[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the fust thing. She hain't like you, nor Miss Rossie. She's pretty, with them eyes and long winkers, an' she's kind of tetterin' an' soft; but can't cheat dis chile. 'Tain't the real stuff like your mother was. Sposin' I go and paint my face all over with whitenin', I ain't white for all dat. Thar's nobody but ole black nigger under de whitewash, for bless your soul, de thick lips and de wool will show, an' it's just de same with no 'count white folks. But don't you worry, I'll stan' by you. Course you can't live with her. I'll make you a fire an' fetch you some supper, an' you'll feel better in de mornin',—see if you don't."

But Everard asked to be left alone, that he might think it out and decide what to do. He could not go to bed, and so he sat the entire night before the fire in the room where his mother died, and where his father had denounced him so angrily, and where Rosamond had come to him and asked to be his wife. How vividly that last scene came up before him, and he could almost see the little girl standing there again, just as she stood that day, which seemed to him years and years ago. And but for that fatal misstep that little girl, grown up to sweet womanhood now, might have been his. Turn which way he would, there was no help, no hope; and the future loomed up before him, dark and cheerless, with always this burden upon him, this bar to the happiness which might have been his had he only waited for it. Surely if his sin was great, his punishment was greater, and when at the last the gray morning looked in at the windows of his room, it found him white and haggard, and worn, with no definite plan as to his course, except the firm resolve that whatever his life might be, it would be passed apart from Josephine.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROSAMOND'S DECISION.

Rosamond had sent word to Everard that she would see him after breakfast, and he went to her at once, finding her sitting up just as she was the previous night, but much paler, and more worn-looking, as if she had not slept for months. But the smile with which she greeted him was as sweet and cordial as ever, and in the eyes which she fixed so steadily upon him he saw neither hatred nor disgust, but an expression of unutterable sorrow and pity for him, and for herself, too, as well. Rossie was not one to conceal her feelings. She was too much a child, too frank and ingenuous for that, and there was a great and bitter pain in her heart, which she could not hide. Everard had never said in words that he loved her, but she had accepted it as a fact, and when her dream was so rudely dispelled she could no more conceal her disappointment than she could hide the ravages of sickness so visible upon her face.

"I've been thinking it all over," she began, as he sat down beside her, "and though my opinion may not be worth much, I hope you will consider it, at least, and give it some thought before deciding not to adopt it."

He guessed what was coming, and nerved himself to keep quiet while she went on:

'Everard, she is your wife. You cannot undo that, except in one way, and that you must not take, for it is wicked and wrong. You loved her once. You say you were quite as much to blame for the marriage as she, and you know you have been wrong in keeping it a secret so long. She has just cause for complaint, and I want you to try to love her again. You must support her, and it will be so much better, and save so much talk and gossip if you live in the same house with her—in this house, your rightful home."

"Never, Rossie!" he exclaimed, vehemently, "never can I make her really my wife, feeling as I do. It would be a sin, and a mockery, and I shall not do it. You say I loved her once; perhaps I did, though it seems to me now like a child's fancy for some forbidden dainty, which, if obtained, cloys on the stomach and sickens one ever after. No, Rossie, you talk in vain when you ask me to live with Josephine as my wife, or even live with her at all. The same roof cannot shelter us both. Support her I shall, but live with her, never! and I am prepared for all the people will say against me. If I have your respect and sympathy, I can defy the world, though the future looks very dreary to me."

His voice trembled as he spoke, and he leaned back in his chair as if he, too, were faint and sick, while Rossie continued:

"Then, if you will not live with her under any circumstances, this is my next best plan. Forrest House is her natural home, and she must stay here, whatever you may do."

"Here, Rossie! Here with you! Are you crazy?" Everard exclaimed, and Rosamond replied:

"I am going away. I have thought it all over, and talked with Mrs. Markham. She has a friend in St. Louis who is wanting a governess for her three children, and she is going to write to-day and propose me, and if the lady consents, I—I am going away."

Rossie finished the sentence with a long-drawn breath, which sounded like a sob, for this going away from all she loved best was as hard for her as for Everard, who felt suddenly as if every ray of sunlight had been stricken from his life. With Rossie gone the world would be dark indeed, and for a few moments he used all his powers of eloquence to dissuade her from the plan, but she was quite resolved, and he understood it at last, and answered her:

"Perhaps you are right; but Heaven pity me when you are gone!"

For a moment Rosamond was silent, and then she said, in her usual frank way:

"Yes, Everard. I understand, or I think I do, and it would be foolish in me to pretend not to know—to believe—I mean," and the bright color began to mount to Rossie's cheeks as she went on: "I mean, that I believe that you do care for me some—that if I were dead you would remember me longer than anyone else. I guess you like me a little, don't you, Everard?"

It was the child, Rossie—the little girl of his boyhood—who spoke with all her old simple-heartedness of manner, but the face which looked up at the young man was not the face of a child, for there was written on it all a woman's first tenderness and love, and the dark eyes were full of tears, and the parted lips quivered even after she ceased to speak, and sat looking at him as fearlessly and as little abashed as she had looked at him when she asked to be his wife. And how could he answer that question so innocently put? "You do like me a little, don't you, Everard?" How, but to stoop and kiss the quivering lips which kissed him back again unhesitatingly, but when he sought to wind his arms around her, and hold her closely to him, she motioned him away, and said: "No, Everard, you might kiss me once, and I might kiss you back, as we would do if either of us were dying, and it was our farewell to each other, as this is. I can never kiss you again, never; nor you me, nor say anything like what we have been saying. Remember that, Everard. The might-have-been is past, and when we meet, as we sometimes may, it will be on the old footing, as guardian and ward, or brother and sister, if you like that better. And now listen, while I finish telling you what my wishes are with regard to the future."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—At Des Moines, the other day, four negroes got on a spree; one took out his little jack-knife, and now there ain't but three.

—An Ohio widow sued her hired man $320. She married him to square the account, and then for $60 secured a divorce and turned him out.

—"Yes," said a fresh girl at a show, "I know my beau goes out between acts, but he's nice and never drinks anything but a cup of coffee, because I can always smell it as plain as day, and I know the smell of coffee from beer or whiskey, if I am a little bit green." It is a very happy thing for a young man to have a girl's confidence.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The question of propelling railway trains by electric locomotives seems to be taking shape.

—A tract of fifty thousand acres on the Northern Pacific Railroad has been bought for a colony from Belfast, Ireland.

—Mr. Gladstone is believed to have complained that people keep calling at his house and inquiring after him "as though he had had a child.

—The estimated number of optic nerve fibers and of retinal cones in the human eye is said to be of the former about 438,000, and the latter 3,360,000.

—"If I should meet the dastardly rebel that shot me," said a Boston war veteran, on drawing $1,600 in pension arrears, "he'd have to swallow half a bottle of wine."

—A Vassar College girl read a paper to prove that Phthologynyrh spelled Turner. Her argument was that phth, as in phthisis, is T; olo, as in colonel, is ur; gn, as in gnat, is n; yrrh, as in myrrh, is er.

—A Chicago widower has a fine house of brown stone and brick, and he wants to know, before choosing a second wife, whether a blonde or a brunette would best harmonize with the colors of the structure.

—The deepest mines in Nevada are as follows: Sierra Nevada, 2,500 feet; Consolidated Virginia and California, 3,300 each; Yellow Jacket, 3,000; Belcher, 3,000, and Crown Point, 2,800 feet.

—According to the *Nazione*, Prince Demidoff's palace of San Donato, near Florence, has been bought by the widow of M. Blanc, who formerly owned the gambling establishment at Monaco, and is intended as a dowry for her daughter on her marriage with Roland, son of Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

—Victor Hugo has just addressed the following characteristic letter to the committee that is about to raise a statue to Carnot at Norlay, Cote d'Or: "You are doing a noble action. A monument to Carnot is a glorification of the French Revolution. The French Revolution is the new world.—Victor Hugo."

—The London Local Government Board proposes to establish at Kingston-on-Thames, about twelve miles from London, a sewage farm, of 1,000 acres, at a cost of $2,500,000. The expenses of the inquiry into the scheme are estimated at $100,000, and the shorthand writer's notes make 2,000 pages of a large volume.

—The German Defence Tax Bill, which is estimated to yield $5,000,000, provides that those in receipt of an income under $250 shall pay $1 a year, while those having $250 to $1,500 will be subject to an additional tax of from $2.50 to $3.50. The tax on incomes from $1,500 and upwards will be at the rate of 3 per cent. for every $250 of income.

—At Cardiff, (England), lately a hotel porter was sent to get change for $25, and went off to London with the money. Arrested, he was discharged, because, said the magistrate, there was a contract between the parties, the prisoner having undertaken to bring back something different to what he received, and this took the matter out of the range of criminal proceedings.

—Cardinal Newman has been received with distinguished honors at Trinity and Oriel College, Oxford. He graduated at the former sixty years ago, and was afterwards elected a fellow of Oriel. After the reception he preached to crowded congregations in the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Giles. He had not preached in Oxford since he occupied the University pulpit in 1842.

—A writer in the *Scotsman* avers that out of 35,000 hams imported into Hamburg last year, 297 were found to contain trichinæ, while of 14,000 sides of bacon 85 were found to be more seriously infested. He adds that a recent comission in this country reported that of the pigs slaughtered at Chicago no fewer than 8 per cent. were thus infested. At Liverpool and Glasgow there is no examination made as at Hamburg.

—The Russian army comprises 908 Generals, 31,414 officers, and 886,425 men. The reserves number 742,144 men, and the Cossack troops 1,972 officers and 51,359 men, with 105,946 men on furlough. It is shown by a German military writer that the revenue annually devoted to military purposes in Russia would not, even if the army was administered in the most economical manner, suffice to maintain such large forces.

—It will be remembered that one Capt. Candy, an Englishman, signalized his visit to Newport, last year, by riding into the club house. A similar feat has been performed, possibly by the same gentleman, at Melton, England. A horse went up stairs into a drawing room, but positively refused to come down. Ultimately a part of the wall was pulled down, and the animal was lowered by a steam crane. This funny fellow's joke cost about $1,000.

—A very recent report says that the yield of wheat in Poland is twenty per cent. above that of the Russian empire, while there are 37 head of horned cattle for every 100 inhabitants as against 33 in Russia, and 80 head of sheep as against 70. Russia, however, has more and better horses. The improvement in Poland has been brought about by the agrarian reform which has diminished the taxes paid by tillers of the soil, and enabled them to buy implements and artificial manure.

—A British official, reporting on the trade of the east coast of Madagascar, says that British trade has suffered seriously from the large importation of American gray cotton shectings. Manchester manufacturers have been so completely supplanted that British firms who formerly imported largely Manchester gray cottons deal almost exclusively in American cloths, and one British merchant of Tamatave has become agent to a Boston firm, and receives from them their cotton goods on consignment.

—Thirty-six years ago a Connecticut deacon violently objected because it was proposed that a violin should be used in his church. Twenty-three years ago he said that no one but the devil could have suggested a melodeon. Nine years ago he said that he would never go to that church again if the contralto and the tenor singers were paid $100 apiece by the year. Last week he was in New York inquiring for a boy who could pump an organ while his daughter, fresh from school, played a hymn to the tune "When Johnny comes marching home."—*New York Herald.*

—The London *Tablet* (Roman Catholic), reviewing the evidence laid before the Ecclesiastical Commission appointed by Archbishop McHale of Tuam, to examine into the apparitions alleged to have taken place at Knock, Ireland, and the miraculous cures averred to have followed, says: "We must, of course, reserve our judgment until ecclesiastical authority has pronounced upon the character of the phenomena; but it is difficult to resist the force of the dispositions; and while the apparitions appear to be well attested, they cannot be a doubt that remarkable cures have been obtained.

—Mrs. De Pas was ill with a tumor in San Francisco, and the only possible means of saving her life was a surgical operation. It was almost certain that she would not survive this, according to the opinion of several physicians, no matter how skilfully it might be performed. Dr. Charles B. Chapman, a surgeon of considerable note, took the case, and was unremitting in his attention. On the night after the operation, when it had become evident that Mrs. De Pas must die, he went into the adjoining room and committed suicide, after writing "I have killed Mrs. De Pas, and for this I will kill myself." There was no proof that what he had done for the patient was wrong in any way.

—In some interesting geographical investigations, made and published by Prof. Reade of England, the river Thames is credited with washing away 14 tons of solid matter per square mile every year; the Rhine, about 62; the Rhone, 232; the Danube, about 73; the Garonne, 142; the Seine, 97. He thinks that probably throughout the world 100 tons of rock material are dissolved per square mile every year; and, taking the solids removed mechanically at six times those in solution, the total denudation on the globe would be 600 tons a year per square mile, to which may also be added one third for denudation effected by the sea on its coasts and for what volcanic eruptions add to a given stratum.

—Bishop Coxe of the Protestant Episcopal Church, says in the *Independent*: "That perilous times are coming upon this republic I think no reflecting American can deny. The people of the old colonization can be trusted, in all respects, for the preservation of what their forefathers established. But alas! the question now is whether the predominance of these sons of constitutional freedom can be much longer maintained as the chief counsellors and guides of the American people." It is nothing less than Romanism that thus excited the Bishop's fears. "I do not exaggerate," he continues, "the perils which menace us from our Romish population." He thinks the only safety lies in recognizing Protestant Christianity in the Constitution.

—Among the regretted of the late Parliament stands foremost Major O'Gorman, who, both socially and physically, will leave a large vacant space. The Major leaped into fame with a bound. His first speech enchained the House, and he never lost his ascendancy. With the exception of Gladstone and Lowe, he was the only member who dared quote Horace. He trolled forth the hexameters in a voice of thunder, the elegance of the Latin receiving a fresh grace from a slight touch of the brogue. When about to make a quotation he pulled himself together, as if he were about take a five foot wall, and then went over it with a rush, the thunder of his voice being lost in the uproarious applause that hailed the accomplishment of the feat.

—In the *Voltaire* a Dr. Bremond takes credit for being the first to announce that there is now in Paris a deceased horse from whose leg may be taken pus just as efficacious for vaccinatory purposes as the lymph habitually used. This discovery is a mare's nest. No scientific fact is more certain than that Jenner's cows who accidentally vaccinated milkmaids themselves caught a disease from rugged horse-boys' hands, after they had stroked down greasy-heeled horses. There is not to be found in the whole world a cow with natural cow-pox. The owners of heifers in Paris, who make a rich harvest by advertising vaccination direct from the cow, blink the fact that their beasts are all vaccinated from the more or less wholesome arms of children.

—Queen Victoria has attained her 61st year, an age exceeded by eleven only of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman Conquest—namely, Henry I., who lived to the age of 67; Henry III., who lived to 65 years; Edward I., who lived to be 67; Edward III., who attained 65 years; Queen Elizabeth, who reached 69 years; James II., who lived 68 years; George I., 67 years; George II., 77 years; George III, 82 years; George IV., 68 years; and William IV., who lived to be 72 years. On the 20th of June she will have reigned over England 42 years, a period which has not been exceeded by more than four English sovereigns, viz., Henry III., who reigned 56 years; Edward III., who reigned 50 years; Queen Elizabeth, who reigned 45 years; and George III., who reigned for the long period of 60 years.

—The sun's temperature, according to Newton, Ericsson, Senchi, and others, cannot be less than from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 degrees—that is, 1,000,000 to 3,600,000 Fahr.; but Pouillet, Vicaire, Violle, and many others maintain that the temperature cannot exceed 2,700 to 4,500 Fahr. Not long since the French Academy offered an important prize for solution of the question, which resulted in a reward to Violle, certificates of honorable mention to Vicaire and Crova, and a withdrawal of the prize in consequence of the difficulty and uncertainty involved in the problem. Senchi obtained more that 200,000 degrees by Newton's formula, while Violle obtained only 1,500 degrees by the formula of Duiong and Petit, from set of observations. M. Rosetti concludes that the temperature cannot be less than 18,000, or much more than 36,000 degrees Fahr.

—The question of slavery has again come to the front in Egypt and has been made the subject of special meetings of the Council of Ministers. News came down to Cairo some weeks ago, that a caravan of slaves had arrived at Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, and was encamped outside the town. All the authorities of Siout must have known of the caravan, including the official bureau established there for the supression of the slave trade; yet the information was only brought to Cairo by a Swiss gentleman totally unconnected with the Government. A General of Brigade was at once sent to Siout with troops, and he surrounded the slavers' camp by night and seized what remained of the slaves. The tacit countenance lent to the forbidden traffic by all the local authorities of Siout is hardly more important as an indication of public sentiment than is the renewed use of an abandoned slave route as showing the revival of the old trade. Perhaps the departure of Col. Gordon may be the cause of the revival.

—A correspondent writes from South Australia; "That hundreds of poor men, able and willing to work, should be brought out here, some to starve, is a shame both to our colonial powers and their agents at home. And this wholesale system of indiscriminate immigration is for no other purpose that to enchance the value of large quantities of city land belonging to rich owners, thus helping to make the very rich richer, and the poor poorer, and build up an alarming amount of destitution, which must eventually lead to taxation. Even while I am penning this there is a large meeting being called to consider the best means to be adopted to prevent the repetition of such scenes as have been witnessed in connection with the starving new chums, many of whom have been wandering about from town to town for months past asking for food at every door." The truth is that the revival of trade here is dreadfully damaging to the Australian colonies.

—Laby Sebright, the story of whose gambling parties at her residence at Lowndes Square, kept up till 7 o'clock a.m., and in which large sums were won and lost, as developed in the Lambri vs. Labouchere case, has stirred such a tumult in the veins of London society, is the youngest daughter of Lord Castletown of Granstown Manor, in Queenstown, Ireland. Lord Castletown was an illegitimate son of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, whose large estates he inherited, and after representing Queen's County for many years was made a British peer by Mr. Gladstone in 1869. The family are very quiet in their habits, Lady Sebright's mother being the daughter of a clergyman, and much respected. The lady's husband, who seems to have been unconscious of the revels at his house, is a Hertford Baronet of good estate, very diminutive size, and of the Dolly Spanker school. Mrs. Labouchere, who figures among the players, was Miss Harriet Hodgson, a well-known actress and manageress. Both Lady Sebright and Mrs. Labouchere were partners with Miss Kate Field in a laundry speculation.

—The regimen applicable in French penitentiaries to ordinary criminals is so much more severe than that which is applied to convicts undergoing punishment for crimes of a graver kind that it is a very common thing for the former to commit some offence which will insure their being sent to New Caledonia. The favorite practice has been to stab or otherwise injure one of the officials of the jail or a fellow prisoner, and attacks of this character have been increasing so rapidly during the last few years that a Minister of Justice has deemed it necessary to propose an alteration of the system. A bill brought into the Chamber of Deputies just before the recess, and unanimously approved by the Commission to which it is referred, provides that when a prisoner is sentenced to penal servitude for life for a crime committed while in prison the court shall be empowered to order that the punishment be carried out in one of the French penitentiaries known as the "maisons centrales" for a period of not less than that of the original sentence. This is only a temporary measure, and the Minister contemplates proposing a complete alteration in the scale of penalties, as applied in the French prisons, while there is some talk of adding to the strictness of the transportation regimen.

—The progress which has been made in Palestine during the last twenty-five years is specially evident in the erection of many new buildings. In Jerusalem, inside the town, ruined houses have been restored or rebuilt. Outside the old town are entirely new suburbs, the extension being made especially toward the west. The Jews have formed among themselves building societies, which have erected long barrack-like buildings adapted for several families. The number of dwellings during the last twenty-five years have been trebled. Bethlehem conveys the impression of a newly-built town. In Jaffa the two walls have been demolished, the ditch filled up, and a number of new houses and magazines, even palatial buildings have been erected. So also in the gardens of Jaffa many new houses have been erected, and to the south and north of the town complete Arabic suburbs, mostly by settlers from Egypt. In Ramleh, also, new houses are seen, still more in Kaifa. Nazareth has increased in size, and looks as if it had been rebuilt. Tiberias also has its new houses; in Jenin a new military arsenal has been erected, as also in Nablus along with a fine new barrack. In the latter place the once lonely valley toward the east has assumed quite a homely aspect, and in the town are many new private building sand also a new khan; there are also the new school, the Roman monastery, and the buildings of the Protestant mission. In Bethlehem a new barrack and arsenal have been erected. Through the schools and the increasing trade the working people have acquired greater style and taste, and the newer houses are thus mostly a great improvement on the old—not the oldest which, as a rule, are well built. Nearly all the houses have now glass windows, a rare thing twenty years ago.

FOR THE LADIES.

—Brass color is a favorite shade of yellow.

—Swimming clubs have begun their summer work.

—Mosaic designs furnish excellent patterns for patchwork.

—Bills of fare at game dinners have hunting scenes painted on one leaf.

—The ragged sailor and Duchess de Brabant roses are put together in bouquets.

—A late design in gimp is of strawberry leaves studded with pendant jet strawberries.

—The pupils of the Woman's Art School, at Cooper Union, earned $20,000 during last year.

—A beautiful screen exhibited at New York is of garnet plush with magnolia blossoms painted upon it.

—Black visiting cards, with name printed in gold, have been introduced in London.

—Black hose, embroidered in gold thread, are the most stylish for black costumes.

—A unique scarf is of Spanieh lace, wrought in gold with real bullion, too pure to tarnish.

—A pretty petticoat for wear under an evening dress may be made of Nainsook and Breton lace.

—Ball shoes are embroidered with flowers or beads and ornamented with lace to correspond with the toilet.

—A fashionable dressing-gown is of white flannel, with a jacket of plaid silk plush of every color of the rainbow.

—A pretty novelty in shoulder capes is one of pale blue chenille, trimmed with very deep pale blue chenille fringe.

—Top ornaments for lawn and garden gipsy pots come in four styles, namely, a bird house, fancy vases and lanterns.

—Turkey red calico costumes, profusely trimmed with Languedoc lace, will be worn indoors and at archery meetings.

—To elbow capes of plain black silk, a very simple monk's hood and a gay Suralo silk lining are added. These hoods are also worn on street dresses.

—Buttons of black and transparent pearl are cut in the shape of horseshoes, the horseshoe only showing at a distance, the background being in the black.

—Many of the square cut bodices of evening dresses have a stand-up Medici collar of the material, edged all around with good sized cut beads or pearls.

—Lawn tennis aprons are made with colored borders eighteen inches deep and embroidered with sprays of flowers. The pocket and bib are similarly embroidered.

—Large Spanish combs, broad and high, are being introduced. These combs seem to be the avant couriers in the fashion of wearing mantillas like the Spanish ladies.

—The "Recamier" coiffure is again revived but is becoming to only pretty faces. The hair is cut quite short, parted in front, and curled in tiny ringlets all over the head.

—Chinese silks with silver gold grounds and figures of dark dragons or flowers are made up into Louis XV. coats. The pockets and facings are large and the buttons are showy and costly.

—Handkerchief dresses for children are prettier than those made for grown persons. They are of cashmere, and in any solid color, with a kerchief fastened around the neck, and another forming a sash.

—The newest color is a sort of pale red, known in England as "crushed strawberries," and in Paris as "terra cotta." It blends well with black or pale blue velvet, but is too conspicuous to be largely used by itself.

—Jewelry is worn but little on the street. Earrings are small, of a pretty gold device, such as acorns, or a small leaf, or a flower like the buttercup. Bangles are still fashionable and are worn on rings and bracelets.

—"Adjutant" cords of heavy basket-woven black silk, with knots woven in at intervals and clusters of large cut jets strung between the knots, are used as loops over the shoulder, on the sleeve near the hand and across the breast.

—The gipsy flower pot consists of a wooden tripod seven feet in height, united seven inches from the top by a gilded ball, from which hangs a bronze chain supporting an iron pot painted bright red encircled with gilt bands.

—Some of the parasol-sticks are carved in relief with garlands of ivory, imitating oak leaves or acorns The latest devices for the knobs are an owl's head carved in ivory, a ball of iridescent glass, a horn of a deer or rhinoceros.

—Lace is extensively used for hats and bonnets, black with gold embroidery and cream colored being most worn. The lace is put in the centre of the crown and arranged round and round, with a little fullness. One flower and a bow of lace finish it off.

A LOVE LETTER IN A BIRD'S NEST.

A bird's nest made of a love letter and miscellaneous stuffing was recently picked up underneath a tree in a Cincinnati suburb. Closely interwoven with the bits of sticks and dead leaves and little tiny feathers was a little leaf from somebody's little diary. It was weather-beaten and yellow, and on one side, so worn, no doubt, by the going in and out of little red breast that the words, delicately written in a girl's hand, could only here and there be deciphered. On one side was: "Katie—We have often met and spent an hour together. Will these hours be soon forgotten? When we part, our paths will lead in different directions. Perhaps we may never again meet in this world. Shall we remember?—P. B." On the opposite side was Katie's reply. It began:

"Ah! heart, so sadly broken,
Cease, cease thy panting thrill;
Those vows so falsely spoken
Have done far worse than kill.
The sun has lost his glory,
The Queen of Heaven her light;
So sad—" (And here Katie's verse was bitten off.)

—A lady and her daughter called on Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island, the other day with the special request that the Governor should kiss the daughter. Now, who wouldn't be a Gov.?

THE SCAFFOLD.

Execution of Carrier at Brantford.

THE DOOMED MAN'S SPEECH.

BRANTFORD, Ont., June 11.—To-day, Friday morning, Benj. Carrier paid the penalty of the crime of which he was convicted. The terrible drama enacted within the walls of the County gaol is one that will ever live in the memory of the few who witnessed it. The crime, the terrible and insanely executed crime, came forcibly to mind as the guilty and almost dying man stepped on to the death trap without a tremor agitating his frame. He slept well, but ate no breakfast. During yesterday afternoon Carrier was visited by his mother and sister, who seemed to feel deeply the awful position of the son and brother. Last evening they visited him for the last time, but throughout the interview he evinced no emotion, and when the time came for them to depart he bid them a last farewell. He was also visited yesterday afternoon by Mr. Bellamy, who prayed with him. He retired last night about 10 o'clock, and was soon fast asleep, in which condition he remained until 4 o'clock this morning, when he was awakened by the turnkey, Mr. Ketchie. He jumped up when called and seemed in good spirits, not appearing to realize his awful position. About six o'clock his breakfast was brought into his cell, but he refused to partake, and then it was for the first time that he seemed to realize his doom. Mr. Bellamy was the first person besides the officers of the jail who visited him this morning. He prayed with him, and his impression of the doomed man was that he would not make a confession to him, for the reason that he wished to shield his relatives from disgrace. Shortly after Bellamy left his cell he was visited by his spiritual advisers, Rev. Robert Cameron and the Rev. G. C. Needham, the Indian missionary, who remained with him until it was time for the Deputy Sheriff to enter his cell and pinion him, which he did in a few minutes. The doomed man stood up boldly, not evincing a tremor of the muscles. This far all being in readiness, that fatal procession, preceded by the Sheriff, marched through the corridor to where the gallows was in readiness. The instrument of death was about fifteen or twenty feet from the ceiling to the floor and the drop five feet nine inches from the trap. The rope was about ⅝ of an inch in thickness and was of English manufacture. Carrier took his position on the death trap and the Deputy-Sheriff neatly strapped his legs together. The noose was then adjusted and everything was in readiness, except covering the young man's head with the white cap. These operations consumed but a few minutes, during which no signs of emotion, except an occasional tremor of the limbs or a nervous twitching of the facial muscles, were noticeable. "Have you anything to say?" asked the Sheriff. "Yes," said the doomed man, "I would like to say something, but cannot do so without an interpreter." Chief A. G. Smith then stepped up close to him and repeated after him the following dying confession:

"I wish to tell all those who are to witness my going out of time into eternity that I have repented of all my sins, that is, whenever I have been guilty of breaking the commandments of God, and I trust that they have all been pardoned through the mercy of the Redeemer, and I could only wish that all my friends and relations would put their trust in God now, who is ever merciful, so that whenever they are called upon to go out of time into eternity they may meet me in that good land where, through the mercy of the Redeemer, I have been encouraged to hope of gaining an entrance. I have now only to say that I wish all those present here to know that I have entrusted all the worldly goods I possessed to the care of my mother for the benefit of my children. She, of course, will give each of them their portion when they grow up. This is all I wish to say."

The black cap was then drawn down over his face and the Rev. Robert Cameron offered up prayer for his soul. Everything was now ready and Mr. Cameron then commenced the Lord's Prayer, which was repeated by the few present, and just when that portion of the prayer was reached, "Thy kingdom come," the Deputy Sheriff pressed the lever, the drop fell and all that was heard was the dull, heavy thud. As the rope stiffened the large bell in the city belfry was tolling, proclaiming that the murderer's soul was launched into eternity. There was a dreadful silence, broken only by the moaning of the breezes. The bright blue sky seem to shadow for an instant as if in sympathy with the dreadful drama being enacted within the prison walls. The drop fell about five minutes past 8 o'clock. The body swung for a few moments and than a shivering of the frame took place, the knees were raised till they almost came even with his breast, then relaxed and straightened out at full length. The body trembled for a considerable time, the mouth opened wide and gradually closed again. The body hung suspended for 27 minutes, when Drs. Griffin and Harris pronounced life extinct and ordered it to be lowered, which was done by Lac Mayo and an assistant, who carried it into the next corridor. The physicians took charge of the body and made the usual examination, in all of which nothing worthy of note was adduced. The body was then placed in a coffin. A plain inscription read: "Benjamin Carrier, aged 27 years, died June 11th, 1880." After the execution the Sheriff led the way into the corridor, where the following declaration was subscribed: That judgment of death was this day executed on Benjamin Carrier, in the common jail, of the county of Brant, in the city of Brantford, in our presence, John Smith, Sheriff; C. F. Smith, Governor of jail; Henry Lemmon, J. P.; R. Cameron, pastor for Carrier; A. G. Smith, Mohawk Chief; Wm. Widge, Cayuga Chief; Richard Hill, Tuscarora Chief.

THE ARMY WORM.

Description of the Worm and Its Habits.

(N. Y. Herald.)

The army worm has made its appearance on the south side of Long Island to the great loss of some and the consternation of all of the farmers in that section. Already its ravages have been very severe, and unless its progress can be stayed it will leave a track of desolation clear across the island. Where the pest came from is a mystery which nobody who has so far investigated the subject is prepared to solve. It was observed some time ago, however, that peculiar flies, remarkable for their numbers, had put in an appearance on the uplands near the coast, and it is thought by the farmers that the army now on the march is the product of this swarm. As this is the first time the army worm has appeared in this section great interest is naturally felt in its ravages, and it is necessary that prompt measures looking to its extirpation should be adopted immediately. In view of all this a reporter yesterday visited the scene of destruction on Long Island, and gathered all the information it was possible to obtain in regard to the habits of the worm and the remedies to be employed in dealing with it.

HOW THE WORM WAS DISCOVERED.

The new pest which has appeared to eat up the crops of the Long Island farmers was first discovered on "Deer Range" farm at Islip. "Deer Range" is situated on the Great South Bay and comprises over one thousand acres. Adjoining it are the farms of George L. Lorillard, William H. Vanderbilt and William Nicoll. So far only the farm of Mr. Nicoll has been attacked besides the "Deer Range," which is the property of Mr. J. Neale Plumb, where the enemy was first discovered. The discovery was made on Wednesday of last week, and then the army was already on the march. In conversation with the reporter Mr. Plumb said the discovery was purely accidental. Preparations had been made for a raid on the potato bugs, but these were invisible, and in their stead was a worm which had never been seen by the oldest inhabitant. The worms were found to be in great numbers, and seemed to be moving in solid phalanx. This is their peculiarity, and it is to this fact that they owe their name. At the time of the discovery the march had only begun, but at first the true character of the pest was not suspected. In consequence its ravages on Mr. Plumb's farm especially were greater than they would have been if prompt measures had been taken to destroy the worm.

ITS LINE OF MARCH.

The worm which attacked Mr. Plumb's farm came from the south and is marching north. Few of the Long Island farms have so great a water front as "Deer Range," which seems to show, if the theory is true that this worm comes from the south and moves toward the north, that it must have come up out of the sea. Be this as it may the present progress is to the northward. The column began its march at the upland and then continued working along the grass into the grainfields. The line of march was directly across Deer Range through the centre of the farm, in a strip of about 30 acres in width. There was no straggling and nothing edible was left unconsumed. Fire and sword and the tread of a victorious army could not have proved so destructive. Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia scarcely left greater desolation behind him. The worms first struck a 40 acre field of rye, worth $1,000, and cleared it out in 60 hours. The heads of the cereal had begun to fill with grain, and these were sucked completely dry. A threshing machine could not have more thoroughly stripped the ripe stalk of its succulent juices than did this worm; and what was even more remarkable was that each worm was alloted its own peculiar stalk. So complete was the discipline of the force that no one worm attempted to interfere with the vested rights of another; but while this was the case not a blade was left untouched. Mr. Plumb estimated the damage to his farm within the week at not less than $2,000.

TO BE EXTERMINATED.

So far only the farms of Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Plumb have been attacked, and active measures will be taken at once to stop the progress of the enemy. Indeed, concerted measures are now under consideration, and every effort will be made to stamp out the foe. A council of war was held on Sunday with a view to stopping the ravages of the worm, but no general system could be adopted, because it might involve even greater damages than those which are threatened. Fire is the only effective remedy which it is possible to employ against the army worm, and owing to the parched condition of the grass the farmers are afraid to burn out the foe without proper safeguards. Because of this additional danger they are organizing a force to fight the worms, and within the next few days a pitched battle will be fought with the enemy. The plan is to plough a deep furrow across the fields to be protected, on the part of the field toward which the worms are marching. The steep side of the furrow is made next to the crop to be protected, as in attempting to climb it the worms fall back into the furrow. Their persistence, however, is something marvellous. Their faces are set toward the north, and toward the north they persist in going in spite of every obstacle. Those who have observed them say that when everything else fails they make a bridge by their multitude, and filling up the furrow with their bodies continue their destructive march. In consequence of this persistence when they reach the furrow they are destroyed by fire. On meadow lands it is said a heavy iron roller can be used to crush them.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORM.

The army worm, when fully grown, measures from one and a quarter to two inches in length. As feeding is apparently the sole purpose of their grand march, those which are the best fed become the largest in size. In thickness they are of the diameter and rotundity of a full grown goose quill. Their color is a light or dark gray, with two lateral stripes, the upper with a yellowish central line, the lower with a reddish one. The worm is supplied with sixteen legs, six of which are pectoral, eight abdominal and two anal, at the extremity of the body. The head is of a polished honey color, on the front of which is the letter "V" reversed. Although supplied with such a complete outfit of pedal accoutrements, they march with great deliberation, and at the slightest touch they roll over on their sides and form themselves into a wheel. In conversation with the reporter yesterday, Mr. Plumb said that although the potato bugs disappear before them, the army worm is not so destructive of potatoes as of corn and grass.

PROTECTED BY CROWS.

In Hempstead the farmers are not so seriously annoyed by the worm as in Inslip. A gentleman whose home is in Hempstead said:—"We were troubled by these worms two years ago and again last year, and the open winter that preceded this season favored insects of all kinds. The worm is upon us a month earlier than last year, as is the potato beetle, and our crops are really endangered. This worm of which you speak, sir, builds its nest in the wild cherry tree and from that it attacks the apple tree, and after stripping that goes to the oak as its second choice and to the rosebush third. It will take all the leaves from the tree in an incredibly short time, and after it has riddled a tree it will march at almost incredible speed for the wheat fields."

Mr. W. R. Hinsdale, the manager of A. T. Stewart's great farm of twenty square miles—known as Garden City—said: "Worms? No, sir. We have nothing of the kind. We keep crows here. They know us, and have become so tame that instead of cawing around overhead they alight and walk over our thousand acres of oats, rye and wheat and corn. We don't care how much they stow away; they kill the insects that might otherwise threaten our other crops. Why, sir, instead of putting up hideous images to scare away the black, ungainly, much abused crow, we invite him as our best fried. I would prosecute a man for shooting a crow on this estate. Now, take a run with me about the thousand acres that we have under cultivation."

The great farm—once barren and undervalued Hempstead Plains—smiled in the richest verdure of June; flowers were in their bloom; the park surrounding the Garden City Hotel was glorious; not a blade of grass had perished in the drought, nor had a tree lost the slightest tinge of its living green. "Here, sir," Mr. Hinsdale said as he introduced the *Herald* representative to Mr. C. L. Allen, the horticulturist of Garden City, "is a gentleman who can give you a homily upon the crow."

Mr. Allen escorted the party to the vast strawberry beds, and to the grounds wherein he has planted root and flower seeds from Japan. "The soil that you see there," he said, pointing to what looked like a patch of ordinary American earth, "is from Japan. It came in the boxes that brought our roots and seeds, and I am waiting to see what it will produce in our climate—what will spring from it without culture."

"Tell the *Herald's* readers," Mr. Hinsdale said, as the train started, "to come to Garden City and see our best friend, the crow."

HOW TO DESTROY THEM.

NEW YORK, June 2nd, 1880.

To the Editor of the *Herald*.

The army worm has appeared on Long Island. He has done a great deal of mischief and threatens to do more. Allow me to suggest that the quickest and cheapest way of killing the pests is to plough a furrow, the vertical side being toward the crop to be protected; when the worms get into the ditch sprinkle with kerosene or petroleum of any grade. A few barrels and a single man will take care of a ditch a quarter of a mile long, and the expense will not amount to one-fiftieth of the damage that will be done if the worms get into the crop. Those upon whom the oil falls will die and the others will not cross their bodies if there is any other direction in which they can go.

ILLINOIS.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Before and After.

Before marriage:

I ne'er could any lustre see,
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my lip did hope to sip.

After marriage:

Plenty of lustre now I see,
In eyes that fairly flash on me;
Nectar's not sweet on lips that pout,
No! none in mine—you hear me shout!

What He was Whoopin' About.

(Galveston News.)

A succession of dreadful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Fond mother—"What is the matter with Billy?" Colored servant—"Please, ma'am, ha is crying about de jewberries." "He can't have any more. He has had four saucerfuls alread." "Dem is de berry ones he is whoopin' about. He's all swolled up."

Two Children.

From the Pittsburg