaking through the shingle roofs of houses. The town of Currytown, S. C., was almost totally annihilated by the storm, a number of persons losing their lives, while cars were overturned, houses blown down and crops and cattle destroyed. The section of country surrounding Petersburg, Va., also suffered severely.

Thomas Winans, the great Baltimore locomotive builder, is dead at the age of fifty-nine.

From Washington.

The secretary of the treasury has issued the fifty-ninth call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865—consols of 1865. The call is for $5,000,000, of which $2,500,060 are coupon and $2,500,000 registered bonds. The principal and interest will be paid at the treasury on and after the 5th day of September next, and the interest will cease on that day.

Senator Matthews has made a personal explanation in the Senate regarding the correspondence between himself and Anderson, the first witness in the presidential election investigation. Mr. Matthews denies that he was in any way connected with the perpetration of alleged frauds in the presidential election in Louisiana, or that he made any promises to Anderson in consideration of committing frauds, or that having knowledge of such frauds committed by Anderson he used his senatorial influence to procure a position for Anderson. He demanded a committee of investigation, and the demand was unanimously accorded him by the Senate.

The secretary of war and General Sherman have had a consultation with reference to a threatened Indian war in Oregon and Dakota, and have agreed that the outlook is serious. Estimates of the hostile Bannocks place their strength at three hundred warriors, and have chosen a strong place in the Lava Beds.

The President has approved the act entitled "An act to repeal the bankrupt law."

The Senate and House conference committees having come to an agreement upon the Washington monument bill, the monument will now be pushed rapidly to completion.

The consul at Canton reports to the State department that a terrible tornado in that city, on April 11, destroyed 10,000 lives and a vast amount of property.

Foreign News.

At the first discharge of Nobiling's gun the Emperor of Germany received seven shots in the right forearm and wrist, and five in the head and face, but the principal portion of the charge was stopped by the helmet, which is completely riddled. By the second discharge he received about twenty shots in the left upper arm and shoulder, and six in the neck. The folds of his thick military cloak deadened the effects of this charge.

It is stated that the number of arrests in Prussia, for disloyal utterances is increasing daily, and that the Berlin criminal court has received several letters threatening the assassination of all sovereigns if Nobiling, Emperor William's assailant, is harshly treated.

Another terrible colliery explosion, attended with large loss of life, has occurred in England, at Haydock in Lancashire. The explosion shook the earth for miles around. The first explorer descended the shaft five minutes after the explosion, and others followed. Ten men were rescued alive, and were sent to the surface, when one died almost immediately, and the others suffered much from after-damp. Eight other men took refuge in a working of the mine. Two hundred and thirty-two men are dead. The explorers state that they found bodies decapitated, reduced to shapeless masses, and some of them blown to pieces.

Prince Bismarck, acting in the name of Prussia, has proposed the dissolution of the Reichstag (German parliament). He claims that the government needs further powers to take repressive measures, and the present legislature would not grant them. Considerable commotion exists throughout Germany, and numerous arrests are reported. A number of manufacturers have threatened to discharge workmen who attend Socialistic meetings.

France and Italy have accepted the invitation of the United States to an international monetary congress.

For using language considered disloyal to the Emperor William, seven persons in Berlin have been sentenced to terms of rimprisonment varying from eighteen months to five years.

Advices from Constantinople represent that the Bulgarians throughout Roumelia are perpetrating horrible atrocities on the Mussulmans. General Todleben has ordered vigorous measures of repression against the outlaws. Three Bulgarians, taken red-handed, were summarily executed at Dedeagatch.

A violent shock of earthquake was felt at Lisbon, Spain.

The early cessation of the Kaffir war in South Africa is expected, the chief of one of the principal insurrectionary tribes having sent word to the commander of the British forces that he is tired of fighting and wants to negotiate for terms of peace.

John A. MacG