

MARRIED PEOPLE.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

The only possible secret between two married people should be those which are confided to either one of them by others. While some people, who call themselves worldly wise, will laugh at the idea of such perfect confidence as this implies, others still, especially the newly married, who have but small worldly experience, will be shocked that I should suggest the keeping of any kind of secret by either wife or husband from the other. I am not prepared to say that these last are not the wiser of the two. Only, in that case, when any confidence is professed to either husband or wife, the recipient of it should make his or her position clearly understood.

Possibly there is a certain hardness toward old friends in requiring them either to dispense with the sympathy we have been wont to give them, or else to submit their weakness and trials to the cold judgment, the cynical consideration of a man or a woman who has for them no tender toleration born of loving intimacy. Yet it would be better to refuse ever to listen to another confidence while the world stands than to receive a secret to keep when its custody would be a wound to the one whose happiness should be our first object. Some wives and some husbands are large-minded enough and free enough from jealousy not to be troubled by the knowledge that a confidence has been bestowed in which they cannot share, and then there can be no harm in such a confidence.

But no personal secret can fitly belong to one only of the two people of whom love and law have made one flesh. The very ideal of marriage has been realized by that old Judge, who had knelt for so many years to say a last prayer at night beside his wife, and when at last she had left him, his lips were dumb, and without her he could not even open his heart to God.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He began by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denial. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to please of her girlhood, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when, at last a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning!

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was a question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling helped and proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain among the lilies of life." I am not speaking of marriages that are no marriages—where Venus has wedded Vulcan—because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marrying a where two true hearts have set out together, for love's sake to learn the lessons of life and give together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help make her small sacrifices for the general good. Try her and you will see.

But if you fail to tell her just how much you have, and just what portion can be properly spent, and what portion should be saved for the nest-egg, in which her interest is not less than your own, then you cannot justly blame her if she is careless and self-indulgent, and wishes to-day to want to-morrow.

There are thousands of little courtesies, also, that should not be lost sight of in the cruel candor of marriage. The secret of a great social success is to wound no one's self-love. The same secret will go far toward making marriage happy. Many a woman who would consider it unpardonable rudeness not to listen with an air of interest to what a mere acquaintance is saying, will have no least scruple in showing her husband that his talk wearies her. Of course, the best thing is when talk does not weary—when two people are so united in taste that whatever interests the one is of equal interest to the other, but this cannot always be the case, even in a happy marriage; and it is not better worth while to take the small trouble of paying courteous attention to the one who depends on you for his daily happiness than even to bestow this courtesy on the acquaintance, whom it is a transient pleasure to please?—*Our Continent.*

A Miner's Stoicism.

The other night Roger Stinson had both of his legs broken while at work in the Chollar croppings. The accident occurred 50 feet below the surface of the ground. There were two cave-ins or falls of rock. When Mr. Stinson was knocked down and partially covered up by the first, his comrades did not hesitate to run to his assistance and do all in their power to extricate him, though a second fall of rock upon the same spot was imminent. Indeed they were only driven back when the second mass was in actual motion—falling. Twice was the unfortunate man covered up in caves of earth and rocks, but his friends stood by him, though all about them was crumbling and threatening to come in. When he was finally dug out he was utterly helpless as regarded locomotion. He was carried back to a place of safety, when a messenger was sent for a surgeon. As there was a shaft 50 feet in depth to be ascended, and the only way of reaching the surface was by means of a rope and bucket, the miners thought that a surgeon could come down into the mine and in some way send the legs of their wounded companion as would enable him to go up in the bucket. When the surgeon came he said it was of no use to try to do anything with the man down in the mine; he must be brought out. The miners descended and set to work upon the problem. The strongest man among them stood erect in the drift, when the other lifted Stinson upon his back. With a long rope the two men were then lashed to-

gether, Stinson being so placed that his broken legs were well up from the ground. The miner, with his living load thus lashed upon his back, got into the bucket and was hoisted to the surface. At the surface the wounded man was carried into a blacksmith's shop and laid upon the ground. The surgeon split up some old barrel staves and bandaged these temporary splints upon the broken limbs, preparatory to placing him upon a waggon for removal to his home. When laid upon his back in the blacksmith's shop, instead of howling and bellowing with pain, Stinson asked his companions to fill his pipe and give it to him, which, being done, he smoked as calmly as any old Indian brave could have done under like circumstances.—*Virginia (Nevada) Enterprise.*

Woman's Beauty.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it.—[Clarendon.

Beauty comes with scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper than itself.—[Shairst.

The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.—[George Sand.

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.—[Lydia Maria Child.

The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.—[Greville.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty.—[Steele.

Every trait of beauty may be referred to some virtue, as to innocence, candor, generosity, modesty and heroism.—[St. Pierre.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid alluding to it, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.—[From the Italian.

A delusion, a mockery and a snare.—[Lord Denham.

Loveliness is the foreign aid of ornament. But is, when adorned, adorned the most.—[Thompson.

What's female beauty but an air divine Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine! —[Young.

There's nothing that allays an angry mind As soon as a sweet beauty.—[Beaumont and Fletcher.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever; Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into a nothingness, but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.—[Keats.

Beauty, like wit, to judge should be shown: Both most are valued where they best are known.—[Lyttleton.

A Terrible Typhoon—Sixty Thousand Families Homeless.

The typhoon destroyed in Manila all wooden and thatched houses and carried away the iron and tiled roofs of others. Sixty thousand families are homeless. The barracks, hospitals, government offices and factories were destroyed. The loss of life, however, is relatively small. Malacan and Boulacon were also devastated. Communication is interrupted between Manila and other towns on the Island of Luzon. [Manila is the capital city of the Island of Luzon, and of all the Philippine Islands of the Malay Archipelago. It is one of the emporiums of the east, and exports sugar, tobacco, indigo, manilla hemp and cordage, gold dust, coffee, cotton, rice and other products. There are great manufacturing of cigars and cordage in the city. Among its principal buildings are the Cathedral, the places of the Governor and the Archbishop, 10 churches and four colleges. The University of St. Thomas has an attendance of 500 students. Manila was founded in 1571. In 1645 it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. In 1762 it was taken by a British fleet and held for fifteen months. Its population, with the suburbs, is 160,000. The Philippine Islands are in the possession of Spain.]

A Prosperous Colony.

British Burmah is growing populous and prosperous under order and good government. The imports and exports have become more varied and have greatly increased. The value of exports for the past year was six crores of rupees, and that of imports three and a half. Independent Burmah, on the contrary, has become the home of anarchy, and is rapidly going down hill in every way. British traders are being attacked on the river, and the bold depredations of rebels in Upper Burmah have spread dismay even as far as the capital itself, Mandalay. It appears only a question of time when it will become necessary for the safety of British Burmah, as well as for the welfare of its own people, that independent Burmah should pass under British rule. Had it not been for the Afghan war it would probably have been subdued at that time. It is said that the success of the British arms in Egypt has already had a salutary effect upon the Burmese officials. It is curious how far-reaching the results of Tel-el-Kebr, which was won in twenty minutes, have proved to be.

A Coincidence.

It was rather a remarkable coincidence that the eighty-seventh Psalm, appointed by the Episcopal prayer-book for the Sunday evening service the week of the British victory in Egypt contained the following passage: "Thou hast subdued Egypt and destroyed it; Thou hast scattered thine enemies abroad with thy mighty arm."

Careful cooking is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will incur heavy doctors' and druggists' bills.

ABOUT PROMINENT PERSONS.

Notable People, Such as Dukes, Kings, Princes, and Duchesses.

Mme. Patti has thirty-five servants in and about her Welsh castle.

The former chief of the Omladina, the dreaded secret Slavonic society of Southern Russia, Meletich, has become crazy.

Eugenie has sent the uniform worn by her son in the Zulu campaign to the Vienna artist Canon, who is painting the portrait of the Prince Imperial.

For a course of two hundred lectures on popular science to be delivered in the United States, Professor Huxley has been offered five hundred dollars an evening.

Dr. John Rae thinks the Esquiman, instead of being diminutive, is as tall as the average Londoner, and has found that he lifts five hundred pounds with ease.

The Duchess of Talleyrand takes her gun under her arm, and goes over hill and dale, over fences and ditches, after game, in a woolen gown, with felt hat and water-proof.

Revivalist Penn prayed fervently for the death of two Texas ruffians who disturbed his camp meeting, and, as one died next day, the followers of Penn believe that the prayer was answered.

The Rev. Mr. Waite of Savoy, Mass., wrote a letter to "Darling Truey," and, as the person thus lovingly addressed is a giddy girl of 20, who had accompanied the parson to a camp meeting, Mrs. Waite is trying to get a divorce.

It is now a fashion in France for the gardeners to paste the monograms or crests of the family on the sunny side of the peaches and pears, which brings them to ripeness stamped with the design in quite an improvement on nature.

They illustrate the grandiloquence of M. De Lesseps by telling the story of his piercing a boil on the finger of his child. "How you tremble!" said his wife. "Tremble?" said the count: "I tremble at piercing a fester—I, who have pierced an isthmus!"

The summer house of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is on a point of the sea-shore a little east of Gloucester. She lives there with her companion and her pet dog during the warm weather, as remote as possible from all noises that assist the insomnia which troubles her.

Mrs. W. Seward Webb, and Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly are to have houses built for them by their father, W. H. Vanderbilt, on Fifth Avenue, in New York; at an expense of three hundred and twenty-five and three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars respectively.

The officers of the Grenadiers in Egypt wash their own clothes, and sit in the shade while they dry. Lord Algernon Lennox is thought to be the best hand at the laundry of smaller articles, Lord Henry Russell is spoken of as having a talent for lighting a fire, and Colonel Smith for preparing vegetables.

Prince Bismarck has addressed a letter of congratulation to the Electoral Committee of Osthal on their choice of the famous Herr Stoeker as their candidate for the Landtag. Herr Stoeker was formerly an enemy of the Chancellor, but his crusade against the Jews is believed to have secured him the patronage of Prince Bismarck.

The wife of the present Khedive is known as the Vice-Reine, and receives the world in state on fete days dressed in Parisian toilettes, and covered with some of the most magnificent jewels in the world. She is stout, fair, with brown hair and eyes, rosy, young, pretty, and very intelligent. She speaks French and English, and is acquainted with affairs. She is enormously rich in her own right, being the granddaughter of Abbas Pasha, a former Viceroy of Egypt.

Signor Tosti, the author of the songs "Let it be Soon," "For Ever and Ever," etc., is the pet musician of royalty in England at present. He has staid at Osborne as the teacher of the Princess Beatrice, and he gives lessons to the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Albany. Two or three times a week he is summoned to St. James' Palace to sing his own songs to the Duchess of Cambridge. He is also the particular friend of Prince Borchese, Prince del Drago, the Princess Massimo, and others of the sort in Rome. Altogether he has a good time.

The Dowager Duchess of Galleria not long since bestowed two splendid estates on the Pope. The way this old lady became so rich is curious. The Duke possessed a fortune of 300,000,000 francs, which would, by the ordinary course of devolution, go to his only son. The heir, however, in his father's lifetime, declared that he intended to renounce the world. Instead of retiring to a cloister, as he would have done in the middle ages, he went in his twentieth year into the territory of Nice and applied for a situation as a village schoolmaster. His father regarded this thing as a mere freak, and sent his son every year 300,000 francs. The young man, however, sent this sum every year to Paris, requesting it should be expended on the poor. After three years the Minister of Instruction, finding out who the schoolmaster of Nice was, appointed him to a high official post, and his father dying about the same time, he became the Duke of Galleria and owner of immense wealth. He declined the post, and allowed his mother to use his fortune without interference, content with his position and income as a teacher at Nice.

A Foul Murder.

The recently announced revolt of the Bahaiars tribe against the authority of the Shah of Persia, in the province of Ispahan, is said to be due to the murder of their chief and his eldest son by the heir to the Persian throne, who is Governor of Ispahan. Prince Vill-es-Soltanes sent for the chief of the Bahaiars and entertained him very sumptuously, placing him in the apartment of the palace reserved for his most intimate friends. After the chief had retired for the night, three servants of the Prince brought him some coffee, informing him that their master had sent it as a special compliment. The chief, who at once saw that he had been betrayed, declared that he would not touch it, and that if the Prince meant to get rid of him it must be by violence. The three men then fell on him and strangled him. Soon afterward his eldest son disappeared, and the Bahaiars, who attribute this to foul play on the part of the Persians, are waiting an opportunity to avenge the death of their two leading men.

CONFESSIONS.

A Wretch Who Murders His Wife and Six Children at Once.

For the last two days the First District Criminal Court and a jury have been engaged in the trial of a case which would certainly have afforded De Quincy some interesting material for his essay on "Murder as One of the Fine Arts." Berlin has not had to listen to such a sensational and painful story of crime for a long time, and certainly the black calendar of the city of intelligence is by no means pleasant reading. The chief actor in the present tragedy was a man named Conrad, aged 34, who began life as a philosophic tailor, somewhat after the style of Kingsley's Alton Locke, and after roaming through the gamut of various occupations, including military service, ended by strangling in one night his wife and four children. The trial of the murderer, which excited the deepest interest, as it was feared that the evidence against him might possibly break down, has disclosed a terrible degree of social depravity well calculated to make the humanitarians of the nineteenth century pause and think. Conrad, the "family murderer," as the newspapers term him, is a man, for his station in life, of great force of character, intelligent, inquiring, well-read, inventive, ready, and of remarkable self-possession. He had been a diligent reader of the poet Schiller and of the naturalist Charles Darwin, and his desultory course of study had ended in making him, like many others of his class in Germany, a believer in nothing whatever. Not only had he renounced all his religious faith himself, but he had compelled his wife to leave the Church, and brought up his children in heathen darkness.

The struggle for existence grew ever harder with him. He transferred his affections from his own wife to another unmarried woman. He denied the paternity of two of his children, and his household became a perfect hell. He wanted to be free to marry the object of his second love, and with one blow he cut the five-fold knot that bound him to his wife. In the night between the 11th and 12th of August last he strangled his wife and four children while they slept. In the morning the corpses of the mother and her youngest child were found hanging at the back of a door, while the dead bodies of the other three were discovered similarly suspended in a wardrobe. On the mother's bed lay a volume of Schiller open at the poem of the "Kindermorderinn" (child murderer) which the father had placed there so as to suggest to the officers of justice that his wife had committed both infanticide and suicide. This was the critical point of the whole case—whether the father or the mother had committed the terrible crime, and but for the judicial habit here of cross-questioning prisoners, there is no saying how far the diabolical craft and coolness with which Conrad planned and executed the deed, with his calm and self-collected demeanor in court, might not have aided him. A letter of triumph, however, which he wrote to his mistress before the breath could have been long out of his wife's body, formed a strong link in an otherwise somewhat fragile chain of circumstantial evidence, so he was found guilty and condemned to death. His own theory was that, having had a quarrel with his wife on the night in question, he rushed out of her insupportable presence into another room, where he fell asleep, and then the mother did the fearful havoc. In the morning he sent for a locksmith to pick the lock which he himself had fastened, and he made a most dramatic pretence of weeping and fainting when confronted with the results of his nocturnal handiwork. Fiction, however, yielded to reality when sentence of death was pronounced upon him, and when, altogether collapsing, he had to be brought round with wine. To detail the social depravity revealed by this trial would only shock your readers.

A Russian Crisis.

Fears are expressed in Russia at the probability of another severe commercial crisis similar to that of 1873. The main cause is the remarkable drop in the price of corn which has resulted during the last few weeks from the abundance of the harvest in Western Europe and America. A little while ago merchants were readily buying wheat at the rate of a rouble and forty copecks (2s 10d) the pood (thirty-six pounds), giving a quarter that amount in cash as hard money to clench the bargain. Suddenly the demand for corn from abroad ceased and the price dropped heavily, until a few days ago 85 copecks, or 1s 5d per pood was being refused on the exchanges of Russia. In this manner there are thousands of merchants in Russia who have bought corn for 2s 10d the pood, which they cannot hope to sell for more than eighteen pence, or little more than half that amount. How enormous the losses must be in consequence is illustrated by a remarkable piece of generosity on the part of Count Branitzky. All the corn on his estates, amounting to 800,000 poods, or over 10,000 tons, had been sold for a rouble and 40 copecks the pood, and when he found that the buyers could only obtain 80 copecks for it in the market, he released them from their contracts, thus relinquishing £50,000 at a stroke. Few persons, however, are of the magnanimous disposition of Count Branitzky, and if the present low prices prevail throughout the month the result must be almost universal bankruptcy in the Russian corn trade. Already, according to the Kiev correspondent of the *Golos*, the bankruptcies in that province amount to 6,000,000 roubles, although the crisis has hardly commenced there yet. The *Novoe Vremya*, in appealing to the Government for prompt assistance in the matter, declares that the competition of America in the corn trade has now attained such proportions as to menace the commercial fabric of Russia with ruin. But, in this instance at least, it would appear that another course has been at work besides transatlantic rivalry. I fear that the Egyptian conflict would develop into a serious European war, and that the harvest in Egypt would be lost, the corn importers in Western Europe made large purchases of Russian corn during the summer, thus causing prices to rise to an abnormal extent. Ignorant of the real reason of the demand, the buyers in Russia went on making extensive purchases until the sudden cessation of orders led them into their present predicament.

People who do not object to fat—printers and legates.

A Bank Teller's Trick.

David Burt, Teller in the Bank of North America in this city, was arrested Wednesday afternoon, and yesterday charged of felonious embezzlement was held against him. Burt was teller of the bank in this city up to three months ago, when he was detailed to take the place of another employee of the bank absent in England and another teller was appointed to take his place in his stead. The principal office of the bank is in London, England, and the office here is one of the many branches of the United States and Canada. An auditor is employed by the bank, whose duty it is to visit the branch offices and examine the accounts. Last Wednesday he paid a special visit to the office in this city. He reached the teller's room he began examining the gold on a tray which was supposed to contain \$20,000. To his surprise he found that the back rows were composed of gold bars, and when they gave out there were rows of half-dollar pieces cemented together with shellac. Chief Bowley was notified of the matter and Detective Bohan was called to work up the case. The present teller was interviewed and readily gave any information he could in regard to the matter and appeared to be innocent of the crime. Mr. Burt, on being questioned, did not seem to have anything to say about the matter, but he was not so easily satisfied. A number of attaches of the office were examined, among others the messenger of the bank, who said that about nine months ago he bought two sets of checkers for Burt, the other hand, Burt denied that any bought checkers for him. The present teller keeps his accounts and his own private matters very correctly, all money being accounted for. Burt has quite a stock account with Coffin, Sanders & Cook, and has transactions with that firm amounting to over \$7,000. The amount missing from the tray is about \$7,000. The bank is against Burt for loss, as all their employees are bonded—Burt for \$10,000. The accused native of Scotland, 35 years of age, came here about five years ago from a branch of the bank in Canada.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"The Irreproachable Waltzer."

Some of the severest sects of Methodism are known rigorously to condemn waltzing. It is not the rotary movement, as having a tendency to giddiness, which they disapprove. It is extremely pleasing, therefore, to find all possible objections to the waltz removed by a recently invented machine. This is an ingenious contrivance called the General's Patent Irreproachable Waltzer, and in it are found all the advantages of none of the drawbacks, which appertain to the ordinary practice. The "Irreproachable Waltzer" is described in the *New York Times* as consisting of "a stout, iron, light wood of about five feet in height, remotely resembling an old-fashioned iron frame. At the top of a frame is a platform for a lady's hand, and at about the middle of the frame is a jointed arm, capable of being placed around a young man's waist, and securely fastened in that position with a thumbcrew. The frame is two feet furnished with castors, each of which has a universal joint, so that it turns freely in any direction. The waltz affair weighs only five pounds, and it is to be folded together, so that a lady can carry it in her hand, either with or without a strap." The ban against waltzing has been removed by some of the strictest Presbyterian ministers, who, until Mr. General cast the impropriety of the dance. It is not only anticipated by the inventor that the machine which never treads on the floor, scrupulously respects "gathers," can never lose step, will be preferred to the old-fashioned animate partner, but was often guilty of these enormities.

Cairo's Sacred Carpet Ceremony.

Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Cairo has the well-known ceremony of the departure of the sacred carpet been celebrated with so much splendor. At an early hour on a recent morning a considerable portion of the British garrison, including the whole of Gen. Wood's brigade, Sir Evelyn Wood being himself in command, were drawn up below the citadel and near the Kiosk, wherein the Khedive and dignitaries of State were assembled. Sir General Wolseley and Sir Edward Malet were present to witness the procession, which started after the usual prayer and blessing in the Mosque. The departure of the caravan was announced by the thunder of the guns of the citadel. The procession was headed by detachments from the Indian regiments, infantry and cavalry, all the Mussulmans in these corps being on duty. Their martial air and proud bearing were strong contrast to the motley horde of favored fanatics who formed the immediate cortege of the sacred offering. The way lay through the narrow and densely crowded streets of the native quarter, and several hours were spent in almost fighting pace to the station, where, amid repeated salvos of artillery, the gifts of the Khedive the Holy Shrine were finally packed into a gayly decorated truck for conveyance to Suez, whence they will be shipped direct to Djeddah. Generally the caravan travels the desert route, but this year a change was made, owing to the unsettled state of the Bedouins, who, now armed with Remingtons, are a terror to the country districts.

Cured.

Years ago there was a pauper who was always on the point of committing suicide much to the annoyance of all the people who had anything to do with him. His medical attendant of the workhouse visited him to drive into the town one day, and on the way the pauper remarked: "Doctor, please give me a few pence to buy some arsenic, I want to make an end of myself." Then the doctor replied: "That is the reason why I asked you to drive, I shall take you down to my surgery and give you a couple of drops of a certain acid on your tongue. It will kill you in less than half a minute and I shall tell the people that you died in a fit. Then the parish will bury you in good style." The pauper waited no more, but jumped from the trap and bolted back to the poor-house. His body was sealed for ever after on the subject of suicide.