

THE WORLD'S DOINGS.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Washington telegram, Oct. 30: The excess of exports over imports of merchandise for the month ending Sept. 30, 1870, \$20,650,087; for the twelve months ended Sept. 30, \$256,846,277.

LOTTERY DEALERS.

Postmaster General Key has issued instructions to the postmaster of New York city, Louisville and New Orleans, to refuse hereafter to rent boxes in their offices to lottery companies or lottery agents.

A dispatch from Leadville states that Hon. James M. Cavanaugh, the first member of Congress from Minnesota after her admission to the Union, and delegate to Congress from Montana in 1869 and 1870, died Oct. 30 of erysipelas. He had gone there last Thursday from New York, where his family now reside.

THE TUNNEL FIRE.

The fire in the Pinkerton tunnel of the Pittsburg & Connellsville division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, has burned out all the timbers of the tunnel, and it is supposed the vein of coal in the mountains above the tunnel has taken fire, as smoke is issuing from the mountain at several points above the tunnel. The chief civil engineer of the road and assistants are at the tunnel and have begun building a temporary track around the mountain, which will be completed in two weeks.

SIoux INDIANS.

A report was received in Sioux City, Iowa, Oct. 27, that Spotted Tail's Indians in southwestern Dakota had a serious outbreak last week. A warrior shot Henry Young, an Agency employe, claiming that his heart was bad from mourning for a sister's death. Agent Newell arrested the Indian, and during the entire night his comrades from the hills fled on the camp and eventually compelled Newell to surrender him. The Indians then rewarded the escaped warrior. Troops are 178 miles away.

SHOT DEAD.

On the morning of Oct. 27, William Copeland and George Rhinehart, white engaged in digging a town ditch across the land of Wm. Withan, in the town of Burton, four miles from Flint, Mich., were ordered by Withan, who protested against the ditch, to stop work. The men not complying, Rhinehart was shot dead by Withan. Copeland to escape a like fate, took to his heels. Rhinehart leaves a wife and several children in destitute circumstances. Withan was not arrested.

DEATH OF A STOWAWAY.

The steamship England arrived at New York from Liverpool, on the morning of Oct. 28. When the cargo was about to be unloaded a man was found leaning against the crate who faintly gasped out "water." He was terribly emaciated and weak. He was asked if he had been all these days while the ship was at sea without food or drink, and he nodded once shuddered and died. The body was sent to the morgue. The England left Liverpool October 15, and the stowaway must have been thirteen days without food or water.

ATTEMPT AT LYNCHING.

Miss Martin, victim of the beastly assault made by Dennis Deboer, died at Minonk, Ill., on Sunday, Oct. 26. Sunday night a large crowd of armed men appeared at the jail and demanded Deboer's person. They soon learned, however, that he had set fire to the jail building the day before, and that it had been so badly damaged by fire that he, with other prisoners, was removed to Peoria for safe keeping. This alone saved his life. The funeral service of Miss Martin was generally attended and was most impressive and touching.

TERRIBLE MURDER.

Mrs. Krudewich, a widow eighty years old, living alone about two miles from the city of Winona, Minn., was found horribly murdered in her house on the morning of Oct. 30, her throat cut and head crushed by a butcher knife and an ax which lay near. A mallet was clutched in the hand of the dead woman. She was known to have about \$1,800 in gold concealed in the house or on the premises. The money can't be found and it is not known if the murderer got it. No clue to the perpetrator of the crime. The woman had no relations in this country except one son in Nebraska.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

An accident occurred on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad opposite Atchison, Kas., Oct. 27. Engine number 83 started to back down from Dekalb, Mo., to East Atchison, for coal and water. Five persons in cab of engine, N. M. Holmes, Superintendent Bridges, D. D. Adams, telegraph operator H. Mail, brakeman and engineer and fireman. When near the lake about two miles east of the city the engine suddenly jumped the track, turned over in a ditch. The fall threw young Adams under the tank box, and he was instantly killed. Holmes and Mail were dreadfully burned. Both have since died.

ALLEGED ROBBERY.

W. B. Kelly, treasurer of the grand lodge of Odd Fellows, of West Virginia, threw that body into no little consternation at its session in Wheeling, Oct. 29, by stating that he had been robbed of \$1,200 of the funds of the order. Mr. Kelly, who resides at Parkersburg, states that he left that city on Monday for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, having \$1,300 dollars in bills in one pocket and a small amount in another pocket. When he reached Grafton he missed the \$1,200, but said nothing about it to his friends who accompanied him. The grand lodge, on hearing this, appointed a committee to investigate the affair.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

At Parkers, Pa. Oct. 30, a destructive fire occurred, originating at half past 3 in a small office, and was evidently the work of an incendiary. The fire spread so rapidly, on account of high winds and scarcity of water, that but little could be done to arrest the flames until that portion lying between the

Mansion house and Wilson & Manifold's dry goods house was totally destroyed; and from the river to the bluff there were totally destroyed about 100 buildings, comprising the principal business portion of the town, involving a loss, probably of \$200,000, upon which there is but little insurance, as the policies are generally canceled.

CHRISTIANIZING AFRICA.

At the conference in Edinburg, Scotland, Oct. 31, of the Evangelical Alliance, Rev. Dr. White of New York, gave an interesting account of what is being done in the Southern States of America, among the freedmen to prepare them for Christian work. It is expected, he said, that in a few years they will be able to provide such a field of missionaries as would do more to Christianize Africa than could be done by any European agency with white men. Rev. T. Laffey, president of the American branch of the Evangelical alliance in Canada, addressed the conference on the work now being carried on by Protestant missionaries among French Roman Catholics there.

RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

The forthcoming report of the superintendent of the mail service, will show that during the last fiscal year 690 lines of railway postoffices have been operated, and over 17,340 miles of railway, performing about 60,000 miles daily service and nearly eighteen millions of miles service annually. The aggregated number of miles of railway mail service of all kinds, including transportation not only postal cars, but of closed pouches was over ninety-three million miles during the year. The number of letters handled and distributed by employes of the railway mail, service on postal cars during twelve months was about 1,669,000,000, besides which there were nearly 980,000,000 newspapers, showing an increase of about 400,000,000 pieces, or nearly 20 per cent. in amount of work as compared with the preceding year.

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DISASTROUS STORM.

The storm of October 30, was severely felt in the eastern portion of Nova Scotia. At the port of Mulgrave, the hurricane raged all the morning, doing immense damage to buildings and wharves. Four schooners were ashore at Hastings, and one at Cape Jack light. Seven buildings were blown down. Such a severe storm was never before experienced in that section. A telegram from Port Hastings says the most severe gale ever experienced in that locality raged there from early morning till noon. When it reached its height a number of buildings were blown down. Roofs of others were blown to pieces and carried away by the wind. Scarcely a building in the place escaped damage. It is reported that a house was blown down at Cape Jack, killing an elderly woman. Reports from everywhere in the province tell the same story of disaster.

LYNCHING.

The trial of Bill Young for the murder of Lewis Spencer and four children in Kahoka, Mo., Saturday, Oct. 25, resulted in a verdict of not guilty. The culmination of the case, however, came Oct. 28. Circumstantial evidence was strong, but was weakened by the fiasco of a detective's evidence. Although Young was acquitted, belief was very decided among the citizens, and they determined to lynch him. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26, Young married Lydia Bray of Ohio, and on Monday evening, Oct. 27, the couple arrived in Kahoka, before going to Young's home at Luray. As their train passed through Kahoka this morning, Young and his wife alighted and a mob of 100 to 200 men followed them on horseback and in wagons and surrounded his house. On demand of his surrender, Young opened fire on the mob, and shots were exchanged until he was wounded. Eight men then forced their way into the house, took him out and hung him. The excitement there is intense. No further details received.

SITTING BULL'S INDIANS.

The commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington, Oct. 24, received a dispatch from Agent McGillivuddy, at Red Cloud agency saying twenty Sitting Bull Indians are just in with a pass from Maj. Walsh (British officer at nearest point across the border) Many will come when the Missouri freezes. Do you want them? To this Commissioner Hayt replied as follows: Require Sitting Bull's Indians to surrender their arms and ponies. Place them by themselves, under surveillance of the Police, and feed them. Further orders will be given shortly. (Signed) E. A. HATT, Commissioner. The secretary desires me to say further that the Sitting Bull Indians returning must be looked upon virtually as prisoners or war. They must surrender their arms and ponies. The idea must not be permitted to spread that they can simply come back and be fed. Every one of them if fed must be made to earn his rations by work for the government. Enforce this policy strictly and keep them well watched. A letter received from the same Indian agent reports the Sioux under his charge are exceedingly anxious to enlist and assist the great father in the war against the Utes.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

The Mark Lane Express, in a review of the British corn trade the past week, says: Field work has progressed satisfactorily, and except in the latest districts the remainder of the crops have been gathered, and something have been done towards winter sowing. The condition of the latter cereals is deplorable, and the loss thereon heavy. Very little wheat is yet ready to thresh. Roots fall far short

of an average crop. Supplies of English wheat at country markets are slightly larger, and in some instances samples were in rather better condition, but as a rule the quality indicates a desire on the part of farmers to market their inferior produce, which is cleared more easily and profitably during exciting times. Finer qualities, where they exist, can be safely counted upon to realize their full market value whenever growers see fit to part with them. Foreign wheat continues to reach our shores in considerable quantities. Friday's list of imports show the arrival of nearly 70,000 quarters, and with a disposition on the part of holders to realize the upward movement of prices appears to have been arrested. The question arises: What proportion of the fifteen shillings rise which has taken place can be maintained when the speculative movement ceases and the more legitimate influences of supply and demand are once more paramount in trade. Taking into consideration the enormous resources of America, and the fact that present prices of wheat at London are sufficient to attract and have attracted, supplies from all the wheat exporting countries in the world, it appears most probable that a safe basis for future operations will be reached when values have receded five and six shillings from the recent highest point. It would be too much to assert that prices must necessarily give way to this extent, as trade closes in a very sensitive condition, and much will depend on the action of America. But the opinion is nevertheless offered that the reduction indicated would bring values to a safe position. Sales of English wheat the last week were 36,617 quarters, at 49s 6d, against 60,434 quarters, at 30s the corresponding week last year. Imports into the United Kingdom the week ending Oct. 18 were 1,584,766 cwt. of wheat and 238,950 cwt. flour.

YELLOW FEVER.

At Memphis, Oct. 26, one new case of yellow fever was reported, and two deaths. Total cases reported for the week 31, 21 white, 10 colored. Total to date 1,511. Total deaths from yellow fever for the week 14. The Howards have 65 nurses on duty attending 73 white and 19 colored families. Heavy frosts have occurred for three nights, and ice had formed. An official announcement is made that the yellow fever as an epidemic at Memphis is over, and absentees are invited to return. A steamer from St. Louis arrived on the morning of Oct. 25, being the fifth boat to land at the wharf since July 24. The first through train from Louisville with 63 passengers arrived on the afternoon of Oct. 25.

Dying of Overwork.

The death of the great Boston artist, William Hunt, by his own hand, while suffering from an attack of hypochondria brought on by close application to his canvas, is a sad reminder of the danger to which professional men are peculiarly exposed in this country. Across the forehead of many of our best thinkers is plainly written "overworked." Almost the last words of the late Samuel Bowles were these: "I am worked out." Though but fifty-one years of age, he had become an old man by his long-continued neglect of rest and sleep.

Young men with unlimited ambition are more apt to be impressed with the biographical accounts of how Choate studied law by the midnight oil and Schiller wrote under the moon than with the regular habits of a healthy, rounded manhood like that of Bryant. The economy of time, the gain in working-hours by lengthening the resting-hours, the haste that is made slowly, and the value of deliberation—these are considerations of no account to the youth whose mind is full of the thrifty New England maxims about early rising and saving the minutes while the hours take care of themselves. The most inveterate miser in the world is a time-miser. He studies how few minutes it can possibly take to eat a dinner, how quickly he can get from his home to his office, and how little sleep he can allow himself and still live. Life is a continued express train with minute-stops. Rome could have easily been built in a day, he believes, but he is sure to die before the foundations of his Rome are laid.

While slow work is not by any means the best work, very rapid and long continued work is sure to be sheer folly. The time-miser does not save his time so completely as he imagines. The late Mr. Hunt, of whom it is said that he charmed his friends by an innate kindness and generosity of disposition, a boyish frankness of speech and loyalty to a high ideal, threw this all away by his eagerness to save time. He was often known to remain in his studio from seven in the morning until seven or eight in the evening without touching a mouthful of food. He saved a few minutes but he lost his life. Such penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness ought to be a warning to all who are overworked; for aside from cutting off one's life, the work actually done is not well done. Overwork means excitability, irritability and kindred mental phenomena, and the work will be equally overstrained and incomplete. All this, one will say, is true; so it is, and would not be said if Mr. Hunt's death did not sharply point the moral of the old saying that a bow always bent will soon break. This is a truth yet to be learned by the American people.

The Coming Novel.

An incident from a novel to be written in the future: "There was a loud noise like the report of an overcharged cannon; the burst boiler sent the splintered iron and steaming vapor high in the air. Marianne, the engineer's loving daughter, was carried with the debris, and ascended with fearful velocity in the direction of the clouds. As she flew heavenward, the employes held their breath and closed their eyes—the spectacle was fearful to witness. But Young John, the assistant who admired Marianne from afar, was alive to the emergency. Seizing a

flying-machine, upon which he had just obtained a patent that morning, he strapped it to his broad manly back, and spreading the wings of the machine, vowed he would rescue the girl of his heart or die. On he flew in the direction his loved one had taken. He reached her just as her red head had plunged through a cloud. It was but the work of a moment to clasp her to his bosom. 'Saved!' came from the crowd below, who had been watching the scene through telescopes, &c., &c."

THE EVERY-DAY DARLING.

ANONYMOUS.

She is neither a beauty nor genius, And no one could call her wise; In a crowd of other women She would draw no stranger's eyes; And 'e'en we who love her are puzzled To say where her preciousness lies. She is sorry when others are sorry, So sweetly one likes to be sad; And, if people around her are merry, She is almost gladder than glad. Her sympathy is the swiftest, The truest a heart ever had. She is just an every-day darling— The dearest that hearts ever had. Her hands are so white and so little, It seems as if it were wrong They ever should work for a moment; And yet they are nimble and strong; Wherever a dear one needs helping, She will labor the whole day long. This precious every-day darling— Each day and all the day long. Ah! envy her, Beauty and Genius, And women the world call wise; For the utmost of all your triumphs Would be empty in her eyes. To love, and be loved is her kingdom— In this her happiness lies. God bless her the every-day darling! In this her preciousness lies.

Musquash Mosquitoes.

Last Sunday night we all went to church down at Musquash, and heard Mr. Hopper preach—a pleasure that all Burlington will envy us. Mr. H. was down there helping the rest of us enjoy ourselves, and the Baptists of Musquash just pressed him into their service for one day. Well, I had been trout fishing all the day before, and had waded down the river a few miles; and Saturday night I poured a bushel and a half of oats into each of my boots, and all the bright sunny Sabbath-day they set out in the sun and baked, while I lounged around loosely shod in slippers, and extremely happy. I went to church in the evening, and you can't imagine how easy and comfortable were my slippers. I thrust them out before me and admired them. In a moment or two a mosquito came sailing along, humming the refrain of a hymn the congregation had just ceased singing. This startled me a little but not very much, because I always believed that the St. John mosquitoes could sing if they would. Well, this fellow sailed on, passed me. Then he turned and came back, and I observed that he had a rather wicked look in his eyes, although I reasoned that was nothing more than one might expect from a mosquito that flew around on the Sabbath, presently, still humming "Broad is the road that leads to death," the bird made a few circles and lighted on my slippers foot, making his landing about an inch above the slipper. "Now, son," I said, "this is a little too much. I admire cheek, but you fairly gorge my admiration. I am sorry for you, because I know your helplessness and stupidity. But your impudence is more detestable than your imbecility is touching, and I am compelled to mash you."

I lifted my other foot to crush him, and I hope I may live a thousand years if that mosquito didn't get the drop on me.

I haven't felt anything like it since seven years ago when I attempted to mend the family wash-bucket, and poured a tablespoonful of sizzling, glowing, bubbling solder down inside my shoe.

As I am a truthful man, when I felt the shot I looked down, and that mosquito had his hind legs bent under him, his front legs stretched out and braced against my foot, while the venomous wretch, holding his mouth full of epidermis and stocking, leaned back, and pulled, and shook his head savagely, like a bull terrier, without ever breaking his hold. Just before I kicked him he let go and sailed around behind my head while the congregation joined in singing:

Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but need not fear. I sat in silence, enduring agony, wondering what manner of bird the Musquash mosquito was, when suddenly another one came behind me, caught me by the heel, and I thought in my soul that it would pull the leg off me before I could shake or kick it loose. And then it dodged about my ears, snapping at them as it went by, and humming with great affection of feeling:

I would not live away. I was glad that it felt that way about it. It lived long enough to satisfy me, all the same. All through the service this inhuman banquet went on. The mosquitoes that come late, didn't stand on ceremony, but drew right up and helped themselves. "Cut a little closer to the bone," said the old ones to the new-comers; "you'll find the meat sweeter." And close to the bone it was. I kept up a regular tattoo with my feet, until the senior deacon came over and whispered to me that the Dominion churches had not adopted the New York custom of applauding the good points in the sermon. Then I held my feet off the floor, and kicked them straight out every time a new mosquito got the drop on me and made a bull's-eye, until a man sitting in front of me turned round and sternly assured me that if I didn't quit kicking his wife and children, he'd throw me out the window. I had wondered several times, in an abstracted sort of way, what the children were crying for. Once, in my suffering, I got my feet upon the pew

and tried to sit on them, but this maneuver seemed to afford the young ladies in that city so much amusement that I had to give it up. I got hold of a window stick, and tried spearing the mosquitoes with it, like eels; but it attracted too much attention, and, owing to my nervousness, was a failure anyhow. At last, either because they had enough, or because it was all gone, or because the service was concluded, the mosquitoes quit, and the last I heard of them, as they started over to the other side of the room to swarm on a bald-headed man before he could get his hat on, they were singing with the congregation: Happy day—happy day!

Women Who Get "No End to Offers" of Marriage.

The women who get "no end of offers," or at least who say they do, are a distinct class from these. They act like the lighter and more worthless sort of married women, who systematically labor to make the "men come on," with the determination that if they will only come on they shall speedily have to leave. They want provender for their empty vanity, and that is all. It would be a waste of valuable compassion to extend it to men who are the victims of this sort of strategy where married women are concerned. They must be rather greenhorns if they do not take the length of the little foot of this sort of lady as soon ever she commences operations. It is an old and well-recognized game, which we recommend no one to play, but the law of which is well established, and which any simpleton ought to be able to master. The first and only law is that there is no necessity for "fair play." How to humbug, circumvent, and finally let down the other, is the essence and whole of it. It is a far more dangerous game for the woman than for the man for two reasons. If he be very dexterous he may possible pique her into a state of mind hardly distinguishable from love; and in any case she runs the risk of her reputation being no better for the experiment. He, at most, will suffer some transitory disappointment. But we are not much concerned to inquire what becomes of a couple of gamblers who keep cards up their sleeves, and neither of whom intends to pay the stakes if they get too high. But an unmarried woman runs, or seems to run, much less risk, at the same time that she may inflict an incalculable amount of suffering and damage.

An honest man naturally assumes that a girl is ingenuous at any rate in her affections. He has a right to suppose, if she displays a preference for him, that she entertains it; and if she exhibits this sentiment beyond a certain point he is entitled to conclude that she will accept as a lover, and finally as a husband, in case his means are sufficient to justify him in aspiring to the responsible position of the head of a household. He has every cause of complaint if, after leaving him to believe himself engaging, a young lady refuses to be engaged to him. It cannot but be mortifying to a man to feel affection for a girl, which she shows no symptoms of returning; yet this is a lot to which no brave man would demur. It has happened to some of the best, the most virtuous, the most distinguished, and even the most fascinating of the male species. But it must be something more than mortifying to a man to fall in love with a girl who, all the time she was leading him on was calculating what a triumph it would be to drive him off. That there are girls who do this is certain; and they are the girls who get the "no end of offers." Once a girl permits herself to indulge in this pastime, habit soon becomes a second nature, and she ends by being as incapable of loving a man as of not wanting men to love her.

After a time she ends her career of disenchanting them by herself becoming anything but enchanting. She gets "blown upon," and the result of her numerous offers is that she cannot find a husband. It is not that men are afraid of being rejected by her, but rather they would dread being accepted. She may still maintain all the deportment of a successful flirt, and some men may yet flirt with her. But they go no further. She must console herself with her doubtful reminiscences. Her passion for homage has survived in all its intensity; but it is a fire fed with but very little fuel. It will then be found that she seeks comfort in imagining that men are still proposing to her; and she drops mysterious hints as to lovers who have still to be discarded. People smile and pity her. Yet she scarcely deserves to be pitied. She forgot that admirable truth, "He comes too near who comes to be denied," and, after having spent her life in denying others, she has passed to the middle-age in denying herself.

Trifling With Health.

Man is the only animal who violates the laws of health knowingly, and continues the bad practice. An illustration of this moral and physical eccentricity is afforded by the habits of Thackeray. Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice, if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I do drink; they tell me not to smoke, and I do smoke; they tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired not to do; therefore what am I to expect?" And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death, with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.