

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1880.

VOL. I, NO. 36.

The Weekly Graphic.

J. M. SWETNAM, Pub. & Prop.
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

W. M. GILL, Editor.
FRIDAY DEC. 31st 1880

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONGRESS is taking a two weeks rest after its arduous labors.

The Adair county immigration society—where is it?

KIRKSVILLE welcomed the Teachers' Association with a big bon fire.

The democrats are not yet done quarreling over the "result."

The supreme court of this state has decided that telegrams are not secret or exempt from examination when so required by legal tribunal.

The Atlantic seaboard was visited on Saturday night and Sunday with the severest gale known since 1877. Fears are entertained for the safety of shipping at sea.

HENRY Clay Dean has a three column article on Missouri emigration, in the Globe Democrat of the 27th. It abounds in valuable statistics and suggestions.

In answer to many enquiries as to "what the democracy will do next?" we must reply that even an editor cannot be supposed to know the "unknowable."

The Irish troubles still continue and while England keeps 20,000 soldiers in Ireland at the expense of the Irish people, it is not likely their temper will be much improved.

The electric light seems to be a grand success and its use for lighting purposes is becoming common in the cities. The day is not far distant when gas as an illuminator will be a thing of the past.

CONGRESS adjourned during the holidays. Now the wisest thing that body can do both for itself and the country is to remain adjourned until the 1st of March, then pocket its pay and go home.

The National educational bill passed the senate with but six votes against it—all democratic. It provides for the funding of the net proceeds of the public lands and the patent office, and applying the interest to educational purposes.

FROM some of Senator Vest's late utterances one would naturally suppose that it would be well for him to devote some of his spare time to the study of the later history of his own country. By so doing he might at least save the people some humiliation on his account.

The Irish troubles are growing more and more threatening. The London mails have been robbed by the fenians and the excitement throughout England is intense. While a late dispatch from Dublin says business is almost paralyzed and that merchants are becoming much embarrassed. The situation of the English government is everything but enviable, and a series of disasters will not unlikely follow very soon, and England with all her former pride will have to suffer at last for the wrongs done to the Irish.

Dr. Wilson, the man with diamond bosom studs and no collar, who wears his trousers poked into his boots—in short the agent of the Oklahoma colony, who went to Washington to induce the president to allow the colony to steal the Indian territory, did not succeed as well as his self conceit led him to believe, and he now reports that the only hope for the colony is that congress will do something for them. The only wise thing the colony can do is to disperse, return home and go to work like honest men.

"The Fools Errand," that libel against "a noble and generous people," cannot be passed unmentioned; at least by that noble Virginian, Wm. L. Royall, who has figured in two duels, and has other qualifications of the true southern gentleman, no, no, he cannot brook such insult, but with bloody pen waving in the air—with dilated nostrils and a terrible fire in his eye, he orders Mr. Tourge (the fool) into the back ground while he pictures to an awe struck world the gentleness and tender love which the southern people have always borne for the "nigger," and while he further pictures the terrible venality and peculiar northern wickedness of all those who happened to go south immediately after the "wah," Judge Tourge will surely be squelched; he can never smile again.

SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Ice-dealers are happy over a solid North.

The longest shoe is under a foot, when worn.

Even the chestnut worm will turn when roasted.

The snow is one of the few things that is driven without a rain.

The balloonist's home is one flight up.—[New York News.

A humorous article—a baby with the rash.—[Lowell Citizen.

Santa Claus is of commanding presence.—[New York News.

Tall soft hats supply a long felt want.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Toy shops are numerous. Children set a store by Christmas.

Some men are called muffs because they are used to keep a flirts hand in.

Christmas toys. Little boys. Household joys.—[New Orleans Picayune.

John Matchett died at Paris, Mo., last week, aged 86.

Happel & Diener, of Palmyra, Mo., have slaughtered and packed 4,000 hogs this season.

Wm. Gibson, of Boonville, Mo., died last night aged 86. He was a veteran of 1812.

A. N. Schuster & Co. have sued Ketcham & Bird, of St. Joe, for \$9,000, the value of goods purchased.

Miss Bessie Willis, who was badly scalded on Friday at Joplin by a pot of hot coffee, died Saturday night.

J. C. Flury, a Kansas City butcher, fell from the Riverview bridge yesterday and was drowned.

A doctor in Western New York cures all diseases by immersion in cold water. He is known as a canal-opath.

Wood is so expensive nowadays in Connecticut that real nutmegs are cheaper than the Connecticut article.

Darn the stockings that catches no Christmas presents.—[New Orleans Picayune.

The man who is never on time usually carries a large watch.—New York Herald.

Christmas trees are looking spruce. Children pine for them.—[Boston Transcript.

Nozzle—a person who hasn't sufficient back-bone to be a tool.—[San Francisco Wasp.

An umbrella is mentioned by the Philadelphia Sun as one of the ups and downs of life.

Now is the time to pick out what you would like to have your friends give you.—[Danbury News.

Perpetual motion—a motion to adjourn, is always in order.—[Boston Transcript.

"Man loves chance so well, that he had rather win fifty cents than earn \$2 regular.—[Josh Billing.

The picture on the back of a \$10 bill would make an excellent Christmas chromo for a poor family.

Big-footed people have one consolation. Their stockings will hold more on Christmas.—[Fulton Times.

The new Methodist church, south of Moberly, Mo., was dedicated Sunday. Rev. John D. Vincil preached the opening sermon.

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the Widow Bettott's two daughters—who were entertaining two young gentlemen on the Piazza, rather late one night last summer—of their mother, who seemed to be hunting something around the front yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

A carriage holding six colored people was yesterday run into at Dresden, Mo., by a freight train. Sarah Smith had an ear torn off, Jennie Grover had an arm broken and the others were slightly injured. The carriage, worth \$500, was smashed to pieces.

The residence of Dr. J. S. Mott was burglarized at Independence, Mo., Sunday morning. The two burglars put revolvers to Dr. Mott's temples and made him reveal where they could find his money and jewelry amounting to \$1,000 in value. They escaped.

"Prof." Chas. S. Jefferson yesterday murdered Wm. Mulholland, a young man who rented rooms from his wife at their residence in Kansas City. Jefferson was supposed to have been jealous. He shot Mulholland through the breast, threw him down stairs, and then beat him terribly while he was dying.

It was in a San Francisco restaurant the other night that a waiter was apologizing for the dilapidated state of his napkin. "Don't mention it," responded the customer, sadly. "I don't mind the holes in the least. That part of your napkin is always sure to be clean." And for the next ten minutes nothing could be heard but the butter combing his hair out in the pantry.

A good Methodist asked John Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman, well-known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church. Isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley. "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because," replied Wesley—"because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't!"

SUNDAY READING.

ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH.

Lesson Luke 1:5-17.

All Sunday schools following the international course of lectures are to have Luke for their guide and his record of the gospel for their text book during the next six months. Luke was a Syrian born at Antioch, a city among the most renowned in the civilized world at that time. By profession he was a physician. His style of composition shows the purest Greek in the New Testament. He was the faithful companion of the Apostle Paul both in his travels and trials. St. Paul calls him "Luke, the beloved physician," and in his letter to Timothy from his Roman prison, just before his martyrdom he pathetically writes, "only Luke is with me." The most authentic tradition declares that he preached the gospel in Gaul until he also attained the crown of martyrdom. His gospel and the Acts are a critical history, and excepting the book of Job, are the only contributions made to the Bible by a Gentile.

This lesson opens with an account of two persons—Zacharias and his wife Elizabeth. Like all other Bible personages, they are introduced because of their connection with the Christ, the central sun of the scripture system. Enough is said of their pedigree to show that John, their son was of priestly rank. But their characters are faithfully given. "Both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Zacharias was burning incense in the holy place of the temple on the golden altar. "The whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time," when the Angel Gabriel appeared and standing on the right side of the altar announced to Zacharias the birth of John.

This was the first recorded divine vision or miracle given to the chosen people in 400 years: since the prediction of Malachi, 3:1, of the messenger who should herald the coming Messiah. Now Gabriel announces its immediate fulfillment. The promise, ver. 13-17, covered the character and office of this greatest prophet of the old dispensation. He was to be a Nazirite. By "over self-severity" they sought to raise the people, both by precept and example, to self control and temperance. Without wine or strong drink, but filled from his birth with the holy spirit, he should be able to turn many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord Christ. So Zacharias found the path of duty to be the path of blessing; that true prayer is always answered; and that to be righteous and filled with the Spirit is the best riches.

Programme for the Week of Prayer 1881.

January 2.—Theme: Christ the only hope of the lost world.

Monday, 3.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for their continuance.

Tuesday, 4.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social, and national sins.

Wednesday, 5.—Prayers for the Church of Christ, its unity and purity, its ministry, and for revivals of religion.

Thursday, 6.—Christian education: Prayer for the family, Sunday-schools, and all educational institutions, for Young Men's Christian Associations, and for the press.

Friday, 7.—Prayer for the prevalence of justice, humanity, and peace among all nations; for the suppression of intemperance and Sabbath desecration.

Saturday, 8.—Prayer for Christian Missions, and the conversion of the world to Christ.

Sunday, 9.—Theme: On the Ministry of the Holy Spirit.

The above programme will be observed by a Union meeting each day at 3 P. M. in the churches successively as follows:

Monday.—M. E. church, conducted by Rev. J. B. Mitchell.

Tuesday.—M. E. church south, by Rev. J. J. Bently.

Wednesday.—Christian church, by Rev. A. V. Bayley.

Thursday.—Baptist church, by Rev. G. E. Dew.

Friday.—Presbyterian church, by Rev. J. C. Shipp.

Saturday.—C. P. church, by Rev. J. S. Boyd.

There will also be special services at several churches during the week at 6:45 P. M.

TWO PICTURES FOR AMERICANS TO STUDY.

We clip the following pictures of the result of protection and free trade from Mr. Thos. A. Dudley's pamphlet in reply to Augustus Mongredien's appeal to the Western Farmers of America. We may premise that Mr. Dudley addresses his reply directly to Mr. Mongredien. He says:

"A stranger in reading your book would naturally think that we were in a deplorable condition, and fast going to ruin. You ought to have drawn a corresponding picture of England, so that we could have displayed them side by side, and compared one with the other—the United States going to ruin and destruction under its odious tariff system, and England prospering and flourishing under her so-called free trade. As you have failed to do it, you will pardon me if I make the attempt. For more than ten years you have been living under your so-called free trade system, and for more than ten years we have been living under our present tariff system. We, therefore, have a fair and square test of the workings of both systems for ten years and longer, but we will confine our comparisons to the last ten years.

We have seen that during this period the balance of trade has been against you every year. In 1870 it was over \$254,000,000, and in 1879 it had grown to over \$547,000,000 and in the whole ten years the total amount reaches the enormous sum of \$4,164,618,761. That is, your people have had to buy from the people of other nations this much more than you have sold to them. How has it been with the United States, with her trade during this period? In the year 1879 the account stands thus: Our exports \$710,439,444; our imports, \$445,777,775; excess of exports over imports, \$264,661,666. And for the last ten years our excess of exports over imports, \$3,929,211,523. The balance of trade to this extent has been in our favor. In other words we have sold this much more than we have bought from foreign countries. After paying for everything we have purchased abroad, we have left this amount of surplus, besides all of our income, none of which has been used in purchasing foreign commodities. To this extent then, we have accumulated and increased our resources. We have seen what you lost during the same period.

Now, if there were two individuals doing business, the one taking in more than he was paying out, and the other paying out more than he was receiving which would you say was doing the best business? As between individuals we would say that the one who was accumulating was growing rich, while the other, who was losing, would be growing poor. Suppose we apply this principle between the dealings of the people of the United States and the people of England. If we do, which nation has been the most prosperous or successful—England, with her so-called free trade, or the United States with her protective system? Let us follow the matter still further. Prosperity in individuals generally shows itself, and as individuals make what we call a nation, let us see which gives the most evidence of prosperity. England or the United States during the past ten years. We, on our part, during this period have paid out over \$500,000,000 of our national debt, and besides other improvements in houses, factories, public buildings, etc., have built and equipped and put in operation 30,653 miles of railroad, at an expense of over one billion four hundred millions of dollars, costing more than twice as much as all the vessels you have afloat in your mercantile navy and carrying ten times the merchandise, and worth to us in our inland commerce, and in developing our country and its resources, a hundred times more than all the navies in the world would be, if we owned them; and during this period we have increased in population and material wealth more than any nation on the earth, and to-day, in intelligence, and in every thing that is embraced in the term civilization, and that goes to constitute national greatness, stand second to none, and in the progress we have made are without an equal in history, so much for the abominable tariff which you and your people hate so much. Do you not think we can stand this ruin a little while longer?

During the last ten years I find you built about 2,200 miles of railroad, not quite half as much as were built in the United States during the last year. Will you tell us how much of your national debt you paid? What has been your increase in population and wealth? What progress you have made in civilization and intelligence? Some I hope. I leave you to give the figures.

JOKE ON THE CLERGY.—They tell of a very cultured divine in Boston, who, instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks: "The accumulation of monies will ensue."—[Elmira Free Press.

But a Philadelphia clergyman, a great athlete and lover of sports, forgot himself once and said: "Here endeth the first inning. Let us pray."

It is a mighty good thing for the United States that it had its naval review before this snow-storm compelled it to bring its navy into the house.

FACTS FOR FRAUD HOWLERS.

The Bright Sunlight of Publicity Let in on a Mississippi Returning Board—A Democratic Paper Exposes Democratic Frauds.

From the Vicksburg Herald (Dem.) We have already expressed, mildly but firmly, our opinion about the election in this district, but have never been able, until now, to give the figures from the different counties. The figures returned by the election commissioners to the Secretary of State are as follows:

Counties.	Chalmers.	Lynch.
Adams	1,387	848
Bolivar	304	979
Clairborne	1,061	388
Columbia	225	351
Issaquena	59	383
Jefferson	951	136
Quitman	152	89
Shirley	481	175
Tunica	239	508
Warren	1,014	57
Washington	1,697	772
Wilkinson	1,791	814
Total	9,172	5,373

We give below the votes received and counted by precinct inspectors, but which were thrown out by the election commissioners of the various counties on account of alleged irregularities and informalities. In Jefferson county the votes were not thrown out, but one ballot-box with a large number of votes was shot-runned out. We have not the figures from Columbia, but learn that Chalmers was beaten between 700 and 800 votes, and that the commissioners threw out every box but one. As we have not the exact figures we omit the county from the list.

Counties.	Chalmers.	Lynch.
Adams	32	316
Bolivar	102	736
Issaquena	114	785
Jefferson	92	250
Warren	20	269
Washington	586	526
Total	715	4,642

The list shows that in one district in Mississippi 5,358 ballots were thrown out, and this does not include Columbia, where all the boxes save one were thrown out. What other "work" was done we know not, but we do know that the above is enough to last a while. Our readers should reflect seriously on this business. Every good citizen is more or less interested in it. It is alleged that this is done in the interest of the Democratic party, and the party is asked by Gen. Chalmers' orator to carry it. It is not done in the interest of the Democratic party or the best interests of the people, and the party, the officials, the district and the State should positively refuse to countenance it. It is done in a futile effort to force a man in to congress regardless of the injury it will do to our party, to our good name, and to our State. As one who has served the Democratic party second to no man in the State and the South, we spurn it and denounce it before the whole world.

The Smuggler's Secret.

"No," said the custom officers, "I never smuggle, myself, although I came very near doing it once. Yes, while I was in the service, too. You see, I went over the river one day too look after a matter we had in hand, and a very frank but green looking countryman sat down beside me. He was fresh and asked many questions, and I rather liked his open-hearted manner. At last he hitched his chair up close to mine and said: 'Live here?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Good deal of smuggling going on?' he asked. 'Well, considerable, I guess.' 'Now how do they do it?' he said, supposing they wanted to smuggle some silk, how would they do it?' 'Well, the lady—' 'Yes, but if a man was to do it?' 'Oh, men never smuggle silk; they take over suits and sweaters and neckties.' 'Yes, but suppose a man smuggled silk.' 'Well, if it wasn't a large roll he would place it under his coat.' 'Ah, I see, up the back of it?' 'No, that would show as he walked away from the boat; he would place it under the side of his coat, put his hand in the outside pocket careless like, and hold up the lower end of the silk roll with his pocketed hand.' 'I see,' says my new acquaintance. 'Now I don't mind telling you a secret for I know you won't let on.' Here he whispered, 'I'm going to come back with enough silk to make my wife a new dress—can't afford to pay the duty, and he winked. 'I'd advise you not to,' said I, but the boat had touched and he was off. Coming back I congratulated myself he was not on the ferry, but just as the boat rounded up, who should appear but my smuggler. 'I got it here,' he whispered tapping his coat, 'but it shows a little and it dropped down twice. Now see here, you just put your arm through mine, and he pulled me toward his silk side. 'We'll pretend to be talking very interested like, and I'll bet they'll never notice it. And they didn't, for that trusting country chap just walked me right past my own colleagues as slick as you please. I hope his wife liked the dress.'—Free Press.

And now the time again draws near when the wild and untamable lake maker will again be turned loose upon a long suffering and unoffending community, —there is some consolation in the fact that the coming session of the Missouri legislature is not a revising session, and will therefore have to be a short one. As a general thing the less law making we have the better for the people of the State.

Mrs. Shimmens, who was the mother of an unruly boy, was asked if she or her husband ever chastised the youngster. "Well," she said, "Mr. Shimmens has often threatened to whip Johnnie, but he don't have any time except nights when he gets home from his work; and then he has no time; and besides he has nothing to whip him with." For all of which Johnny is, no doubt, devoutly thankful.—Rome Sentinel.

LUCKLESS AT LAW.

Plain talk of the Man Who Sold Rocky Mountain Bitters.

Globe Democrat, Dec. 21.

A saffron-bearded, long-haired, unwashed native from Adair County was arraigned before Judge Treat yesterday on a charge of selling liquor and tobacco without making a contribution to the United States Treasury for the privilege. He wore a felt hat broad as the wings of a condor, and as dingy as a bay mule in a bobtail car. He answered to the name of Jackson Claybrook, and looking with scorn upon the tribe of lawyers, stood up in his own defence. He spoke with the energy of a steam engine, and slung his expansive chapeau around as though fanning away mosquitoes. When the charge was read, he addressed the Judge in a loud voice, and said he never sold any whiskey at all. Wilson told him it was not whiskey. He had sold nothing but Rocky Mountain Bitters, and it was red, with a druggist's sign on the bottle, and Wilson told him he could sell that as medicine. He sold it as medicine, and it cured everybody that took it. As for selling tobacco, Wilson told him that charge was "dropped," and he was here to answer for the Rocky Mountain Bitters.

Judge Treat reminded the orator that the testimony was that he sold whiskey, and very poor whiskey at that. "Well, you may call it whiskey, gentlemen (glancing at Assistant Attorney Drummond, and Smith and a row of lawyers in the jury box), but you would be mighty glad to get a suck of it if you had a pain in the stomach and no doctor in a mile and a half." Mr. Drummond nodded assent. The accused went on to state that he acted on Wilson's advice; he was hauled up before Commissioner Musick, in Adair, and as he couldn't give bail, and had no lawyer, they brought him down to St. Louis, and put him in a place called murderers' row. He had faced the Musick, was now hauled up to Treat, and Bliss had gone back on him, and only a Drummond left remained to guide his footsteps. He appealed to the row of lawyers to say whether it was just and right to take a man and lock him up with murderers. One of the attorneys told him it was Robin Adair to do such a thing, and the prisoner thought the joke would save him, but Drummond was unrelenting, and Judge Treat refused to swallow the Rocky Mountain Bitters story, and Jackson Claybrook, after all his oratory, was fined \$100 and consigned to "Murders' Row" for thirty days. He thrust his head into his umbrella of a hat and went sorrowfully to jail.

How It Pays To Take a Paper.

Some papers are not much account as to appearance, but I never took one that didn't pay me in some way more than I paid for it. One time an old friend started a paper away down in southern Georgia and sent it to me, and I subscribed just to encourage him, and so after a while it published a notice that an administrator had orders to sell several lots of land at public outcry, and one of the lots was in my country. So I inquired about the lot and wrote to my friend to attend the sale and bid it off fifty dollars. He did so and bid it off the lot for me at thirty dollars, and I sold it in a month to the man it joined for a hundred and so made sixty-eight dollars clear by taking a paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a distant county, and he went there and got the situation, and a little girl was sent to him, and after awhile she grew up mighty sweet, and he fell in love with her and married her. Now, if he hadn't taken that paper, what do you reckon would have become of me? Wouldn't I be some other feller, or may be not at all?—Bill Arr.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

He had failed in business—true, he was a young man, but what of that. He had started out with a grand sweep to make his life a success, and now at 30 years of age he was worse off than when he started. He had been generous and open-handed, but never reckless. He had worked honestly, but now he wished he had done as others did—said himself; he would pay every debt, but it left his family penniless. And in the holidays too, when his wife expected friends to visit them, and presents to be made; and the children were to have a Christmas tree, and he was to have been Santa Claus! How could he disappoint them all so, and to-morrow they would know, and Alice was so proud of her fine home and beautiful children—not now proud or extravagant, but just proud and thankful for what she believed to be her own.

He looked the library door and sat down before the uncurtained window. It was a grand night. The pale, cold moonlighted skies looked far off and tranquil—far, far above the petty strife and turmoil of life; the stars looked so pure and peaceful, but cold and inexorable. The ruined merchant thought of the star in the east as of some old fable. There was no Christ child born in a manger. What folly! He clenched the hand in his pocket over something that was cold and metallic.

Then there came suddenly to his ears a sad, sweet strain of music so faint, so sweet, that it might have been a lost echo from the songs the Chaldean shepherds sang when they watched their flocks by night, and as the weird strains died away with a soft, inspiring melody, he remembered that on this night his children were to practice the Christmas anthems, and it was their fresh young voice he heard, and a few moments later a hand rattled the door knob, then a small voice came in through the key hole.

"Papa, is a tellin' Santa Claus about my sled, cos I think he knows already. Papa, can I come in to it?"

All the demons of darkness seemed to flee away before that little voice. The merchant lit his room up cheerily and opened the door. One—two—three little ones tumbled in like blue-eyed banditti, and captured his heart. Was there money enough in the United States mint to buy out of those treasuries—and he thought he had lost all!

He put that which was in his pocket away, and went out and sang chorals with his children, and when his boy asked him: "Papa, was there ever a Christ child?" He answered: "Yes; and ever since there have been Christ-children; but the boy only smiled and said he was glad, and looked with fond eyes into the face that represented his world.—Free Press.

"Well I have done one good deed today," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. I have given a poor deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about. "How do you think it fits?"

PRESIDENT HAYES' FINANCES.

A Frank and Detailed Statement From the Chicago Tribune.

When a pressure was made upon Mr. Hayes five years ago to make the race for governor in his state, he was at first very positive in his refusal to be a candidate. The reason for his disinclination to re-enter public life at that time was due to the conviction that it was his first duty to attend his own private affairs. He and his uncle had engaged in certain real estate transactions, and the depreciation in the value of property after the panic had seriously embarrassed him. This embarrassment was increased by the death of his uncle, who bequeathed to Mr. Hayes the entire burden of their joint indebtedness, and in addition thereto the duty of paying off a large number of cash bequests, amounting in all to about \$65,000. This was a hard load to carry. Nevertheless Mr. Hayes finally yielded to the importunities of the party managers in Ohio, and consented to run for governor upon the representation that he was the only man at that critical time with whom the republicans could confidently hope to carry the state. He accepted the nomination at some personal sacrifice and was elected. The brilliancy and importance of this triumph prepared the way for his nomination and election as president of the United States. His private affairs were still neglected, and it was evident that he would have but little time to devote to them during the ensuing four years. It was this outlook which prompted him to fund his indebtedness, and he made a loan of \$100,000 upon terms that would relieve him from annoyance during his term of office. He entered upon a position to which a salary of \$40,000 a year is attached, and during a term of nearly four years he has written to amount of \$75,000 in personal indebtedness. This represents the sum total of his savings, and during the same period the White House accounts are said to show an expenditure of about \$30,000 more out of the President's private purse than was paid out as a rule from the salaries of his predecessors.

This is a showing of which the president has no reason to be ashamed, and in which the American people may properly feel considerable pride. A saving of \$75,000 out of a total income of \$290,000, in order to meet private obligations, which had been increased by the demands of public life and party service, in an accomplishment that is much more deserving of praise than ours.

A thrilling accident occurred at the American Iron works, on South Side, Pittsburg, Thursday afternoon. While Robert Moore was at work at his rolls his catcher failed to seize with his tongs a bar of white-hot iron which had been placed between the rolls. The iron twisted itself thrice around the roll, forming a "collar." The catcher struck the iron, when there blew off a piece in shape of a ring with a stem twenty inches long. Running off at right angles to the circle the band flew back and fell around Moore's head, resting on his shoulders. Quick as thought he grabbed the long stem with his tongs and the white-hot ring with his hand, and with steady nerve and gentle movement lifted the fiery thing from his shoulders. His face was badly burned, and the flesh of his hand was cut into the bone. Afterward he put the ring over his head. It was but two inches larger in diameter than his head.—Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman.

Some of the presents which the President-elect receives are as quaint and amusing as are some of the applications for office. Recently an honest German, of Pennsylvania, who is engaged in the manufacture of rustic chairs, came here, bringing with him a specimen of his handiwork for General Garfield's use. It is a rustic chair made entirely of hickory withes, very curiously and ingeniously wrought together. In the center of the back is a representation of a canal boat, made of the same material as the rest of the chair. In its way, it is an elaborate and artistic piece of work, and the maker was very proud of it. When he arrived with this chair at the railway station he was met by the ubiquitous interviewer, who said: "You want an office of course?" Mein Gott, no!" replied the chairmaker. "I shant want to see Shenker Garfield!—und adverte me in shirts!"