The Alphabet of Age.

Around life's rounded curve our steps are led,
Back to the freshness of its fountain head,
Childhood returns; the weary heart and brain
Drink the full draught of loving trust again.
Eager no more to urge a baffled quest,
From hour to hour a Father's grateful guest,
Give us our bread this day, is all our prayer;
Heaven waits to-morrow, be it here or there.
In these calm hours all harsher memories die,
Just as when day takes leave of earth and sky.
Kissed into beauty, rock and crag and height
Lose their sharp outlines in the mellowing light.
Morning is passed, with all its bloom and dew;
Noon, with the glories of its gold and blue;
On the long slope the hues of evening dwell,
Pure as the blush that warms the tinted shell.
Quenched, and for ay, let passion's flame expire!
Roses are piled where glowed the banished fire—
Such as transform, in June's redundant hour,
The rustic hearthstone to a fairy bower.
Unbinding one by one our lingering ties,
Veiling with reverent hands our watchful eyes,
We wait the coming friend whose boon, we know,
Excels the rarest gift that life can show;
Yielding all else when the sweet call shall be:
"Zacheus, come down! To-day I dine with thee."

—*F. H. Cooke.*

The Stone-Cutter's Story.

He was whistling over his work, careless, from long custom, of the solemn significance of the letters he was cutting in the white marble. The June sun was nearly at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little seaport town of Monkton. A stranger, handsomely dressed in gray, with large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence that was around the yard where the stone-cutter worked, and read the lettering, almost completed, upon the tombstone:

HIRAM GOLDBY
Aged 35,
LOST AT SEA, JANUARY, 1866

The last six was nearly completed. A strange pallor gathered for a moment upon the stranger's face, and then he drew a long, deep breath and said:

"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stone-cutter looked, shaded his eyes with his brown hand, as he turned his face to the setting sun.

"This is 1876," was the grave reply, "and Hiram Goldby must have been ten years under the waves."

"Well, sir, that's the question- is he there?"

"Is he there? Your stone tell us he is, and has been for ten years."

"Yes, sir, it does—so it does. And yet she has ordered it. She came over a week or so back with a worried look upon her sweet face, that I have never seen anything but patient in ten long years, and she said to me—'you may cut a stone, Davy,' she says; 'and put it up in the church-yard, and I don't want to see it. I'll pay you whatever you choose to ask, Davy,' she says; 'but he's not dead, and don't want a tombstone.' 'Lor, mum;' says I, 'he'd a turned up all these years if he was not dead.' But she shook her pretty head, the prettiest I ever seen, sir, and she said: 'My heart never told me he was dead, Davy, and I'll never believe it till my heart tells me so.'"

"His sweetheart?" questioned the stranger.

"His wife, sir—his loving, faithful wife, that's had poverty, and loneliness and misery her full share, and might ha' bettered herself."

"How was that?"

"Mr. Miles, sir, the richest shipowner hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven long years, trying to win her. Then he said that she was free even if Hiram did come back."

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stranger.

"What did you say, sir."

"Nothing, nothing. What answer did she make Mr. Miles?"

"'If Hiram's dead,' said she, 'I'm his faithful widow while I live. If Hiram's living, I'm his faithful wife.' Maybe you are from the city, sir, and have heard the story of our Pearl?"

"What story is that?"

"Well, sir, it's been told many times, more particularly in the last year, but you're welcome to what I know of it. There, that six is done, and I'll leave the Scripture text till morning. If you'll come to the gateway and take a seat on some of the stones I'll tell you, that is, if you care to hear it."

"I do care," was the grave reply; "I want very much to hear the story."

"Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl of Monkton that's what they call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts. It's a matter of thirty-three years back, sir, that there was a wreck off Monkton rocks, that you can see from here, sir, now tide's low. Cruel rocks they are, and many a wreck they've seen, the more the pity. You see them, sir?"

"I see them."

"Well, sir, this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl-baby three or four years old, with a skin like a lily leaf, and great black eyes. Hiram Goldby found her on the rocks. He was a boy of twelve years, strong and tall, and he carried the child in his arms to his mother. You may see the cottage, sir, the second white one on the side of the hill."

"I see it."

"Well, Hiram took the baby there, and Mrs. Goldby was the same as a mother to her—a good womar., God bless her soul—the widow Goldby."

"Is she dead, then?"

"Aye, sir, six years agone. The baby I was telling you of, sir, talked a foreign lingo, and was dressed in rich clothes that must have cost a power of money. But never would Hiram or the widow sell them putting them up carefully in case the child was ever looked for. She was that pretty, sir, and that dainty, that everybody called her Pearl, though she was not like our girls, but afraid, always deadly afraid of the sea. I have seen her clench her mite of a hand and strike at it, for she had a bit of temper in her, though nothing to harm.

"When Hiram made his first voyage, for they were all seafaring men hereabouts, and there was nothing for a lad to do but ship, the Pearl was just a little washed out lily, fretting until he came home again. And it was so whenever he went, for they were sweethearts from the first time he nestled her baby face on his breast, when he picked her up from the wreck. She was sixteen when they were married, as near as we could guess; Hiram was a man of twenty-four. She prayed him to stay home then, and he staid a year, but he fretted for the sea, and he went again, thinking, I s'pose, that his wife would get used to it, as all wives hereabout must do. But she never did—never. It was just pitiable to see her go about, white as a corpse, when Hiram went away, never looking at the sea without a shudder like a death chill. All through the war it was just awful, for Hiram enlisted on board a man-o'-war, and Pearl was just a shadow when he came home the last time."

"After the war?"

"Yes, sir; but he made no money of any account, and so he went again, after staying at home a long spell. Well, he never came back. 'Twasn't no manner of use a-telling Pearl he was lost; she'd just shake her pretty head and say: 'He'll come back.' Not a mite of mourning would she wear, even after his own mother gave him up and put on black; for, sir, it stands to reason he's dead years ago."

"It looks so."

"Of course it does; nobody else doubts it but Mrs. Goldby. Old Mrs. Goldby's last words were: 'I'm going to meet Hiram,' and they say the dying know. But even then that didn't make Pearl think so. She wore mourning for her who had been the only mother she knowed of, but no weeds. Weeds was for widows, she said, and she wasn't a widow."

"But the stone?"

"Well, sir, I'm coming to that. A year ago, sir, a fine gentleman from France came here hunting for a child lost on this coast. He'd heard of Pearl by happen-chances, he there is such, and came here. When he saw the clothes, he just fainted like a woman."

"She was related, then?"

"The stranger's voice was husky, but the sea air was growing chill.

"Her father, sir."

"He took her away?"

"He tried to. He told her of a splendid home he had in New York, for he'd followed his wife and child, sir, to a city they had never reached. He was rich and lonely. He begged his child to go, but she would not. 'Hiram will come here for me,' she said, and he will find me where he left me."

"On what has she lived?"

"Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage was old Mrs. Goldby's and, bless you, Pearl did not eat much more than a bird and her dresses cost next to nothing. But there's no denying she was very poor—very, and yet the grand house and big fortune never tempted her. So her father came on and on to see her, until April. And he died, sir, and left our Pearl all his fortune and the grand house in New York. But she'll not go, sir, she'll die here waiting for Hiram, who'll never come."

The stranger lifted his face that had been half hidden in his hand and said:

"There was a shipwreck in the Pacific ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and one man only was saved—saved, Davy, by savages, who made him a slave, the worst of slaves! But one day this sailor saved the life of the chief's daughter, who was in the coils of a huge snake, and the chief released him. More than that, he gave him choice spices and woods, and sent him aboard the first passing ship. So the sailor landed in a great city, sold his presents and put the gold in safekeeping. Then he traveled till he reached the seaport town where he was born, and coming there at sunset heard the story of his life from the lips of a man cutting his tombstone."

Not a word spoke Davy. Standing erect he seized an immense sledge hammer, and with powerful blows from strong, uplifted arms, dashed the marble into fragments. Then, panting with exertion, he held out his brawny hand to the stranger—a stranger no longer.

"I've done no better work in my life than I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram. Go home, man, and make Pearl's heart glad. She don't need it, Hiram—she don't need it. You asked me about the stone. The neighbors drove her to ordering it, twitted her that now she was rich, she grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but says: 'Don't put dead upon it, Davy—put 'lost at sea; for Hiram's lost, but he'll be found and come back to me.' She never looked at it, Hiram, never. And there's not an hour, nor hasn't been for ten years, that she hasn't been looking for you to come back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's blessing be upon both of you."

So, grasping the hard, brown hand, Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage in which he had been born forty-five years before. The sun had set and the darkness was gathering, but a little gleam of light streamed from the window of his cottage. He drew near softly, and standing on the seat of the porch, looked over the half curtain into the neat, but poor sitting-room.

It was not the grand house, Pearl's heritage in New York, but Pearl herself was there. A slender woman, with a pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly banded and gathered into rich braids at the back of her shapely head. Her dress was a plain dark one, with white ruffles, cuffs, and an apron.

She had been sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and drew aside the curtain. She did not see the tall figure drawn closely against the wall in the narrow porch; but her dark eyes looked mournfully toward the sea, glimmering in the half light.

"My darling!" she whispered, "are you dead, and has your spirit come to take mine where we shall part no more?"

Only the wash of the waves below answered her. Sighing softly, she said: "Is my darling coming? I feel him so near to me, I could almost grasp him."

She stretched out her arms over the low window-sill, and a low voice answered her: "Pearl! Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped only empty air were filled then, as Hiram stood under the low window.

"Do not move, love," she whispered, pressing her soft lips to his; "I always wake when you move."

"But now," he said, "you are already awake. See, Pearl, your trust was heaven-given. It is myself, your fond, true husband, little one, who will never leave you again."

"It is true! You have come!" she cried at last, bursting into a torrent of happy tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead and my heart not tell me."

It was long before they could think of anything but the happiness of reunion after the many years of separation, but at last, drawing Pearl closer, Hiram whispered: "I walked from J——, love, and am enormously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the last shadows from her happy face, and she bustled about the room preparing supper.

"Supper for two!" she cried, gleefully.

The grand house in New York is tenanted by its owner, and Hiram goes to sea no more; but in the summer time two happy people come for a quiet month to the little white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the evening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone, and ended by smashing it into atoms.

"For," in the invariable ending of the tale, "Pearl was right and we were wrong, all of us; for Hiram Goldby was lost at sea, sure enough, but he was not dead, and he came to her faithful love, as she always said he would."

"Coonskin."

A passenger train which left Lansing coming East last Monday had among the passengers a plain-faced, sensible-looking girl about twenty years of age, and a thin-waisted, sickly-looking young man a year or two older. No one would have mistrusted that they were eloping had not the young man asked the conductor if there was a clergyman on the train. There was none, and the young man explained to the passengers around him that he was in a bad fix. He had come down from Bath township in a buggy, and he was quite sure that the girl's father would take the other road down to Chicago Junction, and there board the Lansing train and raise a row. He was not much on a row, but yet he loved the girl, and they were bound to marry. If the old man came alone he thought he could bluff him off, but if his two big sons came along the scale would be turned. He therefore wanted to know of a man wearing a red woolen shirt and coonskin cap if he would stand by him.

"You bet I will!" was the hearty response. "I got my old gal by running away with her, and I'll see you through this if I never do any more good. You wouldn't be worth a cent in a free fight, and now you run into the baggage-car and let me run this affair alone. I want to be seated beside the gal when the old man comes in.

When the whistle blew for the Junction, Coonskin changed places, and as the cars halted he put his arms around Mary and took one of her hands in his. The old man and his two sons were on hand, and they piled into the car pell-mell.

"Here she is!" called the father, as he caught sight of the girl, and the three made a rush.

"Run away with my"—began the old man, but when he saw the stranger beside her he checked himself.

"Want anything of us?" asked Coonskin, as he looked up.

"Who are you, sir?"

"I'm going to be your son-in-law in less than an hour—eh, darling?"

He gave Mary a squeeze and Mary looked happy.

"Come along, Mary—come right home with me!" ordered the father.

"Let's mash the villain!" added one of the sons.

"Put a head on him—let me get at him!" shouted the other.

The father seized Mary and the sons seized Coonskin. Then a red shirt towered aloft, a pair of big fists began working with a "pop!" "pop!" and as fast as the trio got up they made for the door. Coonskin followed, arms and feet working like a trip-hammer, and when the train moved off the father sat on a box with a big woolen mitten held to his nose, one of the sons was pulling loose teeth from his jaw and the other boy was groping his way to a snow-bank.

"Now, then," said Coonskin, as the exultant lover returned, "resume yer seat, take her little hand in yours, and don't calkerlate you owe me anything."

"Say, Tom," said the girl, "I'm going to kiss him for that."

"All right, sis."

"Well, just as you feel," said Coonskin, as he returned the smack, "but I want it distinctly understood around these parts that when I see true love on its way from Lansing to Howell to get spliced I kin lick all the pursuing dads in the State of Michigan."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Fancies.

Piece satin seems to be preferred instead of ribbons for bonnet ties.

Mummy cloths in stripes and figures and in plain colors will be worn this summer.

Collarettes of satin in shirrings and bordered with lace are worn with cashmere gowns.

For boys' school suits plain cloths and fancy cassimeres in checks and small, broken plaids are used.

Leather petticoats are used for walking by English women. They look like satin and wear forever.

Yellowish shades of color will be popular in laces, millinery goods, dress fabrics and wraps for spring.

Ribbon bracelets of the brightest hue are worn on one wrist by young ladies who aspire to be considered fashionable.

Pearl embroideries and passementeries are much employed on toilets of white satin and delicately tinted gauze.

Heliotrope, a peculiar shade resembling lilac, represents a new color in silk and woolen goods for spring wear.

Black chip for hats and bonnets is much used in Paris, and chips in all colors promise to be a favorite material.

Ruches of both black and white lace are now mixed with little bows of ribbon like the puffings around a baby's cap.

Ball coiffures for young ladies are very simple this season, the only ornaments admissible being a few flowers or a jeweled comb or, poniard.

Dragons, bees, butterflies and birds in indefinite forms appear among the palm leaves and other Eastern designs of lately imported spring goods.

The most elegant mule dressing slippers are of black satin, lined with red silk and decorated with black velvet bows with gold or steel buckles.

The long overdress which has recently been revived is nothing but a gracefully draped princess polonaise, which requires only a flounce to complete the costume.

One of the prettiest of the new spring fabrics bears the name of *Fleur de The*. It is as thin as cambric and elastic like crape, and returns to its crinkled form after being laundered.

Colors and patterns which have distinguished the silk and woolen fabrics during the past season are now appearing in fine French prints and other cotton goods for spring wear.

Plain suits for girls from ten to twelve years of age are of wool and silk in combination. These are frequently made in princesse style, with a deep plaited flounce at the bottom of the skirt and with scarf-like drapery. Shirring is also in favor on misses' suits.

Included among spring and summer goods suitable for children's use are momie cloths figured in Japanese style on soft, cream-tinted grounds, or dotted with tiny flowers and leaves on plain pink, blue or other colors; also a kind of crepe so rich and soft that it has almost the appearance of silk. Both of these materials are entirely cotton.

Dresses for children up to six and eight years of age are still made in one piece—a fashion both comfortable for the child and convenient for the mother. Wool and silk, and silk and velvet are employed in these dresses, which may be very simply or elaborately modeled to simulate a vest and jacket. Satin bands and lace serve as a garniture.

The large old-fashioned black satin aprons, embroidered with flowers in silks, are now beginning to be seen again, and happy are they who have them among old stores of treasures of bygone years. Some of the modern copies of these "grandmothers' aprons," as they are called, are printed instead of worked, and are edged with black lace.

Yellow Tuscan braids, it is announced, are the fashionable material for spring bonnets, and rival French chips and straw laces. The early importations show also Leghorns, and many of the yellow straws have a lustrous finish. The early bonnets are medium-sized; turbans and wide-brimmed round hats are included in the millinery exhibited.

A new cravat bow, called the butterfly, has two little plaited pieces of white India muslin strapped tightly where they are joined, and this forms the center. Wide lace, either Languedoc or duchesse or Valenciennes, is then sewed to the plaited ends, and when the bow is worn the upper edge of this lace is pinned high about the collar and it is allowed to fall open below and display the pretty design wrought upon it.

Fancy silk neckties are used now as bows for the hair and also for caps. The bows are very large, like those worn by the Alsatian women, and lie close to the head; the ends fall on to the hair, behind the loops. The caps are made by just passing the tie round the head, twisting and pinning it to the side of the head to give it the appearance of a cap, and turning the ends back from the front, so that they rest on the top of the head, rather to one side, one end being a little longer than the other. The ends should be fringed to look well, those ties with an embroidered pattern and a ball fringe at each end looking the best and most dressy.

Among the simple spring walking suits are fine dark colored flannels in the latest shades of blue, green and other colors, with a finish of many rows of very narrow white or black braid. The waist is belted, the overskirt has an apron front and full drapery at the back and the lower skirt is kilt plaited. Walking jackets for sping differ from previous styles principally in having longer skirts. A new model is double-breasted and slightly cut away at the front below the waist, forming in long narrow opening. What are called blanket cloths, in mixed hues with fine lines of color running through them, are made up in this style, and show the tailor's finish. Fancy silk and wool sacques will be trimmed with fur for early spring, after which fringes and feather trimming will probably be popular.

News and Notes for Women.

Two of Longfellow's daughters are pursuing the Harvard course of study for women.

Female convicts in the Kentucky penitentiary are required to dress in pantaloons.

An American woman writes to the English queen that an American farmer's wife works ten or twenty times as hard as an English farmer's wife.

Amelia Bloomer, the inventor of the Bloomer costume, is the wife of D. C. Bloomer, ex-State senator of Iowa and ex-mayor of Council Bluffs, in which city they live.

Mrs. Ellis, a widow in Ellis county, Ga., armed herself with an ax, attacked a huge wildcat and came out victorious. The Arlington *Advance* says that this was a very bold act, and even old hunters would not dare to approach one of these ferocious varmints in that way.

Miss Butler, of Pittsburg, Pa., had looked for a man under her bed every night for many years, and at last she found not one there, but four. They wore black masks and left her bound and gagged when they went off with the family plate and jewelry.

Joseph Bailey, of Lancaster, Wis., advised his son to break his engagement with Jennie Farrell and marry her prettier sister. Jennie resentfully set fire to the old man's barn, and has gone to State prison, while her sister has become young Bailey's wife.

Mary Custer lives alone in a shanty at Sioux Falls, in Dakota, surrounded by books, which a careful education enables her to enjoy, but she earns her living at a washtub, refusing all offers of higher employment, and declaring that she only wants to be let alone.

America has given us not only social accomplishments and intellectual culture; it has enriched us with an overflowing measure of feminine beauty. Cynosures of transatlantic loveliness delight multitudes in Hyde park, and glow in the firmament of London drawing-rooms.—*London World.*

Queen Victoria is the owner of a silver-gilt casket in which are lockets containing locks of hair of thirteen officers who fell at Isandula. Each locket is engraved with an "In Memoriam" and the name of the officer, together with the date of his death. The souvenir was ordered by the queen.

As the Rev. Mr. Broadway was closing a West Brantford (Ont.) revival service with prayer the other night, Miss Minch, a spinster of fifty summers who labored under the delusion that Mr. Broadway wanted to marry her, marched up the aisle and pounded him until the meeting broke up in a rush for outdoors.

After five trials Miss M. Louise McLoughlin, of Cincinnati, has at last succeeded in completing the largest vase ever moulded in this country. It is called the Ali Baba vase, and measures thirty-seven inches in heighth and seventeen inches in diameter. The vase in the wet clay measured forty-four inches in heighth and nineteen in diameter.

Ladies are now wearing scented petticoats, with the perfume (in solid) quilted on. The effect is peculiar; one moment the nose is assailed by a fair charmer exuding vondelatia, while a moment later one might think it was autumn from the overpowering flavor of new mown hay. Where the fashion sprung from is not known, but the practice is becoming universal.—*London Letter.*

The Women in Central Africa.

In Central Africa, says Livingstone, the women have the upper hand. They feed the men. The wife is obliged to supply her mother-in-law with firewood. A man who has five wives, having returned home, asks something of No. 1. No. 1 refers him to No. 2. No. 2 desires him to go to the one he loves best. He is bandied about from one to the other till he becomes quite enraged; but all he can do is to go upon the top of a tree and cry aloud: "I thought I had got five wives, but I find I have five witches." If a woman beats her husband she is punished in this way: Both are taken to the market-place, and the wife is compelled to take the husband home on her back, amid the cheers of the people. On these occasions the women generally cry out: "Give it to him again!"

A Japanese Festival.

The tide of progression has rapidly advanced in Japan, and its women are being emancipated both socially and domestically. The Tokio *Times* thus describes a recent festival on the grounds of the emperor's palace: Many ladies were present, Japanese and foreign—the former, it was pleasant to note, as completely at their ease and as keen for enjoyment as if participating in a Thames picnic—as several of them had doubtless done. Some were actually unattended by their husbands, and yet the earth did not heave with indignation nor Fuziyama roar in eruptive protest. The sun shone and the trees nodded approvingly in the light breeze just as if no social marvel were manifesting itself in that antique stronghold of tradition and immovable routine.

Riches of the Sultan's Treasure House.

A Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, describing the immense wealth in jewels contained in the different rooms of the sultan's treasury building, says: But there is no such thing as describing in detail the splendors of these rooms. There are antique arms and armor heavy with gold and jewels; there are innumerable horse-trappings and saddles, covered with plates of gold and studded with emeralds, rubies, topaz, diamonds and pearls; there are saddle-cloths embroidered with precious stones. Several sofa covers hang in the cabinets as a background to the smaller articles. They are worth $150,000 apiece, and are heavy cloth of gold embroidered with seed pearls. In one of the cabinets are three uncut emeralds, the largest being the size of a man's fist, and the smallest larger than a hen's egg. The birds of the palace realized the experience of dwelling in cages of gold, for here they hang—these ancient cages of gold wire. Some of the cages have a clock in the bottom, face downward, so that the royal household might see the time of day as they lolled on the divans beneath. The imperial princes appear to have gone to school in childhood, for here are the satchels in which they carried their books—bags of velvet embroidered with gold and pearls and diamonds. In another place you see many mottoes from the Koran, embroidered in diamonds on red velvet. There are amber mouthpieces for pipes, studded with diamonds and rubies. There are coffee-sets and tea-sets of all degrees of magnificence; and vases of crystal and agate and onyx—some of these profusely bejeweled. There are inkstands and snuff-boxes innumerable, all glittering with priceless gems. There are royal knives and forks and spoons of solid gold, with jewels on their handles. There is an immense array of clocks. One would suppose that every sultan had his private clock which ceased to tick when his heart stopped beating.

Among the articles in this imperial treasure house are many which must be regarded simply as toys. Of such is a tea-set of tortoise-shell as thin as paper. Another toy is a lady's parasol of white silk exquisitely embroidered with gold, the staff of which is a single branch of coral so long and true and well-adapted to its purpose that one might search for years and fail to find its like. There are also very many fans of varying degrees of splendor. Another one of the toys is a figure of a sultan seated on his throne under a golden canopy ribbed with alternate rubies and emeralds. The whole structure is, perhaps, six inches high. The body of the figure is a single huge pearl, the lower extremities are carved from a blue turquoise, and the turban is a solid mass of diamonds. There is literally no end to the marvels of this place. After every conceivable use has been made of jewels the surplus, unmounted, stones are gathered by handfuls into crystal bowls at one end of the cabinets in the second room. The spoils of all the empires which preceded the Ottoman empire are heaped up in these two dingy stone rooms in the old Seraglio at Constantinople.

It requires some time fully to realize the enormous wealth of this treasure house. But slowly one becomes convinced that these treasure can only be the accumulation of centuries, and represent the heritage of the Ottomans from all their predecessors. Once assured of this, the traveler will find a peculiar fitness in the aspect and attitude of the guards of the place. They stand, dressed in spotless black broadcloth, four or five apart, in line along the cabinets, perfectly motionless. And they are as solemn of countenance, as if standing by the catafalque of some deceased monarch lying in state for the homage of his subjects.

The Spanish Cheap John.

If you want a lesson in sonorous Spanish, writes Edward King from Barcelona, Spain, stop at a corner where a brown-faced, dark-haired street peddler, mounted on an improvised pedestal, is crying his wares, and practicing tricks for the delectation of the multitude. Crack! he pulls a doubloon from a soldier's nose, and leaves the handsome young fellow a trifle offended, blushing and stammering, and half inclined to draw his sword bayonet, until he is consoled by a merry joke. Then he offers a box of tooth powder to an old woman standing by, pearl powder to a swarthy Galley, and a comb and brush to a child, scarcely large enough to carry them. Now he pulls a string, and the articles which the above mentioned people are reaching forth to clutch, fly through the air like a witch's broomstick. Presently, having got the mass of spectators into an excellent humor, he sells each one some cheap rubbish of soap or perfumery at ten ten times what it cost; rings each one of the silver pieces which come to him on a little sounding-board, to make sure that it is not bad, and finishes with a merry song that is full of political quips.

Washington's Last Illness.

The certificate of Drs. Craik and Dick, the physicians who attended George Washington at the time of his death, has just been unearthed from a Georgetown newspaper of 1799. It does not appear in any of the biographies of Washington. The certificate concludes thus: He was fully impressed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the several exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectations of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with the disease, and several hours before his decease, after several efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. During the short period of his illness he economized time in the arrangements of such few concerns as required his attention, with the utmost serenity, anticipated his approaching dissolutions with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Twenty thousand persons are estimated to have attended the annual masquerade ball of the Arion singing society, held at the Madison Square garden in New York. During the evening a colossal canvas egg, suspended in the center of the garden, was opened into halves, letting out a hundred sparrows, which flew about in bewilderment awhile and then settled down among the evergreens. The receipts of the evening amounted to $75,000.

In the height of a heavy gale Capt. Archibald Milliken, of the schooner Henry K. Congdon, lying at a Providence (R. I.) wharf, started to go to his vessel in a yawl, accompanied by G. Addison Rose, mate of the schooner N. F. Dixon, and his brother, E. W. Rose. The yawl capsized, and all were lost.

Dr. Brandreth, the pill manufacturer, died at his home in Sing Sing, N. Y., the other day, leaving an estate valued at between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000.

The Rhode Island Prohibition party, in convention assembled at Providence, nominated a State ticket headed by Albert Howards for governor.

The New York *Herald* fund for the relief of Ireland has been enriched by an anonymous contribution of $10,000.

The Pennsylvania Greenbackers will hold their State convention at Harrisburg, March 23.

For maltreating and starving the children under his charge Rev. Edward Cowley, of the New York Shepherd's Fold, has been sentenced to one years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $250.

A fire at 384 and 386 Broadway, New York, resulted in the death of two brave firemen, who were on the roof when it fell in, and a pecuniary loss amounting to nearly $1,000,000.

Articles of association have been filed at Albany incorporating the New York, West Shore and Buffalo railroad company, with a capital stock of $30,000,000. The total length of the projected road is estimated at 500 miles.

The Philadelphia produce exchange has taken steps to punish the men who sell oleomargarine for butter by having warrants issued for the arrest of thirty wholesale dealers.

New York workmen in almost every trade are agitating the question of an increase in wages.

M. de Lesseps, of Suez canal fame and projector of the Panama canal, arrived in New York from Aspinwall the other day with a number of engineers who have been making a survey of the Panama route. He said to a reporter that $120,000,000 would cover the cost of the Panama canal; that he should build the canal in his own way; that there is no occasion for what he calls "sentimental politics" in the attitude of the United States, and that he should ask no recognition of his work by this government.

A fire at Brewster's, N. Y., destroyed one-third of the business part of the place, causing damage to the extent of $160,000.

The Republican State convention to elect delegates from the State of New York to the Chicago national presidential convention met at Utica. Charles E. Smith, late editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, was made chairman. One of the resolutions reported by the committee on resolutions declared the re-election of Ulysses S. Grant to be of the utmost importance. To this an amendment was offered by Mr. Forster that the Chicago delegation be instructed to vote for James G. Blaine. Mr. Woodin moved to further amend by striking out all instructions to vote for any one man, and his amendment was accepted by Mr. Forster. Mr. Conkling made a speech in favor of the original resolution, and Mr. Woodin's amendment was then voted upon and lost by 180 yeas to 217 nays. The committee's resolutions were then adopted, and the delegates to Chicago were named by congressional districts. The delegates at large are Roscoe Conkling, Alonzo B. Cornell, Chester A. Arthur and James D. Warren.

At the Vermont Republican State convention, held in Montpelier, a resolution recommending Senator Edmunds as a candidate for President was adopted, and Messrs. Smith, Billings, Stewart and Hooker were elected an uninstructed delegation to Chicago.

The New Jersey Republican State convention to elect delegates to the Chicago convention will meet in Trenton on May 6.

Western and Southern States.

Two men were instantly killed, two more fatally injured, and three others painfully hurt by a boiler explosion in a Peoria (Ill.) distillery.

Ten thousand persons witnessed the hanging of John Hall and Burrell Smith (colored) near Little's Creek, Tenn., for the murder of Major Henry S. Pugh, in 1879. The two men were members of a regularly organized band of robbers, many of whom are now serving out terms of imprisonment for their depredations.

Several cars attached to a passenger train fell eighteen feet from trestle work near Jacobsburg, Ohio. A. S. Wiley, a farmer, and Mrs. Caldwell, wife of a director of the road, were killed, and ex-Congressman Danford, a member of the Forty-fifth Congress, was dangerously injured.

A. D. Garvin, of Princeton, Ill., having had a quarrel with his sister, Mrs. Kessick, agreed, for a money consideration, to leave the country. He returned the other day and attempted to shoot Mrs. Kessick, but was prevented by her daughter, who received the bullet in her own body, causing instant death. Garvin then shot himself through the head, inflicting a wound from which he died the next day.

At San Francisco a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Tiburaio Parrott on a charge of employing Chinese in the service of the Sulphur Bank Quicksilver Mining company, of which he is president. The case has been made up to test the constitutionality of the act prohibiting corporations from employing Chinese.

The Maryland senate has passed a bill, which had previously passed the house, to punish by fine and imprisonment any person who shall swear or use obscene language on or near any highway within the hearing of any person passing.

At Jefferson, Texas, a man who had confessed to murdering Mrs. Clarke, a respectable woman, was set upon by a mob, who saturated his clothing with coal oil, set it on fire and hanged him.

Cleveland has begun a war against the young men who stand on street corners and stare at women as they pass along. Thirty-five of the nuisances were arrested at one swoop the other night and each was fined $5.

Samuel Kenney, Alexander McLane and John Burney were buried and killed and William Ross was badly injured by a snowslide near Franktown, Nev.

Nine frame buildings at Bastrop, La., have been destroyed by fire.

From Washington.

Constantine Brumidi, the well-known fresco painter, who has done all the frescoing in the capitol since 1854, died the other day aged seventy-five years. His huge allegorical painting in the dome of the capitol always excited the interest and admiration of visitors.

Some one in New York has sent $250 to the treasury "conscience fund."

The House bill introduced by Mr. Lefevre to suppress infectious and contagious diseases in domesticated animals provides for a board of commissioners, to consist of the commissioner of agriculture, the secretary of the treasury and the secretary of state. The board shall appoint a secretary and a veterinary surgeon to superintend all measures for the suppression of infectious and contagious diseases of domesticated animals. The board shall adopt rules and regulations for the suppression of an outbreak, which rules shall be certified for acceptance to the governor of the State wherein the disease prevails. Such sum as may be necessary for the purchase and slaughter of all diseased or infected animals shall be awarded from the fund appropriated for this purpose. The sum of $100,000 is appropriated for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the act. All measures for the suppression of infectious and contagious diseases of domesticated animals shall be determined by the veterinary surgeon of the national board of commissioners and the veterinary surgeon appointed by the governor of the State. They may prepare such rules and regulations as they may deem expedient for the most speedy suppression of the disease, with such penalties as will compel a faithful compliance with the same, and on approval by the governor of a State, said rules and regulations shall have all the binding force of law.

Secretary Sherman has sent to the House a communication in reference to pleuro-pneumonia in cattle. The secretary maintains that the deceased never developed *de novo* in this country, but has always been introduced by contasion. No pleuro-pneumonia has ever existed in any State west of the Alleghany mountains. He recommends the establishment of a veterinary sanitary commission to investigate all reports of the existence of the disease, and says authority in the national board to promptly isolate and slaughter infected and diseased cattle, wherever found, and to award compensation to owners, would be an effective agency to extirpate the disease. The secretary states the value of cattle exported from the United States the past six years was $22,901,000.

At a meeting of the Democratic national committee, held in Washington a few days ago, it was resolved to hold the national convention to select a presidential candidate at Cincinnati on June 22.

In regard to the charge of libel preferred by B. V. Boynton, a Washington correspondent, against General Sherman, the President has directed that a court martial be not allowed, and refers Mr. Boynton to the civil courts as affording an ample remedy for the acts complained of.

General Carlos Butterfield, a veteran of the Mexican war, died at the capital the other day, aged sixty-six years.

Foreign News.

It is said that General Skobeleff will command the Russian main army of invasion, numbering 20,000 troops, marching from Tashkend across Bokhara to Merv, with the view of operating in the rear of the Turcomans, while two other armies, starting from Tchikislar and Krasnovodsk respectively, will form a junction with him before the end of May.

A number of persons employed in the Winter palace at St. Petersburg have been arrested for complicity in the attempt to kill the imperial family. The city council of London, by a vote of 72 to 45, refused to send an address of congratulation to the czar.

Four bailiffs who attempted to seize cattle for rent on a farm occupied by a widow in the county of Waterford, Ireland, were overpowered by a crowd of 500 persons and compelled to give up the cattle.

Martial law has been proclaimed in Constantinople with a view to preventing disturbances in carrying out proposed military reforms.

The law abolishing slavery has been promulgated in Cuba.

Professor Nevel Story-Maskelyne, of the mineral department of the British museum, writes to the London *Times* announcing the entire success of Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay, of Glasgow, a fellow of the Chemical society of London, in producing diamonds. He says Mr. Hannay sent him some crystalized particles presenting exactly the appearance of fragments of a broken diamond, and these fragments easily scored deep grooves in the polished surface of a sapphire. His letter concludes as follows: "There is no doubt whatever that Mr. J. Ballantyne Hannay has succeeded in solving the problem and removing from scientific chemistry the opprobrium so long adhering to it. His process for effecting this transmutation is hardly less momentous to the arts than to the possessors of a wealth of jewelry. It is on the eve of being announced to the royal society."

Hanlan, the Canadian oarsman, offers to bet $2,000 that he can beat any man in the world five seconds in a five-mile race on Toronto bay.

The alliance between Peru and Bolivia, who joined forces in the war against Chili, has been broken off.

From eight to ten persons are dying every day at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, of yellow fever.

By an explosion of shells in the arsenal at Valparaiso, Chili, twenty persons were killed.

Colonel George Charles Synge and his wife, whom Sir Austen Layard, the British minister at Constantinople, had sent to distribute relief among the starving Mussulmans of Eastern Roumelia, have been captured by Greek brigands, who threaten to kill them if an armed force is sent to their rescue. England sent the man-of-war Invincible to look after her captured subjects.

The distress in the interior of Russia resulting from bad crops and sickness is reported to be heartrending. Famine and diphtheria are destroying the population. In the Caucasus the famine is so great that people are committing suicide and selling their children for food.

The six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian match for the championship of England was won by "Blower" Brown, who made the biggest score on record, covering 553 miles to 480 miles for Hazael, the second man.

General Grant's arrival in the city of Mexico from Cuba was made the occasion of a demonstration in his honor by our Mexican neighbors. There was a procession and an illumination of the streets and buildings.

The Academy of Forest Culture at Moscow, Russia, capable of accommodating 300 students and containing a museum of valuable collections, has been destroyed by fire.

Baron Von Schell, a Russian privy councelor, has committed suicide, his mind having been affected by the recent attempt to blow up the czar's Winter palace.

The Russian troops operating in Central Asia have won a victory over the Turcomans.

Seven coolies were killed and four injured by a recent railroad accident in India.

Fifteen hundred houses have been destroyed by floods in Tripoli, North Africa.

A cable dispatch says that a large tenant-right meeting in County Armagh was dispersed by 3,000 Orangemen, armed with bludgeons, and that twenty of the tenant-right men were seriously injured. The Orangemen considered the meeting to be of a seditious character.

Twelve hundred people have been arrested in St. Petersburg alone for alleged complicity in the plot to blow up the czar's Winter palace.

Five persons were killed and sixteen injured by the fall of a house in London.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Senate.

Among the bills introduced and referred were the following: Concerning details from the army; to declare the meaning of the word "orphan;" to authorize the postmaster-general to make a settlement with postmasters for loss of money or materials without the fault of postmasters or their employees.

Mr. Conkling presented a petition of citizens of New York, urging the propriety of a bankrupt law.

The bill to authorize the compilation and printing of the naval history of the war was passed. It directs the secretary of the navy to detail an officer to compile for publication the official records of the late war, both of the Union and Confederate navies, in con