THE CITY OF COLUMBUS.

Captain Wright's Graphic Story of the Vessel's Disaster.

PITIABLE TALE OF SUFFERING AND DEATH.

A New Bedford (Mass.) despatch says Capt. Wright said that about 12 o'clock he stepped into his room to warm himself. It was very cold. Everything was working well. Went below for a short time. Soon after I heard the second mate in the pilot-house with the mate sing out, "Port the helm." I jumped out of my room thinking we had came across a vessel bound down the sound. I then cried out, "Hard aport," and in the moonlight saw the buoy on Devil's bridge on the port about two points forward from the beam and about 300 yards distant. She immediately struck. I ordered the engine reversed, and she backed about twice her length. She immediately stopped, and I endeavored to head her to the north, but she filled forward and listed over to port, so that the plankshire was about four feet under water. I went aft and told the passengers to keep cool and get life-preservers. I next told the officers to get the boats ready. The steamer settled down aft and righted. It was blowing very hard and a heavy sea running. We launched a boat, which was immediately capsized. The sea was breaking over the steamer's deck, and the stern being entirely under water we were forced to go up on top of the house. I stayed there a minute, but we were quickly obliged to take to the rigging. The mate, second mate, chief engineer and fourth engineer took to the raft. I think the steamer struck on Lone Rock. The captain is positive that he struck outside of the buoy, and, in tacking, drifted inside. The officers of the cutter Dexter say that the wind was blowing a gale, and a terrible sea was running as they approached the vessel. She sank in about four fathoms of water, the railing on the bow being the only portion of the hull visible. It was impossible to reach the rigging, as the boats would have been pounded to pieces. The men in the rigging were forced to jump into the sea, and we caught them as they arose to the surface and pulled them into the boats. Some of the men could not swim, but nearly every one in the rigging was saved. Eugene McGarry jumped from the rigging, and Lieut. Rhodes sprang for him, but the boat was lifted fifteen feet on the crest of a wave, and it was necessary to go to the starboard to avoid being capsized. Capt. Wright was among the last to leave the ship. Two men, frozen so stiff that they were unable to relinquish their hold on the rigging, were at length the only persons remaining on the steamer, excepting the captain. Lieut. Rhodes asked him to jump, but he shouted, "Save those men first." "They are frozen," was the answer. The captain then jumped, although he could not swim a stroke and was rescued. Lieut. Rhodes, at the peril of his life, rescued the last two men in the rigging. One was Mr. Richardson, who died before reaching the cutter.

A. F. Pittman, chief steward of the steamer, said: "Was in my birth when the vessel struck, and was not awakened by the shock, nor until the general alarm was given. The greatest excitement prevailed, women rushing about the cabin in night dresses. In about 20 minutes the steamer listed, and the houses were carried away by the sea. Almost immediately, as the passengers came on deck, they were swept over by scores. The scene was terrible. After the vessel listed I made my way along the windward side up an inclined plane, and into the rigging, where about 40 persons, all men, had taken refuge. There we clung for life, with fingers benumbed, and with floating corpses and *debris* at our feet."

The steam tug Nellie again attempted yesterday to visit the wrecked steamer City of Columbus. The tug had on board a large number of persons, seeking the remains of lost friends, but owing to the rough weather they could not approach to within a quarter of a mile of the wreck. It was thought three bodies could be seen hanging to the ratlines of the mizzen rigging. The Nellie ran within an eighth of a mile of the wharf, landing at Gayhead light, the sea running so high that the tug could not approach the wharf. A yawl was launched, in which a number of persons set out for Gayhead, the waves running twenty feet high, but all were landed safely there. There were found ten persons who had landed safely from the wreck, all of whom were alive and doing well. They are Wm. Spaulding, of Boston, purser; Henry Collins, Taunton, second assistant engineer; John Hines, Boston, fireman; Thomas Butler, Prince Edward Island, fireman; Wm. N. McDonald, Boston, quarter-master; Thomas O Leary, seaman; Michael Kennedy and Edward O'Brien, St. Johns, Nfld., waiters; James O'Brien and J. T. Tibbets, passengers. The visitors were then guided to a meeting-house and other places, where the bodies that had been picked up had been brought. At the meeting-house, a weather-beaten structure, in one of the wildest places on the coast, were found five bodies, four men and one woman. Of these Mrs. Alice Atkinson was identified by her uncle, A. S. Belyea, of Lynn. He recognized her as he entered the building, crying out: "That is my dear niece, Alice." Her remains were dreadfully mangled. Another body was identified as that of George Kellogg, of Fitchburg. The remaining three were not identified. Kellogg left the vessel in the boat with Quartermaster McDonald, and worked at the oars until he dropped dead from exhaustion and exposure. A body lying on the beach was identified as that of Henry Batchelder. Six bodies were found in a hut; there were four men and two women. One of the women was recognized as Mrs. A. B. Belyea. The other woman was a mulatto, but neither she nor the men were identified. Along the stretch of shore from the hut to Gayhead light nine more corpses were discovered, all more or less disfigured, the face of each wearing an expression of horror. None were identified. During the day the bodies were removed to places of shelter along the coast. The natives wouldn't allow them to be removed unless the expenses of recovering them were paid. The remains of those identified were conveyed by a yoke of oxen and cart to the wharf, where they were placed on board a tug.

A Boston despatch says: Captain Hammond, of Goldsborough, who was among the saved, after clinging about eleven hours to the wreck, says that between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning the steamer Glaucus passed to the westward, but it took not the slightest notice of the terrible tragedy enacting so near. He says from his outlook in the rigging of the City of Columbus he could distinctly see a man standing against the house of the passing steamer, and can't conceive how a crowd of human beings in the rigging of the wrecked vessel should have been overlooked. He criticises sharply the want of discipline in the management of the boats. The mate of the steamer Glaucus states that his vessel passed the wreck at a considerable distance, eight or ten miles, and he avers that after a prolonged scrutiny through a glass he could discover no evidence of any human being.

A Woodsholl, Mass., despatch says: The body of a lady, 45 years of age, was found at Cedar Tree Neck to-day. The tug Storm King visited the wreck of the City of Columbus to-day. The steamer appeared to be hung on the rocks by the bow. Most of her hull is under water, and the cargo is washing out of her in great quantities. The wreckage has drifted ashore along the Sound, and it is believed that while most of the bodies were washed overboard there are still some in the hull of the ship, and if smooth enough to-morrow an effort will be made to find them. Capt. Wright said in reference to the statement that the pilot lashed the wheel and went to warm himself at the smokestack, that the pilot house was heated by steam, was very warm, and there was no necessity to leave it to get warm.

A New Bedford, Mass., despatch says: All the trains to this city yesterday were crowded with persons coming here with the hope of being able to identify the dead which might have been picked up and brought here by the cruising steamers. The tug Nellie returned about 5 o'clock, and thousands lined the wharf while the bodies she bore were slid up planks to the wharf. All the bodies were frozen stiff, and the arms were all stiffened in a position indicating that the victims were frozen to death while clinging to the wreckage. Among the bodies picked up by the Nellie is that of a well-dressed young woman, found about two and a half miles eastward of the Devil's Bridge. She was apparently about 22 years old, had long, dark brown, wavy hair, and dark eyes. From her dress pocket was taken a package of jewellery done up in a handkerchief, consisting of a gold brooch, ear-rings, necklace and locket, as well as a little steel purse containing a small sum of money. No papers were found on her body. In her lap was found a tiny pair of baby shoes. About a mile from the wreck the body of a blonde man, with full, sandy beard, was picked up. The Nellie next picked up what is supposed to be the body of Morton, of the Boston *Globe*. Another body picked up was that of a woman, probably 40 years of age. She was badly bruised, probably by contact with the floating debris. The fifth of the bodies was evidently that of a seaman. The captain of the Nellie reports seeing other bodies which it was impossible to recover, the sea being so high. Nearly all the bodies had on life preservers, and were floating on their backs. Of all the victims recovered, Mr. Morton's face bore the most calm expression. The examination for the purpose of identification was particularly sad. All the five victims picked up by the Nellie were identified, except the young woman, as follows: The blonde man is J. May, of Boston; the elderly woman is Miss Beach; and the seaman, Richard W. Sullivan. There is also an unknown young woman.

A Boston despatch says: The City of Columbus was one of the finest vessels on the coast, and was built in 1878 by John Roach & Son. She was built of iron and thoroughly equipped. She was rated A 1, was valued at $300,000, and insured for $250,000.

RETRIBUTION.

Man and Wife Lynched for a Brutal Crime.

A Denver, Col., despatch says: Mary Rose Mathews, a bright little girl of 10, who was adopted from the Denver Catholic Orphans' Home by Mike Cuddihie and his wife, living near Ouray, a small mining town in the southern part of this State, suddenly died Saturday week. Suspicions were aroused and the body of the girl was exhumed and found to be covered with knife wounds, one leg broken, the skull crushed and the imbs frozen. Cuddihie and his wife were arrested, tried and found guilty of murder. About 1 o'clock this morning a band of masked men went to the hotel where they were in custody and overpowered the sheriff's guard. They then took the prisoners outside of the town limits, where the woman was hanged to the ridge-pole of a vacant cabin. Her husband was strung up to the limb of a tree on the opposite side of the road. The bodies were cut down and buried by the coroner to-day. This is the first instance of a woman being lynched in Colorado.

Fortunes in Pills.

Mr. Ingram, the founder and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, made his first fortune by Parr's life pills, as Holloway did by his. Mr. Ingram used to say that he always noticed on market days at Nottingham, that general purchasers gave the preference to goods which were advertised with cuts. So he put an imaginary picture of old Parr on the front of his advertisement with good effect. Holloway followed his example. He confined himself to money making, however, whereas Ingram was socially ambitious, eager for admission to society, and was M.P. for Boston at his death. He had a very handsome country seat adjoining his paper mills in Herts, where, on Sundays, he entertained large parties of brother M. P.'s. He was in some respects very democratic, dining in his shirt sleeves every week day at 1 with his printers and employees at the Rainbow, which was near the office of the *Illustrated News*.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

Representative Belford, of Colorado, is said to be one of the finest classical scholars in Congress.

HORRIBLE TALE.

Blood-Curdling Confession of a Dastardly Crime.

A last (Friday) evening's Oyster Bay, L.I., despatch says: Edward Tappan, who is under arrest on suspicion of being implicated in the Townsend outrage, confessed this morning that his brother John and himself were concerned in the murder of Mrs. Maybee and her daughter. Tappan says: "My brother was in the barn on the evening of November 17th when Mrs. Maybee came in. I was at the front of the house when he went in, feeding the pigs When John choked the old lady to death I was out in front of the barn. I saw him. He choked her to death on the barn floor. He caught her by the wrist with one hand and took her by the throat with the other. I was looking through the door. It was light enough for me to see in the stable. When she came in for leaves John was standing in the stable where the leaves were. It took ten to fifteen minutes to choke her to death. After she was dead John picked her up and laid her in the back stable. I saw him throw some leaves over her. John said, 'I am going to wait for Annie. I am going to choke her, too. No one will know about it. Then I can go to the house and get the money.' Annie opened the barn door about two feet wide. When she stepped in John grabbed her by the right arm and threw her down. I was on the floor about three feet from where he grabbed her. He held her by the right wrist, put his knee upon her left arm, and with his right took her by the throat. She tried to get away, and grabbed at his face. I saw her hand close over his nose and mouth. She said, 'Let me go.' That is all she said. Then he held her by the throat until she was dead. She died in ten or fifteen minutes. He carried her to the stable near her mother and covered her up with leaves, and said, 'Now I am going to the house.' We both went in the kitchen door. Old Mr. Maybee said, 'Who is there?' John said, 'It's me.' They went upstairs to Mrs. Maybee's room, when Maybee knocked on the floor. I stood by the door. Then John came downstairs, went in front of Maybee, ran his hand up and down Maybee's breast, and said, 'I want that gold watch you had two years ago.' Maybee said, 'I 'ain't got it; I am blind and cannot see to get it.' 'I know that,' said John. John then said, 'I must kill you.' Then he snatched the cane out of Maybee's hand and struck him twice on the head. John went upstairs again and came back. I said, 'I have all I want.' We came out. He went to the Cedars by the spring and went home. He gave me ten dollars in bills. I have it now. John showed me a pin and watch by the door outside. He got them upstairs. He did not tell me how much money he got. I have not seen my brother alone since. After John showed me the watch and pin I went home. It was about a quarter to 6. My wife asked where I had been. I told her down the road. She does not know I had a hand in the murder."

Tappan made his confession unsolicited. He says he believed it to be his duty to do so.

The excitement created over the confession of Edmund S. Tappan is more intense than at any previous stage of the history of these crimes. The confession is not believed by the majority of people here, who think he and not his brother committed the Maybee murders. Edmund Tappan has produced two five-dollar bills composing the ten dollars he says in his confession John gave him from the money taken from Maybee and Townsend's houses. John Tappan is left-handed. The blows on Mr. and Mrs. Townsend's heads were evidently struck by the left hand. Bloody finger marks on the overalls found in the woods were on the left leg, as though wiped by a left hand. John and Edmund are respectively 57 and 51 years. The latter has a wife and nine children.

FEARFUL BOILER EXPLOSION.

Five Men Instantly Blown Into Eternity —Many Others Severely Injured.

A last (Friday) night's Rochester, N. H., despatch says: One of the boilers connected with the shoe manufactory and tannery of E. G. & E. Wallace blew up this afternoon, killing four men and injuring several others. The machinery was run by an engine and three boilers. This noon, there being some trouble with the safty-valve, Engineer John Grimes weighed it down with a brick and disconnected the middle boiler. At 1 o'clock, it being found that there was not sufficient power to drive the machinery, orders were given to shut down. About fifteen minutes later the disconnected boiler burst with a detonation which was heard for miles. The killed are: John Grimes, engineer, aged 40, leaves a widow and five children; Angelo Haitt, fireman, aged 30, leaves a widow and child; Wm. Cleveland, aged 26, leaves a widow; Louis Depre, aged 30, leaves a widow and child. The wounded are Joseph Garnier, aged 23, unmarried, will probably die, thrown 100 feet and cut by glass; Thos. Downing, aged 40, arm broken; Joseph Davidson, ribs and arm broken; Frank Hurd, aged 29, hand and arm broken; Wm. Grimes, aged 24, badly bruised about the body; Patrick Barry, aged 29, is missing, and is supposed to have been killed when the explosion occurred. The boiler penetrated a brick wall in the rear of the leather house, passing through the base of a 90 foot chimney. The chimney fell, burying Haitt in the ruins. All the bodies were badly disfigured. The tannery is partially demolished, and the buildings in the vicinity are badly shaken. It is currently reported that the boilers had been previously condemned.

A New Game.

"I'll take whiskey; what will you have, Fred?" said a man in a New York saloon. "I don't feel like drinking," said Fred. The first speaker poured out a generous glass of whiskey, drank half of it, and handed the rest to his friend, remarking, with a wry face: "There's something the matter with that stuff. Try it." Fred finished the liquor. The first speaker laid ten cents upon the bar, and they walked out. "That's a new game," remarked the bar-tender to a New York *Sun* man.

One distinguished mark of man's steady advancement is the increasing vigor of his warfare against evil.

Latest from Ireland.

Wm. Kelly, ex-Mayor of Waterford, has been appointed High Sheriff there.

Pat Moylan was shot dead on December 19th at Caboolan, seven miles from Galway.

Rev. Peter Galligan, Killenkere, died recently after a few days' illness.

James Hamilton, once a wine merchant in Dublin, died recently at his residence, Eden, Ardara.

Mr. John Parke, for many years postmaster at Strandhill, Sligo, is dead.

On December 18th Mary Murray, said to be over 100 years old, dropped dead in Castle street, Athlone, amidst the noise and confusion of the market.

At Robertstown, on December 18th, David Conner, while under the influence of drink, attacked his wife with a hatchet and killed her on the spot.

A horrible murder was committed in Lisburn, County Antrim, on December 17th. James Doherty, while in an insane condition, shot his sister-in-law dead and wounded his wife.

As early as the 6th century extensive monasteries were found in Ireland, in which religion and learning were zealously cultivated. From these establishments missionaries were sent forth, carrying the doctrines of Christianity to Scotland, England, and all parts of Europe.

In a letter to the London journals, Lord Waveney bears strong tribute to the beauty and suitability of Irish poplin for wall decoration, for which it is now being used by the Queen and in the best English houses. He also proves that it is economical, which is the most important item in the question. In 1844 he had the drawing-room of his London house hung with Irish tabaret, yellow, with white stripes. "The color and brilliancy," he says, "remain undiminished in intensity after near forty years' wear in London. A ruby tabaret has lasted equally well."

SILENCING A SQUALLING BABY.

A 3-year-old Girl Attempts to Sew up the Mouth of Her Baby Brother.

A Waverly (N.Y.) despatch says: Carlton Dunlap, a carpenter, lives with his wife and two children at Branch's Station, a few miles from this city. One child is a bright little girl 3 years old, the other is a baby about 2 months old. It is fretful and cries a great deal. A few days ago the baby was more than usually cross. Its mother had been trying in vain to quiet it for a long time. At length the little girl Nettie said: "What shall we do wiz baby, mamma, if he don't stop his tryin'?" "We'll have to sew his mouth up, I guess, Nettie," the mother thoughtlessly replied. The next day, while the baby was sleeping in its cradle, Mrs. Dunlap ran to a neighbor's on an errand, leaving Nettie playing on the floor. She was detained longer than she expected to be, and while hurrying back home and on entering the yard she heard her baby shrieking as though in great pain. She ran into the house and found Nettie standing by the side of the cradle and bending over the baby. When Nettie heard her mother enter she rose up. Blood was running from the baby's mouth. Nettie held in her hand a darning needle containing a short piece of yarn, which Mrs. Dunlap had left sticking in a cushion on the table. Mrs. Dunlap took the screaming baby quickly from the cradle. "Baby waked up and tried," said Nettie, "and me jes' doin' to sew him's mouf up." She had run the needle nearly through the baby's underlip in two places.

WHEAT IN MANITOBA.

The Year's Crop, its Condition and the Prices Realized.

Making allowance for accidents and the amount used in home consumption, there were fully two millions of bushels got ready for sale by the farmers. Of this amount, about 1,000,000 bushels have been purchased by the dealers, so there still remain probably over 1,000,000 bushels undisposed of by the settlers. It is rather difficult to arrive at any idea of the approximate value of the wheat purchased—that is, the amount received for it by the farmers. Probably the nearest approach to accuracy would be to estimate the average price paid at 55 cents a bushel (including frosted wheat), which would show that about $550,000 had been paid out by the dealers for wheat. At present the prices being paid are somewhat higher than they were a short time ago. Here, in Winnipeg, the price for No. 1 hard is 80 cents, and for frozen from 50 to 55 cents. At Brandon they range from 65 to 68 for best quality and 38 to 40 for that damaged by frost. The sellers at Manitou get 70 cents for No. 1 hard and 40 to 45 cents for frozen. At Emerson and Gretna No. 1 hard is being sold at 70 to 78 cents, and frosted wheat at 50 to 55 cents. The recent reduction of rates on the Canadian Pacific Railway to Port Arthur will, it is expected, have the effect of raising the prices, as much wheat will undoubtedly be sent to Port Arthur for storage in the elevator there until the opening of navigation.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

Fearful Burning of a Man and Woman

A last (Wednesday) night's Fall River, Mass., despatch says: About 10 o'clock this evening a gentleman passing the house of Chas. P. Stickney saw a blaze in the upper room, and, giving the alarm, entered by the side door. Those who entered the house met a horrible sight. Just inside the door on the stairs was Stickney, his clothing in flames. At the head of the stairs lay Mrs. Stickney dead, her clothing burned off. The flesh on her limbs, body and face was horribly burned. Her face showed that death was preceded by terrible agony. Mr. Stickney had one hand burned almost completely off. Mrs. Stickney had been engaged in saturating the carpet with benzine or naphtha, which ignited, and in an instant the whole room was in a blaze. The flames communicated to Mrs. Stickney's clothing, and she ran out to the head of the stairs and fell exhausted. Her husband's clothing, in the effort to save his wife, caught fire. At latest reports he was in a precarious condition.

There were 520 fewer failures in England and Wales in 1883 than in 1882, and a decrease in bills of sale of 29,915.

Miss Christina Cameron, daughter of the late Hon. Malcolm Cameron, is seriously ill at the residence of the Hon. Alex. Vidal, Sarnia.

Latest from Scotland.

The Brechin round tower is the oldest complete building of stone and lime in Scotland which can be approximately dated.

The Senate of the University of Glasgow, on a report from the Faculty of Theology, have resolved that the degree of D.D. be conferred on the Rev. Dugald Mackichan, B.D., missionary of the Free Church of Scotland at Bombay.

Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, is expected to visit Edinburgh about the end of this month, and will preside at the opening of the large hall in the new building in the High street being erected for Carrubbers' Close Mission.

At the Glasgow Circuit Court a few days ago, before Lord Deas, Alexander McIntyre, an elderly man, was charged with having caused the death of his wife, at their house in the Gallowgate, on the 19th or 20th November. He pleaded guilty to culpable homicide, and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

George Dunbar, a Waterloo veteran, died at Garmouth the other day. He was in the square at Waterloo, where the Duke of Wellington and his staff had to take shelter three times from the fierce charges of the French cavalry. On that day he was wounded three times, but was able to take part in the last charge when the Guards drove back the celebrated Old Guard of Napoleon.

A peculiar case has been before the courts in Scotland. Rev. Dr. Bain, parish minister of Duthil, sued Angus Stewart, bookseller, Granton, for £12 damages for slander. The slander consisted of a statement that the plaintiff had defrauded the Highland Railway Company by causing to be sent as ordinary luggage from Strome Ferry to Dingwall the remains of his late father. It was shown that the occurrence took place eight years since, and the remains had been then buried nine years and were merely disinterred and shipped for reinterment. The curious part of the case is the decision that a railway could not refuse to carry a corpse at the ordinary rate. When they charge more it is because of agreement. Judgment was given for the clergyman.

At the pleading diet of a Jury Court at Kilmarnock lately, Sarah Boyle pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy, aggravated by previous conviction. The circumstances are of a rather curious nature. In 1875 she married a miner named John Reddock. He only lived with her a month, and then enlisted as a soldier. After a lengthened interval, believing him to be dead, his wife married another man named John Smith in 1880. Raddock, however, turned up last year, and his wife suffered two months' imprisonment for bigamy. In April last Smith died; and in November she married a laborer named William Agnew, her lawful husband being still alive. It appears she was under the impression that, having suffered for her second marriage, her partner in this illegal compact being dead, and her husband not wishing to have anything to do with her, she was quite at liberty to marry again. The Sheriff, taking a lenient view of the case, inflicted the same punishment as before, two months' imprisonment.

The Disease of the Money-Counters.

A Washington correspondent, visiting the Treasury Department, noticed that many of the women employed in counting bank notes looked ill, and had sores upon their hands or heads. The superintendent gave the following account of the trouble: "Very few," he said, "who spend any considerable time in counting money escape the sores. They generally appear first on their hands, but frequently they break out on the head, and sometimes the eyes are affected. We can do nothing to prevent this. All of the ladies take the greatest care of themselves in their work, but sooner or later they are afflicted with sores. The direct cause of the sores is the arsenic employed in the manufacture of the money. If the skin is the least abraded, and the arsenic gets under the flesh, a sore will appear the next morning. The habit that every one has of putting the hand to the head and face is the way the arsenic-poisoning is carried to those portions of the body. "See here," said one of the officials, stopping by the side of a young lady, and picking up a glass vessel containing a sponge "this sponge is wet, and is used to moisten the fingers while counting the money. You see how black it is. That's arsenic. Every morning a new piece of sponge is placed on the desk of each employé, but before the day is over it is as black as this. I have known half a dozen cases where ladies have been compelled to resign their positions. There are three ladies who were here six years before they were afflicted with sores. About three months ago they were so visited by them that they had to quit work. They have been away ever since, and the physician's certificate in each case says that their blood is poisoned with arsenic."—*London Medical Record.*

On the Ragged Edge.

The touching spectacle was presented in a New York police court recently of a man confronted and claimed as a husband by a woman who was accompanied by eight children, most of them old enough to vote. When she said to him, in a voice broken by emotion, "Safstrom, on your word of honor, aren't you my husband?" he looked carefully at her and at each of the row of children, and replied, "I never saw you before." If his words were true, how earnestly he must have uttered them, and how sincerely he must have hoped that they would be believed!

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malarial evers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood and it gives new life and vigor to aged and infirm always

Mr. Edward Nicholson died last week at his residence, Beechhill, near Derry. In early years he left his home for Manchester, where he amassed a large fortune, and gained considerable eminence as an architect. He afterwards purchased the property on which his father had lived as a tenant, and was appointed a magistrate for his native county.

Some philosophers tell us that selfishness is at the root of our best loves and affections.