

to open first to the mother, the resolve of her child (perhaps not unexpected, and yet in all cases sudden at the last) to leave the religion of her parents, and to bear the blame of undue influence; but these were the lightest part of her task. To keep Dr. Nelson from Alice's room, where he had a right as her physician, was more difficult. Her husband had often said, that under that mild and gentle exterior she possessed a degree of promptitude and energy mingled with delicacy, for the most trying occasions. After dispatching a messenger for the priest, she went at once to the office of Dr. Nelson, where she found him pale and dejected.

"That poor child is going fast, she cannot live a week," he said, as Mrs. Benton closed the door; "O, if I could help her to a decision."

"You have helped her, Doctor; you have done more for her than minister to her bodily ills; you have led her to ask for baptism, and I have dispatched a messenger for the priest."

"Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed the young man, "this is what I have prayed for most earnestly: O, it will be to me a most welcome sight!"

"But she has specially requested that no one may be present but her mother and myself; she is afraid of the intrusion of worldly thoughts and distractions at such a time, and has not even asked for my daughter's presence." Dr. Nelson looked surprised, and a little disappointed.

"I can understand her wishes," continued Mrs. Benton, looking out of the window as she spoke, "and you will know by and by perhaps, why she wishes to be so secluded. I am persuaded it is from no fear of man, but only as I have said, fear of distractions. But I see my messenger returning; yes, and here is Father Sheridan following close in his wake. I must go over and prepare for the ceremony; in the meantime you know very well what is the best thing you can do for us."

"You are always right, always judicious, my dear counsellor," he replied; then rising and going to an inner room, he brought out a small silver crucifix. "Give this to Alice for me, and tell her I am praying for her."

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PRESENT SEAT OF WAR.

It may be of some further use to our readers if we briefly glance at the seat of war where the difficulties are considerable. The names mentioned are often obscure places not to be found upon the map. The most trustworthy guides are the names of rivers and large towns, but it is not always possible to make the intelligence sent to us square with our previous knowledge. So far as we can ascertain, hostilities would seem to have begun at four points, and the first thing necessary in order to get a clear understanding of the course of events is to keep these localities before us with tolerable distinctness. The most important of them is on the eastern boundary of Servia, and is most easily identified by the River Timok. This small stream, rising in the south of Servia, flows northward to the frontier, and where it falls into the Danube River forms the boundary between Servia and Bulgaria. Nearly opposite the point where it reaches the Servian frontier the Danube makes the famous bend which served as a position of so much strategic importance to the Turks in the opening chapters of the Crimean war. Close at hand we find the name of Citate and Kalafat, points in the Danube which Omar Pasha held victoriously against the Russians when the latter took possession of the Principalities as "material guarantee." It adds to the fame of Widdin, the largest town in the neighborhood, that it is the place where Kosuth and his companions in flight found refuge at the breakdown of the Hungarian insurrection, and there he pressed on that vigorous study of Shakespeare which enabled him afterwards to address English audiences so eloquently in their own tongue. This is the whereabouts of Prince Milan and the Russian General Tchernayeff with the bulk of the Servian forces, and it is there that the most important prizes of the campaign will be lost and won.

The point to which the Servians are directing their operations appears to be Sophia, an important Bulgarian town at the foot of the north slope of the Balkan range, and should they succeed in getting there we shall know what conclusion to draw. The next important scene of hostilities is on the opposite side of Servia, where, about ten miles beyond the Drina, which marks the western frontier of the Principality, stands Belina, the chief town in the north-eastern corner of Bosnia.

The third and fourth quarters where hostilities are going on correspond respectively to the north and south frontiers of Montenegro. Prince Nikita descends this mountain on the northern side, and is said to be advancing on Gatschko, while the Turks are also said to be retreating towards Mostar, or crossing over into Bosnia.

Here, again, the intelligence is too meagre to allow of any positive conclusions being drawn. On the south side of Montenegro, near the Lake of Scutari, and close to the Albanian frontier, there seems to have been a fight of some importance. The Albanians are described as siding with the Montenegrins, and repulsing the Turks, who fled to Podgoritz. It was announced recently that Petrovich, a relative of Prince Nikita, had left Trebinje to take command of the operations in Albania.

To complete our view of the theatre of war it is requisite to take the Danube into account. For some distance it flows between Wallachia and Servia, and from Orsova to Belgrade it divides Servia from the Austrian territories. If the Turks succeed they will no doubt march upon Belgrade, and a flotilla on the river will be able to render essential service to a besieging force; but in the meantime they have to guard against supplies of men and material being sent into Servia by sympathisers on the opposite bank, and in this respect neither the Wallachians nor the Austro-Serbs can be trusted. Hence to blockade Servia on the side of the Danube military operations will be necessary along the

river, and difficulties of a very embarrassing character may be expected to arise. Roumania, of which Wallachia is one of the constituent provinces, has already protested against measures which may put a stop to all trade along the Danube, and expose its own side of the river to hostilities.—Manchester Examiner.

A TRAIN ROBBERY.

CONCERNING the Missouri Pacific express robbery, Miss Peabody, an ex-Jefferson City lady, who was on the captured train, gave the following interesting statement to the Jefferson City 'Tribune' reporter:—

"After leaving Otterville," says Miss Peabody, "I was dozing in a reclining chair—probably fast falling asleep. Suddenly the train was brought to a halt, and a moment later a man rushed hurriedly through the car. I believe he was the express messenger. Some one asked him what was the matter? 'The train is being robbed; that's what's the matter,' he hurriedly replied, and kept on. Then all was commotion and confusion. Including myself there were three ladies in the car. I confess that I was terribly frightened and thought I should faint"—and Miss Christine laughed at the remembrance—"I saw that there was no one handy to catch or care for a person in a faint, and concluded to omit this part of the programme. Meanwhile shots were being fired on the outside, and we could hear numbers of men cursing and swearing. I suppose the shots were fired for the purpose of intimidation. I believe our car was next to the smoking car. Directly the door was thrown open, and in stalked two of the robbers. The leader put his hand on the shoulder of a brakeman and said, 'Here, I want you,' and hustled him out. We thought they were going to shoot him, but, I suppose now, they wanted him to identify the express messenger. It was rare fun—I mean it is amusing to look back at it now, nothing funny in it then—to see the passengers concealing their valuables. Here you would see a man with his boots off, cramming his greenbacks in his socks; several—Mr. Marshall, of Fulton, among the rest—tossed their cash, watches, &c., into a coal-box; others were up on the backs of seats hunting holes for their pocketbooks. Wherever any thing could be concealed, something was sure to find its way. The conductor, excited and nervous, hurriedly passed through, and told all who had valuables to take care of them. The most ludicrous incident I can now recall was when a sanctimonious looking individual, evidently scared almost out of his wits, broke forth with the old familiar song, 'I'm going home to die no more.' His quavering, doleful voice echoed through the car with lugubrious effect. Some of the male passengers were ungallant enough to interrupt him with the remark that he had better be getting his money out of the way instead of starting a camp-meeting. Having finished the hymn he arose and gave in his experience. He stated that he had been a follower of the Lord for ever so many years; that he was a true and consistent member of the Church; that he had never wronged a fellow-being, but that if he was doomed to be murdered he wanted his remains forwarded to his family in New York, and to write them that he died true to the faith and in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

"The tumult outside continued. We could distinctly hear them pounding away at the Adams' Express safe, and their coarse oaths and imprecations at being delayed. Occasionally shots were fired. The leader of the robbers, a tall, fine-looking man, accompanied by one of his comrades, passed through the car. 'You need not be hiding your money,' said the leader, 'we do not intend to disturb you.' He wore a red handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes and mouth. Below the handkerchief appeared his beard—very long, but probably false. His companion was a smaller and a rougher-looking man. His mask was simply a white handkerchief tied over the lower portion of his face. The upper part was plainly visible. He remarked that we must consider them an awful set of reprobates. The inquiry for arms showed three pistols in our car. One of these was owned by a lady. Throughout the whole affair she remained perfectly cool and collected, and refused to accommodate a gentleman with the loan of her pistol. When some one said that this was the work of the James' boys, she laughingly remarked that her name was James, but she hoped none of her relatives were engaged in such disreputable business.

"The newsboy had a pistol, and made his way to the front platform. Looking up the bluff, he descried the figure of a man and fired. In an instant the shot was returned. The ball passed between the plucky newsboy and a gentleman who was also on the platform, and both of them sought shelter without ceremony. Thinking that the robbers might fire through the windows, I got off the chair and took a position on the floor. The sanctimonious New Yorker who was going away to die no more, thinking, doubtless, that I was engaged in prayer, softly approached and asked if I was prepared to die. I was not in a humor to enlighten him upon the subject.

"We were detained about an hour, when the robbers, having accomplished their purpose, gave us permission to proceed. It was one of the episodes of my life I shall never forget."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

At the house of Mr. Thos. Caswell, 99, Warrington Road, Lower Ince, says the 'Wigan Observer,' may be seen playing together, in one cage, a monkey, eight chickens, and a kitten. The chickens and monkey are each a month old. The hen forsook her young as soon as they were hatched, and the monkey took to them the same day, and ever since has fed and cared for them. The monkey embraces them in its arms, carries them from place to place, huddles them together, and sleeps with them. It clings to and protects them when danger is near. It has also taken up with the young kitten, and treats it in the same kindly manner. The kitten sleeps in the same cage, and sometimes follows the monkey's example by embracing the chickens.