The King of the Vasse.

The writer of the following remarkable descriptions of bits of Australian scenery saw that country, not as a traveller nor even as a citizen, but as a convict with a chain and ball attached to his leg. John Boyle O'Reilly was transported to the Antipodes as an Irish insurgent, and with some companions escaped in a boat to an American schooner, after throwing their guard into the sea and making him swim ashore. In America he became the editor of the Boston *Pilot*. These lines occur in his poem "The King of the Vasse."

—And there
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root
And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue, silent birds take rapid flight
From earth to tree and tree to earth; and there
The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge, brown owls awake
To watch far down the stealing carpet snake,
Fresh-skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly;
And all the humid earth displays its powers
Of prayer with incense from the hearts of flowers,
That load the air with beauty and with wine
Of mingled color as with one design
Of making there a carpet to be trod
In woven splendor by the feet of God!

* * * * * * *

In that strange country's heart whence comes the breath
Of hot disease and pestilential death,
Like leagues of wooded swamp that from the hills
Seem stretching meadows; but the flood that fills
Those valley basins has the hue of ink;
And dismal doorways open on the brink,
Beneath the gnarled arms of trees that grow
All leafless to the top, from roots below
The Lethe flood.

PAULINE.

We walked back together, with Priscilla following at a proper distance. Pauline seemed to accept my society as though it was a perfectly natural thing to do so. When the path grew steep or rugged she held out her hand for mine, as though its support was her right. Yet for a long time she said nothing.

"Where have you come from?" she asked at last.

"From a long, long journey of many thousands of miles."

"Yes; when I saw your face you were always travelling. Did you find what you sought?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. I found the truth. I know everything."

"Tell me where he is?"

"Where who is?"

"Anthony, my own brother—the boy they killed. Where is his grave?"

"He is buried by the side of his mother."

"Thank God! I shall be able to pray over him."

She spoke, if excitedly, quite sensibly, but I wondered she was not craving for justice to be meted out to the murderers.

"Do you wish for vengeance on those who killed him?"

"Vengeance! what good can vengeance do? It will not bring him back to life. It happened long ago. When, I know not; but now it seems years ago. God may have avenged him by now."

"He has in a great measure. One died in prison raving mad; another is in chains, working like a slave; the third, as yet, is unpunished."

"It will come to him, sooner or later. Which is it?"

"Macari."

She shuddered at the name and said no more. Just before we reached the house in which they lodged, she said, softly and beseechingly:

"You will take me to Italy—to his grave?"

I promised, only too glad to find how instinctively she turned to me to prefer the request. She must remember more than she gave herself credit for.

"I will go there she said, "and see the place, and then we will speak of the past no more."

We were now at the garden-gate. I took her hand in mine.

"Pauline," I said, "try—try to remember me."

A ghost of the old puzzled look came into her eyes; she passed her disengaged hand over her forehead, and then, without a word, turned away and entered the house.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM GRIEF TO JOY!

My tale is drawing to an end, although I could, for my own pleasure, write chapter after chapter, detailing every occurence of the next month—describing every look, repeating every word that passed between Pauline and myself, but if I wrote them they would be sacred from all persons save two—my wife and myself.

If my situation was an anomalous one it had at least a certain charm. It was new wooing, none the less entertaining and sweet because its object happened to be already my wife in name. It was like a landowner walking over his estate and in every direction finding unsuspected beauties and unknown mines of wealth. Every day showed me fresh charms in the woman I loved.

Her smile was a joy greater than I had ever pictured, her laugh a revelation. To gaze into those bright, unclouded eyes and strive to learn their secrets was a reward that repaid me for all that I suffered. To find that her intellect, now restored, was fit to be matched with any one's—to know that when the time came I should be given not only a wife, beautiful, in my eyes, above all women, but a companion and a sympathetic friend—how can I describe my rapture?

Yet it was a rapture not unmodified by doubts and fears. It may be that my character lacked that very useful trait called by some self-confidence and by others conceit. The more I saw to love and admire in Pauline, the more I asked myself how I could dare to expect that so peerless a creature would condescend to accept the love and the life I wished to offer her. Who was I to win her? I was rich, it was true, but I felt sure that riches would not buy her affection—besides, as I had not told her that her own wealth was swept away, she fancied her fortune was as large as my own. She was young, beautiful, and, so far as she knew, free and amply provided for. No, I had nothing to offer her which was worthy of her acceptance.

I quite dreaded to look forward to the moment which must sooner or later come—the moment when I must, ignoring the past, ask her once more to be my wife. On her answer would hang the whole of my future life. No wonder I decided to postpone the ordeal until I felt quite certain that the result of it would be favorable to me. No wonder that when with Pauline, and realizing the value of the prize I aimed at, I grew quite humble and depreciatory of what merits I may have possessed. No wonder that at times I wished that I were gifted with that pleasing assurance which sits so well on many men, and, time and opportunity being given, seems to go a long way toward winning a woman's heart.

Time and opportunity at least were not wanting in my case.

I had taken up my quarters near to her, and from morn to night we were in each other's company. We wandered through the narrow Devonshire lanes, with their luxuriant banks of ferns on either side. We climbed the rugged tors. We fished with more or less success the rapid streams. We drove together. We read and sketched—but as yet we had not talked of love; though all the while my wedding ring was on her finger.

It required all my authority to prevent Priscilla telling Pauline the truth. On this point I was firm. Unless the past came back of its own accord, I would hear her say she loved me before my lips revealed it to her. Perhaps it was the idea which at times came to me, that Pauline remembered more than she would own to, that kept me steadfast in this resolution.

It was curious the way in which she at once fell into friendly, unconstrained intercourse with me. We might have known each other from childhood, so perfectly natural and unembarrassed was her manner when we were together. She made no demur when I begged her to call me by my christian name, nor did she object to my making use of her own. Had she done so I cannot think in what form I should have addressed her. Although I had instructed Priscilla to call her Miss March, the old woman stoutly objected to this, and compounded matters by speaking to her and of her as Miss Pauline.

The days slipped by—the happiest days my life had as yet known. Morn, noon and eve we were together, and, I fear, were objects of great curiosity to our neighbors, who no doubt wondered what relations existed between me and the beautiful girl at whose side I ever was.

I soon found that Pauline's natural disposition was gay and bright. It was too soon yet to expect it to reassert itself, yet I was not without hope that before long that look, telling of sad memories, which so often crossed her face, would fade away forever. Now and again a pleased smile lit up her face, and merry words slipped from her lips. Although, when reason first returned to her, it seemed as if her brother's death had occurred but the day before, I felt sure that, after a while, she understood that years had passed since the fatal night. These years were to her wrapped in a mist; they seemed as dreams. She was trying to recall them, beginning at the beginning; and I need not say with what alacrity I lent my aid.

By common consent we avoided the future; but of the past, or all the past in which I was not concerned, we spoke freely. All the events of her early years she now remembered perfectly; she could account for everything up to the time when her brother was struck down—after that came mistiness; from which she emerged to find herself in a strange room, ill, and being nursed by a strange nurse.

Several days passed before Pauline questioned me as to the part I had played in her clouded life. One evening we stood on the top of a thickly wooded hill, from which we could catch a glimpse of the sea, now reddened by a glorious sunset. We had been silent for some time, and who can say that our thoughts were not more in unison than any words we could have spoken whilst our strange and uncertain relations continued. I looked at the western sky until the glowing tints began to fade, then turning to my companion I found her dark eyes gazing at me with almost painful earnestness.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me what I shall find when that lost time comes back to me?"

Her fingers, as she spoke, were playing with her wedding ring. She still wore it, and the diamond keeper I had placed above it; but she had not as yet asked me why it was on her hand.

"Will it come back, Pauline, do you think?" I asked.

"I hope so—or stay; should I hope so? Tell me will it bring me joy or sorrow?"

"Who can say—the two are always mingled."

She sighed and turned her eyes to the ground. Presently she raised them to mine.

"Tell me," she said, "how and when did you come into my life—why did I dream of you?"

"You saw me so often when you were ill."

"Why did I wake and find your old servant taking care of me?"

Your uncle gave you into my charge. I promised to watch over you during his absence."

"And he will never return. He is punished for his crime—for standing by when the poor boy was murdered."

She pressed her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out the light.

"Pauline," I said wishing to change the current of her thoughts, "tell me how you saw me in dreams; what you dreamed of me?"

She shuddered. "I dreamed that you were standing by me—in the very room—that you saw the deed. Yet I knew that it could not be so."

"And then?"

"I saw your face many times—it was always travelling, travelling through clouds. I saw your lips move, and you seemed to say, 'I am going to learn the truth'—so I waited patiently till you returned"

"You never dreamed of me before?"

It was growing dusk. I was uncertain whether it was the deepening shade from the trees which made her cheeks look darker, or whether it was a blush. My heart was beating madly.

"I cannot tell! I don't know! Don't ask me!" she said in a troubled voice. Then she turned.

"It grows dark and chilly. Let us go in."

I followed her. It was so completely the rule for me to spend the evening with her that I did not even wait for an invitation. It was our custom to play and sing together for an hour or two. Pauline's first expressed desire after her recovery had been for a piano. Believing herself to be an heiress she had felt no scruple in asking for all she wanted, and my instructions to Priscilla being that no money was to be spared in ministering to her comforts, a piano had been sent from the nearest town.

All her skill had returned to her. Her voice had come back even stronger and more sweet than of old. Again and again she held me entranced as she had held me once before, when I little expected the fearful ending to her song, or that my fate and the singer's were so closely interwoven.

I was suprised, therefore, when this evening she turned on the doorstep and said, "Not to-night. Leave me, please, for to-night."

I urged no objection. I took her hand and bade her farewell until the morrow. I would go and wander by starlight and think of her.

As we parted she looked at me strangely, almost solemnly.

"Gilbert," she said, speaking in Italian; for Priscilla was now standing at the door—"shall I pray for the past to return or that I should never remember it? Which will be the best for me and for you?"

Without waiting to hear my reply, she glided past Priscilla, who stood waiting for me to follow her.

"Good-night, Priscilla," I said, "I am not coming in."

"Not coming in, Master Gilbert! Miss Pauline will be vexed."

"She is tired and not quite well. You had better go to her. Good-night."

Priscilla came out to the doorstep and closed the door behind her. There was something in her manner which told me she meant on this particlar occasion to resume what she could of that authority she had been delegated to exercise over me during my tender years—an authority I did not dare to dispute until long after I had been invested with jackets and trousers. I have no doubt but she would have liked to seize me by the collar and give me a sound shaking. As it was she was obliged to content herself with throwing a world of sorrowful indignation into her voice.

"She may easily feel ill, poor young lady, when her husband lives at one house and she at another. And here's every body round-about trying to find out what relation you two are to each other—asking me all sorts of questions, and I musn't say you are husband and wife.

"No—not yet."

"Well, I'm going to, Master Gilbert. If you won't tell the poor young lady, I shall. I'll tell her how you brought her home and sent for me to come and take care of her—how you tended her and waited on her all day long—how you shut yourself up for her sake, never seeing an old friend's face. Oh, yes, Master Gilbert, I'll tell her all; and I'll tell her how you went into her room and kissed her ere you started on that fool's journey, wherever it was. She'll remember everything fast enough then."

"I command you to say nothing."

"I've heeded too many commands of yours, Master Gilbert, to mind breaking one for your sake. I'll do it, and take the consequences."

Feeling that the explanation, if made by Priscilla, would not only sweep away a great deal of romance, but also might precipitate matters and make them far more difficult to adjust to my own satisfaction, I was bound to prevent her carrying out her threat. Knowing from old experience that although the good soul could not be driven, she could be led, I was obliged to resort to cajolery. So I said, as one asking a boon:

"You won't if I entreat and beg you not to, my old friend. You love me too much to do anything against my wishes."

Priscilla was not proof against this appeal, but she urged me to proclaim the true state of affairs as soon as possible.

"And don't be too sure, Master Gilbert," she concluded, "as to what she remembers or doesn't. Sometimes I think she knows a deal more than you suppose."

Then she left me, and I went wandering about thinking as to what meaning to attach to Pauline's parting words.

"Which will be the best for me—and for you?"—to forget or to recall? How much did she forget—how much did she recall? Had those rings on her hand not shown her that she was a wife? Could she help suspecting whose wife she was? Even if she remembered nothing about our strange, hurried marriage, nothing about our subsequent life together, she found herself after that interval of oblivion, as it were, under my charge; found that I knew all the tragic circumstances of her brother's end, that I had now returned from a journey of thousands of miles, undertaken to learn the fatal particulars. Although she might not be able to account for it, she must by this time know the truth. Keeping the ring on her finger showed that she did not dispute the fact that, somehow, she was wedded. Who could be her husband save me?

Yes, by the evidence the situation offered, I determined she had arrived at the right conclusion; and the hour was at hand when I should learn if the knowledge would bring her joy or sorrow.

To-morrow I would tell her all. I would tell her how strangely our lives became linked. I would plead for her love more passionately than ever man yet pleaded. I would prove to her how innocently I had fallen into Ceneri's schemes—how free from blame I was in wedding her whilst her mental state was such that she was unable to refuse consent. All this she should learn, and then I would hear my doom from her lips.

I would urge no plea based upon my legal right to my wife. So far as I could make her she should be free. Nothing should bind her to me except love. If she had none to give me I would tear myself from her, and at her wish see if steps could not be taken to annul the marriage—but whether she elected to remain my wife in name, to become my wife in reality, or to sever every tie, her future life, with or without her knowledge, should be my care. By this time to-morrow my fate should be known.

Having settled this I should have retired to rest; but I was in no mood for sleep. Again and again I recalled her last words and commenced one of those weighings of hopes and fears which always means self-torture. Why, if Pauline had guessed the truth, had she not asked me about it? How could she spend hour after hour with me, knowing she was my wife yet not knowing how she became so? Would her words admit of the interpretation that she dreaded what she had to learn? Did she wish for freedom and continual forgetfulness? So on and on until I made myself quite miserable.

Many a man on the event of learning whether his love is to be accepted or rejected has been racked as I was that night, but surely no lover save myself ever lived, who was to receive the momentous answer from the lips of a woman who was already his wife.

The hour was late when I returned from my solitary walk. I passed Pauline's window, and standing gazing up at it I wondered if she, too, were lying awake and thinking and deciding about our future lives. Ah well, to-morrow would put us both out of suspense!

The night being still and warm her window was open at the top. Before I turned away a fancy seized me. I picked a rose from a bush in the garden and managed to toss it through the open sash. She might find it in the morning and guessing from whom it came might wear it. It would be a good omen.

The blind shivered as the rosebud struck it; then, fearing discovery, I turned and fled.

The morning broke fair. I rose with hope in my heart and scouted the fears of the night. At the earliest moment I could hope to find her, I started in search of Pauline. She had just gone out. I ascertained in which way and followed her.

I found her walking slowly, with her head bent. She greeted me with her usual quiet sweetness, and we walked on side by side. I looking in vain for my rose; and was fain to comfort myself by thinking it must have fallen where she could not see it. Nevertheless, I was troubled.

(To be continued.)

Terry's Separation From Her Husband.

In a piece of art pictorial Endymion, the beautiful shepherd, lies sleeping, while the love-smitten goddess Selene hovers over him. The story of her passion for the enrapturing mortal is classic legend, as you know. The painting, which presents it in the manner indicated, is one of those by Watts which has just been brought from England for exhibition in this city. They do not popularly amount to anything, but experts in art are going to the Metropolitan museum to study them as examples of the best English works, and the museum, being sustained by endowment, can afford to give a show which financially doesn't pay. There is extraneous interest, however, in the painting which I have briefly described, because it separated Ellen Terry, the actress now with Henry Irving, from one of her husbands. Watts married her twenty years ago. She had been an actress in roles that deprived her of skirts, bu on becoming the artist's wife she resolved to eschew that sort of theatrical employment. The pair were cooing doves for a while, and in this period, before they turned to combative sparrows, Ellen was the model for the Selene. She was not aware of it, however, until the painting was nearly done. It was understood to be the object of the husband to convince her that she was charming in long skirts, and to that end he clothed Selene in drapery which flowed behind her as she floated. The sinuous, undulous figure was that of the frisky actress whom London had seen so completely, but it was modestly draped. The face was at that time a likeness. But the girl was displeased with the representation of her as a wooer instead of being wooed, and there was a quarrel. Soon afterward Watts gave a dinner party for the purpose of introducing some of his cronies to the wife of whom he was so proud. He requested her to dress as becoming as possible, in order that the impression upon his guests might be pleasant. She promised to dazzle them. She did it by appearing before them in short skirts and tights. That ended the marital relations of Mr. and Mrs. Watts. "But there is no great resemblance between the face of this Selene and the Ellen Terry whom we see in the Irving performances," I said to an artist with whom I was talking to on the subject. "I've been told," was the reply, "that he made some alterations to spoil the likeness after the separation; or, rather, that the uncompleted picture was laid aside for years, to be finally finished with a slightly different cast of countenance."—*New York Letter in Hartford Times.*

Rules for Winter.

The following rules, published in *Farm and Fireside*, are worth heeding by those who believe that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure:"

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

He Loved Her.

"Do you love me, dearest?" she asked of her crusty old husband.

"Did you pay those bills yesterday?"

"Yes, but do you—"

"Is there anything you want particularly to-day?"

"No, but do you love me, dearest?"

"Well, I guess I do," he then cautiously replied, as he carefully placed a newspaper over the pocket where he carried his money. —*New York Graphic.*

The cane which President Lincoln carried on the night of his assassination is now the property of Colonel W. H. Harris, of Cleveland, who was with the President on that fateful night. The cane has a bent top, a dog's head of ivory and a narrow gold band, on which is engraved: "Abraham Lincoln, 1865."

A BULLET IN HER BREAST.

A Woman Shoots Herself in Presence of Her Children.

"Oh, mamma, don't do it!" screamed a child on the first floor of the tenement house No. 107 avenue A, about half-past 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A few seconds after there was a pistol shot and a groan.

"Poor mamma is dead! poor, poor mamma! poor mamma!" then moaned the same child, and when the occupants of the house, who had heard the noise, were hastening toward the sounds they met two flaxen-haired children, one a boy of 6 and the other a girl 2 years younger, coming toward them, the elder one weeping pitifully and the younger one looking about in mute wonder.

"Mamma has shot herself," said the boy, and the neighbors hurried into the rooms of Mrs. Elizabeth Ulmer and found her stretched across a blood-stained bed. There was a bullet wound in her breast, from which the blood was streaming, and her breathing was so faint that she was thought to be dead. Symptoms of life presently became perceptible, however, but before a physician could be procured the unfortunate woman had expired. A cheap five chamber, 22 calibre revolver lay at her feet on the floor.

From occupants of the house the reporter learned that Mrs. Ulmer was in the habit of drinking to excess, and that she was probably intoxicated when she took her life. The police said that her husband had taken a bottle of brandy from her before he departed for his place of business in the morning, and a woman had been found who saw Mrs. Ulmer intoxicated in the afternoon, and who advised her to go home and go to sleep.—*New York Herald.*

Les Juggins Chez eux, ou Les Nouvelles Causeries de Lundi.

Mrs. Juggins' French conversations, since she attended the French classes at the local hinstitoot, embrace almost every topic of the day. The old gentleman, her liege lord, understands what she means, but is not sufficiently advanced himself to reply in the same language.

Mrs. Juggins—Juggins, vieux homme, je vois par le papier de nouvelles que le claimant est sorti de le prison de oportoterre.

Mr. Juggins—Oportoterre. Ah! Portland! We, we!

Mrs. Juggins—Il veut etre membre de parlemong pour Bavardagejambon.

Mr. Juggins—Member for where? (Turns to dictionary.) Ah! Chat-ham. Yes, Mariar; so I see.

Mrs. Juggins—Croyez-vous, Juggins, qu'il est vraiment Sir Roger ou un regulier fredonnepunaise?

Mr. Juggins—Regulier humbug! Well, you know, Mariar, there is a great deal to be said on both sides.

Mrs. Juggins—Parfaitemong cheri, mais je mangerai mon tete s'il est Sir Roger parceque—

Mr. Juggins—Drop it, Mariar! We ain't going to have the Tichborne trial all over again in French. Life ain't long enough.

Mrs. Juggins—Comme vous voulez. Parlons doter chose. Monsieur Dodson est élevé a la Maison de Lords.

Mr. Juggins—We, and and a very good thing. A sound, hardworking Liberal, Dodson; and he deserves the honor.

Mrs. Juggins—On a jeté un oignon a la tete de Colonel Burnaby. C'est mauvais gout, Juggins.

Mr. Juggins—I hope it was not a pignon d'Espagne.

Mrs. Juggins—Non, c'était un tout petit oignon, mais en politique un Radical doit se rapeller que L' oignon ne fait pas la force.

Mr. Juggins—No; one of the force ran the onioner in!

Mrs. Juggins—Oui, et servez lui raison! Lord Salisbury a é é sifflé en Ecosse.

Mr. Juggins—Yes! I expect there'll be a jolly bruit before this Franchise Guillaume est settlé, as you'd say at the Hinstitoot.

Mrs. Juggins—Encore un enfant mort de au-dessus de pression dans un Ecole de planche!

Mr. Juggins—Cramming 'em for the Government grant, Mariar—that's what's the matter. All children ain't got the same brains.

Mrs. Juggins—Avez vous lu l'histoire de les derniers douze sous de Wilson Barrett?

Mr. Juggins—We, dans tous les papiers de nouvelles.

Mrs. Juggins—Bravo! Vous parlerez Francais presentemong aussi bien que moi. Ce brave Wilson a écrit a le *Pall Mall*. Il dit qu'il a payé demi prix a neuf heure.

Mr. Juggins—Ah, my dear! I've often gone in half-price in them days. There's no half-price now, worse luck!

Mrs. Juggins—Non, et les huitres ne sont plus douze sous la douzaine! Ah, les bons vieux jours de notre jeunesse!

Mr. Juggins—Never mind, old gal! This ain't a bad hera to live in, if you've got the browns.

Mrs. Juggins—Les browns! L'expression est tres vulgaire, Juggins! Par le par, je vois que Sarah Bernhardt est malade.

Mr. Juggins—Bosh! Only another advertisement.

Mrs. Juggins—Non, les docteurs ont commande un changemong de air pour elle.

Mr. Juggins—Change of air! Well, she gives herself so many airs, she can afford to change one.

Mrs. Juggins—Vieux farceur, va! Par le par, voulez-vous me prendre a les French plays a le Royalty, pour voir 'Divorcons?"

Mr. Juggins—Royalty "Divorcons!" No, I shall Hesse tate.

Mrs. Juggins—Quel esprit! Mais c'est un calembour.

Mr. Juggins—Calembour—no, it's a calemmine. Twiggez-vous?

Mrs. Juggins—Bon encore, Juggins! vous irez loin. Ecrivez un burlesque pour Monsieur Shine, a la Gaiety, pour suivre "Appele Dos." Vous aurez un grand success!

Mr. Juggins—We'll talk about that to-morrow. Lay the cloth, and take that saucepan off. I'm going for the supper beer. (Exit.)

Mrs. Juggins (alone)—Ah, quel homme, mon Juggins! Je soignerai son education, et un de ces jours il sera invite par le Lord Mayor a la Maison Mansion, comme un Auteur Incorpore.

John Stetson lost $8,000 on Blaine and E. G. Gilmore $12,000. Anson Pond won $11,000 and John Schoeffel nearly $20,000.