

To-Morrow.

Is it not strange, To-morrow,
Thou hast so ill requited
Thy lover so long plighted?
Sworn not to change, To-morrow—
Sworn not to change—and yet,
We two have never met?
Is it not strange, To-morrow?

Where dost thou bide, To-morrow?
In depths; on heights sublime?
Where dost thou bide, To-morrow?
Past night; beyond the prime?
Art eroded with the rose,
Charm-wrapt from frost and snows,
Through all the winter moons,
Until the south wind blows,
Till spring tide overflows—
Till all the land is June's?
Where dost thou bide, To-morrow?
Thou callest, and I hear thee;
I haste, but come not near thee:
Where dost thou guide, To-morrow?

What largess shall I bring,
What sole and precious thing?
And how may I serve thee
That I may all deserve thee,
And claim my own, To-morrow?
Appoint the trying-place
Where thou wilt show thy face,
And me more tender grace
Than thou hast shown, To-morrow.
I give thee pledges—ay,
I put in pawn To-day;
But thou givest none, To-morrow.
I am too flush and free—
To lavish all on thee—
Wilt thou atone, To-morrow?

—M. Thomas.

A LONG PARTING.

"How handsome he is," thinks Daisy, as she leans over the rustic fence watching the mowers with long sweeps of his scythe he cuts down the swaths of grass. "I really believe that a man looks better in the roughest of clothes than in those stiff immaculate garments they call 'dress suits'—that is if he is good-looking at all."

It is only this morning that Daisy has come to the country, to revel in its bracing air for the first time in her young life.

"Where are your roses, pet?" her father had asked her one day, a few weeks before, waking from his business plans to notice the pale listless look of his child.

"I think I want quiet, papa. I am tired of dressing, calling, and parties. Papa, may I not go to the country—to my old nurse's—instead of to the Branch this summer?"

And Mr. Nelson had answered yes. "I would like to come with you, but business will not allow of it. So, enjoy yourself all you can, my pet, and write me very often."

And with these words, kissing her affectionately, he had left her in farmer Shear's care, who was waiting her arrival at the small station. Farmer Shear's wife had been Daisy's foster-mother, caring for her ever since her mother on her death-bed, calling her weeping boy a keeper to her, and laying her charge on her arms, had said:

"You have served me faithfully, Susan, and I know you will be kind to my baby."

And well that trust had been fulfilled. The first great grief Daisy had ever experienced had come to her when, two years before our story opens, her kind nurse had left for a home of her own, offered her by a worthy farmer, who recognized in her just the sensible qualities his farm needed in a mistress.

It is two o'clock; dinner has been over a couple of hours, and since then Daisy has been luxuriating in the wild flowers and thousand and one delights new to her city-bred eyes. For the past ten minutes she has been watching the mower at his work. She knows that he is Farmer Shear's nephew, for she met him at dinner; but she only gave him the most casual observation then, and now she notices, for the first time, how more than averagely fine-looking he is.

She thinks herself unseen; but she is not, for a pair of amused dark eyes are watching her furtively as she peeps through the only partially concealing screen of wild-rose vines that trail about her feet, and, clambering upward, fling their scented arms high over her head, making a charming frame for a charming picture. A great red lily lifts its tinted chalice in the centre of the meadow; the sunlight touches it and makes it such a thing of beauty that Daisy longs to possess it. But the scythe with its measured strokes is nearing its slender stem.

"Oh don't!" The exclamation is involuntary, and Daisy flushes crimson as the mower glances up as if just conscious of her presence.

"The lily," she says, in answer to his questioning look. "I thought you were going to cut it down, and it is so pretty."

"Permit me."

It is the action of a moment to pluck it and present it to her, and, as he does so, Daisy wonders as much at the young man's easy unembarrassed manner and refined tones as she did at the comeliness and grace of his appearance.

That was how it began, the summer idyll that was destined to have such an abrupt ending. Both young, both impulsive, what wonder that the more these two saw of each other the stronger grew the charm that drew them together?

Mrs. Shear looked on unsuspiciously; it pleased her genial heart to see "the children," as she called them, enjoying themselves; and so the summer hours flew all too swiftly by. At length came a day when, all through at accident in which, by the falling of a tree, Steven Houghton nearly lost his life, the thin veil which the sunny boy-god had been rearing, called friendship, fell aside, and his true face became disclosed, and with a sense almost of fear, Daisy awoke, as from a dream, to see whether she had been drifting.

"Can it really be that I care for him—this young farmer whom a few months ago I did not know?"

Thus she questioned her heart, and its answer came quickly:

"Ah yes, I do! I do!"

And Steven, lying in his room with his broken arm in a sling, felt happier

than a king. Never to his dying day would he forget the look of anguish that he had read in the lovely face his eyes had rested upon when they had opened from the unconsciousness that the dreadful stunning blow had brought. "She loves me!" he thought triumphantly; "and before long, please God, I shall hear her sweet lips say so."

But it was not to be, for it so happened that the young man had just arisen from his bed of pain and resumed the role of a convalescent, when Mr. Nelson came to spend a few days with his daughter. It was but a short time before, with a keenness of vision for which he congratulated himself, he saw how matters were. He noticed how the blood rushed to the young man's pale cheeks whenever Daisy addressed him, and how an answering light sprang into the maiden's blue eyes.

"This will never do," he thought to himself, in positive alarm. "My Daisy a farmer's wife—or rather drudge? The idea is preposterous! How foolish I was ever to allow the child away from me. But after all it is not beyond remedy. He has not spoken to her, I know, for she would have told me. I will take her home at once. Once away from his society the danger will be over."

Poor little Daisy! She acquiesces unquestioningly to her father's sudden mandate of departure, as what else can she do? She well knows what the feeling is that throbs with her every pulse for Steven, but though his admiration has been plainly evidenced, no words of love have been spoken, and when she sees how quietly, almost coldly, he answers her farewell, her warm young heart chills. And the years pass, and yet it does not awake from that chill.

In vain does her anxious father, inwardly remorseful for what he recognizes as his own doing, gratify, before it is spoken, every desire; nothing brings back the old girlish animation. At length they go away, Mr. Nelson fondly hoping great results from the change of scene and surroundings.

They are in London, when one evening Mr. Nelson urges his daughter to accompany him to hear a noted lecturer.

"I do not care much to go, papa, but to please you I will," Daisy answers. And before long, leaning upon her father's arm, she enters the thronged hall.

Their tickets entitle them to seats in one of the foremost rows, and thither the usher takes them.

The lecture begins even as they enter. What is it that causes Daisy to start and tremble? As the deep rich tones of the orator fall upon her ear they bring back with vivid force that summer five years ago, when all unasked and unsought her girlish heart went out of her keeping forever. With an effort she controls herself and raises her eyes to the platform. Her ears have not deceived her. She sees a tall, manly figure, whose handsome features, eloquent with power and talent, are those of the never-forgotten hero of her life.

At the same moment, looking down, she meets full her own. "Before did the great question arise, which he is treating of as ably as I could."

"Our favorite orator surpassed himself," so says the voice of the press the following day.

It does not tell, for it does not know, what it was that lent such more than usual fire and vigour to the speaker's utterances; but we who are behind the scenes can say that it was the radiant expression of surprised gladness that looked out of Daisy's blue orbs.

As Mr. Nelson and his daughter issue from the hall, some one comes towards Daisy with outstretched hand and the exclamation:

"How glad I am to see you, Miss Nelson! It is an unexpected, and therefore all the more welcome, surprise. I read your familiar name amongst the list of arrivals published in the papers; but I did not know whether it were really my old friend or not."

The bright color bathes Daisy's face at the unaffected pleasure in his tones, and she answers frankly and simply, as she places her small gloved hand in his: "I, too, am very glad to meet you."

Then turning to her father, who by this time has recognized to his infinite wonderment in the celebrated orator the young man he met five years ago in the country, she says:

"Papa, this is Mr. Houghton—you surely remember him?"

After that, every evening that Mr. Houghton's engagements allow him to call his own finds him at Daisy's side, and after a little everything is explained and she learns how it was that he allowed her, though loving her passionately, to go out of his life without a word or question, and how he, whom her father had looked upon as a detrimental, was in reality heir to a large fortune, and even then engaged in the scientific pursuits which afterward made his name noted. His health for the time having suffered from over-application to study, he had come to his uncle's—his mother's brother—to recruit, knowing the benefit fresh air and outdoor exercise does both to the brain and body.

A month goes by, and one afternoon Mr. Nelson concludes an all-important conversation by saying:

"I hope, Mr. Houghton, that now you are to be my son-in-law, you will let bygones be bygones, and bear me no malice for the past. I thought I was acting for the best. My daughter was my all, and I considered you not a desirable match for her. I trust you will pardon me for my frankness when I assure you how proudly and gladly I now resign her to you. When I intimated to you that there was another suitor in the case I did not deceive you in the word—only in the letter—for there was one, rich, and with fine prospects, who for some time had looked upon Daisy with the same feelings as yourself; though the truth was, and I knew it, she regarded him with utter indifference."

Steven took the old gentleman's proffered hand.

"I can certainly condone the past," he answered, "in view of the joyous future which you have opened before

me in giving me the right to woo for my own dear daughter."

And so, not long after, the merry bells ring out, and the sun, streaming through the stained glass church windows, falls like a radiant benediction upon the bowed heads of Steven Houghton and his newly made bride.

The Crescent City.

The city of New Orleans is built at a point on the Mississippi river where it curves like a gigantic horseshoe. The city is about one hundred miles from the Gulf and is built on swamp grounds. It is in perpetual danger of overflow, both from the river and Lake Pontchartrain, which is ten miles distant from the Mississippi.

The levees—pronounced levys—protect the city from inundation from the river, and these two rows of piles driven into the ground along the river bank; the first row of pilings is a few feet out from shore and are cut off, say two feet, above the highest known water mark; the other row of piling is placed about sixteen or twenty feet farther out in the stream; these are driven much lower than the others; heavy timbers extend from the inside to the outside piling laid at an angle of about thirty six degrees, and these planks of yellow pine are securely fastened with an intervening space of two inches between each row of planks; the planks are laid parallel with the river, and the force of the current is, of course, broken by this contrivance; a few feet inside of all this is a perpendicular abutment formed also of plank, spiked against piles driven into the ground and against the earth is packed securely.

The river being higher than the city the entire drainage of New Orleans is from the Mississippi river to Lake Pontchartrain. All the wash suds, kitchen and chamber slops are carried by surface drainage through the streets into the four or five drainage canals that flow into the lake named, which is about four feet below the level of the Mississippi. In order to carry off so much refuse water the gutters are about two feet wide and are frequently thirty inches in depth, measuring from the top of the curb. These deep gutters cross all the streets running north and south, and where they cross the streets they are covered with iron flagging.

As the Mississippi is the muddiest river in the United States, and is unfit for drinking or cooking purposes during six months of the year each house in the city has one or more immense tanks in the yard for the purpose of securing rain water; if the house is a three-story one the tank is a three-story concern also, and, being usually ten feet in diameter, they hold an immense amount of water.

The people of New Orleans are divided into classes, or rather nationalities—French, Spaniards, Italians and Negroes. The French, Spaniards and Italians are clannish; each speaks his own language and the Italians and Spaniards don't care to learn any language but their own, and they keep more closely to themselves than the French, who marry with the "Yankees," as they still call them, whether he be a descendant of English, Irish, Scotch or German parents. —[Philadelphia Press.]

The Wages of Farm Labor.

A Washington letter says: An investigation of the rate of wages of farm labor made by the statistician of the Department of Agriculture shows an increase of twenty-four per cent. since 1879 in the Eastern States. From 1875 to 1879 the decline was heaviest in manufacturing sections, where artisans, thrown out of employment, competed to depress the rate of farm wages. The advance since 1879 has been fourteen per cent. in the Western States and thirteen in the Southern. Comparing with results of former investigations at different periods, it is shown that wages declined gradually from 1866 to 1875; very heavily from that date to 1879, when a rapid recuperation began. An exception is noted in the South as to the period between 1866 and 1869, when the high price of cotton advanced the rate of wages. The fluctuation has been less in the South, the improvement in quality and efficiency in labor counteracting largely the general tendency to lower rates. Thus the average rate per month was \$16 when cotton was thirty cents per pound, and \$15.30 when cotton was twelve cents per pound. The influence of manufactures in advancing local rates of farm wages is exhibited, as also the proximity of large commercial cities. The effect of varied agricultural industries on wages is shown by comparison of rates in contiguous districts. The districts of high wages are also those of large production and net profit in agriculture. The present average rates of wages are: In the Eastern States, \$26.61; Middle, \$22.24; Southern, \$15.30; Western, \$23.63; California, \$38.25. These averages indicate a recovery of the status of 1875 in the West, a near approach to the rate of that year in New England, and a partial restoration in the Middle States. There is still a decline of twenty per cent. or more from the inflated rates that followed the flush times immediately following the civil war.

Kleptomania in a Horse.

The first instance on record of positive equine kleptomania is recorded in a late number of the London Figaro. It runs thusly: "Anent 'The Blues,' I have heard a charming story illustrative of the wonderful intelligence of some horses. One evening the officer on guard hearing a noise in the stables, concluded that a horse must have got loose. He therefore, went with a corporal of the guard, and, looking through a keyhole, saw an old troop-horse lifting up the lid of the corn bin and munching away at the oats. The officer rattled the door by mistake. The old charger instantly cocked his ears, stole back to his stall, artfully slipped his head back into his halter, and awaited events as if nothing had happened. Seeing this, the officer and corporal, pretending to be deceived, after looking round the stables, went out again. So soon, however, as the horse heard the lock turned upon them, he slipped his halter and attacked the corn-bin again. After this the crafty old warrior was firmly secured."

SUNDAY READING.

The Lord's Prayer.

We lay before our readers the Lord's prayer, beautifully paraphrased into an acoustic by Thomas Sturtevant, Jr., a soldier in the Twenty-sixth Regiment, United States Infantry, and a prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada, June 7, 1812:

Our Lord and King, who reign'st, enthroned on high,
Father! light! AMEN, the last, the first,
Art righteous, holy, merciful and just,
In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
Heaven is the dwelling place of God our King,
Hallowed Thy name, which doth all names transcend;

Be thou adored, our great Almighty friend,
Thy glory shines beyond creation's space,
Name-dim in the book of justice and of grace,
Thy kingdom towers beyond Thy starry skies;
Kingdom satanic falls, but Thine shall rise,
Come let Thine empire. Oh, Thou Holy One,
Thy great and everlasting will be done!
Will God make known His will, His power display?

Be it the work of mortals to obey.
Done is the great, the wondrous work of love,
On Calvary's cross He died, but reigns above,
Earth bears the record in Thy holy word;
As heaven adorns Thy love, let earth, Oh, Lord,
Rejoice in Thy love, and in Thy word, in Thy love,
Is praised in Heaven—for man the Savior dies.

In songs immortal angels land His name,
Heaven shouts for joy, and saints His love proclaim,
Give us, Oh, Lord, our food, nor cease to give
Us that food on which our souls may live!
Not by our own strength, and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home,
Our needy souls supply from day to day,
Daily assist and aid us when we pray,
Bead though we ask, yet, Lord, Thy blessing lend.

And make us grateful when Thy gifts descend,
For we are weak, and in destruction lie,
Us the vile rebels of a rebel race,
Our souls to save, even Adam's guilty race,
Debtors to Thee in gratitude and love,
And in that duty paid by saints above,
Lead us from sin, and in Thy Mercy raise
Us from the temple and his hellish ways.
Not in our own strength, yet in His name who bled,
Into Thine car we pour our every need,
Temptation's fatal charm help us to shun,
But may we conquer through Thy conquering Son!

Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy.
From all calamities which men deride,
From death, and from our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
Thine it is to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not Thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
The whole creation knows no God but Thee.
Kingdom and empire in Thy presence fall;
The King eternal reigns the King of all.
And with Thee, O Lord, do Thy glory give,
And be Thy name adored by earth and heaven,
The praise of saints and angels is Thy own:
Glory to Thee, the everlasting one,
Forever be Thy throne name adored;
Amen, Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

Religious News and Notes.

Rev. L. S. Webb, D. D., of the M. E. church, died recently in Brooklyn.

Bishop Elder, the Catholic bishop of Ohio, recently confirmed 800 candidates in Mercer, Anglaise and Sclaboy counties in that State.

The Boston City Missionary society appeals for money to be expended in giving poor and sick people horse car rides into the suburbs.

The sixty-second annual general convention of the New Jerusalem church of the United States and Canada met at Chicago recently. The session continued three days.

The several denominations in Prince Edward's Island are represented by the following figures taken from the recent census of the Dominion: Roman Catholics, 47,115; Presbyterians, 33,835; Methodist, 14,071; Episcopalians, 7,192; Baptists, 5,580.

The Congregational Union of Scotland has been holding its meetings in Edinburgh, and from the reports which appear of the various gatherings it is evident that Congregationalism in Scotland is vigorous and aggressive, and making considerable progress.

In the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, there was a very extraordinary case of infant baptism. A gentleman and his son walked up to the baptismal font, each accompanied by his wife, and each carrying a pair of twin babies to be baptized. Thus one pair of twins was twin-uncle to the other pair, and the senior father was grandfather to the children of the younger gentleman. It is said that no other instance of a four-fold family baptism has been known, even in Chicago. The congregation were deeply interested in the proceedings, and regarded the parents of the twins with a sense of mingled admiration and wonder.

How a Statesman Controls His Temper.

When M. de Persigny was French minister of the interior, he received a visit one day from a friend, who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered and handed the minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice and assumed a quiet and urbane manner. Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it! More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom he was well-known, for he himself had been minister of the interior.

"You have," said he, "just handed to the minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time, that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the anteroom, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope, and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions."

A Louisiana man has established a farm to raise alligators for their hides and tallow.

General Skobelev's Career.

The late General Michael Skobelev was probably the most popular man in Russia and the most picturesque soldier in Europe. In peace he excelled the swells of the kingdom in his fondness for the luxuries of dress and the daintiness of his tastes. In war he was the embodiment of bravery and the personification of reckless fury. Clad in a white uniform that glittered with gold braid, and mounted on a white horse, he led his men to victories snatched out of the very gulfs of death, and it was said of those he commanded that they idolized him, and seemed to prefer death at the heels of his horse to victory under any other commander. He was of soldierly carriage and fine physique, black-eyed, brown-haired and full-bearded. He came of a race of soldiers. His grandfather, rather and himself were all generals and chivaliers of St. George, and valor got each one his title and honors. Michael was the youngest Russian general. He was graduated from the Military Academy in St. Petersburg in 1868, and, without serving in the Guards, he at once pitched into battle in Turkestan at the head of a corps of Cossacks. He was then twenty-five years old. He remained in Turkestan until 1871, and went thence to the Caucasus on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael. Later he commanded a battalion of the Seventy-fourth regiment of the line, and in 1873 he was transferred to Khiva, where the czar was fighting the khan. When the formality of military discipline hampered him in this campaign, he deliberately disobeyed orders and at the same time gave evidence of his genius as a soldier. In the same campaign, in order to finish and deliver his report to General Kaufman, he and MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, remained in the palace of the khan when it seemed madness to tarry there. For this and a reconnaissance in disguise to the Turcoman desert he was given the cross of St. George of the fourth class. When Don Carlos was fighting for the throne of Spain Skobelev joined his staff avowedly to study war out of Russia, but probably because he could not keep away from war.

As a cavalry commander he fought in Turkestan, and here, at night, with 150 men, he dashed into the main camp of the enemy, who, imagining the Russian army upon them, fled without taking even their turbans. Not one of Skobelev's men was killed or wounded. Temporarily left in command he stormed and took the city of Namanyah, which had revolted. For this, though he was but thirty-two years old, he was made a major-general. In the second war with Khokland he compelled the khan to surrender, and when that country was annexed was made its governor and given the third class cross of St. George. His next brilliant feat was in the Russo-Turkish war. He had been on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael, been transferred to the staff of his father, a lieutenant-general, and his father's command being broken up, he found himself out of employment where the fighting was heaviest. He remained in the army as a volunteer, and sent his name ringing through Russia by crossing the Danube on horseback, sword in hand, at the head of a few men, and driving the Turks from their positions overlooking Siatova. Again, almost in the next dispatches, he was reported at the siege of Plevna, at the head of a whirlwind of cavalrymen, actually penetrating the fortifications. But the infantry upon whom he relied failed, and Skobelev had to retire. In the second battle of Plevna he captured two redoubts, and, after defending them for twenty-four hours against the incessant hail of lead from a vastly superior force, he was forced back, still fighting like a bulldog. He lost 8,000 out of 12,000 men, had seven horses shot from under him, and when the last had gone led the way into the redoubt on foot, waving his diamond-hilted sword.

His greatest military feat was, when, with 20,000 men, he stormed and took Lovtcha in Bulgaria, and won a strategic point behind Osman Pasha's army. The war was not half over when he was made lieutenant-general and commander of the Sixteenth division. When Radetzky and Prince Mersky had both been repulsed by Vessel Pasha at Shenova, Skobelev made the Pasha surrender. At the czar's order he entered Adrianople. With his already famous command he was long before Constantinople, and finally had charge of all the Russian forces retiring from Turkey.

Since the war the world outside Russia heard but little of him, though two-thirds of his countrymen worshiped him as the foremost champion of Pan-Slavist theories. Love for him was said to be one of the few things in which the country and the czar were wholly in accord. Last February his soldierly bluntness gave him world-wide prominence. It was at a dinner of Serbian students in Paris that he declared a struggle between the Slavs and Teutons inevitable. He said it would be long and bloody, but the Slavs would conquer. He had the world for his hearers, and Europe waited anxiously for an explanation. Skobelev disavowed any desire to make trouble, or any authority to speak as he did, and the czar reproved him with signal mildness, and sent him to Turkestan for a time. He was thirty-nine years old.

Upon the railways of the United Kingdom during 1881, forty-two persons were killed and 1,161 injured by accidents to trains, rolling stocks, permanent way, etc., as compared with fifty-one and 1,023 respectively in 1880. Of those killed twenty-three were passengers and nineteen servants of the companies, and of those injured 993 were passengers and 168 servants.

The resident population of Great Britain in the middle of 1882 is estimated by the registrar general at 35,280,299 persons; that of England and Wales at 26,406,820; of Scotland at 3,785,400, and of Ireland at 5,088,079.

The assessment roll of the State of Louisiana shows that real estate is assessed to the amount of \$130,701,901 and personal property at \$50,758,000.

Stuart's Last Fight.

J. Eaton Cooke, an ex-Confederate officer, tells how General Stuart met his death from Sheridan's men at the battle of Yellow Tavern. Mr. Cooke says: The battle had evidently reached the turning point, and Stuart saw the desperate character of his situation. It was difficult to use his artillery in such a melee of friend and foe, and his left wing was soon in utter disorder. The Federal attack had at last succeeded in breaking it to pieces; the men were scattering in every direction, and seeing Major Breathed near him, Stuart shouted:

"Breathed! take command of all the mounted men in the road, and hold it against whatever comes. If this road is lost we are gone!"

Such an order was precisely suited to the tastes of a man like Breathed. I was intimately acquainted with him, and never knew a human being who took such sincere delight in desperate fighting. At Stuart's order Breathed saluted, and shouting to the men to follow him charged the Federal column, apparently careless whether he was followed or not. He was immediately surrounded, and a hot sabre fight took place between himself and his swarm of enemies. A sabre blow nearly cut him out of the saddle, and he received a pistol shot in his side, but he cut down one Federal officer, killed another with his revolver, and made his way out, his face streaming with blood. At this moment the artillery opened, but a determined charge was made on the guns, and all the pieces were captured but one. The driver of this piece dashed his horses and rushed the gun off toward the Chickahominy, followed by the cannoners, cursing and shouting: "For God's sake, boys, let's go back; they've got as far as Breathed!" It would have been better for the gun to have been captured. As it was whirling along at wild speed it broke through the cavalry, throwing them into disorder, and before the line was reformed the enemy struck it and the battle was ended. Both the Southern wings were driven, and there was no hope of continuing the contest. Stuart was nearly in despair, and was seen galloping about, shouting and waving his sabre in a desperate attempt to rally his men, but it was impossible. The field was a scene of the wildest disorder. Federals and Confederates were dashing in every direction, and one of the former as he darted by Stuart fired at him and shot him through the body. The bullet entered his side, and passing through the stomach inflicted a mortal wound. In its passage it just grazed a small Bible which he always carried, the gift of his mother. He reeled in the saddle and was caught by Captain Dorsey, of the First Virginia, and as he had closed his eyes seemed about to expire on the field. His immense vitality, however, sustained him, and endeavoring to rise erect again in his saddle he exclaimed to those around him: "Go back and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe!"

A Remarkable Adventure.

The mail steamer Carlew, just in from the west coast, brings an account of a strange and unique adventure. A sealing captain, named James Babbitt, a native of Buergo, N. F., who had been somewhat successful among the oil fields the past spring, went to Sydney, C. B., to purchase a fishing schooner. Having secured a vessel of about sixty tons burden he looked around for a crew, but could not succeed in getting a seaman for love or money. He then boldly determined to put to sea alone and navigate his vessel down to Newfoundland. He left Sydney on the 3d, and all went well with him till the morning of the 9th, when, requiring some refreshment, he lashed his helm and went below to boil the teakettle. He had not left the deck longer than three minutes when he heard his vessel bump, bump heavily against a rock. Rushing on deck he found the schooner's jibboom clean over a rock. Startled at his position of peril he went out on the jibboom and dropped himself on the rock. He had scarcely landed there when a puff of wind struck the vessel's headsails and wheeled her clear of the reef, leaving the captain behind. The schooner was soon lost to sight in the fog that hung over the ocean, and Captain Babbitt was left like a lone seagull on his rocky perch, amid a silent waste of water. He had no food and not a drop of water to drink. The whole day passed and night came on, but without any sign of approaching succor.

About noon of the next day some skills were off from the shore for gunnig purposes. The strange sailor was discovered on the highest peak of the rock, and was rescued with some difficulty and brought safely to his home in Buergo. No tidings of the derelict schooner have yet been learned. —St. John's Dispatch.

Explorers Massacred.

The fate of the French expedition which was engaged in exploring the basin of the La Plata, South America, under the leadership of Dr. Crevaux, is one of the most melancholy sacrifices to science. According to the latest news, which the council of the Argentine Republic in Pappa received from Tavia, the whole company of nineteen men were butchered by Indians of the Tobas tribe. The expedition had not long before left Rio de Janeiro, where they were received with the warmest sympathy by the emperor of Brazil. A dispatch from them stated that they had come across the ruins of an old Inca town, a few kilometers from Brazil. Soon after they were arrested by an over-zealous Argentine official in the village of Humahuaca; but after making an inquiry he released them and permitted them to go forward along their intended route. It is possible that the news of their arrest may have reached the native tribe and aroused a suspicion as to their purposes. They had just ascended the Pilcomayo, only a few days later, when the Tobas fell upon them and slaughtered every member of the expedition.

India has about 20,000,000 acres under wheat.