A TRIPLE LYNCHING.

The Murderers of Hiram Jellerson Forcibly Taken From the Jail at Audubon, Iowa, By an Armed Mob and Summarily Executed.

AUDUBON, IA., February 4.—On April 28th last, Hiram Jellerson, an old, inoffensive cripple, was taken from his bed in the night and hanged to a tree. His son Cicero and son-in-law, John A. Smythe, and Joe J. Wilson were arrested. Cicero made a confession admitting his guilt and implicating the other two. All three were indicted by the Grand Jury, but secured a continuance.

On Wednesday Judge Loofbarro convened court here, and the case was called for trial. The defendants filed a motion for change of venue on the grounds of the prejudice of the people against them. Without ruling on the motion, the Judge adjourned court until Monday.

On that day Judge Anderson took his place and announced, as Loofbarro's ruling, that the venue be changed to Cass County.

The announcement created great indignation, and it is alleged that Judge Loofbarro was in consequence compelled to leave town.

Last night over two hundred citizens held a secret meeting, and it was determined to lynch the prisoners. Guards were stationed on every street leading to the jail. At dusk mounted men patrolled the town in order to frustrate the intention of the Sheriff to remove the prisoners by special train to Atlantic.

At four o'clock this morning a hundred armed men battered down the jail walls. Jellerson was first dragged out and hanged on the grand stand in the public square.

Smythe and Wilson resisted and were shot in their cells, then dragged out and hanged to the rail fence.

The mob was composed of many of the best citizens.

The Sheriff was on the scene, but was powerless. Two hours were occupied in the lynching. All is now quiet.

Another dispatch says that a man named Ryan, confined in jail for a different murder, was also lynched.

A WINDY FREAK.

A Passenger Train On the Colorado Central Lifted Bodily From the Track by the Wind and Thrown Down an Embankment—Eighteen Passengers Injured.

DENVER, COL., February 5.—Yesterday afternoon a train on the Colorado Central Road, after leaving Georgetown for Denver, was blown from the track half a mile this side of Georgetown, and fell down an embankment on its side. Twenty passengers were on the train and only two escaped injury. The wind was blowing fiercely down the canyon at the time, and it lifted the cars and engine bodily from the track, dropping them with a crash. The injured are:

C. L. Furey, of Denver; back sprained.
S. F. Eldred, of Denver; internally injured.
J. L. Brown, of Denver; ankle sprained and arm bruised.
Mrs. Marion Dooley, of Denver; internally injured; will probably die.
Miss Juliet Collister, of Denver; head bruised.
Mrs. Sarah Patterson, of Lawson; head and waist cut.
James A. Noone, Georgetown; scalp wound and body bruised.
Miss Mamie Holland, Red Elephant; body bruised.
Mrs. Patrick Holland, Red Elephant; scalp wound and internal injuries.
H. A. Spruance, State Auditor; two ribs broken.
Miss Hattie Spruance; body bruised.
Major E. Reed, Denver; head and body bruised.
Wm. H. Bryant, Denver; painfully bruised.
Al Creighton, brakeman; right arm broken and head bruised.
J. H. Failing, baggageman; shoulder bruised.
E. Johnson, mail agent; back hurt.
Frank Conkrite, news agent; ribs broken and back sprained.

The others were only slightly injured. The wounded were taken to the nearest dwellings, and are being properly cared for.

ON TO OKLAHOMA.

The Boomers Reorganizing and Propose to Make an Advance in Force March 5th.

TOPEKA, KAS., February 4.—At the Oklahoma boomers' mass meeting yesterday, Captain Couch presided. After effecting an organization the meeting adjourned until evening, at which time the committee reported a series of resolutions claiming the right to settle on the Oklahoma lands; denouncing the action of President Arthur in expelling Couch in the severest terms, and paying their respects to the Associated Press agent at Caldwell, Kas., in the following manner:

Resolved, That all dispatches sent by the Associated Press Agent at Caldwell, relating to the status of settlement of the Oklahoma lands, denying that then or now cattlemen are holding large herds of stock enclosed by fences on said lands, are wilfully false and calculated to mislead the public.

The principal business of the meeting—the organization of a union of Oklahoma colonies—was postponed until to-day. It is the intention to make a general movement on the Fifth of next March into the country claimed to be subject to settlement in such numbers that the move can not be successfully resisted.

The idea of a general organization is to make arrangements to furnish necessary aid to the boomers who go down into the Territory. The greatest enthusiasm prevails. There is a steady determination to make the settlement under any circumstances. The feeling is very bitter against President Arthur and to some extent against the Kansas delegation in Congress, as it is claimed some of them are interested in the cattle cases. Captain Couch said Lieutenant Day informed him that he had instruction not to remove cattle men.

Between the Horns of a Dilemma.

CHICAGO, ILL., February 5.—County Clerk Ryan yesterday received a summons from Speaker Haines, of the House of Representatives, requiring him to appear before that body with the ballots of the Sixth Senatorial District. At the same time Judge Blodgett of the Federal Court ordered Ryan not to comply with the Speaker's order, but to deliver the ballots in the Federal Court to be used in the trial of Mackin and others indicted for fraud. Ryan is in a quandary, not knowing whom to obey, and has thus far taken no action.

Judgment Modified.

CINCINNATI, O., February 4.—At the meeting of the District Court this morning the final disposition of the Campbell disbarment case was taken up. The judgment of the Court pronounced yesterday was materially altered in Campbell's favor. Judge Maxwell said the charges against Campbell stood separate and distinct. He had been found guilty of technical misconduct under charge one, and acquitted on all the other charges. The judgment, therefore, was modified to relieve Campbell of all suspension, and leave to him merely the payment of costs.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

Mr. Cleveland's Visit to New York—He Desires to Consult With the Party Leaders and Also Learn the Views of Business Men Generally on National Subjects.

NEW YORK, February 5.—President-elect Cleveland arrived in this city last night at eleven o'clock. He had planned to leave Albany at six and reach New York at ten o'clock, but the train was late, and he arrived an hour behind. There had been quite a crowd at the station, but when notice was posted that the train was late, those in waiting fell away. William Benedict Donehee, was almost the only person awaiting him when the train came.

When the President-elect alighted, Secretary Lamonte walked beside him and the car porter trotted behind him with a valise in each hand. There were no attendants or political hangers-on.

"There is nothing to be hidden in regard to my visit here," Mr. Cleveland said in reply to an inquiry. "I came for information. Any one with that to give will be welcomed by me. I expect to meet the members of the National Committee, who have been invited to see me. I shall be glad also to see men prominent in party and business affairs from whatever section. The idea of the trip is to widen my information on public needs. I shall receive no callers until Friday, but shall then and until Saturday, when I return to Albany, be accessible to those who may aid me in what I seek."

Mr. Donehee is a friend of Mr. Cleveland's from boyhood. They entered the Buffalo bar at about the same time, and have long been associated in the Jeffersonian Club in that city. During the campaign he stumped the State for his friend. He has since visited him at Albany, where they talked of the purpose of this trip. Mr. Donehee enlarged a little on Mr. Cleveland's reply. He said that if bankers, merchants or professional men wanted to submit views for Mr. Cleveland's consideration, this would give them the opportunity. He wanted to learn special as well as general needs and opinions. To this end, also, he would gladly hear delegations of any kind having a legitimate errand, and if Independent Republicans or representatives of any other party division chose to call socially, or to urge anything new, he would receive them. His desire was to be fully prepared for action on taking the Presidency, and while the claims of party policy would be respected so far as they might commend themselves to his judgment, he meant to sink partisanship in matters involving general welfare. At the same time he proposed that the party leaders should be prepared by consultation with him in advance of his inauguration for what was to follow in his official capacity.

Ex-Senator Barnum, Senator Gorman and Don. M. Dickinson, of Michigan, were the members of the National Committee in town last night. The rest will all be in town to-day, except Mr. Tarpey, the California member, who will be delayed. Thursday will be National Committee day, in that members of the committee will get readier access to Mr. Cleveland than any other visitors. Ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, is booked for an interview during the day.

Mr. Cleveland hopes to find time Saturday to run out to Greystone for a chat with Mr. Tilden. Mr. Barnum and Senator Gorman will accompany him. The programme for the rest of the visit will be filled out according to convenience. Mr. Cleveland is to occupy five rooms on the second floor of the Victoria Hotel. The best the house could afford was handed over to the furnishers for these rooms.

A CONFESSED DYNAMITER.

The Statement of an Arrant Braggart or a Very Dangerous Man to Be Going Around Loose.

PITTSBURGH, PA., February 5.—There arrived in New York last Saturday afternoon Martin O'Connor, an Irish-American, who is at present stopping in this city, and who, according to his own confession, was in a measure connected with the great dynamite explosion of January 24th. He left London three days before the explosions occurred, but the following statement will show he was fully aware of what would take place. He says:

"At a meeting of a certain organization which has the cause of Ireland at heart, held in Newark, N. J., on the night of Tuesday, September 16, 1884, a resolution was passed authorizing the Corresponding Secretary to communicate with other organizations in Boston, Philadelphia, Jersey City and Scranton, and ask them if their members would be willing to send two of their number to England for work, expenses paid. All except Jersey City, it is asserted, furnished the men. I was sent from Newark lodge.

After being fully instructed, we proceeded to England on different vessels, and met in London on October 22d. Our place of rendezvous was the tavern under Charing Cross Hotel. There we were met by a fellow patriot, also acting under instructions. Our chemist, Louis Zoutelli, prepared the explosives.

Our first work was partially successful—the demolition of London Bridge. After that we were compelled to remain in concealment. After several secret meetings, finally on January 3d, our society held a grand meeting, at which time it was determined to do the biggest job ever attempted before, viz.: Both houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the Tower and the British Museum.

At a subsequent meeting it was decided that Windsor and the Crystal Palace should also be included. The day to blow the d—d English institutions was fixed for January 20th. Twenty men were designated to the work, several disguised as women. Our plans were partially frustrated by an accident, and it was decided that as we were under police surveillance, it would be impolitic to attempt the work ourselves, and we were ordered home, and on the 22d of January we sailed from Liverpool.

A Terrible Drop.

CINCINNATI, O., February 6.—A frightful accident occurred on the Cincinnati & Northern Railroad about twelve o'clock last night. The local freight train from Lebanon, with eight loaded cars, ran off the track on the double trestle on Gilbert avenue in this city. The engine and four cars dropped about twenty feet and were completely demolished. Jack Squires, of Massillon, O., the fireman was instantly killed, and the engineer, Jim Flanagan, was probably fatally injured. Two of the train men were badly but not seriously hurt.

Mysterious Death of John Sullivan and His Wife.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., February 6.—The dead bodies of John and Margaret Sullivan were found in the bed-room of their house, about two miles north of Ansonia, yesterday afternoon. Sullivan was employed at the Wallace Wire Works in Ansonia, and was last seen on Tuesday night when he left for home. There was nothing about the bodies to indicate a violent death. On a table in the bed-room was a bottle partly filled with alcohol. Everything in the house was in its usual good order. There are several theories as to the cause of death, some murder, some suicide.

MR. CLEVELAND.

The More Mr. Cleveland Is Known the Better He is Liked.

The more that is known of Mr. Cleveland the more favorable is the impression gained of his character. All that was ever said against him before the Chicago Convention was that his experience of public affairs was confined to the State of New York. But when he published his letter of acceptance it was conceded that his friends had not been too strong in their statements of commendation; for in that paper he showed himself to be a statesman of sound views and broad vision, and as letter after letter was published by him, as the occasion arose, his practical wisdom and his deep-seated honesty became more and more apparent.

Cautious where he should be cautious, Mr. Cleveland is always clear and bold on these points: He is a Civil-service reformer; appreciating the fact that the books of the Government need overhauling, he will institute a rigid examination of all the departments; elected by the people and not by rings, he will be the people's Chief Magistrate.

When Grant was elected President he chose for his advisers notorious rascals, and appointed to office relatives and unscrupulous partisans that carried on a system of robbery during the eight years he occupied the White House. When Hayes, seated by fraud, assumed the Executive office, he called around him designing men whose chief object it was to plunder the Government. Mr. Hayes's administration is noted principally for the Star-route scheme, by which the Treasury was robbed of $4,000,000. Mr. Arthur, on assuming the Presidential Chair, distinguished himself by taking into his counsel the renegade Mahone and the renegade Chalmers, and others of similar character and methods He was ambitious to be elected to succeed himself, and no matter how many good qualities President Arthur might have had, his policy with regard to Virginia would have condemned him in the opinion of fair-minded men.

But Mr. Cleveland goes into office entirely free from corrupt alliances. He is not a candidate for a second term, his desire being only to administer the affairs of the Government with wisdom and fairness. And in keeping with the wisdom of Mr. Cleveland's published utterances has been his choice of statesmen as friendly and informal counsellors. He invited Senator Bayard to a conference. That able and upright man was profoundly impressed with Mr. Cleveland's knowledge of public policy and with his sincerity in dealing with Civil-service reform. Senator Garland, of Arkansas, has recently had several conferences with Mr. Cleveland, and he, like Mr. Bayard, is deeply impressed with his wide mental range and with his honesty. Both of these gentlemen were most favorably impressed with the President-elect's manly bearing. That Bayard and Garland should have been selected by Cleveland as friendly advisers speaks much, we say, for the President-elect's sound sense and his desire to reform the Government.

Had Mr. Blaine been elected President he would have had before this many conferences with Jay Gould, the railroad wrecker and Wall street gambler; Joyce, or whisky-ring fame; Jones, the iron monopolist; Dorsey of Star-route fame, and Evarts, the unscrupulous lawyer, now Senator-elect from New York. These would have been some of the men of Blaine's star-chamber. Four years of corruption would have stared the country in the face. Let the people rejoice in the triumph of honesty over fraud.—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

BEFOULING THEIR OWN NEST.

The Charges Against Mr. St. John, the Prohibitionist Candidate.

The disappointed followers of Mr. Blaine have been doing their utmost to prove that ex-Governor St. John, the Prohibition candidate, entered into negotiations through a friend with the Republican National Committee to sell out his party and his principles for $25,000 in favor of Blaine.

Of course Mr. St. John denies the story. But the Republican National Committee certainly makes out a strong case, and even the Republican organs which opposed Blaine are compelled to admit their belief in its truth.

Well, if true, what does it prove? That Steve Elkins and other of Blaine's managers were willing and eager to purchase St. John and thus betray the honest Prohibition cause by lending themselves to a mean and contemptible conspiracy. According to their own story, they entered into negotiations to buy a dishonest man who was selected to represent a principle to which they have professed allegiance for years. But the negotiations were delayed until after the Ohio election, and the result in that State made Steve Elkins and his fellows believe that they could elect Blaine despite St. John and the Prohibitionists. So they forfeited their word, cheated St. John and kept the $25,000 in their own pockets to put up on bets on Blaine's election.

This is the story, on their own showing. Of course, they may be lying about St. John in their malignant hatred of the man to whom they attribute their defeat. But as Mr. St. John is a life-long Republican who has been honored by his party and made Governor of his State, he can not blame people for believing him capable of the conduct charged upon him.—*New York World.*

—A writer in *Science*, discussing the subject of rainfall in Kansas, finds that, while this has increased twenty per cent. in the eastern part of the State since its occupation by the white settlers, Western Kansas has little increase of rainfall to boast of and little to hope for. He greatly doubts, indeed, whether half of the State, lying outside the immediate track of vapor-laden winds can ever have a rainfall adequate to maintain successful agriculture.

—The Maria Theresa is the only coin known in Abyssinia. Cloth and bars of rock salt, ten inches long by two inches wide and deep, bound with a reed, serve as their ordinary means of barter. A recent traveler says he made everlasting friendship with a village chief by making him a present of an empty Worchester sauce bottle, the the glass stopper appearing to be a source of delight and comfort to him.

—A well-preserved pine-tree shilling of "Massachusetts," dated 1652, was unearthed in Boston recently by an employe of the street department, who was engaged in digging up the highway. Both the date and every letter are perfectly distinct, though the coin is somewhat corroded.—*Boston Journal.*

SIGNIFICANT.

Some Remarkable Admissions by Republican Newspapers.

The Buffalo *Courier* closes an admirable article on the public record of Grover Cleveland as follows: "With such a record, with abilities tested and experience gained in the performance of high executive duties, Mr. Cleveland approaches the culminating point in his career, one of the best equipped of the men who have ever attained the Presidency of the United States. The fidelity to public duty, the vigilance, energy and firmness of character which he showed in his former position will now be devoted to the services of the Nation. As we said before, his past achievements constitute the strongest guarantee for the future. To the spirit in which Mr. Cleveland will enter upon the duties of his exalted position he gives expression in his letters of acceptance, the conclusion of which was in the following words: 'If I should be called to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation by the suffrages of my fellow-citizens, I will assume the duties of that high office with a solemn determination to dedicate every effort to the country's good, and with an humble reliance upon the favor and support of the Supreme Being, who I believe will always bless honest human endeavor in the conscientious discharge of public duty.'" The Brooklyn *Union* (Rep.) says: "If Mr. Cleveland lives up to his promises regarding the application of Civil-Service Reform principles, there can be no doubt that a much larger proportion of changes will occur in the offices at the South than among those at the North. The most discreditable thing in the history of the Republican party has been the low character of the men in that section whom it has permitted to pose as the representative not only of its own organization, but of the Federal Government. There is no use in mincing words about the matter. While there have been some honorable exceptions, Southern office-holders under Republican administrations have been as a rule disreputable men. Too many of them have been utterly unfit for their places by reason either of ignorance or dishonesty. The prejudice which is still felt in some parts of the South against the Federal authority is in large measure due to the outrageous abuses which have been fostered under it. Moreover, almost all of these men were appointed solely on partisan grounds; 'they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people,' and, 'instead of being decent public servants, they prove themselves offensive partisans, and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management.'"—*Exchange.*

DISTRESSING SOLICITUDE.

Unnecessary Concern About the Danger Impending Over the Democratic Party.

Some of the prominent non-partisan newspapers of the country are just now giving themselves considerable concern over what they are pleased to term a danger impending over the Democratic party. These journals apprehend the most serious consequences from the lack of homogeneity or coherence in the Democratic organization as compared with the Republican party, and freely speculate on the probabilities of quarrels, blunders and other disturbing elements to set in as soon as the Democratic party assumes power in the country.

The Democratic people can not fail to be flattered by these evidences of absorbing interest in their affairs. But it may occur to many of them that these journals are borrowing trouble and inviting disasters that are not likely to come to their bidding. In the first place, that universal idea among the Republican but now Independent editors that the Democrats are sure to blunder in every emergency that confronts them, is a tradition that has long since been exploded. It is not necessary to go back beyond the recent canvass to show that the blunders are on the other side, for while the Democratic managers played their game with scarcely an error, the other side was stumbling, faltering and blundering at every step.

There is as little foundation for the opinion that the Democratic party will go to pieces because of a want of unity on matters of grave public importance. The experience is that upon all questions of this sort there is a substantial agreement among the people and party leaders. On the tariff question at the last session a very small minority disagreed with the body of the party, in a matter of detail, but that difference has since been adjusted. The Republicans have not been so fortunate however and the defeat which has retired some of its most brilliant leaders has left those remaining in a state of disorganization from which there is no hope of recovery.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

—The society belle has a new idea, and, instead of carrying around the cut-glass smelling-bottle, she produces something which looks like a snuff-box. The box is generally of silver and gold, handsomely engraved, and is carried in a sort of sachel which hangs by the side. But it doesn't contain snuff. It is a white powder, and the perfume is exquisite. The girl takes a little pinch, and can show as much grace and dexterity in the movement as in the handling of a fan. What the powder consists of I don't know. Nor do I know of any one who has ventured to ask.—*New York Letter.*

—If left to itself Sierra Leone will not produce sufficient food to keep its people for six months' time. Nearly everybody desires to trade; no one desires to till the soil. There are shops in every conceivable locality, but if an American vessel chances to be delayed a week in arriving there is a great dearth of flour, and even of rice.

—A man named Senor Nicholas Anchelena, of Buenos Ayres, recently deceased, it said to have been the richest farmer in the world. He had 1,710 square miles of land, 152,000 cows, 500,000 sheep, and 5,600 horses. His assets footed up $120,000,000.

—Crocodile farming is rapidly becoming a leading industry in certain localities. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their descendants. One dealer last year supplied a St. Louis tanner with 5,000 skins.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Russian peasant, a member of a Bible reading sect, has been sentenced to imprisonment for three years and nine months by the Odessa Criminal Court for having preached against the image worship of the Russian Church.

—All sentimentality is wasted upon murderers and law-breakers generally. As a class they can only be dealt with by the application of the very severest punishment.—*Cleveland Leader.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The man who always finds something going in the newspaper is the chap who carries his lunch wrapped up in it.

—There were 241 decrees of divorce issued in Philadelphia courts in 1884. That is ringing the liberty bell loud and long.—*N. Picayune.*

—"What is economy?" asks the Philadelphia *North American*. We'll tell you. It is paying ten cents for a cigar and compelling your wife to turn her last season's dress to make it do for another winter. The country is fairly bulging with such economy.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mistress—Jane, I read in the newspapers that very much of the candy now made is decidedly bad for the health. You must be very careful that dear little Willie does not get hold of any of the children's candy.—*Philadelphia Progress.*

—It does seem to be a little bit extravagant to put a three-hundred-dollar sealskin sacque upon a three-dollar woman, but it is sometimes excusable when it is the only way of smothering three thousand dollars worth of ill-temper.—*Fall River Advance.*

—A woman in town became so interested in a poetical calendar for the new year that she has torn off all the leaves to read the sentiments expressed thereon. That of December 31, 1885, is the proverb, quite appropriate in her case: "Haste makes waste."—*Boston Journal.*

—Yes, my son, it is a solemn, eternal fact that truth once crushed to earth will rise again." And in these days of awful carelessness truth is kept so busily engaged in performing the grand rising act that she looks like a man picking pins.—*Burdette.*

—"What are you taking my boots out of her for?" asked a gentleman of his negro servant. "Whut; is dese yer boots, boss?" "You know they are, you triflin rascal." "Wall, I 'clare for goodness, boss!" (Dropping the boots.) "I thought da wuz de skuttles, an' I thought dat I'd go down arter sou coal, sah; Cuis how er man can be deceived."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"Sir, will you give a poor man a quarter?" "Why are you asking for alms, my man?" "I have just come from Spain, sir; I am an earthquake sufferer." "But you are not a Spaniard; you speak good English." "Oh, as to that I speak Spanish, but since the earthquake my Spanish is so broken that I am ashamed to converse in it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"I'm aware that the commentators do not agree with me," said Rev. Dr. Foosterein in his sermon. Next day, old Farmer Turniptops drove up to the rectory with a half a cartload of old pink-eye potatoes. "Mornin', parson," said he. "Yeold us yistd'y that the common tatu didn't agree wid ye; so I brought a trifle o' the finest pink-eyes ever laid yer own on. Balls o' flour—th's what they are!"—*N. Y. Independent.*

GREELEY'S BELL-BOY.

How the Sang Man Kept the Bums From the Editor's Sanctum.

Ben Van Houten, Greeley's old bell-boy, is doing a milk-wagon in New Jersey. He was six feet high when in the *Tribune* service, and he had eyes like gogs and a hand like the hand of Providence.

"Bub," said Horace to him, as he entered his sanctum one night, "I want to write an hour or two, and I don't want to be bothered. Keep all the bums out of my room."

"Yes, Mr. Greeley," Ben replied in a hoarse voice, for he had a voice like a bull of Bashan.

Within half an hour Ben Bruce, Dennis Naughlin and several other political ad-flies tried to buzz their way to old man's room, but were summarily squelched by Ben. Finally, Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, entered. He had been on a campaign tour in Indiana, and he wore the dirtiest shirt and slouch hat that had been seen in New York since the departure of the Pendleton escort in 1868. The Senator dropped his carpet-bag and advanced toward the open door of Mr. Greeley's sanctum, when he was confronted by Ben.

"Where you going?" blurted the watch-dog.

"I'm going to see Mr. Greeley," the Senator replied.

"Not much you hain't," roared Ben, elevating his voice so as to make himself solid with Horace. "Git right out o' here I'll help you out."

General Wilson was dumbfounded. His face usually red, was made redder by Ben's manner.

"What you be so kind as to take my name in to Mr. Greeley?" he asked.

Ben looked hard at him, and asked his name.

"Wilson," was the reply.

"Well," said Ben, "I'll go in and see if he wants to see you."

He returned in forty seconds, more agitated than ever.

"It's just as I told you," he roared. "He won't see you; now, blame you, get out of here."

Wilson turned to Amos Cummings, who sat near, who lay back in his chair, bursting with suppressed emotion.

"What the matter, General?" he asked.

Senator Wilson explained, while Ben looked on astonishment.

"There must be some mistake," the night editor remarked, "and I'll take you in and introduce you to Mr. Greeley."

They entered the great editor's sanctum together. Horace sat at his high desk, his eyes close to the manuscript, scratching away like a hen on a fresh sand-heap.

"Mr. Greeley," said Amos, "here's Senator Wilson. You refused to see him just now."

There was a moment of silence. Horace scribbled away without looking up.

"Well," he piped, in a shrill alto, without removing his pen, "the boy said the cursed old bum named Wilson wanted to see me, and I thought it was Billy Wilson."—*Journalist.*

—A London journal, desiring to advertise a dissecting-room story which was the leading feature of the Christmas issue, hired "sandwich" men to parade the streets, the boards in which they were encased having the shape of coffin-lids, and the men themselves being dressed to look like corpses. The horrible exhibition called out an indignant protest from the decent press.—*Current.*

—The British drink bill for 1883 foots up $528,636,375. The quantity aggregates 1,142,158 gallons. This would make a lake a mile long and a mile with a depth of thirty-five feet, or sufficient to float men-of-war.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

SELLING THE BABY.

We are going to sell the baby to-day—
Shall I tell you the reason why?
When I held him so kindly and carefully,
He would do just nothing but cry.

So I said to mamma: "This baby boy
Isn't good for a single thing!"
And she said (just as honest): "We'll sell him, then,
And buy you a new gold ring."

So to-day he's going, and I am to wear
A fine gold ring on my hand;
Yes, he is pretty, and mamma declares
He is the sweetest pet in the land.

I think I will buy a gold ring like yours,
If baby will bring me enough—
There! he is waking; you can see his blue eyes;
Be careful—don't handle him rough.

"You'd like to buy him? You'll give me your ring?"
Well—see how he's laughing, the dear!
His hands are so soft, so chubby and white—
At their touch my throat feels so queer.

His breath is so sweet! "The ring?" I forgot—
Why, yes—I suppose that will do;
"You'll take him right off?" Let me kiss him first, then—
Oh, baby, your eyes are so blue!

And your cheek is so warm. Here, give him to me;
Whatever your ring may be worth,
I wouldn't give even his low, cooing laugh
For all the fine rings on the earth.

—*Clara J. Denton, in Golden Days.*

SNOW VS. EARTHQUAKES.

A True Story of Two Little Girls, One of Whom Wanted to See Snow, and the Other to Feel an Earthquake.

Ruth Chase was looking at the thermometer.

"It's thirty-eight degrees, mamma; isn't that almost cold enough for snow?"

"Yes, dear, and if this were any place but San Francisco, I should think it would snow very soon."

"Oh, I do wish I was a Down-easter, then I could say I'd seen snow," said Ruth, seating herself by the fire.

"Why, Ruth, have you never seen snow?" said her little cousin Nellie, who had just come from Maine. "You're twelve and I'm ten, and I've seen just lots of it, higher than your head."

"H'm," answered Ruth. "Did *you* ever feel an earthquake?"

"No; have you?"

"Lots of them. Most every year they shake us up a little," said Ruth.

"How funny!" remarked Nellie; "you want to see snow, and I want to feel an earthquake. You tell me about earthquakes, and I'll tell you about snow."

"You begin," said Ruth. "How does snow come down?"

"It looks just like feathers falling, and when it's down it looks like—down;" and the two laughed merrily over this attempt at a pun.

"I thought it came down like snow-balls," said Ruth.

"We make snow-balls," continued Nellie, "and throw 'em at each other, and have ever so much fun. The boys make snow-men, and have forts, and we play so hard we don't mind the cold. If there's a hard crust on the snow, we have splendid sleigh-rides, with hot soap-stones to keep our feet warm.

"I should think you'd freeze," said Ruth. "Seems to me we are having freezing cold weather here:"

"Sometimes at home the girls and boys get frost-bitten; but we most always wrap up very warm. Now you tell me about earthquakes, Ruth."

"Why, they just shake, and your heart jumps into your mouth, and before it comes out, it is all over and folks begin to holler," described Ruth.

"Did you ever scream, Ruth, when you felt one?"

"I'll tell you about one that happened two years ago," answered Ruth. "I went to the Denman School, where I go now. As many as eight hundred girls attend it. The school-house is very large, three stories and a mansard roof. My room was on the lower floor in the rear.

"One morning I was studying away, and happening to look up I saw the girls rushing pell-mell out of the door, screaming and crying. I didn't know what the trouble was, but I put my book down and ran, too. I reached the front entrance, and there was Miss Steele, a real pretty little teacher, driving the girls back. As I didn't know what I wanted to go out for I went back, and everything seemed just like a dream. When everything was quiet my teacher, Miss Small, stood up by her desk and said:

"'The girls who did not leave their seats will arise.'

"Four girls arose.

"'You will report ten extra credits. Those who did not leave the room will arise.'

"Seven stood up.

"'Five extras.'

"And there I lost all those extras, when I didn't feel the earthquake, and didn't feel afraid, and only went with the crowd. I told mamma about it when I got home, and she said I must not think so much about the extras, but remember never to leave my seat, as I might get hurt or hurt some one else in the rush.

"About a month after, I felt the old school shake, and I knew it was an earthquake. It was heavier than before, and I never saw such excitement in my life. I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs, but I just held on to my desk and thought of *extras*. Celia Blunt sat opposite me. She was the dirtiest girl I ever saw; and she put her arms about my neck and cried:

"'Save me! oh, save me!'

"I wanted to shake her, but I was afraid to let go that desk, because I might act like the rest and lose those extras. When the girls came to their senses Miss Small said:

"'You may now resume your studying.'

"And not a single word about extras. I wanted to cry, I was so disappointed. I'm glad I held on, because Miss Steele was hurt by the girls running over her; but I did want those extras!"

"Yes: 'twas awful mean," consoled Nell; "but then, you were real brave not to run."

Ruth walked to the window, complaining of the cold, and suddenly called:

"O Nellie, see all these little white things coming down!"

"It's snow, Ruth; snow, snow, snow!"

And the two cousins made a bound for the door, and would have gone out bare-handed and bare-headed, if not called back by Ruth's mamma. It was actually snowing in San Francisco for the first time.

"Isn't it too bad that it's Sunday?" said Nell; "we can't have any fun."

"We can go to Sunday-school through the snow," observed Ruth.

"And I'll give you a sleigh-ride in the big rocking-chair," said Ruth's papa.

The children were well wrapped and placed in the chair. The church was but two blocks away, and the snow was three inches deep, so they enjoyed quite a little sleigh-ride. Just as they reached the church steps, Mr. Chase slipped, and the little girls were tipped out; but they were not hurt, and went into Sunday-school smiling.

It continued to snow until late in the afternoon, and Ruth felt quite elated on having seen a real snow-storm. And that night Nell and Ruth were awakened from their sleep by a rumbling noise and their bed moving. Nell started up in alarm, but Ruth quieted her, telling her it was only an earthquake, and that they were now quits.—*Clara E. Reed, in Watchman.*

A SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.

House-Building Co-operation Between a Bird and a Spider.

As most of my young readers are doubtless well aware, there is continual warfare between the insects and the birds, the latter finding in the former their natural food. Knowing this, any exception we may find to the rule must seem very remarkable, especially when it is a bird and a spider on terms of the closest friendship, and actually partners in house-building. The bird is the purple sun-bird named by naturalists Nectarinia Asiatica. It is common in many parts of India, where it flits among the trees in gorgeous garbs of deep purple-blue, flashing green, gold and yellow.

At the nest-building time, the sun-bird searches the woods until it finds the large shining web of a certain kind of spider. This it proceeds forthwith to appropriate without further ceremony, though we can well imagine that there has been some understanding between Messrs. Spider & Sun-bird.

The web is generally spun between two stout limbs, and upon this web the bird begins to place all sorts of rubbish, such as bits of grass or fiber, and pieces of paper and cloth picked up or stolen from some neighboring camp. At first the spider must be somewhat astonished at the capacity of its net for catching such strange flies. But curiously enough, as fast as the bird places these objects upon the web, the spider secures them with its silk, spinning industriously and assisting its friend as much as possible. Finally, when the materials have accumulated until they reach the limb, they are fastened to it, and bound over and over, first by the bird and afterward by the spider. Now the nest begins to assume a definite shape; in appearance like a bottle, a flask, or a dome; the grass and twigs being generally wound in and out by the bird and then covered by the silk of the spider, both bird and insect working harmoniously, until they have made a perfect dome-shaped net hanging in the midst of the web, partly supported by it and partly hanging from the limb. In some nests an entrance is left at the bottom; but usually it is at one side near the upper end, with a little platform or awning built out over it by the bird, to keep out the rain.

The nest would now naturally be a very conspicuous object; but the spider's work is not yet done. It continues to spin its silken web around the nest, carrying the threads from one part to another, inward and outward, forward and back, until finally, after spinning miles and miles of silk, the nest is completely hidden behind a screen of web.

Here together, the partners live; the spider rearing its young on the outside, and the sun-bird caring for its eggs and young within. In this queer partnership the spider is, evidently, not the loser, as it certainly gains peace and protection from the presence of its feathered friend.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

Who is the Owner?

A pleasant way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try and distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone.

Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping-paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent for drawing, the paper, which is to serve as a mask, could be further decorated with a mouth and nose put on with a brush dipped in India ink. This will add to the grotesque appearance which the shawl, surmounted by the mask, will present. Eyebrows might also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, the other to go "behind the scenes" (otherwise the shawl) as performers. If there are over a half-dozen of the latter, a line should be formed; the one at the head stands behind the mask so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers asks: "Who is the owner?"

If a correct response is given, the performers clap their hands. The one who has taken his turn goes to the foot of the line, and number two takes his place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.—*Harper's Young People.*

Making Leather From Codfish Skin.

"When I was shooting on the St. Francis River in Arkansas, some years ago, I discovered that catfish skin made good leather," said Jacob Trumgenwalt, the fishing-tackle maker, on Third street, yesterday, "and I have manufactured it ever since. I heard a story when I was there about a big catfish which had broken all the nets in the neighborhood, and I laid for him with my gun beside a pool which he frequented. I stayed there all day and was leaving at moonrise, when I threw the remnants of some canned salmon on which I had lunched into the river. Suddenly I saw a huge black-shining object roll half out of the water. My heart leaped to my mouth. I pulled myself together and held my gun in readiness. There was another splash, then bang went my gun, and floating belly up in the pool I saw the big catfish. He was dead, the bullet having gone through his head. He weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. Well, sir, I had him skinned in no time, intending to stuff the skin, but the fellow I gave the job to made a botch of it, and brough me the skin beautifully tanned instead. A happy thought struck me that I might profit by the accident, and I started and have since successfully carried out a codfish skin tannery. We make use of it for everything, from shoe laces to slippers, cabas, pocket-books and fancy pocket-case covers." The leather is light gray in color, very soft, and Mrs. Trumgenwalt says, "tougher than the hide of a badger."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—In some villages in Colorado, Kansas and New Mexico, where sand is sprinkled over paper to dry the ink, it is said the natives would not know what blotting-paper was were it not for the insurance agents.