

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Point and Point of the Events of the Day Whittled Down Fine.

Mary Anderson has arrived at New York. ... About seven hundred glass blowers are on strike at Philadelphia. ... The mill of Kambory & Co. at Sharon, Pa., has resumed operations. ...

REPUBLICANS TRIUMPH.

Ohio Elected—The Legislature Republican on Joint Ballot.

The election in Ohio was for state and county officers, 37 senators and 110 representatives in the general assembly. ... The people also voted on four amendments to the constitution of the state, three of which relate to changing the state elections from October to November, and one to changing the term of office for township trustees. ...

WASHINGTON WAITS.

Gossip and News About People and Things at the National Capitol.

The naval board of appraisers has completed its work at Roach's shipyard. ... Mr. Dorman B. Eaton will write a history of the civil-service-reform movement. ... Belva Lockwood will remain in Washington till the next presidential campaign opens. ...

AN ILL-SPENT LIFE.

Death of a Once Brilliant Man Reduced to Squalor and Degradation by Drink.

The Atlanta, Ga., city lamp-lighter, in his rounds was horrified to find the lifeless body of W. B. Bass, wedged in between the iron supporters of the Broad street bridge. ... It was lying just under the glare of an electric light and the body was seen to be covered with blood which was oozing from his mouth. ...

BIG FISTS IN BLACK INK.

Metaphysical Twist of John L. Sullivan's Wrist.

It is not known that any autograph of a pugilist was ever knocked down at a public auction, though the autographs of Napoleon, Frederick the Great and Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Black Diamond of St. Domingo, and other fighters have brought good prices. ... John L. Sullivan's signature is complicated in design, and has a certain metaphysical quality natural to one who has been educated in Boston and trained in Concord. ...

PERSONAL NOTES.

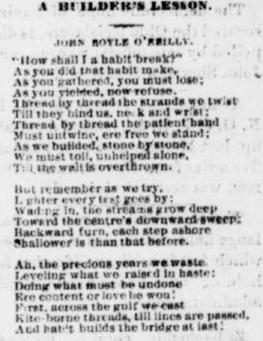
Lord Walsley has been gazetted a vicar. ... The nervous troubles of the composer Suppe increase from day to day. ... Ben Butler has become a member of the Lowell (Mass.) A. R. Post. ...



REV. JABEZ L. M. CURRY. October 7, 1885, President Cleveland appointed Jabez L. M. Curry of Virginia to succeed John W. Foster of Ohio, as Minister to Spain. Mr. Curry is a prominent Baptist clergyman. He was born in Lincoln, Georgia, June 5, 1825; studied at the University of Georgia, graduating there in 1843; subsequently attended the Lane Law School of Harvard College and graduated therefrom in 1845. In 1846 he served as a Texan ranger in the Mexican war. On his return he was admitted to the bar, and in 1847-1851 and 1853 was a member of the Legislature of Alabama. In 1856 he was a Democratic Presidential elector, and from 1857 to 1861 served in Congress. He succeeded from his office in 1861 and was elected to the Confederate Congress the same year.



His Eminence, John McCloskey, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, and second Archbishop of New York, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 20, 1810. He received his early classical education at New York and subsequently entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md. He was ordained priest in the St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York in Jan. 1834. Soon after this he went to Rome, and for two years he attended the lectures in the Roman College. On his return he was appointed assistant pastor, and later pastor of the church of St. Joseph, N. Y. In Sept. 1847 he was installed as bishop of the diocese of Albany, and remained in charge for seven years. On the death of Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McCloskey was transferred to the vacant see. May 6, 1864 he was made Cardinal by Pius IX. Leo XIII. conferred the title of Cardinal in 1878. Cardinal McCloskey died in New York Saturday Oct. 10.



A BUILDER'S LESSON. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. "How shall I a habit break?" As you do that habit make. As you gather, you must lose; As you sinned, now refuse. I tread by thread the strands we twist Till they are broken, neck and wrist. Through by thread the patient hand Must untwine, ere free we stand: As we build, we build our fate; We must toil, unshelved alone, Till the wall is overthrowed. But remember as we try, Enter every test gate by: Laid in the distance grow deep Backward turn, each step ashore Shallower is than that before. Ah, the precious years we waste, Leveling what we raise in haste; Being what we must be undone Ere content or love be won. First, across the gulf we cast Kite-borne cards; all lines are passed, And that builds the bridge at last!

Never Took No Back Seat. "Yes," said a New Yorker, who had been West, "Kansas is the meekest State in the Union. What they call a gentle breeze out there will blow the hair off a cat's back. It's hot in summer and cold in winter. It contains more deadbeats to the acre than any State in the West. A Kansas man can drink bad whiskey and enjoy it. He can outlie, outstaid and outsmart—"

TERRIBLE LONDON FIRE.

Thirteen Eight-Story Buildings Consumed in Four Hours—Loss \$15,000,000.

One of the most disastrous conflagrations that has occurred in London in a number of years broke out in the Charter house buildings, Aldersgate street. The fire spread with marvelous rapidity, and in less than four hours after it broke out, thirteen eight-story buildings comprising the property were destroyed. The buildings were occupied by stores, mostly fine goods and top emporiums. In one of the buildings destroyed was located a large printing establishment. Another of these buildings was occupied as a bank, but through the strenuous efforts of the firemen the fire was kept from reaching the bank. The firemen experienced great difficulty in throwing streams of water upon the fire because of the want of water pipes, and the firemen had to use their own buckets. The loss will reach fully \$15,000,000.

PREACHED BY TURNS.

And Made Counterfeit Money, But Couldn't Stand Sentence.

Jonathan Hughes was tried in the federal court in Trenton, N. J., on an indictment charging him with manufacturing and passing counterfeit silver money in Elmer, Cumberland county. Secret Service Officer Bell arrested him at the camp-meeting at Pittman grove, last August. The prisoner led a double life, that of a Christian, as well as a counterfeit. On the night of his arrest he was found with a large quantity of counterfeit money. He supposed the officer knew, and that it would be a good thing for him when brought into court to have it shown to show the detective where his tools were hidden. The officer, carrying a lantern, went into the woods, skirting the town, with him, and in the shade of a tree, beneath a pile of leaves, discovered the tools. The prisoner was convicted, and when arraigned for sentence fell in a fit at the judge's feet. Two physicians worked with him for several hours before he could be removed.

A STRANGE COMMUNITY.

Queer Customs in a Kansas Town—Lands Held in Common—Marriage Unknown.

Mounting my pony early in the morning, accompanied by two stout-hearted fellows who, like myself, were bent on penetrating the gloomy unknown, we were soon 20 miles east of the great state of Colorado and in the extreme southwest of Kansas. Hills, mountains and canyons stretched all around us. Hastening onward we were soon in a beautiful town, the subject of our sketch. As the town is unknown and closely isolated it will be well to give its locality. It is southwest of Kansas. The valley is about 10 miles wide at this place, and the soil is very fertile. It is called Viorie and has a population of 1,000. Viorie is a distinct town. It makes its own laws, passes sentence of death, regulates all matters of equity and dictates the religious and social status. Viorie has no hotel, no place for a stranger. We could get nothing to eat only at a private house. Viorie wondered at us getting there and sternly discussed the propriety of our visit. It has been a long time since strangers were in their midst. However, after a long parley and due deliberation we were permitted to remain. The town was laid out and settlement commenced by a company of religious bigots in the spring of 1868, since which time select families have been added. In the beginning it was decreed that all things should be held in common, houses, however small, should be built of brick, and extravagance, finery, fancy work should not be tolerated. The people are plain, simple-minded and very common. To good buildings with look-alike windows and doors hewn out of timber, to see people in the ground, for these houses have no floor, and repose on skins, and as a middle-weight, has never met any one who could defeat him. Charley Mitchell has a round open style of penmanship, as befits a bluff Englishman. His '77 looks like the orbit of a comet. The first stroke of his 'M' looks like a 77 whip. Mitchell's fist is very large, his wrist is medium size and his arm almost colossal. He is one of the best boxers in the world. He is in the line of a boxer who would lead their guild are awe-inspiring. They would deeply impress the most careless reader if read at the bottom of a challenge. They are as good autographs in respect to penmanship as any that are put up and bid in at extravagant prices at auctions. They are plain than Jay Gould's. They show more penmanship in penmanship than Napoleon Bonaparte's. They may some day be admired by young boxers in the Pantheon of all the prize-fighters.

A LITTLE UNCERTAIN IN HER CLASSICS.

"Hubby, who is John L. Sullivan?"

"Hubby, who is John L. Sullivan?" "He is a Boston pugilist, my dear." "And who is the Puritan?" "Why, the Puritan is a Boston yacht." "Well, I thought so; but this paper says the Puritan struck a swell, and I didn't know but I had them mixed." Chicago News.

A STICK WITH A BUCK-HORN'S HEAD.

B. L. Stephens, of Valdosta, has a walk-in case which was brought to Lowndes county forty years ago, and he has no idea how old it was when it came to Lowndes.

A HAIR RESTORER WOULDN'T DO.

"What you want?" said the barber, as he ran his fingers through the few remaining hairs on the head of a customer, "what you want is a bottle of my hair restorer." "I don't want," replied the customer, "a divorce." And the barber said no more. Boston Courier.

FROWNS WHEN SHE SEES A MAN.

There is a young lady in Orangeburg who runs a farm and makes from thirty to forty sales of cotton a year, because other crops. She doesn't want to marry. Savannah News.