TOM OCHILTREE IN PARIS.

The Texas Congressman Helping in his Vacation to Run the French Republic.

PARIS, Aug. 28.—Col. Thomas Ochiltree has been lubricating the machinery of the French republic all summer, and has become such a power in affairs of state here that only the most conscientious devotion to his Texas constituents could serve to draw him away in October, at which time he proposes to return to the management of the affairs of the republic across the seas. Only those who know of his talent for ubiquity can understand how it is going to be possible for him to run two republics, but Col. Ochiltree's familiarity with republican principles is so unusual that it really, it is said, does not require the great mental effort the task would suggest. The French statesmen are inclined to boast of having weaned Col. Ochiltree from his native land, and it is more than hinted that as between Paris and Washington, the accomplished American has a positive preference of the city of the Eden Theatre, the Ambassadeurs, and the Alcazar d'Eté, especially in view of the grand opportunity presented here of establishing one of the most attractive features of American politics, viz., draw poker. Baccarat is all very well, but Col. Ochiltree is able to demonstrate that draw poker is as essential to the rapid development of the principles of a republic as a morning cocktail. The American bar has received Col. Ochiltree with distinguished honors, and many new points have been introduced into the code since his arrival here, while additional force has been added to others because of his exposition of the virtues of peppermint. Julep is in fact an Americanism attributed to Col. Ochiltree's presence.

A curious scene occurred a few nights ago at a *café chantant* in the Champs Elysée. Col. Ochiltree was sitting under the trees in front of this outdoor theatre, with coffee and Cognac before him, and, the night being warm, he had laid aside his straw hat, so that nature's brilliant decorative sheathing seemed to be the only spot of color in the mass of heads. The curiosity it excited seemed to convey the impression that the Parisians fancied that it was a new American electric lamp. But the fun came when a comedian dressed as a pompier—a French fireman—came out with an imaginary hose in his hand. As he sang he cleverly imitated the invisible breeze, shooting an imperceptible stream at the Texas Congressman's head. Col. Ochiltree did not appreciate the cause of the uproarious mirth that followed, nor did he seem to get the point when, as he unconsciously put on his straw hat, the comedian exclaimed in French, "The fire is extinguished!"

Col. Ochiltree has luxurious quarters at the Continental Hotel, and he is one of the attractions of the table d'hote along with the vivid French pictures on the walls. This, it is said, however, is better known in America than here, for there is here the yawning gulf of a foreign language between the Congressman and many of those to whom he is introduced. Col. Ochiltree goes to the brink of this precipice of difficulties and gesticulates so ardently that, like a sounder of the Andes, he seems about to flap his wings and sail off into the soft atmosphere of the French tongue, but memories of Texas seem to restrain him from the perilous feat. He is more at home at Poissy with his countrymen, who discuss the tang and bouquet of the sparkling wines on Minister Mortons table. He is happiest when he is going about with La Fayette. Col. Ochiltree has not been able to convince some of his American friends that his intimacy with La Fayette is not a joke. He does not want them to believe that he is stalking about Paris with a cheap ghost of the early friend of the American republic, but he does wish to insinuate that the old hero is still living, as one Texan intimated. "No, no," says Col. Ochiltree. "Allow me to make it clear to you. La Fayette—my *chaperon*, my friend—is the grandson of the Marquis de La Fayette, and is a devilish clever fellow, speaks English, as all of the most cultivated Frenchmen in public life do, and is a Senator. In fact, he is a Marquis in his own right, but I tell him that under the republic he should not use his title, and I think he sees the force of my suggestion. I have been telling La Fayette that if he wants to make the republic go he must do more as we do across the water—get down among the people, be democratic—bust up all this order business, police business, and needless business. I think I had here Colonel drew a volume of smoke out of a fifty-centime cigar] I think I have given him some things to think over."

"I suppose, monsieur, you have met the President of the French republic?"

"Yes, I met Grévy at the opera. Grévy! Grévy! Oh, yes; I forgot that Grévy was now. In fact, I occupied his box in the Senate Chamber, and also at the opera. In fact, he has shown me some marked attention, and I have held consultations with him. They are very eager for information here about our republic across the sea."

"Do you think the republic has come to stay?"

"Why, of course. They have [modestly spoken] received a new impetus of late in the extension of republican principles. We turned out a whole lot of Judges here some weeks ago. Now, I didn't like that. They were in for life relics of the old *rig-gerow*, and I told La Fayette that to an American—one in public life, as it were—the act seemed a little community. He gave me a satisfactory explanation. The Republicans didn't have any show before these fellows, and they accordingly were bounced. Governmental necessity."

"Reconstruction policy?"

"Yer-ment. That is just truly."

This little conversation, which occurred on the Boulevard des Capucines, was abbreviated by the arrival of some Frenchmen who took the American statesman off. As they went gayly along, the Texas Congressman with his *petite* straw hat perched on one side of his head seemed to be the Frenchiest of them all. A few days later Col. Ochiltree was asked if there was peace and loyalty in all of the arrondissements. He said readily, "Yes, yes, a little discontent in the Faubourg St. Germain, but trifling."

"Is there any new topic in Governmental circles to-day?"

"Yes. There is a new ballet at the Eden Theatre."

AN ALLEGED DEFICIT OF $500,000.

How a Wealthy Widow's Agent Managed the Widow and her Estate.

BOSTON, Oct. 1.—A will case of unusual interest is before a jury in the Supreme Court, and is creating quite a business and social sensation. Alexander S. Wheeler, residuary legatee of Abigail Armstrong, who died intestate, alleges a deficit of about $500,000 in the accounting of Warren K. Blodgett, a business man of the highest social standing, who for ten years was the agent of the deceased woman. The defendant has been on the witness stand all day, and under a sharp examination he has been detailing some very remarkable transactions. It was admitted that Mrs. Armstrong was a little peculiar, but Mr. Blodgett claimed that she was in full possession of her faculties. He undertook the management of her property in 1872. The income of the estate was about $61,000 annually. It appeared by the books and by the witness's admissions that he began with charging Mrs. Armstrong ten per cent. for making the investments, and during most of the time pocketed the entire net income of the estate, as he claimed, with the consent of Mrs. Armstrong. It appeared by the testimony that Mr. Blodgett, at the end of each month, would charge the ten per cent. for buying or selling United States bonds and other securities, and then Mrs. Armstrong would make him a present of the entire proceeds of the estate, giving Blodgett a receipt for $1 as an equivalent for all claims. Witness admitted that the receipts were not paid him in full for the attention he gave to Mrs. Armstrong's affairs during her sickness and afterward. She gave him the money for his kindness. Witness often read to her, although she could and did read herself. She would sometimes send to him, if he went in while she was reading. If he was there when the paper came he would read to her.

"Then it comes to this," exclaimed Mr. Morse, the examining lawyer: "You went there and got the benefit of the paper."

"Yes," replied Blodgett.

The books showed that Blodgett had charged Mrs. Armstrong thirty cents for peaches at about the time she made him a present of $40,000, and there was an item of forty cents for tea.

"Did it ever occur to you to buy tea in large quantities; for instance, a dollar's worth?" asked Mr. Morse.

The witness made no reply. It was further testified that in 1878 a formal agreement was made between the witness and Mrs. Armstrong by the the terms of which Blodgett was to receive the entire net income of the estate during her life. This alleged agreement was kept very secret. No record was made of it, and Mr. Blodgett continued to pay his patroness $1 a month in full for all claims. He was asked why he did this; if it was agreed that he should have the whole income. He said he wanted to humor the old lady.

During one period of two years, while he was receiving the proceeds of the great property, he allowed the real owner thereof the sum of $11.10 in cash. Mrs. Armstrong consulted no lawyer, and Mr. Blodgett was the only one having any knowledge of her affairs.

"Did it occur to you to be peculiar to charge a lady ten per cent. for collecting money which she gave to you?" asked Mr. Morse.

"I had heard of people making gifts before, and did not think it necessary to consult counsel as to my right to receive. I would take anything she owed me and I had a right to give me."

The examination of Mr. Blodgett is not finished, and the trial will continue for some days. The estate now amounts to about $600,000, and the legatees seek to recover about $500,000 more of Mr. Blodgett. The plaintiffs will seek to prove Mrs. Armstrong to have been insane.

IN HARD LUCK.

The Old Settler has Rheumatism and a Cold and is All Broken Up.

MILFORD, Sept. 17.—The Old Settler came into the Crissman House and sat down. Sadness seemed to sit down with him. His eyes were swollen and watery. His nose was very red, and had a tender look, as if from much contact with the bandanna handkerchief which he took from his hat and pressed gently against his roseate organ. The Sheriff noticed at once that all was not right with him, and the County Clerk felt that the Old Settler's physical mechanism had been thrown out of gear by the coming loose of some very important screw, so to speak. The boys looked at one another as if in mute inquiry as to what the trouble could be, and the dog Cæsar rose to his feet, gazed wonderingly at the Old Settler, and walked out to the barn.

"Boys," said the Old Settler finally, and his voice had a metallic, far away sound that was startling—"Boys," said he, "ef thuz eddy o' you ez wadts tor see a feller-sit'zed ez is overlastidly dowd od quiltid bees ad roobatiz, jes' slig yer off eye over be, b'gosht'bighty, ad take it id!"

The Sheriff looked at the County Clerk, scratched his head, and seemed puzzled. The County Clerk tried to appear unconcerned, and attempted to whistle, "A Rose Tree in Full Blossoming," but ran out of wind before he reached the third line.

"Yes, I wadt y'all to udderstad that I bead it, b'gosh!" exclaimed the Old Settler, flinging his handkerchief in his hat and instantly shipping it out again.

"Mean what, Major?" asked the Sheriff, meekly.

"Bead what? What d'ye s'pose I bead? Bead what I said, o' course! That's what I bead!" And the Old Settler flashed his nose around on the Sheriff like a danger signal.

"Of course you do, Major," replied the Sheriff, blandly. "But what was it you said?"

"You probably have never seen a storm gathering on the confines of some wide prairie; how there is an ominous hush at first, then a growing darkness, and finally the full, tempestuous burst of the angry elements. Well, neither have I. But that's about the way the Sheriff's inquiry affected the Old Settler. The storm passed through all the preliminary phases, and broke something like this:

"What was it, I said, you codsard idjut? I said roobatiz b'gosh, ad you dow it! Ad I said quiltid bees, ad you saw that, too, durd well! Ad I said I were dowd od eth both frob the word go, ad you udderstad that, ad you order be ashabed o' yerself, a settid yer six feet high ad a codstituted like a bud torkie, bakin' fud of a bad ez is ole adult to be yer gradfather, ad who has ketched the golewizzledest codfezdid bad ever rud up agid sedee Adab were a yearlid!"

"Why, Major," said the County Clerk, in a conciliatory tone, "I hope you don't think——"

"I hope I dod thigk!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Well, b'gosh, y' hope right. I dod't thigk. I hadn't thugk fur two days. By head is stopped up wusser'd a thidt-lock basket, loaded with wet powder, ad the pribin' pad poured full o' lead! Dod-rot the roobatiz!

"Ye see, boys, what does by ole wabbid do las' week but go ad git the roobatiz id her wrist. I felt durd sorry fur her, 'cause it struck her jist ez later diggid were bout ready to begid, ad I dode she'd be terrible disapidted, 'cause she couldn't git out with her hoe, ad shake up the dirt id four patch. Wall, b'gosh, ez if the roobatiz wa'dt bad aduff, she bus' git it id her head ut if she didn't give a quiltid bee, right squar' off, the world would jes' ez like ez eddything quit spldt in two. Ez a-ble-tree, ad it wouldn't be worth the gittid up id the morgid ad buildid a fire to git breakfas' with. So she sends a invite to all the ole wibbid id the deighborhood, ad, b'gosh, you kid bet that they wa'dt one of ez missed bein' thar when the roll were called. The day o' the bee the ole wubbid says:

"'I guess you'll hef to go ad dig a bess o' taters,' says she, 'cause this yer roobatiz has hooked od to be so durd bad,' says she, 'that I'b afurd I cadt work the hoe,' says she, 'ad I've gotto give the quiltid a supper.'

"Boys, a bess o' taters dod't sound very big, does it?" said the Old Settler as he flourished his bandanna. "But wait till y' hear.

"'B'rian,' says—that's the ole wubbid—'B'rian,' I says, 'y wadt a bess o' taters, hay?'

"'Fifty bushels,' says she.

"'Is the widder Slocub 'spected to the quiltid?' says I.

"B'rian said she were.

"'Ad ole Bissies Filter?' says I.

"'Oh, yes; Bissies Filter were wud o' the party, o' course,' said B'rian.

"Ad is Sister Bell gold ter jide the circle?' says I.

"'Couldn't git alog without Sister Bell, says B'rian.

"Wall, I thed, B'rian,' says I, 'd'ye dow what that bess o' taters is gold ter be?' says I. 'That bess o' taters is gold ter be the hull durd patch, b'gosh!' says I, ad off I goes ez hot ez a wasp, ad goes to diggid the taters. I dug, ad I dug, ad I dug. The sweat poured off o' bi like a thunder shower off a slate roof. After I got through I goes to the house. The quiltid bee were ab thar, ad the hull durd house were full o' sisters. They wa'dt doo rooh fur a feller to cool off alder his owd vide ad dig tree, so I squats od a bench id the yard. Ad that's the way, b'gosh, ez I cub by this little stoppage id b' dose, all 'log o' the ole wubbid gittid the roobatiz, ad thed a ketchid the quiltid bee fever, ad a topphd the hull busidess off with a b'lift upper. Ter tell you, boys, they haidt doo doubt, b'gosh, but that a wubbid ad a gardid has played hob with us ever sedce the world begud!" ED MOTT.

THE RAILROAD POOL.

Over Three Hundred Clerks Employed in the Office.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your article of Sunday, Sept. 23, on "Managing the Railroads," I find a few errors. Mr. H. C. Rise has charge of the whole clerical force, composed of about 320 clerks, who are divided into six departments, the heads of which report directly to him.

Department one, and the most important of the lot, is the Freight Traffic Department. Here all the reports from railroads and duplicate way bills are received, checked, and collated. This department is under the supervision of Mr. Denis O'Brien, chief clerk. He has a force of 230 men, subdivided into fifteen sections, with a head clerk and one or two assistants to each. All these report directly to Mr. O'Brien. The heads of these sections are Messrs. H. N. Collins, J. A. Porcher, C. C. Young, E. Barto, O'Neil, Jones, Du Bourg, Reily, Fuller, Whitney, Fiegel, Reiner, Moseman, Hodge, and Limberger.

Department two is the Report Department, from which flow the weekly and monthly reports of the gross tonnage and tonnage balances are issued. It is under the supervision of Mr. C. C. McLain, chief clerk. He has a force of twenty clerks.

Department three is the Statistical Department, in which the monthly statement showing the distribution and origin of Mr. traffic are made up. It is under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Ingham, chief clerk. He has a force of twenty clerks, mainly minors.

Department four is the Electric Pen and Printing Department, where the circulars, reports, and statements for circulation are stencilled and printed by the electric pen process. This department is one of the most interesting features of the office, and is under the supervision of Mr. Edward Moody, chief clerk. He has a force of twenty-five young men and boys.

Department five is the Passenger Department. It is under the supervision of Mr. Fleming, chief clerk. He has a force of twenty men and boys.

Department six is the Stationery Department, under the supervision of Mr. J. L. Oughtretre, chief clerk. He has a force of five men.

The idea conveyed by your correspondent that Mr. Fink is in the habit of letting the Presidents of the trunk roads is an erroneous one. Mr. Fink is possessed of too much good sense to ever think of such a thing. His relations with them and their with each other have been of the most pleasant character and are likely to remain so for an indefinite period. Like many men of genius, Mr. Fink is modest and unassuming, and is not, which your correspondent would imply, assertive and arrogant. SUBSCRIB.

Evacuation Day's Centennial.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The 25th of November, the one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British, is rapidly approaching, but, as far as I am able to observe, no one seems to give it a thought. Is there to be any celebration to commemorate the event, and is it to be proclaimed a holiday, or is it to be allowed to pass by unnoticed? In my humble opinion such a day should not be allowed to go by without a demonstration of some kind being made. A. E. T.

No Stamps to be Had.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "Haven't got any; will have some to-morrow morning," is the daily reply to demands for one, two, or five dollars' worth of postage stamps at Station A. Are these stations for the accommodation of the public? If so, why is it that the business public of this section should be so constantly inconvenienced and delayed in this matter? Whose fault is it? For the neighborhood.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2. H. J. TENNEY & CO.

Information for Collector Robertson.

From the Hartford Times.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—An old official of the Treasury Department said to me yesterday: "I see by the New York papers that several dressmakers have been caught smuggling silk and laces. It is the old story. I have been connected with the Treasury Department for nearly twenty years—most of the time with the customs bureau, too—and I can't remember a case in which what is known as a 'tourist' has been arrested for smuggling. I can't recall a single one or never heard of one who will not admit, if he is asked, that he brought into the country goods or articles duty free on which he should have paid duty. There are to my knowledge, in Europe now, hundreds of Americans who, if they should ever return, but I don't think *their* baggage will be searched; and yet I positively know that one of these ladies has a dozen commissions to carry out—three or four, too, from dealers, who want a lot of gloves bought for them."

He Knew the Habits of the Family.

From Texas Siftings.

The Lampton family have lost by death five or six children, but the births are pretty much in the ratio of the deaths so that the family is far from being childless. A few weeks ago there was an other death in the family, and the undertaker was instant called at the house. A small boy met him at the door.

"Is you pa in?"

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I want to ask him when the funeral will take place."

"You needn't see him then at all, if that is all you want. I can tell you that. Pa always buries us at 4 o'clock in the afternoon."

PERISHABLE PROPERTIES.

Articles Eaten, Drunk, or Destroyed in Modern Plays.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"When Clara Morris, Modjeska, or Bernhardt sit down to the supper in 'Camille' " said the manager, "a layout of real viands and sparkling champagne must be provided that sometimes costs for a single performance as high as $35 or $40. Six persons sit at the table in that scene, and when the star is a paying actress, like any I have mentioned, we can afford to provide a costly spread. Of course an ordinary actress won't get a $35 table in 'Camille.' About $10 or $12 is a fair average for a single layout in this play. In Herne's 'Hearts of Oak' a very pretty supper set is a feature of one of the acts; the dishes come on steaming hot, and the actors sit down to the table and eat with appetites that suggest the possibility of their having foregone their regular vesperal meal at the hotel for the sake of eating it on the stage. This spread costs from $6 to $8 a performance. In 'As You Like It' the chaps who banquet in the Forest of Arden have a real meal set before them, and in dozens of other plays palatable viands are provided for the performers."

"And they are usually all they are represented to be?"

"Usually. In Raymond's 'Col. Sellers,' as you know, the Colonel, his wife, and their young guest, the hero of the piece, sit down to a bowl of turnips and a pitcher of aqua Missolippensis. Well, you can't expect the actors to eat turnips—such a diet would soon kill them—so we have apples or pears peeled and prepared so as to look like the rutabaga article, and of course the audience accepts them for turnips."

"The drinks are, in nearly every case, real?"

"When wine is called for, nowadays, the genuine stuff is usually brought on. In the time of Ben De Bar cold tea was used, and is used even yet by performers who are temperate and prefer a mild drink; but champagne and other wines are common on the present stage. Last week we had a bill of $15 for wine used in the sleeping-car scene of 'The Tourists.' When beer is used in any quantities, as in the picnic incident in Baker and Farin's 'Chris and Lena,' a keg of beer is on tap behind the scenes."

"Who was the first to inaugurate the use of real food in stage spreads?"

"I think Matilda Heron is entitled to the credit of the innovation. She always insisted on having the genuine articles on the table in 'Camille.' Eighteen or twenty years ago such a thing was unknown, and even now the tendency to realism in small details of stage representations is overlooked by many actors. James Wallack never went to play *Macbeth* without having a steaming sheep's head—the real flesh-and-bone article—on the board in the banquet scene. Neither Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Keene, nor any of the great tragedians of the present day demand such a property, and the banquet table is still set with papier-mâché imitations of meats, as in the olden days. Before Heron's time 'lakes' were used. Cleverly made pasteboard imitations of articles of food were employed. Sometimes other methods were resorted to. Often, in playing *Young Marlowe*, I have packed a cutlet ca'ade from a 2-cent loaf of bread toasted brown and cut in the shape of a fowl, with a real chicken leg stuck in one side, which *Dinamont* has to pull out and stick between his teeth. When a steaming dish was wanted, a little lime or hot water, with water sprinkled over it gave the desired effect.

"Who looks after all this stuff?"

"The property man of the theatre. A coming attraction sends on a list of all its 'props,' and the property man is expected to have everything at hand when the curtain is ready to ring up on the play. All 'props' not perishable are returned to him for future use, as the trial of poison that *Jiel* is supposed to drink off, the cup of red flannel, and the tin Tomahawk wielded by the savage super in Oliver Doud Byron's play. Yes, the property man is occasionally guilty of a practical joke. I can remember the case of a prominent actor, who, in playing *Robert Macaire*, put the bottle of said water fixed up for *Jacques Strop* by a property man who had a grudge against *Strop*. There was much spitting and sputtering on the part of *Macaire* after he got the dose in his mouth, and there came near being a funeral from that property man's house in consequence."

An Arizona Cloudburst.

From the Tucson Citizen.

On Sunday afternoon Judge R. D. Ferguson was returning from a trip to the southern part of the county. At 10 o'clock he put up at Brown's Station, to await dinner and avoid the heat of the day. The sky all day was perfectly cloudless, except a thunder-storm was observed travelling the summits of the Santa Catalinas and disappearing over the Rincons in the northeast. Otherwise not a cloud or a speck was seen.

At 5 o'clock Judge Ferguson resumed his journey toward Tucson. He had come about five miles when his attention was attracted by a roaring and crackling toward the west, and looking up he saw a wall of water as big as the Santa Cruz when it runs through Warner's mill tail race, and coming toward him. Telling his driver not to be alarmed, they stopped on top of a little knoll and watched the waters as they violently ploughed the desert, tearing up stones and trash. They had evidently spent their force, for, after the first rush, they filled the face of the country was disfigured, and a large gutter had been cut across the valley. The current came down at a speed equal to a fast walk, and the driver said that although the Judge and his companions strained their eyes in the direction from which the water came, not a cloud was to be seen.

After the water had subsided sufficiently to let them pass, they went on. They had hardly gone half a mile when, to their utter astonishment, here was another stream as large as the first one. Again they peered toward the west, as if in hopes to find some indication of its source. Passing on, their astonishment was doubled to find another stream, and in this manner five successive raging currents were crossed. But all their reserve was called forth when, four miles from where they struck the first stream, they discovered a river as large as all the others combined. Its angry waters were waving and hissing, as if maddened at the resistance they met on their way from Sonora to the Gulf of the Desert. This river was unfordable, and to cross it was impossible, so they hunted on a knoll, and watched it for two or three hours as it boiled and eddied and cut a bed for itself, in some places as deep as fifteen feet and over 200 yards wide. It was not till after sundown that they dared to attempt a crossing.

What renders it so curious is that no one at Brown's Station saw the clouds. It may be possible that some hidden springs were uncorked by some earthquake.

Mr. Pinkey Davis and the Snake.

From the Jackson Cash Book.

Mr. Pinkey Davis went fishing the other day down on Wildwater. He took his gun along, and also a bench legged flute to tree squirrels in the bottom. While Mr. Davis was sitting on a log, fishing away, he heard the water splashing in a slough near by. He thought it was a cow, or some other kind of animal, and took his gun and went out to see. He approached the edge of the slough stealthily, and when he got near the edge of the water he saw his faithful little "bench" taking a leline across the deep slough toward the opposite bank. "Bench" wasn't swimming, nor could he have swum if he had wanted to, for he was in the possession of a monster black snake. The snake had the dog in its mouth, and was swimming with him across the slough somewhat like a dog does when you throw a stick in water and tell him to get it. Mr. D. ran around to the other side of the slough to meet the snake and try to save his faithful "Bench." He got there just in time to see the snake crawling out of the water. Mr. Davis says when the reptile saw him he spit the dog out and reared up on his tail and licked its darkey tongue at him in a threatening and savage way. The snake stood on its tail a minute, then laid its head across one of the lower limbs of a big tree and crawled up. About the time it got fairly up in the tree Mr. Davis shot it out. The snake measured 10 feet and 5 inches in length and 7 inches through the middle. After the dangerous reptile was despatched Mr. Davis went to see what ailed the dog. When he got to the place where the snake spit the canine out he found poor "Bench" just kicking his last. The dog died, and from poison, for black snakes are not poisonous, but from the tight squeezing it received while in the mouth of the snake.

The Electoral Commission Picture.

From the Cleveland Herald.

Soon after the session of the famous Electoral Commission a local artist in Washington, the wife of a photographer, thought it would be a profitable enterprise to put a representation of the scene on canvas. She succeeded in grouping the members in a manner that the scene would rank with that of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The artist sent out her picture the day the Louisiana case was heard. However, some faces appeared in the picture whose owners were not in the city at that time. The plan was to sell the painting to Congress, and then Garfield, then a member of the House and also of the Commission, who was a friend of the artist, was relied upon by her to attend to getting Congress to buy the picture. Time rolled on, and the artist was unsuccessful in selling the picture. In a financial way she shared the fate of many artists whose genius or work was not appreciated.

Next came a suit against the husband of the artist for the rent of his photograph gallery, and an allegation of debt amounting to $1,000, which, it appears, was loaned to pay the painting. Then followed another suit for recovery of the painting, it being alleged that, though it was deposited as collateral, it had been spirited away. The photographic gallery was seized and the contents sold, and the photographer and his wife left the city.

The suits brought for the money advanced on the painting and for the rent of the photograph gallery are now upon the docket of the Circuit Court.

Two Bluefish Catch an Eagle.

From the Hartford Times.

While rowing in the pouring rain of Monday afternoon on Massejaug Cove, on the Thames River, Frank Crandall saw just ahead of him a great bird in the water, floating and flapping its wings. He rowed, he pulled rapidly to the spot, and found it was an eagle struggling to rise, while some object in the river kept it down. As the boat came near the shore and the water shallow, Crandall leaped overboard and attempted to capture the bird. A desperate struggle ensued. The eagle struck at him with its wings and beak, uttering shrill cries, while it vainly endeavored to extricate its talons from the object that held it to the water. At last the bird threw himself on the bird, bearing it under water, and then floated it into the boat, clambering in and falling upon it. Still the eagle fought hard, but Crandall threw a piece of sail cloth over it and succeeded in winding his stout anchor rope around its legs.

Then he had examined his captive and saw that each of the eagle's talons was deeply imbedded in the back of a large bluefish. In the struggle the fish had lashed and beaten each fish into an almost shapeless pulp, but the sharp claws were still tightly fixed in their backbones. It was supposed that the eagle descended into a large, closely huddled school of bluefish, contrary to its intentions, struck two fish instead of a single one. The double capture was too heavy ballast for an easy rise, and the bird's wings became soaked with water, and then escape was impossible. Crandall took his bird home alive and has it now on exhibition. It measures six feet from tip to tip.

A Woman's Nerve.

From the Pittsburgh Herald.

On last Sunday evening William Rump and his wife of Cherryville, Pa., after putting their children to bed, were in front of the house just as twilight was gathering, amusing themselves in a playful way. The husband ran away from his wife in a boisterous way, followed by his wife. In running his left arm struck the revolver which was in his coat pocket. An idea flashed through his mind that he would scare his wife in the darkness and drawing his revolver from his pocket, he aimed it toward the bush, and when about to fire his wife came running up between him and the bush, and he shot her in the abdomen.

She exclaimed: "O William, you shot me!"

He turned and said, "If I did aimed you in this foolish way I will take my own life," and he noticing the revolver to his own head, but she caught his hand and begged him not to shoot, saying, "I am not shot." She persuaded him to empty every chamber of the revolver into the woods, and then walked back to the house. At the house she met a boy and told him to hurry and get matches. Her husband heard this and quickly came to her side, and she then told him she was shot, and he should go quickly for the doctor. The wound was a fatal one, and the woman lingered until Monday night, when death came and relieved her.

Unfortunate Georgian Youths.

From the Irwinton Southerner.

Julian Todd got badly left at an entertainment given last week at the church. He ran half a mile for an umbrella to take a young lady home, but she preferred going home with her papa, as she went there under his escort. You are perfectly right, young lady: if the young man can't go and take you from home, then don't accept their escort back home.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Oct. 2.

UNITED STATES AND STATE BONDS (IN $1,000).

20 U. S. 4s, c	129¼	1 Ark. 6s, fund	12¾
4 Ala., class A	82	5 La. con. (6, 30)	70½
1 Ala., class B	101		

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000).

5 Atl. & Pac. 1st, W. D.	94¾	1 Mob. & O. 2d deb	40
3 Atch. A. T. 1st	93¾	10 Mich. Cen. 7s	124½
10 Bos. H. & E. 1st	19¾	3 Mo. Pac. 3d	116¼
3 B., C. R. & N.	100¾	2 Mil. & L. S. 1st	101¼
10 Ches. & Ohio	49	22 Nat. Un. Tel	86
15 C. B. & Q. deb	91¾	5 Ner. P. 1st	103½
7 Col. Coal 1st	77 @ 78¼	11 N. O. & Pac. 1st	80¾
2 Cin. S. & Cl. sy. gr. by	111	3 N. J. Cent. con. m	113
5 Den. & R. G. W. 1st	71¼	17 N. Y., Ch. & St. L. 1st	94¾
1 Del., L. & W. P. 1st	96	1 N. Y. & Harl.	98½@99
10 Erie con. 1st	124¾	3 N. W. g. e	128¾
11 Erie con. 2d	95@101	6 Omaha con	109¾
1 E. Tenn. 5s	73¾	1 Oregon S. L.	134¾
10 E. Tenn. inc	31	4 Pa. 4½s	105¾
4 Ill. C. & S. A. 1st	104	2 Rome, W. & O. inc	25
3 Ill. & St. Jo. con 6s	110	3 Rock Isl. os. c	120
6 Ills. & Tex. Deb. 1st, W. D	107¾	2 Rich. & D. 1st	97
5 Ind. A. & St. L. R. D	91	33 Rich. & D. deb	57@58
12 Iron Mt. 2d	107¾	3 St. L. & S. F. 2d, C. C	93¾
10 Int. A. & N. 6s	81	10 St. P. 1st, W. & M. S.	105
5 Kans. P. cn	100	5 S. C. R. R. inc	65
4 Kans. P. D. & m	108¾	16 Tex. Pac. R. G. d	77¾@78
13 Kan. & Tex. con	106¾@107	20 Tex. Pac. l. g	54
1 Kans. & Y. gol. 8s	80¾	11 Tol., P. & W. 1st	104¾@105¾
13 L. & N. B. con. s.	102	1 Tol. & Wab. con. sy	83¾
23 Lake Sh. 2d, c	122	1 Terre H. div	43
7 Louis. & N. 2d	102¾	2 Un. Pac. 1st	113
1 M. & St. L. 1st	116	1 Un. Pac. l. g	117
1 do. l. s. c	101	1 Un. Pac. s. f	117
5 Met. Ex. 1st	101	5 Wab. & P. gen	70
6 Met. El. 2d	105	3 West. Pac	99
2 Mob. & Ala. 1st	105	470 Wab. 5s	74¼@75¼
3 Mob. & O. 1st deb	70		

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.

Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Atl. & T. H.	50	3310 N. Y. Cent.	114¾
Bos. A. L. pf	80¾	2328 Nor. Pac. pf	46¾
Bankers' A	122¾	7161 N. Y. & N.	125¾
Mer. Tel.	182¾	300 N. Y. & N. pf	136¾
1200 C., C., C. & I.	61¾	100 N. Y. Chic. & St. L.	9
3.0 Can. South.	57¾	500 Omaha	40¾
2200 Cent. N. J.	81¾	500 Om. pf	109¾
2915 Cent. Pac.	122¾	100 Ont. A. W.	22
27 Ch. B. & Q.	125¾	400 Ont. A. W.	22¾
100 Ches. A. O.	16	1800 Ohio Cent.	3¾
1267 Chi. Pac.	87¾	1000 Ore. & Trans.	54¾
100 Chic. L. & P.	47	600 Pac. Mail	36¾
Pitts. pf	47	40 P. & F. W.	132
2700 D., L. & W.	122¾	300 Pull. Car	129¾
220 Den. & R. G.	27¾	100 Quicksilver	3
300 Kris con.	31¾	100 Rio A. Pass.	17¾
300 E. T. Va. & Ga.	8	3600 Reading	52¾
100 E. Va. & Ga.	6	100 Rock Isl.	121
2300 Ind., B. & W.	25¾	100 Rich. & W. P.	2¾
200 Ill. Cen.	129¾	100 St. L. & S. F. pf	47
100 Ill. Cen. leased	119	7400 St. Paul	103¾
1700 Kan. & T.	25¾	100 St. Paul pf	117
200 L. E. & W.	21	2500 St. P., M. & M.	109¾
5400 Lake Sh.	102¾	2900 Tex. & Pac.	27¾
4400 Lake Sh.	103¾	3602 Un. Pac.	83¾
9110 Lou. & N.	51¾	100 Va. Mid.	20
6 Long Isl.	31	2900 Wab. & Pac.	21¾
50 La. & Mo.	13	1400 Wab. & P. pf	34¾
200 Mil., L. S. & W. pref	42	22540 West. U. Tel.	84¾
1000 Mo. Pac.	97¾	*Exchange.*	
2950 Mich. Cen.	86¾	*Coal Companies.*	
1000 Mo. Kan. & Tex.	14¾	100 Colorado	22¾
10 Mo. & Es.	12¾	*Express.*	
100 Man. Wh.	18	10 Adams	131
100 Mob. Ch.	12¾	*Mining.*	
300 Nash. & Ch.	56¾	100 Homestake	17½
		Total sales	78,571.

*Ex dividend.

CLOSING PRICES.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. 4½s, c	114	114½	M. & St. P. con	109¾	109¾
U. S. 4½s, r	114	114½	M. & St. P. pf	117	117¾
U. S. 4s, c	121¾	122¾	Mobile & Ala.	25	26¾
U. S. 4s, r	120¾	120¾	Mobile & Ohio	11	13
U. S. 6s, c	101	101¾	Nash. & Chat	54	55
Canada So. 1st	108	109	N. J. Cent.	36¾	36¾
Canada South.	52¾	53	N. Y. C. & Hud	114¾	114¾
C., C. & I. C.	2¾	3	Nor. Pacific	33¾	33¾
C. C. C. & Ind.	55¾	57	Nor. Pac. pf	63¾	63¾
Chic. & Alton	123	125	Northwest	129¾	129¾
Cent. Pacific	66¾	66¾	Northwest pf	143¾	144
Chic. & Alt.	132	132	Ont. & Western	21¾	22
Del., L. & W.	120¾	120¾	Ohio Central	2	3¾
Del. & Hudson	107	108	Omaha com	39¾	39¾
Den. & Rio G.	26¾	26¾	Omaha pf	99¾	100
Erie	31	31¾	Rock Island	120¾	121
Erie 2d con	94¾	95¾	Rich. & Danv	57¾	58¾
Lou. & Nash	50¾	50¾	Reading	51¾	51¾
Lake Shore	90¾	90¾	Tex. & Pac	27¾	27¾
Mich. Cen.	45	45	Union Pacific	82	82¾
Metrop. El.	92	94	Wab. & Pac	21¾	21¾
Missouri Pac	96¾	97	Wab. & Pac. pf	33¾	33¾
Mich. Cent.	81¾	82	West. Un. Tel	83¾	86¾

TUESDAY, Oct. 2.

On the Stock Exchange the early dealings were at impr ving prices for Western Union, Delaware and Lack