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Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
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NEVER BET ON A WOMAN'S LOVE.

There was a brightness, a freshness and a glow about Annie Breton that won everybody over to her before they were aware of it. It was curious to note that everybody agreed to this thing: that she was not a beauty, and could not be termed pretty. Come to analyze her—to measure the width between her eyes, length of her nose, proportions of her mouth, complexion, hair—really, there was not a single remarkable feature. What it was that fascinated everybody that came near her few could tell. As for Annie herself, the chief charm was revealed in the fact that she was wholly unconscious of her charms. So when Allen McDonald—young Allen, the richest man in the county—laid his lands, his elegant establishment and their owner at her feet one afternoon in October, on the russet-colored leaves, no one was more surprised than Miss Breton. Stop! I will do her the justice to say that she was prepared for the evidence of friendship; she had not entertained the idea of his making her his wife.

Her surprise was transient, carefully concealed. He saw that the dewy brightness of her face was darkened a trifle, that was all. With the self-possession and grace of a queen Miss Breton asked time consider. And Mr. McDonald was compelled to be content with this answer. To say that the young man was ill at ease, mortified, would scarcely convey the truth. He was angry with himself for risking a refusal.

Allen had a confidant. To him he revealed the truth. Unfortunately for him, he selected the last place in the world for a private conversation. The friends met in a photographer's gallery, and in the absence of the artist this occurred:

"Does it occur to you that there might be a rival?" asked the bosom friend.

"I can't conceive who it could be," replied Allen, thoughtfully.

"You can run over your acquaintances and friends in your mind. There is no one better acquainted with her than myself; that I am aware of. Stop! Yes, there is a fellow—you don't know him—a carpenter, or something of that sort, named Lane, who, by the way, has achieved distinction as an architect. They say he is bound to make his way; I've heard my uncle say he has brains. I dare say it is the same," and young Hatherton laughed at his friend's lengthening face.

Allen reflected. It would be mortifying indeed to be outstripped by a poor mechanic, and he with an income of seven thousand a year.

"I see it disturbs you. Have a care, my boy," added his friend.

"I'll wager you my ponies against a pair of gloves—anything you please," said Allen, hotly, "that I win the day."

"Oh! don't be offended," replied the friend. "Only, don't be too sure."

"Will you bet?"

"Since you persist, yes."

"Done. Shake on that."

"With all my heart, old fellow, and I hope you'll win."

Had he known that he had a listener, and that the listener was the subject of discussion, he would have been less confident, for in the ladies' waiting-room beyond Annie Breton lifted a finger warningly as she glanced at her friend. It was a trying moment for both. Miss Allston put her handkerchief up to her lips, and stifled a laugh. Again Annie's finger was held up warningly.

"Be still. It will be very awkward if they see us here," she added.

Luckily the operator entered at that moment, and thus relieved them of their suspense.

"We will say nothing about it," said Annie, gravely. "At the same time, I'll punish him."

"That! for the best catch, as you call him." Really, Miss Breton looked superb at that moment. "As if money could ever weigh against brains, decency or love."

"My dear," said Miss Allston, "you and I know a host who are dying to be honored by such mention."

"There is no accounting for tastes. Give me a man who can keep his own counsel, and who is not a fool."

It sometimes happens—it often happens—that a woman's chances for matrimonial advancement are flung together, verifying the old saying, "It never rains but it pours." It was so in Annie Breton's experience. The very next morning Arthur Lane called in person, and proposed in a manner that proved to her that to him the decision was a question of momentous importance. He was a man of deep feeling, undemonstrative, but his embarrassment, his very silence pleaded for him as he departed with the question still unsettled.

And now Miss Breton began to chide herself, and to marvel how she could have entertained Mr. McDonald's proposition. This man's manner was so different. In short, although the morrow's mail would announce his fate, she sat down then and there and addressed the lover a note bearing the single word "Yes," and rose from her writing with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks.

In due time Allen McDonald appeared and applied for his answer. He was vain enough to think that a little time was all that was needed. No woman, he argued, could reflect upon his proposal without surrendering. No woman would throw away seven thousand a year, especially with such an accomplished, handsome, well-bred appendage as himself. A man struggling for recognition on the threshold of a profession that required influence as well as decided talent, had no chance with him.

When he was announced Miss Breton determined to prevent him from subjecting himself to unnecessary humiliation. She was so charitable as to credit him with more feeling than he possessed.

"I have called, Miss Breton, for my answer." He bowed, flecked an atom of dust from his sleeve and sat down. That action froze Miss Breton's sympathy.

"I almost regret that I did not give it at once."

Mister! So she had not had sufficient time. What a fool he was not to give her plenty of time. Of course, no girl liked the idea of selling herself cheap.

"My dear Miss Breton, allow me to say—or permit me to call you Annie—"

The quiet look she gave him checked the speech. He hesitated a moment:

"You surely do not mean—perhaps I did not give you sufficient time. Take time, Miss Breton."

"I have considered."

"And you mean to tell me, Miss Breton—"

"That I have put my heart in the scales against a pair of ponies valued at two thousand dollars," said Annie, with a curved lip, "and I find my heart heavier than the ponies."

And the world now says Mrs. Lane made a wise choice. Few men are more respected and honored than her husband. The lesson did McDonald good; it did much toward curing him of his vanity, besides teaching him never to bet on woman's love.

[From the Alta Californian.]

MILLIONAIRE O'BRIEN.

How an Irish Boy, from Extreme Poverty, Reaches Immense Wealth.

In the death of W. S. O'Brien, California lost a man whose unofficial career for fortune equalled in romance the fabulous tale of the discovery of Aladdin' lamp. Born in Ireland, near Dublin, about the year 1825, of humble parentage, he emigrated to this country at a boyish age. On arriving at New York he had the choice of entering a store or going to Texas, and he chose the former position. He arrived in California on the 6th of July, 1849, in the ship Fagalinto. He was so poor that he had to earn a few dollars by assisting in discharging the cargo from the vessel. He went to the mines, and in 1850, connected with J. C. Flood and J. M. Walker, was concerned in mining operations in Poorman's Gulch, middle fork of Feather river.

He returned to San Francisco in the fall of 1851, successively engaging in the liquor business with Col. W. C. Hoff, and the ship chandlery business with Capt. W. J. Roemer. In this latter was laid, to a certain extent, the foundation of his future immense wealth. In 1854, with his old partner and friend, J. C. Flood, he kept the Auction Lunchroom in Washington street, and in this business he continued for twelve years, in the mean time closely watching the stock market, and becoming interested in several mines. In 1867 the partners gave their undivided attention to mining, the result of which was that in a few years they drew to themselves such immense wealth that the name and power of the Bonanza King have become a household word all the world over. The firm, whose wealth it is impossible to estimate, was composed of J. C. Flood, (with one-fifth interest), the late W. S. O'Brien (with one-fifth), J. S. Fair (with one-fifth), and John Mackey (who purchased the share of J. M. Walker, of two-fifths.)

For some years past Mr. O'Brien took no very active part in the control of the enterprises in which he was engaged, although he was extremely proud of the bank of Nevada, with its $10,000,000 of capital.

TYPE SETTING IN JAPAN.—The advantages of alphabetic writing are nowhere more conspicuously shown than in a large printing office. The compositor stands within easy reach of every character he may have need of, and a boy can learn the position of each letter in the case in a few hours. It is quite another matter where each word has a distinct character, as in China and Japan. A correspondent, describing the office of a Japanese paper, says that a full font of type comprises fifty thousand characters, of which three thousand are in constant use, and for two thousand more there are frequent calls. The type is disposed about the composing room on racks, like those in a reading-room, and the compositors wander up and down the aisles setting type and taking exercise at once. With so many characters it is no wonder that Japanese proof-readers have to be men of intelligence and high scholarship.

The impossibility of telegraphing single-character words has kept this great instrument of civilization in foreign hands, and made it practically useless for the natives of China and Japan. To these the telephone is an especial blessing, which they are not slow to appreciate.

Dark green window shades are used by the best house-furnishers.

UNCLE TOM.

An Incident or two Concerning this Famous Play.

During the 3,500 times that Mrs. G. C. Howard has played Topsy, she has met with many laughable adventures. It was necessary on one occasion to leave on a midnight train, after the performance, for a distant city in which to play the following Monday night. Hurry as they did, the curtain fell very late, only giving her time to seize her traveling cloak and baggage and reach this outgoing train. With the Eva of this tour by the hand and her anxious Howard, loaded with satchels, the party boarded the cars while in motion out of the depot.

Mrs. Howard, who had [illegible] up, attracted little attention, being accepted as the nurse of the lovely little Eva, but once ensconced in their "sections," the original Topsy seized a toilet satchel and made for the ladies' dressing room. A young colored girl, considering this a good opportunity to get acquainted with the other darkey nurse, followed her in and then she beheld her supposed country-woman undergoing a transition—the inky fluid poured over Topsy's face each time leaving it a lighter shade.

Then the colored girl stopped not upon the order of leaving, but left at once, shouting through the car, "She's done come white; fo' de Lord dat nigger is all washin' off! 'Peers like it was de soap. Run, boss, an' I never will forgit ye. Only get me some of dat ar soap!"

Thus the excited darkey whooped up and down the car till every passenger was on end with curiosity and anxiety to know if a collision had taken place, and many a hearty laugh was had with the quiet little lady who had "done come white" the night before.

During a long run of "Uncle Tom" in an eastern city the family of the gentle Eva went to housekeeping; and during the occupation of the elder forces a small boy—brother of Eva (the Eva on this occasion being Miss Lula Prior)—strayed away and was lost in a strange city. Moving was suspended and hunting commenced; but the child was not found. Audiences must not be disappointed, however, and so the poor little sister was forced to array herself for the part, wash off the tears, and try to forget that her little brother was lost. But during the evening the runaway was found, and the parents, to relieve the little daughter's mind, took him directly to the theater.

The death scene of Eva was on; Topsy, with her apron on her head, crouched an[illegible] covered youth, Topsy said in a whisper: "Hold young Nebuchadnezzar up."

Eva lay on the couch—St. Clair bent over her with the question:

"What do you see Eva, darling?" To which the dying child was to give only the reply:

"Love—joy—peace," and fall back dead upon the pillow.

Just as Eva raised her head feebly, lifted her hand and commenced the broken sentence, she spied the re-found brother. With a cry of joy she extended her little hand toward him, and broke out:

"Oh, see, see, he's found! he's there, and I never thought to see my little brother again;" then recollecting her part, she gave a great gulp of fright, fell back spasmodically to the studied words, and cried out, "Love! joy! peace!" and dropped her head upon the pillow.

The scene was never more affecting; sobs were heard on all sides. The speech was so heartfelt that the audience felt sure it was part of the play—that the dying Eva was supposed to have a vision of a lost brother, waiting on the mystic shore for the launching of the little life leaving this, and many of them no doubt feel cheated to this day of a clever point by the cutting down of Eva's death speech to the words, "Love! joy! peace!"

COLOSSAL STATUE OF NAPOLEON I.

There exists in England a sculptured effigy of Napoleon I. by Canova, viz: the colossal statue, 16 Roman palms high, in Carrara marble, completed and sent to Paris in 1811, and now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. The statue is nude, and holds in the right hand a globe surmounted by a winged figure of Victory. This statue has a brief but curious history. When the Allies entered Paris in 1815, for the second time, Canova, who was in the train of allied sovereigns, was extremely anxious to know what had become of his masterpiece. Baron Denon, Curator of the museum of the Louvre, denied all knowledge of the work, nor could the intendants of the ex-imperial palaces furnish any information. One official, however, had a hazy recollection of the Empress Maria Louisa having expressed herself as extremely shocked at the representation of her august consort in so complete a state of divestiture from his traditional boots, buckskins, and great gray coat. At length the statue turned up, half unpacked, in a lumber room at the Garde Malbille. The triumphs of 1814 had been followed with terrible swiftness by the disasters of Moscow and Leipsic, and the colossal memorial had been wholly forgotten. Of course it had now become the property of the French Government. Louis XVIII., however, would have none of it, and presented the marble to the Prince Regent. Had Canova's Napoleon possessed as much as a kilt, the figure might have been retained by royalty; but like Hans Breitmann's mermaid, it had "nodings on;" so George IV. presented it to the Great Duke, and at the foot of the grand staircase at Apsley House the sumptuous effigy stands to this day.

Jet vines are made very tastefully for collarettes and necklaces.

A FOOLISH PRACTICAL JOKE.

Clarence Newcomb, son of ex-United States Marshal and ex-Congressman Newcomb, underwent an experience a few days ago which he will not soon forget. The sportive humor of a friend led to the perpetration of a joke which came near having a serious and fatal termination. Mr. Newcomb had occasion to go into the vault attached to the office of Lonergan & Thiel, of the detective agency of St. Louis, where he is interested, as the vault is used for the storing of valuable books, papers, &c. A gentleman who [illegible] in the office at the time closed the door upon Newcomb by way of a practical joke. The door closed with a snap, and Newcomb had some

with a darkness which was almost palpable. His fears were increased by the recollection of the fact that, except himself and Mr. Thiel, no one was in possession of the numerical combination by which the safe was unlocked, and that Mr. Thiel had stepped out a few minutes before. In the meantime the practical joker went out exulting in the funny plight in which the victim must find himself when he discovered that he could not get out. Mr. Newcomb's reflections were becoming more and more serious every moment. He could not hear any sounds from the outside, and wondered what had become of his friend. He tried to cry out but knew that his voice, even if raised to its highest pitch, could not penetrate through the thick walls that surrounded him. He tried, but the reverberations of his voice in the narrow tomb were almost deafening. He pounded against the walls, bruising his head in an attempt that he knew must be ineffectual to attract attention. A strong and powerful man, he felt himself to be a hopeless prisoner, almost without the slightest hope of relief.

The ticking of his watch, plainly audible in the dense darkness, admonished him of the rapid flight of time. The intervals between the seconds seemed longer than he had ever known before. The quiet had become so intense that he could plainly hear the beating of his heart. It thumped against his side like the sound of a pile-driver; falling at regular intervals, and driving—so he thought—his burial place deeper and deeper into the earth. He thought he could hear his blood as it was pumped out of his heart and coursed through his veins. It reminded him of the murmur of a brook flowing through the woods and trickling over mossy stones. The action of his lungs had become suddenly and [illegible] Respiration was be[illegible] and exhalation [illegible] Breath sounded like a bellows that was being worked with difficulty. The labored action of his lungs, constantly becoming harder and harder, brought to his mind the terrible question how much longer could he live in this confined atmosphere. He calculated how much air was contained in those narrow walls, and how long it would support life. At the farthest it appeared to him that he could not live more than twenty minutes, and then he would have to breathe this vitiated air over and over again. He cried out again, but stopped at the reflection that this was a useless expenditure of the very hydrogen on which he must depend for life for some time to come. The silence began to be broken by a murmur which he could not at first understand. The murmur gradually increased to a loud buzz, and then he realized that this must be caused by rush of blood to the head, the effect of his continued confinement. The buzzing increased to a roaring thunder. He felt himself stagger, and then lost consciousness.

At this moment Mr. Thiel came in hurriedly, having been informed of the situation, and unlocked the safe. Mr. Newcomb had fainted, but was restored by the free use of water, mixed with some stimulants. Luckily no bad effects followed the experience, and Mr. Newcomb was completely restored in a few minutes.

A TRUE TRAMP STORY—OF COURSE.—A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late "Boss" Tweed's theory of chances. It is said that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, in Mosa township, N. Y., and asked permission to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey called to her little daughter, but the young one paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child:

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me?"

The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, musingly, "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you got any relations of that name?"

"Yes" said the lady, "that was my mother's maiden name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an immense fortune in Cornwall, England, which has been for twenty years awaiting a claimant of that name who is supposed to be in America."

He then proceeded to give all the details he could, and the result was that Mrs. Bailey communicated the facts to her mother, who secured the fortune, and is now enjoying the fruits of her daughter's hospitality to the tramp.

Do not delight in the misfortune of others, for you know not at what moment you may fall.

Have one settled purpose in life, and if it be honorable it will bring you reward.

Following many vocations has ruined the life of many a man.

Practice economy and industry, and success is yours.

A GOOD STORY ABOUT AN ELEPHANT.

Old Soupramany's Big Fight—An Elephant Fishing with Children.

In the autumn of 1876 I was living in the interior of Bengal, and I went to spend Christmas with my friend, Major Daly. The Major's bungalow was on the banks of the Ganges, near Cawnpore. He had lived there a good many years, being chief of the quartermaster's department at that station, and had a great many elephants, bullock-carts and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of early tea—often taken before daylight in India—I sat smoking with my

looking out upon the windings of the sacred river. And directly I asked the Major about his children, a boy and girl, whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Soupramany your great war elephant?" I cried.

"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany?"

"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had that fight with the elephant who went mad while loading a transport with bags of rice down yonder. I saw the mad elephant when he began to fling the rice into the river. His 'mahout' tried to stop him, and he killed the mahout. The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into the inclosure. Old Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Bessy. When he saw the mad animal he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced."

"Yes," said the Major, "old Soup. was a hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt them."

"And yet," said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, "what a gallant fight it was! Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit old Soupramany? Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears, which had been badly torn, with his head bruised, and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Major. "Well, he is ones that [illegible] to my dear whole days, and I am perfectly content to leave them under his charge. I don't like trusting christian children to the care of natives, but with old Soup. I know that they can come to no harm."

"What! you trust children under ten years of age to Soup., without any other protection?"

"I do," replied the Major. "Come along with me, if you doubt, and we will surprise them at their fishing."

I followed Maj. Daly, and after walking half a mile along the wooded bank of the river, we came upon the little group. The two children—Jim, the elder, being about ten—both sat still a 1 silent, for a wonder; each held a rod, with line, cork, hook and bait, anxiously watching the gay cork bobbing in the water. Beside them stood old Soup., with an extremely large bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait and cork, like the children's. I need not say I took small notice of the children, but turned my attention to their big companion. I had not watched him long before he had a bite, for, as the religion of the Hindoos forbids them to take life, the river swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not stir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice in "the gentle craft." He was waiting until it was time to draw in his prize.

At the end of his line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tenh so abundant in the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low, gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy, and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out, and you'll see some fun now." Then he took off the fish, which he threw into the water-jar placed there for that purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup.'s hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to see what tender tones he seemed to try to give to his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, old Soup. went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his wilful friend to help him, he turned around, as if struck by a sudden thought, and snatched up in his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the Major's feet; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master.

"What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup.?" said the Major.

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief I took Jimmy's part, and picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children.

The Major at once made Soup. a sign to stop; and, to make my peace with the old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his hook for him before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.—*St. Nicholas.*

[From the New York Sun.]

BALDSCHMIEDER, THE BANDIT;

Or, How a Boy's Three Months of Adventure Led

Adolf Baldschmieder, a slight boy of 16, but seeming two years younger, stood at the bar of the General Sessions yesterday, charged with robbery in the first degree—the old-fashioned highway robbery. Baldschmieder's red hair was dry and rough, and the lids of his pale gray eyes were reddened by sleeplessness and tears. His complexion was of a clerkly pallor, but not from fright, for he glanced airily around him, as though proud of his conspicuousness. He wore a weather-stained suit of gray jeans, and fingered a faded old felt hat that, having lost its band, was shapeless. He pleaded guilty, and Judge Sutherland sentenced him to State prison for eight years. Baldschmieder seemed unmoved. He turned away from the bar, and, with his head bent, as though mentally measuring his sentence, sauntered after the officer, who led the way to the prisoners' pen.

"My father was a fresco painter, and a very kind man"—this is the boy's story, though his own way of telling it must be translated—"he died about three years ago, and my mother married Gustav Mott of 322 West Thirty-ninth street. I could not get along with my stepfather, and I went to live with an aunt at Third Avenue and 139th street. A year ago I formed a taste for novels of border life. I determined to imitate the heroes of those stories, and I thought Texas would be the best place to begin in. I worked hard until, about three months ago, I had saved $73. I took cabin passage in the steamship City of Houston to Galveston. There I fell into the company of gamblers, among whom were Yankee Bill and Shorty. I managed to win a good deal of money. We went to Houston and San Antonio, gambling and spending money. Then we returned to Galveston, and I determined to return to [illegible] I had $200. I paying $50. So when I landed here, I had about $150. I lodged in the Bowery, took my meals in restaurants, and had a good time in loafing about until I had spent my money. Then I got work in a grocery.

"On the 18th of May I met Ferdinand Frey and Fritz Wagner, old schoolmates of mine. I proposed that we should go shooting next day. When we were near Fleetwood Park I told Frey and Wagner of my purpose to take money to go back to Texas from the first man that seemed to be 'well-fixed' that came along. They sat down on the rocks in 171st street, under some cherry trees, but I stood at the roadside. When Thomas Lynn came along I said: 'Mister, what time is it?' He took out a fine gold watch and said, 'Half past two, my boy.' Then I said, 'How much money have you got about you?' I suppose that he suspected then that I meant no good, for he stooped down and picked up a stone. He had not raised it above his knee when I drew a revolver that I had bought the day before in a pawnshop, and fired at him. The ball lodged in a Russia-leather pocketbook. He says so, at least. I don't know whether it did, you know, because I didn't feel it. I fired again, but Mr. Lynn says the bullet struck one of his suspender buttons and glanced off. He hallooed 'Murder! murder!' and ran, but I fired at him again and the bullet entered his thigh. I would have fired again, but I heard men running toward us, and so I took to my heels. Frey, Wagner, and I climbed over the rocks to a cave that I had fitted up with a kind of a bed and some cooking utensils. I told them to wait outside while I went in and took off my Sunday clothes. I put on a rough old suit that I kept there, and then, having put up my revolver and hung up my Sunday suit, I walked down with Frey and Wagner to the city. I kept very close to my lodging-house for several days, but then, seeing that my name was not mentioned in the newspapers in connection with the shooting of Mr. Lynn, I went out to look for work. On the evening of the 29th of May Frey asked me whether I would like to go up to the cave on Decoration Day to have a fine time and get my clothes. I told him I would not go unless we could go armed. He said he could get two of his father's batons—his father had been a policeman. We went up to the cave, and were arrested on our return as we were crossing McComb's Dam Bridge."

Ben Brown was married, in St. Louis, at four o'clock. One hour previous to the ceremony the sky was clear. Suddenly a storm burst over the city, and amid a torrent of rain, the ceremony was performed. A year later a baby gladdened their hearts, and, a few weeks afterward, he was taken to the same church to be baptized by the same priest, at the same hour, when the same atmospherical conditions that had attended the marriage ceremony prevailed. A few days ago a second child was carried to the same altar for baptism, at four o'clock, and, although not a cloud was to be seen at three, the rain descended in torrents as the priest sprinkled the infant's brow with holy water.

STANLEY'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

A New York paper gives an account of two romantic passages in the life of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. Before going on his second expedition to Africa he fell in love with a beautiful girl in New York, and thought his passion returned. At Zanzibar he received a letter informing him that the lady had been married several months, and this intelligence wounded him to the heart. This, however, was Mr. Stanley's second love affair. He had experienced a previous disappointment, but it had not deeply wounded him. Chancing to be on the island of Crete, he saw from his window a Greek maiden in the garden on the opposite [illegible] was [illegible] old, and Mr. Stanley has since declared that never before or since has he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. He at once sought out the American Consul and revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair; took him forthwith to the house of his inamorata and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. Stanley could speak no Greek; the mother no English; the Consul was the interpreter. He did his work so well that at the end of half an hour the maiden was sent for. Stanley was forbidden even to touch her hand; but he conversed with her with his eyes, and they soon understood each other well. At the end of a week he was an accepted lover; at the end of a fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. All this while he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother. On the day before the wedding he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and imprint upon it a chaste salute.

The morning of the wedding arrived; Stanley was dressed for the ceremony and was awaiting the happy moment. There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had not seen before, and an interpreter. They were introduced as the brothers of the bride, and they produced a parchment which the interpreter explained. It was a deed of settlement, binding Stanley to pay so much a year to the mother, so much to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to plank down the first installments on the spot. In vain Stanley explained that he was worth nothing and could not pay; the brothers looked daggers, the interpreter frowned, and the scene closed by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty got Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and shipped him off to Athens. He did not see his beauti-

EDWIN FORREST'S DOUBLE.

In Philadelphia, Forrest had a "flatterer by imitation," and he was at one time well known to a great number of the older citizens. This was "Cloppy" Clark, whose maternal progenitor kept a restaurant near one of the most favorite drives, in the neighborhood "of the placid city by the Delaware." At one time "Cloppy" used to afford a great deal of amusement to those with whom he was acquainted and he was a welcome visitor at the different newspaper offices.

Clark used to dress as nearly like Forrest as his means would permit, and in the cut of his hair and beard—with that never-to-be-forgotten mustache, goatee and small side whiskers—made a very fair resemblance, beyond the fact that he was rather small-featured, and portions of his countenance were rather ruddcund. But the stately walk of the great actor, his deep rolling voice, were successfully re-produced. Even when Forrest was stricken with rheumatism, and was laid up with the lameness which so terribly afflicted him during his last years, Clark was similarly affected to all appearance, and dragged his left leg after him with great difficulty.

But the strongest part of the case was that Clark possessed remarkable faculties, and, had it not been for his mania in regard to Forrest, would have proved a notable man in other branches of life. His retentive memory was indeed wonderful, and he could recite from beginning to end, including the lines of every character, some thirty different plays, all of which had been represented by his model. "The Broker of Bogota," "Spartacus," "Othello," "Virginius," "Coriolanus," "Jack Cade," "Metamora," and "Hamlet," where his favorites, and it was not only an amusement but a treat to hear him read, for he was really a fine elocutionist.

"People say," "Cloppy" would remark, in his most grandiloquent style, "that I imitate Mr. Forrest; it is a mistake and a falsehood. I originate, not copy, and although our styles are similar, the man lies who says I model after him."

The assertion reiterated that he imitated Forrest would make him hopping mad, and few were so thoughtless or senseless as to persist in it. It was the vagary of a shattered intellect, and he was allowed to pursue it in peace. Clark made one or two appearances on the stage, and made some little money at these. He was respected, and did not receive the vegetable reception accorded to histrions of the kind now-adays. He died some five years ago in Philadelphia, and will long be remembered as one of the most remarkable eccentrics in that community.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

A square inch of hemp fibres will support a weight of 9,200 pounds.

A piece spliced on to strengthen a beam should be on its convex side.