THE TRUTH OF IT,

Some months after this coversation with my extraordinary clerk, Sir William Jarvis, an old client of mine, died. I was summoned to attend his funeral, and to read the will afterward. The day before I went down to his country-house, I thought it would be as well if I looked through the draft of his will, in order to be familiar with its provisions. His box was brought in. and I soon put my hand upon the document | Row." I wanted. It was dated in 1867-the year Wilson came to me-and the draft was in my clerk's handwriting. It was a voluminous document, consisting of a good many sheets of paper, joined together at the corner. To the front page was affixed a slip of white paper, bearing sundry memorandaalso in Wilson's handwriting-suggesting, most likely, a few alterations to be made if I approved of them.

As I bent this piece of paper back, to read the words consealed, I saw writing on the other side of it, and my heart stood still as that the writing was identical writing of those words which had been stamped upon my brain since the day of Roland Northwick's death.

With trembing hands I detached the

alip of paper, opened my secretaire, and laid it side by side with the note or warning. I had been deceived by no fancied resemblance, the writing was the same, and so peculiar was the penmanship that I felt Even the tremulous nature of the hand- against a surp-ise of this nature, and to peculiar was the penmanship that I felt convinced that no chance could have produced these two specimens from different duced the second duced these two specimens from different duced the second duced these two specimens from different duced duced the second duced duced the second duced duced duced duced the second duced duced the second duced duc convinced that no chance could have pro writing would be accounted for; as she must whom my life might be as nothing. But I found paper was better and firmer than on the other; but I compared letter for letter and found them exactly alike in their formation. The hand that wrote one wrote the other: and as the two slips of paper lay before me I felt that the murderer of Roland Northwick had had his day. Then, with professional instinct, I sat down to think calmly over my discovery. The paper which I had so unexpectedly found contained what appeared to be a portion of Byron's "When we two parted." Probably the writer was an admirer of the post, and had transcribed it for her own pleasure. The paper had been torn, lengthways, down the centre : so that only the first halves of the lines were left. But this was more than enough-I could have sworn to the identity of the writing had only two letters appeared.

Now came the difficulty. How could connect the two papers? What theory could I form? Here, through an extraord:nary chance, was the clew starting from my very office. Here it had been lying for five years. Now that it was within my hands. whither would it lead? Could it be possible that Wilson was in any vay mixed up in the affair? I shuddered at the thought, and felt inclined to dismiss it as preposterous, At first I even contemplated asking him point-blank whose writing it might be on the back of the slip of paper he had used; but recognizing the necess ty for extreme caution, I decided not to do so. I endeavored to throw my memory back to the time when Sir William's will was made. Looking through my old diaries, I found that about that date we had a press of business in hand; but I could recollect nothing more than taking Sir William's instructions, and, afterward, seeing him execute the will.

I placed them in my pocket-book and sent for Mr. Wilson. I was quite composed when he entered, and running over the sheets of the draft, asked: "Do you remember the circumstances under which you drew this up? I ask, as

felt I must endeavor to get some more in-

formation before I took any decisive steps

. so, pinning the two pieces of paper together

there are several little things in it I should have worded differently." Wilson took the paper in his hand, look-

ed at the date and replied : "It was one of the first things I did for

you, before I had quite caught your style. I remember, as we were very busy, I drafted it at home, and you altered a good deal of it before it was fair copied."

Then this fact was pretty well established; the paper, whoever wrote it, came from Wilson's house. I saw clearly that my first proceeding was to accertain everything I could respecting his antecedents and private life. I looked up my letters of 1867, and found from them that Wilson had been recommended to me by Forbes and Thwaites, of Bristol, a firm of high standing. Having ascertained this much, I went in search of a private inquiry agent. I hated the idea of having to spy on one of my household, as it were, but the ser ous nature of the case gave me no option.

"Can you attend to a bit of business for want made."

"Certainly, sir," replied the agent, producing his note-book; "we are rather slack just now."

1866, I believe. and they were concerned." The heads of my instructions were rapidly

jotted down.

he originally lived, and find out all you can row. about him. His connections, private life,

The agent nodded.

Then you will ascertain his private address in London, and get all particulars you can of his history since he came to town. As soon as you know enough, write me, and I will call for your report,'

"Case of defalcation, I suppose?" said the man, closing his note-book. "Something of the sort," I replied, and

wished him good morning. I did not choose to take anyone into my confidence this time. I would get all the links together before I put the chain into

other hands. In five days' time the agent sent me word that his report was ready. I had been anxi-

ously awaiting it, so hastened to hear what he had discovered.

consequence whatever; but the detective had done his duty in getting the fullest information. Sifting out all extraneous matter, I learned as follows:

He had been well educated, then articled to | chanical way, in the present excited state of a firm of solicitors. Afterward he set up in my mind giving little heed to their contents. tice, the daughter of a well-to-do retired perpetrated? I began now almost to wish I laid my lips beside her ear and whispertradesman; but as several members of his that my fear of the preceeding night had ed:

moneyjby his failure, they became complete- me assurance of his guilt. ly estranged. Wilson came to London in 1867; taking lodgings at Cholees. His wife copened and Wilson entered. H had a m died on February 22ad, 1870. They were apparently a happy and much attrohed couple. They had no children, and since her death Wilson had continued to occupy

"And," added my informant, with a lurking smile, "I find that since he has been in London he held the post of confidential clerk to Mr. Maitland, solicitor, of Bedford

"Thank you," said Mr. Maitland. "I am much obliged to you. It has been painful to me to institute these inquiries, but was bound to set my mind at rest about Mr.

Wilson." Although I had gained little direct evidence, my suspicions gathered strength. Impossible as the idea seemed, the testimony of the handwriting proclaimed that James Wilson must in some way be connected with the perpetrator of the foul crime. At least, be would be able to identify the writer of the message. My agent had ascer-221, 1870-two days after the blow was ceedings, I fancied, troubled him-he turnstruck. As I thought the matter over, the fact of Wilson not having mentioned his wife's death at the time, and his misleading words to me on a recent occasion, which had mademe conclude he was unmarried, ttended own free will, cooping myself up with a to make it appear possible that the writer of man whom I suspected to be a murderer; a the warning note was Mrs. Wilson herself. | man who might have made preparations came entangled with James Wilson's wife was a matter of little consequence now. Detective skill must unravel all that, and no doubt drag a painfal scandal to light, For me, at present, it was sufficient to know that could I prove the writer of these two papers lying in my pocket to be James Wilson's wite, I had enough ground to justify his arrest as the murderer. This identification must be my first task.

determined to make no delay. The thought that for years I had been in daily contact and communication with the coldblooded murderer of one of my dearest friends was to me horrible. With this dreadful suspicion hanging over him, I felt it almost impossible to breath the same air with Wilson. much less to transact my usual business matters with bim. I felt that might betray myself in his presence, and, with the acute suspicion which such a crime must engender, he would guess what was passing through my mind, and fly from justice. I left the office, stating that I should not return that day, and the next morning sent Wilson a letter, saying that an urgent private matter had called me into the ccuntry. The link that joined the two others I must have before proceeding any further. I knew the name of the church in which Wilson had been married; the object of my journey was to visit it. I inspected t e register of marriages, and, knowing the date of the ceremony, had but little d ffi sulty in lighting on the signatures of Adelaide Fletcher and James. Wilson. The resemblance in the writing here was even closer to the warning mes age than that of the I nes of poetry I had so fertunately found. Perhaps, from the emotion natural to a young girl when signing her maiden rame for the last time, the strokes were tremulous, even as from another cause they were tremulous in those fatal words that now lay side by side with the bride's signature-"My husband knows all. I couldn't help it Beware !"

With all my lingering doubts-with all the hopes I cherished as to Wilson's innocence dispelled. I hastened back to town, nerving myself to perform a harrowing duty the next day-the duty of denouncing as the murderer of Roland Northwick the man who for eight years had been my constant companion and trusted associate in busi-

Late as the hour was when I reached Paddington, I drove straight to Inspector Sharpe's house. Accustomed to surprises at all hours, the astute gentleman expressed no as onishment at seeing me, but awaited patiently any communication I had to make for his benefit. Yet for once, at least, in the course of his checkered career I believe he was taken aback.

"If you will be at my office at eleven o'clock precisely to morrow morning, I will point out to you the man who murdered Roland Northwick."

The inspector stared. "Tell me where to find him," he said, "and the handcuffs shall be on his wrists to-

hesitated. Something restrained me from telling him to whom my suspicions me?" I said. "A few private inquiries I pointed. It was not mercy; but I wished to give Wilson one chance of explaining the thing which had led me to accuse him of the

"No," I replied. "I cannot even tell you "I want you to go to Bristol to-night. his name at this moment. I must manage Inquire there of Mesers. Forbes and Thwaites | matters in my own way. He will come to solicitors, from what part of the world | my office to morrow, utterly unsuspecting. James Wilson came. He was bankrupt in | I will then point him out to you, and you can take the proper course."

Inspector Sharpe promised obedience to my instructions, so I left him to dream, no "Then you will go to the place at which | doubt, of the reward he might claim to mor-

> slept but little that night. I was drawing ence to his powerful words; and as I watch- so many years. His left hand held the sheet mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the painful proceeding of ed his actions and listened to his words, I he was perusing near his eyes; the remainthe mental pictures of the document hung down, hiding his ed carvers. Long before the Carrier of the document hung down, hiding his ed carvers. me. I fancied that for some reason or other Wilson had divined my suspicions. and that on the morrow he would be absent. So strongly did this idea impress me, that I actually rose, determined to go so the detective at once, reveal all I knew, and let the arrest be made at once, so that justice should not be defeated. Then, as my senses returned to me, I saw how utterly impossible it was that Wilson could suspect anything, and, lying down once more, I resolved to let matters follow in the train I had designed.

Still it was not without relief I saw, upon entering my office in the morning, my con-There was a good deal in it that was of no | fidential clerk at his usual post. He salut. ed me with his invariably calm politeness. For the life of me I could not return the greeting; but, averting my face, hurried into my room, the entrance to which lay James Wilson was of respectable family, through his. I opened my letters in a me-

wife's family lost considerable sums of been well founded, and his flight had given

In a few minutes the door of my office ber of papers in his hand, and running them "If you are at liberty now, Mr. Maitland, there are several things about which

should like to consult you, I shuddered as he spoke; but he stood office, what acts he used, I know to arrest, for he attended the property of the manner of the property of the propert there with his impassable exterior—his accompand, or what acts he used, I know to arrest, for he asked me mind, evidently, bent only on business—it ance ripened, or what acts he used, I know to arrest, for he asked me mind, evidently, bent only on business—it ance ripened, or what acts he used, I know to arrest, for he asked me mind, evidently, bent only on business—it ance ripened, the seemed absurd to suppose that this was a gallant handsome young man. Yet whole truth why Roland was a gallant handsome young man. being who, with hellish vengeance in his been when I could have shown murdered, and who was a gallant handsome young man. Yet whole truth why Rolling No. being who, with hellish vengeance in his the day has been when I could have shown murdered, and why James With hears, crept up the staircase to Roland's the day has been when I could have shown murdered, and why James With hears, crept up the staircase to Roland's the day has been when I could have shown hims If in my office when I could have shown hims If in my office when I could have shown here. hears, crept up the staircase to Roland's the day has been as Mi- Roland hims If in my office. And the bedroom; that those white fingers, holding bedroom; that those white fingers, holding Northwick! He had made an end of my life, narrative above written. new a harmless pen, were the same which Northwick! He had made an end of my life, closed round the handle of the knife that and his own should pay forfeit,

perced my poor friend's bosom. But the time for heeitation and uncertainty was gone by. In an hour Sharpe would entrance, I knew all his habits well, and be here, eager for his prey; and until he several times had been to his rooms on busicame I determined that Mr. James Wilson should not be a moment out of my sight.

I rose and walked to the office door, locked it, and placed the key in my pocket. Then I resumed my seat; and motioned tained that his wife had died on February | Wilson to one near me. My unusual proed a shade paler if that were possible, but

he said nothing. have wondered at my folly at thus, of my slim, almost to thinness, and I was certain overpower him. I felt disgust and horror at my companion, but not fear. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Mr. Wilson," I said, "some time ago you led me to understand you were unmarried. I have since ascertained that your wife died in February, 1870."

Wilson, whose acuteness told him that I did not make this assertion with the primary object of reproaching him for concealing. the true state of his domestic affairs from me, made a simple gesture of assent.

"I find," I continued, "that your wife died on the 221 of February—two days after the murder of Roland Northwick." As I spoke the last words he knew what | asked.

was coming-I could see it in the man's "And," I concluded, 'from certain facts which have come to my knowledge. I have decided that you, even if you did not

strike the blow yourself must know the murderer." Wilson rose. He was perfectly calm, and speaking in his usual quiet voice,

"You must be mad, Mr. Maitland, to make such an accusation-against me, of all men in the world? Without troubling to deny it, I ask you, as a lawyer and a man of business, what possible motive could I have for committing such a crime?

"The day before he was killed, Roland Northwick received a letter of warning from a woman—a woman whose husband he had doubtless wronged. Till a few days ago her name was unknown. Now, from the similarity of the curious writing to that of another specimen which I have ascertained was written by your wife, I know that the warning was sent by her. James Wilson. you wretched murderer! Your bour has come! I have already denounced you. and in a short time the efficers will b

Wilson sat silent for some time. I was on the alert, expecting that my accusation would be the signal for an attempt to escape. But nothing seemed further from his thoughts. After a while he raised his eyes to mine, and said quietly.

Your knowledge of common law cannot be very great, Mr. Maitand, if you think that any English jury will convict a man | proved the standing of your firm." upon the fancied resemblance between two scraps of writing. But your deductions are | tion, but said nothing. I was determined to better than your law-I did kill Roland Northwick."

The audacity of this full confession. spoken as if he were mentioning an incident in his career of little moment, so surprised me that I could only stare at him and ejacu.

"Villain ! Ruffian!"

"Yes," continued this strange man, " I killed him-I will tell you why I killed him-that is, if you care to laten to the tale, and if there is time before the war rant arrives,"

"The information will be sworn at eleven o'clock," I stammered; marveling at his extraordinary composure, and by it compelled to give him an answer to his question, "Till then," I added, "I shall not lose sight of you for an instant."

He smiled faintly, almost centemptuously. He might really have been an uninterested at my watch, but a kind of feeling of delispectator of the scene. He began to speak, and, in a moment, his whole manner changed. He was transfigured, and I knew that at last I was face to face with the true man. His brows contracted, his deep-set eyes in my usual seat at the table which was li burned with fierce light, his cheek flushed, and the veins on his forehead stood out with emotion. His speech was rapid, and he finished his letter he took up a brief and his language elequent. His gestulation was striking; his thiu, lithe fingers clasped each Tired as I was with the day's work, I other, or were extended to give due influ- only in the work which had done so well for of reserve, under that well-fitting mask of right hand as well as the greater portion of the H ndoos beautified the interior of suave politeness, beat a heart shaken by the his body. As I sat waiting until the hou temples and homes with the most interest passions and capable of the day. strongest passions and capable of the deepest feeling. As I stood face to face with and wondering at the self-command die him, I could scarcely realize that this was played by the remorseless murderer, he look

"I will be brief, Mr. Maitland," he said, before noticed there. "I killed Roland Northwick because he seduced my wife. I had loved her as a boy -I loved and married her as a man. If I had no wealth to give, I gave her such love are only two ways of escaping—one over simply the suggestions of the as man has never yet given woman. I believed her to be the most pure, as well as one," the most beautiful, of women. To me she was simply my life. Every hope, every thought of mine was for her happiness. Oh, how I loved that woman ! loved her, worshipped her, trusted her, slaved for her! And that night when, stricken with the illness which she knew would be fatal, when I hung over her pillow and tended her with loving hands, she whispered that cursed confession to me, my life was at an end for practice at a rising watering place on the I could think only of one thing—was I not ever. As, trembling at death, and the Bristol Channel, where, as I have already wrong, after all? Could that quiet, self- judgment she feared after that death, she stated; he became involved in some unfortu- possessed. gentle-spoken man, now sitting sobbed out her shame to me, praying for my nate building transactions, failing in conse- within a few feet of me, be guilty of one of forgiveness, so that the God whom she quence. He had married, whilst in practite and most dastardly crimes over dreaded might, perhaps, forgive her, then

"When I have killed him, I will forgive you. Not till then.

ber, you would pity men whilst condemn. ing me for what you call the crime. I cared not which was to blame, the man or the wo- ed all. The verdict was pared in an unsound state man; but I said. 'That man shall die,' The in an unsound state of mind" details of their intrigue were of little interdetails of their intrigue work details very knowing that none would be in uld like to consult you."

office, where she would frequently wait to detective, no doubt, formed his shuddered as he spoke; but he stood accompany me home. How their acquaint-

> "The next morning I was outside his house, but found no means of gaining an

"To-morrow," I whispered to my wife, who now lay almost speechless and insensible-and 'to-morrow' it was! You know the rest.

"I reached home in the evening, and leaning over my dying wife whispered: "He is dead-I forgive you now."

"She spoke no more. The next day she Many a time afterward, in cold blood, I died, and that look of horror which settled on her face when I waispered those words of forgivenness never left it."

He was silent. You wretched man!" I cried. "Do you high authorities, Field Mershall A feel no remorse?"

"I feel no remorse. My life became a cause in future the destructive fire distance the most co knife through her seducer's heart. Since then Greater skill will no doubt be require that in a hand-to-band struggle I could I have cared nothing for life—nothing for handling it so as to bring it into the critical and the critical and the critical and the struggle in the critical and the criti death."

"But the hereafter-beyond death!" cried, appalled by such callousness.

Wilson had again seated himself, and re sumed his usual mask. His recent excitement had vanished, and left no trace. His ordinary quiet smile passed over his feat-

"Intellectual men with my views," he said, "trouble little about the future, and fear it less."

In spite of my horror and disgust, I could not help feeling a certain amount of curios. the old guard at Waterloo, "prevented

"But how could you avoid detection?" I

"Simply by not trying to escape itcared little whether I was discovered or not. Some strange instinct induced me to take the watch and chain, which now lies a shape less mass, buried in one correr of the cellar beneath this house. I only wanted access to the room. Having done what I had resolved to do, it mattered little whether I came out again or not. By some strange chance no one saw me; so I walked down the stairs and reached the office as usual, My glove was on my hand when I struck the blow. It was stained with blood, so burnt it. That was all. Had I been arrested that day—as, indeed, I fully expected to have been-I should have made no defense paying the penalty of my act as care lessly as I shall now"

"But how could you meet me? How could you go about your business as usual, with this awful crime on your conscience?"

"I tell you, Mr. Maitland, I neither felt nor feel remorse regret. or even wish to aging to cavalry.-[The Fertnight bibited, and of these evade justice. My life, as I understand life, | view. ended. I simply waited, never doubting but all would some day be known."

I feit it was too horrible to hear this man discussing his crime and approaching a shameful end as coolly as though he were speaking of some client's ordinary business matters. "Now you see, Mr. Maitland," he contin-

ued, "why I refused your kind offer of a partnership. It will matter very little your clerk being arrested for murder ; but had I been your partner it would not have im-

I thanked I im mentally for his considerato speak no more. It was too painful, and I longed for Sharpe to arrive and terminate | made her so ten fold formidable. the interview. Wilson, as though reading my thoughts,

glanced at his watch. "I see that my time is short," he said, | that I wanted to stand there before in "I have one letter I wish to write before the

handouffs are on my wrists. Would it be But she never spoke. Her hair w asking too great a favor if I requested you tumbled about, her dress was ton the ter, with sugar, a to leave ma alone for a few minutes ?" I told him he was at liberty to write what he liked; but I should not quit him, He slightly shrugged his shoulders, and saying,

"As you will," took a sheet of paper and ommenced writing.

His letter was a very short one. He laced it in an envelope, laying it on the laced it in an envelope it is a laced it in an envelope. commenced writing. placed it in an envelope, laying it on the table with the address downward.

The minutes stole on, oursly it must now be eleven o'clock. I would have looked cacy restrained me I waited some time longer and then glasced at Wilson. I was sitting nearest the door, with the idea of cutting off any att mpted escap : Wilson was tered with letters and legal documents. Thi table, I should add, was between us. A commenced perusing it. Even at this awful moment he appeared to be interested sounded from the neighboring church tower the same man whom I had seen daily for ed across and met my gaze. There was an expression in his eyes, which I had never

"I have been thinking, Mr. Maitland." he said in his gentle voice, "that, after all, ity of conception united with a post I should like to escape the gallows. As there | ecution which is wonderful. your body, and another—I choose that other draughting paper with none of the

And before I could comprehend the hid- like, which are necessary to the den meaning of his words I heard the loud here. There they in truth use their forward sorrow and James Wilson fell as brushes, for their hands are firm forward across my office table, deluging it are acquainted simply with the ide and all it held with his heart's blood.

spector Sharpe, who was waiting outside, pomegranate hes imbedded in the burst open the door and rushed to the dying though it had been waiting simply man. He sighed once, and then we knew picked and enjoined. that all was over with him.

dressed to me, It contained only these words : The reason of my rash act is extensive defaleations, which, songer or later, you must d'scover.

had to appear. I stated total that our conversation that "Had you ever loved a woman as I loved been upon a matter of bus conducted much to my die letter which I produced appeared I never looked for any defalor. narrative above written.

European Cavalry. Among the military nations of he tinent it is recogn zed that, m be

time for the efficacious employment di alry either on the battlefield or in prises against the flanks or rest of a being past, a glorious future is devi that arm, and shat opportunities will when well disciplined, well-trained well-commanded cavalry may, the power of securing for itself come immunity from the dangers to which erms are in a higher r to exposed the 1-ading par . in the conflict and prime cide the fase of a campaign. Among Moltke has recorded his opinion that cisively at the critical moment, cho m victoriam, for only by rap dity in man ing can the effect of the breechloude peralyzed. History proves that we cavalry a victory s rarely brillian cavalry is beaten, according to Monta li, the battle is entirely lost; if, a other hand, it is victor ous, the ne complete. From the day when Hand destroyed the Roman host at Canna, that on which, 2 000 years afterward British equacions, charging the fine rallying" after the annihilation of French cavalry, this axiom has ben be In the last great war cavalry on both were on several occasions nobly no in order to gain time for the infantry. heroic effort to avert disasters already parable, but neither in the "death ni-Worth or Rejonville, or in the te slaughter of Sedan, were the losses at as those incurred by cavalry in the day muzzle-loaders. That the effect of the of modern weapons, requiring as there their use considerable skill and a m judgment of distance, would be very tructive to cavalry moving rapidly of the zone of 400 yards remains to be m In a trial which took place in Indiaba 4 Gardner guns and a detachment of picked shots file-firing at 6 stationy gets at 585 yards, the distance bear cademy this spring known, the latter made only 24 hits tal of 8 093 an inc 411 rounds, and at 900 yards volley a car. Of these only the distance being known, only 36 in eccepted by the conof 630 rounds. The Gardner gun doubtful, and a even less successful, a result highly

A Little Virginia Girl.

Joaquin Miller, the poet and me rawings, 4 engrav has been down in the West Vin mountains and he writes to the New i sees of sculpture,

"A little Virginian climbed up the like a little pet squirrel; she was p cademy. frisky; ner hair as black, bushy mis ant; her eyes as bright and many to large and beautiful. Ah, mel my went all to pieces at once. She was doz n years old, and yet she was w But she didn't know it at all; she dream of such a thing. And that it her my rest in the packel car, m thanked me with such promptom grace, such precision of sil.nt, god wait all the days of my life for her by reat the settlings her small, dimpled hands were bon briar to:n. Pretty soon she divel hand into her pocket, threw back in hair with the right hand, and so by crack a lot of chestnus with the of Oregon. And although I shall - Offenbach, th her sgain I venture my life that it minutes. The four the best blood in the land, one of their lands here power each families of the war: a nitiful little whose valiant people went down to the cables which can and never came back to her mothers and direct it. The mother's mother any more. And to the cables which can be captured by the families of the war; a pitiful little contrasther wild refinement with the bit tubes slitted along bottem and insulate encountered in New York I again to the tubes. A small cylindrical state of the tubes are the tubes along bottem and insulate wires. thinking, and thinking of the strange

Oriental Wood Carvers

tions of life in this up and down

The East Indians are naturally in work of the kind. The facility of has not left them, and a block of take porpoise was a under their chisels soon became the the three times the most beautiful traceries and report the flore of the East in all its will the flore of the East in all its will be king effect, as he form. The Oriental wood carrent respect are unequaled—they have of minutise of background supports is conveyed, and with one or two Before I could call for assistance, In- the coisel a lily or a passion flower But While unsurpassed in what is known as The letter he had just penned was ad- carving they are at a loss at the broad carving they are at a loss at the broad of which are required in the decoration apartments or halls.-[N. Y. Con-Advertiser.

> It seems like the irony of file milkman gots drowned in his own

derground, TOR Himle tine from Re struction in r twelve year an agned for

ere have recent ability of the to the sea, ed by the empe original Ed of Smeaton-Hoe, at Plymou of it by Trinity place. e fund being

orial to the onts to over \$1 recently put his tion of \$2,500. party of Mormo arrived in Calci ely Englishman, m in Utah, and of the notoriou the first occasion made to obtain faith in that ci mpecunicus nob by Sir John Thou

poses to bring nable library of S An idea of the cor ny may be formed ettin alone, sinc ar, upwards of fift m Sweden and 116 steamers and ven marks a ton en to twenty-four still higher, in c aufacture of art ch attention. The islands of Ma Indian Ocean, art, are to have with each othe shed from the m rement adopted liotrope, a small n igonometrical surv the two i-land auritius is about b ith all parts of liotrope will inclu

telligence from on e approach of cy on and very destru The nnmber of wo n the end as many utei lers, the men eing represented b 02 works. This to ng, 23 pieces of scu aintings, 263 wat

m. The sun teleg

en tested, will be

he hands of non-One of the industr he making of wine arried on especial ordeaux, and B housand tons of ra rance from the nei and Syria, costing oftening into water ugar and alcohol, a uced, of which no ectoliters are made nake from the co "second vat" wines phylloxera, re

ngs, 47 miniatures

rawings, and 97

the tubes, and from nects the car and th this conductor pre cut-outs, which ar moisture when the ductor, as in the Be

armed with rifles

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