

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

WHAT THE OLD BULLFROG SAID.

Over in the pasture, down in the pool,
Sitting in the soft mud, quietly and cool,
First it is our duty to greet the coming spring,
Now then, all together, Sing, frogs, sing.

The long, cool winter's past, we slept through
The snow blew, the winds roared, but we never
knew it;
All the winter's rains couldn't break our sleep,
Now then, all together, Peep, frogs, peep.

Buried in the frozen mud 'twasn't very gay,
We didn't hear a lecture, we didn't see a play;
These farmers had their fires and lights, and
sleights to get about,
Now who's got the best of it? Shout, frogs,
shout.

They're plopping on the hillside, they're digging
by the track,
They're setting earlicorn in rows, with many
an aching back,
We laugh with our tight green sleeves to
see them till all day,
Who spends the spring the pleasantest? Say,
frogs, say.

We hear the south wind blowing, a soft and
steady breeze,
Blowing open all the buds upon the walnut
trees,
The blackbird whistling 'er us shows the scarlet
on his wing,
We can make some music, too. Sing, frogs,
sing.

Pond-lily leaves above our heads spread out
like green umbrellas,
No daintier ones are carried by the fairest of
earth's dwellers;
The brakes and rushes round the bank make
shadows deep and still,
Inviting meditation, Trill, frogs, trill.

The sun is getting hotter, and the reeds bend
o'er the bank,
And here a roosting farmer is coming down to
drink—
But give one well-considered hop and in the
mid your's sunk,
Now then, all together, Ker-chunk, frogs,
chunk.

—Hartford (Conn.) Bazar Budget

THE WALTZ DEPARTURE.

I can tell you how it happened.
The seed of the trouble was planted
in Mr. Gorham's time when he was pastor
of the Second Presbyterian; that's
our church.

Mr. Gorham was one of the best pastors
that ever breathed the breath of
life. I should say he was an even-
natured man. He certainly hadn't any
gloomy incomprehensible abysses in his
make-up, or any towering, unclimbable
heights.

But he was not a tiresome prairie-
level either; he was just a pleasing,
restful landscape.

He was a true sympathizer, though
he did not, like some people I've known,
sob with those that weep, or shout with
those that rejoice.

My Fanny went to him when her
canary-bird died and my Tom would
stop at the parsonage to show Mr. Gorham
his school-reports before he brought
them home.

Mr. Gorham knew the whole church
by heart. Why, I believe if the family
records of the entire congregation had
been burned up he could have written
them out again, for he knew the
names and ages of all the children and
remembered all about the marriages
and deaths. He carried in his memory
anything that was peculiar in a person's
circumstances and he never touched a
sore spot except to soothe it.

He knew more about the health and
ailments of his people than all their
family doctors together. And he al-
ways had the right thing to say. His
worst enemy couldn't deny that he was
discriminating and that he had wonder-
ful adaptation.

No matter what you may have heard,
our church did grow under his ministra-
tion. Not at a breathless rate, as a
mining-camp grows, but in a neat, com-
pact, steady way. There wasn't in the
city, or in the State, perhaps, a church
more truly prosperous than Mr. Gorham's.

But there are people in this world
who would like to whip the church,
and in our church there were five men, and
three of them were in the session, who
owned a large share of the pews. They
wanted to see a rise in the price of
pews; they wanted a rush to the church
—a freshet.

Since the music and all the other
church-appointments were attractive,
they decided that the way to secure a
rush was to get a drawing preacher. So
the plotters began talking about elo-
quent men, strong men, magnetic
preachers, drawing orators. While
granting that Mr. Gorham never
preached a poor sermon they carefully
insinuated that he never preached a
strong one. One man was flattered
with the suggestion that his tastes and
intellect called for a higher ministra-
tion; another was made to feel ashamed
that he enjoyed Mr. Gorham's preach-
ing, just as some persons claim to ad-
mire intricate music, when they like
"Coming Through the Rye" much bet-
ter.

Well, by some means the malcontents
won Mr. John T. Waltz to their side.
Mr. Waltz was the Crossus of our church.
He was said to be worth several million
dollars.

However this may be, I know that if
every man had a thousand relations,
that man was John T. Waltz.

This city was built on what was the
great-grandpa Waltz's farm. Seven
hundred acres! The great-grandpa had
thirteen children, and they all married
and settled about here, and they all had
large families, until now a brigade
might be marshaled from the Waltz
connections. And they are all well-to-
do, so it's the wealthiest family in the
State.

Well, as I have told you, John T.
Waltz belonged to our church and so
did "his sisters and his cousins and his
aunts," many of them at least. As he
was a pretty good giver, no important
step was taken in the church which had
not his approval.

As soon, then, as John T. Waltz was
brought to say that the church needed
a stronger man than Mr. Gorham, Mr.
Gorham was asked to resign.

It was the greatest shame that ever
was—the turning out of that good faith-
ful man; and he with an invalid wife
and six children to support. I said at
the time that the Lord would never
prosper such performances.

Now, even before they had got the
pulpit vacant, they were looking out for
Mr. Gorham's successor—looking for a
strong, magnetic, drawing man. They
looked north, south, east and west.
They turned their spy-glasses upon

every prominent preacher from New
York to New Orleans. Their impres-
sion seemed to be that they had only to
choose—that the minister would turn
his back on any place, even Boston,
and come to us on the first lightning-
express.

But when eleven preachers had de-
clined our calls, it began to be realized
that two parties are needed to a bargain.
But after a while they looked over to
Nova Scotia and saw a Rev. Mr. An-
drews writing a book on the "Conserva-
tion of Nature's Forces." He had al-
ready published a number of philosoph-
ical works, had discovered I don't know
how many of nature's secrets, and had
invented something. Well, he was in-
stalled over our church.

Now, I know I hadn't a thing against
Mr. Andrews. Indeed, I had been so
impressed by his "Lectures" in the interregnum,
that I had promised myself to like him;
but that first Sunday, I felt it to the
bottom of my heart that Mr. Andrews
would never make a pastor.

I never heard anybody speak who
seemed so far away, and I knew that he
never could get close to us. You've
seen mothers who could never get down
to their children. I knew that Mr. Gor-
ham's photograph would make about as
good a pastor as Mr. Andrews ever
could. "He may write the profoundest
philosophy," I said to my husband,
"but for a pastor give me a Mr. Gor-
ham, who here it in mind that my boy
was collecting postage-stamps and
brought him any rare one he chanced
upon; who designed Fanny new pat-
terns for worsted-work; who remem-
bered the anniversary of Baby's death,
and always sent white flowers for our
little grave."

Without doubt Mr. Andrews did
preach strong sermons; without doubt
I never understood one of them.

If ever a man dwelt apart, he did.
It's a mystery to me how he ever man-
aged to get married. His wife told me
that he has met her on the street face
to face and passed on without recog-
nizing her. I've been introduced to
Mr. Andrews nine times and every time
he has stared at me in a bewildered
way, as though I was a personified
coudrum.

Such a man is bound to make blun-
ders. The first time he performed a
marriage service in church, you ought
to have been there. The bride said she
was actually uneasy for fear he would
marry her to the wrong man in the con-
fusion. In the prayer, he invoked com-
fort for the surviving sister, as though
the bride was dead.

And this was a marriage in high life.
Why, the bride was second cousin to
John T. Waltz. All the connection felt
mortified at the blunder.

But this was nothing to his blunder
with Mrs. Howell. He officiated at
Mr. Howell's funeral, which was a mag-
nificent funeral, for Mr. Howell was
wealthy and influential and a trustee in
the church. Well, about two weeks
after the funeral, Mr. Andrews met
Mrs. Howell and inquired after the
health of her husband. She was so
wounded that she left the church.

"A man who is so forgetful about a
vital experience of another heart is not
fit to be a pastor," she said.

But three Sundays ago, poor Mr.
Andrews' blunders reached a climax.
It was the day for the baptism of chil-
dren. John T. Waltz's grandson was
the only one reported for baptism, and
the baby was to be christened John T.
—making the fourth one of that
name in a direct line. Of course it was
to be a most interesting occasion. Mr.
Andrews had been interviewed and in-
structed and drilled as to some of the
details of the ceremony.

Sunday morning showed the church
beautifully decorated; the baptismal
bowl was wreathed and so were the
Waltz pews. At an early hour, the
church was crowded, for the people
were curious to see how the rich baby
would be dressed, how he would deport
himself during the ceremony and what
the mother would wear.

When Mr. Andrews rose to begin the
service, the Waltz people, with John
T.—the fourth and the nurse, were
already in the pews, for the bap-
tismal ceremony was to be performed
at the close of the opening exercises.
During the reading of the first hymn
John the fourth began to cry. Then,
what a disturbance in the congregation!
All who could, without gross indecorum,
look into the Waltz pew, looked.

The minister seemed, in a vague way,
to feel the disturbance. He gazed about
in helpless bewilderment. The crying
became screaming. Then a decision
was reached. Without so much as if you
please, Mr. Andrews issued the order:
"Remove that crying baby from the
church!"

At these astounding words the dis-
turbance became vehement. Surprise,
curiosity, consternation, struck all
through the congregation. Some got
to their feet in the eagerness to see
how the Waltzes were behaving in the
extraordinary situation. I think no one
would have been surprised at anything,
that Grandpa Waltz might have done.

The minister kept on with his read-
ing, and the baby kept on with its cry-
ing, while the excited congregation
buzzed and stirred like an aroused hive.
Again the minister paused in his read-
ing. The child was now simply fret-
ting.

"I believe," said Mr. Andrews, as
though uncertain of his past, "that I
ordered that infant to be removed from
the church. I shall not proceed with
the exercises till the child is taken out."
He sat down.

The face of Grandpa John T.—was
the color of a purple touch-me-not; the
face of John T.—the father, was the
color of a scarlet touch-me-not. Grand-
ma's face, mamma's and nurse's, were
all of a high red. They all looked at
John T. Waltz, Sr., for instructions.
He rose and beckoned. Everybody in
the Waltz pews rose. Right and left,
from all parts of the church, there start-
ed up a vast multitude of the Waltz
friends. And out they all went.

Mr. Andrews went through with the
services and pronounced the benedic-
tion without calling for the children to
be presented in baptism. As he came
down from the pulpit three elders met
him.

"Do you know, sir, what you have
done?" said Elder Mason, severely.
"I don't know. If what have I done?"
said Mr. Andrews, in bewilderment.
"You ordered J. T. Waltz's baby out
of the church. Didn't you know it was
here to be baptized?"

Mr. Andrews looked like a man just
waked and told that he had killed some-
body.

"Why," he stammered, "I forgot
it! I forgot the baptizing. I beg the
child's pardon! I beg everybody's pardon!
I'll do it this afternoon."

The elders exchanged glances which
said plainly:

"There's no use, none whatever.
He's a hopeless case."
They went out in a body, speaking in
low tones. I, walking behind them,
heard some things they said.

"He's out of his sphere; he'll have
to go back to writing philosophy."
"Yes, and we'll get Gorham back, if
he will forgive our folly and come
back."

"If ever we get things comfortable
in our church again, I think we'll be
willing to let well enough be."—Sarah
Waltz Kellogg, in *Youth's Companion*.

A Runaway Husband.

One day last week a man residing in
East Toledo, Ohio, skipped from his
family and brought up in Detroit. His
wife got a clue to his whereabouts and
came on a fine and yesterday she
had an interview with him at the Cen-
tral Station, where he had been run in
for the purpose. She had no tears to
shed. On the contrary, her hair had a
fighting bang, and as soon as she could
get her breath she began:

"So, you miserable little apology for
a human being, you skipped out, did
you?"

No reply.

"After I had washed and scrubbed
and sewed for nearly twenty years to
support you you got tired of your fam-
ily, did you? Our style of living wasn't
tough enough to suit you, and you
wanted a diamond pin and a cane!"

"Say, Lucy, I'm sorry," he mumbled.
"Well, I ain't!" she snapped. "No,
sir! On the contrary I'm glad of it!
You've chewed tobacco and drank
whisky and whittled shingles and loafed
on the corners at my expense just as
long as you ever will!"

"What do you want of me, then?"
"Want of you? Why, I want to
clear my character! All our neighbors
say that you ran away from me, and
some pity me and some laugh. You
run away from me! Why, you low-
down corner loafer, you couldn't run
away from anything but a spade or an
axe. I followed you to get this mat-
ter straight. I've got to live there,
and I'm not going to be pitied or
laughed at."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Here's what I want!" she said, as
she seized his collar and twisted him
around. "Now take that—and that—
and that—and I'll have these officers
sign a paper that I found you and
kicked you out to take care of yourself!
Now you git! Don't ever write me,
don't ever dare to come back to me!
Even if I hear that you ever tell any-
body that you were married to me I'll
buy a shot-gun and hunt for you!"

The husband sneaked out doors and
down the street and the wife, having
the "docs" in her pocket, walked the
other way, muttering to herself:

"Skipped out! Run away from his
family! Well, his old shirts will make
a mop worth twice the value of his
whole body! Now, I want to see some
one grin in the face of this testimonial
that I raised him right off his heels!"—
Detroit Free Press.

American Slang.

There perhaps is nothing marking the
English spoken in this country which
gives rise to so much concern as the as-
serted prevalence of slang, certainly
there is nothing more common than the
deprecation of its use. It is often spo-
ken of as the chief danger which threat-
ens the English tongue, at least as em-
ployed by us. Most of us have probably
heard or read assertions of that effect,
many of us have possibly made such as-
sertions ourselves; yet no evidence has
ever been brought forward to show that
more slang is produced or used in this
country than in England. That what
is produced here is far more racy, va-
riated and vigorous is plain enough from
the appreciation it meets there. But
even if it be conceded that our soil is
more favorable to its growth, that need
not be looked upon as a great calamity.
Slang performs an important and, in-
deed, a necessary part in the develop-
ment of speech. Expression has always
a tendency to become weak in the liter-
ary language, just as, unfortunately,
the individual in the process of becom-
ing civilized is too apt to gain gentle-
ness at the expense of vigor. Less power
is felt in some way to exist in the words,
and so close is the relation between the
thought and the garment with which it
is clothed that the former seems often
to share in the flimsiness of the latter.
It is this gradual process of weakenings
which slang comes in to counteract.
The word is new, but the thing is old,
Slang is the great feeder of vigorous ex-
pressions; for, in its very nature it is an
effort to state more concisely and more
strongly what the established speech is
felt to say too diffusively and too feebly.
Of course it is not an unmixt benefit.
Much of it is silly; much of it vulgar;
most of it is worthless; but from the
countless words and phrases which
spring up in communities where men
think and act earnestly the literary lan-
guage, with almost infallible instinct,
will gain something to recruit its own
exhausted energies and to impart to its
expression additional fitness and force.

—T. R. Lounsbury, in *International Re-
view*.

Her Diamond Earrings.

They cost \$250.
They live in a cheap flat very near a
broad, but dirty avenue.
Bread and tea for breakfast, ditto for
lunch and a cheap restaurant dinner.
Not a whole comb or decent hair-
brush in the house.
But a pair of \$250 diamond earrings.
These are the fruits of economy and
she wears them to market.

He wears a \$150 gold watch which
matches the diamonds.
But they need a new clothes line. The
old one broke yesterday and the glass
has not been repaired in the kitchen
window.—N. Y. Graphic.

The Mule Met His Match.

—The mule met his match. It was
in Delaware. He kicked over a
beehive. He died the next day. The
little bee is never too busy to decline
an invitation to fight.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Archbishop Williams, of Boston,
has purchased the Stanwood estate,
Brighton, upon which a Roman Catho-
lic Theological Seminary is to be estab-
lished.

—Professor Elisha Grey, one of the
inventors of the telephone, who is a
graduate of Oberlin (Ohio) College, has
offered to give that institution \$50,000
on condition that an additional sum of
\$150,000 is raised.

—Professor Nowth, D. D., presided
over the forty-eighth annual meeting of
the Congregational Union of Great
Britain. The Rev. Dr. Allan was se-
lected to preside in 1881, which is the
jubilee year of the union.

—The chief of the Metropolitan of
the Russian Church is Isidore, Metro-
politan of Novgorod, St. Petersburg
and is the senior of all the Metro-
politans. Of the thirteen Archbishops,
but four were consecrated before 1860.

—Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, American
Horse and White Thunder, and other
chiefs, recently visited the Indian
school at Carlisle, Pa. They were de-
lighted with the management of the in-
stitution, except in one particular—the
rule providing for the punishment of
serious misbehavior by imprisonment
in the guard-house being distasteful to
them.

—The Rev. Dr. Girardeau has re-
signed as Professor of Theology in the
Southern Presbyterian Theological Sem-
inary, at Columbia, S. C. The author-
ities of the seminary, considering the
financial condition of the seminary and
their inability to fill Dr. Girardeau's
chair, have resolved to close the insti-
tution for a time.

—Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec,
has issued a letter of excommunication
against all Catholics who, during the
present year, shall conspire against or
attack men for working at any price
whatever. He warns such persons that
absolution for this sin can only be given
after reparation has been done for any
injury inflicted.

—A meeting has been held at Bide-
ford, England, to promote greater unity
among all Christians. A lecture on
"Home Reunion" was delivered on the
occasion by Earl Nelson. The Bish-
op of Exeter, who presided, invited the
ministers of several denominations to
the platform and these took part in the
discussion which followed the lecture.

—The American Missionary Association
at its annual meeting at Boston,
reported that it was just entering on its
nineteenth year of work in the South,
during which time it expended \$4,800,-
000, \$3,000,000 of which were employed
in the education of the colored race.
During the same period it sent into the
South 3,300 missionaries and teachers.
It has nineteen educational institutions
in its jurisdiction and sixty-five church-
es have grown up under its auspices.
Over 15,000 pupils were taught by grad-
uates from its institutions during the
past year. Mr. Thomas Bicknell, in
describing a recent tour in the South,
said that there were no better schools
in the country to-day than those in that
part of it, and that the ruling sentiment
was in favor of popular education.

New Theory of Lightning-Strokes.

Professor Colladon, of Geneva, has
made some interesting observations on
the course of lightning when it strikes
trees and houses. He holds that the
great discharges which injure trees and
houses seldom or never happen while
the lightning has an unobstructed
course—which it has along the thin up-
per branches of trees, where birds and
their nests are often left quite unin-
jured by its descent. But it is where the
electric current reaches the thick stem
of the tree becomes a worse and
worse conductor; and it is here, there-
fore, that the tree is what is called
"struck"—i. e. here that the electricity,
failing to find an unobstructed channel
to the earth, accumulates in masses,
and gives out shocks which rend the
tree. And the same is true of houses
whose lightning-conductors stop short
of the ground. Professor Colladon has
also shown that the close neighborhood
of a pool of water is a great attraction
to the electric current, and that the
electricity often passes down a house
or tree till it is near enough to dart
straight across to the water; and he
thinks that, where possible, lightning-
conductors should end in a spring or
pool of water. Professor Colladon be-
lieves that lightning descends rather in
a shower—through a multitude of vines,
for instance in the same vineyard—than
in a single main stem. It divides itself
among all the upper branches of a tree,
and is received from hundreds of at-
mospheric points at once instead of, as
has been usually supposed, from one.
Electricity is a rain, a number of tribu-
taries from a wide surface, not a single
torrent.

Paris Omnibus Horses.

Some information with regard to the
work done by the horses used by the
Paris Omnibus Company is given in a
report by the stable manager of the
company. These horses enter the com-
pany's service just as they are five
years old, and the first thing to be done
is to accustom them to the noise of
the streets and to trot under a
heavy load. The novice is therefore
driven at first with an old horse, which
serves as a schoolmaster, and the horses
purchased are, as a rule, so good tem-
pered that there is no difficulty in har-
nessing them. The ordinary day's work
of an omnibus horse is four journeys
over the line to which he belongs (this
line varies from two to five miles in
length); but for the first month a horse
is never allowed to do more than two
journeys every other day. At the con-
clusion of the first month he does four
journeys every other day; but it is not
until he has been in the service of the
company for five or six months that he
is set to do the full work. The average
length of the service is six years; the
company having in their stables at the
present time one animal which was pur-
chased in 1860, and which has been in
work ever since. The omnibuses,
which carry twenty-eight passengers,
weigh when full nearly four tons; and
the average distance covered in an hour
is five miles, this being inclusive of
stoppages. The price paid for horses
ranges from \$225 to \$275.

MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

No little excitement was caused in Kansas
City, on the morning of Sunday, the 20th, by
a threatened attempt on the part of the Kan-
sas Pacific Railway Company to tear down
the Kansas City Elevator. The building is
situated on ground leased by the Railway
Company to the Kansas City Elevator Com-
pany, and the intention was to oust the
lessees by force, a large posse of railway
employees taking possession of the
building and ground for that purpose.
Mayor Chase, in view of the formidable
nature of the proceedings, telegraphed Gov.
Phelps information regarding the affair and
asked for the support of the State author-
ities in preventing mob violence. The Gov-
ernor replied, instructing the Mayor to pre-
serve the peace at all hazards and to call
upon all male citizens if necessary to assist
in doing so. A large squad of policemen
were detailed to prevent the demolition of
the building, and meanwhile Judge Cowan
granted an injunction to restrain the Rail-
way Company from interfering with the Ele-
vator Company's property.

The corner-stone of the new brick church
of the Methodist congregation at Boonville
was laid on the 21st, in the presence of a
large concourse of people. Rev. Dr. Mc-
Anally, of St. Louis, delivered the address.
Dr. Palmer went into Jennings's store,
five miles from Stewartville, Buchanan Coun-
ty, and being somewhat fuddled with whis-
ky, began smashing crockery, etc. Jennings
told him to desist, but he would not, and at-
tempted to draw a revolver, when Jennings
reached for a gun and shot him through the
heart. Palmer is said to have been a hard
character. Jennings gave himself up to the
authorities.

The Democratic Congressional Con-
vention for the Ninth District will be held
at St. Joseph on the 24th of August. The
basis of representation is fixed at one de-
legate for every 150 votes or fraction of 75 in
excess thereof cast for David Rea in 1878.
This cuts the number of delegates down to
109, of which Buchanan County will have 21.

Elder Moses C. Lard, for many years a
well known and popular resident of this
State, and one of the most prominent
clergy of the Christian Church in the United
States, and the author of a large and valu-
able commentary on the Bible, died recent-
ly in Lexington, Ky. Elder Lard was the
father-in-law of ex-Gov. Silas Woodson and
Dr. R. D. Shannon, State Superintendent
of Public Schools.

The citizens of St. Louis have held a meet-
ing and appointed a committee to co-operate
with the Census Supervisor in securing a
full enumeration in that city. There is
plenty of evidence to show that a large part
of the work of the enumerators has been
done in a bungling and unsatisfactory man-
ner, hundreds of names being
omitted in some localities, and in the
aggregate many thousands. The census
of 1870 gave St. Louis a population of 369,-
000, and it is stated that the returns of the
present enumerators as handed in will show
but little if any increase over that number,
whereas it is claimed that a fair enumera-
tion would add at least 100,000.

Under the readjustment of postal salaries
just made by the Post-office Department,
the following changes are made in Missouri
offices:

	Former Salary.	Present Salary.
Cameron	\$1,500	\$1,900
Carthage	1,800	2,000
Clinton	1,700	1,800
Independence	1,700	1,800
Joplin	2,000	1,900
Moberly	1,500	2,100
Springfield	2,200	2,300

A terrible harvest accident occurred a few
days ago near Republic, Greene County.
Owing to the scarcity of harvest hands the
wife of John L. Sumner was driving the
reaper in the wheat-field, when by some
means she was thrown from her seat to the
ground in front of the sickle, which man-
gled her most horribly. Her right arm was
cut off below the elbow, her left arm nearly
severed above the elbow, and the left side of
her breast horribly cut. Her injuries were
so serious that, despite the attendance of a
surgeon, death ensued the following night.
Her husband was at work in another part
of the field, and, unaware of the nature of the
accident, after considerable difficulty cap-
tured the team. He did not suspect the dis-
astrous consequences of the runaway until
he saw the blood on the sickle. Mrs. Sumner
leaves five children, one a small infant.

The Missouri State Teachers' Association,
recently held at the State University at Col-
umbia, was largely attended by prominent
educators from nearly every part of the
State, and the exercises were generally of a
most interesting character. Among the pa-
pers presented deserving of special mention
were those of Prof. McAnally, on Anglo-
Saxon Literature; Natural History, by Miss
Ohlen; Secondary Schools, by Prof. Kemp-
er; Latin Pronunciation, by Mr. Miller;
Education in Missouri, by President Laws;
Normal Work, by Miss Bibb; Ventilation of
School Buildings, by Prof. Woodward, and
the Press as an Educator, by Prof. Harris.

Britton A. Hill, Chairman of the Green-
back State Executive Committee of Missouri,
has issued a proclamation changing the date
of the State Convention at Sedalla from
June 20 to July 14.

Mr. Morgan was struck by lightning and
instantly killed while at work in a wheat-
field at Aulville, Lafayette County, on the
24th. Several others were badly shocked.

Mary Moore, wife of John Moore, who
lived just outside the city limits of Jef-
ferson City, committed suicide on the night
of the 24th, by cutting her throat with a
razor. There was some suspicion
first that it was a case of murder.
Moore and his wife having
led a quarrelsome life, and he was tempo-
rarily locked up; but the evidence before
the Coroner's Jury went to show insanity
on the part of the wife, who had once been
an inmate of an asylum, and a verdict was
rendered in accordance therewith and the
husband discharged.

Orders issued at the War Department di-
rect the Chief of Ordnance, upon the proper
request, to deliver to the Blair Monu-
ment Association of St. Louis twelve cen-
teemed bronze cannon for a monument to
the late Maj.-Gen. Frank P. Blair, Jr.

In Titusville, Pa., a few days ago,
Mrs. Joseph Bushnell died from the
effects of kissing the dead body of her
father ten days before, while attending
his funeral in Pittsburgh. Her father
died of erysipelas, and at the time men-
tioned she had a sore on her lips,
through which her blood was poisoned.
Her little daughter Ella, is not expected
to live from kissing her mother.

Two taxpayers of Baltimore came
into court the other day and demanded
that their assessments be increased, the
one by an additional \$30,000 and the
other a plump \$100,000. It was so
ordered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Danielsonville (Conn.) cat is
nursing two gray squirrels.

—According to the latest order of
General Meikoff, all vessels are forbid-
den, under the severest penalty, to an-
chor opposite the Winter Palace on the
river Neva.