

My Neighbor's Confession.

(AFTER SHE HAD BEEN FORTUNATE.)
Yes, this is what my neighbor said that night, in the still shadow of her stately house (Fortune came to her when her head was white). What time dark leaves were weird in withering boughs.
And each late rose sighed with its latest breath, "This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."
But this is what my neighbor said to me:
"I grieved my youth away for that or this. I had upon my hand the ring you see, With pretty babies in my arms to kiss, And one man said I had the sweetest eyes, He was quite sure, this side of Paradise."
"But then our crowded cottage was so small, And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;
Then one would fret me with an Indian shawl, And one dash by me in a diamond light; And one would show me yards of precious lace, And one look coldly from her painted face."
"I did not know that I had everything Till—I remembered it. Ah, met me! I who had ears to hear the wild birds sing And eyes to see the violets. It must be A bitter fate that jewels the gray hair, Which once was golden and had flowers to wear."
"In the old house, in my old room, for years, The haunted cradle of my little ones gone Would hardly let me look at it for tears."
"Oh, my lost nurslings! I stay on and on, Only to miss you from the empty light Of my lone fire—with my own grave in sight."
"In the old house, too, in its own old place, Handsome and young, and looking toward the gate Through which it flushed to meet me, is a face For which, ah me! I never more shall wait— For which, ah me! I wait forever, I Who, for the hope of it, can surely die."
"Young men write gracious letters here to me, That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine. The youth in this one crowd all Italy! This glimmers with the far Pacific's shine. The first poor little hand that warmed my breast Wrote this—the date is old; you know the rest."
"Oh, if I only could have beck my boys, With their lost gloves and books for me to find, Their scattered playthings and their pleasant noise!
I sit here in the splendor, growing blind, With hollow hands that backward reach and ache For the sweet trouble which the children make."

LATEST BRITISH AND FOREIGN NOTES

Mrs. Amelia Lewis asserts in Food and Health that nearly \$15,000,000 is invested in oleomargarine factories, and that they have added nearly \$4 to the value of every ox killed.

The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has resolved to institute a travelling dairy during the coming summer, to demonstrate in different districts the best modes of butter making, etc.

In 1875 the British Government purchased of the late Khedive of Egypt 176,602 Suez Canal shares at 20. At the present time the price of these shares is about 78, showing the handsome profit of £10,242,916.

In a London police court, recently, a woman charged with theft contended that she was not responsible for her actions, "being in the habit of taking chlorodyne." It was stated that she took several ounces weekly, and when she was apprehended two bottles of chlorodyne were found in her possession. The bench fined her 40s and costs, and warned her against taking any more of the narcotic.

Melville Griffin deserted his wife at Indianapolis, and eloped with her cousin. Mrs. Griffin followed the couple, and, at the conclusion of an interview, said to her rival: "My husband evidently loves you better than me. I will get a divorce, and God will provide some way for supporting myself and children." The words had a powerful effect on the man's new partner, and that night she committed suicide.

In the House of Commons, during the debate on Mr. Chaplin's bill for giving compensation to agricultural tenants, one of the members for Cambridge borough stated that a peer, with a nominal rent of 270,000 a year, had assured him that he had less money now to spend than when he was a younger son, while he knew of a case in which another land owner, with an estate extending over a very considerable area, was so poor that he could scarcely afford to ask a friend to dinner.

A Cincinnati young woman killed her baby by stabbing it thirteen times with a knife. The only witness of the crime was her lover. Ohio law does not compel a husband to testify against his wife in a criminal trial, and therefore the marriage of this couple was considered a sure way of saving the prisoner. The authorities undertook to prevent the union, but were not sufficiently vigilant, for a marriage ceremony was surreptitiously, though legally, performed in jail.

A volume of smoke rises constantly from the midst of a densely wooded morass in Wakulla county, Florida, and has for at least fifty years been a mystery to the people of that region. The spot is five miles from the nearest point to which any person has ever penetrated. The negroes believe it is an entrance to hell, and regard it with awe. Some of the whites accept the theory of a volcano. Judge White, of Tallahassee, lately organized an expedition to explore the swamp, but failed to make a way into the tangle of rank growth.

The city of Durango, in Mexico, has a hill in its vicinity that is almost pure iron. It is two miles long, one mile wide, and 700 feet high. On its surface, uncovered and visible, are, according to estimate, two hundred millions of tons of iron ready to be placed in the smelting ovens that it is proposed to put up at the foot of the hill. A large part of the ore yields from 70 to 90 per cent. pure metal, and is easily worked and converted into steel. Wood for fuel in unlimited abundance is to be had near by, and good water is likewise accessible. Altogether, there seems to be no reason why Durango should not be a Pittsburgh or Birmingham in the near future, or even cast those cities of iron and flame entirely into the shade.

The question is asked along the Pacific coast, "What is to be the future of Nevada, if, as seems more than likely, the Comstock mines are wholly exhausted?" The state has a population of scarcely 50,000, and offers few inducements to new settlers, especially if her mines are used up. Only a few patches and streaks of the land are fit for agriculture, and not much is good for stock raising. Even the small population now possessed by the state is diminishing, many of the miners about the Comstock migrating to California, Arizona and Colorado. The expense of conducting a

state Government is very burdensome under the circumstances, and it is thought that a return to the condition of a territory will be considered an imperative necessity before long.

DIVORCE AND POLYGAMY.

A Strong Indictment from the Episcopal Church.

At the New York Episcopal Conference yesterday a report on divorce and polygamy was read. The report stated that divorces were obtained on most frivolous pretenses. In New England the proportion of divorces was one to eleven marriages. The frequency with which divorces were obtained and the laxity of popular sentiment on the subject were shocking. It was not to be disguised that the severances of marriage ties were the direct outgrowth of preceding ungodly lust, seeking for new affinities. The report concluded as follows:

While we admit the right of separation for sufficient cause, Resolved, that we recognize no ground for divorce except violation of the seventh commandment, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Resolved, that we will refuse to marry or admit to membership in our churches any who are divorced on unscriptural grounds.

In reference to polygamy the report stated that the pretended right of one man to more than one wife was an attempt to rob some other man of any, and involved the equal right of a woman to more than one husband. By the laws of Christian nations polygamy was held as a high crime against society and punishable by a heavy penalty. Utah had been and was now in an attitude of defiance against the nation. The filth of its abominations was overflowing into other territories, and, in conjunction with communism, threatened to infect the nation. The people's neglect in this matter had already become a national wrong, if not a crime. Under the flimsy pretext that polygamy is an article of religious belief, Mormons claimed immunity and indulged their hellish lusts. This resolution was given in conclusion: Resolved, that we highly approve President Garfield's inaugural address on this subject, and pledge our support for the extirpation of this heinous wrong; that this Christian nation can no longer innocently tolerate this foul blot upon our name, and we, as representatives in part of the Christian Church and ministry, protest against the outrage; that all needed legislation and enforcement of law ought to be had without delay for the suppression of this reeking iniquity, and if these fail we commend the use of the sterner force of the military arm; and that so much of the report as refers to polygamy be sent to President Garfield and the New York state senators, and the part relating to divorce to Gov. Cornell. The report was adopted.

Enormous Cost of Elections.

Evidently money is still an important factor in English politics. Truth says: "The romance which was started after the general election, and has been audaciously repeated with persistent inaccuracy for the last eleven months, that the real cause of the Liberal triumph was the prodigious expenditure of the Reform Club candidates, as compared with the austere parsimony of those from the Carlton, will surely be exploded after the circulation of the official statement containing the real sums expended by each party. Four hundred and eighty Tory candidates spent £951,000, while the outlay of 488 Liberals was only £771,540. The average of the successful Tories was £1,884, of the Liberals £1,545. Of the defeated candidates, the Tory average was £2,064, the Liberals £1,663. In both county and borough contests the Tory expenses were considerably in excess of those of the Liberals. In the English and Welsh counties the respective totals were £455,015 and £303,785; in the boroughs, £346,010 and £335,690. The Tory expenditure in Scotland amounted to £48,410, while the Liberals (who carried more than five-sixths of the seats north of the Tweed) spent £35,825. In Ireland the Tories spent close on £6,000 in excess of the Liberals. The cost of the general election, according to official returns, was £1,737,300, but it is exceedingly probable that if the whole expenditure of the several candidates could be ascertained, the monstrous sum of two millions would be reached."

Was She a Beggar?

Mrs. L., when recently employing a servant, inquired where she had lived. "I lived with Mrs. Timms," said the girl. "What—Mrs. Timms? What is her husband's name?" "She has no husband." "Where does she live? I will call and inquire about you." "She lives— but she's never at home." "Where is her place of business?" "She has no place of business. She goes out begging." "Goes out begging and kept a servant?" "Yes, she had two of them." Curiosity impelled the lady to investigate this remarkable story, and, proceeding to the number of the street designated, she was sure she was deceived when she found there a brownstone house, but, to her surprise, learned that Mrs. Timms did live there, and that she was at home. Moreover, Mrs. Timms said the servant-girl had lived with her, and was, she thought, rather a good sort of a girl. Upon hearing this, the lady thought it her duty to repeat the remarks of this good sort of a girl about Mrs. Timms going out begging. "Ah," said Mrs. Timms, "I don't wonder she thought I was a professional, for when she lived here we were collecting funds for our church charity, and I used to chronicle the day's success or failure by saying, 'We had a good or a bad day's begging, as the case might be.'" Upon her return home the lady tried to explain to the servant-girl the impropriety of her speaking as she did, but she only replied, "I can't see no differ."

The average age of members of the Garfield Cabinet is 51. Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet averages 58—rather low for the old country, which has a penchant for old ministers. The youngest Cabinet Minister in America is 37, the oldest 68. There are two septuagenarians in the English Cabinet, but the majority are between 50 and 70.

The fellow who was arrested the other day desired the judge to permit him to issue bonds to run twenty years. The judge, however, concluded to make a special deposit of the principal.

THE LOST CHARLEY ROSS.

A Possible Clue to the Missing Boy Sent to Col. Forney from London.

Another clue to the lost Charley Ross has been discovered, and it comes to light through Col. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia. He has received a letter from Robert Benjamin Hugman, dated "36 Greenwood road, Dalston, London, N. E., March 31, 1881." In this letter Mr. Hugman says he was under the impression that the boy had been restored to his parents, until he saw a paragraph in a paper to the contrary a short time ago. "Up to the 25th of this month," he writes to Col. Forney, "I lived in Loughton, Essex, twelve miles northeast of London. My two youngest children attended a school there, to which place also a Charley Ross came. He was a pretty child, and though a woman with whom he lived there passed him off as her son George, he often talked with my children, the girl especially, and said that his name was not George but Charley Ross, and that the woman was not his mother, that he was brought from America in a big ship, and my girl has frequently spoken to her mother of how hard it must be for him to be stolen from his home. He has frequently told my children that his mother was a lady. I have often seen him with this questionable person, and have of late lost sight of her, though I have been told where she is now to be found. The boy left our village sometime ago, as I understood, to be sent home, and from what I have since heard, I think this boy is the one who was stolen away from home, and answers to the description given of Charley Ross."

This letter is accompanied by one from W. G. Kingsbury, who is a well-known business man in London, and a personal friend of Col. Forney's. He endorses Mr. Hugman's statement.

A Good Mother-in-Law.

Why do married men, as a race, dislike their mothers-in-law? The mother-in-law is not responsible for her position—probably does not admire it. Yet she has been the subject of countless stories, myriads of offensive jests and quantities of sarcastic rhymes. Into all of these has entered an element of bitterness which does not appear in the gibes that are hurled at the widow and spinster. Malice is the inspiration of the assault upon the mother-in-law. Perhaps it is savagery born of a sense of detected guilt—which has been hidden from the too-confiding wife, but detected promptly by the penetrating eye of the mother-in-law. She is not blinded by love for the man, and to perfect clearness of vision she adds an experience which is as useful as second-sight in enabling her to see to the bottom of things.

To be sure, there are diversities of mothers-in-law; and it does happen sometimes that a worthy and well-conducted man finds himself subjected to a mother-in-law who is a real affliction. All the saints have been made perfect through suffering. The thorn in the flesh sometimes points the way to celestial joys. A terrific mother-in-law may be good for discipline. She should be regarded very much as an ascetic hair-cloth shirt. But a good mother-in-law is a very different person. She is really a well-spring of pleasure to a properly conducted husband. She is assiduous in taking care of the baby, and the servicesableness of her knowledge concerning the most effective methods of carrying the infant through critical periods, the efficiency with which she dispenses paregoric, measures out ipecac, and compounds plasters, fills the minds of just men with sentiments of admiration and thankfulness.

Give the mother-in-law her due.

The Juvenile Princesses.

The Prince and Princess of Wales brought their three daughters to see the cart horse show, the other day, as though it were a show of dancing dogs or Mme. Tussaud's wax works, and the little ladies clapped their hands with delight at the parade of the prize winners. They are very pretty children, and excited great interest among the country visitors who filled the hall. They submitted to the ordeal of being stared at, and did not seem in the least embarrassed by the gaze of so many eyes. The youthful appearance of the eldest, Princess Louise, went far to contradict the current rumor of her engagement with the Crown Prince of Sweden. The second, Victoria, though born a year later, looks the elder of the two. The Princess Maud, a charming little creature, seemed full of mirth and good humor, and nestled to her mother's side and kissed her father's hand now and then with all the free "abandon" of the youngest child.

Perils of a War Correspondent.

The Standard has been fortunate in its agents in South Africa. Its correspondent with General Colley performed a really splendid feat—he joined in the advance of the troops, saw and shared in their defeat, was not killed, and telegraphed at once a long column of description to his paper. That man must come up to Jules Verne's ideal of a correspondent. He had the nerve to join unarmed in a desperate expedition, the eyes to see all that was going on, and the cleverness not to be killed on the spot, because it would impair his usefulness. He was trodden down, taken prisoner, and immediately interviewed Mr. Joubert with great effect. If he is, as we suppose, the man with whom Sir F. Roberts quarrelled in Afghanistan, let us hope he will be forgiven by the general, in consideration of his pluck, readiness and resource; and let us hope also that next time he goes under fire, he may have to record a victory. General Roberts must not silence correspondents in a colonial war.—The Spectator.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, the painter of the "Roll-call," is not the only artist in her family. Her mother, Mrs. Christiana Thompson, has lately been exhibiting some clever little pictures in London.

Mr. R. Barrett-Browning, the clever son of the poet, has been painting a prisoner under examination by a monk in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition. The influence of his father's poetry is said to be often discernible in Mr. Browning's pictures.

Lord Dufferin, the retiring British ambassador, left St. Petersburg yesterday afternoon for Constantinople. The whole diplomatic corps, the Ministers, and other distinguished people were present at the railway station to see him off.

THE FENIAN COLEMAN.

The Mansion House Plot and Other Irish Conspiracies Sensationally Dishd Up.

A New York despatch says it is now stated that Coleman, the Fenian who was implicated in the plot to blow up the Mansion House in London, arrived in that city quietly on Wednesday last. His friends and the skirmishing leaders purposely created the belief that he was a passenger on board the steamer Australia to deceive the British authorities, who it was feared would intercept and capture Coleman if they knew his whereabouts. Coleman's real name is Patrick Moore. He says O'Donnell and Mooney placed the powder under the Mansion House windows while he waited for them with their baggage at the railway station. It was impossible to procure dynamite in England, hence powder had to be used, and was purchased in very small quantities to avoid suspicion. The means employed was entirely adequate to demolish the Mansion House. Mooney had come from Manchester for the express purpose of taking a hand in the plot. After its failure O'Donnell and Mooney made their way to Versailles, and then to Paris. Coleman remained in London for sometime, hiding at various places and closely pressed by the detectives. Twenty-five men well armed were cognizant of his whereabouts and constantly on the alert, determined to sacrifice their lives in his defence if necessary. If driven to extremity one word would have been the signal to put London in a blaze. He was once compelled to take refuge on the roof of a house, undressed, in a rain storm. Finally Coleman was smuggled aboard a vessel in the garb of a Catholic priest, and taken care of by one of the officers. He declared that London is in a ferment of excitement, that spies are as numerous as at St. Petersburg, and that the detectives go around in all manner of disguises. He says that the attempt on the Mansion House was only the beginning of the end. When Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet disregarded the warnings to discontinue arrests and convictions, operations were begun by burning the Liverpool docks, causing damage to the amount of £2,000,000. This produced a salutary effect on the Government. He says more surprises are in store for them. It was war to the knife with Irishmen, and he is strongly of opinion that the precautions taken to protect Mr. Gladstone were by no means unnecessary.

THE COMING DRINK.

How Its Promoters Secured "Dead-head" Advertising.

The coming rival of Apollinaris and possibly of champagne is "Zoedone." One might think this new beverage, which is now having a good sale in London, was an affirmative sort of "Sozodone," but it is not. Mr. Jennings describes it as a highly superior and agreeable form of ginger ale, such as that which is or used to be imported so largely from Belfast for consumption in the United States. Zoedone itself will no doubt be out in time by a beverage still more tempting to the palate. Some people say they cannot tell it from champagne, but this is doubtless because they have never tasted champagne, except that variety of it which is made from the homely gooseberry and the domestic peaplant. A few weeks ago a report appeared in the newspapers of a man being summoned before the magistrate for selling champagne without a license. Two policemen went into his shop, ordered a bottle of champagne, drank it and straightway informed against him. The champagne, they admitted, was most excellent. The case seemed to be proved, and the magistrates were about to inflict the usual fine when the defendant called witnesses to prove that the liquor which he had really sold to the policemen was zoedone. Sample bottles were produced in court and the policemen admitted that this was the "champagne" they had made merry on. To get this little farce played in a police court and then reported in the newspapers was about the cleverest advertising "dodge" I have seen for sometime past, and I recommend it to the notice of proprietors of lubricating oils and painkillers in the United States.

THE KING OF DEATH.

Horrible Consequences of an Eastern Religious Custom.

Constantinople advices state that the plague in Irak is most virulent and, if allowed to pass the military lines drawn around it, will spread far and wide with great rapidity. Ali Meshed is a sanctuary of great holiness to the Theeites, a Mohammedan sect to which the Persians belong. They annually send great numbers of corpses there to be interred, in the belief that it secures the souls of the deceased a favored place in heaven. A large pit is opened to receive the remains and the emanations from this receptacle have almost invariably been followed by an epidemic of typhus. The bodies, which come in hundreds at a time, are wrapped in clothes and placed in rows in a vault without being covered with earth. The Ottoman Government has asked the Persian authorities to discontinue the practice of sending bodies in a state of decomposition, but to keep them until reduced to a skeleton. The ghastly trade is a source of much revenue to caravans.

Christian vs. Mohammedan.

About a couple of miles outside Beyrout there are some pine woods, with a few hostelries dotted about, which form the favorite promenade of the citizens of Beyrout on holiday afternoons. There is an open space where the children play, with their parents looking on. The Mohammedan children sing mocking songs about the Christians, and vice versa, but the practice is so common that it ordinarily excites no attention. On a recent occasion, however, the children went too far, and came to blows. Their parents interfered to stop the fray, but soon began quarrelling among themselves, and there was a regular melee. Hundreds of men hurried up on both sides, and in about a quarter of an hour 3,000 men were hard at work, not merely with fists and sticks, but some of them with dagger and revolver. Two Christians were killed outright, and many wounded on both sides, before the squadron of cavalry that had been hurried up to aid the police could separate the combatants.

—About this time wake up your liver.

The Bairnie.

When I left Scotland's shore, I took a bonnie bairn;
A toddlin' lauchin' thing, owre young her love to learn;
I row'd it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,
And aft the whisper 'ween us gaed, "We twa shall never part!"
The simmer rose and fell; the years gae'd stalkin' by;
And strength and vigor came, and Hope allured my eye;
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,
And what's the bairn's I canna tell, and what is my mine!
And aft the bairnie greets at some auld ballad's wall,
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale;
Till I can only say, "'Tis the bairn, it is not I,
For I ha'e diguily enuch, were no the bairnie try!"
I've tried to ha'e it think and speak in foreign tongue,
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed the sea;
Yet tell me I should rule the bairn!—the bairn is ruling me!
I tell't it to my friend, and wad his wisdom learn,
He said it was himsel' just a muckle Scottish bairn!
And aye as I ha'e speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the bairn within the man aye is Scottish to the last!
O bairns that arena bairns! What'er the world may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye!
For the gangie byhesth through the world, and leaves naist guid behind,
Where country, love and childhood are in his heart enshrined!
—Rev. W. W. Smith, Eaton, Quebec.

Notes on Notables.

Earl Beaconsfield has no heir.
The belle of Washington is a daughter of General Pillow.

Millais is painting a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield.

Miss Braddon's play-writing will probably prevent her novel-writing for all time to come.

John, King of Abyssinia, will be crowned as Negus Ugussim and Emperor of Ethiopia in May.

General Sir W. Fenwick Williams has been appointed to the vacant office of constable of the tower.

The Bernhardt has gained twenty-seven ounces in weight since her first appearance in this country.

Mr. Gladstone and a select party recently dined with Tennyson at his London residence, in Upper Belgrave street.

Dr. Wm. Russell, London, the well-known special correspondent of the Times, sailed for New York on Saturday.

An Alexandria despatch says the King of Abyssinia is dead, having fallen in a battle fought with the Assameraks. His son Michael succeeds him.

Mrs. Langtry's husband is financially ruined, and has had to sell the very furniture of his house towards paying his debts. His wife and himself are hard set to meet the current weekly expenses.

Mr. Bjornstjerne Bjornson has been much delayed in his travels through the west by the often-recurring snowstorms. He is averse to notoriety, and refused a public reception offered him by the Norwegians in Milwaukee.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, is coming to America in the autumn, partly to see the continent and partly for the good of his health. He will give some lectures in Baltimore and in Boston.

Richard Wagner, the composer, has a cat which sleeps on his bed and eats with him at table. He has always had a predilection for cats, having owned more than 100 during the last forty years. He has even found musical ideas in the midnight trillings of his pets.

When the Austrian Empress goes to England or Ireland she carries her own bed with her—a plain little bed with an extremely hard mattress. Her own room is always arranged in so plain and simple a manner that it looks almost conventual.

King Kalakaua of Hawaii has been received with great enthusiasm in Japan, the Emperor entertaining him elaborately. One of the delights provided for him was a military review, whereat the King was much admired for his excellent seat in saddle, though his martial carriage, it is related, was somewhat marred by the puny dimensions of his charger, an ordinary Japanese pony.

Prince Bismarck was 67 years old on April 1st. He is in good health and spirits, and seems to have taken a new lease of life. His whole family is now with him—Count Herbert having returned from Italy and resumed his work as his father's confidential secretary. Count William Bismarck, the prince's second son, is making a name for himself as a wise and busy member of the German Parliament.

Prince Rudolph of Austria alighted from his horse at the gate of Jerusalem that he might enter the holy city as a pilgrim. He walked bareheaded to the holy sepulchre, and attended service in the church. The Catholic monks of Hebron have given the prince a curiously carved walking stick, cut from a tree in front of a spot where tradition says Abraham used to dwell.

The Prince of Wales's sons are no longer little boys; they are beginning to receive addresses and make speeches. They landed at Cape Town the other day in their midshipman's uniforms and were formally received by the authorities and a deputation from the Malay community—long-robed and venerable-looking representatives of the Mohammedan faith. Albert Victor, the elder prince, made two pretty little speeches.

The funeral of the infant Victoria Georgina Beatrice Maud Anne, daughter of Her Royal Highness Princess Fredrica of Hanover, Baroness Von Pawell Rammingen, and Baron Von Pawell Rammingen, took place lately at Windsor Castle. The coffin was conveyed from Hampton Court Palace and deposited in the Albert Memorial chapel. After service the coffin was conveyed to the royal vault beneath the chapel. When the service was concluded wreaths were placed on the coffin. Baron Von Pawell Rammingen and Baroness Coburg were afterwards received by the Queen. The Princess Beatrice was present on the occasion.