

The News of the Week

Keats so quietly:
Moxy little Jenny there
The table spreads for tea.
O'er the orchard, crimson clouds
That the apple-boughs;

A NARROW ESCAPE.

My Pretty Cousin, Her Lover and Miss Blanch Bernard.

Miss Blanch Bernard had lovely hair, wavy, plentiful, golden, with those peculiarly beautiful lights which Giorgione and Titian have made immortal, glistening and sparkling through its luxuriant waves.

Miss Bernard had other attractions besides golden hair, lustrous eyes and milky teeth. She could sing with taste and feeling, play superbly, dance like a sylph is supposed to dance, and talk like a woman.

"You are very anxious," he said, pettishly. "I believe you've always had a liking for Bessie yourself."

"I can't account for his madness except on the principle that one fool makes many, or that extremes meet, and an old fool and a young fool meet on the same plane," I replied, smilingly and placidly.

press train, compelling the employes to leave their positions, and then robbed the passengers and out the mail pouches and carried off the contents of the registered packages.

Fred Hansen, proprietor of the Galloway House at Eau Claire, Wis., and a former clerk named Edward Richardson had a fight with pistols on the 3d, and both men were fatally wounded.

The stock of the Western Union Tele-

ful raconteur I must testify that I always found her tongue veively and the temper sweet as milk and honey. but my cousin's lover discovered the volcanic nature of her temper on one, to him, memorable occasion.

He came into my room one night with a face pale and troubled.

"Fred," he said, "I have a confession to make, and I want your advice and sympathy—no, your sympathy I have no right to claim, but I believe your counsel will be good and worth following."

"I am flattered by your opinion," I returned, laying aside the book I was reading. "What is your trouble?"

"You know I am engaged to Bessie"—Bessie is my pretty little cousin.

"Yes," I answered, laconically. "And you know—you know"—he hesitated and colored.

"I know a great many things, but not this special thing you are going to tell me."

"You know I am in love with Blanch Bernard."

"I have every reason to believe so."

"I know I am a wretch—a villain of the first water—"

"I can't quite agree with you," I interrupted; "still—" I paused at this point, rather doubtful of how to proceed.

"I told you, Fred, that I didn't expect your sympathy—"

"And yet you have it," I interrupted again, with a significant shrug.

"I'm sure I'm an object of sympathy," he said, dejectedly; "engaged to one woman and madly in love with another one. Bessie is the best, the sweetest, the dearest girl on earth, but—oh! Fred, what shall I do? I am tempted, sometimes, to take a pistol and make an end of the whole miserable affair. If a man could marry both of them—but that is impossible."

"Clearly impossible; so you must select some safer channel for the course of your true love than suicide or bigamy."

"Well, I came to ask your advice, and whatever you advise—Fred, I am the most miserable man on earth and I see no possible way out of my difficulties."

"The first thing to do," I said, "is to ask Bessie to release you from your present bondage; the second, to ask Miss Bernard—"

"I can't bear to think of asking Bessie—"

"Sit right down here at once," I said, authoritatively, placing a chair at my writing-desk, "and write the exact truth to Bessie. You will have to break with her sooner or later, and the sooner it is done the better for you both."

"You are very anxious," he said, pettishly. "I believe you've always had a liking for Bessie yourself."

"And so I have," I said, smiling at this betrayal of pique and jealousy. "You have no right to be jealous, as you no longer care for her."

"I do care for her, I am devoted to her, but not in the way I care for Blanch."

"Exactly; just as I said. Now, Clarence, no nonsense; if you are tired of the old love, be off with her as soon as you please, but don't make love to the old and the new at one and the same time. I don't understand how a man who has been in love with a girl like Bessie could descend to a Blanch Bernard, but every one to his taste. To be sure, I have arrived at years of discretion, and can no longer be led captive by a pair of brilliant eyes and a mass of shining hair. I admit there is a wide difference between twenty-five and thirty-five."

Clarence flushed hotly. "Major Reynolds," he exclaimed, spiritedly, "is as mad about Blanch as I am. He makes himself absurd whenever he is in her presence, and I am sure you can't make his youth a pretext for sneering at his taste and judgment."

"I can't account for his madness except on the principle that one fool makes many, or that extremes meet, and an old fool and a young fool meet on the same plane," I replied, smilingly and placidly.

"I am ready to admit that I am a fool—in your opinion—and the question will require no arguing," he said impatiently, fingering his moustache

The will of the late Etha B. Washburn of Chicago, was admitted to probate on the 2d. The bulk of the estate, amounting to about \$385,000, is divided between his five surviving children.

R. M. ROBERTSON (Dem.) was on the 2d elected a member of Congress from the Sixth district of Louisiana.

EDWARD C. WELSER, of Kansas, was on the 3d appointed United States Consul at Sonneberg, Germany.

woman while in love with another one. Do not allow yourself to be deceived by any false and sentimental notions of honor. If you have ceased to love Bessie, tell her so at once."

"Well, I will," he said, resolutely. He seated himself at my desk and wrote a letter which he entrusted to me to deliver.

I decided in my own mind that Clarence's infatuation for Miss Bernard was but a fleeting illusion, for I had seen other men as ready to commit suicide on her account as he, and yet they still lived. One desperate lover I had known bought enough cold and deadly poison to put out the lives of a dozen men, and another had a complete armory of death-dealing weapons, and only hesitated because he couldn't decide whether a derringer, a rifle or a bowie knife would be the pleasantest road to purgatory.

The last mentioned lover hesitated so long that he forgot all about Miss Bernard's charms before he made up his mind as to the best manner of shuffling off this mortal coil, and finally decided not to force it off at all until he should be forced to; and the first one, by my sage advice, concluded to sleep on his suicidal thoughts. He did sleep on them, and completely smothered not only all thoughts of suicide, but his flame for Miss Bernard as well.

Knowing how harmlessly the fevered madness had affected my other friends, I wisely determined to keep Clarence's letter a while, patiently awaiting further developments. The sequel proved the advantage of experience; for, two nights later he came into my room with a face whose palor and wretchedness had magically disappeared.

"Fred," he asked, rather falteringly, "did you post my letter to Bessie?"

"You desired me to forward it as soon as possible," I answered, equivocally.

"I'm the most miserable fool alive!" he cried despairingly. "I wish somebody would knock my brains out—brains? I haven't any to knock out! Oh, Fred, I'd give every dollar I possess not to have written that letter."

"Why? I thought it was a gem of a letter for a man who desires to be off with the old love before he is on with the new."

I don't want to be on with the new. I wouldn't give Bessie for a million Blanch Bernards. Why is it we can never know how blessed we are until we have lost the one thing that makes life worth living?"

"Our primeval curse, Adam and Eve's legacy to us," I answered, laughingly. "What troubles you now? Have you no longer any Mormonistic fancy for two wives?"

"If you please, Fred, don't chaff about it. I am too wretched to endure it with patience. Do you think, Fred, if I would write another letter, explanatory, asking to be reinstated in my old position, that Bessie would pardon my brief defection?"

"It is possible. But what has come over the spirit of your love-dream that you are so quickly disillusioned. I knew that if your fever could run on for a month or two longer before it reached the crisis of a proposal that you would come out of it all right, but I am as much surprised as pleased at your speedy return to your senses."

"Well," he said, coloring vividly—"don't laugh, please—well, I called on Blanch last night. She never looked lovelier. I have seen more beautiful women, but I swear I never saw a more fascinating one. She received me, as she always does, with open arms, as a figure of speech, you understand, and made herself as charming as possible. She sang to me, she played to me, she enchanted me and fooled me, like a nineteenth century Vivien, until I lost the little sense that remained to me. And I had opened my lips—actually opened my lips—to ask her to marry me, when the front parlor door opened. At this stage of the comedy we were sitting in the moonlight in the back parlor, and Clem cried, hastily and abruptly:—"

"I say, Blanch, cousin Jule wants your paints and stuff. She wants to make a white sepulcher of herself for Captain O'Neil's benefit like you do for Mr. Ashford's. She's got an engagement with him, and the night's so warm and her face so shiny she thought a little powder on her nose would improve matters. She told me to be in a d Dickens of a hurry and—"

"That's enough" Clem," Miss Blanch interrupted, laughingly—as for me, Fred, I felt like Don Juan must have felt when the statute of the Commander invited him to supper—we'll dispense with any more of your pleasantness for to-night. The boys is a most inveterate practical joker, Mr. Ashford, and nothing delights him more than to tease me. Knowing you

FOUR DEADLY BOMBS.

Engines of Death Found Secreted in Anarchist Lingg's Cell—A Timely Discovery—Engel Attempts Suicide—The Amnesty Movement.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Four bombs were taken yesterday morning from the cell of Louis Lingg, the condemned anarchist, in Cook County Jail. They were found under his coat hidden beneath a mass of papers and odds and ends of various kinds and were

known in our streets, and if any office sends around letters with "Bad Debt" stamped on their envelopes, I have not heard of it. Debts are collected in New York by dunning, if the debtor won't pay within a decent time and has property within reach. And dunning, as well as being the oldest, is, after all, the most effectual method."

"But suppose the debtor is 'not at home' to be dunned?"

"Then I wait quietly until he is at home—if the debt is worth waiting for. If I can, I get the servant, as soon as I call, and before she has notified her master, to let me in, which, as I look respectable, she can hardly refuse to do, and I sit down, if not invited to a seat, until she comes with an answer. Then I decide to wait till he comes in, and am quite obtuse to any hints as to the probable lateness of his return. If he is a man, or if she is a woman, who wishes to keep up appearances with the servants, that debt is soon settled."

"But if the servant is in with the employer, then a more persistent course has to be adopted, and calls made so frequently as to attract the attention of folks living in the vicinity. I take the rebuff, which in such a case I am sure to meet, very quietly and respectfully and very leisurely, and in a way to be seen by anybody at the windows around. I select the bill from a handful of other bills, look at it, 'fiddle' over it, and perhaps mark something on it, and slowly and carefully return it to the bunch. Then, as if unconscious that I had attracted any attention, I descend the steps to the street and walk off, carrying the bunch of bills in my hand. This, repeated a few days in any neighborhood, respectable or otherwise, is commonly enough to bring the debtor to time, or compel him to move."

"One trick I have is to pretend to be deaf. As a matter of fact my hearing is as good as anybody's, but deafness is an excellent faculty in a collector, especially when combined with hearing acute enough to detect a hint of settlement. There's a lawyer down town, good enough pay, but rather slow, and it is amusing to notice how he acts when I happen into his office. He starts up from his desk, and meets me half way, and puts his mouth to my ear to tell me when he will settle, or that he can't settle just then, or something of that sort. I pretend not to understand just what he has said, and in the loud tone which deaf people ordinarily use I ask him to repeat it, which he does with a great deal of disgust. My manner is of course so respectful that he has no occasion for offense."

"There are one or more collecting agencies which menace debtors with the publication of their names in a sheet or circular for distribution throughout the country among business men; but my own opinion is that the method is not a very effective one. I know of one instance in which a debtor was about to pay over money to a collector, and the collector unfortunately remarked, as much in jest as in earnest: 'I'm glad you're paying this now, as I was just about to send your name to—' mentioning a concern of the kind to which I have alluded. The money had not yet passed from the debtor's outstretched hand. He was a quick-tempered sort of fellow, and the remark stung him. He drew back the money and pocketed it, with the remark: 'O, indeed! I would just like to see my name published in that affair.' The collector went away without his money, and, as the debtor happened to be an astute and experienced lawyer, it was deemed prudent not to herald his name in the manner indicated."

"There are many ways of collecting a debt; but plain, simple dunning is the best."—N. Y. Sun.

AMATEUR MICROSCOPY.

Fashionable People Making a Toy of a Scientific Instrument.

And now society has another fashionable fad. It is the microscope. As a pastime for leisure hours this instrument has come into general use, and fashionable small talk to-day is plentifully mingled with allusions to achromatic lenses, single and double powers, mounts, covers, specimens and the like. For a comparative small sum one can now provide one's self with a really good instrument. For about twenty dollars as good a single power glass can be got as one would wish to have, while for sixty dollars a fine double power instrument can be got, mounted in brass, with lenses, a slide rest for specimen slides and a mirror for concentrating the light and reflecting it upon the specimen slide under examination.

Amateur microscopic work, however, requires many articles necessary to the proper mounting of specimens and their satisfactory examination. These are mounts, pieces of common window glass two inches long by an inch in width; "covers," small round pieces of very thin glass with which to cover a specimen; a fine, thin razor, small pinchers, delicate scissors, three or four strong needles mounted in handles and a few bottles in which to keep the necessary chemicals. A fair "laboratory" for an amateur microscopist will include chloroform, oil of cloves, alcohol, balsam, eosin and hematoxylin. The cost of all these things is very little, and with them all kinds of specimens can be prepared. Specimens such as a fly's wing, dust from a butterfly's or moth's wing, blood flowers, hair and the like, which would be spoiled by contact with water, are prepared by what is known as the "dry mount." For this work a ring of balsam is made in the center of the glass slide and the specimen placed within it. Then the cover glass is put over the specimen and the glass subjected to a gentle heat. Pressure causes the balsam to melt, the two glasses adhere, and when the balsam cools the specimen is imprisoned in the ring.

To bring out the different parts of construction and the composition, certain specimens have to be dyed. For this purpose eosin, a light red dye, carmine, a deep red dye, and hematoxylin, a purple dye, are used. Such specimens are prepared after the manner followed in "wet" mounting.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—A teamster hauling a load of marble in Vermont fell asleep and the fell off his load and was badly injured. "He dreamt he dwelt in marble halls."—Detroit Free Press.

WAS IT DYNAMITE?

Chief Justice Waite Receives a Mysterious Box—The Contrivance Resembles an Internal Machine, and the Supposition is That an Attempt Has Been Made on His Life—A Broken Wire Renders It Harmless—The Affair May Have Been Concocted Simply for the Purpose of Creating a Sensation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—An attempt was made last night to either kill or maim

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The First Lightning Rod.

If we are to believe an Austrian paper, the first lightning rod was not constructed by Franklin, but by a monk of Seutenberg, in Bohemia, named Prohop Diwisch, who installed an apparatus the 15th of June, 1754, in the garden of the curate of Prenditz (Moravia). The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod supporting twelve curved-up branches, and terminating in as many metallic boxes, filled with iron ore and closed by a boxwood cover, traversed by twenty-seven sharp iron points, which plunged at their base in the ore. All the system was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Diwisch, jealous of his success at the court of Vienna, excited the peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the great drought, they made him take down the lightning rod which he had utilized for six years. What is most curious is the form of this first lightning rod, which was of multiple points like the one which M. Melsen afterward invented.—Boston Budget.