

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The United States Visited by an Electrical Storm.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Important Events Briefly Recorded.

In a libel case before the quarter-sessions court, the court and jury were convulsed with laughter over the proposition made by the defendant...

An electrical storm, reaching from beyond Kansas City and Omaha to the Atlantic coast, played havoc with the telegraph communication in the country on Friday last.

The joint committee of Congress, to inquire into the condition and wants of American ship-building and ship-owning interests, and to investigate the causes of the decline of the American foreign carrying trade...

The audience assembled at New Haven, Conn., last Sunday evening, to listen to the warbling of the Norfolk Jubilee Singers, were very much exasperated to find that the principal performers had been arrested for violating an ordinance prohibiting concerts on Sunday...

The western Bessemer steel manufacturing companies contemplate shutting down their works in the early part of December.

A package, shipped on board the steamer City of Chester and consigned to a New York importer, invoiced as containing diamonds worth about \$30,000, was found on opening to have nothing but paper in.

The Georgia Legislature, November 15, elected Pope Barrow to the U. S. Senate for the short term, and Governor Alfred H. Colquitt for the long term, commencing on the 4th of March next.

Mrs. Melville, the wife of Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette expedition, was released from the Norristown Insane Hospital on the 17th inst. She will apply for a bill of separation from her husband.

Colonel John Bodine (Old Reliable) has resigned the captaincy of the American rifle team for the international match, owing to adverse newspaper criticism as to the manner in which he was chosen.

General Chalmers has been refused the certificate of election by the Secretary of State of Mississippi on account of 1,472 votes, evidently cast for him, reading "J. B. Chambliss."

The steamship Le Chatellier, the pioneer steamer of the new Baltimore and Ohio line of ocean steamships, arrived in Baltimore last Friday morning from Havre, France.

The Federal Congress of Organized Trades and Labor Union, representing nearly all the leading industries in the Union, began its second session in Cleveland, O., Nov. 21st.

The Hudson River steamer Mary Powell has been sold to Thomas Cornell, of Rowlett, for \$150,000. She is considered one of the fastest steamers in the world.

Owing to the prevalence of diphtheria and other contagious diseases, public funerals of those dying of such diseases have been prohibited in Boston.

A Philadelphia jury awarded \$9,000 damages to Henry Jewell, whose eyesight was injured by the collision of two street cars in that city.

Officials return from every county in Pennsylvania gives Pattison, Democrat, for governor, a plurality over Beaver, Republican, of 39,047.

New Yorkers are very indignant because the streets are torn up to allow the numerous steam-heating companies to lay their pipes.

A French man-of-war, Le Chasseur, arrived at New Orleans, La., November 15th. She carries four guns and 120 men.

The corner-stone for the new city post-office was laid with Masonic honors in Baltimore November 20th.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Joseph B. Smith, a Mormon fanatic at Westminster, Cal., considered he had received a divine commandment to abstain from labor, and his wants would be providentially supplied. His son, not having so great a faith, took home some flour and other provisions, which angered the father so much that he scattered them on the ground, and claimed to have a revelation to sacrifice the boy. He took his son about three hundred yards from the house and stabbed him through the chest, killing him instantly. The father has felt no remorse, and says if he should be commanded to do so, would sacrifice all his children.

A fire broke out at Providence last Tuesday morning in a building used for the manufacture of jewelry. On the fourth floor were about forty operatives, among them twenty young girls. The stairway being on fire, and as there was no fire-escape, many of the girls jumped to the ground. Two were killed outright, and several will probably die. The loss amounted to about \$40,000, partially insured.

A passenger elevator in McKnight's carpet-house, Louisville, Ky., containing five passengers, fell November 15th from the second floor to the basement below, seriously injuring four of the passengers, and painfully wounding a

The Congregational Church at Richmond, Mass., a large wooden structure built over one hundred years ago, was burned Saturday evening, having taken fire from a defective chimney. The loss is \$20,000; insurance, \$5,000.

The large Signal, loaded with sugar, was run into by the steamer City of Worcester on the East River, N. Y., November 19th, and sunk. The captain's mother, wife and three children, and two deck hands were drowned.

A fire broke out at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 17th at Fort Worth, Texas, destroying a flouring mill and nine smaller houses. The loss is estimated at \$40,000; insurance about \$25,000.

Last Thursday Philadelphia detectives succeeded in arresting a gang of expert burglars who have recently stolen many thousand dollars worth of goods from the merchants of that city.

Brave Bear, a Sioux Indian, was hanged at Yankton, Dakota, November 15th, for the murder of Joseph Johnson near Fort Sully in 1879.

A desperate encounter took place at Central

Depot, Montgomery county, Va., between two negroes, one of whom was armed with a spade and the other with a razor.

While Enoch Mills was addressing a religious meeting at Philadelphia, last Sunday evening, he suddenly fell down and expired.

A boiler exploded on a sugar plantation in Pointe Coupee parish, La., on the 15th inst., killing the engineer instantly, and fatally injuring two negro laborers.

A masked robber stopped a stage near Campbellsville, Ky., on the 20th inst., and robbed the passengers and the registered mail packages.

CAPITAL TOPICS.

General Hazen, chief signal officer of the army, has issued a general order inviting attention to the conduct of Sergeant Michael McGarran, of the Signal Corps, at Pensacola, Fla., during the past season, who, in the face of an epidemic which unmakes the bravest men, attended promptly and quietly to his station duties, asked neither favors, change, additional help nor relief, but maintained an unbroken series of observations, which are of great value in the study of the development and progress of the epidemic.

The fair at the Capitol for the benefit of the Garfield Monument fund will open Saturday at 12 o'clock noon. It will, no doubt, be an imposing exhibition, and will draw thousands of visitors from every portion of the country. The railroads have made liberal reductions in rates during its progress, and without question many people will take advantage of this opportunity to visit the capital.

The report of the Second Assistant Postmaster General, which has just been forwarded to Postmaster General Howe, shows that the total mileage of railway routes on June 30 last was 109,533 miles. The distance of mail transportation for the year was 113,905,318 miles, and the cost of this service \$12,753,184. The increase in mileage over last year was 8,904 miles.

United States Commissioner C. S. Bunely, of this city, who, while acting as police justice, committed a lawyer named Newton to the dock for disorderly conduct, thereby incurring the public censure of the Bar Association, has entered suit for libel against the Association, claiming damages to the amount of \$50,000. Some novel points are raised.

The President has appointed Waterman Smith, of New Hampshire, John S. Pillsbury, of Minnesota, and William H. Constock, of New York, a commission to examine fifty miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the Yellowstone Valley.

There will be no formal exercises at the opening of the Garfield fair owing to the inability to procure the use of the Senate chamber. The President will declare the fair open at 2 p. m., Saturday afternoon.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House met in their room on the 21st. Owing to the impossibility of doing anything about the tariff, the committee adjourned until December 5th.

The Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, which was authorized by Congress at the last session, has convened in this city, and has under consideration the underwriters' claims.

The Government Printing Office is hard at work on the compendium to the last census, which it is expected will be ready for distribution about the first of January.

The members of the Army of the Cumberland who formed the funeral guard of honor of the late President Garfield while the remains were lying in state held their first reunion on the 18th inst.

The Postmaster-General has appointed F. N. Bassett to be chief clerk, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Frank Howe. E. S. Howell was appointed stenographer of the Department.

Captain Alfred Hopkins, U. S. N., is now being tried by court-martial in this city on the charge of deserting his post at Pensacola, Fla., during the prevalence of yellow fever there.

The cottage at Soldiers' Home, in which President Arthur lives at present, caught fire last Saturday, and was damaged to the extent of \$100.

The various executive departments will close at noon Saturday, in honor of the opening of the Garfield fair.

Chairman Hiseock, of the House Appropriations Committee, has called a meeting of the Committee for November 27th.

A new and elaborate map of the United States, which has been prepared by the General Land Office, is nearly ready for issue.

Judge Hagan's daughter, Mrs. Child, was buried November 15th, 1882.

A Session of the Supreme Court.

When twelve o'clock came, there are perhaps a dozen lawyers sitting at the tables within the bar, and a score of spectators waiting on the crimson plush sofa for the court to open. A rustle of silk is heard from the open door leading to the retiring-rooms. At the other side of the chamber sits a young man at a desk, who has been listening for a few minutes for that sound. He rises, and announces in a clear voice: "The Honorable, the Chief-Justice and Associate-Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, whereupon lawyers and spectators all get up on their feet. The rustling sound approaches, and there enters a procession of nine dignified old men, clad in black silk gowns that reach almost to their feet, with white sleeves and ample skirts. At the head walks the Chief-Justice, and the others follow in the order of their length of service in the court. They stand a moment in front of their chairs, and all bow at once to the bar. The lawyers raise the salute; then the judges sit down, the Associates being careful, however, not to occupy their chairs before the Chief-Justice is settled in his. Now, the young man, who is the crier, exclaims, in a monotonous fashion:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court!"

Business begins promptly and is despatched rapidly. First, motions are heard, then the docket is taken up. The Chief-Justice calls the case in order in a quiet tone, and a lawyer is on the floor making an argument, while you are still expecting that there will be some further formality attending the opening of so august a tribunal.

The proceedings are only impressive from their simplicity. Usually the arguments of counsel are delivered in low, conversational tones. Often the judges interrupt to ask questions. In patent cases, models of machinery are frequently used to illustrate an argument, and are handed up to the judges for examination, or a blackboard is used for diagrams. Were it not for the gray hair and black wigs of the judges, you might almost imagine at times that the gentleman at the blackboard, with crayon in hand, was a college professor lecturing to a class. Or you may happen in when a lawyer in charge of a case is leaning over the long desk in front of the judges, holding a conversation with one of them on some intricate point in a mechanical device, and you would hardly think that the court was in session and that the conversation was a plea in a patent case involving perhaps a million of dollars.

The bench has long been only a tradition in

all our courts. Each justice of the Supreme Court has a chair to suit his own notions of what constitutes a comfortable seat. Some of the chairs have high backs to rest the head, some have low backs; some have horse-hair cushions, some velvet, some no cushions at all. Chief-Justice Waite sits in the middle of the row.

WANTED—A NAVY.

Something About the Work of the Advisory Board.

The Naval Advisory Board, provided for by act of Congress during the last session, is holding meetings daily at the Navy Department in this city. The board has two subjects for consideration. First, it is to consider plans and specifications for the construction of two unarmored steel cruisers, and, secondly, the completion of the four ironclads, which were contracted for nearly eight years ago, and which have been a fruitful source of turmoil in Congress ever since. It is the desire of Secretary Chandler to have the new cruisers built according to the latest improvements, so that they will be as powerful as the best of their class anywhere in the world. If this is done, we will at least have two good ships of war. Now we have none. The vessels of war now possessed by this Government are made of wood, which are simply valuable as quarters for the accommodation of the officers and men, and could never for an instant be brought under the fire of an enemy as war ships are now built. The only hypothesis upon which the policy of this Government for the past fifteen years could be based was that no foreign nation would attack us out of pity for our defenseless condition. The great cities on our sea coast are subject, at any moment, to desolation by a foreign fleet. A certain class of statesmen are disposed to ridicule the idea of any nation in the world committing an act of hostility against this Government. This is an easy way of begging the question. Grant that our vast resources are well known to all the powers. Grant that we have 50,000,000 people loyal to the Government. Grant that we have mountains of coal and iron and forests of wood, mills, factories, machinery and mechanical skill surpassing the world. Possessing these elements of strength, we are powerless to make them effective. The bravest and strongest army in the world would be of no more use than a cloud of sparrows for the business in hand should even a fourth-rate nation to-day see fit to make war upon us. Should such an event happen, the Government at Washington would be obliged to sue for peace on any terms in sixty days. The property-owners on our seaboard would rise up en masse and demand it. They would decline to pay for the folly of the Government in its failure to provide heavy ordnance, fortifications, and an armored fleet.

In the language of Mr. Blaine, "Well may the Government be afraid to be out after dark." It is the business of the Naval Board to devise means for the protection of the country, to some extent. Within the last fifteen years, during which we have built no war-vessels, naval architecture has undergone a radical change. For a time there was a race between guns and armor, until finally a piece of artillery was devised able to throw a solid shot through a wall of iron so thick that no vessel could carry it. It was then proposed to abandon armor altogether as next to useless, but by a simple device the situation has again changed and the power of the guns is once more overruled. This was accomplished by a simple arrangement of the steel plates of armor, so that the shot would strike it at an acute angle and glance off instead of penetrating it. The application of this idea has given rise to a system of deflecting armor which is carried through the construction of the entire ship. A curved steel deck, the edges of which come below the water-line, looking like the back of a great turtle, is placed over the magazines and machinery; gun-carriages are so constructed that the men work behind two shields played together like the letter V to deflect the shot from the main gun; and upon the monitors is mounted a turret shaped like two soap-bubbles, turned one over the other. This, in a general way, gives a rough idea of the system upon which the most approved modern ships-of-war are built. All these plans, with scores upon scores of variations, the Advisory Board is studying over. They will be compelled to adopt this deflecting system in some form, for the simple reason that all the rest of the world is using it. An old-fashioned windmill cannot compete with one that runs by steam. In the same sense has deflecting armor taken the place of vertical in naval construction. The Advisory Board will be compelled to adopt it, because England to-day is building all her new ships with it. China, Brazil, Chile, Italy, Denmark, every nation in the world, in short, is building or buying ships within the last few years, has built or bought them constructed with deflecting armor in some form of its application.

Terrors of War Stamped on Soldier's Faces.

The Guardsmen returned from Egypt, who now walk the streets of London, are said to have a wild look about the eyes, and a marked uneasiness about the brow. The trace of severe privation is left in their dried and stricken forms, but the trace of mental anguish is visible enough in the disturbed glance they cast around. The same expression was noticeable in the faces of the men returned from Zululand, and the officers of our army will tell you that the men who have served in the frontier war against the Indians never recovered the happy, careless look they had worn at the commencement of a campaign. General Custler, just before entering on his campaign on the Roshod River, said: "One single echo of the war-whoop by night will rob a man of twenty years of his life, and he may bid farewell to his youth forever after."

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

Reunion of the Iowa ex-Prisoners of War Association.

KEEP THE BALL ROLLING.

Rev. J. B. Vawter Gives a Picture of Prison Life.

MR. PRESIDENT, HONORABLE MAYOR, COMRADES:—There must be some mistake. Something is wrong. I was told that your Honorable Mayor would deliver an address of welcome to the Association of Prisoners of War, and I was asked to respond on behalf of the Association. I fear, Mr. President and Honorable Mayor, that you have been imposed upon. These well-dressed and well-fed gentlemen are not prisoners. It would do gentlemen, I've seen prisoners. I know how they look, and how they act. If I should offer a chew of tobacco for a snuff-bow, could I trade in this assembly? I think not. If I should go through this hall with a half pint of miserable brown-soup, in a blackened half-canteen, trying to swap it for two spoonfuls of rice, could I find a market? Not without skimming off the bugs; and that would take half the soup.

Do you think, Mr. President, that these gentlemen have carefully pressed all the seams in their shirts this morning with their thumb-nails? I don't believe it.

Not comrades, we neither look, nor act, nor feel like prisoners of war.

Memory, by the word "Andersonville," calls up pictures of wretchedness, horror and woe, that seem to us now, in our comfortable surroundings, like frightful dreams of a disordered brain.

When I entered that pen, late in July, 1864, it contained thirty thousand men. Think of it! The railroads centering in this city have been loaded down for three or four days bringing people to the State Fair, and the papers tell us that yesterday there were thirty thousand on the grounds. Some of you saw that vast multitude in that park of nearly one hundred acres. Can you imagine such a multitude crowded into a pen containing only eleven acres—not to swelter and smother for an hour or two, but to live there—or die till the very days and sleepless nights dragged into weeks, and the weeks into months. By computation of the number of men and the available space in the pen, you will find that there were about twenty men to every square rod of surface; when they all lay down at night you could not walk many steps in any part of the pen without treading on some one and getting into trouble.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

The pen was a field of yellow sand. It was all alive with flies. Lice crawled everywhere. Myriads of flies buzzed about us all day, and clouds of mosquitoes destroyed our rest at night.

A few bad blankets, and were able to provide themselves with meagre tents that partly sheltered them. But the vast majority had no shelter or covering of any kind. They entered that pen of horror stripped and robbed. They groveled in that hot sand, beneath that burning sun, and fought fleas and lice by day, and at night the white fog of the swamps, laden with the foul stench of our own valley of death, crept up through the stockade, wrapped us about with its damp vapors, and saturated us with its malarious poison. When at last, weary with fighting mosquitoes, we stretched ourselves on the sand to sleep, the dew beaded our temples and beads.

About half of these men were sick with diarrhea, fever, scurvy and other diseases. At least five thousand were helpless. They needed careful nursing, and got nothing. They lay on that vermin-reeking sand, in their rags and filth, the fog chilling them by night and the sun blistering them by day, and died at the rate of three thousand per month. We could not help them, poor boys. We had no means. One mercy amid this woe was, that when a man became helpless, he generally soon became delirious, and did not realize his surroundings. He would name over his dear ones, and prattle of love and home, while misery and wretchedness lay round about him. Yes, in his wild ravings you would hear stretches of heavenly songs, though sung in the bowels of hell.

Such was Andersonville in the summer and fall of 1864. Comrades, I appeal to you, have I drawn the picture too strong? You know I have not. Many of you remember how the strong struggled for life, and the weak died, and were piled up at the south gate, with none to help us, to sympathize with us, to care for us, till the God of Heaven and of Nature, in pity for his wretched children, sent his storm-cloud to wash our sandy beds, and re-affirmed the strange story of Moses, about the Rock in the wilderness, that watered the famished sons of Jacob, by calling forth for us the bubbling fountain of pure water, that we might drink and live.

I belonged to the last squad of prisoners to reach our lines;—those taken from Andersonville to Lake City, Florida, in the spring of 1865, and turned loose the last of April, to find our lines by way of Jacksonville.

Some of you belonged to that camp. You can never forget it. The last of April thirty-three hundred of us were encamped in that cypress swamp. In the evening they issued to us an extra ration of meal. The next morning we were taken down the road a few miles, and the commander of the guard made us a speech and turned us loose. He told us that they were tired of guarding us—our time was out. They were going to the front to fight, and he advised us to go home and stay there. He told us his whole speech was a lie. They were then included in Johnston's surrender to Sherman, and were ordered to Tallahassee to turn their arms over to the U. S. Government. We were told to follow the railroad bed, which would lead us to Jacksonville, or we might go to—, and he named a country still farther south than Florida.

GOOD-BYE, JOHNNY.

The speech was closed, the guard opened ranks, and we marched through. Good-bye, Johnny. Good-bye, Yank.

What a strange feeling! Were we really free? After all the suffering, disappointment and despair, were we really going home at last? We asked ourselves over and over—what can it mean? Many of the boys were sick and feeble—not able to walk. But, in the wild excitement of that hour, they struggled to their feet, and started with us. Some staggered along a mile, and fell by the roadside. Some went two, three, four miles, and lay down exhausted—to die. The strongest and healthiest pressed on, always trying to keep at the head of the column. The number that kept up grew less and less as the hours rolled by, until, when at last the advance reached our picket-line, we were scattered along the entire road from the starting point. I kept at the head of the column. Late in the afternoon we came to a cavalry picket. He took us to his command—not far off. When we saw the clean, blue uniform of the United States army, a loud shout rent the air. It was taken up by others in the

rear, and carried to others still farther back, giving new courage and strength to those who were almost exhausted with the weary march. I have looked at fine clothes since then, but never saw any that looked so well to me as those cavalry jackets did on that day. But if we were glad to see our clothes, they were mad when they saw ours. When the captain of that troop looked at our gamut, starved persons, our rags, and our wretchedness, he stood up in his stirrups and swore a terrible oath of vengeance against the men who could treat prisoners so.

We came to the infantry picket and dropped down for a little rest, and asked the boys. We knew nothing of how the war was progressing since Hood's defeat at Nashville. Imagine, then, the flood that poured in upon us when the guard told us that Richmond had fallen; that Lee had surrendered; that Johnston had surrendered to Sherman; that LINCOLN WAS DEAD. Probably three hundred of us had kept up, and heard this news. Language cannot describe its effect on men in our condition. We had fallen exhausted at the picket-line. We sprang to our feet, and did not feel one bit tired. In a kind of wild frenzy we started toward the town and the camp. About half way we met a field band and colors, coming out to meet us—the cavalry picket had reported that we were coming. We were wild enough when we left the picket-line. The fact of being in our lines, and the news we had heard, put us in a kind of frenzy. But when we met that flag we went stark raving crazy. If we had all been drunk on laughing gas, we could not have behaved worse. Old survived skeletons, that could not straighten a limb, danced around like puppets, and kicked sand twenty feet high. Some shouted, some laughed, some prayed, some swore, some cried. It was a wonderful melody. We had drivers gifts, but the same spirit. I felt like I needed a sinker to keep me from floating off in the air. I could have walked on eggs without breaking them. I could not keep my feet straight, but would break out into hysterical laughter. One tall, ragged skeleton began to sing: "Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys," and reaching out his hand, he began to wind it about his vermilion shoulders. Others tried to join in his song and pull the flag about, till soon there were from thirty to fifty sprawling under and over it. The band stood in white amazement at the treatment the flag was getting, till some of the boys called for the "Star Spangled Banner." The band began to play, and the boys to sing. They got on somehow till they came to the line, "Oh, say, does the star spangled banner yet wave?" when raising one wild shout—"Yell! 'tis his God's country!" they rushed into the drummers, upsetting one another in the sand, and ending all attempts at music in one wild hurrah! for God's country.

Yes, I see it all, but language will not describe it. If I could paint for you the untrimmed, tangled hair, that stood out or hung matted down above brows that had once been noble and fair, but were now all blotched and stained by disease; if I could paint the hollow cheeks, the dull eyes, hands like bird-claws, the filthy, vermin-encrusted rags, and could then put my picture through all the contortions of unrestrained motion—even then I could not tell what is in my memory. But enough,—you have felt, you remember.

It gives a deeper meaning to that starry banner that hangs outside our window to-day. Others cannot feel as we do about it. They have never missed it and longed for it as we have. They can't understand our feelings.

We lay at Jacksonville about three weeks. One morning, when the tide was out, we waded and swam far out into the sluggish river Saint John, and there pulled off the filthy rags that we had worn out of Rebeldom, and leaving them, we swam ashore. It was a frightful wreek—thousands of lives were lost in that briny deep. But we drew new, clean clothes, and from that morning till this day I have never seen any one that looked like a prisoner of war.

THE OLD WORLD.

Something About What is Going on in Other Lands Than Ours.

It is now reasonably certain that the vessel which collided with the Westphalia was sunk, with all on board.—The second rule of procedure has been adopted in the House of Commons.—Patrick Joyce has been convicted of the murder of the Joyce family in Ireland, and sentenced to be hanged.—Suleiman Daud has testified that he gave the order to fire Alexandria, and that he was also ordered to murder the Khedive.—It is reported that Spain will take possession of a part on the coast of Morocco.—A heavy gale off the coast of England, November 16th, caused the destruction of several vessels, and the loss of many lives.—Nine children were burned to death in a school-house near Quimper, Paris, November 17th.—The infant princess was baptized at Madrid, November 15th, in the presence of the members of the court, the grandees, the Spanish ministers, the representatives of foreign powers, and deputations from the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The Empress of Austria was represented by the Queen's mother as sponsor for the child.—It is denied in official circles that there is a probability of war between Austria and Russia.—The Queen, accompanied by the members of the royal family, reviewed the 5,000 of the troops which took part in the Egyptian campaign, on the 18th. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated.—A fearful explosion of a powder magazine occurred at Guyaquil. It is supposed that ten persons were killed.—The Pope is to deliver an important address to the consistory which meets in Rome early in December.—Mr. Trevelyan, chief secretary for Ireland, informed Mr. Parnell in Parliament that the unions in the west of Ireland had been ordered to relieve the distressed people.—Mr. Gladstone says that government is not contemplating any amendment to the areas-of-rent act. The Parnellites will take no united action in relation to the inquiry concerning the release of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly from Kilmatham.—Parliament will probably be prorogued December 1st.—A man has been arrested in London for threatening to kill Mr. Gladstone.—Mr. Davitt was denounced by Mr. O'Kelly, M. P., on Sunday for attempting to split the Irish party.—The Pope has expressed his horror at the outrages in Ireland.—The soldiers in Cairo are ill, owing to the bad condition of the barracks.—The Queen, on Tuesday, presented decorations to the troops returned from Egypt. Admiral Seymour and General Wolsley have been gazetted peers.—Michael Casey and the four others tried for the murder of the Joyce family, have been sentenced to death.—Brookshaw, who threatened the Prince of Wales, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.—The last of the Tuilleries will be sold Dec. 4th.

We are pleased to call attention to the clubbing combination announced in our advertising columns between the Rural New Yorker and THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. The original investigations and enterprise of the Rural through its experiment grounds, and through the ablest writers and artists in the country, have led to its general recognition as the leading journal of rural affairs in America. It has introduced and disseminated free among its subscribers some of the most valuable farm and garden plants in cultivation. These distributions are utterly free of all false pretense. Read the advertisement carefully.

SOME SIDE-SPLITTERS.

What the Fanny Fellows are Saying in the Newspapers.

The plague of mice—the cat.—Puck.

Pat—"An" is the next train for Boston you want? Faith, that went an hour ago, sorr!"—Harvard Lampoon

Leander opened the "Marine Court" when he first swam across the Hellsport to meet his darling.—New York News.

"The art that conceals art," as the thief remarked when he slid an expensive oil painting under his coat.—Boston Transcript.

Mistress—"Were you baptized, Keziah, when you were named?" Maid—"Law, ma'am, we don't baptize in our church; we immerge."—Harvard Lampoon.

The heathen have now given up the worship of idols of their own creation, as they have found that a very superior article of wooden god can be furnished in New York.—Boston Post.

A curious custom in China is the exhibition of a fish in every house where a boy has been born to the family during the year. We suppose when a girl is born they stick up a hook and line.—Philadelphia News.

Widow woman (to chemist who was weighing a grain of calomel in dispensing a prescription for her sick child)—"Man, ye needna be see schrimpy wi' t'is for a pair fatherless bairn!"—London Punch.

In learning that the young Taupin had just received an inheritance, one of his creditors hastened to present his bill. "Oh, don't let us speak of those things," said the young man, "I have thrown a veil over the past!"—French Paper.

Doctor to an acquaintance—"Mr. Jones, I am glad to see you have recovered." Mr. Jones—"Yes, you have saved my life; how can I thank you sufficiently?" Doctor—"I saved your life? Why, I didn't attend you." Mr. Jones—"Yes—and that is why I am so grateful."—Quint.

A youthful aspirant to poet's honors, whose maiden attempt bore the title of "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," was struck dumb with horror when it appeared in the next weekly edition of the town paper under the title of "Simple Little Cross-Eyed Thing."—Detroit Free Press.

"Have ye jined the Salvation Army, Bill?" Bill—"No, I ain't, but my Missus have; and the kids has joined the Blue Ribbons. I'm thinking of going in for the Longfellow Moral Committee. Seemas how now-a-days a bloke ain't in it unless he goes and joins something!"—London World.

They were discussing Thackeray's "English Humorists." "Who was it, Miss Cutting, that said, 'True wit never produces a smile?'" "I really can't tell you, Mr. Quotation, but it seems to me he must have heard a good many of you college men telling jokes or he'd never have taken such a dismal view of life."—Harvard Lampoon.

"When did the first train leave Austin for San Antonio?" asked a stranger at the railway depot of Gilchely. "The first train left San Antonio when the railroad was completed between the two cities; that was about two years ago. You don't expect to go over on it, do you?"—Texas Siftings.

"Did you see that boss you was talkin' of buyin'?" asked one Anstia darkey of another. "Yes, I seed him." "Did you buy de boss?" "No, I didn't buy him, because dar was no mutuality." "What do you mean, nigger?" "Dar was no mutuality. I seed enuff ob de boss, but de boss didn't see enuff ob me. He was blind in one eye. Dar has to be more mutuality in a boss trade."—Texas Siftings.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon sailed for England on the 21st.

Ex-Senator Morrill, of Maine, is sinking slowly.

Ex-Secretary Kirkwood is a bank president at Iowa City.

Senator-elect Colquitt, of Georgia, is a Sunday-school teacher.

General Picoira, of Peru, has been in Washington for about a week.

Professor Henry Draper, the distinguished scientist, died in New York, Nov. 20th.

The First Assistant Secretary of State was badly scalded, Nov. 21st.

Judge Joel Parker, of New Jersey, was stricken with paralysis, Nov. 18th.

The eight brothers of Governor Hawkins, of Tennessee, voted against him at the late election.

General Newton and Colonel Casey, of the Engineers, U. S. A., are to examine the New York bridge.

Mr. Wm. H. McMahon, a member of the Tariff Commission, died in New York, suddenly, on the 21st inst.

A movement has been started to erect a monument to John Wesley at his native place, Epworth, England.