The Weekly Expositor

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BROCKWAY CENTRE, - MICH

NOTES OF THE DAY.

A NEW YORKER who holds a deed of one hundred and sixty acres of land covered by the waters of Lake Erie is trying to make the seller show it up. He says he'll have his land, even if the lake has to be moved off somewhere.

FROM the Mississippi Valley, which was swept by the floods last spring, now comes up a cry for water. The drouth is so severe and of such duration as to seriously interfere with the planters in the manufacture of sugar, and cattle are dying by scores for want of drink.

M. DE BRAZZA'S great scheme for a railroad across Central Africa appears to be languishing. Stanley frowns on it, England is indifferent, and France is in doubt as to the feasability of the enterprise. From present indications, therefore, it is safe to say that the "last spike" celebration is in the far distant future.

IT appears that the movement in Australia for confederation is rapidly making headway. The best sentiment of all the colonies is now favorable to a union of their interests. Confederation once accomplished, Australia will doubtless begin to prepare for independence. This will certainly come—it is manifest destiny.

THIRTY Mormon missionaries started east from Salt Lake City in a palace car recently. They are bound for various countries in Europe to engage in recruiting immigrants for the Mormon church in Utah and adjacent territories. The Mormon power, like the slave power of former years, only wants to be let alone, and by and by it may cost another bloody civil war to put it down. Like the slave power, it is already claiming the right to go into and seize upon the new territories.

IT is of some little interest to note that the vote in Ohio was not the largest ever cast, as many have said. The total vote, as finally announced by the Cincinnati newspapers, nearly a week after the election, is 711,691. This is 3,000 below the vote on Secretary of State in 1880, and 10,000 below the vote on President in that year. Some of the papers there are discussing a question which must have occurred to any one reading the latter returns—whether the majority against the Prohibition amendment was correctly stated at 70,000, or whether it should have been 35,000. To be adopted the amendment must receive a majority of all the votes cast at the election, and the amendment thereof required 355,846 votes to carry. It received 320,608, and so fell 35,108 votes short of the number recorded. But under the law all ballots not bearing the word "Yes" are counted in the negative, whether the ballot said "No" or not. Counting in this way there were 390,983 votes against the amendment, and a majority of 70,375.

REPORTS in the English papers just received indicate that the cattle disease is spreading rapidly. According to the London Globe, in Nottinghamshire every petty sessional division is now infected; and in six out of the seven there had been fresh outbreaks within a week. A similar account comes from Cheshire, where there was said to be no fewer than four hundred and fifty-eight animals suffering from foot-and-mouth disease. In Sussex the contagion is evidently spreading, and Derbyshire it has been communicated from a large flock of sheep to a herd of horned beasts The consequence of this state of things is that the executive committee of the Farmers' Alliance thinks it time to speak out in no doubtful tones. It has unanimously passed a resolution in favor of absolutely closing British ports against cattle imports from place which are not known to be free of disease. It declares that it would be better to have no restrictions upon the removal from place to place of suspected cattle than the present inadequate though vexatious rules and it calls upon the Government to bring in at the earliest opportunity a bill substituting an efficient law for the one which has so conspicuously failed.

A Philosopher's Reflections.

"Life is too short to quarrel much, although you may think it a little strange that I should say so, but then I have had experience in that regard. When we get older we look back upon life. There is very little of it, and we ask: 'What is the good of it?' Reflect a moment. When was the happiest moment of your life? It was when you got over your quarrel with somebody and shook hands and said: 'Now it's all over.' There is not a man of you—I will not say woman, because ladies never have any quarrels—there is not a man of you who will not say that the happiest moment of your life was when you settled a little difficulty with your neighbor, and became friends, and ceased to hold each other at arm's length."—*B. F. Butler.*

A gentlemen who lately had business in the general land office at San Francisco said his Christian name was "Usual." This was thought to be a joke by the Register, but the gentleman gave this explanation of how he happened to receive it. His father was greatly desirous of having a daughter, but as child after child was born to him, he was disappointed. When the seventh child was born, his father was compelled to exclaim: "A boy, as usual. I guess he will have to go through life as Usual."

MICHIGAN.

Clinton's county fair netted over $30,-000.

A new match and kindling wood factory has been started at Manistee.

The Harbor Springs tooth pick factory will use up 20,000 cords of wood per annum.

R. G. Peters, of Manistee, has sold to C F Ruggles a quatity of pine lumber for $100,000 cash.

The laying of the railroad track from East Tawas to Au Sable is being pushed vigorously forward.

A new Congregational church is being built at Charlevoix. It will cost $6,000 when completed.

Crops in the "burnt district" are not turning out as well as expected, and farmers feel "blue" about it.

Near Alcona, Alcona county, Thursday, John McArthur mistook Louis Lafrance for a bear and shot him dead.

Thousands of acres of corn in southern Michigan are blasted to such an extent as to make it practically worthless.

An expert rider won a bet of $100 by riding his horse from Chelsea to Dexter a distance of eight miles, in 27½ minutes. The bet was made on 30 minutes.

The proposed work on the Ottawa Lake drain in Monroe county will cost about $26,000. The contracts have been let.

The board of Supervisors of Mecosta county think they can raise $30,000 by direct tax for the purpose of building a court house.

The furnace company at Bangor, Van Buren county has made a voluntary assignment. Liabilities $130,000, nominal assets $260,000.

It is reported at Grass Lake that Wm. Winegar, formerly of that place, but more recently of Grand Rapids, has committed suicide in California.

Jas. Waddle, a prominent farmer residing southwest of North Branch, fell from the roof of his house while trying to extinguish a fire, breaking three of his ribs.

Near White Rock, Huron county, Henry Gebhart's 2-years-old child died from the effects of a terrible burning. The little one's clothing caught fire from a stove.

The state sportsman's association has grown tired of spending $1,500 a year to pay a game warden for enforcing the state game laws, and he therefore goes out of commission.

John L. Sweeny, the East Saginaw saloonist who shot Conductor Jonsen a short time ago, has been held on a charge of assault with intent to kill, and his bail was fixed at $10,000.

A bold but unsuccessful attempt was made the other evening to burn the houses of R. D. Scott and Jackson Verbees of Pontiac. The affair causes great excitement in that place.

The horse doctors at Grand Rapids feel called upon to register under the new law relative to physicians, saying that unless they do so they will have trouble in collecting their bills.

The Bay City Tribune thinks there is no doubt that a great many people living in the so-called county of Arenac would be very glad if the townships were again attached to Bay county.

The Mining Journal published at Hancock says coal is gradually superseding wood for mine fuel in that district. The increased consumption this year by the copper mines is estimated at 15,000 tons.

Port Huron bakers complain because they have to pay $10 a year for the privilege of selling bread in Fort Gratiot, while the bakers in that village can sell bread in Port Huron without having to pay a license.

Hattie Hart, aged 15, was terribly injured by a mowing machine in Richard, Kalamazoo county. She was standing near it when the team started and the knives nearly serve one of her feet, cutting every cord in her ankle.

During the late war the chief of the Escanaba Iron Port was an officer in the U. S. military telegraph corps, and at a reunion of the corps recently his old comrades presented him a handsome silver service.

Mrs Joseph Martin, living in Greenbush, Clinton county, met a bear in the road the other day, and the St. Johns Independent avers that she frightened bruin so that he climbed over a fence and took to the woods, by simply shaking her fist at him and saying "shoo."

Sister Mary Collette, aged 23, a sister of mercy, died of heart disease at Mercy hospital, Big Rapids, after an hour's sickness. Her real name was Alice Macroy, and she came from Brooklyn, N. Y. She took the veil at Big Rapids last spring with great ceremonies.

By the explosion of a boiler in the handle factory at Shelby Oceana county, the night watchman, named Ferguson, was seriously injured and four other persons were slightly hurt. Pieces of the wreck were scattered all over the village and several houses were marred thereby.

Hugh Paul, of Austin township, Sanilac county, stole five head of cattle from his brother, Alex. Paul. He was followed and captured near Bay City a few days ago while driving the stock. Hugh had been a wanderer for some time, and his family had long mourned his death.

The success of Lansing in securing a part of the terms of the circuit court, thus dividing with the county seat, has set a number of towns to wondering why they cannot effect a similar result, they being rivals of their several county seats. For instance, Sturgis wants to take from Centerville a share of the St Joseph county court terms.

Farmers who want to sell their farms are warned to look out for a dark complexioned, 5 foot 8 inch fellow, with black moustache and curly hair, who is running around the country. He talks trade, draws up contracts and takes deeds, but never trades. The owner of the old McKelvey farm, Maple Grove, was his last victim.—Nashville News.

The Saginaw Courier of the 18th inst. recalls the sad fact that three years ago that day (October 18, 1880) occurred one of the worst storms ever experienced throughout the country, both on lake and land. Among the most terrible of the casualties resulting therefrom was the loss of the Alpena, one of the staunchest steamers of the Goodrich line, plying between Chicago and Grand Haven, which went to pieces on Lake Michigan, and her entire crew and about 60 passengers were swallowed up in the raging billows, not one of the seventy persons on board at the time surviving to tell the sorrowful tale of the suffering and death.

Indian Clubs.

This is a new craze. It is the craziest kind of a craze among the nobility of America. The youth who does not swing Indian clubs every morning before breakfast is a great many points below par.

We took a modest swing with the Indian clubs last week. We believe they are intended to develop the muscles, expand the chest, and produce other physical changes in the worn out, debilitated system of a man of sedentary habits. But we hardly anticipated the curious and radical changes which immediately took place in our delicate anatomy. We were invited to swing these Indian clubs by an alleged friend, and we complied with his urbane request solely through politeness and a desire not to give offense. But there is no use of a fellow sacrificing himself on the altar of etiquette, and raising bumps, ringbones and spavins all over him. But we swung Indian clubs, and that is the reason we now write with one arm in a gin sling, a bread poultice over the phrenological development of our back head, and a peculiar, gourd-shaped contusion abaft our left ear. We couldn't do it again if Queen Victoria herself went down on her bruised bended knees and begged us to do it with weeping eyes and voice shivering with emotion.

Our friend inveigled us up into his room and made a free exhibition of himself and clubs for our especial benefit. After various contortions and other herculean efforts, he passed the clubs over to us. We are now sorry that we didn't pass them, too, and draw out of the game. We immediately discovered that we were not in our element. Either we were not in good form, or something must have seriously disagreed with the Indian who made the clubs. One slipped out of our hand going through the glass on the dressing case, and the next one chased our friend into the wardrobe and pounded loudly on the door for admittance.

We coaxed them together again and grabbed them by their necks. We again essayed to swing them. Something attracted our attention. It was an unruly club colliding with the organ of secretiveness. We immediately went down to avoid punishment. Round first, Acquisitiveness next got a welt, and the bump of approbation was slightly flattened at the poles. Round second knocked veneration into a cocked hat, but it was not until benevolence received a contusion that we dropped on one knee and claimed a foul. Round third completely destroyed conscientiousness, and we hardly think that bump will ever again appear on the surface. In round four, one of the clubs got in a lick on ideality that knocked it silly, and we shall never be the same man. The organ of individuality is a mere pulp, and even hope, wonder, and eventuality are but shapeless ruins, old land marks, as it were, showing the wide range of intellectuality, now scourged and beaten out of shape by the pure cussedness of Indian clubs.

In round number five, we came up smiling, and shook hands with the clubs. At this juncture our friend stepped out of the wardrobe to act as referee, and one of the eccentric weapons caught him under the chin and lifted him about three feet from the floor, and dropped him limp as a rag in the quiet recess of a bay window looking to the South. Immediately recovering himself he captured the Indian clubs and tied them up to the bedstead. Then we adjourned to a drug-store.—*Texas Siftings.*

Too Intimate with a King.

"At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, Mr. Dana engaged William Howard Russell, then of the London *Times*, the *Times* being perfectly willing that Mr. Russell should earn $15,000 a year for giving out his letters in duplicate to a newspaper printed 3,000 miles away from the *Times* office.

"Mr. Russell, after accepting an engagement at $15,000 a year to write for the *Sun*, wrote to Mr. Dana asking how he should send his letters.

"'By cable,' was Mr. Dana's cablegram to the distinguished military critic.

"Now everybody knows that William Howard Russell's letters, whether from the Army of the Potomac or from any other point, will average from 6,000 to 10,000 words, and Mr. Russell, finding himself engaged to telegraph so voluminously to a little two-cent newspaper in New York City, undoubtedly said to himself: 'If I have employers so enterprising it behooves me to stir myself, and show them that I am worthy as much as their enterprise would seem to demand that I should be.' And, by the force of habit, he forthwith posted off for King William, not then, the reader of course will understand, the Emperor.

"Well, the old king pretended to be surprised when Mr. Russell entered his tent, as though William Howard Russell could cross his lines and he not get notice of the approach of such a man.

"'I am glad to see you, sir, and welcome you as the most renowned of military writers. Make my tent your home. Dine with me.'

"And William Howard Russell fell into the trap. He dined with the king, and after the champagne and cigars turned to his portmanteau to go.

"'What are you going to do?' the king inquired.

"'Telegraph to the London *Times* and the New York *Sun*.'

"'Oh! no! no! That would be giving information to the enemy. I thought you had come to be my historian of the war.'

"The result was, if a month after that Russell had telegraphed a line to either of the two great journals by which he had been employed he might possibly have been suspected of violating the confidence of the king. He was trapped. He necessarily became the king's historian of the war, and the London *Times* and the New York *Sun* did not get a line from William Howard Russell concerning the Franco-Prussian war.

"Meantime George W. Smalley, who, as everybody knows, has been for years past the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, went to Paris, and engaged a corps of the smartest reporters to be found in that city, told them to skirmish around the armies, accept nobody's hospitalities, get all the news they could by hook and by crook, and telegraph to him every night in London.

"Result; Mr. Smalley's first telegram to the *Tribune* covered a page of that journal, and a fortnight later every newspaper in London reproduced that page, the original of a practice that was afterward repeated."—*Chicago*

THE NEWS.

DOMESTIC.

Helyn Leonard, a talented but fallen woman of New York, who shot and seriously wounded Mrs. Clarence Smith, in a fit of jealousy, has been sentenced to three and a half years in the penitentiary.

Secretary Folger issues another call for $15,000,000 three per cents.

The Boston Post opposes Gov. Butler's nomination of Walker, the colored lawyer, for judge of the Charlestown municipal court, for the alleged reason that Walker was once convicted in that court as drunk and disorderly.

Buffalo canal boatmen demand the removal of Shanahan, superintendent of public works, whom they accuse of advancing West Shore railroad interests against the Erie canal, and filling canal offices with ward bummers.

Edmund Stanley is appointed Indian agent for the Poncas, Pawnees, and Otoes.

The French and American claims commission made several awards recently against the United States and disallowed others.

The President disapproves the sentence of Lieut. Robertson, 1st cavalry, for duplicating pay accounts, but warnes him not to do it again.

John Kelly declares if the New York county Democracy unite with Republicans on the local ticket the state ticket will be defeated before election.

A "donkey" engine ran into a passenger coach on the Southwestern road near Uniontown, Pa., the other day. No lives were lost, although many persons were badly injured. Several persons had both legs broken.

Charges against Postmaster Hayes of St. Louis, Mo., have reached the postoffice department and will be investigated.

The warden of the Massachusetts state prison denies the statement of Robinson, Republican candidate for governor, that affairs in the prison are of a threatening nature. The warden claims that extreme cruelty was practiced by his predecessors, and states that more than 100 men were chained up by their wrists from two and a half to four hours.

St. Louis Mo. is greatly agitated over the high-handed doings of the gamblers and their official friends in the city government. All classes protest against the removal of Chief of Police Campbell by the police commissioners, and Mayor Ewing made to take the matter in his own hands. The office of the circuit attorney has also been broken open and the records stolen, including the stenographic report of the testimony taken in the gambling cases by the grand jury.

A train on which Rev. Joseph Cook was traveling was boarded by roughs near Columbus, O., the other afternoon. One of the roughs struck the Boston divine, inflicting slight injuries but sufficient to prevent him from keeping his engagements for several days.

Hyamas Bros., wholesale clothiers of New York and San Francisco, assign. Liabilities stated at $250,000.

There are over 900,000 signatures to the various petitions presented for the pardon of Sergt. Mason. The national Republican is authority for the statement that his pardon will soon be granted.

The attempt to lynch Jacob Nelling, the murderer of Ada Atkinson, near Oxford, Ind., was a failure. The murderer has been taken to Lafayette for safety.

An important decision has just been rendered by the United states supreme court. The famous force bill—the civil rights bill passed in 1875—is declared unconstitutional. What the effect of this decision upon the politics of the country will be is hard to determine, but prominent colored men can only predict ruin.

Postoffice officials in Washington are complaining that they have too much work to do.

Gov. Butler claims that Mrs. Clara T. Leonard, member of the state board of health, is not "a person" within the meaning of the statute, but the council refuse to confirm her successor.

Two of the most worthless and notorious characters of New York City engaged in a war of words in a saloon in New York City the other day, when both drew revolvers and fired. Both men were instantly killed.

The Great Falls manufacturing company through Gen. B. F. Butler, attorney, want $1,-000,000 damages for property and water rights which will be used by the government for the proposed extension of the water supply for the district of Columbia.

Three persons were drowned at Joplin, Mo. the other day, by the upsetting of a carriage while crossing a bridge.

Maj. Gen James B. Steedman of Chickamauga fame, died in Toledo, Ohio, a few days ago.

The centennial anniversary of the disbanding of Washington's army was celebrated at Newburg, N. Y., Oct. 18. The city was gaily decked in holiday attire, and densely crowded with visitors, many distinguished men of the nation being among the number. Bands and a chorus of 500 voices rendered music for the occasion, and Senator Bayard and Hon. Wm. M. Evarts were the orators of the day.

Kirtland Fitch, defaulting cashier of the second national bank of Warren, O., has been indicted by the grand jury for embezzlement, and held in $50,000 bail.

A bill granting the right of suffrage to women has passed the lower house of the Washington territory legislature.

New Cable Company.

A new cable company has been formed by merchants of New York and Liverpool, with a capital of $5,000,000. Ex-Postmaster James, of New York is president. Negotiations have been begun for two cables.

A Cashier Caged.

Clarence Peters, cashier for Lyon & Healy, music dealers of Chicago, confesses that since January he has used $15,000 belonging to the firm, and admits that he lost it playing poker. Clarence is in jail in default of $12,000 bail.

A Voice from Manitoba.

Reports from the wheat crop of the Manitoba district show a bad state of affairs, the crop having been frozen in the milk and rendered valueless. It is doubtful whether the country north of the Canada line can be depended on for permanent crops.

A Horrible Death.

Mary, the two-year old daughter of J. H. Price, of St. Thomas, Ont., was taken to London's photograph gallery by her mother, to have her picture taken, and while romping about the gallery got possession of a graduating measure containing potassium cyanide and drank the contents. The child lived only half an hour.

Arrested for the Atkinson Murder.

Jacob Neeling has been arrested on suspicion of having murdered Ada Atkinson, the 12 year old daughter of Cephas Atkinson, whose dead body was discovered in her father's farm house 2 miles south of Oxford, Ind., September 24. Neeling had been employed on the Atkinson farm, and a bundle of his clothing, covered with blood, was found concealed in the woodshed on the premises.

Panic in a School-Room.

A fire occurred in one of the public schools at Waterbury, Conn., the other morning, which caused a frightful panic among the children, who rushed pell mell for the doors. Many were seriously injured, being trampled under foot and jammed against the walls. Several were injured internally, while one or two suffered broken limbs. The fire was either incendiary, or was caused by a cigarette thrown into a waste basket of the cloak room.

Meddlesome Marshall.

Dr. Marshall, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been indicted for sending indecent pictures and threatening letters to Miss Mary Anderson, the celebrated actress. The bill was found by the United States grand jury. Miss Anderson and her stepfather, Dr. Griffin, are in Europe, and the trial will necessarily be postponed until their return, some months hence.

Frightful Accident.

Patrick J. Mathews, of Windsor, county constable and special policeman in the employ of the Canada Southern railroad, was run over by an engine at Vanderbilt station the other morning, and had both legs cut off below the knees. He had jumped off a moving train to an adjoining track, on which the engine was approaching, and did not observe his danger until too late to save himself. He was taken to Harper hospital, Detroit, and at last accounts was reported to be doing well.

The Mexican Veterans.

The national convention of veterans of the Mexican war will be held in Washington, Dec. 6, 7 and 8 next, and the citizens at the capital are making ready to give them a banquet worthy of the heroes. The assemblage will be an unusual one even for Washington, the list of members embracing very many prominent officers of the Union and confederate armies enrolled under the old flag. Prominent among those who will take an active interest in the meeting is W W. Corcoran, through whom the government negotiated the Mexican loan of $30,000,000.

Fire and Murder.

About 5 o'clock the other morning, a building in the eastern part of Indianapolis occupied by Kitty Wells as a house of ill-repute was set on fire and entirely consumed. Two of the inmates, Flora Garrett and Maggie Wells, occupying a back room in the second story, unable to make their escape, were burned to death. The former was 18 and the latter 25 years of age. It is suspected that the girls were murdered and the building burned to conceal the crime. The breast and arm of one of the girls were found to bear several cuts, as a knife, and a dirk was picked up near the remains. An inquest was held, but nothing definite discovered.

Criticising Crook.

F. A. Schulze, a miner and an Arizona Indian scout lately returned from Sonora, Mexico, speaking of the results of Gen. Crook's campaign, said: "The Indians had never gone on the San Carlos reservation, but had remained at Casas Janos, 20 miles from the nearest military post. The people of Sonora disapproved of Crook's Indian tactics, and claim it was he who put the Apaches in fighting trim. Crook's policy was equally unpopular in Arizona, it being acknowledged that the Apaches were stronger after the war than before." Schulze estimates that about 1,000 bucks are still in the mountains ready to go on the warpath on the slightest provocation.

Doan's Device.

A. H. Doan, clerk in the pension office, has invented a method of displaying weather signals in the country for the benefit of farmers, which may be adopted by the signal service bureau. It provides for a system of signal flags to be known as farmer's signal flags, which are to be displayed from the sides of United States mail cars which pass rapidly and continually over the country on a great network of tracks. The flags will signal information as follows: White meaning clear weather; a blue flag, fair weather; red, doubtful weather, and black, stormy weather or high winds. Signals can be ordered up from Washington by telegraph. The cost of the entire system is said to be insignificant.

In the Presence of His Child.

The other afternoon Peter Feinut, of Sunbrota, Minn., hung himself with a rope from a beam in his barn. Peter was out plowing, and about 5 o'clock he left his plow and came toward the barn, carrying a rope in his hand. His wife, suspecting that he was up to something wrong, followed to the barn, and when she arrived there she found him suspended. She immediately returned to the house, procured a knife and went back to the barn, taking one of her children with her, a little girl aged about 8 years. She cut him down before he had time to expire. This seemed to provoke him and he at once ordered her to go out and milk the cows. Being afraid of him, he having her completely under his control, she obeyed, and left the little girl to watch him. But when she returned to the barn after milking she once more found him suspended, the little girl crying, and this time the man was dead.

Twenty-three Horses Instantly Killed.

A singular accident occurred at Moerlein's brewery in Cincinnati on Sunday evening, Oct. 14th. The cellars are cooled by pure ammonia, 20 times stronger than the aqua ammonia of commerce. The ammonia is carried through the cellars by pipes in the same manner as steam is carried through buildings for heating purposes. One of the pipes burst outside of the cellar proper, under one end of the stable. In an instant the entire vicinity was filled with shifting gas. Twenty-three large and valuable draft horses fell dead in their stalls. A team attached to a street car that was passing fell to their knees, and with great difficulty dragged the car beyond the reach of the dreadful gas. The passengers were nearly stifled. The stable boss is the only man who happened nearer the stable than the people in the street car. He was seen to fall, and two men ran and dragged him away unconscious. If an explosion had occurred on a week day, when the people were thronging that locality, many would certainly have been suffocated.

Colored People Agitated.

The colored people throughout the country are greatly agitated over the decision of the United States Supreme court declaring the civil rights bill unconstitutional. In many places the excitement is spoken of as even greater than at the time of the famous Dred Scott decision. Richard Green, the prominent colored lawyer of Washington declares that as a rule, the Negro would rather be deprived of political privilege than social ones. He claims the colored people can live without suffrage, but that in this age social recognition is an absolute necessity. Register Bruce of the treasury says: "It is a most unfortunate decision, and grieves me and thousands of others very much. I think its effect will be to carry the country backward fifteen years at least. It does not reflect the sentiment of the people as a court decision ought to do, and it is in my opinion, a revival of Calhoun's theory of state rights.'" When asked as to its effect upon the colored race Bruce says he cannot predict. "But I do say that nothing has occurred since the war to embarass and discourage them so much as this decision.

John F. Cook (colored), collector of taxes, says that he does not regard the decision in the same light as Douglass, that it is a step backward in the progress of civilization. He does not think public sentiment any more antagonistic to the colored people than when the law was passed. On the contrary, he thinks it has made progress. Nor does he think the decision will in any manner be an injury to the colored race, except, perhaps, in localities where ignorance prevails. The standing, morally and socially, of the colored men and women is to be measured by their desire for education and mental culture.

FOREIGN

London police are unable to connect O'Donnell, Carey's murderer, with the invincibles.

Several English gentlemen have contributed £6,000 to help defray the expenses of Moody and Sankey during their six months' work at Islington.

The Austrian policy relative to Greece, the Danubian kingdoms, Montenegro and the Balkan states is said to be to secure their friendship and foster Austria's commercial development.

A new Spanish cabinet has been formed with Posada Herrera president of the council.

Cetewayo has surrendered and will be taken to Natal.

Inquiries are being made into the condition of the working people in London, with a view to emigration to Northern Canada.

The remains of Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood have been removed from the vault in which they had lain for many years at Hempstead and placed in a sarcophagus in the chapel. The president and several members of the royal college of physicians witnessed the removal. The object is to insure safer protection against desecration.

Annamite convicts on the island of Poolo-Condor, in the Chinese sea, mutinied, killing one Frenchman, a native warden, and injuring another Frenchman. Part escaped in boats and the rest fled to the woods.

Death in a Synagogue.

While services were in progress in a Jewish synagogue in the town of Zlwonka, government of Pondolia, Russia, a cry of fire by an unknown person, caused a panic in the women's gallery. Forty persons were trampled to death and 50 injured.

One Thousand Lives Lost.

From Asia Minor comes a harrowing account of an earthquake, being particularly destructive on that portion of the coast which lies directly east of the island of Chios. All villages between Cheshme and Vouria are completely wrecked. At least 1,000 persons lost their lives by being buried under the falling walls of dwellings. An immense amount of property was destroyed. Cheshme was badly damaged, but no lives were lost there. At Smyrna the shock was quite severe and a panic prevailed during the continuance of the vibrations; but the damage was slight. On the island of Chios the shock was severe, but its duration was short and little harm was done. Exactly how far the disturbance extended into the interior of Asia Minor, is at present unknown; but reports from points lying east of Cheshme and southeast from Smyrna indicate that an extensive area of country was affected

Congressman Bay, at a late Grange meeting in New Hampshire, advised the farmers not to be ashamed of their calling, as the farmers were worth more to the United States than all the professional men in the country, to which we may add, not excepting even members of Congress.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

M. Ernest Renan's Remarkable Speech Before Students.

Some of the most striking passages in M. Ernest Renan's recent speech, delivered before the pupils of Lycee Louis le Grand, will be found below: "Consider the life before you as a matter serious and full of responsibilities. But is that a reason to regard you as less favored by fate than your predecessors? Quite the contrary, young people! Never say, as did those malcontents of whom the prophet speaks: 'Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge.' Your lot is fair, and I see a thousand reasons to envy it, not merely because you are young, and because youth is the entry upon an excellent thing, namely, existence; but you will see what we shall never see; you will know what we seek for restlessly; you will possess the solution of many a political problem about which we hesitate, because the facts have not yet pronounced themselves with sufficient clearness.

"Your years forbid you to be cautious. Nobody is fearful about life when he is beginning it. A kind of blindness, skillfully arranged by nature, presents existence to you as a tempting booty which you burn to seize upon. Wiser men than you will warn you against the illusion which underlies your youthful ardor. They will tell you of disappointments—they will say that existence does not keep its promises, and that if people only knew what it was they took in hand they would not have the *naif empressement* of your age. But I declare to you that it is not my sentiment. I have traversed this life, which opens before you like an unknown and limitless land. I expect to encounter nothing much more in it of the novel—its termination, which seems to you indefinitely far off, is very near for me. Well, with my hand on my heart I say that I have found this life, which it is the fashion to calumniate, good and well worthy the appetite which youth shows for it. The one real illusion of which you are guilty about it is to believe it long. No, it is short, very short, but even thus I assure you it is well to have existed, and the first duty of man toward that infinitude from which he emerges is to be grateful. The generous rashness which makes you enter, without a shadow of *arriere-pensee*, upon a career at the close of which so many enlightened folks aver they have found nothing save disgust, is really very philosophic after its kind. Forward, therefore, with good hearts; suppress nothing of your ardor; that flame which burns within you is the same spirit which, providentially spread throughout the bosom of humanity, is the principle of its motive force. Forward! forward! say I; lose not your love and passion for living. Speak no evil of the boundless bountifulness from which your being emerges, and in the special order of individual fortunes bless the happy lot which has bestowed on you a generous country, devoted teachers, kind relations, and conditions of development in which you have no longer to strive against the old barbarisms.

"That joyous intoxication, then, which springs from the new wine of life, and which renders you deaf to the weak complaints of the feeble-hearted, is legitimate. Do not be ashamed to abandon yourself to its influences! You will find existence full of sweet savor if you do not expect from it what it cannot give. When people complain of life it is almost always because they have asked impossible things of it. Upon this belief, wholly the teaching of the wisest—there is but one foundation for a happy life, the pursuit, namely, of the good and the true. You will be well pleased with existence if you make fair use of it, and if you abide well pleased with yourselves. A noble sentence is that which says: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all the rest shall be added unto you.'

"On a similar occasion to this of to-day, but forty-five years ago, the illustrious M. Jouffrey addressed the following stern words to the pupils of the Lycee Charlemagne: 'Our duty, to whom experience has unveiled the ultimate truths about the things of this world, is to announce it to you. The mountain top of life hides from you its further slopes; of its two sides you see but one, that which you are ascending; it is bright, beautiful, fragrant as Spring time. You are not able, as we are, to contemplate the other fall, with its melancholy aspect, its pale sunlight, and the icy river floating at the bottom.' Well, my lads, I say no to all that. It is too mournful. The sunlight is never pale, though it is often veiled. Because a man grows old has he the right to say that flowers have grown less lovely and the Springtide less radiant? Are we, forsooth, to grumble because we cannot live forever on earth? What rubbish is this, just Heaven! Amid all the flowers (and how sweet and fair that flower-world is!) only one seems to me without any charm. It is the sickly, dry, stiff, withered, disagreeably glittering thing which gardeners wrongly call 'the immortelle.' I do not call it a flower. I prefer the bright and sweet rose, though it has the defect of fading away all too soon.

"You will behold the twentieth century, my young scholars! Ah! I confess I envy you that other privilege; you will see the unforseen! You will hear what posterity says of us; you will know what there was of solid and what of frail in our dreams. Be kind to us who preceded you. This poor old nineteenth century, which will be so well abused, had good people in it, faithful souls, warm hearts, and heroes of duty. Generations as they follow each other are oftimes unjust to each other. You are the nursery garden of the talent of the future. I fancy I descry amid you the very critic who, about the year 1910 or 1920 A. D., will sit in judgment on this age. I imagine I read his indictment (permit me to indulge my idea.) 'What a sign of the times! What a complete reversal of all proper notions of things to choose in 1883 for our President at the distribution of prizes a man, harmless enough, but the very last who should have been selected, etc. He gave some good advice, but what feebleness, what lack of indignation against his times!' Thus, doubtless, will write the conscientious critic of the twentieth century, and perhaps he will be not far wrong, but do not let him forget to add how glad I was to be among you, how your marks of sympathy went to my heart, and how the touch of your youth revived and rejoiced me."

A Juror Pleads Not Guilty.

A negro man was sworn in upon the jury in a larceny case. He looked very dejected, and as soon as possible slunk away into a corner of the jury division, and hid his face from view. Presently the judge had occasion to address him, and after repeated attempts to attract his attention, had him punched in the side. The juryman arose. "Do you know what you are here for?" demanded the judge with severity. "Fore de Lord, boss, I ain't done nuffin." "Don't you know what case this is?" "Somehow I do disrecollect," said the darky, scratching his head. "Well," exclaimed the judge, "it's the case where the two men are accused of stealing the two bales of cotton." "I didn't steal um!" was the excited reply of the thoroughly bewildered negro. The judge explained the matter, and the trial proceeded.—*Mobile Register.*

The dead rot has seized business in Northwestern Canada. Failures are very numerous. The Toronto *Telegram* says that they are due to the fact that "there are too many people living in the cities and not enough on farms." In other words, there are too many consumers and too few producers.

What was in it: "My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.—*Bench and Bar.*

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