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Supposing!

Suppose that a man, avaricious and old,
Should come to me jingling his silver and gold,
And offer a share of his Mammon to me,
If I to the sale of myself would agree—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a hero, all bristling with fame,
[illegible] with the weight of a wonderful name,
[illegible] a moment of haughty condescension
[illegible] his hand and a little attention—
[illegible] wouldn't—would you?

[illegible] a youth, with his heart in his eyes,
[illegible] shone like the light of the beautiful skies,
[illegible] promise to love me through all his glad life,
[illegible] begged that I'd be his own dear little wife—
Guess I *would*—wouldn't you?

Baby-Land.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

How many miles to Baby-Land!
Any one can tell;
[illegible] the flight
[illegible] right—
[illegible] the bell.

[illegible] Baby-Land!
[illegible] ite,
[illegible] s,
[illegible] eds,
[illegible] ces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land!
Dream, wake, and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow,
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land!
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby-Land!
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

THE SILENT HEART.

Mrs. Hartley was seated in a small, rather cheerless sitting room, engaged in the homely occupation of stocking darning; while opposite to her, Sarah, her only child, with folded hands, looked out of the cottage window. There had been a tall figure passing down the path that led to the little gate, but, long before, that was out of sight. Still Sarah sat there, her dark, mournful eyes looking out upon the dusty road, her beautiful mouth folded in lines of pathos, touching in one so young.

Busily the shining needle went in and out of the stockings, and sometimes the mother cast a wistful glance at the lovely face opposite her, as if longing to comfort or advise. It was strangely pathetic to her to see the little white hands, that were always so busy, idle in the forenoon, the cheerful features so absorbed and sad.

At last, Sarah broke the long, painful silence.

"Mother," she said, "is it my duty to marry Charles Everhard?"

"Your duty, Sarah? Have you no warmer word to use when you talk of marrying a man to whom we owe so great a debt of gratitude?"

"No, mother. I am grateful to him, but I do not love him."

"Yet he loves you devotedly.

"If I could only believe that," Sarah sighed. "If I were only sure he loved me!"

"You doubt that?"

Mrs. Hartley spoke in a tone of the utmost amazement, while her busy hands fell idly before her.

"You doubt Charles Everhard's love?"

"Mother, if he really loved me surely my heart would answer something to his words? But when he is most eloquent I shrink from him the most. I ask myself why he should feign a love for me, who can give him nothing—not even love—in return, and find no answer. And yet I know, by every throb of my heart, that Charles Everhard does love me."

"You are too romantic, Sarah. Think for a moment. We were miserably poor, living in an attic, doing slop-work for the barest necessaries of life, when accident threw you in Charles Everhard's way."

"Was it accident? I have often thought it was strange that he should have stood so very near when I was insulted for the only time in the street. It has often troubled me that I thought I detected a glance pass between the man who was rude to me and my gallant deliverer. It was rather dramatic, mother, that sudden rush to protect me."

"But think, Sarah, of the great delicacy exhibited in his kindness since that time. His introduction to me was certainly a gentlemanly method of obtaining permission to call. Then his procuring this cottage for us upon such easy terms, and the work we are doing, so pleasant and yet so well paid. And surely, Sarah, if we were still as rich as we were when your dear father died, you could not have been wooed with more respect than Charles Everhard constantly shows you."

"I know all you would urge, mother, and yet the fact remains—he does not love me!"

"He is a man who might marry well in his own circle, Sarah. His father is one of our leading lawyers, and your poor uncle had great respect for him."

"Uncle Herbert, mother?"

"Yes, dear, who died in Australia last year. Poor fellow, after slaving there for twenty years, he must have died poor."

"Why?"

"I am his only living relative, dear, excepting yourself, and if he had left any property, we should have heard of it."

"Yes, I have heard you say so. I wish he had left us a little money. Ever so little would enable us to throw off this bitter load of obligation. It crushes me. I had rather be back in our attic and know we were independent. Mother! Mother! I cannot marry Charles Everhard!"

It was a despairing cry, coming from a tortured heart. The young girl had been so gradually hedged in by the kindness of her suitor, that she had scarcely measured her load of obligation until she was asked to give her life in payment.

The keenest pain was in her own apparent ingratitude and hardness of heart. She asked herself again and again what she could desire in a lover and husband that Charles Everhard did not offer her. He was young, not twenty-six; fine-looking, intelligent, well-educated. His family occupied a good social position, and he was in a lucrative practice in the neighboring town. Yet he wooed her, a penniless girl, giving her no love.

Could she marry him, and live year after year, with no love for her husband, no love from him? Could she stand before the altar, and pledge herself to honor and obey a man for whom she felt only a gratitude which tantalized her by puzzling suspicion?

As if in answer to her thought, her mother said: "Yet you have all to gain by such a marriage, Sarah, nothing to lose."

"I should lose my self-respect, my happiness for life. No, mother, though I may seem ungrateful, I'll not marry where there is no love!"

Mrs. Hartley did not urge the suitor's cause, although deeply disappointed at her daughter's decision. She had married for love herself, though her husband had been a rich man, and she knew only too well how much warm, true love is needed to make married life happy. To advise Sarah to marry Charles Everhard after her reasons for refusing were so clearly stated, would have been to do violence to all her own convictions.

But Charles Everhard did not patiently bear the rejection of the beautiful girl he had persistently wooed for many long months. He had, as Sarah suspected, planned the apparently chance encounter which first brought him to the notice and grateful acknowledgment of the widow and her daughter. He had spent valuable time and no small amount of money in following up this introduction, and having, as he believed, won Sarah's affection, had asked her to be his wife.

And Sarah, with the pure instincts of her own maiden heart to guide her, had refused his offer.

With his heart full of bitter revenge he tried to win by cruelty what he had failed to gain by kindness. Before a week had passed he urged his suit with Mrs. Hartley. With affectionate words she told him of her own regret at Sarah's decision, but absolutely refused to use her own influence to alter it. Then, when vague hints were thrown out to waken her fears, a stately dignity replaced the motherly warmth of her manner, and Charles Everhard was courteously but distinctly informed that Sarah could never be won by bribe or threat.

But a few days were allowed for reflection before the landlord of the little cottage raised the rent to such an exorbitant amount that only immediate removal remained for the Hartleys. The easy, lucrative work was taken away at an hour's notice, and when Sarah went to the warehouse for which she had worked, employment was denied her there. Winter was coming, and the narrow attic room seemed even more dreary than before in contrast to their cosy cottage.

Still mother and daughter spoke no word of regret for the refusal that was costing them so dear. Sarah in her heart was glad that some of the load of gratitude was canceled by this sudden, rude persecution; and Mrs. Hartley spoke once in terms that quieted any pain her daughter might have felt on her account.

"Sarah," she said, "I shudder to think of your life in the power of a man who could so wreak his revenge upon two helpless women. It is fortunate, my child, your heart guided you aright. No man who ever loved you could so suddenly become your enemy."

It was in January, a night when rain was falling fast upon half-melted snow, that Sarah came home after a day of fruitless search for work.

"Where is your shawl?" Mrs. Hartley said, as the girl drew, shivering to the tiny handful of fire.

"I sold it. We must eat or die," was the quiet response. "I bought bread, milk and potatoes, and there will be enough to replace these for a few days more. Then work may come."

As she spoke there was a loud knock at the door, and Charles Everhard came in, to meet a chilling reception.

Not abruptly, but by graceful transitions, he led the way to his hope that Sarah might think more kindly of the offer refused before. He had spoken eloquently of his love for her, delicately urged his respect and affection for her mother, and expressed the most profound regret that he had ever allowed his anger at his first refusal to influence him, as it had done, to acts of enmity. There was no lack of words to prove his sincere affection, as he poured them into the ear of the almost despairing girl; and Sarah, listening for some answer from her own heart, found none. Not one throb there bore witness to the truth of the vehement assertions. Sadly, but resolutely, she said, as she had said before: "I cannot marry you, Mr. Everhard. I do not love you, and you do not love me."

"I do not love you!" cried her suitor. "Sarah, can you be so blind, so deaf to love, as to doubt mine? Be my wife, and every hour of my life shall prove my love for you."

"I cannot be your wife!"

"Do you love another, Sarah?"

"I do not admit your right to ask that question, but I will answer you. I do not love another."

"Then love will come. I can wait, years if it must be."

But he pleaded in vain. Sarah firmly refused to become an unloved, unloving wife.

It was late when the disappointed suitor took his leave, and Sarah crept into her mother's arms.

"Forgive me that I deny you, too, the comforts of a home," she sobbed.

"Child, child," her mother said, "I want no home built upon the ruins of your happiness. Have you forgotten to-morrow is your birthday, Sarah? You are twenty-one."

"And when she arrived at woman's estate,
It was all the estate she had."

quoted Sarah, bitterly.

There was little sleep in the cheerless attic; but the morning found the Hartleys up early, and Sarah preparing to go out in search of work.

A bright sunlight made the prospect somewhat more cheerful than it had been the previous day, and Sarah was speaking cheerily, when the postman's voice rang along the narrow passage.

"Hartley!"

"An answer to one advertisement!" cried Sarah, flying down for the letter and up again.

"A great legal envelope marked Everhard and Hill," she said. "Can Charles sue me for breach of promise, mother?"

There was a pause while Sarah opened the letter.

Then Mrs. Hartley gave a startled cry at the deathly pallor of the face lifted to meet her eyes.

"Mother," Sarah said, in a hushed voice, "can you bear a great shock?"

"Yes, dear. All we love are dead, and we have each other."

"A shock of joy, mother! Rather a novel sensation for you and me. This letter tells me that my Uncle Herbert left a will!"

"Yes, Sarah! Speak quickly, child."

"In care of Everhard & Hill, to be opened on my twenty-first birthday. Charles Eberhard's father, mother, has had this will since Uncle Herbert died."

"I begin to understand, dear. Then you are heiress—"

"To thirty thousand pounds!"

There was a long, long silence, and Mrs. Hartley gently untied Sarah's shabby bonnet. After a moment of composure, Sarah cried fervently: "Make a fire of the chairs and tables, mother, while I spend the contents of my purse in a good breakfast. I have just discovered that I am very hungry."

But there was no more want or cold for the heiress or her mother. It was three years later when Sarah was sought again for a wife by one who loved her and won the treasure of her love, and the warm, true heart, under the appeal of sincere devotion, no longer held the silence that had [illegible] girl from [illegible] ing wife [illegible] hus[illegible]

A STRANGE HISTORY.

[illegible]venturous Career of a Native of Ten[illegible]ee--Leaving His Home to Become a [illegible]ican Field Marshal and the Richest [illegible]n in Mexico.

[illegible]st Tennessee is a weird region, and [illegible]art of it is wilder than Hawkins [illegible]ty. It is nearly a hundred years [illegible] since it sent forth an adventurer [illegible]ho achieved a great career, passed [illegible]hrough a world of stirring events and [illegible]ved a long life.

About the year 1801, Elias P. Bean, a [illegible]d of seventeen, started with a party of [illegible]aftsmen bound from the Holston to the [illegible]Mississippi. They floated down from [illegible]Bean's station, trading by the way, lost [illegible]heir raft upon the Muscle shoals, and, [illegible]aving purchased a drove of horses, continued their journey overland toward [illegible]Natchez. Here young Bean met the [illegible]amous frontiersman, Captain Nolan, [illegible]ho was about starting an expedition [illegible]nto Arkansas. He joined this party, [illegible]tealing away from his brothers—whom [illegible]e left to return home without him—[illegible]vernight. After many ups and downs [illegible] detachment of Nolan's command, [illegible] pacing our hero, was captured by [illegible]he Indians somewhere close upon the [illegible]Texan border. Bean and a companion [illegible]caped from the Indians only to be re[illegible]ptured by the Spaniards, who took the[illegible] prisoners to the old town of San Antonio. Here, after a while, they were released on parole, and, having a turn for taking things easy and a genius for work, the younger of the two Americans set himself to learning the trade of a hatter. He succeeded so well that in three years he became the fashion, began to make money, fell in love with a native beauty, and was making strides toward his fortune, when, in an unguarded moment, an opportunity to escape presenting itself, he yielded to a sudden fit of home-sickness, abandoned his business, deserted his sweetheart, and fled. He was pursued, overtaken, brought back, and, as a penalty, sent across the Rio Grande and over the Mexique mountains to the Pacific seas. In other words, they took him to Acapulco, where he was thrown into prison. He occupied a dungeon in the old fortress for six years, his only comrade a scorpion, which he tamed and took into his affections.

In 1812, the first Mexican insurrection against the Spanish power broke out. It was led by Padre Morelos, a dissolute priest, but a patriot, a soldier and a statesman. Reaching the sad old seaport, where Bean was confined, it released him, a prisoner of half a dozen years, but a man of undiminished strength and ardor, a little into his thirties, and perhaps all the better for his long confinement. He sought the insurgent camp and leader. Morelos, seeing before him an American, who was a stalwart, soldierly fellow, [illegible] like a native, a prison and eager for active employment, gave him first his confidence and then his love. He became chief of staff, next general of brigade, next general of division, and smote the Spaniard hip and thigh. At length, the contest growing imminent, a more delicate, if not a more dangerous, business presented itself. Morelos had loved, seduced and cajoled from her home a noble Spanish damsel, whom, for many years, he had concealed in the mountains. She had borne him a single child, a son. In the midst of the struggle, and at the critical point, she died. The son was too young to go into the field. He could not be left anywhere to take care of himself. There was really no safe place in all Mexico. So Morelos sent for Bean to counsel what should be done. Bean represented that arms and munitions of war were wanted; believed he could negotiate for these in the States, and proposed that he should kill the two birds with one stone—carry the lad out of harm's way and bring back the needed military supplies. Morelos was delighted, and Bean was despatched on the double mission. He succeeded admirably; but, when he got back, Morelos had been captured and shot, and for the time being, the revolution was at an end. The son of the priest-president, as the Mexicans delight to call the great Padre Morelos, grew up to be the famous General Almonte, his guardian and friend to be a field marshal, and the richest man in Mexico; where, at Jalapa, in 1848, our victorious army found him a hale old man, retired from active life and living in vast splendor, surrounded by an extensive progeny. Of his children but one rose to distinction—the black sheep of the family—a fellow by the name of Cortinas, not unknown to fame.

Curious episodes, indeed; but fit outgrowth of the rock-ribbed ledges dark "with the silent horror of death."

Bachelor Authors.

The bachelors of literature are a numerous throng, and their respectability is still maintained against their more numerous brethren of the Benedict order. There were Goldsmith, and Gray, and Thompson, and Collins, and Marlowe, and Macaulay, and Irving, and Lamb, and Pope, and Otway, and Cowper, and Ben Johnson, and Hume, and Gibbon, and many another, among whom the misanthropic and cynical Swift must now be counted, the late Mr. Foster having demolished the theory of his marriage with Hester Johnson, his "Stella." Goldsmith's happy-go-lucky career may well be contrasted with the home miseries of the bard of Avon; but it is questionable whether Gray, tumbling down his fire-escape into a hogshead of water, carefully placed for his reception by jocose under-graduates, had a happier hearth than the less able, but more genial, Southey. Benedict or [illegible]chelor, it is the man that makes the [illegible] fireside the man.

[illegible] migrants to [illegible] five years, [illegible]

Fashion Notes.

The retention of the princesse style enables ladies to make over their old dresses.

The cuirass polonaise is one of the simple and comfortable models offered for early fall and winter, wear in the house and street.

There is but little change in the designs of dress, the princesse style remaining the foundation upon which many caprices are displayed.

Oddly blended colors, like the rich, and irregular hues seen on the wrong side of India shawls or the right side of Turkish rugs, are much in vogue.

The latest thing in wedding dresses is a dress of brocaded satin, with high square neck and very long train; the flowers form a chatelaine on the side and a chaplet for the hair.

There are so many comparisons between long basques and polonaises, that, in first examining a new costume, it is difficult to say whether it is a basque with overskirt or a polonaise. It generally proves to be a princesse costume.

A great many materials are imported for dress trimmings to be cut up in side gores, panels, pockets, vests, and collars, and these dresses dispense with all galoons, pipings, and fringes. These trimming stuffs resemble chenille and plush.

A novelty for ladies' over-dresses is called French cord, and so closely resembles the corduroy worn by gentlemen that it will probably be known as corduroy, notwithstanding the protest of merchants against so fine a stuff having so common a title.

Among the colors most seen in French cord are various shades of moss green, olive, and bronze. As these hues are not becoming to all, there are blue, brown, and black grounds brightened by knots, threads, dots, and dashes of bright scarlet, cardinal, pale sky blue, old gold, and the vivid imperial yellow.

Corsages take the most varied habit shapes, even in princesse dresses. All the plastrons, Breton vests, revers, and fichu ornaments are seen again, and but one thing seems obligatory, which is, that the trimmings shall be as flat as possible, and add nothing to the apparent size of the most slender figure.

Bias silk folds in long perpendicular clusters are added to the back and front of plain basques to give the appearance of a pleated basque. One Frenchy touch in such dresses is to have a ribbon belt and bow with ends crossing these pleats back and front, but stopping there instead of passing around the waist entirely.

The fabrics hitherto known as bourettes have increased in number and name, and merchants are fast making [illegible] such titles as Plevna imperials, Servian cloth, [illegible] neigeuse, pointille, jongleur, and chenille [illegible] cloth. These are all wool or else partly silk, with knots, snarled ends, loose fleece, or else mere dots or flakes of color on very dark grounds. The solid drabs, browns, and grays of last year's costumes, are seldom seen.

Lemons Would Not Settle It.

An old man with an exceedingly bald head, a remarkably bad hat and no coat to speak of, holding a large basket full of lemons on his arm, stood before his honor in the Jefferson market police court yesterday.

"John Johnston," said the court, "the officer charges you with being drunk."

"It's all a mistake, sir," said Mr. Johnston, setting his basket of lemons down between his feet.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said the court.

"Good fruit, too," said the prisoner, picking up a lemon; "sour as the deuce, sir."

"Mr. Johnson!" exclaimed the court, reprovingly.

"'S jus' as I tell you, sir," said the prisoner with a solemn shake of the head; "ef you don't believe it—suck it," and he thrust the lemon toward the court.

"I was not referring to the fruit you sell, but to the fruit of your life," explained the court.

"Ye'r right, squire," conceded the prisoner, graciously; "ye'r right thar; ef a grapevine was to bring forth a poor quality of thistles, or a peach tree an infe'or v'riety of potatoes, or an apple tree—a—"

"That will do," said his honor; "I don't think you are quite sober yet. Ten dollars or ten days."

"Take it in lemons?"

But the court refused to take it in lemons.—*New York World.*

Senators whose Terms Expire.

At the close of the present Congress in 1879 the terms of the following Senators will expire: Spencer (Rep.), Alabama; Dorsey (Rep.), Arkansas; Sargent (Rep.), California; Chaffee (Rep.), Colorado; Barnum (Dem.), Connecticut; Conover (Rep.), Florida; Gordan (Dem.), Georgia; Oglesby (Rep.), Illinois; Morton (Rep.), Indiana; Alison (Rep.), Iowa; Ingalls (Rep.), Kansas; McCreery (Dem.), Kentucky; Dennis (Dem.), Maryland; Bogy (Dem.), Missouri; Jones (Rep.), Nevada; Wadleigh (Rep.), New Hampshire; Conkling (Rep.), New York; Merriman (Dem.), North Carolina; Matthews (Rep.), Ohio; Mitchell (Rep.), Oregon; Cameron (Rep), Pennsylvania; Patterson (Rep.), South Carolina; Merrill (Rep.), Vermont; Howe (Rep.), Wisconsin. The Louisiana seat now in controversy becomes vacant in 1879. Of the outgoing Senators eighteen are Republicans and six Democrats.

"He's grown to be a polished gentleman, anyhow," said an old lady, gazing fondly, as she spoke, at the shining [illegible] of her son just returned after [illegible]

[illegible]
Nature with dreamy [illegible]
And all the scene [illegible]

Items of Interest.

School boys will regret to learn that cuffs are coming in fashion.

Mrs. Fanny Farrey, of Lancaster, Pa., is 103 years old, and yet does all the housework for a family of three.

A Californian, whose family burial lot is close to a race-course, sells seats on his father's monument to spectators.

The village priests are newsmongers in Russia. They read to their flocks every Sunday official dispatches from the seat of war.

General Grant is getting the freedom of more cities than he knows what to do with. He will come home loaded with night keys.

When a clergyman remarked they were to have a nave in the new church, an old lady whispered that she "knew the party to whom he referred."

Dandies, to make a greater show,
Wear coats stuck out with pads and puffing;
And this is surely apropos,
For what's a goose without the stuffing?

If the agile Turk would only go to sleep and dream some more of the hour and, consequently, not be so wide awake, it would please the Russians mightily.

Under the stalls of large fish dealers in a New York market are tanks of water three feet deep, in which eels and terrapins are kept alive, and killed when ordered.

They have bold rats down near Towanda, Illinois. They infest the corn fields and destroy the ears of corn by climbing up the stalks and eating the grain off the cobs.

A Kentucky girl was given the premium for horsemanship at a town fair. An admirer threw her a bouquet, whereupon her horse shied, and the prize horse woman sat down on the ground.

Oswego county, New York, has two centenarians, Hannah Fry, born September 10, 1769, aged 108, and Mrs. Clark, of Oswego, born October, 1770, aged 107.

Mr. Edwin F. Orig enjoys the distinction of being the smallest man in Iowa. He is nearly twenty-one years old, is forty inches tall, and weighs forty-five pounds.

A man noted for his close-fisted propensities was showing an old coin to a neighbor, when the latter asked: "Where did you get it?" "I dug it out of my garden," was the reply. "It is a pity you didn't find it in the cemetery," said the neighbor. "Why so?" asked the coin owner. "Because you could have saved the hole to be buried in."

In the Mexican circus in San Antonio, Texas, a while ago, as Abram Zerrata, one of the gymnasts, was performing his last act on the trapeze, kneeling on his knees on the treacherous bar and attempting to rise to his feet without the assistance of his hands, he suddenly lost his balance and fell to the ground, striking with such force as to break his neck.

The latest Prussian census shows a population of 25,742,404. Of this number 16,636,990 are Protestants, $8,625,840 are Roman Catholics, and 339,790 Jewish. All other sects and creeds, including Greek Catholics, Reformed Lutherans, Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, Quakers and Mennonites number about 125,000. The Free Thinkers are estimated at 17,000.

A New York *Graphic* correspondent says the city of Deadwood offers $250 for the scalp of an Indian of any sex or age. Five thousand dollars for twenty scalps are good wages, and any enterprising young man might make that sum in two days—if the Indians would only hold still and not insist upon embarking in the scalping business themselves. The scalps of cigar store Indians don't count.

An Attempt to Starve.

A correspondent in Minnesota writes as follows: "I accidentally heard of a little incident connected with our State's prison at Stillwater, which will not be uninteresting. Among the large number of convicts now confined there, is one Cooney, who is serving out a life sentence for murder. He is said to be one of the most polished and gentlemanly convicts in the prison. His voice is smooth and pleasant, and his general manner would lead any one to pronounce him a gentleman, but he is considered one of the most ugly and dangerous men within those walls. A few days ago a quarrel arose between him and another convict, and they were soon involved in a rough-and-tumble fight; but Cooney's antagonist was too much for him, and he was soon down on his back, with the other man on top of him pounding with deliberation. They were shortly parted, but as soon as they became free Cooney seized a hatchet and flung it at the other's head. It missed its aim. Cooney was then grappled and thrown into a dungeon. Now he was mad, and he sat in his cell with forbidding sullenness. He was kept in the dungeon one day, when he was transferred to his regular cell. At each meal it was noticed that the food placed at his door remained untouched. It was quietly removed, and at the next meal-time a fresh supply was carried to his door, and again removed. This was kept up day after day, and it became known throughout the prison that Cooney was starving himself to death. The singular man said not a word to any one, but sat sullen and defiant. Toward the eighth or ninth day he began either to pretend that he was crazy, or he was really out of his head. He stood hour after hour before the picture of a saint, with hands tightly clasped, and a vacant stare. Thus he stood until the circulation in his fingers had ceased, and his whole appearance was ghastly. He held out until the tenth day, when his spirit failed him, and he ate. He begins to live again, and concludes it takes him too long to die in that way. This same man has been fired at several times by the guards for display of his ugly temper. Once he attempted to stab the guard, but the latter evaded him and fired at the villain, who sprang to a huge pile of rails in the room and clambered over them like a cat; thence he flew about the room, overturning everything, while the guard still fired, but was [illegible] and thus he escaped [illegible] existence."

[illegible] is about the thickness of a sheet of paper between it and the magnetic bar. In throwing the voice against the diaphragm, it is set in vibration corresponding to the different tones and strength of the voice. The movement of the diaphragm as it approaches and recedes from the steel magnet, sets up an inductive amount in the bobbin, which is transmitted to the bobbin at the distant station, causing the steel bar to become more or less magnetic, which in turn, acts upon the diaphragm. No battery is used. The principle upon which the current is transmitted depends upon Faraday's magnetic-electro law, that a disturbance in a magnetic field causes an induced current of electricity, the whole power comes from the voice, the current, therefore is weak, consequently the diaphragm is a delicate construction; freely responding to extraneous currents from other wires. According to the well-known law of magnetism, power varies inversely to the square of the distance. It is difficult to reproduce the voice correctly. If the strength of tone is doubled, it will quadruple at the other [illegible] and weak fo[illegible]

[illegible] being the whole power as in the first instrument, the speaking is louder and a less delicate diaphragm is required.

The Belles of the Past.

A Newport correspondent's letter has this: "Belles! My dears, the belles of to-day are very pretty young women, but it's a great deal of it fine clothes. The belles of my time did not depend so much on what they wore. They were mostly tall, finely made young women," and the good dame here drew herself up involuntarily, for she herself was one of these belles in the past period. "I remember one of these belles," she went on. "She was the daughter of one of the Champlins, a fine name in Newport once; one of them married Abraham Redwood's daughter, and one of the sisters danced with General Washington at the old Assembly Room in Church street. The daughter I speak of was a great beauty, and had all the gallants far and near at her feet. Men were not so afraid of marrying as they are now, and a handsome girl like Sally Champlin was greatly run after, no suitor being ashamed of showing his preference openly. Sally had rejected a great many fine offers, when one day there came a proud gentleman, who, meeting the same fate, did not take it so meekly as the others, and remonstrating with her, asked for some more definite reason than she had given him for his rejection. Sally was used to a very different manner from this, and nettled at his independence she turned upon him sharply with this answer:

"'Sir, you seem to think that it is a very wonderful thing for a man to be rejected. I have refused twenty offers from this very sofa, sir.'"

We shouted with laughter at this climax, and then one of the listeners inquired: "What became of the man after this?"

"He became Miss Sally's husband," was the demure response.

When Dr. Bradon was rector of Elthap, in Kent, England, the text he one day took to preach, was: "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress, who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied: "I am sir, an officer of the Seventh Foot, on a recruiting party here; and, having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that, though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded in without considerable difficulty.

Odd Freak of a Wounded Soldier.

There is a man living near the railroad (in Orange county, Va., we think) who belonged to a Florida regiment during the war. He was wounded in one of the numerous battles fought in that part of Virginia. The surgeon told him he could never recover the use of his leg. "Then," [illegible] "I shall never leave this [illegible] And he has kept his word. [illegible] at his cab[illegible] by. His [illegible] out to us[illegible] has a li[illegible] ing an[illegible] (*Va.*)

(Glancing at the ticket received for the boy traveling half fare as under twelve, he looked at him and then at his mother, then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half fare." "I know he is, sir," said the lady; "but he's grown a good deal since we started." When last seen, Sandy, the conductor of the noted slow train, was on his way to speak to the engineer about it.

1. Ra[illegible] summ[illegible] valley of [illegible] White Vid) wh[illegible] mare), a village in the valley of the Glopsu (Srema), and is practicable for wheeled carriages.

2. Troyan pass, 4,700 feet, connects Troyan, a busy Bulgarian town of 1,700 inhabitants, with Teke, in the Giospu valley, and appears to be a mule track.

3. Karlovo pass, a mule track, connects Troyan with Karlovo, a busy manufacturing place of 9,000 inhabitants, mostly inhabited by Bulgarians.

4. Rosalita pass, 6,333 feet, is one of the highest of the Balkans, and the mountains near it attain an altitude of 7,640 feet. It is, nevertheless, practicable for wheeled traffic. It connects Troyan with Kalofer, a busy manufacturing town, occupying an important strategical position on the watershed separating the valley of the Tunja from that of the Giopsu.

5. Shipka pass, 4,320 feet, the easiest pass of this portion of the Balkans, was held by the Russians. A good road across it was begun by order of Midhat Pasha, but has never been completed. It connects Tirnova and Gabrovo in the north with Kazanlik in the south. Standing upon its summit we look down upon the smiling vale of the Tunja, famous for its rose gardens, and dotted over with numerous villages embowered in groves of walnut trees. Kazanlik has a population of 21,000 inhabitants, of whom about 12,500 are Bulgarians and 7,500 Turks. Shipka, a large Bulgarian village of 800 houses to the north of it, boasts of two churches and a fine schoolhouse.

6. Tipuriska Polyana pass, 4,230 feet, only about nine miles to the east of the Shipka, connects Travna, the Nuremburg of Bulgaria, famous for its wood carvings and pictures, with Maglish in the Tunja valley. When Kanitz visited Maglish, the Bulgarians and Turks there were on excellent terms.

7. Hainkoi pass, 4,000 feet, connects the Kalofer Dere to the south of Tirnova, with the village of Hainkoi on the Tunja, and was taken by the detached cavalry force commanded by General Gourko.

8. Tvarditza, or Ferelish Derbend, 3,520 feet, is one of the easiest passes of the Balkans, but the carriage road across it, like so many other works undertaken by the Turks, has never been completed. It connects Elena, in the north, with the lower Tunja valley.

9. Zupanchi Mesari Balkan, though only 3,600 feet in height, does not appear to be practicable for carriages throughout.

10. Demirkapu, or the Iron Gate, 3,993 feet, joins the Slivno road connecting Elena with Kotel (Kazan) with Slivno, more correctly called Sliven, the Islimie of the Turks. This is an important town of 21,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Bulgarians.

The passes further to the west oppose but few obstacles to the movement of troops, though they undoubtedly present strong positions for defense.

Adrianople, the object at present of the Russian movements, is a city of 62,000 inhabitants, of whom about 20,000 are Turks, 15,000 Greeks and as many Bulgarians. Nearly the whole of the fertile region to the south of the Balkans is in the occupation of Bulgarians, and even in the towns, Adrianople and Philippopolis alone excepted, they constitute a majority.—*The London Graphic.*

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM