RING OUT WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrow lusts of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

Night was closing in with a soft fall of snow—the last night of the Old Year—and the streets of Munich were lying white under a pale gray sky, against which the leafless trees stood in relief with their powdered branches, and the roofs of the houses were sharply cut, when a slender girl, wearing a long, fur-trimmed cloak and a fur cap, which set off the beauty of her delicate features and dark eyes, was walking down the Konigin Strasse, attended by a tall, handsome man, whose full brown beard and long moustache covered the lower part of his face, while above a clear aqualine nose a pair of gray eyes looked from under straight, firmly marked brows, between which were two or three deeply-graven lines, indicative of thought and suffering.

He was regarding with some concern the flakes that were powdering his companion; but she was laughing with apparent enjoyment of their feathery touch, as she walked lightly through the deepening twilight with a look on her face which made more than one of those who passed her think with envy, "How happy that girl seems!" And if they had caught the echo of her voice they would have been confirmed in this impression, for surely it was happiness that spoke in her tone as she said:

"I am glad that it is snowing. I am glad that the world will have a new dress in which to greet the New Year and the new life which we are going to begin to-morrow."

There was something wistful in the tenderness of the man's glance that turned on her, as he answered:

"God Grant there may be nothing in the new life to make you regret the old, my Hilda."

"And why should there be anything?" she asked, with an air of smiling defiance. "It is reversing the order of things for me to keep up your courage, and yet it is what I have to do."

"My courage only fails when I think of you," he said, simply. "I am afraid that you do not realize all that you are undertaking, and that something of the shadow of the past may still hang over me, and darken the sunshine of your youth."

"If the sunshine is worth anything, it will soon put all the shadows to rout," she answered, confidently. "Ah, why do you talk so? Surely you must know that I only care for my youth or my brightness or anything that is mine in order to give it to you? And when I think of you as I first knew you, and look at you now, I know that I have done you good."

"Done me good!" he repeated. "Why, you have simply made me another man! What was I when you first knew me but a morbid, cynical creature, for whom there was no sunshine in the world—only a little pleasure in art, a little satisfaction in tobacco and beer. And into this existence you stepped, and from the first moment your sweet eyes looked at me, I seemed to wake first to interest that had long been dead, then to a fresh consciousness of bitter loss, then dimly to hope, and then—then to happiness which hardly yet seems real, though to-morrow is our wedding-day."

"And was I not right," said the girl, "to declare that the first day of January should be that wedding-day, so that you might cast the old life and all its shadows behind, and begin the new life with the new year? Oh, yes, I am glad it is snowing—I am glad that all things will be covered with a fresh mantle of spotless white to-morrow—and that we will pass over it to a life in which you shall never say again that there is no sunshine in the world for you."

"I can never say that again, never, never—as long as you love me!"

"And that will be forever," she answered sweetly and gravely, as she passed one hand through his arm—for the dusk was now deepening around them, and through the still air the snow-flakes were floating down more thickly.

An Arctic storm, however, would hardly have troubled these two at this supreme moment of their lives, nor the skies and flowers of May added to their happiness. On which side this happiness was greatest it would be difficult to tell—whether on that of the man, who after years of dull, hopeless pain found life suddenly renewed for him by the wondrous alchemy of love, or that of the girl to whom was granted the great privilege of thus making sunshine for him whom she loved, and for whom her compassion had long been as deep as her love.

Two years before this, Hilda Sterne and her mother had come to Munich, in order that the former might continue the study of art which she had begun in America. Her talent was striking, her industry great, and it was not long before her work was noticed and discussed among the artists who form so large a colony in that art-loving city. And not only the work, but the young artist herself soon excited attention. She was so pretty, so graceful, so spirituelle, that the pleasant apartment where her mother and herself received their friends, became a popular resort with all of the genial brotherhood who were admitted to their acquaintance. Among this number, however, Maurice Stanford was not included, though as a compatriot he might have had special claim to be so. But it had been long since he had entered a *salon* or voluntarily sought the society of a woman. His comrades liked him, though even they found him unsocial—a grave, reserved, somewhat cynical man, who worked hard, obtained high prices for his pictures, yet lived in solitude, in a careless Bohemian fashion. Nevertheless, he had a reputation, which, together with the strange poetic beauty that characterized his paintings, roused Hilda's interest. And with all that she heard of him this interest deepened, intensified by that pity which a gentle woman is so apt to feel for a lonely and apparently saddened life. She went so far as to intimate to one or two of her most familiar acquaintances that she would not object to knowing Mr. Stanford—only to be answered by a hopeless shake of the head. "A thorough misanthrope, Stanford," she was told. "Never goes near a woman—never looks at one if he can help it."

"I am afraid some woman must have treated him very badly," said Hilda. "What a pity he will not give us an opportunity to show him that there are women who would not harm him!"

But she had been in Munich a year before chance threw Stanford in her way, or gave her the opportunity she desired. Then the meeting was purely accidental. An encounter one day in a picture-gallery, an introduction by Herr Professor, who was Hilda's master and with whom she was walking, a few words of conversation, a few glances from the soft dark eyes, and the thing was done! The reserve in which the man had intrenched himself melted away like the ice before sunshine. He was touched by the gentle kindness of those dark eyes, and did not misunderstand Hilda's invitation, when they parted, to visit her mother and herself. He promised to do so, without any intention of fulfilling the promise; but fate was too much for him. A week later he met the mother and daughter in the suburbs of the city, overtaken by a sudden storm, and accompanying them to their door, could not refuse to enter. Once within—once feeling the charm of an atmosphere in which intellectual culture and domestic grace met—he who had been long alien from such associations, felt like one taken to the gates of paradise and bidden to look within. Could he harm any one by lingering a little? It did not seem possible—and so he lingered, and to the great amazement of his friends, he finally became one of the *habitues* of the little *salon*. And from a friend it was an easy step to pass into a lover, with such a woman as Hilda Sterne—not a woman in whom there was the faintest trace of alluring art or coquetry, but who charmed by her intelligence, by her beauty, and more than all, by the infinite sweetness of a character cast in the most noble and tender lines. It does not concern this story to relate the long struggle in which Stanford strove to crush this love, nor how it finally triumphed; but among their acquaintances it was the sensation of the day when it was finally known that he was to marry Hilda. And the surprise was greater because it had always been vaguely understood that he was the victim of some entanglement which accounted for his dislike of women, and made marriage impossible for him. However, there was nothing for it but to believe that such a story was without foundation, or else that the entanglement was a thing of the past; for no one entertained the idea that Stanford could be guilty of a dishonorable action, while the change in him the wonderful change wrought by happiness and hope—was patent to all.

Patent also was Hilda's delight, and her bright anticipations of the future. It was significant of these anticipations that she chose New-Year Day for her wedding day, significant of her desire to put the past behind, and begin the new life with all the things new. And now the eve of that wedding day had come, and in a few hours the New Year would dawn. As might be inferred from the fact that these two were so quietly walking through the snowy twilight, it was to be no elaborate or fashionable ceremony which the morrow was to witness; but the quiet marriage of the two simple unconventional people, with only a few friends to bid them God speed, and see them off to the sunshine and galleries of Italy.

Not long after Hilda's last words, they reached the house in which her mother and herself had their apartments, and saw the bright light from the windows shining on the powdered branches of the trees without. At the door Stanford paused, though Hilda said:

"Are you not coming in?"

"No," he answered, "not this evening. I must leave you to your mother to-night, since to-morrow you are to be all mine. Good-night, then, my Hilda, my own! We meet to-morrow at the altar—to part no more."

"And will you not wish me a happy New Year?" she asked, smiling. "The Old Year will be dead when we meet again."

"And the old life with it," he said, in the tone of one with whom joy is almost too deep for utterance. "God grant that the New Year may bring you all the happiness you have brought me—and so God bless you, and good-bye!"

In the shadow of the doorway came an embrace, and then they parted, he walking back along the snowy street, with a heart full of infinite thankfulness, she mounting the stairs to the second *étage*, where, at the door, her mother met her, saying in a tone of expostulation:

"My dear child, how late you are! There has been some one waiting for you in the *salon* for half an hour."

"Some one!" repeated Hilda. "Who?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Sterne answered. "A lady who did not give her name—a very richly dressed person who said she would wait for you."

A vague foreboding of evil struck Hilda like a chill; but saying lightly, "Perhaps it is some great lady come to order a picture," she walked down the corridor and opened the *salon* door. In the midst of the brightly lighted and pleasantly warmed room was seated a figure strangely out of keeping with its modest refinement and artistic grace. A large woman still very handsome, and with traces of what must have been great beauty earlier in life, on a face where redundance of flesh had now marred outlines, and run away with delicate tints. She rose as Hilda entered, and with the light falling on her toilette of velvet and heavy silk, her cloak lined with costly fur falling back, diamonds flashing in her ears and fastening the lace at her throat, she was certainly a striking picture.

"Miss Sterne?" she said, interrogatively, as Hilda stopped for an instant to regard her.

"Yes, I am Miss Sterne," the girl answered, coming forward. "May I beg to know—"

"Who I am?" said the other, as she paused. "My business here is to let you know that I am Maurice Stanford's wife."

There was a moment's silence—for what can one say who is struck to the heart? Hilda stood motionless, all light and color dying out of her face, and her eyes gazing wide and startled at the speaker. Presently, in a voice unlike her own, she said:

"It is impossible: Maurice Stanford's wife is dead."

"Maurice Stanford's wife is living, and before you," replied the other, in the same calm, positive tone which made disbelief impossible. "If you doubt me, send for him. He will not doubt, though I have changed a good deal since he saw me last," she added, with an involuntary glance at an opposite mirror.

But this suggestion restored Hilda somewhat to herself. She thought of the man who had parted from her a few minutes before with such high hopes of happiness, and a low cry came from her lips:

"God help him—my poor Maurice!" she said. "Send for him?—no. It is not I who will do one thing to cause him pain—he who has borne so much, and must yet bear more. But you, if you are truly what you say, why have you suffered him to believe you dead? why have you waited until now to declare yourself?"

The woman thus addressed quietly resumed her seat from which she had risen, and leaning one arm on a table beside her, looked up at the girl, who, with dark, tragical, reproachful eyes, stood before her. She hesitated a moment before replying. Then she said:

"And how do you know that he really believed me to be dead? How do you know that he has not been deceiving you?"

"How do I know it?" Hilda replied. She lifted her head proudly. "I know it because I know him. And if you think that Maurice Stanford is capable of deceiving any woman, and drawing her into a false marriage, it is you who do not know him."

"Perhaps not," said the other, "yet I had reason to know him once. However, no doubt he believed what he wished, and was glad to believe it. I have no right to blame him for that. And when I first heard of his intended marriage, which was about a month ago, I thought that I would not interfere—that I would let him be married if he liked. It was nothing to me. I did not care. But as time went on, I began to think of you. I began to say to myself, 'That woman, whoever she may be, never harmed me, and why should I let her do this thing without a warning?' I tried to put the thought away, but it gave me no peace—so I am here to-night. I have traveled directly from St. Petersburg, to one has seen me, no one knows of my being here. I have come to relieve my mind by telling you a simple fact, which you may heed or not, as you like. My part is done. If you marry Maurice Stanford to-morrow, I shall not interfere. But it is impossible to guard against all the accidents of life, and some chance may throw me across your path. I shall neither seek nor avoid such a chance. That is all."

She rose with an indolent movement and began to draw round her the cloak which hung over the back of the chair as if preparing to depart. Hilda watched her for an instant in silence. Then, taking a step nearer, she said in a low tone:

"And you have come so far to save me, a stranger to you, from the terrible fate of marrying a man whose wife is living! What can I say? Only that I thank you—yes, though my heart is breaking—and that this tells me that your heart is a kind one."

"I don't know," said the other doubtfully. She paused, and stood looking with curiosity at the girl who confronted her. A strange contrast they made, standing thus face to face—Hilda in her simple costume, slender, pale, full of passionate emotion, and the large, superbly-dressed woman, with over-mature beauty and careless *sang-froid*. The latter, however, seemed a little shaken now. Whatever she may or may not have expected, she had plainly not looked for thanks; and there was the dawning of sympathy as well as of surprise in her glance as she looked at the girl who uttered them.

"I have never supposed that I had any heart," she went on after a moment. "And others have had the same opinion. Has not Maurice told you so? He always wearied me by wanting me to feel something that I could not feel—and once—just before we parted—I remember his telling me that I was like an antique; I cared only to be warm and comfortable, and luxurious. He was quite right, too," she added, with a candid [illegible].

"Well, then," said Hilda, "since you have taken this long journey, I must thank you, [illegible] to warn me—since you had never seen me."

"Perhaps because I did not wish Maurice Stanford to be happy."

But the pale, dark-eyed girl shook her head.

"No," she said, "you are not so unkind as that, you would not come to me alone and leave the matter to my conscience. You have a heart; you are kinder than you wish to appear."

"There was no reason why I should desire to harm you," said the other. "After all, it might have been better if I had left you in ignorance."

"Better!" repeated Hilda. "If the blow had killed me, I should yet thank you for telling me the truth."

"I doubt if Maurice will thank me," said the other woman with a faint laugh. "It is a pity for him that I am not really dead, but you see"—with a glance at her ample proportions—"I am very much alive. To content you in your knowledge of my kindness, I will tell you this, however, I promise that if I should die before you, I will see that you know the fact."

"The fact of your death?" said Hilda. "Can you think that even in my inmost heart I would desire it? When I consider what death is—" She paused, and her eyes fell; and as the other gazed at the splendid figure before her, it was a marvel of all the years of this woman's life, the sumptuous terrible years of it, and in her passionate heart she said to herself: "Oh," she cried suddenly, "believe me, when I say that I would be willing to endure all my life long the suffering of separation from Maurice, yes, and the knowledge of his pain, too, if by that suffering I might win for you the grace to change your life before death comes—as come it must at last."

"And what then?" said the other carelessly. "When it comes, one goes out like the flame of a candle—that is all. I am not one to trouble myself with old wives' fables—And now I must go. I leave Maurice to you, and it is not likely that you will ever see me again. But I shall remember you."

"And I shall pray for you," said Hilda.

The gentleness of her tone seemed to touch the other. She looked at her with strange wistfulness for a moment. Then saying, "Do not waste your prayers. Adieu," she left the room, and a moment later there was only the penetrating fragrance which she left behind her to tell that her presence had not been a dream.

As one whom a relaxing strain leaves prone, Hilda sank back into a chair, and here her mother soon found her, with white face and closed eyes, and with her mother entered full of curiosity with regard to the departing visitor. At her hurried "Hilda, my dear child, what is the matter?" the girl roused herself, and holding out her hand, said with pathetic quietness:

"It is all over, mother. There will be no wedding to-morrow. That was Maurice Stanford's wife. The news of her death was a mistake. Now help me to be brave and to remember that there is work to be done in the New Year, though there will be no happiness."

The New Year which began with such bitter pain and disappointment for the two from whose lips fate dashed the cup of felicity which, they had so nearly touched, had grown old in turn, dropped into the great abyss of time past, and had been followed by three more of its fellows, of which the last was also drawing to a close, when we see Hilda Sterne again.

To a superficial observer, these four years have made little change in her. The pretty delicate face, the soft dark eyes, the graceful gentle manners, are unchanged; but how deep the blow struck, and how entirely the charming gayety of youth perished in the struggle which followed, only those who know her best are aware. There was one despairing interview with Stanford on that New Year Day, which was to have been their wedding-day—an interview in which the girl found that she must be strong for both—and then they parted, not to look on each other's faces again, but to take up the burden of life separately, and bear it with what courage they might.

It was a courage which did not fail with Hilda, and even Stanford could not sink back into the life from which her influence first roused him, when he thought of her brave renunciation, her quiet acceptance of pain, her life of duty cheerfully fulfilled, her infinite faith and gentleness.

"See," she had said to him in parting, "if happiness was all we had to live for, we might be inconsolable; but so far from being all, it is a low, selfish end compared to others. Let us lift our eyes to a higher one, and if the road is steeper and more painful than that of which we dreamed, we may do better things in it."

"I can never do better things without you than with you," Stanford had answered. But even to him, as time went on, dulling a little in its merciful fashion the great longing, some realization came of what she meant—of what things are better than a life of selfish happiness. He began to understand that to one who can take its hand with courage, pain is a mighty teacher; that in the power of sacrifice and self-denial the soul grows strong; and that to relieve the sufferings of others is the best medicine for one's own. His friends found a great change in him. He was not the misanthropical, cynical Stanford of other years, nor yet the Stanford who had tremblingly put out his hand toward happiness; but a quieter, graver, gentler man, who found the road along which he was walking rough and hard no doubt, but before whom shone ever the light of one faithful guiding star.

But it shone from afar—for since that New Year day he had never seen Hilda Sterne. Almost immediately afterward her mother and herself left Munich, spending a year in Italy, and then taking up their abode in Paris, where they remained.

And now it was New Year Eve again. The last sun of the Old Year was sinking to rest in a clear sky, and all Paris glowed under his radiance—though it was a radiance which did not temper the keen coldness of the air—as Hilda emerged from one of the many entrances of the old palace of the Louvre, in the gallery of which she had been copying, and prepared to take her way home. Brilliant as Paris is at all times, it is never more brilliant than as the holidays draw to a close and New Year day, which is universally observed by social amenities and by the making and receiving of gifts, is at hand. The streets are thronged with people, and it is a time to make a stranger feel all the loneliness of desolation; but Hilda's thoughts were of Stanford more than of herself, as she looked at the sinking sun and thought of her last walk to gether on that unforgotten New Year Eve four years before. She knew how sadly his thoughts were turning toward her, and saying with a sigh, "My poor Maurice!" she passed out of the palace gateway—to see a carriage drawn up, and her mother's face, to her great surprise, bending toward her from it.

"Oh, there she is!" Mrs. Sterne said with an air of relief. Then, as Hilda drew near, she went on quickly, "My dear, this good Sister has some one to summon you to a dying person in great haste, and since she did not know you by sight, I came with her to find you."

For a moment Hilda looked in amazement from her mother to the Sister of *Bon Secours* who sat by her in the carriage, when the words "dying person" suddenly suggested a thought which made her grow pale.

"Who has sent for me?" she said. "I know of no one who would send, except—"

"Madame," she would have added, but her voice failed. Her mother understood, however, and answered quickly:

"It is a woman—the Sister gave me a name which I do not know; but I cannot help fancying that it must be the same person who came to you once in Munich."

"Will not mademoiselle enter?" said the Sister, speaking now in French. "The need for haste is urgent, and I cannot leave my charge longer than is absolutely necessary."

Hilda hesitated for an instant. Then saying, "I cannot refuse to go, whoever it may be—and there is nothing to fear with such a messenger as this," she entered the carriage and the coachman drove rapidly off.

Through the thronged, brilliant streets they passed, Hilda noting as in a dream the way they followed, while her mother asked the Sister how she had known where to find them.

"Madame Zada gave me the address," she replied quietly. "She has been in Paris some time, and having seen mademoiselle, she discovered where she lived."

"But who is Madame Zada?" demanded Mrs. Sterne, no longer able to repress her curiosity.

The Sister looked surprised. "I thought you must know," she answered. "It is perhaps right that you should know, since mademoiselle, your daughter, is going to her. She is a woman who was sinned, but who is now a penitent in the sight of God."

"It is Maurice Stanford's wife, mother," said Hilda, in a low tone.

A moment later the carriage paused, the great doors of a *porte-cochère* opened, and they rolled in. A servant ran hurriedly down some steps and spoke to the Sister, who, turning, said to Hilda: "Come, there is no time to lose!" and led the way quickly up the staircase to a large apartment. In the *salon* Mrs. Sterne paused, saying to her daughter, "I will wait for you here," while Hilda followed her guide, who lifted the curtain which admitted them into an inner chamber.

On a couch in the middle of this chamber a woman lay, for whom the shadow of life were plainly running low—a woman whose physical strength had been exhausted by violent inflammatory disease, and who now in her extreme weakness hung by a thread, as it were, on the verge of eternity. Yet changed as she was from the superb presence which had faced Hilda four years ago, the latter felt that she would have recognized her at once, and the fierce flame of fever having wasted away, her features were now so marked that she could realize the striking beauty which had led captive Maurice Stanford's heart and judgment when he married the young actress, then in the first bloom of her youth, sixteen years before.

As Hilda followed the Sister to the couch and there paused, the pale face—white as the lace-edged pillows on which it rested—turned toward her, and a pair of eyes which were softened and darkened by the great dark shadows under them, looked at her, while a feeble voice said:

"So you have come. I thought you would. And you see I keep my promise. I said that I would let you know when I died."

"You have not sent for that," said Hilda, in a low tone.

"Why not?" "It is only right that you should see that the obstacle to your happiness is removed, that you can marry Maurice as soon—"

"Hush—oh, hush!" said Hilda. It seemed more than she could bear, to hear happiness spoken of by those dying lips, to hold out her hand to it across a grave. She suddenly sank on her knees. "Do not think of me," she said, "but of yourself."

The dying woman seemed to smile a little, and extended one wasted hand toward her. "And if I have thought of myself—at last—in the only true way," she said, "it is to you I owe it. And that, above all else, I have sent for you to tell you. I have never forgotten—how could I forget?—the manner in which you met me when I went to you to separate you from the man you loved. I might have looked for anger and scorn—I received thanks and pity. Do you think I did not understand that? And your prayers for I am sure that you have prayed—"

"Constantly," said Hilda, "and offered for you all the pain I suffered."

"You have won for me the grace—the infinite grace—of repentance at last," said the other. "Could I die and not let you know that? And to tell you myself is more than if you heard it from another. It will repay you, perhaps, a little for what you have suffered."

"Repay me—a little!" said Hilda. She took the hand extended to her in both her own. "It repays me a thousand-fold! It is payment so great that the suffering is not worth counting in comparison. Oh, believe me, you make me happy!"

"I am glad," said the other, "for I made you unhappy before. But you bore it well—I have never forgotten how well! And your life all these years has been preaching to me. Long before this illness came upon me, I had grown heart-sick and ashamed of my life of self-indulgence. And so I think that I have a little true contrition for my sins—and sent for you because I wanted you to know, I wanted you to tell Maurice, that I am sorry—sorry for the past."

"Maurice will be as thankful as I when he knows," said Hilda.

"You must send for him at once," said the faint voice. "It was New Year Eve before. I should like him to be happy on this New Year. And now there will be nothing—between you."

"I should be willing never to see his face again to win—this!" said Hilda with tears as joyous and as pure as an angel's.

But when the first sun of the New Year rose with flashing splendor over Paris, the erring soul had fled, and there was no reason why the wires should not carry across Europe a message to turn Stanford's sadness into joy. One word which meant all things—from Hilda; and that word was "Come."

Celebration of the Completion of the Cantilever Bridge Over Niagara.

A large number of prominent persons, including many engineers from abroad and representative railroad men of this country, were present at Niagara Falls the other day to witness the opening of the cantilever bridge. Vice-president Rutter and Superintendent Toucey of the New York Central railroad were present. The test, under the direction of the committee of eminent engineers, proved satisfactory.

A special to the Buffalo Evening News says: A large crowd thronged the railroad suspension bridge and every place from which the test of the cantilever bridge could be seen. Many of the invited guests walked over the bridge and inspected it.

At noon the structure was entirely cleared of people. At 12:05 P. M. Engineer Bijen began taking levels, and soon afterwards gave the signal to the chief engineer to start the big double trains. With smoke pouring from twenty smoke-stacks, and steam pouring from twenty safety valves the locomotives pulled on to the bridge. About every fifteen feet the train stopped, and observations were made to note the effect. The frequent stops made the progress of the train very slow, and it was not until nearly 1 o'clock that the trains reached the American side. The whole track surface was at that time completely covered with engines and loaded gravel trains. There were twenty locomotives in the train, some of which were touched in the center of it, and others were separated by the gravel cars. Just at the moment when the engine stopped on this side Engineer Sackett, of engine 217, blew a salute on his whistle. He had run his locomotive on to the old Suspension bridge and watched the test from that structure. There was a great chorus of shrill whistles, and big clouds of white steam rose over the bridge. The snow was falling lightly, and the sight was a grand one. The test was in every way satisfactory to the builders and engineer.

The bridge represents one of the most remarkable engineering feats on record and its construction has been favored with almost miraculous success. It is the first completed cantilever bridge in the world, and there are but two others in process of construction—one over the Firth of Tay, in Scotland, and one across the Fraser river, on the Canadian Pacific. The Central bridge is a double track steel structure, built to carry upon each track at the same time a freight train of the heaviest kind, extending the entire length of the bridge, headed by two "consolidated" engines, and a side pressure of forty pounds per square foot, which would be caused by a wind having a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour. Under the above loads the structure is strained to only one-fifth its ultimate strength. The total length of the bridge proper is 895 feet, divided into two cantilevers of 375 feet on the Canadian side and 395 feet on the American side, supported on steel towers arising from the water's edge. A fixed span of 125 feet is suspended from and connects the river arms of the cantilevers. The clear span across the river is 500 feet, being the longest double-track truss in America ever yet built.

The most difficult part of the work was to span the space 500 feet across and 245 feet above the roaring river. No temporary structure could survive for a moment, and here the skill of the engineers came in to do all nature and daringly at her power. The shore arms of the cantilever were completed first and the river arms was completed of pieces with the time by means of traveling derricks, and were self-sustaining as it progressed. The work progressed section by section until the ends of the cantilevers were reached, when there still remained 125 feet to close. Into this was swung and suspended from the cantilever arms an ordinary truss bridge, forming the connecting link and completing the structure.

A TALL RABBIT.—Excepting the Irishman's hare, which was no hare at all, but a donkey, the polar hare is the largest of the long-eared tribe. It equals the fox in size, and will sometimes reach the height of a man's knee. The golden eagle and the snowy owl are both particularly fond of the pretty creature, but it is a fondness which the hare has no desire to encourage, and therefore, when it spies one of these great birds sailing through the air, with its sharp eyes searching about for something to devour, it instantly sinks down on the snow as motionless as if dead, and thanks to the whiteness of its fur, it can hardly be distinguished from the material it rests upon.—St. Nicholas.

A correspondent of the London World says that Arabi's influence among Mohammedans in every part of the world, has greatly increased since his banishment to Ceylon. Colombo, where he resides, is regarded as the half-way house to Mecca, and many pilgrims to the holy shrine of Mahomed pay their respects to the exile Arabi Pasha. His loyalty to the English government has gained him many friends in his place of exile.

Queen Victoria is passionately fond of baked apples. The walnut is another favorite of hers. She has a dish of these nuts constantly prepared, with the shells removed and every bit of brown skin taken off, leaving the nut white and whole.

Probably the meanest thing that a man ever said was uttered by Fogg today. Being asked his idea for the best remedy for polygamy, he promptly replied, "Mrs. Fogg."—Boston Transcript.

"I hope, sir, you will not proceed to extremities," said the lover at the gate as his sweetheart's furious old pa came striding down the walk in a pair of winter boots.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

The Red Sunsets, Cyclones and Earthquakes Foretelling Coming Disaster--How to Meet It.

The recent mysterious appearances following sunset and preceding sunrise have attracted wide attention from students of the skies and the people generally. During the days of recent weeks the sun seems to have been obscured by a thin veil of a dull leaden hue which, as the sun receded toward the horizon, became more luminous, then yellow, than orange, then red; and, as night settled down upon the earth, a dull purple. At first it was thought these appearances were ordinary sunset reflections of light, but it is now pretty certain that they are either the misty substance of the tail of some unseen comet, in which the earth is enveloped, or a surrounding stratum of world dust of very small meteors. Professor Brooks of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., has turned his telescope upon these objects and discovered what he thinks are myriads of telescopic meteors. If it is unorganized world dust, or decomposed vapors, as the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., remarks: "How is this matter to be disposed of? Will it settle and form a deposit upon the earth or remain a partial opaque shell about the earth to cut off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no denying that some very strange forces are at work in the upper airs. The terrible tornadoes and cyclones which have swept our own country, and the fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which have destroyed so many cities and thousands of people—the tidal waves which mysteriously rise and fall on coasts hitherto unvexed by them—the tremendous activity which is evident in the sun by the constant revelation of enormous spots upon its surface—all indicate unusual energy in the heavenly bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor Grimmer's prophecy that from 1881 to 1887, the passage of the five great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn—around the sun would produce strange and wonderful phenomena. He says: "The waters of the earth will become more or less poisonous. The air will be foul with noisome odors. Ancient races will disappear from the earth." He attempts to prove his prophecy by the fact that in 1720, when Mars and Saturn made their passage around the sun coincidentally, great destruction and mortality visited all parts of the globe. He also found the same results in previous perehelion passages of the planets, and argues that these circumstances always produce epidemics and destructive diseases which will baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians; that the poor will die by thousands, the weak and intemperate falling first, those whose blood has been impoverished by excess of work or dissipation next and only those who are in comparative vigor shall escape to enjoy the era of renewed activitity and prosperity which will follow the period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems subject to the sway of the heavenly bodies no part of the earth he thinks, can escape scourging. He even predicts that America will lose over ten millions of people; that farmers will be stricken with fear and cease to till the soil; that famine will make human misery more wretched. That hundreds will flee to over-crowded cities for aid in vain. That sudden changes in ocean currents, temperature and surroundings will entirely transform the face of nature and climate of countries; that the air will be so foul with malaria and other noxious gases; that those who survive will be troubled with disorders of the digestive organs. That many who escape other ills will bloat with dropsy and suddenly pass away while others will grow thin and drag out a miserable existence in indescribable agony for weeks. Neuralgic pains in different parts of the body will torment them. They will easily tire and become despondent. A faint, hot feeling will be succeeded by chilly sensations while hallucinations and dread of impending ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds in the air, the beasts of the field and even the fish of the sea will become diseased, poisoning the air and poisoning the waters of the globe." We are told on the other hand that those who shall pass through this period of trial will have larger enjoyment of life and health. The earth will yield more abundantly than ever before. The animal kingdom will be more prolific and life prolonged very materially. This prolongation of life will be owing to the healthy electric and magnetic influences that will pervade the atmosphere. It would perhaps seem that the present redness of the sun, and the presence of a belt or veil of cosmic matter, justified, in a measure, the prediction of Professor Grimmer, but distrubing as his prediction may be, we are told for our comfort that the strong and pure blooded need have little to fear in these calamities, that those who are delicate or indisposed should adopt means to keep the system well supported and the blood pure and that the most philosophical and effective method of accomplishing this is to keep the kidneys and liver in good condition. From the testimonials of such men as Dr. Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn, M.D., Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and thousands of influential non-professional people, it seems almost certain that for this purpose there is no preparation known to science equal to Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. This medicine has acquired the finest reputation of any preparation that was ever put upon the market. It is a radical blood purifier, which soothes and heals all inflamed organs, strengthens the nervous system, washes out all evidence of decay, regulates digestion, prevents malassimilation of food in a philosophical and rational manner, fortifies the system against climatic changes and malarial influences and the destructive agencies which seem to be so abundant in these "evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the correctness of Professor Grimmer's prophecies. As we have said, the marked disturbances of the past few years would seem to give a semblance of verification of his theory. It is certain, as above stated, that we are passing through what may be regarded as a crucial period, and it is the part of wise men not to ignore, but to learn to fortify themselves against the possibility of being overcome by these evils. It is a duty which each man owes to himself and his fellows, to mitigate as much as possible the suffering of humanity and in no way better can he accomplish this purpose than to see to it that he, himself, is fortified by the best known preparation in the strongest possible manners and that he exert the influence of his own example upon his fellows to the end that they, too, may share with him immunity from the destructive influences which seek his ruin.

An Allegan clergyman says there is so much profanity on the streets of that place that they are unsafe for ladies or children.

"I was only footing one of your late bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.—Life.

Of the Parsees there are only 200,000 in the world. They are not up numerically to the Smiths, to say nothing of the Smithes and Smythes.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Cornell University has an Egyptian student. He is a bright young fellow, and particularly gifted as a speaker.

A Sorrowful Death.

George A. Bennett, a former Custom House clerk in New York, died a few days ago in the Flatbush Lunatic Asylum and was buried from his late residence. While holding his place at the Custom House a package containing $9,000 disappeared in an unaccountable way, and, though no accusation was made against him, Collector Robertson ordered his discharge.

The loss of his position and his inability to prove the falsity of the suspicion so weighed on his mind that he became insane, and had to be removed to the asylum where he died. Bennett was 42 years old, and leaves a young widow and two little girls. Mrs. Bennett was greatly overcome during the funeral services and hysterically exclaimed: "They have taken his life, and will now be satisfied. Oh, how cruel! Oh, how cruel to take him away!"

"Why are there not more lady reporters?" Well, we suppose it's because they would tell all they knew before the paper came out, and then no one would want to read it.—Oil City Blizzard.

A CHILD that wakes with croup should have a dose of Piso's Cure.

THE habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

If Vennor has predicted a cold winter, would it not be a wise move to provide your family with a good family remedy for curing coughs and colds? We would recommend Allen's Lung Balsam as the best and purest remedy now offered for sale. One trial will convince you of its true merits.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

From Mrs. John Spitler,
No. 28 Witt St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

I have suffered for sixteen years with spasmodic pain in my head, and general nervous debility. Recently I had a severe attack of pain in my head, caused by weakness and nervous exhaustion. I really thought I should die, my husband said we would test Zoa-Phora thoroughly. He gave it to me according to directions for severe cases, and in less than two hours I had complete relief. I advise all ladies who suffer from nervous or sick headache, or any form of female weakness, to use Zoa Phora. There is no medicine to be compared with it.
May 15, 1882.
Sold by Druggists.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. Tasteless. 25c.

Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured the worse cases 20 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as poultices, gives instant relief. Prepared only for piles, itching of private parts, nothing else. Mailed for $1. Frazier Medical Company, Cleveland.

Look Out For Frauds!

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells, Proprietor of "Rough on Rats," and has laughing face of a man on labels. 15c & 25c. Bottles.

THE THROAT.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

"*Samaritan Nervine* would be cheap at $100 a bottle. It cures fits." J. Sterling, Charleston, S. C. Only $1.50 per bottle. Druggists.

A missionary tells a story of a Zulu chief who embraced Christianity at once when told it meant only one wife. The tawny gentleman was in search of peace.

I would recommend Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you ever invented such a medicine.—FRANK P. BURLEIGH, Farmington, N. H.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1.

My son, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure.—W. E. HAMMAN, Druggist, Easton, Pa. (50 cts. a package. See adv't.)

"ROUGH ON RATS" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The favorite amusement of the Emperor of China is to spin a top.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Rev. W. H. Chapman says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill health."

Presley Conegy's Eugene, Nev., has a six and a half pound potato.

A Pleasant Letter.

It Rings of a Grateful Heart and gives Honor Where Honor is Due.

Mr. William W. Chadwick, of Hatchville, Conn., writes under date of June 11, 1880, to Dr. Kennedy to say that the use of "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" has cured him of Gall Stone, from which he had experienced everything out comfort for a long time. Mr. Chadwick felt wholly cured when he wrote, and says: "I have had no pain for six months, and have also regained my flesh and can stand a fair day's work. I recommend 'Kennedy's Favorite Remedy' to any one suffering from a Deranged Liver." Grateful patients are common. Dr. Kennedy is daily in receipt of letters from them expressing similar sentiments. These letters are spontaneous, and put in all varieties of phraseology, but invariably setting forth one thing—the value of "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" for many forms of disease. It may be just the thing you have been looking for. Is your Liver disordered? Have you Derangement of the Kidneys or Bladder associated with Constipation of the Bowels? If so, you want "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy." Dr. Kennedy practices Medicine and Surgery in all their branches. Write and state your case frankly. Letters promptly answered. Address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" for sale by all druggists.

There is Nothing so Successful as Success!

The Detroit White Lead Works, the Hinchman, Dean & Rogers Company, is just closing the third year of its corporate existence. This company furnishes a notable instance of extraordinary success achieved in a short time by enterprise, energy, fair dealing and good goods. They have attained a position in three years that it has taken other houses a quarter of a century to reach, and they are now the leading paint house of Michigan and one of the foremost in the country.—*Detroit Commercial.*

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. From Am. Journal of Medicine. Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. 25 cts. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

CATARRH ELY'S Cream Balm

when applied by the finger in the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.

HAY-FEVER ELY BROTHERS, OWEGO, N. Y.

All nervous and blood diseases are invariably cured by the use of *Samaritan Nervine.*

Every 321 individuals in England and Wales have a policeman to look after them.

TOCCOA CITY, GA.—Dr. J. P. Newman says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfactorily."

A little 3-year-old boy at Pittsburgh fell a distance of 100 feet and was not injured.

Oakey Hall, late editor of the New York Truth, will enter the New York Herald bureau service in London.

An old woman charged with witchcraft, was tied to a post and hacked to pieces with hatchets at Santa Clara, Central America.

"Onward" is the cry of the age. In no department of enterprise is this more strikingly manifest than in the management of some of our railroad companies. Take the CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN, for instance. A line extending from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 3,270 miles, owned and operated by one company and under one management, would be considered a mammoth corporation and excite comment as wonderful. This same CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY Co. owns and controls more than miles enough for a continuous track from *the Atlantic to the Pacific!* A road of such enterprise and activity is deserving of the most liberal patronage.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

As an Invigorant Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has received the most positive endorsement from eminent physicians, and has long occupied a foremost rank among standard proprietary remedies. Its properties as an alterative of disordered conditions of the stomach, liver and bowels, and a preventive of malarial diseases are no less renowned.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1884.

ASK FOR

HOPS & MALT TRADE MARK **BITTERS**

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. Liver and Kidney Remedy, Compounded from the well known Curatives Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Cascara Sagrada, etc., combined with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir.

THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION, Act upon the Liver and Kidneys, AND REGULATE THE BOWELS. They cure Rheumatism, and all Urinary troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.

As a Tonic they have no Equal. Take none but Hops and Malt Bitters.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Hops and Malt Bitters Co. DETROIT, MICH.

TONIC

ZOA-PHORA

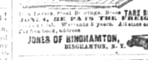
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY For all Complaints peculiar to WOMEN, YOUNG OR OLD, HUSBANDS AND MOTHERS OF Sickly WIVES AND DAUGHTERS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.

"Diseases of Women and Children"

R. PENGELLY & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE
The most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.
HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE CURES SORES.
HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE ALLAYS BURNS.
HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE CURES BRUISES.
HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE HEALS PIMPLES.
HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE CURES PILES.
HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE HEALS CUTS.
ASK FOR HENRY'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

The PONY SAW MILL. A LIGHT POWER DRIVES IT. Send for Circular.



CHANDLER & TAYLOR, Indianapolis, Ind.

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AN OPTICAL WONDER

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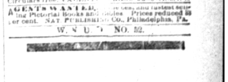

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS. Janesville, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED.

W. N. U. NO. 52.

Lay the Axe to the Root

If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and healing the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."