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Song.

I wore your roses yesterday;
About this light robe's folds of white,
Wherein their gathered sweetness lay,
Still clings their perfume of delight.

And all in vain the warm wind sweeps
These airy folds like vapor fine,
Among them still the odor sleeps,
And haunts me with a dream divine.

So to my heart your memory clings,
So sweet, so rich, so delicate;
Eternal summer-time it brings,
Defying all the storms of fate;

A power to turn the darkness bright,
Till life with matchless beauty glows;
Each moment touched with tender light,
And every thought of you a rose!

THE SERPENT BRACELET.

Stoneleigh Hall lifted itself a huge pile of gray, uncompromising masonry against a dull sky. On the right, bare hills arose, their ruggedness scarcely mellowed by distance; and on the left a wide stretch of marshy flats, with the river crawling sluggishly through. For the rest, there was only the broad turnpike road, narrowing in gray perspective, and a smoky cloud with a tongue of flame visible here and there where the tallest chimneys pierced it, to indicate the position of the town.

Henry Lawrence, riding slowly along the road, gazed wistfully towards the Hall, and half checked his horse as he came opposite the avenue gates. Returning a few hours later, through the duskiness of early night, he found the windows of the Hall all aglow with ruddy light. There was no hesitation in his manner now, as he rode immediately to the stables, and himself attended to the comfort of his horse. Evidently he was perfectly at home with the place and its surroundings.

Having accomplished this task, he turned towards the house, but stopped midway up the path. A tiny red spark gleamed at him from the midst of the dead leaves strewn in sodden heaps; and, stooping, he assured himself of the actuality of the thing which struck him with a sudden chill. Only a cigar, yet holding its heart of fire, which told that it had but a moment before left the lips of the smoker. In an instant he had received the evidence of this mute witness, and shut his heart against the reasonings and palliations a less jealous nature might have entertained. Captain Stoneleigh never smoked. Therefore an intruder had been upon the grounds; and who so likely as the man on whom he lavished all the bitterness of his hate, George St. Mark?

Into a spacious room, with a great fire blazing on the hearth, cumbered with heavy old furniture, and occupied by two persons—Captain Stoneleigh dozing in his great chair, and Louise, his youngest daughter, crouched upon an ottoman, building up air-castles and fancying their outlines pictured in the glowing embers. They both started as Henry Lawrence entered, and gave him cordial welcome.

"Where is Eliza?" he asked.

At the instant she appeared upon the threshold, rendering a reply superfluous.

"Henry! I scarcely expected you to-night. The wind has risen almost to a gale, papa. I pity any poor creature obliged to be out."

"Necessity, which knows no law, cannot be expected to flinch where inclination delights to venture. Even this searching blast does not preclude the possibility of clandestine amours, I find."

"You are tired and chilled, and consequently cross," Louise announced. "You shall have mulled wine and sponge cake to put you in good humor." And, on hospitable thoughts intent, she flitted away.

Captain Stoneleigh was dozing again, and Henry drew Eliza imperatively aside.

"Are you deceiving me again? He has been here to-night, I know."

"Who has been here, Mr. Lawrence? and in what manner have I ever deceived you?"

"George St. Mark," he said, ignoring the latter part of her query. "You will not deny it?"

"I never deny the truth," she said, coldly.

"And this is woman's faith!" he said.

"Man's injustice, rather," she retorted. "Henry, will you never trust me? Must you always imagine mountains of intrigue where not a shadow of actual intercourse exists?"

"What can I think?" he demanded. "You assured me yesterday that you were scarcely acquainted with that man, and I believed you in the face of direct evidence. This evening I have discovered what a credulous ninny I have been."

Louise coming in with the wine and cake put an end to this uncomfortable *tete-a-tete*. Almost simultaneously Miss Gresham entered, and, after passing salutations with Henry, took a seat near Eliza. They were cousins, and, in point of general resemblance, enough alike to have been mistaken for twin sisters. Their forms and features were almost identical, and both possessed abundant blonde hair; but Eliza's waved and glinted, while Miss Gresham's was straight, and of dead, changeless hue.

By-and-bye, Henry rose to depart, and the captain came out of his nap to see him drawing on his gloves.

"You are not going away to-night?" he cried out, in astonishment. "Don't think of it!"

"I regret the necessity which will not permit of my encroaching upon your hospitality this time."

Louise followed him to the door.

"Have you been quarreling with Eliza?" she asked.

"And if I have, little Lou?"

"She is so sensitive, she will not brook complaint. Don't toll the death-knell to your own happiness."

Eliza looked into the hall undecidedly, and then came swiftly towards them.

"Let us part friends," she said, extending her hand. "I could not sleep to-night if I thought you had gone way angry."

"Forgive me if I judged you rashly, Eliza."

"This once, yes. But you must trust me fully."

He stooped over the hand he held, and, doing so, noted the bracelet on her wrist. A coiled serpent, with quivering, golden scales, and emerald eyes. He had seen her wear it a hundred times before, but to-night it impressed him unpleasantly.

"What an ugly ornament, Eliza! I don't like it."

"Then, in token of future submission, I will not wear it again."

The holidays were celebrated with all manner of festivities at Stoneleigh Hall. Henry Lawrence had been urged to take up his abode there for the time, but declined, preferring to ride to and fro from his own place, situated in the vicinity.

They had been having tableaux at the Hall, and Henry's part in the performance ending, he made preparations for a quiet withdrawal. The next night was to witness the conclusion of these gayeties, which were to culminate in a masquerade ball, and he wisely resolved to preserve all surplus animation for that occasion. He looked about him for Eliza to utter a parting word, but not seeing her, he went disappointed out into the moonlit night. There was a light snow on the ground, and between the interstices of the shrubbery he caught the flutter of a lady's garment. Two figures paced across his view to and fro along the half-obscured path. He drew back into the denser shadow. A moment more, and the two parted, the lady coming hurriedly towards the house. There was no mistaking that figure, the blonde hair floating loosely about her neck as he had seen her a few moments ago in the tableaux. As if to dispel any lingering doubt he might entertain, she paused a second to make sure she was not observed from the windows; a gust of wind tore at her mantle, and on the bare arm disclosed he caught the glint of the golden scales and gleam of the green eyes belonging to the serpent bracelet.

This, then, was the regard of a woman for her voluntarily given promise! He strode fiercely down the garden path, hoping to overtake her companion and make sure of his identity also. In this he was disappointed, but by the gate picked up a scrap of paper, twisted and half burned, and smoothing it out, read in the moonlight, "——rge St. Mark." There was little rest for Henry Lawrence that night. The jealous fiend held possession over him again, and every nerve and sinew quivered beneath his acute torture.

With the early dawning he went out upon the downs, at first walking with all the impetus given by his restless spirit, and afterwards more steadily as he brought himself to calmly survey his position. Out of the chaos of his tumultuous impulses he deduced but one decision. He would never succumb, the crushed victim of a designing coquette.

Lawrence was late at the ball that night. Passing up the avenue, he fancied that a shadow flitted across his path; but a close investigation of surrounding shrubbery revealed nothing. The moon, just rising, threw an uncertain light as he stood gazing at the hall, from which the sounds of merriment were distinctly wafted to him. Below, every window gave forth a volume of reflected light; and above, a single rush-light burned steadily behind a gable pane. Suddenly this last was removed, but after a moment replaced; this was repeated three successive times, and then disappeared.

Henry's jealous intuitions received this phenomenon as a token intended for other eyes than his, and remembering his resolution, he passed in. The ante-room was quite dark, and as he entered, he heard the rustle of garments, and felt some one brush swiftly past him. A second later, Louise appeared in the doorway with a light, and carrying her domino in her hand.

"Ah, little Lou," he said, sorrowfully, "are you, too, leagued in this deceit?"

"You know, then? Be generous—do not expose them!"

"Do not fear," he answered, bitterly. "If a word could change the fact, I would not utter it."

He drew her hand through his arm, and went below, where the crowd in its mingling of grotesque costumes carried him forcibly on its tide as it ebbed and flowed through the wide drawing-rooms. He was surprised at his own fortitude in bearing the blow, and philosophically calculated his chance of dealing a counter thrust. Why not use the same weapon as a foil?

Louise had left him, but he sought her out again.

"Were you ever in love, Lou?"

"Not seriously," she laughed.

"How much do you care for me?"

"More than for any other man I know except papa." She had caught his drift already. "You are not plotting another elopement for to-night?"

"You have ready wit, little mouse."

"But the necessity does not exist in your case. It will never do."

"Listen to me, Lou. I cannot bear that Eliza shall triumph over the wound she will suppose her faithlessness has inflicted. I will be true and tender toward you, if you will trust your future with me. Think of my humiliation otherwise, and consent."

"It is eleven now. Give me an hour to think of it."

Midnight came, and with it a general rush for the supper rooms. Louise Stoneleigh and Henry Lawrence were alone in the deserted saloon.

"Well?" he asked.

"If you do not retract within five minutes, I shall comply with your request."

He had it on his lips to assure her of his inflexible resolve, but the expression was checked unuttered.

There was the slight bustle of an arrival, and a second later he faced his enemy, George St. Mark. Clinging to his arm, his new made bride, was not Eliza, but Miss Gresham.

The news flew through the house with electric speed, and instant confusion reigned.

"Do you wish your answer now?" whispered Louise, mischievously, in Henry's ear.

"For Heaven's sake, don't betray my folly. It was all owing to the bracelet."

"The bracelets, you mean. They were *fac-similes*."

Henry's mistake was productive of at least one good result. It cured him of his groundless jealousy, and moreover proved the contested point that a woman can keep a secret, for Louise did not divulge her knowledge until his own and Eliza's wedding-day.

A Suicide's Letter.

George Fredericks, who committed suicide in New York city, left the following letter: "I do this thing with my eyes wide open, and all my senses about me. I do it simply to avoid starvation, which I believe is inevitable if I stay in the world. Since Monday noon I have eaten but one meal. I have taken nearly —— grains of morphine in the form of pills made by myself some years ago. Let no one persuade you I am insane. On the contrary I never had my senses more perfectly in my life. I do this act for the purpose of pleasing my oldest brother, who, as president and treasurer of this company, owes me a large amount of money which he does not wish to pay. There need be no *post mortem*, as I have fully explained the cause of my death." The brother referred to, Chas. D. Fredericks, is a noted photographer of New York city, and states that he had been supporting the deceased for some time, and put him in the position which he held at the time of his death. The suicide was of a morbid disposition, and imagined himself abused by every one.

A New Confidence Game.

The newest scheme developed in cities to catch gulls and obtain money without equivalents is under the guise of loan and real estate business. A place is selected in a respectable neighborhood, and an advertisement is published, offering to loan money at low rates, and to transact real estate business. When application is made, the low rate of interest (four per cent.) is the decoy by which the gull is made anxious to negotiate. The lender proposes a payment of $20 to $40, to indemnify for the investigation of titles. A receipt for this money is given, returnable when the question of title is settled. By various devices the report on titles is deferred until the game bag is filled. Then they change their quarters and advertise under a new name.

Paper Patterns.

The trade in tissue paper patterns is enormous. One house recently ordered 5,000 reams of paper and two millions of envelopes in which to place the patterns. These patterns are so perfect that dresses for costume parties are easily made, and are fast becoming popular. These patterns are a real boon to the mother of a family living far from any village or settlement. Every garment worn by men, women, or children can be made from them; they are notched at the places to join them; the number of yards for each garment and its trimming is faithfully given, ingenuity is fostered, comfort is promoted, and, in fine, we are inclined to class paper patterns as among the great inventions of the age.

A Novel Idea.

Daniel C. Haynes, of Winn, Me., will shortly have a queer steam mill in operation. It is constructed by fastening a steamboat to an old-fashioned sawmill. Mr. Haynes has for a number of years been engaged in manufacturing lumber by means of an ordinary water-power mill, but this spring he leased the steamer which has been running between Medway and Winn, backed it up the stream, and taking off the paddle-wheel, bolted the boat firmly to the framework of his mill. The boat is on strong blockings, and its engine will furnish the power for running all the machinery Mr. Haynes may wish to use.

When you hear a good story from the lips of a stupid man, and see a silk umbrella in the hands of a man who does not pay for a newspaper, you may know that both have been borrowed.

A Defaulter with Two Families.

The publication, some days since, of a heavy defalcation in San Francisco, Cal., by a man passing under the name of John Miller, but whose real name was ascertained to be Woodroof, created much excitement here, says the Lynchburg (Va.) *News*, many persons believing that the party was none other than Ambrose R. Woodroof, whose "operations" in this city four years ago are well remembered. Nothing definite, however, was known until the arrival here of an attorney from California, Mr. Brown, who came armed with a power of attorney from A. R. Woodroof to draw from the banking house of Woodroof & Spence whatever amount might be there to his credit, he (Woodroof) having previously sent to this firm money to pay certain mentioned debts contracted before his hurried flight from this place in 1869.

Miller, alias Woodroof, was the secretary, and virtually (though not nominally) the treasurer of the Western Development Company of San Francisco, which is a combination of four of the largest railroad companies, and through his hands there passed yearly some five or six millons of dollars. Unable to resist the temptation, though receiving an annually salary of $10,000 in gold, he commenced his peculations, and continued them until his ill-gotten gains amounted to nearly $1,000,000, the greater part of which he invested in landed property, and under his assumed name of Miller transferred it to Woodroof, an alleged resident of Australia, intending when he was sufficiently gorged to flee to that country, and under his real name realize upon his landed estates thus acquired. He was detected, however, about the first of July, and is now reported to be in the custody of the company which he defrauded.

Woodroof married in California several years ago, notwithstanding he had a wife living in Amherst county, Virginia. Some time ago his Virginia wife, with whom, it is said, he regularly corresponded, visited him in San Francisco, and there she remained two months, his California wife living in Sacramento City, where he had erected a palatial residence, costing $150,000. Each of these ladies was in entire ignorance of Woodroof's illegal second marriage.

Matrimonial Infelicity.

Mary Terrell, the young wife of John Terrell, a laborer, was brought before Justice Riley in Brooklyn, N. Y., on a charge of attempting to poison her husband by putting ratsbane in his tea at supper the night before. Terrell lived a drunken life with his wife, and their quarrels ended in fights almost every day. They had parted one morning after a quarrel, and when he returned at evening he found his wife cross. He took up a pewter cup filled with tea, and detecting a strange flavor in it, accused his wife of putting poison into the cup. Before Justice Riley it was made known that Mrs. Terrell first sent her boy to get some arsenic from a druggist and he returned without it. She sent him back, and he returned with a box of rats' paste. Mrs. Terrell denied the attempt to poison her husband, and told the justice of the harsh treatment she received. She rolled up her sleeve and showed black and blue marks on her arm. The justice asked Terrell whether he beat her. "Certainly," he said. "I gave her four or five welts with a strap; and if she had treated any other man as she did me he would have killed her." The justice committed her on a short imprisonment, and as Terrell passed by her going out, he said: "If I had been found dead this morning you would have had a worse punishment."

A Mercenary Ghost.

Shortly after the death of an Irish farmer, his credulous widow received a visit from his ghost, which was dressed simply in a shroud, with white stockings and gloves. The unquiet spirit stated that since his death, some months back, although he ought to be in heaven, he was detained elsewhere on account of owing a sum of £15 to friends of his, and he begged of his wife to give him the money. The woman in full faith handed him £10, and promised to give him the rest in a few days if he came for it. Meanwhile she went and told the priest the circumstances of the case, and this gentleman, seeing the fraud, made proper preparations to receive the poacher of the ecclesiastical manor. When the ghost, in complete burial costume, arrived for the bank note, he was at once received by a couple of police, and proved, as ghosts do in our day, to be a mere pretender.

A Day's Bad Work.

Forged checks were unearthed in one day at Newark, N. J., to the amount of $110,000, says the *Commercial Advertiser*. Valuable horses, whose price represents over $50,000, were stolen in Westchester county. Raids more or less successful were made in the New England States and New York by the armies of tramps who are taking their vacation in the rural districts. Half a dozen large fires and nearly as many murderous quarrels disfigure the morning papers, and complete the account of crime. Yet America is not grown worse. It is only the telegraph that brings to one focus the evil deeds for forty millions of people. Preachers—whether in the pulpit or the press—should never let this vital fact escape their notice.

A STRANGE STORY.

An Abducted Girl Hunting Up Her Relatives after an Absence of Twenty-three Years.

Many of our older citizens, says the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*, will readily recall the excitement that was created twenty-three years ago at the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Perce, a well-to-do grocer of Sabin street, leaving a wife and two children (all of whom are now living), and at about the same time the sudden disappearance of Mrs. Harrington, wife of Thomas M. Harrington. A short time afterward—about six months—Mrs. Harrington returned in an apparently penitent mood, and had an interview with her husband, at which she received permission to take one of her children, named Mary, five years of age (there were three children in all, a sister older and a brother younger than Mary), down the street with her to purchase for her some needed articles of apparel, and was to return with her by six o'clock that evening. From that time the father heard nothing more from either child or the mother until within a few weeks, and they have long been supposed to be dead. Nor did the family and friends of Mr. Perce hear anything from him. In the *Evening Bulletin* of May 21 last, appeared the following:

"Wanted—To know the whereabouts of any person by the name of Harding, Studley, or Harrington, who has resided in Providence for the last twelve or fourteen years, or of any persons who are akin to any family of this name. A lady in this city who has relatives with these names is desirous of hearing from them. Address Nat. G. Barter, Business Manager, *Sentinel and Pioneer*, Fort Scott, Kansas."

This was seen the same evening by Mr. Harrington, the brother of the girl who had been so long missing, and he at once forwarded a telegram to the above address, saying that there were persons of all these names living in this city, and that one of them had a daughter stolen about twenty-three years ago, who had never been heard from. This was received at Fort Scott at eight o'clock the next morning, and by noon a dispatch in answer was received here which brought young Mr. Harrington and his father the joyful news that their long-lost sister and daughter was still living.

The girl, now married and the mother of two children, yet remembered enough of early life to assure her relatives in the city of this, had not her mother, who is still living, put her in possession of other facts. As soon as she could make arrangements she came from her home in Fort Scott to visit her relatives, and arrived in this city a few days ago. She distinctly remembers her mother promising her father to take her back at six o'clock on the day on which she was stolen. She says she was with her mother two or three days before she realized that she was being taken away from home. She remembers Mr. Perce joining them, but does not know where. He had changed his name to Charles Pierce, and they taught her to call herself "Mary Pierce." They spent about a year in Dubuque and St. Paul, and then went to Texas, where Mr. Perce was engaged in raising cattle and sheep, at times doing very well, and at times not so well. They remained in Texas for some years, and then removed to near Baxter Springs, Kansas, where Mr. Perce, who had been failing in health for two years, died about fourteen years ago, leaving three sons by Mrs. Harrington, all of whom are living. She says he was at one time a Universalist clergyman, and at another a Spiritualist.

In all her wanderings she never forgot that her name was Harrington. She assumed her own name as soon as Mr. Perce died, and at once set herself to work to learn if possible the whereabouts of her father and other relatives, should any of them be alive. Time passed on, she grew to womanhood, and married Mr. Nat. G. Barter, business manager of the *Sentinel and Pioneer*, Fort Scott, Kansas, where she now lives.

A Lung Disease Year.

Thus far this year has been signalized as a great lung disease year. The mortality from bronchial and pneumonial attacks since the first of January has been very great, at least in the northern hemisphere. It would appear that such attacks have been proportionately both more numerous and more fatal during Jannary and February of this year than during corresponding months for many years past. These facts have been brought out very clearly by the reports of the register of vital statistics of the city of New York. The unusual frequency and fatality of lung complaints thus far this year are attributed in part to the severity of the season, but still more to the extreme fluctuations of temperature which have characterized the period named. Childhood and old age and feebleness generally have suffered much this season, but a large number of young and strong men have fallen victims to pneumonia, which has proved more destructive in its ravages this winter than bronchitis. Let us hope that the latter months of the year may redress the balance disbursed by the earlier.

The Marquis d'Hautpoul, who sacrificed his life in the French inundations was found naked, with one finger cut off. On that finger he always wore a valuable ring.

The Swim for the Championship.

An international swimming match was held on the Delaware for $1,000 a side and the championship of the world, between J. B. Johnson, of England, and Thomas Coyle, of Chester, Pa. The course was from Chester, Pa., to Gloucester, N. J. In case one became exhausted before reaching the goal, the other was to be considered the winner, whether he swam the entire distance or not. At 1:45 P. M., the sign was given and both men dove into the water. Johnson took the lead at the beginning of the race, but Coyle passed him in two minutes, and steadily drew ahead of him. Each man had a guide-boat to keep beside him and carry a pilot to direct his course. There were four judges of the race, two following one of the contestants and two the other, and a referee, who, with a boat-load of newspaper men, kept close to the rearmost swimmer. The tide was running strongly up stream, and was therefore in favor of the men. The weather was charming, and the water would have been unusually smooth had it not been so churned by the steamers. Johnson began the race in rather a leisurely way, knowing that a swim of thirteen miles is an affair not of speed but of endurance. He swam constantly upon his right side, making about twenty-five strokes a minute. He submerged his head at each stroke, coming up barely high enough to bring his mouth into open air. Mr. Coyle swam much higher in the water. He had a quicker stroke, from thirty to thirty-five a minute, and frequently changed his position. He steadily increased the distance he had gained. Four miles from Chester Coyle was about half a mile in advance, and when eight miles were completed led Johnson by a mile.

Johnson swam steadily on without much apparent effort, stopping occasionally to drink a small glass of brandy, which he took down at a swallow, standing up in the water. Coyle was now looking fagged out, and a glance at his face caused the conviction that he could not last much longer. In answer to a question from his pilot, he said he "felt bad." They gave him some brandy, and just then a large propeller, crowded with people, came near him. A band on board began to play, and the crowd cheered vociferously. The poor fellow took heart again, and swam on for two or three minutes. Then he gave it up. Raising his hand as a signal of distress, he was quickly seized by the men in the guide-boat. It was a quarter-past four o'clock. He had been in the water two hours and a half, and had swam about ten and a half miles. Johnson, at this time, was three-quarters of a mile way. He was swimming a little faster than before, and was much elacted by the news. He proceeded to show the spectators that he was capable of better work than he had done at any time during the race. He swam on to a point half a mile beyond where Coyle gave out, and after a variety of diverting antics, was taken aboard his pilot boat at five o'clock.

Johnson, who showed such great endurance—being comparatively fresh after having been in the water over three hours—is the man who has been traveling about the country giving performances as the "man fish." Coyle is an amateur.

Western Courtship.

No sooner is the hard work of seed-time over than their play hour supervenes, the time looked forward to by all as the "merriest time of all the glad new year," when the whole household may be seen with a few staves wherewith to erect a roof to their sheiling, a creel or two of peats, and a few untensils, driving their cattle and sheep to the distant moor. Here they have erected small dome-shaped dwellings, about six feet in diameter. They are formed of low stone walls, with a turf roof on a framework of sticks, and two opposing doors, where you have almost to creep in order to enter, resembling nothing so much as Esquimaux snow huts. One of these doors is turfed up when the wind blows in that direction, and as soon as it changes to the other side the turfs are taken down and the other doorway filled up. In the thick walls are openings in which the milk dishes are placed, and sometimes also an opening next the floor for the head of a sleeper, the feet of any ordinary sized mortal reaching the opposing wall. In these primitive hovels do the girls of the family spend six weeks or two months gypsying during June and July. The men take every opportunity to go courting them, as their sweethearts on those occasions always deluge them with the richest of milk and sweetest of butter. It is almost impossible to get girls to go to service at this time, seeing it is looked forward to as par excellence the courting time.

A CHILD'S TERRIBLE LEAP.—Mrs. Charles Cooper, residing in the fourth story of the double tenement in Hoboken, N. J., having occasion to be absent for a few moments, locked in her two children, a little girl of four years and a babe, who was sleeping in the apartments. The little girl, Mary, climbed into the window and over a pair of bars to the outer edge, whence she jumped to the yard below, over fifty feet, and strange to say was not injured in the least.

Items of Interest.

There is a growing Mormon colony at Clarksburg, W. Va.

The great fishway at Holyoke dam, Mass., which cost $50,000, has proved a complete failure.

Mr. J. Murray, while pitching hay at Rising Sun, Ind., pitched out $5,520 that some one had concealed.

General Joseph E. Johnson, of Georgia, has been elected president of the Arkansas industrial university.

In some portions of Nebraska the people are suffering from a malaria left in the air by the flying grasshoppers.

Galvanized clothes lines have become popular in Indiana for the simple reason that lightning ran along one of them the other day and killed a life insurance agent.

The Duke D'Aumale has proclaimed that if France wishes sincerely to become a republic, he, for his part, is perfectly willing to bow down to that kind of sovereignty.

The department of State has received information that counterfeit notes on the Bank of France and on the Bank of England are being prepared in Europe to send to America.

The Nova Scotia coal operators are about to invoke the aid of the British government in an effort to secure the repeal of the American tariff touching the importation of that commodity.

Ten Clydesdale horses, valued at $25,000, were recently brought to this country from Europe. They are designed for draft purposes, and are magnificent specimens of the purest blood, weighing about 2,500 pounds each.

The New York *Clipper* charges that no report has ever been made of the fund raised for Dan Bryant's family, and adds that some of the money obtained by theatrical performances to aid the sufferers by the Chicago fire is still on deposit in a bank in New York.

A degree long deferred was that given by Yale College at the last commencement to T. Treadwell, a prominent citizen of Toledo, Ohio, who was concerned in the "bread and butter rebellion" in 1828, when the students protested against the food provided in commons, and was expelled in his sophomore year.

The following advertisement appeared in an English newspaper: "Wanted, immediately, for spring planting, 10,000 dock and 10,000 thistle seeds, to enable me to leave my farm as I would wish, and according to the provisions of the new tenant right bill, as drawn up by the chamber of commerce, to enable tenant farmers to do justice to their landlords."

"I trust," said the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Sultan of Zanzibar, "that your highness will not object to British missionaries having access to your dominions." "Certainly not," the sultan replied. "I think that no obstacle should be placed in the way of so great an event as the English being brought to a knowledge of the true faith. Let them come, and my learned men shall instruct them."

Several ladies were sitting together on the balcony of the Clifton, Niagara, the other night, when the moon, although "full," was not demonstrative. A natty little fellow approached the group and softly said: "Pussie, darling," whereupon all the young ladies jumped up and came toward him eagerly. He selected one and walked away with her. The other brides sat down, and told their respective Romeos afterwards that it was "too ridiculous for anything," and that they "never were so embarrassed in the whole course of their life."

Merits of the Rifle Teams.

A critical analysis of the shooting for the Elcho shield at Wimbledon, where the Irish team repeated its victory of 1873 after a contest as close and exciting as was that at Creedmoor last year, shows that our British cousins were probably wiser in their generation than the children of light who proposed a grand open match to test the relative qualities of the American and three old country teams, when they discouraged the idea. Though the winners far outstripped any previous record in that match, their average shooting fell below their achievements at Dollymount and Creedmoor, and consequently very far below the American averages. It is thus some consolation to know that though our representatives have been denied an opportunity to compare their skill with the British teams in public, on paper at least, as well as by their double defeat of the Irish team, their superiority has been sufficiently proven.

The Wheat Crop.

The returns to the department of agriculture of the United States for July show the condition of spring and winter wheat together at about eighty-two per cent. of an average; winter wheat, including California, averaging seventy-four and spring wheat ninety-six. The spring wheat States in the Northeast and Northwest are generally in high condition. Of the winter wheat area, the South Atlantic and Gulf States are above the average, but in the Middle States the condition is very low, New York ranging down to forty-five. West of the Alleghanies the prospect is better, the State averages being between seventy-one in Ohio and ninety-five in Iowa. California reports winter wheat at seventy-six and spring wheat at seventy-five.