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BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1885. NO. 7. VOLUME XXX

REPENTANT.

This summer breeze fraught with repentant sighs,
Once a fleet force no heavenly law could bind—
Now wandering earthward in a gentler guise,
Is but the ghost of some fierce winter wind.
—*William H. Hayne, in the Century.*

BYER'S FOLLY.

A PRIZE STORY.

"What did ye say yer name wa'?"

We stood outside the wire fence, Georgie and I, and looked at the old man who leaned on his plow surveying us, while the two shaggy horses attached to it languidly hung their heads as if intending a furtive nap.

"I'm Charline Boyd; this is Georgie, my little brother. We've come all the way from Kansas City. We're your own grandchildren. Mother's dead. Father sent us here; he's gone to Arizona to work in a mine."

He looked dazed.

"Clarrissy dead, 'n' you her children? Wal, it do beat all! An' you sich a big gal, an' him her livin' pictur, an' I not knowin' she wa' gone. Come in, dears; the gate's beyant, but ye kin crawl under the wires. There! Now lemme look at yer. Laws, child! don't try to kiss me; my face ain't none to clean."

He was a pleasant-faced, blue-eyed old man, with long, curling white hair. His teeth were gone, but otherwise he seemed unlike old men, for he was straight and tall, his arms brawny and strong. His clothing was neat, but neglected-looking, the buttons hanging, with little tears widening into large rents. I was only fourteen, but mother had taught me to do a grown woman's work; beside, Georgie was five, and such a baby made me feel older.

"Where's grandma?" I asked.

For answer he pointed his thumb at a mound away at the end of the level field, where a rude wooden cross was planted.

"She's thar. She went a year ago. I've lived alone sence, an' it's the blessin' of Providence you children is come. Oftentimes I've feared I might grow desprat outer sheer lonesomeness 'n' sorrer. Maybe you didn't know't, but Clarrissy 'n' mother quarrelled in years gone, 'n' never got fren'ly, wich was because yer mamarried yer pa, wich seemed to me a good man 'nuff; but wimmen is queer, 'n' mother looked high for Clarrissy."

"I so hungry!" cried poor little Georgie, his lips quivering and his round eyes filling with tears.

"Bless his little heart!" said grandfather, recovering himself and patting my cheek softly. "Here you be, jest off a long journey, 'n' me a-keepin' yer in the cold, an' meanderin' on as if thar wa'n't no to-day, but all yesterdays. How did yer come?" he asked, unharnessing the horses.

"By rail to D——; then a gentleman gave us a ride here in his fine carriage. We came in the train with his daughter, Miss Bessie Little. He owns a big ranch near here."

"A fine young lady," broke in grandfather. "She was like a darter to yer granma, an' though she lived miles away, she was over night an' day, a-gallopin' 'cross the plains on a black horse as is a thoroughbred, an' a fine specimen of horseflesh as is seen in these parts. She kin ride, too, 'n' ain't a feared o' nothin'. Mother set a sight by her."

We were now at the house, a neat little one-story cottage, containing four rooms. A comfortable barn and yard for the cattle were near, and a well close by the door. There was a cosy kitchen, a sitting-room, and two bed-rooms; one the "spare room," grandfather said, proudly. It looked neat and precise, but was as cold and damp as the tomb. The lonely old man had faithfully swept and dusted, and kept everything where his wife had placed, even her work basket, with a needle sticking in the half finished gingham sleeve.

Georgie and I took the spare room, and I built a fire and aired the bedding. In a few days I grew competent to take charge of the house, put things where she had placed them, and cook the simple meals—and these were very simple, for grandfather was poor. Two old horses, two cows and a calf comprised the stock.

"I don't hev no luck wi' poultry, Charley," he said. He called me Charley, for Charline was too "new fangled," and Charley was the name of his dead son. "Mother used to raise a sight, but arter she went they begun dyin', an' what didn't die was eat by cayotes."

The last day of my first week on the ranch Miss Bessie Little rode up to the cabin on her coal-black horse. She was a sweet-faced girl, blue-eyed and yellow-haired and rode beautifully. She made herself at home, petted Georgie, and I, shy as I was, found myself confiding to her all my troubles and hopes. She sympathized with me and helped me, cutting a frock for Georgie and a basque for me, and when she rode off, she promised to come often.

The next day a wagon came from her home, and in it was a fine rooster and six hens, and a big bundle of clothing that she had outgrown and that fitted me.

How dreary the howls of the cayotes were at night, especially when one of their number was killed! They would seem to unite in a chorus of maledictions.

Miss Bessie rode up one day, and at her heels was an overgrown shepherd puppy, with big paws and jolly little black eyes.

"Here's a cayote exterminator, Grandfather Byers," she said, as she jumped from the saddle, and the black horse fell eagerly to eating the short, crisp buffalo grass, just as though he was not stuffed at home.

She imitated the cayote's cry; the dog bristled, his eyes shot fire, he looked in all points of the compass, and then, with a fierce howl, tore madly around the house.

Through Miss Bessie's kindness I found a ready market for my eggs and chickens, and for the butter I learned to make; and she showed me how to "lay butter down" for winter use.

Though she never had to work, she knew every task in a farmer's wife's existence; and perhaps it was best, for there was a young man living near her father's ranch, and who himself owned a big ranch, and who took tea every Sunday afternoon with her father, and went to church down in the village every Sunday evening with her.

About two miles from our ranch were three low hills, or mounds. Behind one, in a sort of valley, hedged in by the hills and facing the plains, was a well ninety feet deep, called, I regret to say, "Byers's folly." Poor grandfather had had the well dug, hoping to obtain the water to irrigate his land. He could not see ahead to the time when a company of capitalists would intersect the region with irrigating ditches, and each man's land could be benefited by paying a small annual water tax.

Grandfather's money gave out before the well was finished, and the wide, deep, black hole, carelessly crossed by rotten boards, and a big pile of earth, was all that was left of his labor and his fortune.

Not only was his money sunk in the hole, but also large sums borrowed from Mr. Little, who, I knew, had forgiven it, and five hundred dollars borrowed from a Mr. Davieson, of D—, and to this man our ranch was mortgaged.

Grandfather grew gloomy and sad as spring came on. He brightened up a little when I showed him my account book,—Miss Bessie showed me how to keep it,—and I proved to him how much money I had made with the hens and the butter; but he sighed a moment after.

"Ef I hadn't 'a' done that, how comferable we'd 'a' been. You're sich a smart girl, a son more'n a gal, Charley. But Davieson's a hard man; dunno as ter-morrer'll find us with a roof to cover us, an' 'tis a fine property too, now the irrergatin' ditch crosses it."

He seemed to take little interest in the farmwork. He would harness the horse, plow a few furrows, and then stand in a helpless attitude, looking toward D—. He would wander down to the road to ask possers if they had a letter for him, and then would sit outside the kitchen door, his face hidden in his hands. Georgie, playing near by, would try to comfort him in his loving baby way.

One day, however, a man came up on horseback. He tossed me a letter—I've hated yellow envelopes ever since—for grandpa, who was down the field with his team; it was such a sunny March day, it gave him new life for his work.

I could not bear to take it, so I put Georgie's sunbonnet on him, and pinned the letter to his frock, and with a big cookie in his hand, sent him down to "danpa."

They came back later, hand in hand, the same old horses following. Grandfather hurried past me into his chamber, and shut the door. His face was ash-colored, his eyes bloodshot. I waited a long time; I feared he might be dead, so I rapped on the door. He opened it; he was dressed in his worn black broadcloth suit, with his old-fashioned high collar. I remembered then it was the first time I had ever seen him wear a white shirt. He held an old beaver hat in his hand, and was absently brushing the nap with his sleeve.

"It's come, dear. That! I'm goin' ter D——. I'll try if he won't wait till fall. I'll work hard. Maybe the crops'll do summat. I'll sell the stock"—those old horses were so dear to him! "No, don't kiss me, dear; it 'ud break me down. I've just found out I'm a weak old man. I never felt it afore."

He staggered out to the barn. I followed him.

"I mayn't be back for two days or so. Will you be afeered?"

"No," I said, but I was. I helped him into the wagon. He seemed dazed and half-blinded by his misfortune. Oh, if I could help him! I did the work faithfully when he was gone, driving the cows and milking them, and taking care of the house and Georgie and the poultry.

The next day a band of Indians—ten or twelve—rode up to the cabin. I was frightened, but met them as coolly as if I had plenty to protect me. Georgie, in wild alarm, hid under the bed. The Indians seemed kind, and only wanted a drink of milk. There were four squaws among them, with kind, bright eyes; one gave me a necklace of beads as they rode off.

Shortly afterward Mr. Little and Tom Gray rode up in haste, their horses white with foam.

"Bessie!" shouted Mr. Little, as he came up over the hill. "Is she here? Have you seen her?"

"Not for a week," I said. "Has anything happened?"

"She went to ride yesterday afternoon, and hasn't returned yet, nor has she been seen. We hoped she was here."

"She hasn't been."

They looked white and scared. Mr. Little seemed to have aged in a night.

"There was a band of Indians here," said Gray; "they may have taken her.

I told them of the Indian's visit, and thought it improbable, as they seemed so kindly disposed; but they rode off following the trail.

That night was more dreadful than the first, and the dog seemed frenzied over the cayotes, who yelled till morning, and I cried myself into hysterics and frightened poor little Georgie, who sat up in bed and screamed the "kiyos were eating his dirl." He always called Miss Bessie his "dirl."

The next morning a number of people came up; they were hunting for Bessie. The whole neighborhood was searched.

I could not leave home, but Georgie and I walked over the ranch, looking in every hole, and wistfully across the plains. Our dog, Smarty, ran after us, and a silly old turkey-gobbler, my pet and the pride of my poultry yard, joined in the procession. Smarty chased him, and Gobble flew over the wire-fence and rushed down the hill, through a valley, across the road, and I saw the two, mere specks, tearing up the hill near the well.

"He'll kill Gobble!" I shouted, seizing Georgie's hand, and we rushed after them, Georgie crying at the top of his lungs and being winded at every step. At last I took him on my back, and finished the race with a heavy burden.

At the foot of the hill was the well, and there Gobble stood, scolding and skaking his red neck, while Smarty seemed to have forgotton his very existence, but was running around the well, uttering short, quick barks.

The planks around and over the well were gone, and the earth about it was plowed as if there had been a struggle. I dropped Georgie's hand and rushed down. I pushed Smarty away, and looked down. It was dark, but I fancied I saw something white away down. Just then a faint voice from the depths of the earth shouted:

"Help! help!"

"I'm Charley Boyd. Who's here? Shout again!"

"Bessie Little. My horse fell; he's dead, away down. I'm clinging to a plank in the side. I can't hold on much longer. My arms are breaking!"

What could I do?

"Bessie," I shouted, "hold on a little while; I'm going for help!"

"I've been unconscious. I'm faint. I shall die. Don't leave me. The dirt falling brought me to life."

"I'll leave Georgie here. Here, Georgie, your dirl is in that hole; sit there and talk to her. Don't you cry."

Georgie's lip trembled, but he minded bravely, pleading the dog should stay, but I was afraid to trust him. "Gobble tay wif Dorgie," he said, piteously; but that sagacious bird was already winging and hopping his way homeward. I left Bessie answering Georgie's scared "Halloo!"

If she could keep conscious till I got back! How I thanked grandpa for his careful habits. I knew just where the new clothes-line was, the crowbar and the hatchet. We were eight miles from any ranch, and I must act as if there was no one in the world to help her.

How I got back I never knew. I saw Georgie from the top of the hill. He had crawled to the edge of the well, and was singing a little baby-song I had taught him. His cheeks were red and feverish, and his voice hoarse.

"Bessie!" I shouted.

"All right. Georgie kept me from fainting. I made him sing."

"Dit dirl out! dit dirl out!" Georgie screamed, clinging to my skirts. I pushed him away; there was no time to pet or comfort him.

"Run to the road, Georgie, that way; now halloo for help. Yes, take the dog. Tell everybody your dirl is in Byers' well."

I knew his white, tear-wet face would bring the most unbelieving stranger, and I watched his chubby form, in the bright plaid dress, and the panting dog disappear over the hill. All the while I was digging a deep hole with the hatchet, and scooping the earth out with my hands, and shouting every few moments to Bessie. I buried the crowbar half-way, then I tried my weight; it did not move. I had seen men wind lines around a post to raise heavy objects.

"Put this noose around your waist!" I shouted.

"I dare not," she answered, faintly. "You couldn't help me. Oh, go for help!"

"You must. The end's fast to a crowbar. I can't find anybody. They're all hunting for you."

"I can't!" she cried, piteously.

"Then I'll leave you!" I shouted. "It's getting late; it's your last chance!"

There was a ghastly stillness for a few moments. I wound the line around the bar and around my waist.

"Look out!" she screamed. I heard the beam go rattling down, and a fearful strain tightened the cord. I thought it would cut me in two. For a moment I thought I was going over. Happily, the ridge of earth was a protection. The rope loosened.

"Haul easy!" she cried. "I can catch my feet in the sides, the earth is soft."

I wound the rope around the bar and myself. I was in a perfect snarl.

Suddenly the rope grew loose, there was no weight. Was she lost? Everything grew black, and I knew nothing.

When I came to, there were two men bending over me, trying to force brandy in my mouth.

"Where's Bessie?" God be thanked she answered me herself! She had climbed up the last few yards by the broken timbers. The earth was torn up around me, my hands were raw and bleeding, and I bear the marks of the rope on my body to this day.

Just then we heard a shouting, and Mr. Little and Mr. Gray rode up, and the latter wasn't ashamed to kiss Bessie just as her father did, and before all the people.

Georgie was up in the lap of Mr. Little, and Smarty lay down at my feet, worn out. A party of the searchers met the poor baby and dog, and caught at the fearful meaning in the baby's incoherent words, dashed up to the well, and found us both on the brink.

They could not believe it was I who had rescued her till they saw my hands and the rope and the crowbar still firm in the earth.

Grandpa was there, and kissed me and cried over me, as if I too had been down the well.

Miss Bessie had lost her way in the dark after a long ride across the plains, and her horse had stumbled over the planks and fallen through and broken his spine. Miss Bessie's habit had caught on a projecting beam, and she clung there two nights and nearly two days. Yet with all the horrors of her situation, she was only fifteen feet down.

When Mr. Little learned that our ranch was mortgaged, he went to Mr. Davieson, paid the money, and gave the farm back to grandfather. He made me a present of a sum of money, and Mr. Gray gave Georgie a like present.

In the two years since that time, our ranch has come to be one of the most prosperous in the country. We have a fine herd of cattle, and an immense poultry-yard, and grandfather hires a man to help him, while I have a Swede girl to work in the house.

Miss Bessie is Mrs. Gray now, and still my best friend. She never rides alone, and is less daring than she used to be.

I am happy to say no one ever reproached grandfather for his carelessness in leaving the well so poorly protected. He suffered enough for it, and it is filled in now.

Though Mrs. Gray never says anything, yet I think she often mourns for the noble black horse, who, with shoes on, saddle and bridle, found a burial on the plains—the plains where he had so often roamed with his fearless young mistress under the blue Colorado skies, in the shadow of the Rockies.—*Youth's Companion.*

Something About Salt.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* gives the following interesting and valuable information about one of the commonest articles of use in the household—salt: "Fine salt, such as is used in preserving and flavoring butter and cheese, for curing meats, and for the table, is made from pure brine, found in immense quantities in several parts of the world. Probably the best known salt works are those of Cheshire, near Liverpool, and of Syracuse. In both of these districts the process of manufacture, while differing somewhat in details, is essentially the same. The brine, found from 150 to 400 feet below the surface, is pumped into vats or cisterns, from which it passes by different stages into large iron pans. Here the water is evaporated by boiling, and the crystals of salt are formed. This residum is drawn off into molds, which are subjected to a high temperature in ovens or drying-rooms. The cakes are then crushed, and the refined product of all this manipulation is ready for the bags and for the market. Frequently the salt is sifted after the crushing, to rid it of the coarser particles, which are not easily soluble. The English salt is undoubtedly superior to the American. They seem to exercise more care in their work on the other side and turn out an article that gives better satisfaction; and we are told that the receipts of English fine salt at the port of New York alone in 1884 were not less than 300,000 sacks, or 30,000 tons, we can form an estimate of the popularity of the foreign article in this country. Coarse salt is made by the solar evaporation of sea water. The places chosen for its production are selected on account of the extraordinary saline strength of the water there. This extreme saltness has been observed in the West Indies and along the coast and about the islands of the Mediterranean. The water is allowed to run into shallow ponds direct from the ocean, and when a proper depth has been obtained, generally two or three feet, the entrance to the pond is closed and the water is evaporated by the sun and winds, and a deposit of salt is left. It requires about four months to evaporate three feet of water. The salt is then gathered into piles ready for delivery. Its quality depends almost entirely upon the caprices of nature. A dry and windy season will produce large and hard crystals, the most desirable characteristics of coarse salt, while if little wind blows the salt is fine-grained and poor. The West India salts are from Turk's Island, Ragged Island, St. Martin's and Curaco's. Trapani, Torrevieja, Cadiz and Lisbon, each furnish salt of different grades and quality. There is still another kind of salt, called rock salt. The name describes it. It is found in Austria, Russia, Algeria, Ireland, Santo Domingo, England and Louisiana. In Wieliczka, Austria, the rock-salt is absolutely pure, an analysis of it showing 100 parts of chloride of sodium. The Louisiana salt is also clear and pure, containing as it does, 98.88 per cent. chloride of sodium. We put fine salt in our butter and cheese, preserving and flavoring them: with Curacoa, St. Martin's and other heavy-grained salts that dissolve slowly, we pack meat for export. We freeze ice cream with Turk's Island, and salt our car tracks with Lisbon or Cadiz. The household uses for salt need not be mentioned in detail. The finest salt enters into the preparation of chewing tobacco. Salt imparts a grateful flavor to nearly everything we eat. Without salt everything is insipid."

A Horrible Spectacle.

A London letter to the New York *Telegram* says: No sadder spectacle presents itself to the eye of the stranger visiting the metropolis of England, if not of the world, than that of its thousands of unfortunate women addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. In itself the mere habit on the part of females drinking brandy, gin or whisky is bad enough, but when the habit is carried to the extreme of drunkenness it transforms God's noblest and most beautiful creation into something even below the beasts. Walk along Fleet street, go slowly along the Strand or any one of the many streets, lanes and alleys crossing those two great arteries at right angles, look into any of the beer or whisky shops at any hour of the day or night and count the souls there. You will find more women than men—women carrying babes, young girls from sixteen up, old women with bloated faces and every tender lineament of their sex blotted from their countenances by the brutalizing agency of alcohol; old women, too, scarcely able to stand from the combined effects of age and dissipation.

It is a horrible spectacle, which I have never seen in any other part of the world. These poor female wretches huddled together outside the bar in small rooms ten feet square, perhaps, imbibing the soul poison from morn till night, cheering each other mayhaps by ribald talk and jest, neglecting all the duties of womanhood for the sake of the loved dram or pint, and after spending all their pennies or ha'pence, as the case may be, reeling out into the busy streets with some muddled thought of getting "home again" before husband, father or brother returns.

Aerial Warfare.

In a lecture recently delivered in London, Professor Gower suggests a plan of aerial warfare after this pattern: Could armies, forts and arsenals be seriously assailed from that quarter in which attack was not now expected—the air above? His belief from four years of study and observation, was in the affirmative, and as a means to that end he proposed simply to tranfer to the upper levels the general plan of torpedo warfare, upon a larger scale and with its effective range indefinitely extended. He suggested that by means of aerostats, explosions of one thousand-pound shells of gun-cotton might be arranged over the enemy's position. Summarizing his proposals, the lecturer said, "In brief, I propose to you a warfare by gun-cotton and hydrogen to make the loss of an army a result of its meeting an opposing wind, to destroy the security of fortified positions, and finally to show, upon the simplest principles of self-preservation, that nations must keep pace and great armies be disbanded.

A Russian traveler predicts that Thibet will prove to be a second California, as, during a recent visit there he found the natives gold-washing in the crudest way, but with the richest results

GENERAL GRANT'S GRAVE.

Selecting a Last Resting Place for the Dead Soldier.

An Immense Funeral—Details of the Arrangements.

Details of the various events of importance and interest which occurred during the first few days succeeding General Grant's death are given in dispatches from Mount McGregor and New York city as follows:

On June 24, General Grant handed to Colonel Fred Grant a slip of paper on which was written substantially this:

"There are three places from which I wish a choice of burial place to be made:

"West Point.—I would prefer this above others but for the fact that my wife could not be placed beside me there.

"Galena, or some place in Illinois.—Because from that State I received my first general's commission.

"New York.—Because the people of that city befriended me in my need."

When he had delivered this slip to the colonel he walked back into the sick room. In a few minutes he reappeared, walking round in front of the colonel.

"I don't like this, father," the son said, holding out the slip.

"What is there about it you don't like?" asked the general, in a husky whisper.

"I don't like any of it. There is no need of talking of such things."

The general took the slip, folded it, tore it lengthwise, across, and again until the pieces were so small that hardly a word could have been made out from any of them, and throwing them in the waste basket went back to his room without speaking.

Central Park Chosen at First.

A dispatch from Mount McGregor, dated the 24th, says: General Grant's body will rest in the city whose people befriended him in his need. New York has been decided upon as the place of interment, and Central Park as the spot. The general's preference and the family wishes will thus both be met. The decision was reached this afternoon. To-day an early train brought Mr. W. L. Turner, representing Mayor Grace, to tender a burial site for the body in any of the New York parks. He mentioned the Riverside park by way of suggestion from the mayor. The family would not consider it. Central park seemed to them the proper place. There was some delay in a final decision, caused by telegraphic correspondence between Mr. Turner and Mayor Grace in regard to the condition imposed in the general's note that Mrs. Grant should lie beside him. The mayor evidently had to wait for the common council to meet in order to give official assurance that no obstacle would stand against that condition. It was 4 o'clock before a final message came from Mayor Grace pledging his faith and that of President Sanger, of the board of aldermen, that the wishes of the family would be followed. Colonel Grant said at once that he would proceed with arrangements to that end.

The mayor was authorized by the aldermen to appoint a committee of one hundred citizens to proceed to Albany to accompany the remains to New York.

The Funeral Arrangements.

Another Mount McGregor dispatch of the 24th says: The body lay to-day in the parlor near the spot where the general spent his last night. The face was peaceful, unclouded by any trace of suffering. A flag was furled over the body. On the breast reposed a wreath of oak leaves, gathered yesterday by Julia, the colonel's daughter, and the two child daughters of Dr. Douglas. The three girls went into the woods yesterday to search for the leaves for this purpose. Taking them to the parlor the nurse Henry helped them fashion the wreath, and they laid it with tearful reverence on the hero's breast. Then Julia, her little heart swelling with grief, leaned over the calm face and kissed it, while her sobbing companions tried to comfort her with caresses, and pressed their young lips, too, where the granddaughter's had been.

Adjutant General Drum came this afternoon. He bore authority from the President to make any arrangements for burial under government auspices that might suit the family. Colonel Grant informed General Drum of the decision to place the general in Central park. He informed him also of the offer from the U. S. Grant Grand Army Post of Brooklyn, to guard the body while here, which he had accepted this morning.

A plan was soon devised leading up to the time of interment. The body will lie at the cottage, in the room of the death scene, until Tuesday, August 4, when funeral services will be held here at 11 o'clock. A train will start for Saratoga at 1 o'clock, reaching there in an hour. After a stop of thirty minutes the train will push on to Albany. The body will lie in state at the Capitol from 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon until noon on August 5, when it will proceed to New York. It will lie in state in the governor's room in the city hall until Saturday, August 8, when public services will be held at the interment in Central park. As the Brooklyn post will guard the cottage Colonel Grant thought there would be no need of a guard here by assignment from the army. It was decided that the body should pass, after the services at the cottage, to the charge of a guard appointed by the President, such guard to attend it up to the time of interment. General Hancock has been designated for this duty. He will make all appointments. The arrangement to have the body lie in state at the capitol was brought about through Secretary of State Carr, acting not only for Governor Hill but in his capacity as commander of the third division of the grand army.

A week ago last Friday, in a note to the Rev. Dr. Newman, the general broached the subject of his funeral to Dr. Newman as his spiritual friend. "I desire the funeral service of the church performed," he wrote, "when I am gone." Such will be the nature of the service here. The coffin will be brought to the porch, near the old place where the general used to sit. None but the family and close personal friends or special guests will be admitted to the cottage. The President and members of the cabinet, friends eminent in military and naval service and from civil life may be invited as guests. There will be very few invitations. The pastor will stand on the porch. Before him, on the slope spreading toward the hotel, will gather those who may come to hear the services. The services will follow the ritual, closing with an address. It will be a simple and not a long service. It is probable that at its close the people will be allowed to cross the porch to look upon the general's face. Within two hours from the time of opening the service the train will start for Saratoga. The services at New York may be less simple, but they will be strictly of a religious nature.

The embalming was completed to-day. The cheeks and face by the process made use of have been made to assume a fullness, the deeper furrows and lines have been filled out, and the expression of the face is now one of peace and rest.

Members of Wheeler G. A. R. Post, of Saratoga, are watching at the house to-night. They sit in the hall outside the door. Over the coffin in which the general rests burns a brilliant electric light, revealing with distinctness every line in the rigid face below the glass cover of the coffin. Across the coffin is thrown an American flag. Members of the family from time to time walk into the room, and gaze long and earnestly at the dead general's face.

Further Tokens of Sorrow and Sympathy.

On the second day succeeding General Grant's death the same manifestations of sorrow were shown throughout the United States as on the day of his demise, preparations being made everywhere to observe the day of the funeral with public ceremonies. In New Hampshire all officers of the State National Guard were directed to wear mourning for six months. Resolutions of grief were passed by Grand Army posts and other military organizations in all parts of the Union, and preparations made by them to join in the funeral ceremonies. It was announced that there would be a general suspension of business all over the country on the day of the funeral. Governor Thompson of South Carolina ordered the flags to half mast on the public buildings of that State. Secretary Bayard directed United States diplomatic and consular offices to display flags at half mast over their offices, and to show emblems of mourning for thirty days.

General Benjamin F. Butler accepted an invitation to deliver an oration at the public memorial services to be held in Lowell.

The effect of the draping on the capitol and other public buildings in Washington was very impressive, particularly at the White House and the treasury building.

Vice President Hendricks telegraphed from St. Clair Springs, Mich., to Sergeant-at-Arms Canaday designating the following-named Senators to represent the Senators to represent the Senate in the funeral ceremonies: Justin Morrill, John Sherman, John A. Logan, J. Donald Cameron, Wade Hampton, W. M. Ransom, Joseph E. Brown, J. G. Harris and John F. Miller.

The commander-in-chief of the State guard of North Carolina issued a general order to the Southern State troops in camp at Asheville, praising the patriotism and achievements of General Grant, and recalling his generous treatment of General Lee and the Confederate prisoners at Appomattox.

The following are among the further telegrams received by the Grant family:

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 24.

MRS. U. S. GRANT:

Her majesty the queen requests me to convey to yourself and family her sincere condolence on the death of General Grant.

BRITISH MINISTER.

LONDON, July 24.

MRS U S GRANT:

Accept our deepest sympathy in the loss of your distinguished husband. We shall always look back with gratification at having had the advantage of knowing him personally. PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

MONTREAL, July 24.

MRS. GRANT:

I am greatly grieved to get the sad news of the general's death. Pray accept my most sincere sympathy.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

WINDSOR, Vt., July 24.

COLONEL FRED GRANT:

I hope sincerely that the universal and earnest wish of the people of the State and city of New York may lead the family to approve of the great city as a burial place.

WM M EVARTS.

Notes and Incidents.

The disposition of the cottage in which General Grant died rests with Joseph W. Drexel, and it is announced that the cottage will never again be occupied by any family or persons. Mr. Drexel will in due time present it to the State or national government. The house will be presented intact, with all its present belongings, furniture and fixtures, as a gift to the nation or Commonwealth.

The last time General Grant signed his name was a few days before his death, when he put it on the back of a check for $1,000 which he had received from the *Century* Publishing company four or five days before.

The mourning garments of the female members of General Grant's family were made in New York. All the gowns are of very simple pattern, and made of Henrietta cloth, trimmed with heavy English crepe. The bonnets are of crape, without trimming other than the long crape veils.

The coffin in which General Grant will be buried was made in Rochester, and is six feet long and made of polished copper, incased in a shell of polished red cedar. This is lined with lead and covered with purple silk velvet, fastened in place by a framework of solid silver. The top is of French plate glass with beveled edges, and made to open the full length of the coffin. The interior is lined with cream colored satin elaborately tufted, and General Grant's head will rest on a satin pillow. The handles are solid silver, and the inscription plate is gold, six inches long, four inches wide. The outside box is riveted steel with an oval top.

A movement for the erection of a national monument to General Grant was initiated by Mayor Grace, who has appointed a committee of the city's representatives men to take the matter in hand.

General Grant left no will, but his instructions to the disposition of all his little effects were written from time to time within the past few weeks and given to Colonel Grant. General Grant left no property whatever. The interest in his book belongs to his wife, the contract with the publisher being signed by her.

In addition to the instructions which General Grant gave from time to time to the colonel he has left a sealed packet of instructions, which has not yet been opened.

General Grant's sister, Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, with her husband, Dr. M. J. Cramer, arrived in New York from Europe on the day after her brother's death. She was much affected when she learned that she had arrived too late to see her brother alive.

Memorial services in honor of the dead general were held in many places. In Faneuil hall, Boston, the mayor presided at a memorial meeting, and Governor Robinson and General Devens made addresses.

Services in Westminster Abbey.

A number of American gentlemen assembled at the residence of Mr. Phelps, the American minister in London, to arrange for memorial services in London on the day of General Grant's burial in New York.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field proposed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to wait upon the Dean of Westminster and make suitable arrangements with him for a commemorative service in Westminster Abbey. Senator Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, seconded the resolution, which was adopted by a unanimous vote, and the committee was at once appointed. It consists of Mr. Phelps, who is chairman; Mr. Hawley, Mr. Field, Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, Mr. George W. Smalley, Mr. Manton Marble, Mr. B. H. Brewster, ex-attorney-general; Mr. J. S. Morgan, Mr. J. T. Lord, Mr. Thomas M. Waller, the American consul-general; Mr. Howard Potter, and Dr. Harwood, of New Haven. A sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Phelps, Field and Smalley, was subsequently chosen to see the dean, and in the afternoon the sub-committee saw the dean, who readily granted the use of the abbey for the desired services.

Grant's Letter on His Waning Life.

Dr. Douglas has produced the following remarkable document, which was written by General Grant in Dr. Douglas's presence at Mount McGregor on Thursday, July 2:

"I ask you not to show this to any one, unless the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly, I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it and they (the family) will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex, would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gained strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of the weather toward winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of those is choking. Under the circumstances 'life is not worth the living.' I am very thankful (for thankful, glad was written, but scratched out and thankful substituted (to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to suggest themselves to any one else. Under the above circumstances I will be the happiest, the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say, therefore, to you and your colleagues, to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to bear the kind expression toward me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederates and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things.

"U. S. GRANT.

"Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 2, 1885."

Mrs. Grant Much Depressed.

A Mount McGregor dispatch of the 26th says: Mrs. Grant is still much depressed. She stays in her room all the time and has her meals taken to her, but has no appetite. Her heart is beneath the flag that envelopes her illustrious husband. Her children, who are keeping up for her sake, are with her constantly and do everything in their power to console her. Even immediate friends of the family are not allowed to see her, as the least reference to the cause of her sorrow only adds to the intensity of her grief. She will not visit the room that contains the body of her dead, nor look upon his face again until the body is put into the coffin, which will arrive on Tuesday. After the coffin arrives the U. S. Grant Post will take charge of it and remain with the body constantly until the end. They do not sit in the room now with the body, but remain upon the porch outside the door.

General Horace Porter went to the cottage and Colonel Fred Grant met him and took him in the parlor to see the face of his old friend and commander. He was surprised at the lifelike expression on the face. It was calm, beautiful, and showed no trace of the terrible ordeal through which the general had passed. His hair was a dark brown and his whiskers close cut were gray and the face had the same look upon it that the thousands who knew the general in life would recognize. Its characteristic features were determination and strength.

The Brooklyn Grand Army men were on watch on the veranda of the cottage all last night, and the men from the Saratoga Post paced their beats in the moonlight outside. They have already worn paths which form a square, in the centre of which is the cottage. There are seven of these men from Wheeler Post, of Saratoga, and they relieve each other every twenty-four hours. Colonel Grant this morning requested them to remain, notwithstandidg the arrival of the Brooklyn men, and they will do so. There are eight of them from the Brooklyn U. S. Grant Post, and two more are coming to-morrow.

Selecting a Burial Place.

Colonel Frederick D. Grant and his brother Jesse Grant, accompanied by General Horace Porter, arrived in New York from Mount McGregor on the morning of the 27th. The brothers were dressed in black and wore broad bands of crape on their high silk hats. They proceeded at once to the Fifth Avenue hotel, where, in the breakfast-room, they met General Sherman and ex-Senator Chaffee. They went presently to General Sherman's room, where a conference of some length was held, and the party separated.

Early in the day the New York Park commissioners met and passed the following, a copy of which had been sent to the mayor:

WHEREAS, The tender of a place of burial for the remains of General Grant in the park has been accepted by the family upon the assurance that Mrs. Grant will have the right of interment by his side.

Resolved, That the right of burial in the park in the same tomb with General Grant be, and the same is hereby conceded to and vested in his widow.

The two Grants went to the City Hall and called on Mayor Grace.

After inspecting the governor's room the mayor, President Sanger, of the board of aldermen, and the Grants entered carriages and were driven to the Fifty-ninth street entrance to Central Park. There they were joined by the four park commissioners and by Mr. Parsons, the superintendent. The party proceeded to Watch Hill, at the northwest corner of the park, near 105th street, and discussed that point as a possibly suitable final resting place for the dead general. Then the Riverside Drive, from 110th to 122d street along the Hudson was visited. The Grants seemed favorably impressed with that locality. They then rode down to seventy-second street and there passed into Central Park and inspected the Belvedere tower, which has been suggested for a temporary tomb.

The Grants left without arriving at a decision about anything. Colonel Grant said he would confer with his mother before giving a definite answer. He returned to Mt. McGregor on the evening train.

Considerable opposition had been made from all parts of the country against the selection of Central Park as a resting place for the remains of General Grant. It was argued that the park was a pleasure ground, and therefore inappropriate. Some of the dead general's intimate friends would have preferred to have seen him buried in the grounds of the Soldier's Home at Washington, while others thought that West Point would be the most appropriate place. But as the family of General Grant had signified their wish to have his remains interred in the city of New York, their desires were considered paramount.

Memorial services in honor of the dead general were held in many places on the 27th. In Faneuil hall, Boston, the mayor presided at a memorial meeting, and Governor Robinson and General Devens made addresses. It was announced that the memorial service in Westminster abbey, London, would be held on the 4th, consent having been obtained, and that the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family would be present.

Riverside Park Chosen for General Grant's Resting Place.

Mayor Grace, of New York, received the following telegram from Colonel Fred Grant on the morning of the 28th:

MT. MCGREGOR, July 28.

Mother takes Riverside park. Temporary tomb had better be at the same place.

F. D. GRANT

When the New York board of aldermen met on the 28th President Sanger informed the board of the decision of Mrs. Grant, and offered these resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the right of sepulture in said Riverside park be and is hereby given to General U. S. Grant and his wife upon her demise; and be it further

Resolved, That a proper deed of cession for the purpose designated be prepared by the counsel to the corporation, when the exact locality and dimensions of the ground are fixed; and the said deed be thereupon duly executed by the city authorities.

The site chosen is on a sort of promontory on the Hudson river, and is the highest point of land in Manhattanville, the upper part of Manhattan island. The outward swell of the promontory begins at 122d street, and the river bank returns to its regular line at 129th street. The summit of this elevation is an almost level plateau of a little more than twenty acres. On the river side the descent is abrupt. At its foot, 200 feet below, are the tracks of that branch of the Hudson River railroad which runs into the West Thirtieth street depot. From the edge of the bluff a stone could be flung down to the tops of the cars. On the northwest is the ferry to Fort Lee and on the north and northeast red brick houses, stores, and manufactories of Manhattanville cluster around the base of the hill. A steep footpath permits the pedestrian to shorten the road from Manhattanville up. The regular road is the old Bloomingdale road, made long before the Riverside park was planned. It winds up and around the base of the hill and reaches the top to the south of the accepted site of the tomb.

If the observer on the summit of the hill looks to the south, he has opened before him the long vista of Riverside park, and its 177 acres of driveways, hewn-stone wall, and ancient oaks and maples on the steep slopes of the Hudson river. On his right are the ever-widening surface of the Hudson and distant cities of Hoboken and Jersey City, and on the left the spires and tall buildings of New York city disappearing in a haze. To the east and southeast only pasture land dotted with oaks can be seen. It is unimproved private property, and will, it is expected, rise in value and become the site of handsome villas, with lawns, walks, and shrubbery. Manhattanville, to the northeast, lies in the valley running northwest and southeast between Claremont and the highland north of 129th street. At the bottom of the valley Manhattan street leads to Fort Lee ferry.

The view up the Hudson to the north is the finest view from Claremont. All the winding from both the east and the west shores of the river are clearly revealed as in a map for twenty miles northward. On one side are the Palisades, on the other the heights which stretch from Spuyten Duyvil to Sing Sing and beyond. A high and irregular line of hills makes the horizon. As to the view from below, the monument at Claremont, if it shall be at all massive and elevated, will be a prominent object in the landscape. With a glass travelers on steamships arriving in Hoboken can distinguish it. For many miles navigators on the Hudson cannot miss seeing it.

The spot suggests Revolutionary war memories. Fort Lee is a bold promontory on the opposite side of the river, the old fort in Central Park is on the southeast, Fort Washington is on the north, and the highlands near West Point shut in the horizon beyond the Tappan Zee. It has also been pointed out that the water front and the park, being the property of the city, must remain undisturbed forever. No structures can be erected to break the uniformity of the view from above and from below. Furthermore, it is said that the fact that the entire northern end of Riverside Park is unimproved is rather an advantage than a detriment to the building of the tomb. The twenty acres to be occupied are now like a plowed field. The only improvements thereabouts are the smooth driveway, the Claremont restaurant, and the old-fashioned horse shed, with six divisions invitingly open toward the road.

The site is remote from lines of travel, and is nearly eight miles, air line, from the City Hall, and six miles at least by any practicable route from the Grand Central depot. To owners of carriages it is a twenty minutes' drive from the north end of Central park. The driver may choose between the Riverside drive direct to Claremont and the Boulevard to Manhattanville, doubling back up the hill by way of the old Bloomingdale road. This road, however, will doubtless be regraded and made less precipitous. Access to the site from cross streets above 110th street is to be had only at 125th street. The streets between are either not cut through, or are not graded for carriages. From down town an hour is consumed in riding to Claremont by the shortest route. This route is by the west side elevated railroad to 125th street, thence by the 125th street cross-town cars to the Bloomingdale road, and thence about two city blocks up hill. The restaurant, Mayor Grace said, is on the site where the tomb will be placod, and the old building will be razed to the ground. The temporary tomb to receive the body of General Grant is to be built of brick near the restaurant.

General John B. Clark, the clerk of the national House of Representatives, on the 28th designated this committee to represent that body at the funeral of General Grant: John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, William R. Morrison, of Illinois, J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, O. R. Singleton, of Mississippi, Frank Hiscock, of New York, Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, Thomas M. Brown, of Indiana, Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio.

At a meeting of the Fairmount Park Art association in Philadelphia on the 28th resolutions were adopted providing for the creation of a fund, to be called the Grant memorial fund, for the erection in Fairmount park of a suitable memorial statue of General Grant. Subscriptions of any amount will be invited, with a view to make the Grant memorial a popular tribute of all the people of Pennsylvania.

The General in his Coffin.

A Mount McGregor dispatch of the 29th says: The coffin came to the mountain in the open observation car, in which were the four undertaker's assistants and the soldiers of the artillery. The car was pushed through the engine shed to a platform beyond, upon which the heavy box was unloaded with difficulty. Then it was placed upon a rough one-horse wagon and drawn up the hill to the cottage, with the undertaker's assistants walking behind and holding it to keep it from slipping out as the wagon ascended the steep incline. It was unloaded on the south veranda of the cottage, and was taken to the parlor at once. The coffin was enclosed in a heavy oaken box, with nickle-plated protectors at the corners. On the top was a gold-plated inscription plate, on which was engraved:

U. S. GRANT,
DIED JULY 23, 1885.

The transfer of the body to the coffin was made between 6 and 7 o'clock by the undertaker's assistants, aided by Harrison, who dressed his master for the last time with his own hands. The general is to buried in black broadcloth, with Prince Albert coat. The body wears a low standing collar with a black necktie tied in a plain bow knot. In the shirt bosom is a single plain gold stud. On the feet are white stockings and patent leather slippers. The hands rest across the breast, with the right a little above the left. On the little finger of the left hand is a plain gold ring, which the general wore for many years.

The coffin, as soon as the remains were placed in it, was closed with the two heavy plate glass covers, and it will not be disturbed again. The copper cover rests over it, and is removed whenever the body is shown. When it is closed it is with sixty screws.

The reason the general was not buried in his uniform was because he had none. His uniform of lieutenant-general was sent to Washington with the other relics of his career last spring and was transferred to the government. All his swords went at the same time, and when Mrs. Grant saw a picture in an illustrated paper the other day representing the coffin with a sword resting upon it she was much affected. The general felt the parting with the swords he had worn in the army more keenly than the loss of all his other trophies, and it touched Mrs. Grant deeply that, now he was dead, there was not one of the swords he cherished so much to rest upon his coffin.

Mrs. Grant's Farewell Message.

A Mount McGregor dispatch of the 30th says: When Colonel Grant last night, before his father's body was finally enclosed in the coffin, touched it with his hands and lips for the last time, he placed in the coat pocket a letter from Mrs. Grant addressed to her husband. It contained the simple words:

Farewell till we meet again in a better world.

With it was also enclosed a lock of her hair. The letter is intended as a response to that which was found in the general's pocket after his death addressed to Mrs. Grant, and which is known to be so precious to her. A lock of his hair, too, she will always carry.

Mrs Grant visited the remains of her husband about 10 o'clock this morning, and remained alone with them nearly ten minutes, the guard of honor retiring when she came. She was much affected, evidently, but maintained her self-possession. She went immediately to her room, where she remained until to-night, when she visited them again, in company with Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Fred Grant.

Every day has its special incident, says another Mount McGregor dispatch of the 30th. To-day it came near being a tragedy. General R. H. Jackson, who arrived here today to take charge of the artillery, and Captain W. D. Beck, of the Fifth artillery, were struck by a bolt of lightning, and for a brief time it was thought that they were killed. Subsequently they recovered consciousness, however, and it is now known they are out of serious danger.

The bolt of lightning which struck down General Jackson and Colonel Beck gave Mr. Linneken, a member of the Brooklyn Post guarding General Grant's remains, a very severe shock. He nearly fell over the coffin, at the end of which he was standing. The lights in the room went out at the same time. The shock was so light, however, that no one in the cottage at the time was disturbed. It was afterward discovered that the bolt did considerable damage to the Drexel cottage.

The Pall Bearers.

The President, who, at the request of Mrs. Grant, selected the pall bearers for General Grant's funeral, telegraphed her to know if she had any preferences or suggestions to make in the matter. He received a reply from her by telegraph that it was her wish that he should name the pall bearers, and that the only suggestion she would make was that in case any prominent Union officer like General Sherman or Lieutenant-General Sheridan be selected, a leading Confederate officer like General Johnston or General Buckner be also included in the list. Mrs. Grant's wishes in this regard were respected. The President appointed the following.

General William T. Sherman, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, Admiral David D. Porter, Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia; General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky; Hamilton Fish, of New York; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, of Illinois; George Jones, of New York; Oliver Hoyt, of New York.

FACTS ABOUT GRANT.

THROUGHOUT the war he never received a wound.

HIS mother died over a year ago. His father has been dead several years.

HE leaves two sisters—Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Corbin—who live in Jersey City.

HIS last public speech was at Ocean Grove a year ago before the Christian commission.

HE always disliked doctors and resented their attentions as much as possible to the last.

HIS mother was an enthusiastic Methodist and believed in personal holiness and the nearness of the second coming.

GENERAL GRANT'S most intimate friend was G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, whose house he made his home whenever in Philadelphia.

AMONG the portraits in George W. Childs's office is one of General Grant and the emperor of China, taken seated together arm in arm.

As far back as February last he wrote to Mr. Childs that whenever he took a drink of water it felt "as if hot lead was going down his throat."

UNTIL given over to the government all the souvenirs of his European trip were at the office of George W. Childs, to whose custody he confided them.

LIKE so many other great soldiers, he was a fatalist and believed that "what is to be will be." If he had adhered to any religious form, he would have been a Presbyterian.

THE two greatest ovations of his life received by General Grant were those tendered in Philadelphia before he started on his trip around the world and upon his return.

THE husband of Nellie Grant Sartoris, his daughter, is an Englishman, an only son and a nephew of Fanny Kemble, the actress, who became Mrs. Pierre Butler, of Philadelphia.

WHEN a boy, if he ever went beyond a place he never retraced his footsteps, but took a round about tour to reach the destination some other way. He often said he attributed his success to a resolution taken in youth to "never turn back" in any undertaking.

GENERAL GRANT smoked his last cigar on the 20th of November, 1884. In a letter to a friend mentioning the circumstance, he said he had smoked many thousands of cigars and they had been his greatest comfort through the last years of the war on the battle-field.

IT is a curious coincidence that the fathers-in-law of General Grant's sons all suffered financial reverses like himself. Fred Grant married a daughter of Mr. Honore, of Chicago, once a millionaire. Buck Grant married a daughter of Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, who lost heavily. Jesse Grant married a daughter of Mr. Chapman, a former California Crœsus.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE NATIONAL GAME.

THE Lancasters are about the freest batters in the Eastern league.

THE St. Louis League club leads in one respect—being shut out.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND people witnessed a game at Toronto, Can., recently.

THE New York team leads the league in batting and fielding, with Chicago close behind.

BENNETT'S catching for the Detroits this year is said to be something remarkable—the finest in the league.

THERE are actually some Chicago papers which consider New York a stronger club than Chicago, and say so too "right out in mectin'," as it were.

IT now looks as if there would be few more, if any, disbandments to chronicle before the end of the season. The Southern league is solid; the Eastern league bids fair to last the season out, and the Southern and Eastern New England leagues are all in good condition.

IN the Southern base-ball league there are 125 players, managers and umpires, engaged at aggregate salaries of perhaps $15,000 a month or $100 each. Of the clubs it is believed that Atlanta, Nashville, Macon, Augusta and Memphis are playing profitable seasons in the order named, and the other clubs losing.

HENRY'S talk, as usual, was confined entirely to base ball. Nellie had not usually shown much interest in the subject, but last evening she evinced great animation. "Which player do you like best?" she asked. Henry replied: "The pitcher, by all means; don't you?" "No, Henry," said Nellie, with a suggestive yawn, "I prefer the short stop." The answer came so sudden that before Henry recovered his presence of mind he was out in the street, with his hat crowded down over his throbbing temples, and walking at the rate of fifty laps an hour.

The championship records up to recent date are as follows:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.					
New York	47	15	Boston	21	40
Chicago	44	14	St. Louis	22	39
Philadelphia	30	32	Buffalo	19	42
Providence	36	22	Detroit	21	40
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.					
St. Louis	50	20	Brooklyn	25	42
Pittsburg	42	28	Baltimore	26	42
Cincinnati	41	29	Athletic	30	35
Louisville	38	31	Metropolitan	22	45
EASTERN LEAGUE.					
Jersey City	9	27	Norfolk	24	32
Lancaster	28	31	Trenton	30	28
National	39	19	Virginia	48	11
Newark	28	31	Wilmington	5	32
SOUTHERN LEAGUE.					
Atlanta	43	14	Columbus	26	32
Augusta	34	24	Macon	28	27
Birmingham	13	36	Memphis	23	33
Chattanooga	21	32	Nashville	34	2

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

JUDGE LAMBERT TREE, the new American minister to Belgium, is said to be worth $5,000,000.

JOHN BACH MCMASTER, the historian and professor at Princeton college, is but thirty-three years old.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, late United States minister to Turkey, has two novels ready for the press.

BARTHOLDI, the French sculptor, designer of the great statue of Liberty, is to visit the United States in September.

UNITED STATES MINISTER PHELPS is said to be the best bird shot and the most accomplished driver of a four-in-hand in Vermont.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, of Wales, the prospective king of England, is, it is privately said, a very awkward and bashful young man.

PRINCE HENRY of Battenberg has become by his marriage with the Princess Beatrice both uncle and brother-in-law to the Princess Victoria of Hesse.

THE emperor of Japan can trace his descent for 2,500 years, during all of which time his family have been on the throne. His name in Japanese is "Metsuhito."

COUNT TOLSTOI, the celebrated Russian novelist, has for some time past set aside his literary labors and applied himself to learning a trade—that of a shoemaker.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, the novelist, has written twenty romances, and has made a good deal of money at it. A New York paper gave her $6,000 for one of her stories.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, whose fondness for roses amounts to a positive passion, sent nineteen varieties to the recent flower show at Newport, R. I., and received a prize for each.

MR. GLADSTONE'S popularity caused him much inconvenience lately. He happened to go into a London book store, but was unable to leave on account of a crowd of 3,000 persons before the door. Finally a carriage was procured, and he departed amid great enthusiasm and loud cheering.

DURING the cholera epidemic of 1864-65 the workmen in seven contiguous borax factories in Italy were quite free from the disease, which killed off one-third of the population of a village in their immediate neighborhood. An eminent Italian physician recommends internal administrations of borax as a cholera preventive.

NEWS SUMMARY

Eastern and Middle States.

BABCOCK & ANDREWS, brokers of Syracuse, N. Y., proprietors of the largest "bucket shop" in the State, with offices in numerous other towns, have failed for $500,000. Small speculators all over the State are sufferers.

NINE firemen were injured by a sudden explosion at a fire in a big building on Barclay street, New York. The pecuniary losses are about $150,000.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has been chosen president of the committee of New York citizens appointed by Mayor Grace to arrange for the erection of a national monument to General Grant.

FIRE at the works of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing company in Philadelphia caused a loss of $400,000.

A BRICK building in course of construction at Wilmington, Del., fell suddenly, burying a number of workmen in the debris. Two men were instantly killed, another was fatally injured, and several others badly hurt.

THE flames have entirely destroyed the business part of Mannsville, N. Y. Twenty-two stores and shops, the hotel, a church and Odd-Fellows' hall were burned. The losses aggregate $75,000.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, issued at proclamation on the 29th, declaring the day of General Grant's funeral to be a legal holiday.

South and West.

JOHN FAUGMAN, his wife, and three-year-old son have died in Baltimore from trichinosis.

THE prospects of the cotton crop in Texas surpass those of the great crop season of 1883.

SEVEN negro train hands were killed by the ditching of a train at Suwanee, Ga.

A BOX expressed from Black River Falls, Wis., to Chicago excited the suspicions of the express messenger, and was opened at Elroy, Wis. Inside was a man, heavily armed and with a bottle of chloroform and stout cords. He had evidently intended to rob the express car at some convenient point.

THE present owner of the house at Point Pleasant, Ohio, in which General Grant was born, says if a sufficient sum is offered he will let the house go elsewhere. He has had one offer of $1,000 from a gentleman of Cincinnati, which he would not consider. He says that he could sell the house piecemeal for relics, and, in fact, has sold a window catch for $5.00 and a good many splinters from the weather boarding, which had been renewed. He says he was careful in making repairs to leave the interior intact.

CHICAGO will erect a monument to General Grant in Lincoln Park. The contemplated statue is of bronze, of heroic size, and mounted upon a massive granite pedestal.

THOMAS M. BRANTLY was arrested at Bainbridge, Ga., for terribly ill-treating his wife. At night a crowd of masked men forced their way into the prison, took out Brantly and hanged him to a tree.

THE Virginia Democrats at their State convention in Richmond nominated General Fitzhugh Lee for governor by acclamation.

THE court of commissioners of Alabama claims has debarred Jerome F. Manning, an attorney of Boston, New York and Washington, for threatening one of the judges.

Two brothers—Ed and Bob Hawkins—were shot and instantly killed by Horace Mallow, near Louisville, Ky. The tragedy was caused by a collision resulting from alleged offensive remarks made by Mallow against a sister of the Hawkins'.

Washington.

ADDITIONAL postmasters appointed by the President: Frank P. Crotzier at Nanticoke, Penn.; Simon Sawyer at Fairmount, Neb.; George C. Rembaugh at Winfield, Kansas; Geo. F. Laskell at Larimore, Dak.; Thomas B. Crawford at Grand Junction, Col.; Frank Shutt at Litchfield, Ill.; George J. Spohn at Superior, Neb.; W. E. Lewis at Chariton, Iowa; William A. Fleming at Nashua, Iowa. John Dawe at Edgerton, Wis.; Wm. B. Alexander at Pine Bluff, Ark.; S. R. Davis, at Creston, Iowa. Richard Sinnot, surveyor of customs, at the port of New Orleans. Collectors of customs, Peter F. Coghill, district of Petersburg, Va.; Benjamin R. Tate, district of New London, Conn.; Bradley B. Smalley, district of Vermont; Theodore D. Jersey, district of Charleston, S. C.; Oliver Kelly, district of Perth Amboy, N. J.

THE President has referred charges made against the recently appointed Postmaster Jones, of Indianapolis, Ind., to the civil service commission, and Commissioner Thoman and Chief Examiner Lymon have gone to Indianapolis to investigate the matter. It is charged that Postmaster Jones violated the civil service rules in discharging employes.

THE total values of the imports of merchandise during the twelve months ended June 30, 1885, were $577,476,850, and during the previous twelve months, $667,697,693, a decrease of $90,220,843. The values of the exports of merchandise for the twelve months ended June 30, 1885, were $741,893,683, and for the twelve months ended June 30, 1884, were $740,513,609, an increase of $1,380,074.

ADDITIONAL appointments by the President: Anthony Eickhoff, of New York, to be fifth auditor of the treasury; Conrad Krez, of Wisconsin, to be collector of customs for the district of Milwaukee, Wis; Samuel Flower, assistant treasurer of the United States at New Orleans; Truman H. Allen, of Oakland, Cal., to be pension agent at San Francisco; Morris A. Thomas, of Maryland, and George R. Pearson, of Iowa, to be Indian inspectors, and Jason Wheeler, of Oregon, to be agent for the Indians of the Warm Springs agency in Arizona; Postmasters—Charles W. Howe, Rochester, N. H.; George W. Bell, Webster City, Iowa; John F. Pyne, Vinton, Iowa; Ebenezer M. Lockwood, Burlington, Kan.; William Becker, Marysville, Kan.; Henry E. Staymaker, Lancaster, Penn.; C. C. Yonge, Jr., Pensacola, Fla.; J. J. Shannon, Meridian, Miss.; S. DeWolf, Rochester, Minn.; F. L. Thayer, Waterville, Me.; Nathaniel A. Swett, Saccarapha, Me.; Alexander S. Haller, Wytheville, Va.; George D. Sandford, Grand Haven, Mich.; Samuel S. Lucey, Marshall, Mich.; Dudley C. Brown, Brandon, Vt.; W. L. Howard, Fair Haven, Vt.; Francis M. Sitzer, Albany, Mo.; William E. Black, Gallatin, Mo.

THE exact amount of pay due General Grant at his death, as general of the army, was $862.50; his monthly pay was $1,125, or $37.50 per diem.

Foreign.

Two houses containing sixteen families collapsed suddenly in Cologne. Many persons were killed and many more wounded.

A FIRE in Paris has destroyed business buildings covering five blocks, the pecuniary loss reaching several million francs.

THERE has been a terrific storm at Torre Cajetani, in Italy. Thirteen persons were killed and twenty-two injured by lightning.

As a mark of respect for General Grant, military bands throughout England refrained from playing the usual Sunday selections on the 26th, but played dead marches instead.

THE cholera scourge is gradually making its way from Spain into Portugal, the sanitary guards having proved ineffectual.

INCENDIARY fires have become common in Russia, and are attributed to the nihilists.

TROOPS stationed at Saragossa, Spain, where Asiatic cholera is raging with terrible virulence, have been supplied with guitars to keep up their spirits.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, the well known Hebrew philanthropist, who in October last celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday, died the other day in London.

IN consequence of the newspaper revelations of vice in London, meetings are being held all over England in favor of an amendment to the criminal law.

JOHN BRIGHT made a fierce attack on the Parnellites in the British house of commons, declaring the land league followers of Parnell were "utterly disloyal," and "a band of traitors and assassins." The speech made a great sensation.

A TELEGRAM from Simla says that the ameer of Afghanistan is making a tour of the country, delivering speeches to show the vast benefit to be derived from an alliance with the British. His people are reported to be very enthusiastic.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, a prominent English statesman and a member of Gladstone's late cabinet, has become defendant in a scandal case, the injured husband demanding $100,000 damages and suing for a divorce.

ROBERT FARQUHARSON, manager of the broken Munster bank, Ireland, has absconded, and investigation shows that he had stolen $350,000 of the institution's funds.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

THE lord mayor of London is a Methodist minister.

THE present coal beds of the world will be exhausted in 10,875 years.

THE French republic has lasted fifteen years longer than either of its predecessors.

THE Florida orange crop has been estimated at over $1,730,000 for the past season.

A WEALTHY Cuban has fitted out a steam vessel for the sole purpose of catching sharks.

THREE thousand habitual smokers in San Francisco expend $1,000,000 a year for opium.

AMATEUR photography still rages wildly in England. The princess of Wales has taken to it.

SELLING whisky from the rear end of a bogus emigrant wagon is a new industry in prohibitory Iowa.

MEXICO has now a well organized merchandise and money express service. It is controlled by Americans.

IN the last twenty-five years the Methodists increased the value of their church property about $60,000,000.

IT is less than thirty years since an ocean cable was successfully laid, and now there are 110,000 miles of submarine cable in the world.

FRENCH railways annually kill one passenger in every 2,000,000 carried; English railways one in 5,250,000; Belgian railways one in 9,000,000; Prussian railways one in 21,500,000.

FIFTEEN tons of grasshoppers, comprising, it is estimated, 60,000,000 separate insects, were captured at the Natoma vineyard, near Folsom, Cal., by drowning in the irrigating ditches.

FORTY Moors sent out by their government to study the manufacture of breech-loading guns are coming to the United States, and will enter the employ of various arms-manufacturing concerns.

A NATIONAL MONUMENT.

Ex-President Arthur Made President of the Committee.

One Million Dollars to be Raised for General Grant's Tomb.

A meeting of the general committee appointed to raise funds for a national monument to General Grant was held in Mayor Grace's office at the New York City Hall on the 29th, and there was read the report of a sub committee. Ex-President Arthur presided. The secretary reported that the sub-committee had determined that the permanent organization should be as follows: Chairman, ex-President Chester A. Arthur; vice-chairmen, Mayor Grace and ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish; treasurers, the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co.; and secretary, Prof. R. T. Greener; and furthermore, that the committee appointed by Mayor Grace should constitute "The Grant Monument Association." The purpose of the association, it was said, was to collect funds for the erection over the remains of General Grant, at their final resting place in New York, a great national monument. The report also stated that an executive committee of fifteen should be designated by the chairman of the general committee, with power to complete and direct the plan of organization necessary to accomplish the contemplated purpose, and authorized to appoint sub-committees from its own number, and also from the general committee, and, in addition to these, committees of citizens of New York and other localities to aid in the proposed work; that an appeal should be made to the people of the United States to contribute to the proposed fund, to the end that an adequate sum might be speedily raised; that all newspapers, railway, telegraph and express companies, postmasters, banks, churches, municipal authorities, commercial bodies and exchanges, manufacturing and business establishments be requested to co-operate in the immediate collection of contributions, to be forwarded to the general committee or to the mayor of New York city; that suitable certificates of acknowledgment from the committee be furnished to each individual contributor; that all amounts received from any source be properly credited to the locality in which the donor resides, and, finally, that the secretary be authorized to secure a suitable room for his use and for the additional use of the general committee, and also a clerk or clerks if they shall be found necessary. The report was accepted.

A letter was received from the Western Union Telegraph company, making a contribution of $5,000 toward the proposed monument, declaring that subscriptions would be received at all the 14,000 offices of the company, and that messages would be transmitted free over the wires of the company in respect to the remittances of subscriptions.

F. R. Coudert said that he believed that the time for obtaining subscriptions should be limited to thirty days. If it were universally understood that only a short time would be given for subscribers to contribute, then even the little boys and girls all over the country would hasten to add their mites to the fund. It would be better to erect the monument now than to have it built after the fashion of the Washington monument. Mr. Coudert believed that a simple shaft erected now would be better than an elaborate monument to be finished in the future.

Then, on motion of President Sanger of the board of aldermen, the books were opened for subscription. The Western Union company's subscription of $5,000 led the list.

A member of the committee said that the sum of $1,000,000 had been mentioned in the committee as the amount to be raised by subscriptions for the permanent tomb of General Grant, but that the committee did not mention any sum in its report, because even $1,000,000 may be too small for the design finally fixed upon.

LATER NEWS.

A TORNADO demolished farm buildings, uprooted trees and ruined crops near Norristown, Penn.

MAUD S., the queen of trotters, gave an exhibition trot at Cleveland the other day, and succeeded in trotting a mile in 2:08¾, which beat her own previous best on record by one half a second.

AT a ball in Rogersville, Tenn., a revolver fell from a young man's pocket and was discharged, the ball piercing the heart of Miss Martha Brown, a belle of that region.

THE county jail at Baker City, Oregon, was burned the other morning and five prisoners were cremated alive, and a sixth severely burned.

PROLONGED and intensely hot weather has prevailed in Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois, with several cases of sunstroke.

A WASHINGTON paper publishes a tabulated statement showing that John Roach, the shipbuilder, who failed recently, since 1862 has received from the government for the repair and construction of vessels more than $10,000,000.

CONSULS appointed by the President: Alexander H. Shipley of New York at Auckland; J. L. McCaskill of Mississippi, at Dublin; Joseph Falkanbach of Ohio, at Barmen; James Whelan of New York, at Fort Erie, Canada. The President has also decided to retain these United States consuls on account of their excellent records: J. H. Stewart, at Antwerp; H. J. Sprague (who has been at his post since 1848), at Gibraltar; R. S. Clifton, at Goderich, Can; Oscar Malmros, at Leith, England; Wm. Thompson, at Southampton, England; R. J. Stevens, at Victoria, British Columbia; Philip Carroll, at Palermo, Italy; R. O. Williams (consul general), at Havana; and C. C. Ford (commercial agent), at Sagua la Grande.

JOHN CADWALADER has been appointed by the President collector of customs in Philadelphia.

CHOLERA has begun to develop alarmingly in the south of France.

MANY persons have been killed and numerous farmhouses destroyed by furious thunderstorms in Southern France.

A RECENT fire at Cardenas, Cuba, spread over six blocks, and destroyed merchandise and other property valued at $1,000,000.

A SUAKIM dispatch says that El Mahdi was ill only two days. There were no doctors present at the time of his death, which occurred on June 20. The mahdi enjoined that his successor continue to wage war with the Christians.

A HOT WAVE.

Terrible Effects of the Heat in Great Britain.

A London dispatch says that a fearful wave of heat extends over the whole of the United Kingdom. In London the effects of the long spell of torrid weather are appalling. Every one is more or less affected. Children are dying by the hundreds, scores of men are prostrated by sunstroke each day, and the roads are often blocked by horses suddenly falling dead. A new terror is added by the prevalence of hydrophobia. The streets are absolutely unsafe, owing to the number of mad dogs running at large, and many persons who never carried weapons before are now buying revolvers.

A FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

Rising of Convicts on Their Way to the Siberian Mines.

Sixty Russian criminals, who had been sentenced to exile in Siberia recently, while en route rose against their guards and, although unarmed, began a desperate fight for liberty. The battle lasted a long time and the soldiers were absolutely unable to conquer their manacled assailants. Twenty of the convicts were shot dead, and of the other forty, thirty succeeded in making good their escape. Two of the soldiers were wounded during the fight.

LIVING A CENTURY.

THE liveliest man of Schoolcraft, Mich., is Godfrey Knight. He will soon celebrate his 100th birthday.

MRS. HENRY ALPHONSE, of Concord, Mo., needs no assistance in her household duties, although 105 years old.

UNCLE JOE OVERTON, of Jackson, Tenn., professed religion after he had lived a century. He has been baptised.

FRANCISCA HERNANDEZ, aged 102 years, and Rafaela Cachu, aged 113, died on the same day in Colima, Mexico.

WILLIAM SISK, of Columbus, Ind., was the oldest man in the county. He had lived a century, and his funeral was the largest ever known there.

AN old Virginia colored man named Stephen McTyre, has just died in Chesterfield. He lived to be 105 years of age, and then met death from burns.

"GIVE me one more smoke from the old clay pipe," said Rachel Varvel of Owingsville, Ky., just before she died. She was 101 years old.

AFTER five years of hard service, Frank Boykin, of Montgomery, Ala., purchased his freedom, and then married. That was sixty years ago. Frank has just died at his home at the age of 115 years.

"ANOTHER man hurried to the grave by self-indulgence," was the comment of the local paper of Milan, Mo., when James Williams died. He was a whisky drinker and a tobacco chewer, and he died aged 106 years.