

The Benton Weekly Record.

VOL VII.

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NO. 12.

TELEGRAMS.

Special Dispatches to the Record.

PRE IDENT GARFIELD.

He is Sinking—All is Gloom—Physicians Without Hope—Executive Mansion, Etc.

WASHINGTON, Executive Mansion, August 23, 9:30 a. m.—The assurance contained in the morning bulletin, that the stomach had reassured itself and that other indications were less satisfactory, raised the hopes of the dependent this morning. The night, compared with the preceding one, was comparatively quiet. The President frequently awoke, but not so often as during the night before, the accumulation of phlegm being less troublesome. About 4 a. m. the President asked for koumiss, and a small quantity was given him and retained by the stomach. The morning dressing showed a normal temperature and respiration and the pulse two beats less than yesterday morning. The wound was found to be doing well and the inflamed gland in about the same condition as last night.

The anxiety is somewhat lessened by the development of the morning, but the gravity of the situation is still apparent.

THE PRESIDENT'S MIND WANDERS.

New York, August 22.—An extra telegram, Washington special says: As soon as the President awoke this morning a hot poultice of flax seed was applied to his neck. There is no great desire now to prevent the suppuration of the parotid gland. The effect of an abscess upon the brain is much dreaded, although during the night there was a slight aberration of mind apparent in his muttering. While awake the pulse, when last taken, about 2 a. m., had fallen to 102. Penicillin beef, in very small quantities, was administered through his mouth at 5 a. m. and was retained. The President's mind when he awoke at that hour was clear, but his mental and physical lassitude was greater than at any other time in his long struggle for life.

DR. BLISS INTERVIEWED.

Dr. Bliss at 4 p. m. said to a representative of the Associated Press, that the President had had a much more favorable afternoon than yesterday, and was doing fairly well. He continues to swallow nourishment in the shape of milk porridge and koumiss without difficulty, and has, in the opinion of the surgeons, had food enough today to sustain strength. He suffers no further annoyance from the secretion of mucus in his throat and is entirely free from pain.

The President asked Dr. Bliss this afternoon what he thought of his condition, and the doctor replied that if he could keep down nourishment enough he would get through all right. The President then inquired how long it would be if he should make favorable progress before he could take a trip on a steamer to go to Mentor. The doctor could not give him a definite reply. None of the President's symptoms are worse this afternoon and some of them are better. His condition continues critical, but his attendants think there is a little more reason for encouragement.

THE PRESIDENT REPORTED DEAD.

CHICAGO, August 22, 4:30 p. m.—Another report that the President is dead was industriously circulated this afternoon and wheat declined a full cent on the curbstone in consequence thereof. It is believed that the rumor has spread over the Northwest and probably has reached San Francisco. There was intense excitement for a time, of course. The rumor was wholly a baseless one, as the report from Washington shows.

WASHINGTON, August 25, 10 p. m.—

Although no information can yet be obtained directly from the attending surgeons, it is understood that the President's case has taken an unfavorable turn this evening and that the swollen parotid gland in which pus is now forming in small cells or pockets, threatens immediately dangerous consequences and unless a favorable change takes place within the next twenty-four hours the worst is apprehended.

WASHINGTON, August 25.—At a very late hour to-night the President's condition was very alarming. Unless there is a change for the better within 24 hours it is admitted that he will not survive. The President is very weak indeed, has been out of his mind most of the night, and his faculties have wandered wildly. The trouble now arises from the swollen gland and the consequent serious complications of that gland. In addition to not having diminished in its swelling, it now shows unmistakably that the pus has accumulated in at least half a dozen cells in addition to one opened yesterday, and that by opening these as much matter could be discharged from each as came forth yesterday after the incision.

It is also evident that the accumulation of pus is pressing downward in the other cells. It is feared it will also go upward and reach the brain. These signs indicate a most marked degree of blood poisoning has hold on the President, and all is gloom.

The members of the Cabinet are very apprehensive.

Nobody here thinks there is more than a rare chance for his recovery.

At this hour all is quiet about the Executive Mansion. The members of the Cabinet who remained sometime after the house had been closed, left at 11 o'clock.

Two policemen keep watch at the entrance to the grounds and report everything quiet. It is now thought the Presi-

dent will last until Saturday or Sunday, but his recovery now seems to be out of the question.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 1:30 a. m.—The physicians are now lying down. Miss Edson alone remaining by the President's bedside. He has slept sometime since midnight, but is restless. About an hour ago Mrs. Garfield entered the President's room and kept Miss Edson company for a few minutes and then retired to her room.

WASHINGTON, 4 o'clock.—Dr. Reyburn reported that there had been no material change in the patient's condition and there was no indication in the 6:30 bulletin of any immediately alarming symptoms. After 7 o'clock, however, rumors began to be heard of an unfavorable change in the case and later in the evening were confirmed by Elaine's telegram to Lowell. No information could be obtained from the surgeons who remained either in their own consultation rooms or in the President's chamber, but it was ascertained indirectly that the unfavorable change had its origin in the parotid gland which is beginning to assert an active and alarming influence upon the patient's general condition.

At 10 o'clock Dr. Boynton said he was satisfied the President was taking nourishment enough, but it did not and could not do him much good while parotid inflammation continued and while his blood remained in its present condition. Upon being asked if the effect of blood poisoning would not soon disappear, he replied, yes, but I fear not soon enough. I am afraid the President will not have strength enough to pull through.

I don't like to admit even to myself, that he will not recover, but there has been a change for the worse, and while I don't entirely give up hope, my hope is much weakened.

You don't anticipate an immediate end?

No, I don't think he will die suddenly. All the members of the Cabinet were at the Executive Mansion to-night, many of them with their wives. They went home, however, before 11 o'clock and the mansion was closed for the night.

WASHINGTON, August 26, 8:30 a. m.—

President slept most of the night, awakening at intervals of half an hour to an hour. On first awakening there was, as there has been for several nights past, some mental confusion which disappeared when he was fully aroused, and occasionally he muttered in his sleep. The symptoms have abated this morning as on previous days. At present his temperature is slightly above normal and his pulse is a little more frequent than yesterday morning. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.1; respiration, 17.

D. W. BLISS,
J. J. WOODWARD,
J. K. BARNES,
ROBT. REYBURN,
F. HAMILTON.

WASHINGTON, August 26, 4 a. m.—No noticeable change has occurred in the President's condition during the last hour.

Scandal in High Life.

NEW YORK, August 25.—A somewhat sensational episode is reported to have occurred at Rauston's Hotel on West street last night. The story is that a young man calling himself Captain Burslem, and representing himself as an officer in the British army, arrived at the hotel three weeks ago and registered as from Windsor Palace, England. He brought a letter of introduction from Grace Greenwood to President Garfield and made many friends in New York among the Wall street brokers, by whom he had been introduced at the Union Club.

At the hotel he met a Miss Scoffe of San Francisco and daughter of a mine owner, who was sojourning at West Point with her mother. A few mornings since, it is stated, Burslem, in conversation with Miss Scoffe, informed the young lady point blank that she lied, and she at once laid the case before the manager of the house, with the statement that a person possessing such characteristics should not be tolerated by the guests.

Burslem, however, was too intimate with the hotel proprietor, and too firmly supported by the male guests to permit his being turned away. Last evening Miss Scoffe went with her mother to a Cade hop, and as they were ascending a step leading to the veranda the young lady met Burslem, who was standing against a post and leaning against a wall. She was out of danger.

While in some parts of Europe intense heat has been experienced this summer, in others severe cold has occurred. In Switzerland, during June, vegetables froze in the fields and grass in the meadows. In the north of Scotland potatoes and turnips were badly damaged.

The Rev. Mr. McKechnie rose to open a business meeting with prayer, in the Argyle Free Church, Glasgow. He had got no further than "Our Heavenly Father" when he was knocked down. A fight between two factions of the congregation ensued, and the house was at length cleared by the police.

A neatly bound little octavo volume, entitled "The Revised Edition of the New Testament," has been received by the San Francisco News Letter, which says: "Although the story seems in some places a trifle disconnected, and the incidents at times a little improbable, still, on the whole, it is a most readable little work."

Billy Emerson, the negro minstrel, left some debts behind him on quitting San Francisco, several years ago. The creditors attempted, when he lately revisited the city, to seize his \$5,000 diamond and his salary of \$200 a week, but they found that he had sold the jewel to his manager for \$1 and drawn his wages for a month in advance.

Boiler Explosion.

CHICAGO, August 20.—This morning the tug A. B. Wood exploded her boiler, killing three of her crew of five persons. Capt. F. L. Butler, Mike McDonald, fireman, and Ole Oleson, engineer. The immense boiler was fired like bullets into the boat house under the north end of the Clark street bridge, near which point in the river the explosion took place. Two bodies not yet recovered. The tug sank out of sight.

Nuisances to be Abated.

WASHINGTON, August 20.—With a view of affording relief to persons who receive abusive and annoying postal cards through the mails, the following general instructions to postmasters will soon be issued from the Postoffice Department:

"When anyone is annoyed or expects to be annoyed by postal cards sent from any particular place or from any known person, he may direct the postmaster at the point named to destroy all postal cards addressed to him or cards from any person named so addressed after as far as the discharge of the duties of the office permits a sufficient examination. The postmaster should comply with the request, and the same request be made of the receiving postmaster. The direction to the postmaster should be in writing and should be filed for preservation."

Just Complaint.

In addition to the custom of prospectors staking out a large number of claims, covering in some instances some of the most available territory, which they hold for a year or more from those who would work them, and add greatly to the development of the country, there is just complaint that many who hold claims simply do the assessment each year, without making any attempt to place their claims in a condition to benefit the district in which they are located. This, of course, is a matter not so easily interfered with, so long as the locators comply with the law. There should be a limit to the number of claims that one party may stake and hold without doing any work, often passing on to other fields and never returning to the claims that others would gladly improve and add to the general development of the district. The importance of the mining industry demands prompt and wise legislation, founded upon justice and framed in the light of the highest wisdom and best experience available.—Mining Review.

An Indian Address to Lord Lore.

At Wabigoon Lake the first view of painted Indians was obtained. These were the red men of the Little Wabigoon. Their faces were painted in the most hideous manner with thick stripes and blotches of white, blue, green, yellow, and scarlet paint. The chief presented the following address, which was neatly written in English on birch bark:

MY LORD: I speak to you through this writing as the chief of the Wabigoon, Ojibway tribe. We have come here today from different parts of the country, with our wives and families, to do ourselves the honor of meeting our great mother's son-in-law, and her speaker for this country. We all shake hands with you through me as their chief. I wish to represent to you that our reserves are no benefit to us as they stand, and we crave the right to cut and use the timber upon them in any way we like for our general good. We are glad to see the iron road come through this country, as it will relieve us from the oppression of traders. We thank the Queen for her honest treatment of us and all Canadian Indians, as we have not been cheated by her agents as the Indians have been in the United States. I wear the silver medal which you see upon my breast, given to me by the Queen, with the greatest love and respect, and we hope she thinks as much of us as we do of her.—Kawakawash in Toronto Globe.

Miscellaneous Items.

Mr. John Young placed a tarantula on his arm and pinched its tail. The insect immediately bit him on the back of the hand, and in a short time his hand and arm began to swell. He suffered the greatest pain, drank great quantities of whisky, and his arm was constantly bathed with ammonia. For an entire day he was delirious; however, the swelling began to disappear, and at last accounts he was out of danger.

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Burslem raised his hand containing a cane to ward off the blows, when she caught the stick from his grasp and boiling over with rage struck him squarely in the face several times cutting him badly. The Captain, who has a false leg, was thrown to the piazza in the melee.

Later in the evening Mrs. and Miss Scoffe were, it is said, requested to leave the hotel which they did, coming to New York. They are now stopping at the New York Hotel.

MOLLY: A SKETCH IN THREE TOBS.

When first I entered the room it seemed to me that I was confronted by a thick veil of darkness, but when my pupils, contracted by the fierce glare of the July sun outside, had become accustomed to the sudden change I perceived that a subdued light, proceeding from three carefully curtained windows, dimly illuminated the apartment. I advanced cautiously, threading my way among the quaint and oddly disposed furniture, until I slipped into the little nook where her ladyship reclined on a soft luxurious divan. She was almost walled up between a large black cabinet, and some curiously carved shelves filled with masses of antique china, each of which stood with one side against the wall so as to form a little square chamber within the large drawing-room. This corner was just big enough to contain the divan, a small low ottoman and a tiny table, on which lay a butterfly with a long stalk, by the side of a slender vase in which had been placed a spray of white currants, the stem and leaves straggling high in the air, while three or four bunches of the transparent fruit hung over the edge of the glass.

Lady de Burgh was lying back among deep red cushions, with listless hands clasped round her knees, and contemplating the vase of currants with the rapture of one who has discovered a profound secret. She was a woman whose age it was difficult to guess, and whose height and figure could not be derived from the obscurity of the room, the nature of her apparel and her lounging attitude. She was very pale, and her features, though fairly beautiful, were refined. She wore no ornaments, not even on her long white fingers, save her wedding ring, and on her head her sole adornment was her soft dark brown hair, which seemed to cling simply about her in short, dainty waves, without either plait or parting. She was arrayed in a pale green dress with a good deal of old and very lovely lace about it; it sat loosely round her neck and wrists, and though her elbows and knees were sharply defined, her waist remained unmarked behind the straight and single fold of her silken garb.

It must not be supposed that I took in all these facts at a glance. I observed them gradually as I sat by Lady de Burgh's side on the divan, whether she motioned me.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, in a low, melancholy voice. "I believe I have not seen you since the day of my marriage, and you were such a rough boy then."

"I hope I am not a rough man," I said, trying to moderate my voice. "I was only fifteen then, and it is twenty years ago. You went abroad, and before you came back I had gone to India."

"Ah! You must have found India very trying," she remarked. "But life is a dreary affair to all—always dreary and never fruition."

"But surely you have no cause to complain," I ventured to renege. "Sir John is rich and successful, and I understand you have a charming daughter."

"She married slightly," she said, in a mere shepherdess. "I do my best for her, but she is a mere shepherdess. She is entirely her father's child, like him negatively and affirmatively. Would you believe it?—she even ridicules my curricula! I can hardly support the idea. Had I had a son he would have understood me, sympathized with me, intuitively deciphered me."

"But I hear that Miss de Burgh is infinitely lovely," I said.

"No doubt," said Lady de Burgh, "no doubt the soulless beings you have met in town think so. Numbers of soulless men and women come here and think her perfect. And so she is, in her way, but she is a mere shepherdess, as I said before. She cannot satisfy me. But I seek no joy from those of my own flesh. I look for it but in this calm seclusion, and occasionally in the intercourse of a select few who can appreciate." And she took up the butterfly, leaned back among her pillows and fondled the flower against her lip and cheek.

"I shall be curious to see your shepherdess," I said. "She seems well known, notwithstanding that she lives in this retired place. But I have sought her in vain in London crowds—"

"You have sought her?"

"Yes, I wanted to know what my old friend's little girl was like, and when I found the President of the Royal Academy and the Prime Minister and the Poet Laureate speaking of her with enthusiasm I thought I would seek her too. They, at least, must be some judges of beauty of manners and of mind."

"I do not agree. There is very little art at the Academy," said Lady de Burgh, slowly. "The essence of true art is failure—failure, because it dares to grope upon the hidden shores of the unknown and the invisible. The initiative art which treats of life, and of what is subtle and tangible and provable, is mere copying, and it is this copying which you find at the Academy. What I have said applies equally to the Poet Laureate's verse, which is indeed thoughtful at times, but does not pretend to fathom infinity, or to explain the secrets of nature."

I started. Was Lady de Burgh mad? "But the Prime Minister?" I gasped, thinking that here, at least, was practical ground.

"The Premier," she replied, "is, I believe, an honest man, but, like all stiff men, he is utterly commonplace and quite oblivious of the grand destinies of the human race. Like all politicians he sees only with the naked eye. He does his best, I verily believe, but he is stupid and entirely ignorant of the aims of humanity and the needs for which it is yearning."

"She relaxed, with her utterance, into her red cushions, and I sat rapt and speechless. A faint odor seemed to pervade the room, and no sound broke the stillness. Was I in an enchanted palace?"

"There is no sovereign," began Lady de Burgh again, but in so weak a tone that it seemed as if she were speaking to herself; "there is no sovereign but the inner conscience; there is no parliament but the inter-communication of earnest friends; there is no law but the law of art; there is no art but the expression of the intense longings of humanity."

I tried to speak—I tried to move—but I was petrified, spell-bound.

Suddenly the door opened and a flood of light rushed in. In the warm radiance stood a girl of sixteen, whose symmetry of form and beauty of feature were, or struck my excited imagination as being, faultless. She was dressed in white, with something blue about her slender waist and a blue fillet in her hair. It was as if Aphrodite had come to gladden the earth.

"Come hither, Molly," said Lady de Burgh, raising her voice a little. "Come and let me introduce an old friend of mine to you."

"This, then, was the shepherdess, this tall maiden with the regal grace and the wonderful loveliness! She closed the door, but her presence seemed to keep the sunshine in the room. I stood up, but did not venture to meet her through the maze of chairs and tables and china pots which strewn the floor, but she was presently with us, and our introduction effected, she seated herself on the ottoman and looked kindly at me.

"I have heard of you," she said. "It is good of you to come and see us, for you are a great Indian statesman now, are you not?" She smiled sweetly and spoke brightly.

"Dear Molly," murmured her mother, "you have no flower. How often have I told you always to carry a flower in your hand, and you have forgotten your crook. My darling, you are so thoughtless."

"I am so sorry, mamma," said Molly, with a cheerfully penitent air. "I did carry three daisies about all the morning, but they were quite dead at luncheon time, so I threw them away, and my crook I have mislaid somewhere, but shall find it again. Do you know," she added, turning to me, "I am as sad as little Bo-peep, for she only lost her sheep, whereas I, who have no sheep to lose, am always losing my crook."

"Such spirits! Such gaiety!" whispered Lady de Burgh. "Such a color! Such health and strength! So pitiful to a mother!"

The color, which a delicate peach blossom, heightened slightly at Lady de Burgh's words, Molly was serenely good humored.

"When I am twenty-five," she said, demurely, "I mean to enter a nunnery. Not the usual kind, but mamma's cloistered, cool retreat here. I dare say by that time I shall be tired of riding and walking."

"You won't be able to sit here always, Molly," said her mother, plaintively. "I shall be very glad to have you in the afternoon, but some one must order the dinner and write notes in the morning."

"Of course, I shall do all that just as usual. I like it," said the housekeeper. "Shall we have some tea now, mamma, dear? and then we might out."

"She pulled a thick gold cord as she spoke, and it must have rung a bell a long way off, for though I heard nothing the result almost immediately appeared in the shape of a lilliputian boy in silk stockings and a satin suit, carrying a small ebony tray, containing three diminutive cups of very strong tea, a silver cream jug and sugar basin of exquisite workmanship, and two little platters, on one of which lay some thin slices of bread and honey, and on the other a few bunches of red, white and black currants. A large yellow gooseberry, a piece of groundsel and a spray of jessamine seemed to have fallen accidentally upon the plate, after the fruit was arranged.

"Ah, my sweet triumph!" cried Lady de Burgh, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of delight, and then she took the little plate of fruit on her knee and gazed at it abstractedly for some seconds before offering it to me, with a sigh. But I helped myself ruthlessly. I felt that Molly had picked the currants, and manœuvred their artistic simplicity, and the fruit tasted delicious because she had fingered it.

"I think you must go now, Molly," said Lady de Burgh, in a more subdued tone than ever. "This excitement has quite overpowered me, and my brain throbs."

"Would not a little fresh air do you good?" I suggested, marvelling what the excitement had been.

Lady de Burgh smiled faintly.

"No," she replied, "solitude is my best physician—solitude and my own grand thoughts."

"Dear mamma!" ejaculated Molly, kissing her mother's pale brow very gently. "I am afraid that talking so much has tired you. You must rest a little, and I will bring you some flowers, and you must come out by and by, when the sun is low."

"When the dew has risen," murmured Lady de Burgh. "Thank you, my flower boy."

We crept away in silence. At the door I turned and looked again into Lady de Burgh's corner. She was absorbed. She was gazing at the sprig of groundsel against her cheek.

Out of doors in the sunshine with Molly, I felt a different being. The weird feeling which had oppressed me in the drawing room fell away, and I was a young man again. I talked and Molly talked. I was very happy, and I hope she was too. She kept picking curious leaves as we went along, though without interrupting the conversation, until at last, as we stopped beside an iron fence, which separated the garden from a meadow, she stopped, put her hand through the bars, and gathered two dandelions.

"You must put one of these in your coat," she said, "it will please mamma when you go to say good-by to her."

I put it in my button-hole immediately. I have put a radish there or a cucumber to please Molly. She held the other in her own hand and surveyed it rather comically.

"Mamma is so fond of these sort of things," she said. "I am afraid I am not a good daughter, but it is so difficult for me to care for what mamma calls real art."

"And what do you call real art?" I inquired.

"I don't know," she replied, "but I like papa's art best. If you ever come to see us again I will show you the picture room, where papa has some beautiful Vandycks and Reynolds, and a Titian, and a Rembrandt; and the library, where he has some editions of Shakespeare and other books. Do you know papa?"

"I have never seen him since his wedding day, when every one was saying how delightful it was to witness the union of two artistic souls."

"Did they say that?" said Molly. "I did not know mamma ever thought papa artistic. She says he cannot rise above Shakespeare and she says Shakespeare is false art. But perhaps papa and I shall grow to her ideal some day. She says it might burst upon us quite suddenly. What do you think?"

"Heaven forefend!" I could not refrain from saying, fervently. "Why, in that case Sir John would burn his fine books and pictures."

"Then you don't think I shall ever be like mamma?" said Molly, rather dejectedly.

I shook my head.

"Well! I am a little glad," said she, more brightly, "for I feel as if I should never really care to sit in a dark room and contemplate. And yet I can't help being just a little bit sorry, for mamma says mine is not the highest life."

"I longed to tell her she was perfect, but I forbore."

"But you lead a very useful life," I said, guardedly. "You are your father's companion and help."

"Oh! but that is pleasure," she cried. "I like riding with papa, and doing things for him, and trying to make him happy. Mamma says there is no good in any life which does not yearn over humanity. Now, I don't yearn—"

"No," I interrupted, half amused. "You do much better. You make every item of humanity happy which comes near you."

"That is nothing," she replied. "People are so kind in seeming to talk to me. But, do you know, I think I am beginning to improve, for I never entertained one of mamma's guests before, and you are one of her guests. But you are not like her other friends at all, for they always say 'Hush!' when I speak, and they recite such queer poems, and talk so strangely, or sit silent for hours, and then they call me a shepherdess."

"I wish you would come and mind my sheep!" I exclaimed.

"Have you sheep?" she asked, simply.

"Only figuratively," I replied. "I will tell you what I mean another day. Now I must go and say good-by to your mother."

We went back to the house, and Molly plucked a half dead rose on our way and placed it in the centre of her bunch of withered leaves. But at the drawing room door she transferred this strange bouquet from her hand to mine.

"Mamma could not bear two voices again," she said. "Please give these to her."

A child came over me as I re-entered the gloomy apartment, but this time I made my way more easily to Lady de Burgh's side. She still held the groundsel in her hand, and hid it tenderly on her knee as she received Molly's little bouquet, and turned it round.

"Dear pretty rustic," she said sadly. "She has no originality, no innate appreciation, no immense purposes, but she is obedient. She has no agonizing passions, but she is fond."

"She is a goddess," I said warmly.

Lady de Burgh looked at me in mournful surprise.

"Goddesses!" she observed, "were merely terrestrial creatures defined by vulgar admiration for strength or beauty. They had no soul, I do not speak of the common soul which animates us all, but of that vast spring of appreciation, that pure grasp of the imaginable, that intuitive perception of profundity, the ecstatic soul which is so possessed by the very few."

Then she noticed the dandelion in my button-hole, and, emerging from her cushions, she touched it with the tips of her fingers.

"You are very artistic," she said. "I can see it at a glance. We must be great friends. But I must not keep you longer now, for I have much to occupy my mind before I sleep to-night."

"So, I left her, with her dead rose, and her groundsel and her grand thoughts. But Molly was in the hall, with her happy genial manner, and when I said good-by to her and departed my last impression of that house was one of joy and serenity.

The railway station and the hotly cushioned train seemed very prosaic after my interview with Molly. But as I was whirled back to London, the beautiful truth entered, with conviction, into my mind that the practical conveniences of life were the vehicles of romance. How often might

not this commonplace train carry me again and again to the side of her whom I already regarded as my divinity! And, though, when it all came about, the mother called me a clown, and the father a thief, for daring to woo their daughter, what cared I when I had won that peerless maid to be the shepherdess of my figurative sheep in good earnest?

Steering Ships by Electricity.

A patent has recently been taken out for a means of steering a ship by electricity. The apparatus is the invention of Mr. W. F. King, an Edinburgh electrician, and was recently tried on board a steamer sailing between Glasgow and London. Its object is to dispense with a helmsman, and make the compass itself steer the ship. For this purpose the compass card is fitted with an index which is set to the true course, and one degree on either side of the true course two metal contact pins are adjusted; each pin is connected to a single Daniell cell, and when the ship deviates as much as a degree from her course to one side or the other the index comes into contact with one or the other metal pins. The result is that a positive or negative current flows and actuates a hydraulic apparatus which works the helm.—Engineering.

The Dean of Westminster.

There is a very general feeling in England that it will be very difficult to supply the place of Dean Stanley as the custodian of Westminster Abbey. The difficulty and delicacy of the position are due to the fact that the Abbey is the national Wallonia, the temple dedicated to monuments of great men, and that the Dean decides who shall be admitted. Of course, if Parliament decrees a statue in the Abbey to any famous Englishman, as recently to Lord Beaconsfield, the Dean can not interfere. But otherwise he is the judge, and it was his decision which would have given the young Bonaparte a monument in the Abbey, except for the national protest. The proper discharge of the Dean's duty requires a combination of perception, tact, discretion, intelligence, force, and courtesy which is not easy to find, and which the Times seems to consider almost undiscovers among living Englishmen.

The last literary work of Dean Stanley was a paper upon the Revised New Testament. He was one of the company of revisers and he thought that it was too soon to express a positive opinion of the probability of its general adoption. But he was evidently inclined to think that it would be very acceptable, as giving a more exact appreciation of the New Testament, and that, it seems to us, would cause its general adoption.

The Spirit of the Age in Colleges.

In his annual report, President Barnard, of Columbia College, shows that, so far as he is concerned, the college is full of the most inquiring and progressive spirit, and that the tendency to an extreme conservatism, which has been sometimes deprecated in the management of the institution, will be probably less observable.

The president forcibly advocates, with the authorities of other universities of the highest character, self-government by the students. He advises the revival of the old grammar or preparatory school; or, as an alternative, a system of school instruction, with general direction of studies by the faculty. He points out at length the desirability of a school of pedagogics, or the teaching of the science of education. The higher education of women he treats—as he has before treated it—with great good sense and knowledge, and he recommends the admission of women to Columbia College, saying that it is unanimously favored by the faculty, who are ready to teach them either separately or jointly with the young men. The argument has never been more temperately or cogently stated than by President Barnard.

The school of political science, which has been open for a year only