A $16,000 hotel is to be built immediately at White Lake.

Several brick blocks are to be built at Elk Point this season.

Races will be given at the Mitchell driving park July 3 and 4.

Ten dollars has been subscribed by citizens of Watertown for the purpose of erecting a $35,000 hotel in that city.

Rufus Trowbridge was killed near Huron, while stoning up a well, by a rock falling and crushing his skull.

John W. Turner, of Turner county, an old and well known Dakotian, died recently, aged eighty-four years.

The Masonic lodge at Rapid City will give a grand public reception June 13 and 14, upon the occasion of the meeting of the grand lodge.

Yankton county has $50,000 in the treasury which will be used in paying off a part of her railway debt. This will leave about $300,000.

Mr. George McNeir, assistant postmaster of the national house of representatives, will go to Fargo, to enter upon the practice of law.

A new grade of wheat will be established the coming season, to be known as extra No. 1 hard, It must be clean and very free from cockle.

Walter Drummond has been appointed a special agent of the pension bureau for northern Minnesota and Dakota, with headqnarters at Fargo.

George B. Coburn, of the general land office, will be designated as a special agent to visit the Devil's lake land district to locate the new land office.

It is reported that a syndicate, composed largely of railroad men, have purchased 10,000 acres of land contiguous to Ordway, paying for the same $40,000 in cash.

The recent law passed in Dakota exacting a deposit from all the insurance companies in that territory is being severely criticised by the companies represented in Chicago.

The firm of O. G. Meacham & Co., has been organized to do a general banking business at Carrington, Dak., on the Jamestown branch of the Northern Pacific, with a capital of $25,000.

Anson J. Rudsdill was arrested in Huron on the charge of attempting to commit rape on the person of Mary Teuber on the fourth day of April. The prisoner was married a few days previous.

Numerous indictments, found in 1878 against H. W. Bingham, formerly Indian agent at the Cheyenne River Agency, and others in his employ, were finally dismissed at Deadwood the interior department.

An immense deposit of coal is said to have been discovered in the coteaus between Grade Siding and Summit, in the western part of Grant county. The vein struck in three feet deep, of genuine quality and promises a rich yield.

At Deadwood during the street-cleaning an old revolver unearthed proved to be that used by the notorious Deadwood Dick in 1876, when he killed Texas Charlie. At the time, and until now, the most careful search failed to reveal it.

Three other arrests have been made in the St. Thomas murder case. Archer the victim, and others were in a saloon and had a general fight, when the deceased drew a knife and attempted to stab one of the parties. Judge Cox of Grand Forks has been retained for the defense.

Michael Colligan, whose claim is northeast of Aurora, is mysteriously missing. He left the residence of Mr. Kelley, a neighbor, for home on the night of April 9 during the rain storm, and up to the present time of writing has not been found, although dilligent search has been made.

Mrs. John Hayes of Sioux Falls has sued for a divorce from her husband with a division of property, alleging abuse and wicked treatment. Mr. Hayes is a zealous Seventh Day Baptist, worth $50,000, and the trouble arose because his wife would not adopt his belief.

Miss Reise and Mrs Oskerday hold claims near Highmore. Squatters demolished the shanty of the latter, and Miss Reise, fearing similar treatment, secured a pistol, and learned how to use it. Some men being near her shanty, hearing a shot fired, went in, and found Miss Riese dying with a bullet hole in her temple.

Charles Mix Chronicle: Quite a sensation has heen created at Fort Randall, over the action taken by the wife of the late Capt. Hooker, who died last January. It seems that his wife, who has been separated from him over a year, claims that the captain was poisoned, and she will have the body exhumed and an examination made. It is claimed the captain had $20,000 in cash, which she is making a point to look after.

A branch order of the railway conductors' association has been organized at Fargo. It is named after Col. Greer, the Northern Pacific yard master. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: J. H. Phillen, C. C.; L. P. Vincent, A. C. C.; F. C. Comstock, secretary and treasurer; B. R. Palmatier, Sr. C.; G. E. Paine, Jr. C.; S. Newbery, I. S.; P. J. McWonagle, O. S.

A Mandan dispatch says a round house and railroad shops have been located at that point by the N. P. Company. The improvements, include a round house with twenty-two stalls; a machine shop, 85x100 feet; a boiler shop, 85x60 feet; a smith shop, 60x125 feet; a car shop, 60x124 feet; boiler, engine and coal house 24x125 feet; storehouse, 40x80 feet; oil house, 20x30 feet; sand house, 14x42 feet; coal shutes, 48x3000 feet, and two 16x24 water tanks.

A prisoner in the penitentiary at Sioux Falls, committed suicide in his cell by hanging himself to the upper ventilator by his handkerchief. He was John Fasco, aged about thirty-five, and was one of the men transferred from Detroit last fall. He has been in since October, 1881, and his term would be up in December, 1884. The man had been partly insane at times, and while at Detroit cut his throat with a razor. He was an Italian and was sent from Bon Homme county for grand larceny.

Washington special: The celebrated Jackman land case at Bismarck, has again been opened by the secretary of the interior, and arguments have been submitted by the attorneys in the case. This case is an old one, having been in contest since 1875. Three decisions have been made in favor of Mr. Jackman, but in January, 1882, they were overruled by Secretary Kirkwood, and now Mr. Jackman has succeeded in securing a rehearing. Secretary Teller's decision will be rendered in a few days. The land involved adjoins Bismarck, and part of it on which a patent has been issued, has been offered for sale and recently been taken into the city limits.

The Deadwood Pioneer, publishes a [table of the reduction of ore, as distributed] throughout the mills, showing that there ale forty-four mills and ore smelters, aggregating 1,398 stamps, or an average of 31 17-22 stamps to each mill. Of this number the smelters and sixteen mills—the latter aggregating 860 stamps—are in operation, the remainder being idle by reason of frozen ditches, impassable roads, enlargement to or repairs of machinery, etc. The 860 stamps crash an average of 2 2-3 tons of ore each, or a total of 2,365 tons every twenty-four hours, which, estimated at the low average of $6 a ton, gives a gross yield of $14,190.

Dakota Capitol Removal Gossip and Speculation.

[The annexed telegrams and interviews are from the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and are given our readers simply as current newspaper gossip upon the most important subject now before the people of this territory,]

YANKTON, Special Telegram, April 21.—The indignation meeting called for last night, to protest against the capital removal bill, was well attended, but not a great amount of enthusiasm prevailed. This was not because Yankton people are not against the bill, but because the principal speaker was R. F. Pettigrew. There were many present who remembered that Pettigrew, in public speeches, has repeatedly denounced Yankton as a nest of thieves and corrupt and played out politicians; who remember that last fall Pettigrew frequently renewed his old story with the additional charge that Yankton, because of the non-payment of the debt, was a disgrace and injury to the Territory, and he expressed a wish that the Missouri river would sweep the town away. Consequently, Pettigrew's reception was not a regular ovation. Nevertheless, as he had come to denounce the governor and legislature, he was tolerated and faintly applauded, and as he waxed warm in telling what a bad governor Dakota had, and what a naughty body of men the last legislature was, there were not a few men in Yankton who were ready to forget all bygones and to regard Pettigrew as the Moses for the present emergency. There was nothing to Pettigrew's speech but his oft-repeated denunciations, except that he wanted the people to call a constitutional convention next fall. The Huron convention, he hoped, would adjourn without doing anything. They should adopt a constitution, elect State officers who should replace the present officials and then compel congress to give statehood. His suggestion of a high license law was coolly received. After Pettigrew had spoken an hour, Gen. Dewey, councilman of the last legislature, when called upon, could not resist the temptation to give Pettigrew a rebuke, by saying he was there to attack no man's private character. He then, as a truthful citizen of Yankton, denounced the removal scheme. It was noticeable that while charges of bribery and corruption were repeatedly made, no special act was mentioned, and if any man went to the meeting expecting proof of corruption he went away disappointed. Resolutions in harmony with the speeches were adopted.

THE GOVERNOR'S VERSION.

YANKTON, Dak., Special Telegram, April 21.—The Pettigrew and Yankton kickers held a meeting here last night to swap lies about the capital commission and governor. The stock was abundant, but the market dull. They wept upon each other's necks and made loud lamentations over unfinished lobby jobs and fat Indian contracts soon to be beyond their reach. This was the first anti-capital removal meeting in which true harmony has prevailed, all others proving dismal failures.

N. G. ORDWAY.

PIERRE'S AMBITION.

PIERRE, Special Telegram, April 21.—At a mass meeting of the citizens of Pierre, called by the united Pierre press, and attended by about 300 people, resolutions were unanimously passed condemning the action of the Sioux Falls meeting, endorsing the capital commission bill and appointing a delegation of forty representative men to attend a general convention for Central Dakota to take like action. Pierre has already compiled with the requirements of the capital bill, and it is confidently expected that the Dakota capital will be located at this point.

ANOTHER POINT.

The Sioux Falls Press prints the following dispatch from Yankton, dated the 19th inst., which reveals another point of conflict: "The United States attorney, on behalf of the people in the quo warranto case against the capital commission, has discovered that the appointment of these officers by legislative enactment is in direct conflict with that section of the organic act of the Territory which prescribes that officers of this character shall be appointed by the governor and confirmed by the legislature. Yanktonites are happy, as this is believed to settle the case and prevent the removal of the capital."

Maj. J. B. Raymond, Fargo, delegate elect from Dakota, arrived in the city yesterday, and registered at the Metropolitan hotel. Last evening a reporter sought and found the gentleman in room No. 8. Stating his mission, the reporter was informed that there was nothing new; in fact, an interview was out of the question; and thereupon the worthy gentleman proceeded to unbosom himself, the substance of his remarks being as follows:

The all-important question in Dakota is the matter of location of the capital, and the people in the northern part of the State are anxious to see it located in the southern central part of the Territory, as that would but hasten the division we are all so anxious for. The idea that a territory longer than all New England should have but two representatives in the senate is preposterous. We are growing at an unprecedented rate, and the close of this year will find 150,000 more people in the Territory than at the present time. Of course the Democrats oppose division, and I fear as long as they are in a majority in the national legislative body we cannot obtain our end. Texas is empowered at any time by a popular vote to separate into four States. Why should we not have equal rights and privileges? The tariff question? O, that's not settled yet. I think it will come up again during the next session with redoubled force. The great difficulty is that interests differ. I am a "tariff-for-revenue-only" man, but can readily see where a protective tariff is needed by certain business interests. The iron men seem to be suffering most at this time, and they are really in a bad way. The question is one of great importance, and cannot be lightly passed upon. As to civil service, that's all a humbug. The idea is good, however; but the trouble is, each new executive wants the movement to commence with his administration. It is impracticable. Territorial politics?—oh, no, nothing new—nothing that I want to talk about. But I can give you a pointer on the immigration business. The territory west of us has grown and opened up with marvelous rapidity, and the greater portion of the tide of immigration passes through Fargo. Accustomed as we are to booms, we never have seen anything equal to the present season. The Fargo Southwestern railroad, which runs down to Lisbon, was opened two weeks ago, and the superintendent of the line, fearing he wouldn't have business, refused to carry mails, except every other day. Now they are running two trains per day each way all filled with immigrants, and cars cannot be procured in sufficient numbers to transport the movables. The season has been a most auspicious one for farmers. Both winter and spring have been all that could be asked for, and seeding has been going on for some time in all parts of the Territory. I have every reason to believe that the present will be the most auspicious year in every respect in the history of the Territory.

YANKTON, Special Correspondence, April 19.—It is now nearly six weeks since the legislature adjourned, and by this time the public ought to be well informed in regard to certain measures passed by that body. Nevertheless, such does not seem to be the case. The Fifteenth legislative assembly will be known as the one that passed the capital commission bill, a measure that has been more commented upon than any other law ever enacted in Dakota. This comment is usually in the nature of adverse criticism. If the criticism were fair and honest, there could be no fault found. Men have the right to differ, and there are questions connected with the removal of the capital per se, and the removal by a commission, that admit of a diversity of opinion. It seems to be true that a majority of Territorial papers criticise this measure very harshly; but, to a great extent, this is done either ignorantly or dishonestly. This can be seen from the fact that instead of taking up the provisions of the bill and discussing them upon their merits, the criticism generally takes the form of abuse and vilification of the governor and legislature. Charges of jobbery, bribery and corruption could not be more freely nor more persistently made if the public had the most positive and conclusive evidence. The assertion of a "big steal" is repeatedly made, and people in and outside of the Territory might readily be led to believe that the measure of wickedness is full to overflowing.

FORTUNATELY FOR PUBLIC MORALS,

and the good name of "powers that be" in Dakota, these charges are all vague, general and indefinite. No person, no paper, seems prepared to point out any particular corrupt or dishonest act, or to produce evidence to support it, and there is where the weakness of the hue and cry against fraud comes in. The trouble, for the most part, has been that the first information sent out from Yankton, through its papers, for the press dispatches, was either untruthful, distorted, or, at the least, misleading. The public were given to understand that the capital removal bill was the most corrupt measure ever enacted; and the papers—especially, as a rule, those that were friendly to Pettigrew, and therefore hostile to Gov. Ordway, naturally enough condemned the measure, though the editors were not always sure they understood just exactly what they were condemning.

For instance, the opposers of the capital removal claim that removal at this period is unconstitutional. [...] are uncertain. Then, again, they claim that the commission bill is an unconstitutional measure—that while the governor and the legislature themselves had the power to remove the capital, they had not the authority to delegate this power to a commission.

On the other hand, the friends of removal assert that the measure is constitutional. That removal, even at this time, was a public necessity—that the rapidly-increasing population demands that the capital should be at a point where it can be easily reached, since the difficulty of getting in or out of Yankton has become proverbial. They claim that now that the whole Territory is booming that different places would be willing to pay the Territory for the honor and financial benefit derived from the location of the capital, and there is no assurance that this will be the case two years from now. That the capital will, in all probability, be centrally located for South Dakota, or at any rate at a point where the four great railway companies can easily reach. They believe, also, that the legislature, for some reason the pertinency of which may not fully appear, had made up its mind to vote the capital away from Yankton, and that the commission plan was the only one that positively guaranteed the Territory any return.

Instead of carefully considering these points, there has been published an enormous amount of the most bare-faced and

SLANDEROUS MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Take for example the cry of "big steal." Scores of papers have reiterated the story started in a Yankton paper, that the commission could rob the people by charging $6 per diem for every day until the next legislature should convene. But the bill distinctly declares that the total amount paid the members of the commission for service should not exceed $10,000. Nevertheless, the cry still goes on that the commission will rob the tax-paying farmer all to pieces. This shows either that the editors have not carefully read the bill or that they are grossly unfair. The fact is, as the bill very clearly states, that the commissioners cannot draw a cent until a capital fund has been created from the donation of the town selected as the capital. This will appear from the following closing extract from Sec. 9:

And the commissioners shall be paid for their services the sum of six dollars ($6) each, for each and every day actually employed, by the warrant of the auditor of the Territory upon the territorial building fund; provided that in the aggregate they shall not receive as compensation more than $10,000.

More than this, not one cent of money can be paid for any purpose whatever out of the general fund. In other words, under the terms of the bill, the commissioners are to locate the capital, and erect a $100,000 capitol building, which, with the 160 acres of land, that ought to yield from $100,000 to $200,000 in cash, is to become the property of the Territory without costing the people a cent. If this is a big steal—the more numerous the big steals the better for the public.

But the public object to the method in which the bill was passed, and the bribery connected therewith. On these points the writer hereof has but little to say. He knew a good deal about the workings of the last legislature, but he saw nothing to make him believe that any members were bought or otherwise whipped into support of the bill. Vague charges to the contrary have been made; but in a published paper Gov. Ordway has made the following

POSITIVE DENIAL:

For myself, as the executive of the Territory, I take this occasion to brand as false and infamously malicious each and every accusation put forth by a venal press that there has been any bargain, arrangement or improper understanding between the executive and any member of the legislative assembly, in any way connected with the passage of the bill for the removal of the seat of government, or of any other bill, or for the confirmation of any nomination, during the late session, or any other session, of the legislative assembly since I assumed office.

Until somebody is able to produce conclusive evidence to the contrary, fair-minded people will accept the governor's statement as truth. The charges of "syndicate," "stock certificates," etc., like the other charges, are too indefinite. If any person has decisive information that a syndicate was here buying up votes, he ought to give the public the benefit of his information. If half the charges made against Gov. Ordway in this connection are true, undoubtedly they can be so proven. If then the people demand his removal, as some papers so persistently assert, let the evidence be prepared and let it be sent to Washington, and the president will assuredly give Dakota a new governor. Unless this can be done it must appear to disinterested people that the charges lack foundation.

Another objection urged against the bill is that it is wrong, or at least undignified, for a great Territory to lend its name to a real estate speculation, out of which somebody will make money. There are hundreds of good people in Yankton; but if one-tenth that has been said against the town be true, the moral objection thus set up seems ludicrously incongruous as coming from Yankton. But in regard to the fact that the capital town will be boomed and money made by some one, it may be said that the same thing would have proven true to an extent had the capital been located at some town by direct vote of the legislature. The possession of the capital would be a big advertisement, and would assume almost a fictitious value, somebody would make money, and the Territory would have given its name to a real estate speculation in one case as well as in the other.

CANTON CAPITAL CONVENTION.

The Convention Unexpectedly Commends the Dakota Capital Commissioners.

[The following from Canton of the 19th, is a special to the Pioneer Press.]

The convention last night was the largest ever held in this city. Fifteen counties were represented. Speeches were made by Kellam, Pettigrew, Gifford, Ming and J. W. Taylor, in opposition to the capital commission, and by Jercell, Brown, Kennedy and others, in favor. The sentiment of the meeting was expressed by the vote on the adoption of the following resolutions, introduced by A. R. Brown, chairman of the committee on resolutions. A standing vote was taken, and but seven persons voted against their adoption, while fully 100 votes were cast for the resolutions:

Whereas, An act was passed by the legislature, last winter, to remove the capital of this Territory from its present location at the city of Yankton to some more central and accessible place in the Territory; and, whereas the said act provided for the appointment of commissioners to locate the said capital: and, whereas the said commissioners duly qualified and entered on the discharge of their duties as such; therefore, by the people of Southeastern Dakota, in mass meeting at the city of Canton assembled, be it

Resolved, That we are opposed to any unlawful interference, in any manner whatsoever, calculated or intended to obstruct or hinder the said commission in the lawful discharge of their duties; that we believe any unlawful or unjust measures had or taken to obstruct the said commission in the discharge of their duties, as aforesaid, to be derogatory to the business interest and financial prosperity of this Territory; that as yet we believe the said commission has not committed any act to justify the public press in attacking them; that we hold it is grossly wrong to condemn any man or body of men for any act which the have not committed; that during the last year immense sums of money have been expended in advertising this Territory for the purpose of attracting immigration thereto, and that as a result this Territory is to-day the best advertised country in the world; that the tide of immigration which has been directed heretofore to the Southwest and West is coming to this Territory, and that we are to-day in the midst of one of the greatest immigration booms ever enjoyed by a Territory; that it is to the interest of every citizen of Dakota to jealously scrutinize any measure calculated to injure or check immigration in any way or manner; that the public defamation and scandalizing of any of our citizens by the public press is calculated to injure our present prosperous outlook and to open an avenue for our competitors to take advantage of and turn our immigration to them; that we are in favor of giving the said commission an opportunity to fairly, honestly and impartially discharge their duties.

A substitute denouncing the legislature and the commission was offered by King of Chamberlain, but it received less than a dozen votes. The sentiment of this convention was overwhelmingly in opposition to the party in whose interest the meeting was called.

Dora Huly, aged seventeen, died at Reading, Pa., recently of a peculiar disease. Two years ago a swelling appeared on her arm of the size of a walnut. It grew to weigh forty-two pounds, and was thirty-two inches in circumference. Amputation would have saved her life, but she firmly refused to allow it, and before her death expressed a desire to have her case fully studied and made public by competent medical authority.

Charles R. Wilkinson, the defaulting postmaster of Vinton, Iowa, was taken to Dubuque recently and held in $2,000 bonds by the United States commissioner, for appropriating $172 of money order funds and $1,026 of postal funds to his own use. His discrepancy was covered by making false returns. He has been removed and office turned over to his assistant by Wilkinson's bondsmen. Wilkinson made a full confession.

A suspicion of twilight still lingers in the west, the slender crescent of the new moon, only a day old, holds in her arms the old moon with an outline of remarkable distinctness, and the sodiacal light extends its cone of pale gold high up toward the zenith. The stars swarm in the dark dome arching above us, as they twinkle and glitter in the frosty air. The brightest stars, the most superb clusters that spangle the firmament, are included in the grand procession, the princely jupiter marshaling the host. Rising from an unbroken surface of snow, and looming up in the blackness of night with ghostlike indistinctness, the huge telescope seems to pierce the skies, and dwarf to Lilliputian dimensions the observers at is base. Object-glass, eye piece and other required appurtenances are in position, and the great eye is pointed to the planet Saturn. The transformation is like a vision of fairy land, The pale star, on which, a moment since, we had looked with the unaided eye is now a creation of surpassing loveliness, the most charming telescopic object the heavens reveal. Saturn, his rings and his moons are before us. The disc, a golden sphere crossed by faint cloud-bands of a delicate creamy tint, the wonderful rings softly cradling the planet, seven of the eight moons, beaming from the dark back-ground of the sky, Titan, the largest moon, showing a perceptible disc, make up the shining picture. The coloring of the picture is exquisite. The glorious orb, its surface resplendent with liquid gold, is crossed by a central band of creamy white, and flecked with spots of delicate prismatic hues, and the rings are curiously variegated in color, the innermost being of a rich purple. The planet seems almost to stand upright within the engirdling rings, only a small portion being visible beneath them. We are fortunate in seeing him under a very favorable aspect. For his rings are opening wider, his northern declination is increasing, and he is approaching perihelion. This condition will culminate in 1885.

Jupiter is the next object to test the space-annihilating glass. Though by no means as magnificent as Saturn, he far exceeds him in mass and volume, and, as he is twice as near, we see him on a much larger scale. The giant of the system takes on grand proportions, the flood of light irradiating his surface brings out every minute detail. His broad belts are delicious in coloring, suffused with pale rose, mottled with soft gray, purple, brown and delicate green. We have seen Jupiter when the definition was much more perfect, but never with the variety of tint and tone we behold this night; never before did he seem so near, so grand in proportions, so symmetrical in equipoise. His four satellites are in line on his left, and bear witness to the power of the telescope by presenting discs instead of points. We find it difficult to decide which of the two pictures is most beautiful. Saturn is most magnificent, more complex more curious, but Jupiter is more majestic more like the great sun himself.

We have only one more view, and this is to be the great nebula of Orion. The most wonderful nebula the northern skies reveal is before us, filling the field of view, and suffused with a celestial light suggestive of the holy city that had "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it." The delicacy of the celestial glow pervading the scene is beautiful beyond expression. Spiral curves of nebulous haze fill in the field of vision, the radiating mass being of a delicate green tint, while dotted over the shadowy haze, and mingling with it in mysterious union, are numerous bright stars, imparting an element of life to the formless void, and helping to light up this scene of indescribable grace and grandeur, which no pencil may paint, no words describe The fascinating picture holds us spell-bound. Imagination seeks in vain to fathom this mystery of mysteries, this chaotic mass so beautifully fashioned, this lovely blending of tints of gold and delicate green, this flood of light that started from distant space hundreds of years ago, this spiral form that reveals the quickening pulse of maternal life. We feel, as we gaze upon the celestial scene, that we are standing on the threshold of the golden portal that separates the earthly from the heavenly. We have a glimpse of the glory to be revealed. [From a Providence Press report of a trial of the largest telescope in the world. It was built for the Russia government, and will soon be transported to its destination in the Pulkowa Observatory, founded by the Czar Nicholas, and overlooking the city of the czars from its lofty position on the Pulkowa Hills, nine miles south of St. Petersburg.]

Sarah Bernhardt and Her Husband.

M. Damala, the husband of Sarah Bernhardt, has written a letter to one of the Paris newspapers, announcing his retirement from the stage, and his intention of resuming his old profession of a soldier. He says it is not true that he and his wife are about to separate The rumors that they were to separate have had their foundation in his retirement from the stage. "France" he continues, "which treats my wife as a spoiled child, will, I hope, have room for me under the shadow of her flag. Being passionately fond of the stage, I deceived myself as to the possibility of at once taking a place not too unworthy of that which my wife occupies in the first rank. But notwithstanding the indulgence with which I was received, I must be more severe toward myself than the press and public have been. Reason and honor call upon me to take a manly resolution, and therefore I renounce my dream of being an actor, and resume the career of arms. This very day I enlist in the foreign legion, and solicit the favor of letters of grand naturalization." M. Damala was once a sub-lieutenant in the army of Greece.

He Couldn't Have the Body.

The Sheriff at Wyoming, was in readiness to serve a writ of habeas corpus on Detective Norris when he reached that city with his notorious prisoner "Lou" Hank, but the detective had been warned in time to circumvent the sheriff, and instead of passing through Cheyenne on the western express he hired a special train consisting of a locomotive and one car and rushed through the city at the rate of sixty miles on hour. The sheriff discovered the plan just too late to switch the special on a side track, but just in time to see it whiz past. He has since received the following exasperating dispatch from Detective Norris: "Please accept my thanks for your proffered assistance at Cheyenne. Having urgent business at Omaha, which would not permit the delay, I was compelled to hurry through and give you the go-by. Should you ever come to Ohio, I am at your service, and our latch-string hangs out."

Rev. C. H. Plummer, rector for the past ten years of St. Mark's Episcopal church of Lake City, has been granted leave of absence for one year, which he will spend with his family in Branford, Conn., where he will minister to a parish during that time. This temporary change is for the benefit of the health of himself and wife. They will start east about May 1.

Sala, in his "America Revisited," says of the Sunday clangor of bells: "They boom and bawl from sunrise to sunset, as though they were so many hotel gongs calling guests to theological meals."

Snow has repeatedly fallen all over southern Europe, once or twice as far south as the streets of Palermo. It is a curious fact that both in the Northern and Southern hemispheres and on the Eastern and Western continent the last twelvemonth was one of heavy snowfall.

Twenty graduates of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, had a reunion and dinner in San Francisco, Cal., on the evening of March 27. There are sixty-five Dartmouth men on the Pacific coast, representing classes from '43 to '75.

A South Carolina judge, in passing sentence lately, remarked that ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons upon whom he had had in his circuit to pass sentence were comparatively young people. Especially in crimes of an infamous character the criminals were in nearly every instance quite young, and almost always of the colored race. It was rare that he had to pass sentence upon those who had experienced the restraints of slavery and who had been made free.

There has been several failures of late at Winnipeg. Rents are very high, and it is said there are $4,000,000 worth of buildings under contract this spring, and, as already 2,000 emigrants have arrived, while thousands more are on the way, these failures are considered but exigencies of frontier town-building. The resent advance in the duty on agricultural implements and the increased freight rates on the Canada Pacific cause great indignation among the farmers, who as usual, when things go wrong over the border, talk about annexation.

A St. Peterburg telegram says: "A statistical report on suicides in Russia has been issued. It appears that some 2,000 persons in each year make away with themselves. The greatest number of cases occur in the district of Moscow, after which comes St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Irdkursk. During the last five years 7,713 cases have been registered. Suicide in the Russian army, as in that of Germany, has been on the increase during the last few years.

The Lancaster New Era says that a citizen of Pennsylvania may leave $1,000 or $1,000,000 to his family, wife, or children, and the law takes no cognizance of it, but if he leaves so much as $100 to a public charity the laws of the state promptly dock the bequests five per cent.

The auction sale of season tickets for the forthcoming dramatic festival in Cincinnati has closed. Twenty-four hundred and fifty-three seats have been sold for a total sum of $64,625. Of this sum the premiums amounted to $30,283. The average premium is $12.35. The sale has produced several thousand dollars more than any previous auction for Music Hall, and there are still 1,267 seats to be sold without premium.

The development of fossil remains at the Nevada state prison quarry continues to be more and more interesting. Scarcely a blast is made which does not disclose new and strange tracks, osseous remains of fossil ivory. The vegetable indications are numerous and interesting, as are the many specimens of clams and other mullusks.

The wives of some of the most prominent men of Condersport, Pa., have formed a society in opposition to the Masonic order. They have determined to hold their meeting on the same evening as the Masons, at as late an hour, and will endeavor to reach home in the same state of set-em-up-ativeness as their lords and masters.

Teaching a Love of Money.

Something new in education has been attempted in a Western City, where the superintendent of schools has undertaken the establishment of a system of trade and finance among the pupils. The children are trained in the arts of making money, and taking care of it. They are encouraged to earn an honest penny in all possible ways—by blacking boots, selling newspapers, making small marketable articles, etc.; and they have a bank for the care and management of their accumulations. The object apparently is not that they may earn their education, but that they may be taught the value of money, the importance of thrift, and the mysteries of commerce. We are not surprised to hear that the boys take to the scheme kindly. It is said that their books are not neglected; on the contrary, increased diligence in study seems to result from the general spirit of rivalry awakened at the touch of trade. The lad who has got ahead of his companions in a mercantile transaction at half-past 8 is still in an emulous mood when he enters the class room at 6. Altogether the schools are lively.

The children—but, God save us! are there any more children? Are these premature financiers the innocent creatures whom fathers used to take upon their knee, finding in their simple prattle refreshment of heart after the depressing contests of the busy day? Are these the models of meekness, docility, purity and trustfulness, upon whom the Master laid His sacred hands when He bade us become like little children? Bankers in round jackets, boys who have discarded "Robinson Crusoe" for the Price Current, and substituted interest tables for "The Arabian Nights," they seem to be in a fair way to imitate the lawyer in "The Battle of Life" by changing the old rule, "Do as you would be done by" into the improved modern maxim," "Do, or you will be done brown." And what terrible sharps they promise to be when they rise from the petty operations of the playground to the serious bargaining, selling, buying, lending, discounting, note-shaving, bulling, bearing, and cornering for which their instructors are now giving them such a practical preparation! They ought to be shrewd enough in a few years to get the better of a Chatham street clothing dealer.

If there is anything which American children have no need to be taught it is the importance of money-getting. That is a lesson they learn soon enough by a miserable experience. The haste to be rich is, in the opinion of most observers, our great national fault. This is the cause of our instability and recklessness in trade, our laxity of financial morals, the frequency of our embezzlements and breeches of trust, the gross dishonesty of our governments, the bold robberies of our public officers, our wild license of speculation, our vulgar taste for display, our low standard of value in all things material, intellectual and religious. And there could hardly be a more striking illustration of the base mercenary spirit which is destroying us than the fact that a superintendent of public schools thinks it a praiseworthy action to teach the love of money to children predestined by inherited taint or by national example to love it only too soon and too well.—New York Tribune.

Seven years ago Mr. Bell, of telephone fame, was a poor man. Now he is said to be worth $6,000,000.

This morning when I awoke, I heard
The low, sweet clatter of a bird
Beside my window, where so long
I've missed the music of the song
That filled last summer with delight,
And saw a sudden, arrowy flight,
A flash of blue that soar and sings,
A bit of Heaven itself on wings.

"The blue-birds has come back," I cried,
And flung the window open wide;
I leaned across the mossy sill,
And heard the laughing little rill,
That comes but once a year, and stays
Through the brief round of April days;
Then, when its banks with bloom are bright,
It seems to vanish in a night.

"PAPA'S OLD PET."

BY KATE WINDSOR.

The parlors of a private residence in the suburbs of Newton; time, 9 o'clock. Two gentlemen, evidently friends, are seated before the open grate, in which a coal fire is burning brightly. Ever and anon they lean forward in their easy chairs and extend their hands, as if to grasp more of the generous warmth which is already penetrating to every corner of the cozy apartment.

Both are well-to-do merchants of the quaint New England town in which they were born, and where they have resided all their lives. On the table by their side stands a decanter, well filled with rare old port, and an open box containing choice cigars.

"Come, fill, man!" says the host to his guest, "I don't envy the poor beggars who pass by such tipple as this. It will warm you up and give you a new lease of life."

The invitation is promptly accepted, and the action is repeated again and again. Soon their tongues are loosened, and the conversation becomes quite animated. Brilliant sallies of wit and peals of contagious laughter followed each other in quick succession, until the hour hand on the parlor clock points the hour of 12, and Richard Grant, the guest of the evening, rises hastily from his seat.

"By Jove, Percival, how time flies!" he says, "I had no idea it was so late, and I promised Mary to be home by 10 o'clock."

"That's one of the disadvantages of married life," replied the bachelor host, laughingly' "You are too convivial' Grant, for a benedict."

"We'll talk about that another time," responded Mr. Grant, smiling. 'Perhaps the advantages more than counterbalance the disadvantages. Anyhow, I am satisfied, Percival, and so you would be if you had as good a wife as mine."

And Richard Grant, grasping his friend's hand, wishes him "good-night," and wends his way homeward.

Ethel, the 3 year-old daughter of Mr. Grant, is dying. Already her wan little face bears a spiritual look, and her mother can no longer hide from herself the fact that death is near.

The little one has but one cry, "I want papa!" and as Mrs. Grant hears it her heart, is sad indeed. Mr. Grant is a good husband and indulgent father, but he is not what the world call a domesticated man. He knows that his child—"papa's old pet," as he is wont to call her—is on the verge of eternity. Yet so strong is his inclination for "company" that he cannot leave his friend until midnight.

So Ethel calls for papa in vain. Her mother sits by the bedside with an agonized look on her features and the hot tears coursing swiftly down her cheeks.

"Bring Teddy' mama dear."

Already the voice is becoming more feeble and tremulous. No time is to be lost, and Teddy, the baby, is held before her.

A ray of light illuminates her face as she looks lovingly on her little playmate.

"Dear Teddy!"

Suddenly, very suddenly, there comes a change.

"Oh, mamma, it is so dark—so dark!"

Mrs. Grant bends over, presses her own lips to the child's, and with a mighty effort to restrain her grief, says:

"Patience, my darling! The light is coming."

"Oh, mamma, nurse Ethel!"

The mother cannot resist the appeal. She lifts child, pillow and clothing to her lap, and awaits the end. She has not long to wait. The little face assumes a wax-like hue. Evidently the white winged messenger is near.

"By, mamma! By papa!"

A breathless silence reigns in the room. Other mothers are present, and they weep silently.

"Ethel sleep—papa—kiss!"

And Ethel sleeps—sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Her pure spirit has gone to God who gave it, and mamma and Teddy will see her here nevermore.

* * * * * *

"What, up still, Mary? Why did you wait for me?" Mr. Grant inquires, a touch of impatience in his voice.

"Hush, Richard! There are others in the house, and trouble has come to us."

It is 1 o'clock, and Mr. Grant has just returned, flushed with wine, and in exuberant spirits. The impress of sorrow is on his wife's features, and there is such a strange light in her eyes that he pauses to look at her?

"What do you mean, Mary?"

"Oh, Richard, we have lost 'papa's old pet!" And Mrs Grant, unable longer to restrain her grief, flings herself in her husband's arms and weeps pitifully.

Gently disengaging himself he hastens to the chamber.

Yes, it is quite true. There before him lies the earthly shell—all that is left to him of his little darling, He is quite sober now. Then comes his wife to join him, and tell him all that has taken place.

"If you had but been here, Richard," she says, plaintively, "it would not been so hard to bear. Why did you not come?"

"Well, my dear, I met Peicival, and he invited me home. We had a glass or two of wine, and conversing together the time slipped away."

"Have you never thought, Richard, how it must be for me sit here hour after hour, listening for the footsteps that seldom comes till morning?"

"No, Mary, I have not thought much about it, or perhaps I should not have neglected you."

"It is natural that you should like the companionship of your friends; but it is more natural that I and the children should have your first attention. The dear child whom God has taken from us has often cried herself to sleep calling for you."

"Say no more now, Mary. I cannot bear it. We are sorely stricken, and must help each other to bear our sorrow."

The house seemed to be deserted, although several people were moving noiselessly about. With the spirit of Ethel the sunshine had for the time departed, and the shadow of grief was present everywhere.

* * * * * * * *

"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust." Solemnly and with a measured cadence the words are uttered, and the pretty casket is lowered to its final resting place, canopied by an avalanche and copiously watered with the tears of affection.

The little vine that hung so closely to the parent stem has been severed at last and Richard Grant mourns as only a father can. There are other children to claim his care, but just now his thoughts [are with his lost darling.]

Mechanically he roams around the house, picking up a little shoe here, a sock there, a doll or a broken toy. They are all mementoes of "papa's old pet," and they open his wounds afresh.

Mrs. Grant, woman-like, endeavors to comfort her husband, but like David, he refuses to be comforted.

"It has taught me a lesson," he says. "Hereafter my first thought shall be for home. The time was, my dear, when I preferred your society to all other. I do not love you less now, but habit is second nature, and that of choosing other companionship has grown on me."

Teddy is now a big boy, and mamma's hair is silvered with gray; but Ethel is not forgotten, as the little grave in Avondale amply proves. Loving hands have enshrined it in a bower of roses, and many are the pilgrimages made to the silent city. For papa the place has a sad but peculiar charm, for, unknown to all, he has there made a vow that home shall have the first place in his heart's best love.

Reader, he kept the vow, and although he has laid other dear ones away to rest, never has a child of his repeated, in dying moments, "I want papa."

Pictures of Cairo.

Egyptian Correspondence New York Tribune.

Cairo is certainly a fascinating city, but to see it under its best aspects one must abandon donkey and driver and plunge into the narrow lanes; right or left, ask no questions, but just drive in wherever chance or fancy may direct. Here in the close courts and alleys you find the life of the Orient, and here in the densest by-ways are bazars and the minature factories that supply them. There are originally a kind of high street which ran north and south, and from this innumerable lanes have diverged, which are as crooked as the ways of evil, and redolent of all odors from frankicnense and attar to garlic. A stick is an invaluable accompaniment on all pedestrian excursions, for although foreigners are as plentiful as flies, the natives still pursue them with intolerable curiosity The raising of the stick will make a man start away several yards, and a fixed glance, even if of admiration, at some beautiful little girl will cause her to scream and fly precipitately from the evil eye of the stranger. But, if curiosity or cupidity frequently triumphs over fear, there is a deep-seated aversion in the Arab heart to all those but of his own faith,. The advent of the English troops has brought trade and security into the country; and if Lord Dufferin should carry out the reforms he has planned, foreign capital and machinery will soon lighten the burdens of the people. But to this they are indifferent, and prefer their own sort of civilization and happy hunting-grounds. In many a household verses pass from hand to hand, and are hung upon the walls bemoaning the condition of the city. "O Masr (Cairo) how hast thou fallen. Weep for the fate of the beautiful pearl. Weep, let us bow our heads and weep, for strange men ride armed through the streets."

The Muski and the Boulevard Mohammed Ali have cut the old High street in twain, and monopolized the more modern shops, but the Arab trades are still carried on in the labyrinth of lanes. In one barely wide enough for two persons to pass are the shops of the silver smiths, and all the courts leading from it resounds with the furnaces and bellows of the workers in precious metals. The patterns of their goods are generally reproductions of the old Cairene, and the wily dealer has always a discolored specimen of one of these forms to pass off upon the curious traveler as genuine work of the Soudan. With the exception of articles of general consumption, the value of which is fixed, a preposterous price is in the first instance always demanded, so that shopping is an occupation of joy to the gentler sex, as in other more fashionable capitals. Squatting side by side upon the shop board, the merchant and the fair shoppers discuss their coffee, smoke their cigarets, talk scandal, and every now and then, as if by accident, return to the object of the purchase. Fifty francs is sometimes asked for an article which may be eventually obtained for five. Time seems to be of no importance to the trader, but the hurried traveler finds it a sore trial to his temper to bargain for several hours, even with the assistance of a dozen other Arabs, who drop in to advise and assist. In the courts of the mosque of Muristan Kalaun once a spacious hospital erected by a sultan of that name, the coppersmiths have established their forges, and the sound of many hammers and the voice of many tinkers now break in upon the devotions of the faithful. In a lane adjacent groups of tailors are cutting and stitching garments, embroiderers are tracing gorgeous ornaments for the running footmen, and weavers are throwing off thousands of yards of gold lace for the new mushroom Egyptian army. There are mountains of brilliantly colored Manchester goods for woman's wear; stacks of mysterious articles from the coasts of the Red Sea; labyrinths of yellow slippers, and such a wilderness of red-toed shoes that one marvels how the barefooted population will ever wear them out.

Among the noisy mass that throngs the streets the only creatures that accept Kismet in its absolute entirely are the dogs. Generally of the color of the sad desert itself, they are the most forlorn, miserable, mangy mongrels accident ever produced. With foxy head and half-opened eyes, they lie in twos and threes in the sunniest and most inconvenient places, and when kicked out of the way or trodden under foot they make no remonstrance, but trail off to some other spot equally pleasant and inconvenient for the pedestrian. They appear utterly devoid of pluck, spirit or intention, and exhibit no emotion, except when they catch sight of a bone in the fist of an Arab munching his dinner on the sidewalk. They about half wake up then, and surround the dinner in a semi-circle, blinking at the bone in a faint sort of feeble expectancy. Indeed, there is but one thing that binds them to life, and that is to keep their beat inviolate. If a stray dog should venture into the street where he was not dragged up, he or she will be instantly assailed by the entire detachment of that street and compelled to fly or immediately become a meal. In other parts of Egypt the dog displays some of the qualities expected, but in Cairo he is too degenerate a beast to inspire sympathy and too stupid to accept it even if it were offered.

Cario is said to possess 250 mosques, a great number of them on the line of one cramped and ancient thoroughfare. The mosque of El Ahmar, with a lofty portal and a vast and graceful interior, is undergoing restoration. This has been undertaken by a council recently constituted to protect and preserve the public monuments, and the authorities have wisely added the antiquarian Rogers bey and 10 other Europeans to the body.

A young man died in Rome, Ga., a few days ago, after an illness of forty-eight hours, and his physician said his death was due to congestion of the lungs caused by smoking cigarettes.

Mr. Albert E. Menke, of Harvard University, has been elected professor of agriculture and agricultural chemistry in the Kentucky state college.